

I Created 315

Chapter 315: Protect The Array (part 3)

As the commander and the ten cultivators ascended into the night sky, they formed a circular formation, their auras intertwining like threads of fate. In the center, the commander, fueled by a blend of determination and desperation, initiated the creation of a unique array. The ambient energy responded to their collective will, weaving a complex tapestry of symbols and patterns that pulsed with a vibrant, otherworldly glow.

The commander, his voice resonating with commanding authority, directed the cultivators, "Channel your qi into the array. Let our strengths converge, creating a barrier that can withstand the demons' onslaught."

The cultivators, each contributing their essence to the formation, closed their eyes and focused on syncing their energies. The array responded to their collective will, glowing brighter as it absorbed the essence of wind, fire, water, earth, and lightning – the elements at the cultivators' command.

The commander's voice cut through the night, "This array merges our strengths, transcending individual power. Together, we are a force that defies the very essence of darkness."

As the cultivators synchronized their breaths, a radiant barrier materialized within the array, a harmonious blend of elemental forces converging into a protective shield. It rippled with power, creating an ethereal boundary that seemed to dance with the elemental energies harnessed from the cultivators.

The commander, observing the manifestation of their combined efforts, urged with a tone that echoed with both urgency and determination, "Maintain the connection. Let the array strengthen with each passing moment. We fight not just for ourselves but for the survival of Azure Continent."

The highest-cultivated demon, observing this unexpected development, bellowed, "Foolish humans, your feeble attempts at resistance are futile. Face the wrath of the demonic horde!"

With that, the Core Formation demons descended upon the arrayed cultivators, unleashing dark energy and malevolent spells. The defensive array, however, held firm, absorbing the demonic onslaught with steadfast determination.

The commander, his voice projecting over the chaotic clash, commanded, "Hold the formation! We need to buy time for Master Wei Lin. Channel your elemental forces into counterattacks when you can."

The cultivators within the array, their expressions set with unwavering resolve, responded to the commander's directive. As the demons lunged forward, the cultivators released coordinated bursts of elemental power, pushing back against the encroaching darkness.

The battle in the sky became a dance of energies, a delicate balance between the defensive array and the relentless aggression of the Core Formation demons. Lightning crackled, flames roared, gusts of wind swirled, and solid barriers of earth formed – each element converging and diverging in a choreographed symphony of cultivation prowess.

The commander, despite the dire circumstances, felt a surge of pride witnessing the cultivators' synergy. "Well done! Keep the focus, and we might just hold our ground until Master Wei Lin finishes his work."

However, amidst the celestial ballet of powers, a particular demon, brimming with overconfidence, surged forward with a malicious grin. "Finally, you humans are out of your turtle house. It's time to die!" The demon's taunting words echoed through the night.

The commander, recognizing the threat, responded with a wry smile, "Haha, come here, demon."

The demon, blinded by arrogance, unleashed a barrage of dark energy toward the commander. Yet, the commander, seasoned by countless battles, deftly maneuvered through the onslaught. With a swift motion, he countered the demon's attack, dispersing the malevolent energy and leaving the demon vulnerable.

Powered by the array, the commander struck back. His movements were a dance of precision, and with a well-timed surge of qi, the demon's overconfidence became its downfall. The demon, caught off guard by the commander's speed and skill, crumbled under the counterattack, dissipating into dark wisps.

The commander, now standing amidst the fading remnants of the defeated demon, taunted, "Is that the best you've got?"

However, the leader of the demons, observing the demise of one of their own, bellowed, "Task, what a dumbass! All of you, attack these humans together! There are too many of us. If we can't kill

these humans in a short time, our fate will be worse than death. Just think of what the three lords will do to us if they are dissatisfied."

Undeterred by the loss of their comrade, the remaining demons, spurred by the leader's command, descended upon the defensive array with renewed ferocity. The night sky became a canvas of chaos, as elemental clashes and dark spells painted a vivid tableau of battle.

The commander, standing at the forefront of the array, felt a surge of power coursing through him. The Qi of the ten cultivators infused him with newfound strength, elevating his prowess to unprecedented levels. His eyes gleamed with a mix of determination and the assurance that came from their collective effort.

The leader of the demons, a formidable figure brimming with dark energy, addressed the horde, "Attack together! Overwhelm them, and we will not face the wrath of the lords!"

With a synchronized roar, the demons charged as a unified force. The defensive array, powered by the Qi-infused commander and the cultivators, stood as an unwavering bastion against the demonic onslaught. Elemental forces clashed in a symphony of power, each clash a testament to the struggle between light and darkness.

The commander, his voice cutting through the tumultuous sounds of battle, commanded the cultivators, "Focus your energies. We need to repel this wave together."

The cultivators, in harmony with the commander's directive, intensified their connection to the array. Elemental energies surged, creating a barrier that pulsed with resilience. The defensive array, fortified by the Qi of the cultivators, held against the demons' relentless charge.

Amidst the chaos, the commander's gaze remained unwavering. He recognized the critical juncture they faced and the importance of holding their ground until Master Wei Lin completed his task.

The leader of the demons, frustrated by the cultivators' tenacity, unleashed a powerful surge of dark energy. "Break their pathetic defense! Tear through their array!" he commanded.

The demons, driven by the urgency of their leader's words, intensified their assault. The array