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Chapter 241: Demons (part 1)

With a surge of determination, Garok lunged for the hand, but the demon swiftly reacted, countering his move with equal force. The two formidable beings engaged in a fierce struggle, their powers colliding in a tense stalemate.

Meanwhile, the other demons observed the confrontation, their eyes gleaming with amusement. They made no move to intervene, content to watch the spectacle unfold.

As the clash of energies intensified, Garok's frustration grew. He knew that he couldn't match the demon's strength head-on, but his desire to possess the artifact drove him to fight with all his might.

"What the hell are demons doing in this place." Garok thought.

Despite being a skilled cultivator, Garok's internal conflict hindered his focus, and the demon seemed to have the upper hand. The power of the hand's aura only added to the demon's strength, making it a daunting foe.

In the midst of the ongoing battle, the other array masters struggled to fend off the onslaught of the demon horde. Their defensive measures were futile, and panic spread among them as they realized the grave danger they were in.

Now outside the secret chamber within the Veiled Forest, the chaotic scene continued as the relentless demon onslaught persisted. Althea's voice cut through the chaos as she voiced the question on everyone's mind, "What the hell are these creatures? Does anyone have any knowledge of them?"

However, a grim realization swept over the group as their gazes met with blank expressions. In the realm of Azure Continent, demons were an enigma, a concept foreign to their understanding. It was only Garok, hailing from a more advanced and diverse continent, who possessed knowledge of these malevolent beings.

The four powerful demons, for the moment, appeared to have ceased pursuing them, their attention focused elsewhere. Althea and Kaelar seized the opportunity to employ their formidable techniques, fending off the relentless horde of demons with their mastery over elements.

Kaelar's sword danced with lightning, striking down demons with electrifying precision. Bolts of lightning arced through the air, each strike leaving a wake of sizzling destruction. His blade became a conduit for nature's fury, cutting through the chaos with deadly grace.

Beside him, Althea wielded the four basic elements like extensions of her will. Her command over fire, water, earth, and air allowed her to conjure powerful spells that wreaked havoc upon the encroaching demons. But it was her mastery of the light element that shone brightest, illuminating the darkness and purifying the malevolent energy around her.

In the midst of the battle, Althea's voice rang out once again, her words determined despite the chaos around them. "We might not know what these creatures are, but we can't let them overrun us! Together, we can push them back!"

The array masters rallied behind her, channeling their cultivation expertise to join the fight. Energy crackled and spells soared through the air as they fought to stem the tide of demons. Each coordinated strike carved a path of resistance, a glimmer of hope amidst the darkness.

Meanwhile, Garok's clash with the demon continued, the two locked in a fierce struggle of power. The demon's taunting words reverberated in Garok's mind, fueling his determination to seize the artifact. With a surge of inner strength, Garok unleashed a barrage of attacks, each strike laced with a mixture of rage and desperation.

Amidst the swirling chaos and intense clash of energies, Garok's internal turmoil reached a boiling point. The demon's taunts, laden with disdain, cut deep into his pride. As one of the most formidable cultivators in Azure Continent, the demons' mockery wounded his ego like a dagger to the heart.

His eyes blazed with a mix of fury and frustration, and he bellowed, "Demons, how dare you set foot on this continent? If the alliance learns of your presence here, your very existence will be extinguished!" The weight of his words carried a grave warning, yet the demons merely laughed in response.

Their chilling laughter echoed through the chaos, sending shivers down Garok's spine. One of the demons retorted with a sinister grin, "Oh, but that's only if they find out, isn't it?" Their words were a twisted dance of mockery, a reminder that their presence remained a hidden threat, beyond the awareness of the alliance.

As the battle raged on, Garok's thoughts raced. He knew that time was running out, that he needed to seize the ancient before the demons' decided to be serious and

overwhelmed him. His mind raced through his options, and his hand instinctively closed around the small, inconspicuous talisman hidden within his robes.

The teleportation talisman was his trump card, he got it in the exchange floor. Garok's gaze flickered to the ancient hand floating ominously before him. He knew that touching it with his bare hands was a risky move, one that would inflict great suffering upon him. But desperation gnawed at his resolve, and he realized he had no other choice.

With a calculated move, Garok channeled his cultivation energy through his technique, infusing it with the unique essence of his Moon Wolf heritage. The technique, known as "Lunar Glide," was a signature move that allowed him to manipulate gravitational forces, creating an invisible field that affected his surroundings. As he executed the technique, the air around him shimmered with a faint silvery glow.

The demon's sinister grin faltered for a moment as Garok's technique took effect. An unseen force gripped the demon's form, causing it to slide backward against its will. Garok seized this opportunity, his movements swift and fluid as he dashed forward with unparalleled speed. His feet barely seemed to touch the ground as he closed the distance between himself and the ancient hand.

The other three demons watched the unfolding scene with a mix of amusement and curiosity. When they realized Garok's intention to touch the artifact with his bare hand, their laughter grew louder, and they exchanged mocking glances. One of the demons jeered, "This bastard has truly lost his mind, haha!"

Garok's heart raced with a mixture of exhilaration and trepidation as he neared the ancient hand. His focus was unwavering, driven by his determination to seize the artifact at any cost. He was overjoyed to see that the other four demons did not intervene, their attention seemingly fixated on the unfolding spectacle.

A defiant grin tugged at the corners of Garok's lips. "That's right," he thought, his confidence resolute, "let's see how you bastards will laugh after I succeed in obtaining this thing."

Yet, just as his hand was inches away from making contact with the ancient hand, time seemed to slow down. In agonizing detail, Garok witnessed the unthinkable—a horrifying disintegration of his own hand, beginning from his fingertips. The sensation was surreal, as if his hand was being consumed by an invisible force.

The sight was both mesmerizing and nightmarish. His finger disintegrated into fine particles that dissipated into the air, leaving behind a trail of vanishing essence. Garok's eyes widened in shock as the disintegration spread, his hand eroding like sand slipping through an hourglass.

Panic surged through his veins, and his mind raced to comprehend the horror before him. He attempted to retract his hand, to pull away from the artifact's malevolent energy, but his body refused to obey. The momentum of his dash carried him forward, and he could only watch helplessly as his hand continued to disintegrate.

In a last-ditch effort to save himself, Garok's instincts kicked in. With a surge of willpower, he activated the teleportation talisman he clutched tightly in his other hand. The artifact's magic responded to his command, and a blinding flash of light enveloped him.

In the blink of an eye, Garok's form vanished from the vicinity, leaving behind only the echo of his anguished cry. The teleportation talisman whisked him away from the unfolding tragedy, sparing him from the complete disintegration that awaited his hand.

The blinding light of the teleportation talisman enveloped Garok, and in an instant, he was gone, his form disappearing from the battlefield. The air crackled with residual energy, the remnants of his desperate escape. The four remaining demons exchanged glances, their malevolent grins faltering for a moment as they registered the unexpected turn of events.

"Did... did he just flee?" one of the demons muttered, a hint of surprise creeping into its tone. The others, however, quickly regained their composure, their amusement returning as they sneered at the spot where Garok had stood mere moments ago.

"He thought he could challenge us and claim His Majesty's hand?" another demon scoffed, its voice dripping with derision. "Pathetic."