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Chapter 60 60: Chaos In The Capital (Part 3)

With great effort, he managed to raise his sword once again. "Phoenix Blade!" A burst of flames erupted from the general's sword, striking Cambion with incredible force.

Cambion was knocked back, his body slammed against the palace wall. He groaned in pain.

The general, meanwhile, was on the verge of collapse. The demonic fire had taken its toll on him, and he was barely able to stand.

Cambion slowly got up, his eyes glowing with excitement. He had not felt such a thrill in a battle for a long time. He raised his spear, ready to finish off the general.

The enemy refused to give up. With a fierce determination in his eyes, he charged forward once again, his sword raised high.

Cambion grinned, his wounds already healing thanks to his demonic powers. He stood up straight, his spear glowing with an ominous light. He was ready for whatever the general could throw at him.

The two combatants clashed once again, their weapons striking against each other with deadly force. The general's attacks were fueled by his rage and determination, while Cambion's were imbued with demonic power.

Their battle was intense and brutal, each strike leaving behind a trail of destruction. The soldiers who got caught up were burn to ashes. The soldiers who were still sane immediately distanced themselves.

As they continued to fight, both warriors began to unleash their cultivation skills. The general channeled his inner qi, causing it to flow through his body and imbue his sword with a powerful energy. His strikes became lightning-fast, and each one was accompanied by a burst of energy that shattered the air around him.

Cambion, on the other hand, drew upon his demonic powers. Black flames began to swirl around his spear, and each strike left behind a trail of darkness. His eyes glowed with an unholy light, and his movements were almost too fast for the human eye to follow.

As the battle continued, the palace walls began to crumble around them. The ground shook and the air was distorted by the heat of their flames. It was clear that this battle would not end until one of them was victorious.

Cambion channeled his demonic energy through his spear. His attacks became faster and more powerful, striking the general with each blow. The general retaliated with his own cultivation skills, using his technique to create a massive fire tornado that swept towards Cambion.

Cambion wasn't fazed, he leaped into the air and flew towards the tornado, his spear glowing with a dark aura. With one swift motion, he sliced through the tornado, dissipating it into nothingness.

"Abyssal Fury."

Cambion muttered under his breath as he landed back on the ground. His demonic aura grew stronger, the black flames around his spear intensifying.

The black flames surrounding his spear erupted into a massive inferno, consuming everything around him. The ground shook as the flames raged, and the air crackled with dark energy.

Cambion charged towards the general with incredible speed. He unleashed a barrage of strikes, each one imbued with the dark power of the Abyssal Fury. The general tried to dodge and block, but he was quickly overwhelmed.

With a final, powerful strike, Cambion sent the general flying across the battlefield. The general crashed into the palace walls, causing them to crumble even further.

But the general was not done yet. He forced himself to his feet, his body battered and bruised. He knew he had to do something or he would be planted.

With a fierce determination, the general channeled all of his remaining energy into one final attack. He gathered his fire elemental powers, causing the air around him to distort with the heat. With a roar, he unleashed a massive fire sword slashing towards Cambion.

Seeing the attack of the enemy, Cambion focused all of his energy, drawing upon the demonic power within him. The black flames around his spear intensified even further, engulfing his entire body.

With a roar of pure fury, Cambion unleashed his Abyssal Fury once again. The blast of dark energy was even more powerful than before, completely obliterating the fire sword and striking the general with incredible force.

With one swift motion, he plunged his spear into the general's chest, piercing through his armor and flesh.

The general gasped for air, his eyes widening with shock and disbelief. He looked up at Cambion, his body trembling with pain and fatigue.

Not long the general let out a final, ragged breath and slumped to the ground. The battlefield was silent, save for the crackling of flames and the sound of crumbling walls.

Cambion stood over the fallen general, his eyes glowing with a mix of satisfaction and bloodlust. He pulled his spear from the general's chest, the sound of metal scraping against bone echoing through the air.

The soldiers who had been watching from a safe distance slowly approached, their weapons at the ready. They were hesitant to approach the demonic warrior.

Cambion turned to face them, his spear still dripping with blood. He grinned, the black flames around him still burning brightly. "Who's next?" he growled.

Abruptly, Cambion felt a gust of wind past him.

'sigh' "I didn't make it." Cambion immediately turns around and was shocked to find a person.

It was an old man, and the old man closed the shocked eyes of the general.

Cambion was taken aback by the sudden appearance of the old man. He had not sensed anyone approaching him, which was unusual for someone with his heightened senses, it was as if the old man had appeared out of nowhere. He narrowed his eyes, studying the old man with suspicion.

"Who are you?" Cambion demanded, his spear at the ready.

This old man was the first king and the founder of the Oland Kingdom. He knows that something was happening outside, however, since he was in the process of breaking through. He can't do anything unless he stopped his breakthrough. Which he can't do, because there will be no second chance.