

I Created 242

Chapter 242: War Between Demons And Azure Continent (part 1)

The one who has the highest cultivation of the four demons, he is a peak-stage Core Formation Realm demon, a towering and menacing figure with crimson eyes, stepped forward. "Should we proceed to the plan next, or shall we deliver His Majesty's hand first?" Xal"Thur questioned, its deep voice resonating with authority.

Another demon, whose icy-blue eyes seemed to pierce through the very soul, nodded in agreement. "A wise decision," it replied, known as Cryonex, its voice cold and calculating. "The aura of the hand is potent and will undoubtedly strengthen our cultivation."

The demon with a face wreathed in shadows, called Nihilus, spoke in a sinister whisper, "The more power we accumulate, the easier it will be to deal with any opposition that comes our way."

The last demon, a cunning and sly creature known as Vexoria, chuckled softly. "This pathetic Azure Continent won't know what hit them," Vexoria said with a sinister grin. "Once we harness the full power of His Majesty's hand, they will beg for mercy."

Meanwhile, back at the chaotic battlefield, Althea and Kaelar continued to fight valiantly, unaware of Garok's sudden disappearance. The array masters stood firm by their side, channeling their cultivation energies to repel the relentless demon horde.

As the demons reveled in their cruel intentions, Garok found himself in a different part of the Veiled Forest, his body trembling with pain and shock. He clutched his disintegrated left hand, his mind reeling from the near-catastrophic encounter with the ancient hand.

With a mix of anguish and determination, Garok forced himself to his feet. The memory of the demons' sinister grins fuelled his resolve. "I will get revenge, no matter what," he vowed.

Back at the secret chamber, the five demons turned their attention back to the ancient hand. Their malevolent energies resonated with the aura of the artifact, and they began to immerse themselves in its power, their cultivation advancing with each passing moment.

The Veiled Forest quivered with the dark energies that surged from the secret chamber, sending ominous tremors across the Azure Continent.

The chaotic scene outside the secret chamber continued, with the relentless demon onslaught persisting. However, to the relief of the array masters and cultivators, the demons suddenly stopped in their tracks, as though something had called them back. The air around them seemed to ease, and the atmosphere grew less suffocating.

Kaelar looked around, bewildered by the sudden change. "Why did they stop?" he wondered aloud, his sword still crackling with residual lightning energy.

Althea, catching her breath, replied, "I think the five powerful demons from earlier should have called them back. These creatures are so powerful, and their strength is unparalleled."

As the dust settled, the five demons stood within the secret chamber, basking in the dark aura emanating from the ancient hand. Xal'Thur, nodded with satisfaction. "Our decision to cultivate here was the right one," it declared, its voice echoing with arrogance.

Cryonex, added, "Indeed. His Majesty's hand's power is immense. Our strength will soon surpass anything this continent has ever seen."

Nihilus chuckled ominously. "The fools outside won't know what hit them when we unleash the true might of His Majesty's hand."

Vexoria's cunning smile widened. "They will beg for mercy, but we shall grant them none," it said with malice.

As the five demons reveled in their growing strength, they plotted to fulfill their sinister plan—consumption of the entire Azure Continent with the ancient hand's power.

Meanwhile, Garok emerged from the outskirts of the Veiled Forest, his heart heavy with pain and determination. He vowed to avenge his lost hand and get the ancient hand.

Back at the battlefield, Althea and Kaelar, along with the other cultivators, exchanged glances, sensing the demons' sudden absence. They took the opportunity to catch their breath and regroup, though concern still weighed heavily on their minds.

Amidst the chaos, Kaelar's voice rang out with gravity, addressing everyone present, "I want everyone here to spread the news of what happened in the Veiled Forest. We need every cultivator in the Azure Continent to join in this fight against these unknown creatures. Althea's sect and mine will be at the forefront of this battle, and as the strongest sects in the continent, everyone will follow our lead."

The next day, word of the attack of the unknown creatures spread like wildfire throughout the Azure Continent. Cultivators and ordinary citizens alike were stunned by the news. Whispers of fear and uncertainty echoed through the streets and cultivation sects.

In the bustling streets of one of the Azure Continent's major cities, a group of cultivators gathered to discuss the recent events. Among them was a seasoned cultivator named Lysandra, her eyes wide with astonishment. "I can't believe such powerful creatures have appeared out of nowhere," she said, her voice trembling. "What are they, and why are they attacking our continent?"

A young cultivator named Rylan, eager to protect his homeland, clenched his fists. "We must unite and defend our land against these invaders," he declared. "If Althea and Kaelar's sects are leading the charge, we can trust in their strength and follow their guidance."

Nearby, a more cautious cultivator named Theron interjected, "But what if these creatures are too formidable? We could be risking our lives for a battle we can't win."

A seasoned elder, Master Tavian, stepped forward with a reassuring smile. "While the threat is indeed daunting, we have faced challenges before and triumphed," he said. "United, we stand a chance against these unknown creatures. Let's remember that Althea and Kaelar have proven their strength time and again. We should put our faith in them and join the fight."

fierce determination to protect their homeland.

In the martial arts sects, discussions were heated. Some members Across the continent, similar conversations unfolded. In remote villages, cultivators and ordinary people gathered to discuss the situation. Fear and uncertainty were palpable, but there was also a fierce determination to protect their homeland.

In the martial arts sects, discussions were heated. Some members argued that they should focus on their own sect's safety, while others believed in the need for collective action. Within the ranks of

Althea and Kaelar's sects, there was a mix of excitement and trepidation. The burden of leading the continent's defense weighed heavily on their shoulders.

At a gathering of sect leaders, Master Jareth, the head of a first-grade sect, spoke firmly, "This is a threat to all of us, not just Althea and Kaelar's sects. We must put aside our differences and join forces. If we remain divided, we'll be easily conquered."

Other sect leaders nodded in agreement, and a consensus began to form. Throughout the continent, sects agreed to unite under Althea and Kaelar's leadership, recognizing the strength and reputation of their sects.

As the news spread further, ordinary citizens also joined the cause. They might not possess cultivation abilities, but their hearts burned with love for their homeland. In towns and cities, they organized to support the cultivators, providing supplies, encouragement, and even assistance in evacuation efforts.

In a remote village near the Veiled Forest, a young girl named Clare clutched her father's hand, fear etched on her face. "Will they be able to protect us, Papa?" she asked, her voice quivering.

Her father, a brave farmer named Dorian, replied with a determined smile, "I believe they will, my dear. The cultivators are strong, and together, they will keep us safe."

Then, suddenly, they heard a blood-curdling scream. Their attention snapped toward the source, and their hearts sank as they witnessed an unknown creature feasting on one of the villagers. Panic spread like wildfire among the gathered crowd as they realized they were under attack.