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Chapter 196 196: Lesser Devine Power (Part 1)

A ripple of determination spread through the room, and the worried expressions transformed into ones of steely resolve. Alix's words had stirred something within them, igniting the flame of courage and fortitude.

"Assemble your teams, fortify our defenses, and prepare for the storm that may come," Alix concluded, his voice echoing with authority. "We are the guardians of this item, and we will show the factions of the Azure Continent the strength that lies within us. Together, we shall overcome any obstacle that stands in our way!"

With his final words, Alix instilled a renewed sense of purpose in his members. The meeting room erupted with resounding applause and words of affirmation. They were ready to face the impending storm and protect what was rightfully theirs. United, they would prove that the power of unity and determination could overcome any disparity in resources or wealth.

Unbeknownst to Alix and his group, outside of their secure base, a covert group of individuals from the Azure Continent watched their every move. Among them were representatives from various factions, as well as members of the notorious Dark Moon Clan. Concealed within the shadows, they observed the meeting with a mixture of curiosity and anticipation.

One of the minions, standing beside his superior, couldn't help but voice his impatience. "Sir, why don't we just rush in there and snatch the item?" he whispered, his voice tinged with arrogance. "After all, these people are just a bunch of country bumpkins."

His superior turned towards him, his eyes narrowing with a cold, piercing gaze. With a voice devoid of any warmth, he replied, "If I hadn't received the report earlier, I might have considered such a reckless move." He glanced towards the meeting room, his expression calculating. "Although the members of Alix's group may appear insignificant, never underestimate their vice-captains. Each one of them is a fearsome cultivator in their own right, especially their leader Alix. Rumor has it that he can even fight on par with a peak-stage Golden Core cultivator, despite being only at the middle-stage."

The minion's eyes widened with surprise, his arrogance dissipating in the face of this newfound information.

"I apologize, sir," the minion stammered, his tone filled with genuine remorse. "I underestimated their strength. It would be unwise to underestimate the power."

The superior's face contorted with annoyance, his voice laced with frustration. "Underestimating their strength is precisely why our clan finds itself in this precarious situation," he retorted sharply. "Instead of training diligently in the clan, you and your comrades wasted your time in brothels, engaging in illicit activities and preying on the weak."

A flicker of guilt passed through the minion's eyes as he realized the truth behind his superior's words. The Dark Moon Clan, known for its malevolence and criminal activities, had bred a culture of indulgence and corruption among its members.

The superior continued, his voice dripping with disdain, "It is because of such behavior that our clan finds itself lacking discipline and unity." He spoke these words discreetly, ensuring they remained unheard by anyone around them. As a small leader within the clan, he knew better than to openly criticize the actions of his comrades.

The minion, unaware of his superior's words, nodded absentmindedly, his attention still focused on the house. His mind swirled with thoughts of the potential riches that awaited them inside.

The superior's lips curled into a twisted smile, his eyes glinting with a wicked gleam. He sneered, his voice filled with a deceptive charm. "But let's see if these other foolish individuals dare to venture into Alix's base and attempt to snatch the item. Perhaps their incompetence will work in our favor."

The minion's confusion grew, but he dared not question his superior's intentions. Instead, he nodded in agreement, his doubt suppressed by his loyalty to the clan. "Yes, sir," he replied, his voice laced with uncertainty. "Let's observe the situation and take advantage of any opportunities that arise."

Weeks passed, and the covert group meticulously planned their infiltration of Alix's base. They studied the layout, analyzed the guards' movements, and prepared their cultivation techniques for the impending operation.

The covert group of infiltrators meticulously planned their approach, unaware of the array enveloping Alix's base, designed to alert him of any trespassers. They believed themselves to be cunning and skilled, ready to seize the item without hesitation.

Under the cover of darkness, they made their move, gliding silently through the shadows. They bypassed several layers of defense, relying on their stealth and confidence. Little did they know that Alix's keen senses were attuned to their every step.

Inside the base, Alix sat in a meditative state, his cultivation technique allowing him to extend his perception beyond the physical realm. Suddenly, a disturbance in the array alerted him to the presence of intruders. His eyes snapped open, their piercing gaze filled with determination.

Alix swiftly rose to his feet, his body emanating a powerful aura as he activated his cultivation techniques. He sent a mental command to his vice-captains, alerting them of the imminent threat. Within moments, Erix, Nox, Zam, and the other two emerged, their faces etched with determination.

As the infiltrators approached the inner chambers, they were met with a line of defense formed by Alix's vice-captains and their respective teams. Each vice-captain possessed extraordinary strength, honed in rigorous training and countless battles.

The air crackled with tension as the two groups faced off, their energies intertwining like a dance of opposing forces. The vice-captains emanated their own unique auras, a testament to their cultivation prowess.

Alix stepped forward, his eyes locking onto the leader of the infiltrators. His voice resonated with authority, cutting through the silence like a blade. "You have trespassed upon our sanctum," he declared, his words carrying an undeniable weight. "Prepare to face the consequences of your actions."

The leader of the infiltrators smirked, his eyes gleaming with malice. "You overestimate yourselves, fools," he sneered, his voice dripping with arrogance. "We are the elite of the Azure Continent, and we shall crush you like insects!"

Without wasting another moment, the leader of the infiltrators unleashed a barrage of powerful attacks, his energy surging forward like a tidal wave. But Alix's vice-captains were not easily overwhelmed.

Erix, with his lightning cultivation, blurred into motion, his reflexes surpassing the speed of sound. Bolts of lightning crackled around him as he weaved through the attacks, striking with lightning-fast precision. His movements were so swift that he appeared to be in multiple places at once, leaving behind trails of electric energy in his wake.

Zam, the master of fire, summoned flames that danced around him in a mesmerizing display. With a mere flick of his wrist, scorching fireballs hurtled towards the infiltrators, engulfing them in waves of intense heat. The flames licked at their defenses, eroding their resolve and weakening their attacks.

Nox, the stoic defender, stood resolute as he channeled the power of earth. His body became an impenetrable fortress, as solid as the mountains. He formed a shield of earth that absorbed the enemy's strikes with ease, their attacks crumbling against his unwavering defense. With calculated movements, he retaliated with earth-shaking strikes that sent shockwaves through the battlefield.

The other two vice-captains, wielding the power of fire, joined forces with Alix to unleash a synchronized assault. They weaved intricate patterns in the air, creating a maelstrom of flames that enveloped the infiltrators. Their combined fire techniques intensified the inferno, consuming the enemy in a blazing tempest.

Alix delved deep within himself, tapping into the latent power of his ancestral bloodline—the essence of the lesser divine monkey.

Since the day Alix had discovered his unique bloodline, he had devoted himself to rigorous training, striving to unlock and harness its dormant potential. Countless hours were spent honing his skills. Today would mark the culmination of his efforts as he prepared to unleash the true might of his inherited heritage.

As Alix stood amidst the unfolding battle, he closed his eyes, his breathing steady and controlled. The air crackled with anticipation, as if nature itself held its breath, sensing the imminent release of an extraordinary force.

A surge of energy coursed through Alix's veins, setting his entire being ablaze. His eyes snapped open, now blazing with an intense fiery hue that mirrored the inferno within him. Flames spiraled around his body, intertwining with his aura and forming a mesmerizing cloak of incandescent fire.

With each step he took, the ground trembled beneath his feet. Alix's strikes were no longer mere physical blows; they carried the ferocity and agility of the divine monkey, enhanced by the latent power he now wielded. He moved with a fluid grace, his movements a seamless dance of precision and devastation.

The battlefield crackled with anticipation as Alix stepped forward, his presence radiating a newfound aura of authority. His comrades watched with bated breath, their faith in their leader

bolstered by the sheer intensity emanating from him. This was the moment they had been waiting for—an unveiling of their leader's true power.

The leader of the infiltrators watched in awe, his eyes widening as he beheld Alix's transformation. His confident demeanor wavered, replaced by a mix of uncertainty and fear. He stammered, struggling to comprehend the overwhelming spiritual pressure radiating from Alix.

"What the hell is this guy?" the leader blurted out, his voice filled with disbelief. "How...how can a middle-stage Golden Core person possess such immense power? It defies everything we know!"

The other infiltrators, once brimming with arrogance, now shared in their leader's astonishment. The realization of their grave mistake seeped into their minds, dampening their spirits. The air crackled with an almost palpable tension as they exchanged nervous glances, their confidence shattered.