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Chapter 208 208: Battle Between Two Continent (Part 3)

Surprised by the King's response, Valerius hesitated before continuing. "But, Your Majesty, the Golden Lotus has been a loyal supporter of our kingdom for generations. Their destruction will weaken our influence in the region."

The King turned to face Valerius, his expression unwavering. "I am well aware of the consequences, Marshal. However, they have chosen to align themselves with Alix, a figure who poses a grave threat to the stability of our kingdom and its alliances. The Dark Moon Clan, responsible for this attack, is a force beyond our control. We cannot risk provoking them."

Valerius, though troubled by the King's decision, understood the wisdom behind it. The Dark Moon Clan was infamous for its ruthlessness and power, capable of toppling kingdoms if provoked. The King's concern for the safety of his people outweighed any personal allegiances.

"But, Your Majesty," Valerius pressed, "the Golden Lotus is filled with innocent cultivators who will suffer for their leaders' choices."

The King's gaze hardened, his voice resolute. "Their leaders made their decisions, and the consequences are now upon them. We must prioritize the safety and well-being of our kingdom and its citizens."

Valerius bowed his head, acknowledging the King's unwavering stance. He knew that the path of cultivation was one fraught with difficult choices and harsh realities. The King's duty was to protect his people, even if it meant sacrificing the lives of those who had aligned themselves with a dangerous faction.

With a heavy heart, Valerius turned to leave the chamber, carrying the weight of the King's orders upon his shoulders. The fate of the Golden Lotus sect had been sealed, its existence consumed by the flames of chaos.

Within the Capital City of the Kingdom of Como, the fires raged on, a grim reminder of the consequences that befell those who chose to support Alix. The cries of the innocent mingled with the crackling of the flames, a haunting symphony of despair and destruction.

In the face of a brewing war between continents and the encroaching darkness of the Dark Moon Clan, the Kingdom of Como stood on a delicate precipice. The King's decision, though fraught with

pain, aimed to preserve the stability of his realm, even as the world around them descended into chaos.

As news of the Golden Lotus sect's demise spread throughout the Three Kingdoms, shockwaves of disbelief and horror reverberated among the forces that had aligned themselves with Alix. The Golden Lotus, once renowned as the number one sect in the Kingdom of Como, had fallen to the unfathomable power of the Dark Moon Clan.

In a hastily convened meeting, representatives from the various forces gathered to discuss the alarming turn of events. The air in the room was heavy with tension and regret, as the realization of the Dark Moon Clan's strength settled upon them.

Commander Yara, a respected figure among the forces supporting Alix, addressed the gathering with a somber tone. "We underestimated the true extent of the Dark Moon Clan's power. The destruction of the Golden Lotus serves as a chilling reminder of what we are up against."

A murmur of agreement rippled through the room, accompanied by solemn nods and downcast gazes. The weaker forces, who had thrown their lot in with Alix, began to question their choices and the price they might pay for it.

Captain Liang, leader of a smaller sect, spoke up with regret etched in his voice. "We were blinded by our desire for change and underestimated the consequences. Now, we must face the repercussions of our decisions."

Commander Yara, his expression grave, interjected, "Regret won't change the situation we find ourselves in. The Dark Moon Clan has proven that they are not to be trifled with. Our only course of action now is to regroup and strengthen our defenses."

Captain Zhao, another influential figure, sighed heavily. "We cannot afford to dwell on our mistakes. We must consolidate our forces and move our base to the Eternal City, where Alix's territory is located. There, we can regroup and plan our next move."

The room fell into a momentary silence as the weight of their predicament settled upon them. Each person present understood the direness of the situation and the need to act swiftly.

Commander Yara, his voice resolute, broke the silence. "Let this serve as a lesson for all of us. The path we have chosen is one of uncertainty and sacrifice. We must remain steadfast, bolster our unity, and be prepared for the challenges that lie ahead."

In the face of the Dark Moon Clan's malevolence, the forces that supported Alix knew that they had to stand united, their determination unwavering. Their regret would fuel their determination to overcome the trials that awaited them in the Eternal City, where they would make their stand against the encroaching darkness.

As the room filled with a heavy silence, the doors swung open once again, and all heads turned to see Alix entering, accompanied by Eryx, his loyal vice-captain. The surprise on everyone's faces was evident, for Alix was only 18 years old, much younger than the seasoned cultivators gathered in the room. However, his extraordinary strength commanded their respect, and they greeted him with a mixture of surprise and deference. I think you should take a look at

Alix, feeling a tinge of embarrassment at the attention, quickly composed himself. He understood the weight of his role and the trust his companions had placed in him. With a nod of gratitude, he spoke to the forces assembled before him.

Alix's voice rang out with determination, cutting through the heavy silence in the room. "Respected leaders, I have heard the news, and I invite each and every one of you to join me in the Eternal City. I brought you all into this mess, so it is my duty to keep you safe."

Commander Yara, his gaze filled with warmth and admiration, stepped forward. "No, Alix. We are the ones who chose to stand by your side. We believed in your vision, your strength, and your ability to bring about change. Please, do not blame yourself for the circumstances we face."

Alix's eyes met Yara's, gratitude shining within them. "Thank you, Commander Yara. Your words mean a great deal to me. Let us remember that our unity is our strength. Together, we can overcome any obstacle that stands in our way."

Captain Liang, his voice filled with resolve, added, "Alix, we have witnessed your growth and the path you have walked. We have seen the courage in your actions and the compassion in your heart. It is an honor to fight alongside you, and we will continue to do so."

The room filled with nods of agreement and murmurs of support. The forces, once plagued by doubt and regret, now felt a renewed sense of purpose and determination.

Commander Yara raised his voice, addressing the gathering with unwavering conviction. "Let us gather our strength and resources. We shall make our way to the Eternal City, where we can regroup, plan, and fortify our defenses. There, we will stand together as one, united in our resolve to protect our people and bring justice to those who threaten us."

The room erupted with a chorus of determined voices, each member of the forces committing themselves to the cause.

Alix, his eyes shining with a mixture of gratitude and determination, addressed them all. "Thank you, my fellow cultivators, for your trust and support. We will face the challenges ahead together, and we will emerge stronger and victorious. The darkness may be formidable, but our unity and unwavering spirit will guide us through the storm."

In the face of adversity, they would rise as one, their bonds of camaraderie and their trust in Alix serving as their guiding light. Together, they would face the trials that awaited them, ready to make their stand against the forces that threatened their way of life.

Inside the dimly lit manor of the Dark Moon Clan, Lord Thorn, the right-hand man of the clan leader, fixed his cold gaze upon Elder Qin. The air was heavy with tension as Thorn's voice pierced the silence.

"Tell me, Elder Qin," Thorn spoke with an icy tone, "Has the attack been successful? Has the Golden Lotus sect been entirely wiped out?"

Elder Qin, with a mixture of fear and subservience, bowed his head and replied, "Yes, Lord Thorn. The attack was successful. The Golden Lotus sect has been utterly decimated. Not even chickens were left alive."

A twisted smile formed on Thorn's face, his satisfaction evident. "Good. Hurry up and retrieve the Flood Dragon armor. Alix and his group are nothing more than small country bumpkins. It is inconceivable that it's taking you this long. Do not force me to handle it myself, for you are well aware of the consequences that will befall you."

Thorn's cold voice reverberated through the room, causing Elder Qin to shudder. He dared not meet Thorn's gaze, for the ruthless nature of the Dark Moon Clan was notorious, and Thorn's position as the clan leader's confidant only added to his terrifying aura.

Silently, Elder Qin nodded and swiftly retreated, the weight of Thorn's words weighing heavily upon him. The Dark Moon Clan's malevolence had once again been unleashed, leaving destruction and despair in its wake.

In the shadows of the manor, Thorn stood alone, his heart filled with malice and dark intentions. As the forces outside rallied under Alix's leadership, unbeknownst to them, Thorn plotted and schemed, ready to strike at their vulnerability and test the resilience of their unity.

Little did they know, the true depth of the darkness they would soon face, for Thorn's presence served as a constant reminder that evil lurked in the world of cultivation, threatening to shatter their hopes and dreams.