

## I Created 203

### Chapter 203 203: Go To Azure Continent (Part 1)

The spy dropped to his knees, his voice barely above a whisper. "Forgive me, Elder Qin. I did not anticipate such resistance. The city lord's mansion is heavily guarded, and they seem to possess formidable forces."

Elder Qin's wrath simmered, his hands clenched into fists. "Formidable forces, you say? Then we shall show them what true power means. No one defies the Dark Moon Clan and lives to tell the tale."

The spy gulped, feeling the weight of his failure press upon him. He knew that his life hung in the balance, as Elder Qin's wrath was unforgiving.

"I... I swear, Elder Qin," the spy stammered, desperation lacing his words. "I will redouble my efforts. I will find a way to infiltrate the city lord's mansion and gather the information we seek."

Elder Qin's gaze bore into the spy, his voice a low growl. "You had better. Your life depends on it. Failure is not an option."

Fear and determination mingled in the spy's eyes as he nodded fervently. "I understand, Elder Qin. I will not rest until I have fulfilled my mission."

With a dismissive wave of his hand, Elder Qin turned away from the trembling spy. "Go then," he commanded. "Do not return until you have something of value to offer."

The spy bowed hastily, grateful for the chance to escape Elder Qin's wrath. As he hurried out of the room, his mind raced, searching for new strategies to infiltrate the heavily guarded city lord's mansion. Failure was not an option, for his life and the honor of the Dark Moon Clan depended on his success.

Deep within him, the spy's hatred for Alix and his allies burned brighter than ever. He vowed to himself that he would exact revenge and bring the full might of the Dark Moon Clan upon them. The road ahead would be treacherous, but he was determined to overcome every obstacle and restore the clan's dominance.

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The next day, inside the city lord's mansion, Tan Zong, accompanied by his right-hand man, Zheng, paced anxiously in his study. His mind was consumed with thoughts of the captured spy from the Dark Moon Clan and the information he might possess. As he looked up at Zheng, his eyes filled with anticipation.

"Zheng, did the spy of the Dark Moon Clan come again last night?" Tan Zong asked, his voice laced with a mixture of eagerness and malice.

Zheng, a sinister cultivator with a reputation for his ruthless methods, stood with a grim expression. His loyalty to Tan Zong was unwavering, and he reveled in their shared darkness.

"Yes, Master Tan Zong," Zheng replied, his voice cold and devoid of emotion. "We captured the spy and have him locked away in the prison, awaiting your command."

A wicked smile curled on Tan Zong's lips as he heard Zheng's words. The anticipation of unraveling the secrets hidden within the spy's bloodline fueled his curiosity and sadistic nature.

"Excellent," Tan Zong exclaimed, his voice dripping with excitement. "Bring him to me immediately. I want to see what this spy has to offer." "I think you should take a look at

Without delay, Zheng nodded and swiftly left the room to fetch the captive spy from the depths of the mansion's prison. Moments later, the heavy sound of footsteps echoed through the corridor, signaling the arrival of Zheng and the imprisoned spy.

As the door swung open, Zheng forcefully pushed the spy into the room, his hands bound tightly with unbreakable restraints. The spy stumbled forward, his eyes filled with a mix of fear and defiance. He knew he had fallen into the clutches of a merciless adversary.

Tan Zong observed the spy with an intense gaze, studying him with a mixture of curiosity and sadistic pleasure. There was something different about the people of Dark Moon Clan, something that piqued his interest.

"Well, well," Tan Zong sneered, circling the spy like a predator closing in on its prey. "You thought you could infiltrate my mansion and gather information without consequences. But you have fallen into my grasp, and now I will make you pay for your audacity."

The spy gritted his teeth, his eyes burning with defiance. "I will never betray my clan," he spat, his voice filled with determination.

Tan Zong chuckled darkly, relishing in the spy's spirit. "Oh, I have no intention of making you betray your clan, dear spy. I am more interested in what lies within your bloodline. You see, I have noticed something peculiar about you people."

Tan Zong's smile widened, revealing his amusement. "You may appear human, but your bloodline tells a different story. It carries the essence of a monster, an artificial bloodline not inborn but created. How intriguing."

The spy's eyes widened in surprise, a mixture of shock and fear flooding his expression. "How... How did you discover that?"

Tan Zong chuckled darkly, his eyes glinting with malevolence. "My dear spy, I have my methods, my ways of uncovering secrets. And now, you will become the subject of my experiments. I will delve into the depths of your artificial bloodline and know how your clan does it."

The spy's heart raced, his mind racing to find a way out of this dire situation. He knew that Tan Zong's experiments could bring unimaginable pain and suffering, but he was determined to protect the secrets of his clan at all costs.

"You will never learn anything from me," the spy declared, his voice steady despite the fear that gripped him. "I would rather die than betray the Dark Moon Clan."

Tan Zong's amusement turned into a cold, calculating gaze. He circled around the spy, his eyes fixated on his captive as he contemplated his next move.

Tan Zong's lips curled into a sinister grin as he savored the spy's defiance. The challenge presented by the spy's loyalty to his clan excited him, fueling his sadistic tendencies further.

"You underestimate my determination, spy," Tan Zong replied, his voice dripping with malice. "I don't need your cooperation to uncover the secrets of the Dark Moon Clan. In fact, I find it more entertaining to discover them on my own, through experimentation and torture."