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Chapter 281 281: Undead Attacks The Cities (part 1)

Argon's senses were heightened, and he could feel the ebb and flow of the destructive forces around him. He extended his hand, and with a thought, summoned a controlled burst of destruction. It surged forth with a controlled precision, disintegrating a boulder into fine particles.

A smile of satisfaction played across Argon's face. He was beginning to grasp the essence of the law of destruction. Each movement, each thought, was an intricate dance with the powerful energies that surrounded him.

With focused determination, Argon continued to explore the depths of this newfound realm. He pushed his understanding further, experimenting with the subtleties and nuances of destruction. The golden light seemed to respond to his every intention, morphing and flowing in tandem with his will.

As the hours passed, Argon's proficiency grew. He could feel the law of destruction becoming an extension of himself, a natural and harmonious part of his being. It was as though he had unlocked a dormant potential within himself, and now he wielded it with a mastery that was both exhilarating and humbling.

In this realm of golden light and swirling energies, Argon was not just a cultivator—he was a force of nature, a conduit for the inexorable power of destruction. He knew that this newfound understanding would reshape the course of his cultivation journey, propelling him toward unparalleled heights of strength and knowledge.

Azure Continent, leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. Chaos gripped the once-thriving cities as buildings crumbled, and flames Days passed, and Argon's undead minions carried out his orders with ruthless efficiency. They descended upon the cities of the Azure Continent, leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. Chaos gripped the once-thriving cities as buildings crumbled, and flames raged unchecked.

Most of the inhabitants who had not already fled were low-level cultivators, unaware of the nature of the undead creatures that wrought havoc. To them, it was a calamity of unprecedented proportions, a cataclysm that defied explanation.

However, for those few cultivators at the Golden Core Realm or higher, their trained senses detected the truth. When they witnessed the undead in action, a shiver of recognition coursed through them. These were not ordinary creatures; they were undead from the second floor of the tower.

They knew that the appearance of undead signaled a grave threat. Each undead was a formidable entity, a level of power that struck fear into the hearts of even seasoned cultivators.

The news of the undead's rampage reached the ears of the more experienced cultivators, and they convened in haste to discuss the dire situation. In the midst of a chaotic world, these individuals, their robes billowing with the aura of their cultivation, gathered to formulate a plan.

One of the Golden Core cultivators, Elder Lin, his face etched with concern, addressed the assembly. "We cannot underestimate the severity of this situation," he warned. "The undead we face are not ordinary. They hail from the second floor of the tower—a realm of power where the monsters are unreasonably strong."

A younger cultivator, Xin, his eyes filled with determination, chimed in, "We must act swiftly. The low-level cultivators in the cities are defenseless against such foes. We have a duty to protect them."

Elder Lin nodded in agreement. "Our priority is to evacuate the civilians to a safe location. Then, we will report to the leaders what is happening here."

The assembly of cultivators, united by their sense of duty and the looming threat of the undead, quickly set their plans into motion. They divided their forces to coordinate both the evacuation of the vulnerable citizens and the defense against the relentless onslaught.

Elder Lin led a group of cultivators with a solemn resolve to protect the fleeing civilians. With their formidable skills, they formed a protective perimeter around the evacuation routes. They ensured that those who had little understanding of cultivation could escape safely, shielding them from the chaos and destruction.

Meanwhile, Xin and a contingent of powerful cultivators took up the formidable task of confronting the undead. Their battle cries echoed through the desolated streets as they engaged the undead in combat. Each clash was a tumultuous display of elemental power, as they fought to contain the unruly forces.

The undead, fueled by Argon's dark intentions, proved to be formidable adversaries. Their relentless pursuit of destruction and their utter lack of fear made them a relentless force to be reckoned with. Xin and his comrades had to rely on their years of training and their mastery of the elements to hold the line.

As the battle raged on, the skies above the Azure Continent grew darker, a reflection of the turmoil below. But the cultivators remained undaunted, knowing that the fate of their world rested on their shoulders.

In the midst of this chaos, Argon continued his mastery of the law of destruction, unaware of the turmoil he had unleashed. With each passing day, his power grew, and his understanding of the law deepened.

In the serene heights of Skyhaven City, where the Qi flowed abundantly, Kaelar was engrossed in his cultivation. The energy surged around him, a testament to his deep connection with the elements. He moved with purpose and precision, his movements a dance of mastery over his own power.

However, a shadow fell upon the cultivation peak, and Kaelar's concentration wavered as he sensed the arrival of Grand Elder Lan. The Grand Elder, a venerable figure in the sect, approached with deep respect but also a heavy heart.

Kaelar, still in the midst of his cultivation, acknowledged Grand Elder Lan's presence with a nod, his brow furrowed in concentration.

With great respect, Grand Elder Lan addressed Kaelar, his voice holding a gentle urgency. "Sect Master, you should reconsider this method of cultivation. It may damage your core. We understand the weight you bear, especially with the impending war against the demons. But you must also consider your own well-being. If something were to happen to you, we would be left defenseless against the demons."

He spoke with the wisdom of years, the weight of responsibility evident in his words. He cared deeply for Kaelar and the sect, and he couldn't bear to see the Sect Master push himself to such limits.

Kaelar, though deeply engrossed in his practice, listened to Grand Elder Lan's words with a mixture of gratitude and contemplation. He knew the truth in those words. The fate of the sect rested not only on their ability to face the demons but also on his own ability to lead them.

Kaelar paused his cultivation, his eyes reflecting the depth of his responsibility. He knew that Grand Elder Lan's words held truth, and he acknowledged them with a somber nod. "You're right, Grand

Elder. I've achieved a breakthrough to the peak stage of the Core Formation Realm, but it's not enough to face the leaders of the demons."

His gaze turned distant, as if contemplating the insurmountable challenge that lay ahead. "The demon leaders possess a Soul Strengthening cultivation, a realm higher than mine. One attack from them could kill me directly. I am well aware of the danger I put myself in."

Grand Elder Lan's expression turned grave as he processed this information. He had witnessed Kaelar's dedication and sacrifice for the sect, but he also knew the harsh reality of the cultivation world. "Sect Master," he began carefully, "attaining the Soul Strengthening Realm is considered impossible, even with your current method of cultivation. The last time someone reached that realm was over 30,000 years ago."