

I Created 327

Chapter 327: Floor 3 Monsters Descended (part 2)

?Seeing the dire situation unfold, Kaelar, his voice resonating with urgency, shouted above the chaos, "Everyone, go back to the city, and... And take refuge in the tower. This is the end; we can't defend our homeland anymore!"

The words hung in the air, heavy with the weight of impending defeat. The cultivators, once unified in their resistance, now faced the harsh reality that their efforts were futile against the overwhelming might of the celestial monsters. The order reverberated across the battlefield, reaching the ears of both humans and demons alike.

As Kaelar's command echoed, a wave of desperation swept through the remaining combatants. The once orderly retreat turned into a frantic rush, a chaotic exodus towards the city gates. The injured limped, the exhausted stumbled, and those still engaged in battle reluctantly disengaged to join the mass retreat.

The city gates, initially designed for orderly passage, became chokepoints as the sheer number of people attempting to enter overwhelmed the available space. Desperation and panic fueled the surge, leading to tragic casualties. Some unfortunate souls were trampled underfoot, while others fell victim to the frenzied stampede.

Amidst the pandemonium, Kaelar, still struggling against the unseen force, watched the tragic scene unfold. His heart weighed heavy with the knowledge that countless lives were lost in the desperate attempt to seek refuge. The celestial monsters, indifferent to the plight of those below, continued their dance of destruction.

A small group of defiant individuals, driven by the remnants of hope or sheer determination, chose to remain on the battlefield. Their faces marked by grim resolve, they faced the approaching monsters with weapons drawn, knowing the odds were insurmountable. Their futile defiance served as a testament to the indomitable spirit that lingered even in the face of impending doom.

In the midst of this chaos, a figure emerged, clad in radiant robes that seemed to capture the essence of the heavens. Elara, recognizing the urgency of the situation, stepped forward, her golden eyes reflecting a determination that transcended the tumult around her. With a voice that cut through the cacophony, she commanded, "Everyone, stop."

Beside Elara stood the Grand Elder, a venerable figure emanating an aura of profound cultivation. His presence alone seemed to quell the chaotic energies that gripped the battlefield. Elara, tapping

into the peak of her Golden Core cultivation, intensified the spiritual pressure, complementing the Grand Elder's imposing stance.

"All must cease," Elara reiterated, her gaze sweeping across the bewildered combatants. The Grand Elder's eyes, pools of ancient wisdom, held an unspoken authority that resonated with the essence of the Radiant Holy Lands. The realization dawned upon the onlookers, and a hushed murmur spread through the crowd.

"It's young miss Althea," someone whispered, their voice carrying a mix of relief and awe. "The heir of Radiant Holy Lands."

Elara, maintaining her composure, continued, "Everyone, you need to go in carefully. I'm not telling you to go slowly, just be careful because people are dying." Her words, a delicate balance of concern and command, reached the ears of those present.

However, the fragile peace shattered when a Skyhunter, relentless in its pursuit, descended upon the crowd. Panic surged anew as people scattered in fear. The Skyhunter, its predatory instincts honed, targeted Elara amidst the chaotic retreat. In an instant, it closed the distance with alarming speed, appearing as though it had teleported to Elara's location.

Caught off guard, Elara, despite her formidable cultivation, found herself immobilized. The enigmatic force that held her in check prevented any defensive maneuver. The crowd gasped collectively, witnessing the imminent danger that loomed over their beloved young miss.

As the Skyhunter prepared to strike, a sacrificial figure emerged. The Grand Elder, his eyes reflecting a profound acceptance, stepped forward. "Young miss, this is the end for me. Guide these people," he declared, a final decree resonating with unwavering determination.

The Grand Elder's words cut through the chaotic air, a declaration that echoed with the weight of finality. "Young miss, this is the end for me. Guide these people," he pronounced, his voice carrying both solemnity and resolve.

Elara, her golden eyes widening with a mix of shock and understanding, nodded in acknowledgment. The Grand Elder, a pillar of wisdom and strength, moved with a grace that belied his age. With a decisive breath, he unleashed the depths of his profound cultivation, creating an ethereal aura that enveloped him.

A collective gasp swept through the onlookers as the Grand Elder channeled his energy, a radiant display of sacrifice to protect the young miss Althea. Elara, though no stranger to the rigors of cultivation, found herself momentarily awestruck by the magnitude of the Grand Elder's selfless act.

In the blink of an eye, a surge of celestial power erupted from the Grand Elder's form. It manifested in a dazzling display, akin to the brilliance of a supernova, challenging the very essence of the approaching Skyhunter.

In a final act of selflessness, the Grand Elder released the culmination of his cultivation. The celestial energies collided with the oncoming Skyhunter, creating a burst of dazzling light that enveloped them both. The shockwave reverberated through the air, and for a fleeting moment, time seemed to stand still.

When the luminous display subsided, the Skyhunter, though bearing a mere scratch, found itself flung away from the crowd. The Grand Elder, his figure now ethereal and fading. His sacrifice, a testament to the unwavering dedication of a cultivator protecting his kin, left a profound silence in its wake.

Yet, the Skyhunter, undeterred by the sacrificial display, managed to halt itself mid-flight, its eyes gleaming with anger and determination. With newfound vigor, it redirected its course and rushed towards Elara with an intensified predatory fervor.

However, the Skyhunter, fueled by primal anger, managed to halt its forced retreat. With a snarl, it redirected its trajectory, fury burning in its eyes as it resumed its relentless pursuit of Elara. The crowd, having witnessed the Grand Elder's sacrifice, recoiled in fear as the celestial menace bore down on them once more.

In the face of imminent danger, Elara, undeterred by the relentless advance of the Skyhunter, swiftly drew a radiant sword from a scabbard at her side. The weapon, a relic from the tower where her grandfather had sacrificed himself to protect her, gleamed with a shining silver blade. Intricate holy runes adorned its surface, pulsating with a gentle, ethereal light.

The hilt, a masterpiece of craftsmanship, was adorned with glittering gems inlaid in gold. The guard took the shape of angelic wings, a symbol of divine protection. Elara, gripping the sword with a determined resolve, whispered to the ancient weapon, "Please lend me your strength, just this time."