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Chapter 249: Demons Attacks Again (part 3)

With those cryptic words, Glacius's form seemed to blur for a moment before he faded into thin air, leaving behind only a chilling gust of wind. The battlefield grew quiet, the residual energy of their clash gradually dissipating into the air.

The Grand Elder's sword remained at the ready as he surveyed the battlefield, his senses on high alert. "Stay vigilant," he cautioned, his voice addressed to both Helios and the surrounding defenders.

As the chaos of battle began to subside, the Azure Continent's defenders approached the scene, their expressions a mix of relief and awe at the sight of the Grand Elder's arrival. Helios's chest heaved with exertion as he leaned on his sword for support.

"Thank you for coming," Helios said to the Grand Elder, his voice laced with gratitude.

The Grand Elder nodded, his gaze still sharp as he scanned the horizon. "We stand together in this fight. Now, let's make sure the battlefield is secured and tend to the wounded."

With that, the Grand Elder took a step forward, leading the way as the defenders rallied to his side. The battle might have subsided for the moment, but the war was far from over. The unity of the Azure Continent's defenders would be their greatest strength as they faced the relentless onslaught of the demons and sought to protect their way of life from the forces that sought to destroy it.

As soon as Glacius arrived, his icy presence immediately caught the attention of the demon commanders assembled in the hidden chamber. Hyr, the commander leading this covert mission, turned to face Glacius, his expression a mix of deference and determination.

"Why do you want me to retreat?" Glacius questioned sharply, his voice laced with a hint of annoyance. "I can take on those two ants."

Hyr's gaze met Glacius's, his own expression unwavering. "Although we are stronger in combat power than humans, we didn't know what these were up in their sleeves," he replied calmly. "Also,

this is not the time to have an all-out war. Our objective is to sow chaos and confusion, weaken their defenses, and gather intelligence. We cannot afford to expose ourselves recklessly."

Glacius's piercing gaze shifted to Silvanus. "Our mission is to pave the way for our invasion. Delaying it weakens our position."

Hyr said coldly, "No our mission is to keep the humans occupied, until the four lords breakthrough the next stage."

Hyr's eyes remained locked on Glacius, his tone resolute. "We've made significant progress infiltrating their strongholds. Let's continue to spread chaos from within and gather intelligence. Once the four lords breakthrough and we have a clearer understanding of their forces, we can strike with greater precision."

Glacius's brows furrowed as he considered Hyr's words. The tension in the room was palpable, the weight of their decisions hanging heavy in the air. After a moment of silence, Glacius's gaze shifted from Hyr to Silvanus, then back to Hyr.

"I understand your perspective," Glacius finally conceded, his tone begrudgingly acknowledging the wisdom in Hyr's approach. "Caution is indeed crucial, especially with the stakes so high. Very well, we will continue with the plan of sowing chaos and weakening skeptical. "And what if these humans are more formidable than you anticipate? What if their cultivation techniques are stronger than their defenses from within."

Glacius's eyes narrowed as he regarded Hyr, his expression skeptical. "And what if these humans are more formidable than you anticipate? What if their cultivation techniques are stronger than we anticipated?"

Hyr's response was measured, his confidence unwavering. "Our scouts have been observing them for days now. We have a general sense of their strengths, but there are still unknown variables. We must exercise caution."

Glacius's icy demeanor conveyed his frustration. "Caution? We are demons, not cowards."

Hyr's voice remained steady, his determination evident. "It's not about cowardice, Glacius. It's about strategy. We can achieve our goals more effectively by exploiting their weaknesses while minimizing our own risks."

Silvanus, who had been listening silently, finally spoke up. "Hyr is right. Our ultimate goal is to conquer this continent."

Glacius's gaze shifted between Hyr and Silvanus, his expression one of begrudging acceptance. "Very well. I will follow the plan."

Hyr's eyes held a glimmer of approval. "Thank you, Glacius. Together, we will achieve victory."

With their plan set, the demon commanders dispersed, each returning to their respective tasks. Glacius, however reluctantly, accepted the wisdom of caution. The demons' invasion would proceed with calculated precision, a dance of manipulation and chaos that would test the mettle of the Azure Continent's defenders. As the demons retreated into the shadows, their ambitions remained as unwavering as ever, waiting for the opportune moment to strike.

On a special floor within a secluded chamber, the ambient light seemed to shimmer with an otherworldly glow. Argon, a dedicated cultivator, sat cross-legged with his eyes closed, his consciousness immersed in a sea of profound energy. He was surrounded by an ethereal aura that pulsed with the rhythm of his cultivation.

Argon's focus was centered on the intricate patterns of the laws that governed the universe. He delved deep into the essence of these laws, seeking to unlock their hidden secrets and harness their power. The laws were like threads of light, interwoven to form a complex tapestry that bound reality together.

As he meditated, Argon's mind became a canvas where he painted his understanding of the laws. He envisioned the laws as rivers of energy, flowing through the fabric of existence. Each law had its own unique resonance, like a melody that resonated with the cosmos.

In his meditation, Argon perceived the law of balance—a delicate equilibrium that maintained the order of the universe. He saw the law of fire, a force of transformation and passion that forged change and renewal. The law of motion manifested as a dance of energy, propelling all things forward on their cosmic journey.

After what felt like an eternity, Argon gradually opened his eyes. He had spent hours, if not days, in deep meditation, exploring the intricacies of the laws. His mind was ablaze with newfound insights, his understanding of the five laws deepening with every moment.

With a sense of accomplishment, Argon stood up and stretched his limbs. He took a deep breath, feeling the energy of the laws coursing through his veins. A small smile played on his lips as he whispered to himself, "I'm almost about to breakthrough with my law mastery, just need a little more."

Feeling a surge of satisfaction from his successful meditation, Argon decided to bring his cultivation session to a close. He rose from his seated position and stretched his muscles, allowing the newfound energy to flow through him. As he stepped out of the cultivation chamber, he felt a sense of refreshed clarity.

Making his way through the corridors of the cultivation complex, Argon's thoughts were still immersed in the intricate web of laws he had been exploring. The sensation of the laws resonating within him was almost tangible, guiding his every step.

Just as he was lost in his contemplation, a familiar figure appeared before him. Isadora, one of his trusted subordinates, walked toward him with a warm smile. Argon couldn't help but notice the confidence in her stride and the grace in her movements.

As Argon walked, his contemplations were interrupted by the sight of Isadora approaching him with a warm smile. His gaze naturally shifted to take in her alluring figure, his thoughts momentarily captivated by her presence. A mischievous glint danced in Isadora's eyes as she noticed Argon's lingering glance. In a teasing gesture, she playfully lifted a corner of her clothing, an act that drew his attention even further.