

## I Created 335

### Chapter 335

Even as Althea and Kaelar struggle against the Aetherial Dragon, their hearts ache at the sight of the countless lives being snuffed out with each passing moment. The students, teachers, and elders of their respective sects, once pillars of strength and wisdom, now fall like leaves in a storm, their cries of pain and anguish drowned out by the roar of battle.

Thousands perish every second, their lives extinguished in the blink of an eye by the merciless onslaught of the monsters. The Azure Continent, once a bastion of hope and prosperity, now stands on the brink of collapse, its people facing an unprecedented threat that threatens to consume them all.

Althea and Kaelar can see it all unfolding before their eyes, and it fills them with a profound sense of sorrow and despair. They fight on, fueled by determination and a fierce resolve to protect those they hold dear, but the odds are stacked against them.

As the battle rages on, their strength begins to wane, their bodies battered and bruised from the relentless assault of the Aetherial Dragon. With each passing moment, their hope dims, and the realization that they may not emerge victorious from this fight weighs heavily on their hearts.

In the midst of their desperate battle, a silent communication transpires between Althea and Kaelar, a shared moment of understanding that only years of camaraderie can forge. Elara, using her voice transmission technique, reaches out to Kaelar, her voice a beacon of resolve amidst the cacophony of war. "Hey, do you still remember the techniques we used to study?" she asks, her voice tinged with a mix of hope and determination.

Kaelar, amidst parrying a lethal swipe from the Aetherial Dragon, focuses on Elara's message, his mind racing to grasp the meaning behind her words. Then, like a flash of lightning illuminating the dark, realization dawns upon him. "You're talking about the ancient technique that uses the user's life to conjure a shield," he responds, a mixture of awe and concern lacing his voice.

"Yeah," Elara confirms, her tone steady, betraying no sign of fear. "With our cultivation, if we use our life force, I don't think these monsters can break it."

Kaelar can only smile wryly at the thought, the gravity of their decision weighing heavily on his heart. "Are you sure?" he asks, seeking affirmation for the path they are about to tread—a path of sacrifice and immense risk.

"Yes," Althea interjects, her voice resolute, "for the future of our sect." Her eyes meet Kaelar's, and in that moment, an unspoken agreement passes between them. They will use the forbidden technique, a last resort born of desperation and the unyielding desire to protect their home and their people.

Kaelar smiled widely, "Let's do it, we are going to die fighting this monster anyway."

Together, they begin to channel their energy, their life force flowing from their bodies into the ancient, sacred pattern on the back of their hand. The air around them vibrates with power as they recite the incantations, their voices merging into a single, harmonious chant.

As the technique reaches its culmination, a brilliant, pulsating shield erupts from the ground, expanding rapidly to encompass the battlefield. The barrier, shimmering with the combined life force of Althea and Kaelar, stands as a testament to their resolve, an impenetrable fortress against the onslaught of monsters and demons.

The reaction from the onlookers is one of awe and disbelief. As the barrier pushes the monsters and demons out, securing a sanctuary amidst the chaos, cries of astonishment and reverence rise from the ranks of humans and sect members who had lost all hope.

As the barrier holds strong against the attempts of the monsters to breach it, Althea and Kaelar stand together, their strength dwindling but their spirits unbroken.

Amidst the chorus of cheers and sighs of relief, a stark contrast emerges on the faces of the cultivators with a cultivation of the Golden Core Realm. They, along with the elders of Althea's and Kaelar's sects, wear expressions etched with sadness and understanding, a silent acknowledgment of the gravity of what Althea and Kaelar are sacrificing.

In the crowd, a young student, confusion and concern knitting his brow, turns to his teacher, unable to comprehend the disparity in reactions. "Teacher, why do the elders and teachers have sad faces?" he inquires, his voice laced with innocent curiosity.

The teacher, caught in a moment of helplessness, exhales a heavy sigh, the weight of the truth bearing down on him. "Because the two sect masters are using their life forces to build the shield," he explains softly, a touch of reverence in his tone for the sacrifice being made before their eyes.

The revelation sends a murmur of realization through the crowd, a wave of understanding that washes over them with sobering clarity.

It's then that the oldest elder of each sect steps forward, his voice booming across the battlefield, not just to the students but to all the people present. "Everyone, go inside the portal of the tower, faster!" he commands, urgency and command resonating in his voice, cutting through the noise and confusion.

The command sparks a movement within the crowd. As they move toward the tower's portal, the reality of the situation settles heavily upon them. They're not just fleeing for safety; they're being given a chance to survive, to fight another day, thanks to the selflessness of the two most powerful leaders in the Azure Continent.

The scene around the portal becomes one of organized haste, as cultivators and citizens alike heed the elder's call. Each step taken towards the tower is heavy with gratitude and sorrow, a silent promise to remember the sacrifice that bought them this escape.

As the last of them pass through the portal, the battlefield grows eerily silent, save for the hum of the barrier and the distant roars of the monsters it holds at bay. Althea and Kaelar stand alone, their figures stark against the backdrop of the chaos they've contained. Their energy dwindles visibly, a testament to the life force they continue to pour into the shield.