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Chapter 236: Garok's Secret

Gasps of surprise echoed in the chamber. Even Master Zephyr, who had been observing with keen interest, seemed taken aback by Wei Lin's revelation. Kaelar's brows furrowed with worry, realizing the gravity of the situation.

"What do you mean, Master Wei Lin?" Master Zephyr asked, concern evident in his voice.

Wei Lin looked around at the array masters and leaders, his eyes serious. "This seal is not just any ordinary formation. It seems to be connected to a powerful force, one that surpasses our understanding of cultivation arrays. It's designed to safeguard something of immense importance, and disturbing it without complete comprehension could trigger a catastrophic chain reaction."

Master Zephyr's expression turned thoughtful. "This is bad then."

Wei Lin nodded gravely. "Yes, that's a possibility. It's like treading on thin ice—once you cross a certain threshold, there's no turning back. And I fear that threshold is near."

Kaelar's mind raced as he absorbed the weight of Wei Lin's words. The situation had taken an unexpected turn, and the urgency to stabilize the seal grew even stronger.

"If we can't decipher the seal completely, how do we ensure its stability?" Althea asked, her concern mirrored in the faces of the other leaders.

Wei Lin's gaze softened with determination. "We might not be able to decipher the entire seal, but we can reinforce and stabilize the parts we do understand. I believe that with the combined efforts of all the array masters here, we can fortify it enough to buy us time."

Kaelar nodded, recognizing the wisdom in Wei Lin's approach. "Then let's focus on strengthening the parts we've managed to decipher," he said. "The Azure Continent's fate hangs in the balance, and we cannot afford to take unnecessary risks."

The other array masters nodded in agreement, accepting Wei Lin's expertise and guidance. They knew that his intuition and understanding of the seal were essential in this critical moment.

As they resumed their work, focusing on stabilizing the deciphered sections of the seal, the atmosphere in the chamber grew tense with concentration. Each array master poured their Qi into the formation, their movements precise and synchronized. It was evident that despite the challenges, they were determined to protect the Azure Continent at all costs.

In the midst of their focused efforts, the chamber's entrance opened, and the person tasked to guard it stepped in. His face wore a sour expression, and his presence elicited a mix of annoyance and displeasure.

"The clan leader of Dark Moon Clan is here," he announced, his tone sharp with irritation.

Everyone's face turned serious, and a wave of tension swept through the room. The Dark Moon Clan was known for its sinister reputation and its ambition to expand its influence over the Azure Continent. They had frequently clashed with Kaelar and Althea's sects, leading to a long-standing animosity.

Kaelar sighed inwardly but maintained his composure. "Let him come," he said, aware that the current situation called for unity, despite their differences.

Moments later, Garok, the clan leader of the Dark Moon Clan, entered the chamber. He exuded an air of arrogance and confidence, fully aware of his influence and the weight his presence carried.

"Sect Master Kaelar and Sect Master Althea, it's been a while since we last met," Garok said, his tone veiled with superiority.

Kaelar's expression remained neutral, and Althea's eyes glinted with caution. "Indeed, Garok. We find ourselves facing a formidable challenge, and we've called for a temporary truce to address this threat," Kaelar replied, choosing his words carefully.

Garok raised an eyebrow, feigning surprise. "Oh? A truce? How interesting. And what could be so dangerous that it forces even us to set our differences aside?" he asked, a sly smile playing on his lips.

"We are facing an ancient evil force that could potentially destroy the entire Azure Continent if left unchecked," Althea explained, her voice stern. "Our combined strength is required to stabilize the seal and prevent this catastrophe."

Garok's expression shifted from amusement to curiosity. "An ancient evil force, you say? Well, that does sound intriguing," he mused, his eyes darting towards the seal but quickly returning to fixate on Kaelar and Althea. "What's in it for the Dark Moon Clan? Why should we risk our resources to help you?"

Kaelar resisted the urge to snap at Garok's arrogance. Instead, he spoke diplomatically, "Helping us protect the Azure Continent will also safeguard your clan's interests. If this evil force is unleashed, it won't discriminate between factions. We all stand to lose."

Garok's smile widened, revealing a glimpse of his true intentions. "True, true. But you see, Kaelar, Althea, the Dark Moon Clan has its priorities too. If we decide to lend our strength, we expect something in return—a piece of the treasure we've been searching for in the tower."

Master Zephyr, who had been observing quietly, couldn't help but interject. "This is not the time for selfish demands, Garok. The Azure Continent is at risk, and we must work together to protect it."

The demand was not unexpected, and Kaelar knew that he couldn't give in easily. He exchanged a knowing look with Althea before responding, "A reasonable request, Garok. We can discuss the specifics after we've dealt with the immediate threat. But I must warn you, if you betray us, the consequences will be severe."

Garok chuckled, seemingly unphased by the threat. "You've always been the serious one, Kaelar. Very well, I'll consider your offer. But be prepared to sweeten the deal."

The tension in the room escalated as Kaelar and Althea reluctantly reached a tentative agreement with Garok. While they understood the risks of trusting the Dark Moon Clan, they knew that facing the unknown evil hand alone was an even greater danger.

As the negotiation continued, Garok couldn't help but steal glances at the ancient evil hand lying before him. His heartbeat quickened with excitement and anticipation, for he knew that this hand held the key to his long-sought goal.

To everyone else in the chamber, Garok's face remained composed and unreadable. They had no idea that he was not a native of the Azure Continent. In fact, Garok was an outsider who had come

to the Azure Continent in pursuit of a specific mission—to find the hand of an extremely powerful person.

His search had taken him far and wide across the continent. He had scoured every nook and cranny, even attempting to explore the forbidden areas despite the formidable guardians blocking his way. However, his efforts had been in vain, until now.

Garok had received news that the two forbidden areas had been mysteriously destroyed. He saw it as an opportunity to explore them, hoping that the hand he sought might lie hidden within. But then the miraculous tower emerged out of nowhere, diverting his attention and energies.

Garok had already given up on returning home, and just die in this poor continent. Yet, now that he stood before the ancient evil hand, he realized that his mission might finally be accomplished.

As Garok stood before the ancient evil hand, he realized that fate had intervened. He had found what he sought, right under his nose, hidden within the Azure Continent. The excitement within him was overwhelming, yet he maintained his composure, knowing that revealing his true intentions would only lead to complications.

Garok's gaze lingered on the seal, filled with anticipation and greed. He knew that deciphering the seal was beyond his abilities, but that didn't matter. He only needed the opportunity to seize the hand with a special box, when the chaos caused by the seal's instability reached its peak.

"Your offer is fair enough, Kaelar," Garok said with feigned sincerity. "But you understand that my clan's interests are of utmost importance to me. We will help you stabilize this seal, but the treasure we seek must be part of the deal."

Kaelar nodded, fully aware of Garok's manipulative nature. "Agreed. Once the threat is contained, we will discuss the specifics of the treasure you want."

Garok's smile widened. He had successfully secured his position to exploit the situation for his gain. However, as his attention shifted back to the ancient hand, he couldn't help but wonder about its true origins, and why his clan want it.

While his mind was occupied with thoughts of the hand, the array masters continued their work, strengthening the deciphered portions of the seal under Wei Lin's guidance. The urgency of the situation demanded their full focus, setting aside any personal grievances.

Garok's excitement and ambitions remained hidden behind a façade of composure and cunning. He knew that his true intentions must be kept secret until the opportune moment. As the fate of the Azure Continent hung in the balance, Garok prepared to seize any advantage that might lead him to the treasure he had sought for so long.

As the days passed, the base of Alix's Alliance flourished under the protection of the Celestial Haven. The interior of the meeting room had also undergone significant improvements. The once simple space had transformed into a grand hall, befitting the status of the alliance leaders and their esteemed vice-captains.

The meeting room now boasted intricately carved wooden panels, adorned with ancient cultivation symbols, representing the various elements. The symbols glowed faintly with a soft, ethereal light, resonating with the power of the Celestial Haven that still hovered above them.

The meeting table at the center of the room was crafted from rare celestial stone, its smooth surface reflecting the faint light of the symbols. Surrounding the table were plush, cushioned chairs, allowing the leaders and vice-captains to sit comfortably during their gatherings.