

## I Created 314 ii

### Chapter 314 314: Protect The Array (part 2)

As the battle unfolded, the clash of powers intensified, and the atmosphere crackled with the ferocity of the confrontation. The defenders within the array, guided by the commander's strategic acumen, exhibited remarkable coordination. Elemental spells intertwined with arcs of qi, creating a dazzling display of lights and shadows.

The commander, his eyes reflecting a mix of determination and concern, observed the Core Formation demons' relentless assault. His qi surged, creating a protective shield that intertwined with the array's defenses. Each strike from the demonic forces met with a calculated response, a testament to the defenders' resolve.

However, the demonic onslaught proved unyielding. The Core Formation demons, fueled by malevolence and guided by the highest-cultivated demon, pressed forward with an insatiable thirst for destruction. The commander, sensing the escalating challenge, urged the cultivators, "Stay vigilant! Our goal is to buy time for the array, but we can't let them breach our defenses."

The cultivators, their expressions set with unwavering determination, continued their interception efforts. A skilled cultivator, channeling the essence of the wind, deftly maneuvered through the chaotic attacks, disrupting the Core Formation demons' coordinated strikes.

Despite the defenders' resilience, a subtle shift occurred in the dynamics of the battle. The array, while still holding strong, began to show signs of strain under the relentless assault. The intricate patterns flickered momentarily, and the glow that once emanated with ethereal brilliance faltered.

The commander, perceptive to the array's weakening, called out, "Hold firm! The array is reaching its limits, but we can't falter now." The cultivators, fueled by their unwavering dedication, intensified their efforts, desperately striving to maintain the delicate balance between defense and impending darkness.

The Core Formation demons, sensing an opportunity, heightened their aggression. The highest-cultivated demon, his voice cutting through the chaotic symphony of battle, commanded, "Break their feeble defense! The array is crumbling, and their resistance wanes. Push forward!"

With a renewed onslaught, the demons targeted weak points in the array, exploiting the defenders' moments of vulnerability. The commander, recognizing the urgency, shouted, "Reinforce the weakened sectors! We can't let them breach the array."

The cultivators, now pushed to their limits, engaged in a desperate struggle to fortify the array's defenses. Elemental energies clashed in a crescendo of power, each collision echoing the stakes of the battle. The commander, his eyes reflecting a mix of frustration and determination, unleashed a surge of qi to reinforce the crack of the array.

As the commander maintained a facade of calm authority, a storm of worry raged within his thoughts. He understood the stakes all too well – the array wasn't just a strategic defense; it was a lifeline for every inhabitant of Jowood City. If it faltered, there would be no resistance, no heroic stand; only a swift, brutal massacre.

In the midst of the intense battle, the commander's internal monologue echoed with the weight of responsibility. "If this array falls, there will be no mercy. The demons will sweep through the city, leaving nothing but destruction in their wake. These people, prepared to face death, will not accept dying in vain."

His gaze shifted from the flickering array to the determined faces of the defenders. The thought of leading these courageous individuals into a battle they might not survive gnawed at him. With a tinge of frustration, he muttered to himself, "We planned to eliminate half their numbers before they reached Skyhaven City. At this rate, we won't last an hour against these demons. Direct confrontation will be our downfall."

As the Core Formation demons intensified their assault, the commander's voice echoed through the array, "Hold the line! Kill as many demons as you can, and we won't let the darkness prevail." His words, a resolute command to the defenders, masked the underlying worry that gnawed at his resolve.

A seasoned cultivator, catching a glimpse of the commander's troubled expression, approached him and whispered, "Commander, we can't sustain this. The array won't last much longer. What's our plan?"

Amidst the chaotic clash, the commander's focused demeanor faltered for a moment. A voice, not audible to the ears but echoing within his mind, cut through his contemplation. It was the unmistakable mental resonance of Master Wei Lin.

"Commander, is the situation that dire?" Wei Lin's voice, tinged with urgency, resonated in the commander's thoughts. "I can feel the array weakening. I'm occupied and can't use my special item to monitor the outside. What's happening?"

The commander, maintaining his outward composure, responded inwardly, "Yes, Master Wei Lin. The demons are stronger than anticipated. At least 50 Core Formation demons are attacking the array now. We're doing our best to stop them, but our efforts seem futile."

Wei Lin's mental voice conveyed a sense of concern, "This is bad. I'm almost finished here, Commander. Just give me a little more time. I promise you, I will succeed."

Taking a deep breath, the commander replied, "I'll try, Master Wei Lin, but fifteen minutes is the most I can give you. Time is against us."

Wei Lin's reassurance echoed in the commander's thoughts, "That's more than enough, Commander. I appreciate your understanding and trust. Thank you."

The mental connection with Master Wei Lin faded, leaving the commander to grapple with the harsh reality of the battlefield. His gaze shifted to the ten Core Formation cultivators standing nearby, their faces a mix of exhaustion and determination.

"All of you, come here. I need to speak with you," the commander called out, his voice cutting through the chaos of battle.

As the ten cultivators gathered around him, the commander's expression turned serious. "If we continue like this, we won't last for five minutes, and Master Wei Lin needs at least fifteen minutes to complete his work. Our only chance is to confront those demons directly."

Shock rippled through the group. One among them voiced the collective concern, "Commander, that's suicide. We can't face fifty Core Formation demons head-on."

The commander nodded, acknowledging the gravity of his proposition. "I know. I won't force anyone into this. Those who are willing to join me, follow. But be prepared – we may not return."

To the surprise of the commander, none hesitated. The ten cultivators, fueled by a shared determination, stood resolute. One among them spoke, "Commander, we're with you. We won't let this city fall without a fight."

With a nod of appreciation, the commander's gaze turned skyward. The demons, sensing a momentary lull in the array's resistance, pressed their advantage. The commander, without further delay, soared into the air, and to his amazement, all ten cultivators followed suit.

As they ascended, the commander addressed his dedicated comrades, "Our goal is to buy time, even if it costs us everything. Fight with all your might, and let's make every moment count."

The ten cultivators, their resolve matching the commander's, nodded in unison. The night sky became a battleground as the determined group confronted the looming threat of the Core Formation demons. Each clash of energy, every strike, was a testament to their unwavering commitment to protect Jowood City.

The commander, though burdened by the weight of the impending battle, felt a surge of pride for the warriors who willingly chose to face the demons head-on. The fate of the city rested on their shoulders, and they embraced the challenge with valor and unity. The night echoed with the clash of powers, a symphony of defiance against the encroaching darkness.