

## I Created 260

### Chapter 260: Storm Is Coming (part 2)

After Kaelar's proposal hung in the air, a sense of agreement began to permeate the room. It offered a practical solution to the pressing issue at hand.

A sect master of a first-grade sect, stepped forward and declared, "Sect Master Kaelar's plan is sound. We will immediately assemble teams to assess the situation in the nearby cities and settlements. Our order carries weight, and the leaders of the first-grade sects and clans will likely heed our call for cooperation."

Kaelar nodded appreciatively, his gaze sweeping the room. "Thank you, all of you, for your dedication and understanding. Time is of the essence. Let us move swiftly to implement this plan. Anyone with influence or connections, utilize them to expedite this process."

Althea added, "Our sect is the strongest, and we lead this fight. Our responsibility is not just to protect our own but to extend our hand to those in need. We will ensure that our people find safety, no matter where they are."

With the decisive words of their leaders, the sect members and advisors began to disperse, each tasked with specific responsibilities to execute this plan effectively. It was a daunting undertaking, but in the face of impending danger, the Heavenly Sword Sect showed its strength not only in martial prowess but in unity and compassion as well.

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Argon sat upon his imposing throne, a sinister smile playing upon his lips as he perused the latest reports from the outside world. The unfolding chaos and upheaval seemed to please him immensely.

"Everything is just as I wanted," he mused softly to himself, his voice carrying an eerie undertone. "Everything is going smoothly."

His crimson eyes gleamed with malevolence as he contemplated the impending terror that would soon befall the Azure Continent. "I can't wait to let my monsters run wild in the Azure Continent."

With that thought in mind, Argon couldn't resist the urge to seek confirmation. He reached out to the system embedded within his mind, a powerful tool at his disposal. "System, how many days before I can attack the outside world?"

The system, an obedient entity within his consciousness, responded promptly. "There is only one day left, Host."

"One day," he murmured, the words tinged with a sinister delight. "Just one more day, and the Azure Continent will tremble beneath the might of my monsters."

Argon's smile widened, a chilling expression that hinted at the impending calamity. Everything was falling into place, and the final stage of his sinister plan was about to unfold.

Argon's throne chamber remained shrouded in an eerie silence, the weight of his impending actions hanging in the air like an oppressive cloud. His crimson eyes, still fixed on the reports before him, betrayed the anticipation he felt for the chaos he was about to unleash upon the world.

In the midst of this unsettling atmosphere, Argon summoned, Isadora, through their mental connection. He projected his thoughts with a sense of authority, commanding her presence.

"Isadora," his mental voice resonated in her consciousness, "come to my throne chamber immediately."

Isadora, being one of Argon's loyal servants, received the command and knew better than to delay. With a silent acknowledgment, she began making her way to the throne chamber.

After a brief moment, Isadora arrived at the grand entrance of the throne chamber, her graceful presence marked by an air of deference. She swept into the room, her steps measured and her expression an epitome of servitude.

"You need something, My Lord?" she inquired sweetly, her voice a melodious cadence.

Argon's gaze, still fixed on the reports, momentarily shifted to Isadora. He observed her with an air of contemplation before finally addressing her question.

"I just want to know if something major happened on the third floor," Argon inquired, his voice carrying an undertone of curiosity.

Isadora, with a graceful inclination of her head, responded, "Nothing major, my lord, apart from the monsters fighting amongst themselves as per usual. The tensions on the third floor persist, but it hasn't escalated beyond their usual confrontations."

Argon nodded, his crimson eyes briefly losing focus as he mulled over the situation on the third floor of his domain. It seemed that, for now, his creatures below remained preoccupied with their internal disputes, a matter of little concern compared to the grand scheme he was about to set in motion.

"Thank you, Isadora," he acknowledged her report with a faint nod. "Continue to keep a watchful eye on them."

"Tomorrow," Argon stated with a deliberate pause, allowing the weight of his words to settle in the air, "we will commence our plan."

Isadora's eyes widened slightly, her sweet demeanor not entirely masking the anticipation that flickered within them. "As you command, My Lord," she replied, her voice unwavering in its commitment to execute his will.

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In the depths of Veild Forest, where the looming trees cast dark shadows over the demon camp, an eerie silence hung in the air. The demons, creatures of malevolence and darkness, had been dwelling in a tense stillness, aware of the impending orders from their master, Xal'Thur.

In the depths of Veild Forest, another three auras swept through the camp, echoing the triumphant breakthrough that Xal'Thur had achieved earlier. The energy in the air shifted dramatically, rippling with newfound power, and the joyous reaction of the demons was palpable.

Nihilus, one of the demons who had broken through, couldn't contain his elation. His shadowy form seemed to pulse with energy as he exclaimed, "I've done it! I've broken through to the next realm!" His voice, usually a whisper, resonated with a newfound strength.

Vexoria, her serpentine body gleaming with vibrant scales, joined in the jubilation. "As have I! This power... it's intoxicating!" Her emerald eyes blazed with an intensity that mirrored the surge of energy within her.

Cryonex, his icy-blue presence now even more frigid, added with a hint of pride, "Our progress is undeniable. We are one step closer to transcending our current limitations."

Their voices overlapped, each demon sharing in the excitement of their shared achievement. The energy in the camp swirled and crackled, a testament to the potent cultivation breakthroughs that had just occurred.

Meanwhile, Hyr, who had been overseeing the camp and reporting to Cambion, observed the scene with a satisfied expression. "It seems the breakthroughs are spreading like wildfire, my Lord," he remarked to Cambion, who was watching the scene unfold.

Cambion's crimson eyes glittered with approval as he nodded in response. "Indeed, Hyr. Their progress is essential to our grand plan. With their newfound power, they will be formidable assets in the battles to come."

The joyous reaction of the demons served as a stark contrast to the looming threat that they, along with Cambion and Argon, were preparing to unleash upon the world above. The pieces of their intricate plan were falling into place, and the Azure Continent would soon bear witness to the devastating might of the dungeon.

In the midst of the demon camp, the triumphant auras of Nihilus, Vexoria, and Cryonex slowly began to subside, their breakthroughs a tangible reality. With newfound power coursing through their forms, they wasted no time and took to the darkened sky, ascending towards Cambion's presence.

As they approached Cambion, their intent to appeal to the high demon was evident. They understood that becoming subordinates of a high demon would elevate their status in the demon world significantly.