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Chapter 210 210: Retaliate

Inside the first floor of the tower, the young members of the Dark Moon Clan engaged in a fierce battle against three goblin riders. The five teens, all in the Qi Gathering Realm, fought with a mix of arrogance and frustration. Despite their strength and training, the goblin riders proved to be formidable opponents, continuously testing their limits.

As the battle raged on, one of the teens couldn't contain his frustration any longer. He sneered, "We have been fighting these goblin riders for far too long. How can we still not overpower them?" His voice dripped with annoyance and impatience, a reflection of his unpleasant personality.

The strongest of the group, his face twisted with annoyance, echoed the sentiment. "These ugly creatures dare to challenge us? As members of the mighty Dark Moon Clan, we should have no trouble overpowering them. This is becoming an embarrassment."

Their arrogance fueled their determination, and they fought with a combination of flashy techniques and reckless abandon. Each clash of swords and exchange of blows reverberated through the tower, shaking the very foundations of their prideful beliefs.

Unbeknownst to the young members of the Dark Moon Clan, a group of seven individuals silently observed their battle from various vantage points. Some perched atop tall trees, their eyes fixed on the unfolding scene, while others blended seamlessly into the dense forest environment. These were the remnants of a sect that had been massacred by the Dark Moon Clan, and they were now part of Alix's group, seeking vengeance for the lives lost and the injustice inflicted upon their sect.

If not for their fortuitous fate to be in the Eternal City at that time, they too would have met the same tragic fate as their sect.

From their hidden positions, they witnessed the arrogance and disdain displayed by the Dark Moon Clan teens. Anger burned within them, fueled by the memories of the atrocities committed against their allies. The leader of the group, his voice filled with controlled rage, addressed the others in a spiritual message.

"Look at them, blinded by their own pride and arrogance. They have no idea of the pain and suffering they have caused. It's time we teach them a lesson they won't soon forget," he seethed, his voice laced with a mixture of fury and determination.

The others nodded in agreement, their expressions hardened with a shared sense of purpose. They had sworn to avenge their fallen comrades, and this opportunity to witness the Dark Moon Clan's arrogance firsthand only fueled their resolve.

"Our sect was massacred, our brothers and sisters slaughtered without mercy," one of them whispered through gritted teeth. "We must show them the true meaning of justice and the consequences of their actions."

As the battle between the Dark Moon Clan teens and the goblin riders intensified, the anger within the spying group grew. Each clash of swords and every display of arrogance only deepened their desire for retribution.

"They think they are invincible, untouchable," another whispered, his eyes narrowing with anger. "Let's show them the consequences of underestimating those they have wronged."

Silently, the group watched as the Dark Moon Clan teens continued their battle, unaware of the lurking threat that awaited them. Their arrogance had blinded them to the growing storm of vengeance that was about to be unleashed.

"In the name of our fallen sect, we shall bring justice to those who have caused us so much pain," the leader declared, his voice carrying a chilling determination. "When the time is right, we will strike with all our might and show the Dark Moon Clan the cost of their atrocities."

After what felt like an eternity, the Dark Moon Clan teens finally managed to defeat the last of the goblin riders. The air crackled with tension as they stood triumphant, their bodies drenched in sweat and their breaths heavy with exhaustion. Little did they know, their victory was merely an illusion of respite before the storm.

Suddenly, a rustle in the surrounding foliage caught their attention. Their eyes darted around, searching for the source of the disturbance, but their weariness dulled their senses. Before they could react, a swift movement came from the shadows, and a figure materialized with lethal precision.

"You foolish children," a voice hissed, dripping with venom. It was the leader of the spying group, his eyes blazing with fury. "You thought your victory over those goblin riders would grant you invincibility, but you have only awakened the wrath of those you have wronged."

The Dark Moon Clan teens turned, their expressions shifting from triumph to confusion and fear. The realization of their vulnerability began to sink in as they beheld the enraged faces of their adversaries.

Without further warning, the battle commenced. The members of Alix's group, fueled by their thirst for justice, attacked with calculated precision. Each movement was a testament to their training and the righteous fury burning within them.

The leader of the Dark Moon Clan teens, the strongest of the group, was the first to be targeted. His arrogance had made him a prime target for their vengeance. A swift kick to his chest sent him sprawling backward, crashing into the thick tree with a resounding thud. The impact shattered his facade of invincibility, leaving him dazed and vulnerable. I think you should take a look at

Another member of the spying group, their movements swift as a gust of wind, launched a flurry of devastating strikes against one of the Dark Moon Clan teens. With each blow, the weight of justice crashed upon him, forcing him to the ground in a flurry of pain and desperation.

As the battle raged on, the remaining Dark Moon Clan teens struggled to defend themselves. Their exhaustion hindered their reflexes, and their once-arrogant demeanor crumbled in the face of their formidable adversaries. Blow after blow, strike after strike, the members of Alix's group fought with a unified purpose.

"Bastards, how dare you attack us, we are a member of Dark Moon Clan, the number one clan of the Azure Continent, we are invincible." one of the Dark Moon Clan teens gasped between labored breaths. "How can these weaklings overpower us?"

His opponent, a survivor of the massacred sect, sneered with vindication. "Your so-called invincibility was nothing more than delusion. Your crimes have consequences, and today you shall taste the bitter fruits of your arrogance."

With a final surge of energy, the members of Alix's group unleashed a coordinated assault. Their movements were a dance of vengeance, their attacks a symphony of retribution. Blow by blow, they dismantled the Dark Moon Clan teens, rendering them defenseless and broken.

In the end, the once-arrogant teens lay defeated on the cold ground of the forest, their bodies bruised and battered, their spirits shattered. The weight of their crimes had finally caught up to them, leaving them humiliated and stripped of their false pride.

The survivors of the massacred sect stood over their fallen foes, their faces etched with a mix of satisfaction and sorrow. They had exacted their revenge, but the pain of their losses still lingered within their hearts.

With that, the members of Alix's group disappeared into the shadows, leaving the defeated Dark Moon Clan teens. The tower stood as a testament to the clash of justice and hubris, a grim reminder that in the realm of cultivation, even the mighty can be humbled by the righteous fury of those they have wronged.

In an inn in the Eternal City, Elder Qin, received troubling news. His eyes narrowed, his face contorted with anger as the messenger relayed the information.

"Another one?" Elder Qin seethed, his voice filled with venomous rage. "How dare these country bumpkins retaliate against us? Do they not understand the power and might of the Dark Moon Clan?"

Elder Qin's hands clenched into tight fists, his nails digging into his palms. The news of yet another clan member's demise only fueled the fire of his fury. The arrogance that had once defined him waned, replaced by a primal fear that gnawed at the depths of his being.

"If Thorn, were to learn of this," Elder Qin whispered, his voice laced with fear, "he would ensure that death would be a luxury for those responsible... And for me"

As the weight of the situation settled upon him, Elder Qin's mind raced with the implications. Thorn, the right-hand man of the Dark Moon Clan, was a formidable figure known for his ruthlessness and unwavering loyalty. If he discovered the clan's vulnerability and the series of retaliatory attacks, the consequences would be dire, not only for those directly responsible but for Elder Qin himself.

Elder Qin's trembling hands reached for a nearby table, gripping it tightly as he attempted to regain control of his emotions. The room seemed to close in around him, the air heavy with a mix of anger and fear.

"We must act swiftly," Elder Qin muttered through gritted teeth. "We cannot allow this to escalate further. Thorn must not learn of our weakness."

His mind raced, formulating a plan to salvage the situation. He knew that the Dark Moon Clan couldn't afford to appear vulnerable or weakened in the eyes of their enemies.

"We will increase our surveillance," Elder Qin declared, his voice carrying a mix of desperation and determination. "Inform everyone, if they see people of three kingdoms, kill them without mercy. I don't care if they're part of Alix group or not. Also, gather information on these retaliatory forces, and strike back with unrelenting force."

"Right away, Elder Qin," the spy responded, his voice filled with a sense of urgency and deference. With a swift nod, he turned and vanished like a gust of wind, leaving the room in an eerie silence.