

## I Created 288

### Chapter 288 288: Azure Continent's Destruction

As the smoke and radiant light of Elder Lan's sacrifice began to settle, the battlefield remained chaotic. The undead continued their relentless assault, and the remaining Core Formation cultivators fought on.

Althea had just concluded her own grueling battle with a group of Core Formation Undeads. Her robes, adorned with the emblem of her sect, bore scorch marks and signs of battle. She swept her gaze across the grim battlefield, witnessing the death and destruction that seemed to unfold with every passing moment.

However, Althea's keen eyes, filled with concern, searched for one face in particular. Her brows furrowed when she didn't see Grand Elder Lan. She knew him well and couldn't help but worry for his safety.

Finally, Althea's eyes landed on Elara's group, a beacon of hope amidst the chaos. With a swift descent from the sky, she arrived at their side. With a graceful sweep of her hand, she wiped out the enemies that had encroached upon them, her power undeniable.

Seeing Althea's arrival, Elara's group immediately bowed and greeted her. "Sect Master."

Elara, who would one day take the mantle of Sect Master herself, addressed Althea with the utmost respect. "Sect Master."

Althea's eyes, filled with both maternal and sect-leaderly affection, looked at Elara. "My dear Elara, you've grown into a formidable cultivator. And you all have fought valiantly." She then addressed the group as a whole. "This battle is far from over. We need to hold the line."

Elara smiled gratefully and replied, "It's all thanks to your teachings, Sect Master. Your guidance has brought us this far."

Althea's smile was warm, but her expression soon turned serious as she inquired, "What about Grand Elder Lan? I didn't see him."

Upon hearing Elder Lan's name, a shadow seemed to fall over everyone. Elara took a deep breath, her voice heavy with sadness. "Sect Master, Grand Elder Lan... he sacrificed himself to kill his enemy. He's no longer with us."

Elara's companions, who had witnessed Elder Lan's heroic sacrifice, couldn't help but express their admiration. "He was a true hero," Tavian added.

Lirien nodded in agreement, his voice filled with respect. "The world has lost a great soul today."

Lyra, her eyes still glistening from unshed tears, spoke softly, "His sacrifice will be remembered through the ages."

Rian, who usually remained composed, bowed his head solemnly. "May he find peace in the realms beyond."

Althea, now fully aware of the gravity of the situation, nodded in acknowledgment. "Grand Elder Lan was a true hero, and his sacrifice won't be in vain. We will honor his memory by protecting our realm."

With renewed determination, Althea and Elara's group turned their attention back to the battlefield, knowing that they had to continue the fight in honor of Elder Lan's ultimate sacrifice.

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Before the battle that would claim Grand Elder Lan's life. Argon in his dragon throne, communicating with a system in his mind. His voice resonated within the confines of his consciousness.

Argon spoke with a sense of determination, his mind focused. "System, release all the undead I've selected."

The system, a complex entity within his mind, responded with a digital tone, "Affirmative, Host... Releasing the undeads."

In a distant, hidden location on the Azure Continent, a massive spatial rift began to tear open, revealing itself as a colossal crack in the heavens. It was as if the very fabric of reality had been disrupted. From this rift, a terrifying array of undead entities began to emerge.

First came the lesser undead, their malevolent presence palpable as they clawed their way through the rift. Their eyes gleamed with eerie, unnatural light as they spread out, hungry for destruction.

Following them were the colossal Core Formation Undeads, enormous monstrosities that seemed to defy the laws of nature. Ten of these behemoths emerged, their massive forms casting ominous shadows. Each of them possessed an aura of formidable power, enough to send shivers down the spines of any who beheld them.

Argon had deliberately held back. He hadn't released all the monsters at his disposal, for even the creatures of the second floor were capable of wreaking havoc on an unprecedented scale. After all, the monsters from the third floor, is enough to destroy the whole Azure Continent, they were a calamity unto themselves. The potential destruction they could bring upon the Azure Continent was immeasurable.

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In the eerie silence of Argon's throne room, a floating screen materialized, displaying the unfolding chaos on the Azure Continent. Isadora her eyes fixated on the scenes of devastation.

Isadora, her eyes reflecting the chaos on the floating screen, couldn't hide her malevolent satisfaction. "My Lord, they have no idea what awaits them. The despair they will taste will be exquisite."

Ma Kong's laughter reverberated through the room, a chilling sound. "Haha, yes, My Lord. The power of our Eternal Dungeon is unmatched. It's time they understand our dominion."

The room was filled with an air of foreboding as Argon's other two subordinates, Cambion and Azrael, observed the unfolding chaos alongside their companions. Each of them watched the floating screen with a mix of fascination and malevolence.

Tan Zong, his features twisted by the shadows, leaned in closer to the screen, his voice laced with anticipation. "This... this is a masterpiece, My Lord. They won't know what hit them."

Azrael, a figure shrouded in mystery and power, remained composed but couldn't hide the glint of excitement in his eyes. "The Azure Continent will tremble under our might."

Cambion, ever silent, wore an inscrutable expression, his eyes glittering with anticipation.

As the five subordinates watched, the screen displayed the relentless advance of the undead, their destructive force leaving a trail of devastation in their wake. The Core Formation Undeads, towering and formidable, struck fear into the hearts of any who beheld them.

As the undead horde surged forth, the very foundations of the Azure Continent trembled. The fate of the realm hung in the balance, teetering on the edge of oblivion.

The throne room seemed to resonate with a sinister energy as Argon and his five dark subordinates watched the unfolding catastrophe they had unleashed upon the Azure Continent.