

## I Created 305

### Chapter 305 305: The Final Clash (part 1)

Across the realm, in the cities that had been evacuated, the atmosphere was tense. The residents of these cities had fled with the knowledge that the demon invasion was imminent, and they now found themselves gathered in the eastern territory, where the Radiant Holy Lands and the Heavenly Sword Sect stood as their protectors.

News of the demon advance had reached their ears, and a sense of impending doom hung in the air. People whispered worriedly to one another, voices carrying the weight of uncertainty and fear.

In a spacious courtyard, families huddled together, seeking solace in their loved ones. Parents clutched their children close, and friends embraced with shared resolve. The knowledge that their cities had already been destroyed by the relentless demon advance was a harsh reality they had to accept.

One of the cultivators, a seasoned warrior, stood before his family. His eyes, once filled with determination and an unshakable will to protect, were now clouded with the somber weight of responsibility.

He addressed his family, his voice reflecting the inner turmoil he felt. "I must go to the border," he said, his tone resolute yet heavy. "The demons are advancing, and it's our duty to defend our land."

His wife nodded, her eyes filled with both pride and fear. "I know," she said, her voice trembling. "You are a protector of our people, Lin Jie. We will support you, as we always have."

Their children, a young boy and a girl, clung to their father, they're looking at their father with innocence. The boy, Liu Jun, spoke up with a voice filled with awe. "Daddy, you're so strong. You'll beat those demons, right?"

The father ruffled his son's hair and offered a reassuring smile. "I'll do my best, little warrior. You take care of your mother and sister."

Across the courtyard, similar scenes played out as other cultivators said their farewells to their families. Husbands kissed their wives, sisters hugged brothers, and friends clasped hands in solemn unity. The impending battle at the border was a stark reminder that they might not return.

As the cultivators prepared to leave for the eastern territory's border, their families stood strong, the weight of their loved ones' sacrifice etched on their faces. The eastern territory, guarded by the Radiant Holy Lands and the Heavenly Sword Sect, was their last refuge, their final line of defense against the demon onslaught.

For the cultivators, the journey to the border would be a treacherous one. They knew that they would face not only the demon forces but also the formidable beings that had reached the Soul Strengthening Realm. This battle was one that would test their resolve, strength, and determination.

As the cultivators departed, their loved ones watched them go, their hearts heavy with both fear and hope. In the face of the advancing demon horde, these warriors would stand as the last bastion of defense for the eastern territory. The fate of their homeland rested on their shoulders, and they would fight with every ounce of their being to protect it. In the world of cultivation, where heroes were born and legends forged, they would carve their names into history through their unwavering sacrifice.

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On the border of the eastern territory, the scene was one of eerie silence. Rows upon rows of soldiers and cultivators, numbering in the hundreds of thousands, stood in disciplined formation. Their armor gleamed, weapons at the ready, and their expressions mirrored the gravity of the situation. Despite the sheer volume of people gathered, the place seemed to absorb sound, creating an atmosphere laden with tension.

The stillness was broken only by the soft rustling of banners and flags that fluttered in the breeze, bearing the emblems of the Radiant Holy Lands and the Heavenly Sword Sect. These symbols represented hope in the face of despair, strength in the midst of adversity.

The soldiers and cultivators were a diverse assembly, their backgrounds varied, but they shared a common purpose – to stand as the last defense against the impending demon invasion. The Radiant Holy Lands and the Heavenly Sword Sect had joined forces to protect the eastern territory, and their combined might was a formidable sight to behold.

Soldiers and cultivators, some with battle-hardened expressions and others with determination etched on their faces, cast resolute gazes eastward. The horizon, once calm and unassuming, now held the promise of impending conflict. As the sun dipped below the western horizon, casting long shadows, it seemed as if the very land held its breath, waiting for the imminent arrival of the demon forces.

Not far from the border, in the heart of an endless forest, two powerful figures floated above the treetops. These beings, members of the enigmatic monster clans, observed the humans gathered on the border below. The elder figure, the leader of the monster clans, exuded an air of ancient wisdom and power. The younger figure, a loyal disciple, looked upon the scene with curiosity.

One of them, a young and formidable figure, turned his gaze towards the humans gathered below. He spoke with deference to his elder, "My Lord, should we aid the humans? There are already two humans in the Soul Strengthening Realm among them, and with your might, it would be three against three."

The monster clan leader regarded the humans below with a profound gaze. His voice, when he spoke, held the weight of a decision rooted in the annals of history. "The reason why the demons have never attacked our monster clans is because of the longstanding agreement between us," he explained. "We have agreed to avoid unprovoked conflicts. Our presence in this forest has always been to collect the resources it provides."

His words were a reminder of the intricate balance that had preserved the monster clans' territory. In a world where countless clans and sects fought for dominance, such agreements were a rare testament to the wisdom of the ages.

With a final glance at the humans below, the elder monster clan leader turned away. "Let us depart. The teleportation portal to the mainland should now be open. The demons' onslaught will rend this continent uninhabitable for us. We must leave this place behind."

The young man sighed softly. "Yes, my lord," he agreed. "The safety of our clan is paramount, and we must not become entangled in the affairs of the demon clan."

The disciple cast one last glance at the humans below, his heart heavy with empathy. It was a poignant moment, as he felt a pang of sorrow for their plight. In a world fraught with dangers and shifting alliances, he knew that survival often came at a high cost.

With their decision made, the two figures turned away from the border, leaving the humans to face their destiny. The forest, once their home, was now a place of memories, as the monsters made their way toward the waiting teleportation portal, leaving behind a world on the brink of chaos and destruction.

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Suddenly, the silence that had blanketed the border was shattered by the thunderous voice of the commander. His shout echoed across the land, commanding attention and sending a jolt of anticipation through the waiting soldiers and cultivators. "Prepare for battle!" he roared, his voice filled with urgency. "The demons are here!"