

I Created 259

Chapter 259: Storm Is Coming (part 1)

Amidst the uncertainty and fear, some individuals of insight and wisdom recognized the gravity of the situation. They knew that the only refuge in the face of such overwhelming danger was the territory of the Heavenly Sword Sect, where the strongest cultivators had congregated.

In hushed conversations and hurried discussions, these wise individuals made their plans clear. They would head toward the territory of the Heavenly Sword Sect, seeking refuge among the sect's formidable practitioners.

One elderly merchant, his eyes filled with a mix of concern and determination, stated, "If there's safety to be found, it's with the Heavenly Sword Sect. We must go there, where the most powerful cultivators have gathered."

A group of martial artists who had trained diligently throughout their lives shared a resolute nod. "Agreed. We've honed our skills for years, but against a demon like that, we need the Heavenly Sword Sect's protection."

One village elder, his voice filled with determination, said, "We've weathered storms before, and we'll weather this one too. We'll stand our ground and defend our homes."

As the news of the cultivators' retreat and the devastation wrought by the mysterious demon spread, it sparked a profound shift in the Azure Continent. Fear and uncertainty now walked hand in hand with determination and resilience. The people were left to decide their own fates, whether by seeking refuge with the Heavenly -----

As Xal'Thur returned from the wanton destruction of the empty Sword Sect or by holding fast to their homes and communities, knowing that the world they had known was changing forever.

As Xal'Thur returned from the wanton destruction of the empty fortresses, the air in Cambion's presence seemed to hum with anticipation. The high demon regarded Xal'Thur with an air of measured approval.

Xal'Thur knelt before Cambion, his demeanor a blend of accomplishment and obedience. "Lord Cambion," he acknowledged, "the fortresses are no more. They lie in ruins, their defenses shattered."

Cambion nodded in acknowledgment, his gaze piercing as he studied the demon before him. "Your efforts have been commendable, Xal'Thur. You have fulfilled your task with efficiency."

But Cambion was not one to rest on past victories. His mind, ever calculating, had already moved to the next phase of their plan. "However, our work is not yet complete. It is time to wait for the others to break through their respective stages. When they do, we shall attack the humans in full might."

Xal'Thur understood the gravity of this command. It was a pivotal moment in their strategy, one that required precise timing and coordination. "I shall remain prepared, Lord Cambion, for the moment when we unleash our full strength upon the humans."

Cambion's gaze held a mysterious depth, a hint of the grand design he and Argon had crafted. "Good. Let the anticipation of our assault weigh heavily on the humans, for they shall soon face the might of the demons."

As Xal'Thur withdrew to make preparations for the impending battle, the air in Cambion's presence remained charged with a sense of impending conflict. His gaze remained focused on the distant horizon, where the humans were unknowingly converging in the territory of the Heavenly Sword Sect.

Yet, Cambion knew that this was only part of the grand design crafted by his lord, Argon. His mind buzzed with the urgency of the situation. With a swift mental projection, he reached out to Argon, seeking guidance.

"My Lord," he projected his thoughts with a sense of urgency, "all the fortresses of the humans are destroyed. From the report of my spies, the humans are converging in one place, the territory of the Heavenly Sword Sect."

The mental exchange with Argon had become a familiar ritual, a delicate balance of reporting, receiving guidance, and aligning their actions with the grand design.

Argon's mental presence, always calm and composed, resonated with a hint of satisfaction. "Good job, Cambion. Your diligence has served us well. Now, I require a week's time to prepare for the next phase. Try your best to prevent the demons from attacking the humans until then."

Cambion acknowledged his lord's command with unwavering resolve. "As you command, my Lord."

In the days that followed, the flow of people heading toward the territory of the Heavenly Sword Sect, particularly the city of Skyhaven, resembled a relentless tide. Kaelar and Althea had made their intentions clear - Skyhaven would be their last line of defense against the encroaching threat of the demons. This declaration sent a wave of urgency through the populace, and they surged toward the city with hopes of finding safety within its walls.

Skyhaven, once a bustling metropolis, was now bursting at the seams. The streets were teeming with people from all walks of life - cultivators, scholars, warriors, and ordinary citizens alike. The clamor of their arrival echoed through the city's ancient walls.

As the influx of refugees continued, the situation escalated. Skyhaven had reached its capacity, and there was simply no more room within the city's confines. As a result, people began to camp outside the city, forming makeshift settlements in the surrounding areas. Tents dotted the landscape, and campfires flickered in the night, painting a picture of desperation and resolve.

Inside the meeting room of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Althea, her expression grave, addressed a gathering of sect leaders and advisors. The room was dimly lit by the soft glow of talismans, and the atmosphere was heavy with concern.

"This is bad," Althea began, her voice carrying a weight that matched the gravity of the situation. "A significant portion of our people have been camping outside the city for days. It's become so crowded that it's nearly impossible to move in and out of the city anymore."

Kaelar, standing beside her, nodded in agreement. "Indeed, the situation is dire. We expected an influx, but this exceeds our estimates. We can't turn our own people away, but we also can't sustain this indefinitely."

A seasoned sect elder, known for his wisdom, spoke up. "We have enough provisions to support our current population for a limited time. However, if more people continue to arrive, we'll face food shortages, overcrowding, and potential unrest."

Althea clenched her fists, the weight of leadership heavy upon her shoulders. "We must find a solution. We can't abandon these people, but we also can't let this situation spiral out of control. We need to assess the resources we have and determine how best to allocate them."

Kaelar, with a contemplative expression, stepped forward in the midst of the concerned murmurs that had filled the meeting room. His voice, calm and measured, cut through the tension.

'Sigh' "We can only do this," he said, his words drawing the attention of all present. "What if we were to relocate these people to other cities and settlements near the Skyhaven city? We can enlist the leaders of first-grade sects or clans to guard these cities We can seek the cooperation of the leaders of first-grade sects or clans in those regions. Their presence should be enough to assure our people that they are safe in their hands."

Althea nodded in agreement, recognizing the merit in Kaelar's proposal. "It's a viable plan. We can't expect Skyhaven to bear the burden of this crisis alone. By spreading the refugees to other locations, we not only alleviate the strain on our resources but also provide them with more options for safety."