

I Created 325

Chapter 325: The Last Clash (part 3)

Amidst the charged atmosphere, Cryonex, receiving a signal to attack, abruptly dashed towards Althea with formidable speed. Althea, keenly aware of the impending threat, reacted swiftly, conjuring a barrier of radiant light to shield herself from Cryonex's charging assault.

As Cryonex collided with the barrier, a surge of demonic energy clashed against Althea's light elemental defenses. The impact resonated through the air, causing ripples of energy to distort the surroundings. Althea, though momentarily pushed back, held her ground with unwavering determination.

Meanwhile, Xal'Thar and Vexoria their disdain for the humans evident in their movements. Xal'Thar, his shadowy form oozing arrogance, and Vexoria, surrounded by chaotic energy, regarded Kaelar with a dismissive air. The demons, fueled by a sense of superiority ingrained in their demonic blood, regarded Kaelar as a mere inconvenience.

Vexoria, walking through the air with a condescending tone, expressed his reluctance, "I don't really want to do this. What are the other demons gonna say if they know that we teamed up to fight a human?"

Xal'Thar, undeterred by such concerns, responded with a sense of urgency, "We don't have a choice. We need to do this faster. After all, we've been here in this continent long enough."

Listening to their conversation, Kaelar couldn't help but feel a surge of indignation. "How arrogant," he thought, tightening his grip on his sword. He knew that, despite the demons' disdain, he had the strength to stand against them.

As Cryonex and Althea clashed above the city, each strike resonated with the power to cleave mountains. Cryonex's demonic prowess clashed against Althea's mastery of light. The very air crackled with their conflicting energies, creating an ethereal spectacle that captivated the onlooking cultivators.

On the other side, Xal'Thar and Vexoria approached Kaelar with an air of nonchalance. Vexoria remarked, "Look at this weakling. Humans are all the same, beneath our notice."

Kaelar, his eyes blazing with determination, responded, "You underestimate us, demon. Strength is not solely measured by arrogance."

With that, Kaelar unsheathed his sword, its radiant energy matching the intensity of Althea's light.

The city below erupted into a chaotic battlefield as the demonic and human cultivators engaged in a fierce clash. The ground trembled with the resonance of powerful strikes, and the air crackled with the release of elemental energies.

Cultivators, each wielding the essence of their chosen elements, launched attacks with dazzling displays of martial prowess. Streams of fire intertwined with currents of water, creating a mesmerizing dance of opposing forces. Earth-shattering roars echoed as cultivators summoned beasts of legend, their forms materializing from the very elements they controlled.

The clash of swords and the thunderous impact of spells echoed across the battlefield. Millions of human cultivators poured out of the city, their formation resembling a vast sea determined to repel the demonic invasion. On the other side, the demons, their numbers seemingly endless, advanced with relentless aggression.

A seasoned elder, leading a group of cultivators, shouted, "Hold the line! We defend Skyhaven City with our lives!" His voice carried the weight of authority, bolstering the resolve of those under his command.

A young cultivator, her eyes gleaming with determination, conjured a cyclone of wind, deflecting a wave of demonic projectiles. "For the city! For our homes!" she cried, her voice cutting through the chaos.

In the midst of the battle, a group of cultivators unleashed a coordinated assault, their elemental attacks merging into a formidable storm. Lightning crackled, fire roared, and water surged, creating a maelstrom of destruction that swept through the demonic ranks.

The demons, however, proved relentless. They fought with a savage elegance, each strike carrying the weight of centuries of demonic prowess. The clash of elements intensified as the humans and demons collided, the very fabric of reality warping with the power unleashed.

Back on the city walls, Cultivator 1 gritted his teeth, his gaze fixed on the sprawling battlefield below. "We can't falter now! Our city's fate depends on our strength!" He rallied his comrades, urging them to stand firm against the demonic onslaught.

Amidst the chaos, Althea and Cryonex continued their celestial duel. Althea, her light elemental attacks intertwining with Cryonex's demonic onslaught, fought with grace and precision. Cryonex, fueled by fury, swung his massive claws with unmatched ferocity.

The clash between Althea and Cryonex sent shockwaves through the air, their powers creating a dazzling display of celestial and demonic forces. Althea, with her light elemental mastery, weaved intricate patterns of radiant energy, countering Cryonex's every move. Cryonex, in turn, roared with unrestrained fury, each strike aimed at shattering Althea's defenses.

As the two leaders engaged in their celestial dance, Kaelar faced the disdainful gaze of Xal'Thar and Vexoria. The air crackled with tension as Kaelar, the swordmaster, confronted the demons who looked down upon him. With a swift motion, Kaelar lunged forward, his sword cutting through the air with precision. Xal'Thar and Vexoria, momentarily taken aback, evaded the strike with an agile dance in the air.

Vexoria, his chaotic energy pulsating, sneered, "Humans and their feeble attempts at combat. It's amusing."

Xal'Thar, his form melding with the shadows, added with a growl, "Your kind is nothing compared to the might of demons."

In the midst of the escalating battle, just as the clash between the humans and demons was about to get heated, a palpable tension filled the air. Suddenly, an ominous crack tore through the fabric of space itself, a rupture that transcended the laws of the known world.

The colossal gap in the spatial continuum emitted an aura so overwhelming that even Cryonex, Vexoria, and Xal'Thar, along with Kaelar and Althea, found themselves paralyzed. The battlefield, once resonating with the cacophony of war, fell into an eerie stillness as this otherworldly tear exerted a force that seemed to stifle the very essence of life.

Kaelar, gripped by a profound sense of dread, strained against an invisible force restraining him. "What... what is this power?" he gasped, his eyes widening in horror as he beheld the unprecedented rupture.

Vexoria, usually composed, couldn't conceal a flicker of fear in his demonic eyes. "This... this is beyond anything we've encountered. Even the demons are rendered powerless."