

I Created 303

Chapter 303 303: The Clash Of Two Power (part 1)

Azrael didn't spare another glance at the lifeless demon on the ground. Instead, his attention was drawn to the severed arm of the demon emperor, which floated ominously in the chamber, exuding a potent aura of demonic qi that sent shivers down the spine of anyone who dared approach it.

His crimson eyes locked onto the disembodied limb, Azrael muttered to himself, "Whoever is the owner of this hand is extremely powerful." His own cultivation at the middle stage of the Soul Strengthening Realm had given him insights into the levels of strength that were incomprehensible to many. The demonic qi radiating from the arm was unlike anything he had encountered before.

Azrael reached for a box that had been provided to him by his lord, Argon, for the safekeeping of the severed hand. It was a finely crafted, ornate container, enchanted to withstand the corrosive influence of demonic qi. The box's interior was lined with intricate runes that would act as a barrier to contain the malevolent energy within.

With utmost care, Azrael approached the severed arm. He moved slowly, his every movement deliberate and calculated. The demonic qi surrounding the hand seemed to recoil from his touch.

Azrael extended his hand, his fingers trembling only slightly as they brushed against the outer edges of the arm's aura. A hiss of energy echoed in response, but Azrael's will was unwavering. He began the delicate process of guiding the powerful artifact into the box, inch by inch.

As Azrael meticulously guided the severed hand closer to the ornate box, a palpable tension filled the chamber. The malevolent aura emanating from the hand grew more intense, as though it sensed the impending containment, and it reacted with a fury that defied its severed state.

The arm, although lifeless, possessed an inherent malevolence. As it drew nearer to the box, it began to struggle against Azrael's controlled grasp. Its grotesque fingers, still tipped with sharp claws, twitched and spasmed as if fighting to break free from Azrael's hold.

The demonic qi around the arm surged like a maelstrom, and the malevolent energy twisted and writhed, as if attempting to slip through Azrael's fingers. The runes lining the interior of the box glowed brighter, responding to the chaotic energy of the demon emperor's limb.

Azrael's struggle was evident, and his fingers tensed as he used every ounce of his strength and mastery over his cultivation to subdue the thrashing appendage. The sweat on his brow was a testament to the effort required to control the powerful artifact. The cold and indifferent demeanor he had displayed earlier was now replaced with an intense focus.

Azrael's dialogue was as chilling as his actions. Through gritted teeth, he muttered, "You are a mere severed hand, and yet you resist." His voice was laced with a tinge of annoyance, a rare display of emotion for the otherwise emotionless being.

The battle of wills continued, Azrael's relentless determination versus the arm's malevolent resistance. For every inch the arm advanced toward the box, it clawed back, fighting to remain free and unbound. The chamber reverberated with their silent struggle, the air charged with dark energy.

Finally, with a final exertion of strength, Azrael managed to force the hand into the box. The lid slammed shut, the ornate container sealing itself with a satisfying click. The severed hand was contained, its malevolent aura locked away, its rebellion quelled.

Azrael exhaled, his shoulders relaxing as he took a step back from the box. The fight was over, and he had emerged victorious. His crimson eyes, still sharp and unforgiving, remained locked on the box containing the potent artifact. In this cultivation world, even a mere severed hand could pose a formidable challenge.

With the malevolent hand securely sealed within the box, Azrael momentarily allowed himself to exhale a sigh of relief.

However, his respite was short-lived, for Azrael knew that his mission was far from over. With the demon emperor's hand contained, he needed to contact his lord, Argon, to arrange his extraction from the Veiled Forest. Azrael was acutely aware that the longer he remained in this place, the greater the risks became.

Raising his hand to his temple, Azrael initiated a mental connection with Argon, a form of communication. In his mind, he spoke to his master, his voice carrying a tone of crisp formality.

"My Lord," he conveyed, his thoughts reaching out to Argon, "I have successfully acquired the demon emperor's hand."

Argon's voice responded within Azrael's mind, a deep and commanding presence that resonated with power. "Good job, Azrael. You've done well," Argon praised. "Now, await my command, and I will open a portal to your location. Be prepared."

Azrael's response was prompt and respectful. "Yes, my lord."

With the mental connection severed, Azrael settled into a vigilant stance, his crimson eyes scanning the chamber. He knew that the process of opening a portal across vast distances required time and energy. As minutes stretched into what felt like hours, a growing unease settled in his chest.

Azrael had learned to trust his instincts, and right now, those instincts were telling him that something was amiss.

His muscles tensed, his hand ready to draw his sword at a moment's notice. The eerie silence of the chamber felt oppressive, as though the very air held its breath. Every creak of the ancient trees and rustle of leaves seemed to reverberate with hidden menace.

And then, in a split second, the tranquility of the chamber was shattered by a seismic disruption. Before Azrael's eyes, a rift in space tore open, the very fabric of reality unraveling as a massive crack appeared, defying the laws of the cultivation world. It was as if the Veiled Forest itself rebelled against the intrusion.

From the gaping tear in the world, a colossal, furious demon hand emerged. It was unlike anything Azrael had ever seen, a grotesque amalgamation of scales, claws, and dark energy. The hand surged forward with blinding speed, its momentum unstoppable.

"Give me back His Majesty's hand!" bellowed the demon hand with an anguished and wrathful voice that reverberated through the chamber.

Azrael had no time to react. The hand was upon him, and he knew he couldn't allow it to reach the box containing the emperor's severed limb. In a heartbeat, Azrael made a decision that spoke of his unwavering dedication to his mission.

He chose to sacrifice his own body as a shield. With a fierce determination, he stepped forward, thrusting himself between the demon hand and the box. His crimson eyes blazed with resolute resolve.

The colossal demon hand descended upon Azrael with the force of a cataclysm. Its grotesque claws, dripping with malevolence, were moments away from shattering Azrael's defense. The Veiled Forest itself seemed to groan in protest, the chamber quaking in response to the impending clash.

But just as the demon hand was about to make contact, a thunderous roar shook the very foundations of the chamber. A colossal dragon claw, wreathed in a shimmering aura of power, erupted from behind Azrael. It was Argon's dragon claw, a manifestation of his immense cultivation and authority.

The two titanic forces collided in an explosion of raw power. The chamber, buried deep below the surface, was unable to contain the sheer magnitude of their clash. The impact created a shockwave that reverberated through the Veiled Forest, echoing for miles around.