

## I Created 248

### Chapter 248: Demons Attacks Again (part 2)

With a wordless understanding of their impending clash, the tension in the air grew palpable. In Glacius's eyes, Helios saw an unrelenting determination, a reflection of his own. In response to Helios's words, Glacius wasted no time. He launched himself forward with blinding speed, his movements as precise and calculated as his words.

Helios met Glacius's attack head-on, channeling his energy into a defensive stance. The clash of their energies sent shockwaves through the battlefield, causing the ground to tremble beneath their feet. With each strike, their power rippled outward, carving a space amidst the chaos where their battle played out.

Sword and claws clashed, steel meeting steel in a symphony of sparks. Each move was a dance of lethal precision, a test of strength and skill. Helios's mind raced, analyzing Glacius's technique even as he focused on his own defense.

Their forms were a blur as they exchanged blows, each strike resonating with the power of their cultivation. Helios's sword swung in arcs of silver light, while Glacius's claws gleamed like shards of ice. The clash of their weapons echoed like thunder, a testament to the immense force behind their attacks.

As they fought, the residual energy of their techniques wreaked havoc on the battlefield. Demons and humans unfortunate enough to be caught in the wake of their clash were consumed by the unleashed power. Those who were struck were instantly engulfed in a burst of energy, their bodies disintegrating into nothingness. The air itself seemed to crackle with the remnants of their attacks, a deadly aftermath that left a trail of devastation.

Helios's eyes never left Glacius, his focus unrelenting. "Your kind seeks only destruction, but you won't find it here," he declared, his voice edged with determination.

Glacius's response was a chilling smile, his expression unchanging even in the midst of battle. "The flames of chaos burn within us. They cannot be extinguished."

The battle continued to rage around them, the combatants either oblivious to the duel happening in their midst or too preoccupied with their own struggles to intervene. The clash between Glacius and Helios became a focal point, drawing the attention of those nearby who witnessed the spectacle.

Helios's eyes narrowed as he detected an opening in Glacius's defenses. Seizing the opportunity, he unleashed a rapid flurry of strikes, each one aimed at a vulnerable point. But Glacius was a master of evasion, his movements defying expectations as he sidestepped, ducked, and twisted away from each blow.

With a calculated spin, Glacius launched himself into the air, his body soaring gracefully above the battlefield. Helios followed suit, his own cultivation allowing him to defy gravity as he pursued his opponent. The two figures became airborne, their forms silhouetted against the backdrop of a sky tinged with the hues of magic.

The battle shifted to the skies as Glacius and Helios continued their duel mid-air. The sound of clashing weapons and the release of energy filled the air as they exchanged blows. Helios's sword glowed with a radiant light, each swing sending waves of energy rippling through the atmosphere. Glacius's claws crackled with dark energy, leaving trails of frost in their wake.

As they danced through the air, the residual energy of their clashes continued to wreak havoc below. Anyone unfortunate enough to be caught within the reach of their unleashed power met an instant and merciless end. The battlefield became a graveyard, scattered with the remnants of those who had been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

With each strike, their movements grew faster and more precise, a testament to their mastery of their respective techniques. Helios's attacks were a blend of power and finesse, while Glacius's strikes were like shards of ice cutting through the wind. The clash of their energies sent shockwaves radiating outward, distorting the very fabric of reality around them.

Helios's determination burned brighter with each passing moment. "You may revel in chaos, but I will not allow you to bring it to the Azure Continent," he declared, his voice carrying through the wind.

Glacius's response was a chilling chuckle, his eyes gleaming with an unsettling light. "Your determination is futile. Destruction is the natural order of things."

The battle raged on with an escalating intensity, and it was becoming evident that Glacius was gradually gaining the upper hand. His movements were fluid and calculated, his attacks striking with precision and force. Helios's defensive maneuvers were strained as he struggled to match Glacius's relentless assault.

Glacius's claws moved with an eerie grace, leaving trails of frost in their wake. Each strike sent ripples of dark energy through the air, freezing anything it touched. As Glacius lunged, his claws

met Helios's sword in a resounding clash that reverberated across the battlefield. The collision of their energies sent shockwaves that distorted the very fabric of reality, creating a surreal and disorienting effect.

Despite Helios's best efforts, Glacius's attacks were unrelenting. The power behind each blow seemed to increase with every strike, pushing Helios further back. Helios gritted his teeth, his determination unwavering even in the face of adversity. He knew that he had to find a way to turn the tide of the battle.

Glacius's chilling smile remained, his eyes glinting with an unsettling confidence. "The chaos you resist is inevitable," he taunted, his voice carrying a cold edge.

Helios's response was a fierce growl as he channeled his energy into a counterattack. His sword glowed with a blinding radiance as he unleashed a torrent of energy, sending waves of light hurtling towards Glacius. Glacius met the attack head-on, his claws slashing through the energy waves with precision.

The clash of their techniques created an explosion of light and darkness that illuminated the sky. The shockwave that followed Helios's right side. The impact sent shockwaves through Helios's body, and he staggered backward, his defenses momentarily sent both combatants spiraling backward, their forms silhouetted against the chaotic backdrop of the battlefield. As they regained their footing, it was clear that the tide of the battle was shifting in Glacius's favor.

Glacius's movements became swifter, his attacks more ferocious. He closed the distance between them with blinding speed, his claws slashing through the air with deadly accuracy. Helios was forced to parry each blow, his movements becoming more strained as he fought to keep up with Glacius's onslaught.

In a calculated maneuver, Glacius feigned a strike to Helios's left and then swiftly changed direction, delivering a powerful blow to Helios's right side. The impact sent shockwaves through Helios's body, and he staggered backward, his defenses momentarily compromised.

Seizing the opportunity, Glacius lunged forward with a final burst of speed. His claws pierced through Helios's defenses, scoring a direct hit. The force of the blow sent Helios crashing to the ground, his form skidding across the battlefield.

Helios groaned as he struggled to rise, his vision blurred from the impact. Glacius loomed above him, his icy eyes fixed on his fallen opponent. "Your resistance ends here," Glacius declared, his voice colder than ever.

Just as Glacius was about to deliver the final blow to Helios, a sudden whistling sound pierced the air. Glacius's instincts kicked in, and he swiftly brought up his claws to defend himself. A blinding flash of sword light streaked through the sky, clashing against Glacius's defenses with a resounding clang.

The impact of the unexpected attack forced Glacius to stagger back, his icy aura crackling with a mix of surprise and annoyance. He turned his gaze to the source of the intervention and saw a figure descending from the sky. It was a seasoned warrior with a presence that radiated authority.

The reinforcement had finally arrived, and with a flash of movement, a figure landed gracefully between beside Helios. It was the Grand Elder of the Heavenly Sword Sect, a seasoned cultivator known for his unparalleled swordsmanship and unwavering loyalty to the sect.

Glacius's cold demeanor remained intact as he assessed the new arrival. "A reinforcement, I see," he remarked, his voice dripping with derision.

The Grand Elder's gaze was unwavering. "You've already inflicted enough damage. Your presence is no longer welcome."

Helios, his body battered and bruised, struggled to sit up as he looked at the Grand Elder with a mixture of relief and gratitude. The Grand Elder extended a hand to him, helping him to his feet. "Are you okay?" the Grand Elder asked, concern evident in his eyes.

Helios nodded, his voice strained. "I'm okay. But you need to be careful with that guy. He's extremely powerful."

The Grand Elder's lips curved into a small smile. "I've dealt with my fair share of opponents. I'll handle him."

Glacius's cold gaze remained fixed on the newcomers. His lips twisted into a disdainful sneer as he spoke with a biting tone, "Another ant arrives..." He stopped for a moment then said. "My mission here is done."