

I Created 326

Chapter 326: Floor 3 Monsters Descended (part 1)

?Xal'Thar, his characteristic growl replaced by an uneasy silence, stared wide-eyed at the expanding crack. "This... this force transcends our understanding. It's as if the very fabric of reality is unraveling," he muttered, his demonic pride momentarily shattered.

As the spatial rift widened, revealing an expanse that seemed to defy the boundaries of the mortal realm, an immense eye, vast as a universe, manifested within the breach. It stared down upon the battlefield, an omniscient gaze that made everyone, demons and humans alike, feel like insignificant ants before an incomprehensible giant.

Althea, despite her mastery over light, felt a shiver down her spine. "This eye... it's as if the cosmos itself is watching us. We are but fleeting specks in its gaze."

Kaelar, still struggling against the unseen force, forced out words filled with trepidation. "Are we witnessing the divine or something far beyond the reaches of our realm?"

Cryonex, who had been a symbol of demonic might, now found himself unable to move, his imposing form subdued by the mysterious force. "What manner of entity wields such power? Even demons are brought to a standstill," he grumbled, his frustration evident.

As the cosmic rift widened, a surreal luminescence bathed the battlefield, revealing an immense eye within the spatial tear—a cosmic behemoth that gazed upon the mortals and demons with an all-encompassing awareness. This colossal eye, resembling a universe unto itself, cast an indomitable presence that made everyone, regardless of allegiance, feel like insignificant ants before a colossal giant.

The profound silence that gripped the battlefield was suddenly shattered by a thunderous roar emanating from the crack in space. The very fabric of reality trembled as a monstrous form emerged—a creature of unprecedented scale and power.

The monsters that emerged from the spatial rift were not of this realm. Their origins were a mystery, and their very existence defied the understanding of both humans and demons. Five Skyhunters soared through the skies with agility and swiftness, their predatory instincts honed to perfection. Razor-sharp talons and keen senses marked them as formidable aerial adversaries.

Three Wind Dancers, ethereal entities embodying the essence of air and movement, gracefully navigated the currents with elusive maneuvers. Their mastery over wind allowed them to confound and outmaneuver any opponent, leaving a trail of confusion in their wake.

Two Aetherial Dragons, majestic beings with the power to manipulate the air itself, hovered with ethereal grace. Their scales shimmered with otherworldly energy, and their wings generated powerful gusts of wind capable of shaping the very atmosphere around them.

The celestial entities hovered over the battlefield, their collective presence evoking a sense of dread and awe. The Skyhunters emitted shrill cries, the Wind Dancers danced on the currents, and the Aetherial Dragons radiated an aura that resonated with the very fabric of the air.

As the celestial monsters surveyed the chaos below, a cultivator previously rallying his comrades, now found himself at a loss for words. "What... What manner of beings are these?" he uttered in disbelief, his authoritative tone replaced by a tinge of fear.

The young cultivator, who moments ago conjured a cyclone of wind, gazed at the celestial beings with wide eyes. "Are these reinforcements or a new threat? I've never seen anything like them," she exclaimed, her voice tinged with uncertainty.

Cryonex, momentarily freed from the mysterious force that held him, gazed at the celestial monsters with a mixture of awe and frustration. "These creatures... they are all Soul Strengthening Realm creatures." he mused, his voice reflecting an unusual vulnerability.

Amidst the bewildering sight of celestial entities, Argon, seated on his throne in the special floor, swiftly dispelled his dragon might, returning to his humanoid form. His piercing gaze fixed upon the floating screen displaying the unfolding chaos on the battlefield. The atmosphere in his throne chamber became palpably tense as all his subordinates, their expressions cold and unwavering, focused on the screen.

With a voice that resonated with authority, Argon commanded, "Let the harvest begin." As his words echoed, a multitude of monstrous beings under Argon's control stirred.

Instantly, across the sprawling battlefield, the enigmatic monsters responded to Argon's directive. The Skyhunters, Wind Dancers, and Aetherial Dragons descended upon the unsuspecting combatants. The celestial predators moved with a fluidity that belied the understanding of both humans and demons.

Back on the battleground, the cosmic entities loomed overhead, their mere presence altering the dynamics of the conflict. Cryonex, fueled by a desire to redeem his wounded pride, seized the opportunity to strike first. With a ferocious glare, he bellowed, "How dare you insects make me look pathetic!" Charging forward, Cryonex unleashed a barrage of demonic energy toward the Aetherial Dragons.

His strikes, while potent, only left dents on the dragon's scale-

like armor. The Aetherial Dragons, undeterred and fueled by ethereal energy, retaliated with alarming speed. Cryonex, caught off guard, felt only a gust of wind before the dragon's maw lunged at him, jaws agape.

Xal'Thar and Vexoria, witnessing Cryonex's predicament, were unable to offer assistance. They, too, were ensnared in their own battles against the celestial entities. Kaelar and Althea, grounded by the unseen force, faced relentless assaults from the enigmatic monsters, their martial prowess tested to its limits.

On the ground, the once-unified cultivators found themselves in disarray. The celestial beings carved through their ranks, leaving devastation in their wake. The very essence of the battlefield transformed into a theater of cosmic chaos, where the boundaries between mortal and otherworldly forces blurred.

In a span of mere minutes, the celestial monsters exhibited skills that surpassed mortal comprehension. The Skyhunters, with wings that sliced through the air like razor blades, swiftly darted through the skies. Their talons, imbued with an otherworldly glow, descended upon both humans and demons alike. Victims below could barely react before being snatched away, vanishing into the heavens.

The Wind Dancers, elusive entities embodying the essence of air, weaved intricate patterns in the sky. Their ethereal movements defied prediction, leaving cultivators bewildered and vulnerable. Whirlwinds of energy manifested with each graceful pirouette, sweeping away entire formations of both human and demonic forces.

The Aetherial Dragons, majestic beings with scales shimmering with ethereal energy, manipulated the very fabric of the air. Their wings generated gusts of wind that transformed into hurricanes, sweeping across the battlefield. Humans and demons alike were tossed into disarray, their attempts to stand against the tempest proving futile.

Xal'Thar and Vexoria, despite their demonic prowess, found themselves entangled in the celestial onslaught. The Skyhunters, using their unparalleled agility, danced around the demons' attacks, striking with lethal precision. Vexoria's chaotic energy clashed with the ethereal forces, creating displays of cosmic turbulence.

Kaelar and Althea, though seasoned in their respective elemental mastery, faced Wind Dancers that seemed to manipulate the very air they breathed. Their attacks, guided by an otherworldly intelligence, exploited the vulnerabilities in the humans' defenses.

Terrified faces of humans and demons alike reflected the profound horror that gripped them. The celestial entities, having executed a dance of devastation, continued their aerial dominion. The front of the majestic city, now stained with the blood of allies and enemies, witnessed the chaotic aftermath of a confrontation that transcended the mortal realm.

Back in the throne chamber, Argon observed the harvest with an emotionless gaze. The monsters, extensions of his will, had sown chaos on a scale unimaginable to those below.