

I Created 275

Chapter 275 275: The Four Core Formation Realm Demons

As the fight wore on, the demons began to realize the grim reality. Their powers, once formidable, seemed ineffective against these aberrations of death. With every passing moment, more demons fell, their demonic essence devoured by the transparent creatures.

Despite their unwavering resolve, the demon leader and his forces found themselves slowly overwhelmed. The horde of undead creatures showed no signs of faltering, and the transparent entities continued their malevolent assault.

In the heart of this nightmarish conflict, the fate of the city hung by a thread. The malevolent demons, once the masters of their domain, now faced an existential threat that defied explanation. Their powers, their malevolence, and their ferocity were no match for the unnatural resilience of the undead.

The battle continued to rage, a symphony of death and despair echoing through the city's ruins.

Despite their valiant efforts, the demons found themselves trapped in a relentless nightmare.

One by one, demon after demon fell, their demonic essence devoured by the transparent entities that moved with eerie grace. The air was thick with the scent of burning flesh and the agonized screams of the afflicted. The city's ruins, once echoing with the triumphant cries of demons, had become a charnel house of despair.

The demon leader, his voice now weary but unyielding, continued to rally his dwindling forces. "We must hold!" he shouted, his crimson eyes blazing with determination. "For the abyss's sake, we must stand!"

But hope was fading fast, and despair loomed like an impending storm. The skeletal warriors, reassembling themselves with unnatural resilience, pressed forward relentlessly. The zombies, despite their grotesque injuries, crawled onward, their relentless advance an embodiment of death's determination.

As the battle continued, it became increasingly apparent that the demons were fighting a losing battle. Their powers, once feared throughout the land, were now impotent against these nightmarish abominations.

Amidst the chaos, the demon leader and his remaining comrades fought with a ferocity born of desperation. They unleashed their most devastating techniques, their attacks filled with a final, desperate resolve.

But it was in vain. The undead horde closed in, their relentless advance like an unbreakable wave. The remaining demons were overwhelmed, their screams joining the mournful chorus of the city's destruction.

In the end, the malevolent demons who had once reveled in their conquest of the city became nothing more than a gruesome feast for the undead. Their demonic essence was devoured, their malevolence extinguished.

The city, once a symbol of human civilization, now lay in ruins, its streets littered with the fallen. The nightmarish creatures, their insatiable hunger sated, continued their relentless march, leaving behind a landscape of death and despair.

In the heart of the encampment, amidst the shadows that danced with dark intent, Cambion's tent stood as a fortress of malevolent power. Within, the air was heavy with the oppressive energy of demonic arts. Cambion, a figure of dark authority, honed his abilities with meticulous precision. Each incantation was a whispered promise of dominion.

Yet, this solemn ritual was shattered by the sudden intrusion of Hyr. The loyal subordinate's face bore the weight of dire news, his voice a strained echo in the charged atmosphere. "My lord," he began, urgency tingeing every syllable, "the first wave of demons we sent to conquer the cities of the humans... they are all dead."

Cambion, feigning ignorance and continuing his practice, replied with a tone of feigned nonchalance, "Dead? How could that be? Humans are no match for us demons."

Hyr, unswayed by the facade, explained the dire situation. "The survivors from the failed assault reported encountering a bizarre and formidable adversary. They spoke of grotesque creatures they

had never seen before—skeletons and reanimated corpses. It was a battle like none they had ever faced."

Cambion furrowed his brow as if deep in thought. "Very well, Hyr. Send four battalions of demons, each led by a Core Formation Realm demon, to kill those weird creatures, it should be enough."

Hyr, ever the dutiful subordinate, responded with a crisp nod. "As you wish, my lord."

With that, Hyr turned and left the tent, leaving Cambion alone with his thoughts.

Shortly after, Hyr called upon Elysia, Silvanus, Glacius, and Seraphina. The summons were delivered with a tone of urgency that left no room for delay. Within moments, the four Core Formation Realm demons arrived at Hyr's side, their expressions a mixture of anticipation and readiness.

As they gathered in a secluded area of the camp, Hyr wasted no time in relaying the grim news. "Elysia, Silvanus, Glacius, Seraphina, we have faced an unexpected turn of events," Hyr began, his voice steady but laced with concern.

Elysia, her presence exuding an air of ethereal grace, met Hyr's gaze with an unwavering focus. "What has transpired, Hyr? Speak plainly."

Hyr wasted no time, his voice carrying the weight of the dire news. "I've called you all here because of a grave situation," he began, his gaze sweeping across the gathered demons. "The first wave of demons we dispatched to conquer the human cities has been met with unexpected resistance."

Elysia, her eyes gleaming with an otherworldly light, tilted her head inquisitively. "Resistance? How is that possible? Humans are beneath us in power."

Silvanus, shrouded in a swirling vortex of shadows, echoed Elysia's sentiment. "Indeed, we thought this conquest would be a mere formality. What happened?"

Hyr's eyes bore the weight of the information he carried. "The survivors from the failed assault reported encountering creatures they had never seen before—skeletons and reanimated corpses. They described a battle like none they had ever faced."

Glacius, his form wreathed in frost and cold, raised an eyebrow. "Dead creatures? That's unusual, but they shouldn't pose a significant threat."

Silvanus, a figure cloaked in shifting shadows, remained silent, but the glint in his eyes spoke volumes. His mind was already racing, considering the implications.

Seraphina, her eyes aglow with an inner light, listened attentively. "What are our orders, Hyr? How do we proceed?"

Hyr's expression was resolute. "Cambion has issued new orders. Each of you will lead a battalion of demons to the cities. Focus your efforts on eradicating these undead creatures. They are the key obstacle to our conquest."

Elysia nodded in understanding, her determination unyielding. "We shall execute the orders without fail, Hyr. The humans will learn the futility of resistance."

Silvanus, his voice a murmur of shadows, added, "Our power will be their undoing. These creatures of death will know true annihilation."

Glacius, his gaze unwavering, spoke with a tone of chilling resolve, "We shall leave no trace of these abominations. The cities will crumble before our might."

Seraphina, her voice carrying an air of unwavering faith, declared, "The path is set, Hyr. We shall be the instruments of their doom."

With their orders clarified, the four Core Formation Realm demons dispersed, each taking charge of their respective battalions. The weight of their mission hung heavy in the air, but they were demons forged in the crucible of power, unyielding in their determination to fulfill Cambion's command. The fate of the human cities now rested in their formidable hands.

As Elysia, Silvanus, Glacius, and Seraphina departed to carry out their assigned missions. The fate of their conquest hung in the balance, and the unexpected resistance posed a daunting challenge. He knew that Cambion's orders were clear: the undead creatures had to be eliminated at all costs.