

## I Created 272

### Chapter 272 272: The War Begins (Part 2)

"Please, have mercy! Spare our children!" cried a mother, tears streaming down her face as she clutched her trembling child.

An elderly man, his body frail and trembling, fell to his knees. "We pose no threat to you. Spare us, we beg of you!"

But the demons were relentless, their hearts devoid of compassion. They showed no mercy to the city's inhabitants, for their hunger for souls and power knew no bounds. The brutality of their onslaught continued unabated, leaving a once-thriving city in ruins and its people broken and shattered.

But the demons, deaf to their pleas and consumed by their malevolence, showed no mercy. The once-prosperous city was reduced to a smoldering ruin. Homes were razed to the ground, and the city's once beautiful gardens were turned into fields of devastation.

The demons, driven by their insatiable hunger for power and souls, reveled in the suffering they inflicted. They hunted down cultivators and ordinary citizens alike, their cruelty knowing no bounds. Families were torn apart, and the streets were littered with the fallen.

As the day turned into night, the city was bathed in an eerie, blood-red glow, a testament to the horrors that had unfolded. The survivors who had huddled together in desperation now realized that no help would come. The city had fallen, its defenders too few and too far away to make a difference.

"We are abandoned... forsaken," whispered an elderly man, his voice trembling as he clung to his loved ones.

A mother held her injured child close, tears streaming down her face. "Why... why did the heavens abandon us?"

In the midst of this despair, the demons continued their relentless rampage, their laughter echoing through the shattered streets. The once-vibrant city had been reduced to a nightmarish landscape of

suffering and death, a grim reminder of the ruthlessness of those who sought to conquer the world through darkness.

Just when it seemed all hope was lost, a voice, strong and resolute, rang out through the chaos. It pierced through the cries of despair and the malevolent laughter of the demons like a clarion call.

"Demons, the heavens will punish you!" The voice echoed with an unwavering conviction.

The inhabitants, battered and broken, turned their eyes toward the source of this newfound hope. To their astonishment, a figure stood tall amidst the wreckage, radiating a fierce determination.

It was a cultivator, one of their own, who had returned from seeking aid in Skyhaven City and the cities guarded by the Heavenly Sword Sect and Radiant Holy Lands. Their presence was a beacon of hope in this dark hour.

The cultivator's gaze bore into the demonic horde, unwavering and resolute. "You have underestimated the strength of humanity's spirit. We will not yield to your tyranny!"

In the distance, a thunderous roar filled the air. The ground trembled beneath the weight of approaching forces. It was the combined might of the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Radiant Holy Lands, who had heeded the city's distress call.

As the cultivator's words reverberated through the battlefield, cultivators from these powerful sects descended like celestial warriors. Their robes shimmered with divine energy, and their weapons gleamed with righteous fury.

The demons, now outnumbered and facing a force unlike any they had encountered before, recoiled in fear. The tide of battle had shifted, and the heavens had answered the city's call.

The cultivator from Azure City raised his sword high, his voice unwavering. "For the fallen, for the innocent, and for the heavens' justice, we shall drive back this darkness!"

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With a united battle cry, the cultivators of Azure City, the Heavenly Sword Sect, and the Radiant Holy Lands charged forward, their determination unyielding. The demons, once so confident in their brutality, now faced the wrath of those who would protect the world from their malevolence.

In that moment, hope was rekindled, and the city's people, though battered and bruised, found the strength to stand beside their newfound allies. The heavens had not abandoned them; they had sent champions to deliver justice to the merciless demons.

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In the heart of Skyhaven City, within the grand meeting hall of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Sect Master Kaelar and Sect Master Althea of the Radiant Holy Lands were in the midst of a council with leaders of various first-grade forces. The atmosphere was tense, as the impending demon threat weighed heavily on their minds.

One of the leaders, a man of distinguished presence, spoke respectfully but urgently, "Esteemed Sect Master Kaelar and Althea, we can't simply remain within the confines of Skyhaven City. We must take action to combat these demons. Many innocent civilians are still trapped in various cities."

Another leader, a staunch and pragmatic individual, countered, "Who cares for the lives of these humans? We should focus on fortifying Skyhaven City, utilizing all our resources to construct the most formidable array for our defense."

A woman leader, her eyes filled with compassion, couldn't stay silent. "Are we truly so heartless? There are still billions of people out there, waiting for our help."

The room was divided, with some nodding in agreement with the urgent need to rescue civilians while others argued for a fortified defense within the city walls.

Amidst this heated debate, Kaelar finally spoke, his voice carrying a sense of grave responsibility. "Even if we were to rescue these people, the question remains: Where will we place them?"

A heavy silence descended upon the room as the harsh reality of the situation sank in. The leaders understood the dilemma; even if they saved the trapped civilians, Skyhaven City was already straining under the weight of its own inhabitants.

Althea, her eyes filled with determination and empathy, responded to the difficult situation, "Kaelar, we can't simply stand by and let billions of people perish at the hands of these demons. What if we explore the possibility of constructing cities inside the tower?"

Her suggestion hung in the air, a daring idea that could potentially save countless lives. However, one of the leaders spoke up respectfully, addressing her concerns, "Sect Master Althea, that might not be feasible. The second floor of the tower is influenced by the nature of the undead world. Ordinary people won't be able to survive there, and to create safe havens, we'd need hundreds of Celestial Havens. But as you know, those are exceedingly rare."

The room fell into contemplative silence once more as they grappled with the challenges and limitations of Althea's proposal. In this world of cultivation, where every decision held profound consequences, the fate of billions of lives hung in the balance.

Just as the debate continued to weigh heavily on the leaders, the grand meeting hall's doors were abruptly flung open with a resounding slam. Guards immediately moved to block the intruder, but the urgency in the newcomer's voice demanded attention.

"Please, help us! Our city is under attack by the demons, and there are still millions of people trapped inside... please, help us!" The cultivator's voice was frantic, his eyes filled with desperation.

Althea, her heart moved by the dire plea, swiftly ordered the guards to stand down. She gestured for the cultivator to enter. "Let him speak," she said firmly.

One of the leaders, his expression grim, commented, "So the demons have already initiated their assault."