

I Created 332

Chapter 332

Amidst the relentless battle, as Alix parries another vicious strike from the Skyhunter, he suddenly hears a voice within his mind, clear and authoritative. "Kid, you must be Alix. Elara always tells me about all the adventures you two have been doing together in the dungeon when she's with me." The voice unmistakably belongs to Althea, Elara's master, and one of the Sect Masters.

Alix, taken aback by the unexpected mental communication, barely dodges a follow-up attack from the Skyhunter. "Lady Althea," he responds in his mind, his focus divided between the battle and the conversation.

Althea's voice continues, firm and decisive, "Go and take Elara inside the dungeon. Kid, I will entrust her to you." Before Alix can question her command, an attack, powerful and unseen, sweeps through the battlefield, striking the Skyhunter and knocking it away with tremendous force.

Without wasting a moment, Alix turns to Elara, who is focusing her energy on healing her injuries. He quickly picks her up, ready to carry out Althea's instructions.

"What are you doing, Alix? My master is still fighting; we can't just go inside the dungeon," Elara protests, her voice laced with confusion and concern.

"This is the order of your master," Alix replies, his tone leaving no room for doubt.

Elara's mind reels, a flashback of her grandfather sacrificing himself to protect her surges forward, threatening to overwhelm her senses. The thought of losing another person she holds dear, in the same manner, fills her with dread. "No, I can't let that be her fate too," she whispers, her voice trembling.

Meanwhile, at the entrance to the dungeon, chaos unfolds as a multitude of cultivators, and ordinary people scramble to enter the portal.

The situation near the entrance to the dungeon rapidly devolves into pandemonium. As the crowd of cultivators, and ordinary folk push and shove in a desperate attempt to escape through the portal, terror grips their hearts. From the back of the throng, bloodcurdling screams rise above the din—a clear, horrifying indication that Argon's beasts have begun their slaughter.

"Cultivators, please, help us!" a woman cries out, her voice cracking with fear as she clutches her child close, trying to shield him from the chaos and danger.

A young cultivator, his face pale with dread, shouts, "We need to organize! Form a line, protect the weak and the children first!" But his pleas are drowned out by the cacophony of fear and the desperate scramble for survival.

The beasts, relentless and ferocious, tear through the rear ranks of the crowd with brutal efficiency. Their roars mingle with the screams of their victims, creating a symphony of horror that spurs the crowd into an even greater frenzy.

"Please, don't leave us behind!" another voice begs, belonging to an elderly man who struggles to keep pace with the fleeing masses. His outstretched hand grasps at the air, reaching for salvation that seems just out of reach.

Amid the chaos, a group of cultivators attempts to mount a defense, their weapons and spells at the ready. "Stand your ground!" one of them commands, a determined glint in his eye as he faces the oncoming horde. "We can hold them off, give the others time to escape!"

But the beasts although only a couple, were too powerful. For everyone that falls, two more take its place, their eyes gleaming with hunger and malice. The makeshift line of defense buckles under the onslaught, the brave souls who stood to fight being overwhelmed one by one.

As Alix navigates through the panicked crowd, Elara in his arms, the reality of their situation weighs heavily on his heart. The terror of those being slaughtered behind them is a grim reminder of the stakes. "Hold on, Elara," he whispers, determination steeling his voice. "I won't let anything happen to you."

Elara, overcome by the scenes of desperation and the haunting cries for help, clings tighter to Alix. The memory of her grandfather's sacrifice looms large in her mind, a stark parallel to the current horror.

In this dire moment, as they inch closer to the portal, the desperation around them reaches a fever pitch. The cries for help, the begging for salvation, form a backdrop to their determined push forward. Elara's eyes, wide with shock, take in the scene around her—the fear, the chaos, the unbridled panic. She sees a young child, separated from their parents, crying amidst the turmoil, and her heart clenches.

Alix, sensing her distress, tightens his grip on her, a silent promise of protection. "We'll make it through," he assures her, though his own heart races with the fear of what lies behind them. The beasts' roars grow louder, more menacing as if sensing their prey slipping through their grasp.

The cultivators who stand to fight, their faces set in grim determination, unleash a barrage of spells and attacks, trying to stem the tide of beasts. Flames, ice, and lightning crackle in the air, meeting the onslaught with fierce resistance. Yet, it only made the beast irritated, their attacks were like a tickle.

"Save yourselves!" one of the defenders yells to the civilians, even as he parries a claw swipe of the demon clan with his sword, sparks flying upon impact. "Get to the portal!"

The crowd surges forward, propelled by a mix of hope and terror. Among them, Alix and Elara finally reach the swirling portal, its luminescence a beacon amidst the darkness. Alix doesn't hesitate; with one last look at the battlefield, he steps through the portal with Elara, leaving behind the nightmare that the entrance to the dungeon has become.

Arriving at the second floor of the dungeon, Alix takes a moment to assess their surroundings, ensuring it's safe before acting on his next plan. The second floor, known for its eerie quietness compared to the chaotic entrance, offers a brief respite. Alix, still holding Elara, takes a deep breath, feeling the fatigue from using his bloodline power. His body aches, a testament to the toll the fierce battle has taken on him.