

I Created 302

Chapter 302 302: Severed Hand Of Demon Emperor

In the depths of the demon camp, Cambion, now enhanced by the dark power of the Soul Strengthening Realm, addressed the critical matter at hand. He inquired, "How's the progress of our invasion?"

Xal'Thar, who had always been a loyal and diligent servant, responded with a hint of weariness in his voice, "My Lord, although the invasion has faced its share of challenges, particularly due to the constant appearance of the dead creatures, we have managed to conquer the west, south, and north territories."

Vexoria, her serpentine presence reflecting both regality and concern, added, "My Lord, it's worth noting that a significant portion of the population and cultivators from these territories managed to escape to the east due to the relentless emergence of these dead creatures."

Cryonex, his icy visage displaying a touch of frustration, chimed in, "Indeed, my Lord. The dead creatures have proven to be unexpectedly formidable, surpassing the strength of our demons. It has been rather humiliating, to be frank."

Vexoria, her serpentine eyes reflecting curiosity and concern, inquired further, "My lord, do you have any insights into the nature of these dead creatures? Could they be a stratagem employed by the humans?"

Cambion, his demeanor betraying none of his inner thoughts, remained indifferent as he addressed their concerns. "Since these dead creatures have already disappeared," he said nonchalantly, "we will proceed with our invasion of the east territory, where the most powerful individuals on this continent have sought refuge."

With Cambion's orders to proceed with the invasion of the east territory, a surge of excitement swept through Xal'Thar, Vexoria, and Cryonex. These loyal demons, having prepared for this moment, felt an overwhelming eagerness to assert the dominance of the demon race and crush the humans who had dared to challenge them.

As the three demons began their preparations, their voices carried the electrifying energy of anticipation. They couldn't hide their enthusiasm, and their dialogue was a reflection of their desire for vengeance.

Xal'Thar, with a menacing hiss in his words, spoke first, "Finally, my comrades, the time has come. We shall march to the east with the wrath of the abyss. Those pitiful humans who achieved the Soul Strengthening Realm will learn their insignificance before our might."

Vexoria, her serpentine form coiled with wicked delight, hissed in agreement, "Indeed, Xal'Thar. We shall unveil our full power and let the humans witness the darkness that looms over them. They thought they could escape our grasp, but we will shatter their hopes."

Cryonex, his icy visage resonating with malice, added with a hint of cruelty, "Our numbers are vast, and our strength is immeasurable. Those humans, who believed they had attained greatness, will tremble before us. Their existence is but a fleeting flame compared to the eternal darkness of our race."

Their excitement was palpable as they prepared for the impending invasion. Their loyalty to Cambion and their shared desire to bring ruin to their adversaries fueled their determination. In this cultivation world, where power reigned supreme, the demons were ready to showcase the full extent of their demonic might and make the humans understand the price of challenging the demon race.

Deep within the Veiled Forest, concealed within a secret chamber, Nihilus, a formidable demon not content with merely guarding, was absorbed in a profound cultivation technique. His surroundings were enshrouded in an eerie darkness, punctuated by the ominous presence of the severed hand of the emperor of the demons.

The atmosphere within the chamber was heavy with the dark energy exuding from the ancient relic. Nihilus had won the bet against Xal'Thar, Vexoria, and Cryonex to be the guardian of this priceless artifact. Now, he was harnessing the energy contained within the hand to further his cultivation.

Nihilus's form was an embodiment of malevolence, his obsidian skin absorbing the ambient darkness as he meditated. His elongated, gnarled fingers reached out to the hand, hovering just above its otherworldly surface.

Intricate runes covered the hand, pulsating with a sinister vitality. Nihilus began the process of absorption, a ritual as old as time itself. As his claws inched closer to the relic, an invisible connection formed, a bridge between Nihilus and the ancient power contained within the emperor's hand.

The energy surged, a dark maelstrom that threatened to overwhelm all reason. Nihilus's red eyes gleamed with malevolent anticipation as he spoke, a low, resonant growl that sent shivers through the very core of the chamber. "I shall absorb your power, my Emperor. Grant me your strength."

The dark energy responded, writhing like a sentient force as it surged into Nihilus's form. His body absorbed it eagerly, veins coursing with newfound power, muscles rippling with infernal might.

Nihilus's cultivation was an eerie and macabre spectacle. The energy from the emperor's hand flowed into him, its malevolence merging with his very essence. His body absorbed the power with an insatiable greed, the dark energy enhancing his demonic form. It rippled through him like an eldritch tide, each surge of power strengthening his already formidable existence.

However, Nihilus's sinister communion with the emperor's hand was abruptly disrupted by a voice that seemed to slice through the very darkness. It was a voice both cold and ominous, speaking with a disdain that sent shivers down Nihilus's spine.

"Oh, there is someone in here," the voice rang out with a chilling indifference, "Hm, Cambion didn't tell me about this... Well, it doesn't matter. This guy is weak."

The voice belonged to Azrael, who was sent by Argon on a mission to acquire the severed arm of the demon emperor. As Azrael's words hung in the air, Nihilus became vigilant. He demanded to know the intruder's identity and, with a hint of defiance, challenged the notion of his weakness.

"Who are you?!" Nihilus's growled, his crimson eyes narrowed in suspicion. "And how dare you say that I'm weak. I'm a demon, and barely any race can compare to us."

But before Nihilus could fully grasp the situation, an inexplicable rush of wind swept through the chamber, bringing with it a bone-chilling presence. Azrael's voice turned frigid as he unsheathed his sword, and in a swift, cold-blooded motion, beheaded Nihilus. The act was executed with such precision that Nihilus barely had time to react.

Nihilus's head rolled across the chamber floor, his crimson eyes forever frozen in shock. His body, still quivering with the energy of the emperor's hand, stood for a moment before crumbling to the ground in a lifeless heap. His ambitions, his cultivation, and his defiance all came to an abrupt and unceremonious end.

Azrael, with the severed head of Nihilus still hanging from his hand, looked upon the lifeless body with an almost clinical detachment. It was a demonstration of the cold efficiency for which he was known.

As the energy in the chamber continued to pulsate with an ominous resonance, Azrael remained unfazed. He had been dispatched by Argon, his lord and master, to secure the demon emperor's hand at any cost. And he had fulfilled that duty with ruthless efficiency.

The silence that followed was deafening, broken only by the eerie hum of the dark energy in the chamber. The severed head of Nihilus lay on the ground, still wearing a look of disbelief. His once-mighty form, now lifeless, crumpled like a marionette with its strings cut. In the world of cultivation, where strength was the ultimate measure, Nihilus had been abruptly extinguished, his defiance snuffed out like a candle in the wind.