

## I Created 262

### Chapter 262: A Tragic Village

In a village hidden away in the heart of the Azure Continent, the situation couldn't have been more different from the demonic forces gathering for war. Here, the villagers had chosen a path of grim determination and defiance.

The chief of the village, a grizzled elder named Orlan, stood before his fellow villagers, his weathered hands gripping a simple wooden staff. He had been a cultivator in his youth, but age and the passage of time had diminished his powers to mere embers.

"Listen well, my kin," Orlan began, his voice firm yet filled with a sense of solemnity. "Today, we face a threat unlike any we've ever known. The demons approach, their malevolent intent clear. We have chosen not to flee, not because we cannot, but because we will not. This land is our home, our ancestors' legacy, and we shall defend it with our lives."

The villagers, armed with makeshift weapons, nodded in solemn agreement. Their faces bore the marks of resilience, and their eyes held a fierce determination to protect what was theirs.

"For our families!"

"We won't bow to demons!"

"We'll fight to the end!"

Orlan continued, "Our children and the young ones have fled as far as they could. They carry our hope, our legacy, beyond the reach of these monsters. But we, the elders and the able-bodied, will stand as one against this darkness."

He looked toward the five cultivators among them, their power limited to the Building Base Realm, far from the prowess of the demons outside. "Our cultivators may be few, but they are our pillars of strength. They will lead our defense, and we will fight with all we have."

The cultivators nodded in acknowledgment, their faces etched with determination despite the overwhelming odds.

As the villagers steeled themselves for the inevitable clash, a peculiar sight disrupted their solemn assembly. In the distance, beyond the village's borders, a shimmering distortion in space caught their attention. It hung in the air like a tear in reality, an anomaly none of them had ever witnessed.

One of the villagers, a young woman pointed toward the mysterious rift. "What is that?" she exclaimed, her voice carrying a mix of curiosity and fear. The villagers turned their gaze to the rift, perplexed and uneasy.

Orlan, the village elder, squinted at the phenomenon, his aged eyes narrowing. "I know not, child," he replied, his voice low and cautious.

The murmurs of concern spread among the villagers. They had prepared themselves for the demons, a known and dreadful adversary. This rift, however, was an enigma, and uncertainty weighed heavily upon their hearts.

Moments later, their uncertainty transformed into shock as a procession of green-skinned creatures emerged from the rift. These beings were unlike any the villagers had ever encountered. They possessed an otherworldly aura, and their skin was a vibrant shade of green, in stark contrast to the demons they had heard rumors about.

Whispers and gasps swept through the villagers as they beheld these newcomers, a mixture of fear, curiosity, and bewilderment filling the air.

One of the villagers muttered, "These... these are not the demons we heard about, are they?"

Another chimed in, "No, they're not. What kind of creatures are these?"

Orlan, the village elder, gripped his staff tighter, his eyes locked onto the green-skinned beings. "We know not what they are or what they seek," he declared, his voice steadier than his heart felt. "But let it be known, we will defend our home, no matter the threat."

As the village prepared to face not one, but two unknown adversaries, the air was heavy with tension, and the resolve of the villagers was put to an even greater test.

The surreal scene took a nightmarish turn as the last of the green-skinned creatures emerged from the rift, riding atop a monstrous wolf that seemed to dwarf even the largest of the villagers' strongest horses. Its enormous form, draped in moss-like fur, exuded an aura of raw, untamed power.

With a deafening roar, the giant creature let loose a bone-chilling cry, echoing through the still morning air. It was a signal, a prelude to the onslaught that was about to be unleashed.

The realization struck the villagers with a paralyzing fear. The green-skinned beings, mounted on their colossal wolves, were unlike anything they had ever seen or imagined. This was a force beyond their wildest nightmares.

Orlan's voice broke through the collective dread, his words steady but laced with urgency. "Prepare yourselves, my kin! The fight ahead will be one of tragedy, but remember, we fight for our homes, our families, and our legacy!"

The cultivators, though bound by the limitations of their realm, took their positions at the forefront, channeling their energies to create a barrier, a desperate shield against the approaching threat. Their faces were a mask of determination, their eyes locked on the impending doom.

As the two forces collided, the clash was nothing short of cataclysmic. Villagers swung their weapons with a desperation born of fierce love for their homes. Yet, it was clear that the tide was against them.

The monstrous wolves, guided by their green-skinned riders, moved with an unnatural agility. Their howls mingled with the cries of the villagers, creating a cacophony of chaos and despair. Limbs clashed, cries of pain pierced the air, and the smell of blood and sweat became a sickening miasma.

Villagers fell one by one, their courage and determination paling in comparison to the overwhelming might of these invaders. The cultivators fought valiantly, but their powers were insufficient against the sheer number and strength of the assailants.

Orlan, the village elder, swung his wooden staff with all his remaining strength, deflecting a blow aimed at him but unable to save those around him. He shouted commands, his voice a beacon of determination amid the chaos.

"Stand fast! Protect your kin!"

But as the battle raged on, it became painfully clear that their resistance was futile. The green-skinned creatures, riding their massive wolves, were merciless. They showed no signs of fatigue or hesitation, as if they were driven by an inexorable purpose.

One by one, the villagers fell, their cries of defiance silenced by the merciless onslaught. Their homes, their legacy, were being trampled and ravaged before their eyes.

But the tragic truth was unavoidable. The villagers, though valiant, were facing a force that surpassed them in both strength and numbers. One by one, they fell, their once defiant cries now reduced to anguished pleas.

Through the chaos, the green-skinned creatures pressed on, their relentless advance leaving a trail of devastation in its wake. The monstrous wolves tore through the villagers' defenses, their massive jaws finding their marks.

Amidst the tragedy, the village cultivators fought to the last, knowing that their efforts could not change the inevitable outcome. Orlan, despite his age and weakened power, stood defiant, his eyes locked onto the colossal green creature that had led this assault. He vowed to protect his people to the end.

However, he was defeated by one strike.

Orlan, in his final moments, cast one last look upon the village he had vowed to protect. With his last breath, he whispered a prayer for the souls of his fallen kin.

As the sun hung high in the sky, the once-thriving village now lay in ruin, a silent witness to the tragic battle that had unfolded. The echoes of defiance, now replaced by an eerie stillness, marked the end of a valiant stand against an unstoppable force.