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Chapter 316: Cryonex Descended (part 1)

As ten minutes elapsed, the defensive array, powered by the Qi of the cultivators, remained resolute against the demons' onslaught. The leader of the demonic horde, witnessing the persistent resistance, couldn't tolerate the defiance any longer.

"All of you are useless!" the demon leader roared, his voice cutting through the chaotic clash. "You can't even handle ten humans. Humans shouldn't have a chance fighting us!"

With disdain in his eyes, the demon leader descended from the darkened sky, landing with an ominous presence. The commander, standing at the forefront, met the leader's gaze with unwavering determination. Both figures, possessing the same cultivation level, prepared for a clash that would resonate through the realms.

The demon leader, radiating malevolence, taunted the commander, "It's time for you to witness the might of demons firsthand."

The commander, undeterred by the demon's provocation, responded with a calm yet resolute tone, "Your overconfidence will be your downfall."

Without further exchange of words, the leader of the demons lunged forward with incredible speed, a torrent of dark energy trailing in his wake. The commander, fortified by the Qi of the cultivators, met the challenge head-on, their clash creating shockwaves that rippled through the night.

The battle between the commander and the demon leader unfolded as a mesmerizing dance of martial prowess. Each strike resonated with the power of cultivation, the clash of energies sending shockwaves that reverberated through the celestial realm. The defensive array, though under immense pressure from the rest of the demon horde, held its ground against the tide of darkness.

The demon leader, fueled by malevolent intent, unleashed devastating techniques that strained the commander's defenses. However, the commander, empowered by the Qi of the cultivators, exhibited a level of resilience that surpassed his usual capabilities. Each movement was calculated, each counterattack precise.

The demon leader, his dark robes billowing with ominous energy, executed a technique known as the "Shadow Serpent's Wrath." Dark tendrils, reminiscent of serpentine forms, shot forth from his

fingertips, weaving through the air with deadly precision. The commander, anticipating the attack, evaded with a grace born of years of cultivation experience.

As the demonic tendrils sought to ensnare the commander, he countered with the "Crimson Phoenix Dance." Flames erupted from his sword, forming the ethereal shape of a majestic phoenix. The fiery bird soared through the air, colliding with the shadowy serpents and dispelling their malevolent presence. The clash of fire and shadow painted a vivid display across the night sky.

The demon leader, undeterred, summoned a storm of dark clouds, casting an eerie darkness over the battlefield. Lightning crackled within the inky blackness, heralding the arrival of the demon's formidable technique – the "Thunderstorm Eclipse."

With unparalleled speed, bolts of demonic lightning streaked toward the commander. Sensing the imminent danger, the commander invoked the "Gale Mirage." A whirlwind enveloped him, becoming a shield against the relentless assault. The bolts of lightning crackled and danced around the protective barrier, unable to breach the defense.

As the Thunderstorm Eclipse waned, the demon leader, sensing an opportunity, accelerated towards the commander with a technique known as "Shadows of the Abyss." Dark afterimages trailed behind him, creating an illusion of multiple attackers. The commander, relying on his keen perception, identified the real threat amidst the shadows.

Their clash intensified, becoming a blur of swift movements and calculated strikes. The commander, drawing strength from the Qi-infused cultivators, exhibited a profound mastery over the martial arts. Each stroke of his sword was a manifestation of the elements.

Within the dance of combat, the demon leader couldn't help but harbor his disdainful thoughts. "This bastard is really fighting with me. If not for the array powering him, I would have already killed this old fart," he mused, frustration flickering in his demonic eyes. His attacks, though potent, were met with a tenacity that defied his expectations.

On the other side of the conflict, the commander engaged in a fierce struggle, his thoughts a reflection of the challenges he faced. "This demon is really strong. Even though we have the same cultivation, he can still get the upper hand," he pondered amidst the clashes. The demon's techniques, fueled by the malevolence of the abyss, tested the limits of the commander's skill.

As the commander parried a series of strikes, he calculated the passing minutes. "I should only need to wait five minutes more. You guys need to endure it," he thought, his mental fortitude unwavering.

despite the physical exertion. The weight of leadership rested heavily on his shoulders, but the resolve in his eyes remained steadfast.

The demon leader, sensing the commander's contemplation, seized the opportunity to press his advantage. With a surge of dark energy, he unleashed a rapid barrage of strikes, aiming to overwhelm the commander. The night echoed with the clash of blades and the sizzling discharge of demonic power.

The commander, his senses finely attuned, parried and countered with a technique known as the "Azure Serenity Stance." His sword moved in harmonious arcs, redirecting the demonic onslaught with practiced precision. The clash between their opposing forces created a dazzling display of conflicting energies.

As the commander skillfully parried the demon leader's onslaught, his eyes flickered with a sudden realization. The defensive array, now holding strong against the demons, provided a glimmer of hope. "If this continues, we might have a real chance to survive," he thought, a spark of optimism igniting in his gaze.

However, the elation was short-lived as an oppressive power descended upon the battlefield. The very air seemed to freeze as Cryonex, a figure of legendary stature in the Azure Continent, materialized with an aura that commanded both fear and reverence.

As Cryonex materialized, his cold gaze swept across the chaos, and he addressed the leader of the demonic expedition with a voice that cut through the tumultuous sounds of battle. "Zaroth, what is happening here, and why are you taking too long to destroy this place?"

Zaroth, the demon leader, visibly trembled at the recognition and use of his name. "Commander Cryonex, please have mercy on me," Zaroth stammered, beads of sweat forming on his demonic forehead. "Because of these eleven humans, we are unable to destroy the array. They resist with unexpected strength."

Cryonex's icy stare intensified, and a frigid aura enveloped him as he assessed the situation. "Eleven humans impeding your progress?" he questioned with a tone that brooked no excuses. "Explain yourself, Zaroth."

Zaroth, feeling the weight of Cryonex's scrutiny, hastily explained, "They are led by this old fart. He's using some kind of array, and their combined strength is proving formidable. We were about to break through when you arrived."

Cryonex, displeasure etched on his frosty countenance, turned his attention to the ongoing battle. "You disappoint me, Zarothe. I will handle this personally."

Upon hearing Cryonex's ominous words, the commander, drenched in sweat from the relentless battle, immediately turned to the ten cultivators who were still channeling their Qi into the array. His voice resonated with urgency, "All of you, go back to the city now."

However, before the cultivators could heed the commander's command, Cryonex's icy retort cut through the air, "Too late, human." With a commanding gesture, Cryonex opened his palm, and a colossal black hand materialized in the celestial expanse above the city. The sheer size of the demonic palm could cover the entire city beneath its shadow.