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Chapter 247: Demons Attacks Again (part 1)

Elysia's ethereal form seemed to shimmer as she nodded. "The humans will not suspect our true intentions. We shall keep them preoccupied while you prepare to ascend."

Silvanus's voice, like whispers on the wind, held an air of eerie anticipation. "The shadows shall dance at our command, concealing the depths of our strategies."

Glacius's icy resolve remained unwavering. "The chilling winds of our purpose will sweep through the battlefield, sowing confusion and chaos among the defenders."

Seraphina's otherworldly light radiated with loyalty. "The path you lead, Xal'Thur, is the path we follow. We shall ensure its success."

With a final collective nod, the five Core Formation demons dispersed, their auras intermingling with the energies of the low demons. They would command the horde, unleash it upon the Azure Continent, and sow discord and destruction in their wake.

One of the low demons stepped forward and bowed respectfully. "My lord Hyr, the Azure Continent currently has 21 Core Formation Realm experts."

Hyr's eyebrows raised in surprise. "That's a lot more than I expected."

The low demon continued, "Also, Lord Hyr, we only identified three late-stage Core Formation experts among them. We did not detect any Peak Core Formation Realm expert."

Silvanus, the master of shadows, spoke thoughtfully, "I'm certain there is a peak expert hidden somewhere. Especially among the top three forces."

Glacius added, "We need to be cautious. Given that we are only five in number, we should exercise prudence. We have to consider the potential of hidden strength."

Seraphina's ethereal light softened as she agreed, "Indeed. The next batch of reinforcements won't be ready to use the space rift for some time. We must make the most of our resources."

Hyr nodded, acknowledging the importance of their discussion. "Very well, let us proceed with our initial plan. Divide our forces strategically and engage the enemy at multiple points. This will keep them scattered and prevent them from uniting their strengths."

Elysia's mist-like form shifted as she contributed, "While our low demons cause chaos, we can observe their reactions and identify potential weak points. This will aid in our future assaults."

Outside the Veiled Forest, the Azure Continent basked in the glow of newfound hope. Little did its inhabitants know, the shadows of impending conflict were already stretching across the land. The stage was set for a clash that would determine the course of history—a battle between the relentless ambitions of the demons and the united spirit of the Azure Continent's defenders.

The atmosphere of the Azure Continent was charged with an electric energy, a palpable sense of unity that transcended differences. The people were now united by a common purpose—to stand as one against the unknown creatures that threatened their way of life.

In the midst of this collective resolve, Kaelar and Althea, prominent figures among the Azure Continent's defenders, observed the unfolding events with both satisfaction and hope.

Kaelar's gaze swept over the bustling fortress where people were training, fortifying their homes, and sharing stories of their recent triumphs. "This is good," he remarked to Althea. "Our only hope of defeating these unknown creatures lies in our unity."

Althea nodded in agreement, a soft smile touching her lips. "You're right. The strength of the Azure Continent has always been its people, and now they are truly coming together."

A thoughtful expression crossed Kaelar's face as he glanced towards the horizon. "Speaking of unity, I wonder what happened to Garok. Since that day we last saw him, he has disappeared."

Althea's expression grew somber, her gaze turning distant. "I remember that day clearly. When we were fleeing, I saw him. He remained in that chamber. I don't really know what his intentions were."

Kaelar's voice held a note of bitterness as he continued, "Garok's actions, the evil he inflicted upon the Azure Continent, are not easily forgotten. If something has befallen him, it might just be

retribution for the suffering he caused. But let's not dwell on him now. Our focus needs to remain on our people and the battle ahead."

Althea's gaze returned to the city, her expression resolute. "You're right. Garok's actions are in the past. What matters now is our present and our future. We must do everything we can to protect the Azure Continent and ensure its survival."

As Kaelar and Althea engaged in their conversation, a scout burst into the room in haste, interrupting their thoughts. The scout's breath was ragged, a clear sign of urgency.

"Excuse me, Sect Master Kaelar," the scout addressed, bowing deeply. "One of the fortresses is under attack and has sent an urgent request for support."

Kaelar's brows furrowed, concern etching his features. "Which fortress is being attacked?" he inquired, his voice laced with urgency.

The scout replied quickly, "It's the fortress where Sect Master Helios is located."

Althea's eyes widened in recognition. "Sect Master Helios? He's a sect master of a first-grade sect, which means he's a Core Formation Realm expert."

Kaelar's mind raced as he assessed the situation. "Understood. I will send reinforcements immediately. Also, inform one of my Grand Elders to aid Sect Master Helios."

Kaelar turned to Althea, his expression determined. "We can't afford to waste any time. If Sect Master Helios is facing an attack, we must act swiftly to support him."

Althea nodded in agreement, her expression equally resolute. "Agreed. Every Core Formation Realm expert counts in this battle. We need to ensure that we provide all the assistance we can."

With that, Kaelar and Althea went into action. Kaelar began issuing orders to mobilize the reinforcements, while Althea focused on coordinating the logistical aspects of the mission. The urgency of the situation demanded their full attention and quick decision-making.

A fierce battle raged at the fortress that had come under attack. Chaos gripped the scene as the clash between demons and humans escalated into a deadly conflict. The air was thick with the acrid scent of magic and the metallic tang of blood, a grim reminder of the price that war exacted.

The fortress, once a bastion of security, was now a battleground where lives were nothing but expendable pawns. Cries of agony and pleas for mercy filled the air, drowned out by the clash of weapons and the roar of spells. The defenders fought with every ounce of strength, driven by a desperate determination to protect their home and loved ones.

The demons, twisted and malevolent, launched relentless assaults. Low demons charged forward in waves, their forms twisted and contorted by dark energies. The ground trembled under the weight of their numbers as they clashed with the defenders. The skies were ablaze with spells and magical attacks, each eruption of energy creating bursts of light that illuminated the chaos below.

In the midst of the turmoil, Sect Master Helios stood as a beacon of resistance. His aura blazed with power, and his strikes cleaved through the enemy ranks with precision. Yet even a Core Formation Realm expert could not be everywhere at once, and the onslaught of low demons tested the limits of his strength.

Screams and battle cries echoed as both sides suffered casualties. Warriors fought with valor, their faces etched with determination, yet the demons showed no mercy. As the battle raged, the defenders struggled to hold their ground, their strength waning against the unrelenting assault.

Amid the chaos, Sect Master Helios focused his attention on the battle at hand. His strikes were swift and precise, each blow calculated to repel the encroaching demons. But as he readied another attack, he found his strike intercepted by an unexpected force. His eyes widened in surprise as the clash of energies illuminated the figures locked in combat.

Before him stood a figure as cold and unyielding as the icy winds of winter. Glacius, a man with an aura that mirrored his own, stood between him and the demons. Their cultivation levels were on par, both middle-stage Core Formation Realm experts, yet Helios sensed a daunting threat from this newcomer.

Helios tightened his grip on his weapon, his alertness heightened. "Who are you?" he demanded, his voice edged with caution.

Glacius met his gaze with an unflinching stare. "Glacius, from the demon clan," he replied with an icy undertone.

A mixture of surprise and incredulity crossed Helios's features. "Demons? Is that what your kind calls yourselves?" he questioned, struggling to comprehend the motives of those attacking the Azure Continent. "Why is your clan attacking us? What does your clan seek to gain?"

Glacius's lips curved into a cold and humorless smile. "Reason matters little. This is our way of life—destruction."