

## I Created 207

### Chapter 207 207: Battle Between Two Continent (Part 2)

Kato added, "It seems that the forces in the Three Kingdoms are siding with us, not only out of loyalty but also due to their disdain for the Azure Continent's arrogance."

"We have to face the reality, Alix. This is no longer just about an armor or a clan. The conflict has spiraled into a battle between continents, drawing the attention and involvement of numerous factions from the Three Kingdoms." Nox said.

Jin, nodded in agreement. "The clash has transformed into a battle between continents. It's a precarious situation."

Zam, placed a reassuring hand on Alix's shoulder. "Alix, we have faced countless challenges together. We will weather this storm as well. Remember, we are not alone."

Alix drew strength from his vice-captains' words and their unwavering support. He looked at each of them, a renewed determination shining in his eyes. "Thank you, everyone. We will face whatever comes our way together. We must ensure that the lives of our comrades and the innocent are protected, even if it means putting our own lives on the line."

The vice-captains nodded in unison, their resolve solidified. They were prepared to face the trials ahead, united as a family, and ready to safeguard the lives of those who depended on them.

With their hearts intertwined and their determination unwavering, Alix and his vice-captains prepared to face the escalating conflict head-on, their bond stronger than ever before. Together, they would navigate the treacherous path ahead, unwavering in their commitment to justice and the preservation of life in the face of a brewing war.

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In the Kingdom of Como, amidst the opulent Capital City, Xulthar, the sect master of a medium sect under the Dark Moon Clan, received a chilling order. He and his elders were tasked with exterminating a sect that supported Alix, leaving no one alive. It was a command steeped in darkness, cruelty, and malice. Xulthar and his followers were known for their malevolence, and they reveled in the opportunity to unleash chaos and suffering upon their victims.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting an eerie twilight over the city, Xulthar and his elders gathered in the hidden chambers of their sect's headquarters. The air was heavy with anticipation, their eyes gleaming with sinister intent.

Xulthar, a tall and imposing figure, adorned in black robes adorned with ancient symbols, addressed his disciples with a voice dripping with malevolence. "Tonight, my brethren, we embark on a sacred mission," he declared, his words punctuated by a malicious grin. "We shall bring down the sect that dares to support Alix, leaving no trace of their existence."

His followers, a horde of fanatics clad in dark attire, nodded eagerly, their faces twisted with sadistic delight. The chamber echoed with their low murmurs, a cacophony of anticipation and bloodlust.

Inside the victim sect, unaware of the impending doom, went about their lives, oblivious to the imminent threat that loomed over them. Among them was a young disciple named Lin, who possessed an innate talent for wood element and a compassionate heart.

Outside the walls of the targeted sect's compound, the moon hung high in the sky, casting an eerie glow upon the scene. Xulthar and his disciples stood in a sinister formation, encircling the compound like vultures preparing to descend upon their prey. I think you should take a look at

Xulthar raised his hand, signaling his disciples to ready themselves. The air crackled with dark energy as they channeled their cultivation, tapping into forbidden powers granted by the darkest corners of the world.

With a single gesture, Xulthar unleashed a surge of malevolent energy, causing the compound's defensive barriers to shudder and crack. The disciples launched themselves forward, their movements swift and precise, cutting through the air like shadows in the night.

The silence of the night shattered as cries of alarm and desperation echoed from within the compound. The unsuspecting sect members, caught off guard by the sudden assault, scrambled to defend themselves against the onslaught.

Xulthar's voice boomed through the chaos, his words dripping with sadistic pleasure. "Surrender is futile! You have aligned yourselves with a doomed cause!" he taunted, relishing in the terror he invoked.

The disciples, driven by their leader's malevolence, showed no mercy as they engaged in vicious combat. Blades clashed, spells collided, and the air became thick with the stench of blood and despair.

Inside the compound Lin, her voice trembling with fear and desperation, cried out for help. "Please, someone! Save us! They're butchering everyone! We didn't deserve this!"

Her voice was drowned out by the cacophony of violence, her pleas falling on deaf ears. Xulthar's disciples, consumed by their lust for power and their allegiance to darkness, showed no mercy as they methodically eliminated anyone who stood in their way.

Amidst the chaos, Xulthar's laughter echoed through the compound, a chilling sound that sent shivers down the spines of the survivors. "Witness the power of the Dark Moon Clan!" he proclaimed, reveling in the devastation his sect wrought.

The massacre continued through the night, leaving a trail of destruction and despair in its wake. Xulthar and his disciples pressed forward, leaving no corner unexplored, no life spared.

Inside the grand castle of the Kingdom of Como, the King stood on his balcony, his eyes fixed upon the raging flames that consumed the sect known as the Golden Lotus. The sect's name, once a symbol of hope and prosperity, now danced amidst the inferno, casting long shadows across the city below.

As the King surveyed the scene, a figure clad in armor burst into the room, his footsteps echoing with urgency. It was Marshal Valerius, a trusted advisor and commander of the King's elite forces. His voice resounded through the chamber, filled with urgency and concern.

"Your Majesty!" he exclaimed, breathless. "The sect of the Golden Lotus is under attack by an unknown force! They are being slaughtered mercilessly!"

The King, his gaze still fixed on the burning sect, spoke with a firm tone. "I know, Marshal. Do not intervene. Let them face the consequences of their choices."