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Chapter 271 271: The War Begins (Part 1)

In a final act of defiance, Zelroth raised his head, his gaze meeting Ghorm's one last time. "You may have won, but this world will know no peace."

Ghorm, despite the chaos and destruction around him, remained resolute. He gazed down at Zelroth, his expression unwavering.

"That's not of my concern," Ghorm replied, his voice carrying a weight of finality.

With that declaration, Ghorm raised his fist high, channeling the very essence of the earth element. The ground beneath him trembled in response, and with a mighty swing, he brought his colossal fist down upon Zelroth's form.

The impact was cataclysmic. The earth itself seemed to roar in approval as Ghorm's fist met its target. Zelroth, once a fearsome demon captain, was reduced to nothingness in that moment. His fiery essence was extinguished, his physical form shattered, and all that remained of him was a fading memory of malevolence.

As Ghorm withdrew his fist, the winds carried away the remnants of Zelroth, scattering them like ashes. The battlefield, once a place of relentless conflict, fell into an eerie silence.

Ghorm, having brought an end to the once-mighty Zelroth, turned his gaze to the remaining demons. They had been witnesses to the cataclysmic battle that had just unfolded, and now, their demon captain defeated, they were left in disarray.

With an air of authority, Ghorm issued a command to the remaining goblins. "Finish all the remaining demons," he ordered, his voice unwavering.

The goblins, loyal and battle-hardened, immediately set upon the remaining demons. It was a swift and brutal affair. The goblins, wielding their own formidable powers and martial techniques, made quick work of the disoriented demons who had lost their leader.

Amidst the sounds of battle, Ghorm watched with an impassive expression. His concern was not with the fate of the demons but with the assurance that their threat had been extinguished.

In a matter of moments, the once-threatening demons were vanquished. The battlefield, which had been the scene of fierce conflict, now lay still and silent, save for the crackling remnants of elemental energy.

As the dust settled, Ghorm surveyed the aftermath of the battle. The town had been ravaged, and countless lives had been affected. The goblins who had followed him gathered around, their expressions a mix of exhaustion and triumph.

Argon, a figure of authority in the realm of cultivation, observed the entire battle on the floating screen with keen interest. As the clash between Ghorm and Zelroth reached its decisive conclusion, Argon nodded in approval.

In that moment, he reached out through their mental connection to Ghorm, his presence a reassuring whisper in Ghorm's mind. "You can go back to the dungeon now, Ghorm. You've become even more powerful after I gave you those cultivation techniques."

Hearing His Lord's praise echoed in his thoughts, Ghorm's excitement was palpable. He replied with genuine gratitude, his voice echoing in his mind. "Thank you, My Lord."

Argon reveling in the aftermath of destruction, ended the telepathic connection with Ghorm and eagerly summoned the status screen before him. His eyes gleamed with anticipation as he scanned the information displayed.

With a triumphant grin, Argon's voice resonated with wicked delight. "Show me my status."

The screen before him promptly listed his accumulated soul coins, a measure of the malevolence and devastation he had sown. The number that greeted his gaze was staggering 440,000 soul coins.

A low, satisfied chuckle escaped Argon's lips as he reveled in his malefic accomplishments. The carnage that had unfolded, with goblins not just vanquishing demons but also innocent townsfolk, had reaped a horrific bounty of soul coins.

Ghorm, his trusted subordinate, had executed his orders to perfection, furthering Argon's sinister goals. The goblins' mercilessness knew no bounds, and Argon just didn't care about the suffering they had inflicted.

Argon, now fully immersed in the malevolent power coursing through his veins, felt a surge of anticipation. He knew that to further solidify his dominance, he needed to elevate his cultivation. With a thought, he addressed the sentient system within his mind.

"System, upgrade my cultivation to middle-stage of Soul Strengthening."

The response from the system was prompt, its tone devoid of emotion. "To upgrade the host's cultivation from early-stage to middle-stage, it will cost 200,000 soul coins. Do you wish to proceed?"

Argon's voice was resolute, devoid of hesitation. "Yes."

As the transaction was confirmed, Argon felt a profound shift within himself. It was as if his very essence was being forged anew, tempered in the crucible of malevolence. The energy that coursed through him grew more potent, swirling and coalescing with newfound intensity.

Every fiber of his being seemed to vibrate with vitality. His scales even more exuded an aura of dread power. The air around him crackled with ominous energy, and his eyes gleamed with an incandescent malevolence.

In this newfound state, Argon's senses were heightened, his perception of the world around him sharpened to a keen edge.

Argon, still immersed in this transformative power, could feel something extraordinary. His connection to the laws of this cultivation world had deepened beyond what was typical for someone in the Soul Strengthening Realm. His draconic heritage, tied to the ancient and primal forces of the world, granted him this unique ability.

He could feel the laws now a little better. He marveled at this newfound perception, feeling the subtle undercurrents of the laws that governed the world around him. The ebb and flow of energy, the delicate balance of elements, and the intricate web of cause and effect—all of it was laid bare before his senses.

While an ordinary cultivator in the Soul Strengthening Realm could never hope to grasp the laws, Argon's existence as an Ancestral Dragon allowed him to touch upon this knowledge. He understood that this advantage was a result of his extraordinary lineage.

Argon's malevolent grin widened as he contemplated the possibilities. With his newfound understanding of the laws, he could further his study of the laws now.

However, as Argon reveled in his newfound connection to the laws, a dark shadow loomed over the Azure Continent. The demons, driven by insatiable malice and hunger for power, had launched their long-anticipated assault. They descended upon one of the continent's cities like a relentless storm, leaving devastation in their wake.

The city, once a bustling hub of cultivation and prosperity, now found itself under siege by the demonic horde. The brutality of the demons was beyond imagination. Buildings were reduced to rubble, and the once-proud city walls crumbled under the relentless assault of monstrous creatures.

Most of the powerful cultivators, those who could have defended the city, were absent, either residing in Skyhaven City or in the cities controlled by the Heavenly Sword Sect and Radiant Holy Lands. These two sects had become the pillars of defense against the demonic threat, leaving the vulnerable cities exposed.

As the demons rampaged through the city, terror and despair gripped the hearts of its inhabitants. People fled for their lives, but escape routes were quickly cut off. The streets ran red with blood, and anguished cries filled the air.

Amidst the chaos, the survivors huddled together, their faces etched with fear and desperation. They pleaded for mercy, their voices trembling as they begged the demons to spare their lives.