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Chapter 197 197: Lesser Devine Power (Part 2)

Alix's spiritual aura enveloped the battlefield, an unstoppable force that resonated with ancient energy. The infiltrators felt as if they were standing before a primordial deity, their feeble attempts at resistance reduced to nothingness.

As Alix advanced, his fiery gaze fixed upon the infiltrators, he spoke with a commanding authority that sent shivers down their spines. "You trespass on my base," he declared, his voice carrying a weight that echoed in their souls. "Your arrogance has brought you face-to-face with your own undoing."

The infiltrators struggled to find words, their once fierce defiance reduced to mere whispers. The leader, his voice trembling, managed to choke out a response. "We...we underestimated you," he admitted, his voice filled with a mix of fear and anger. "We had no idea the depths of your power... We were fools to challenge you."

Alix's eyes narrowed, his expression a blend of determination and mercy. "You have one chance to surrender," he offered, his voice filled with a stern resolve. "Lay down your weapons and submit. Your lives may yet be spared."

The leader of the infiltrators, his mind racing with desperation, saw a glimmer of opportunity amidst his defeat. He couldn't abandon the mission assigned by his sect, but he also knew that fighting Alix head-on would only lead to their annihilation. A crazy idea sparked in his mind—a risky gambit that could turn the tables in their favor.

With a feigned expression of surrender, the infiltrator dropped his weapon and knelt before Alix, his head bowed. The other infiltrators followed suit, mimicking his surrender in hopes of catching Alix off-guard. In their minds, they believed that showing submission would disarm Alix's vigilance and provide the perfect opening for a surprise attack.

Alix, his senses heightened by rigorous training, regarded the surrendering infiltrators with caution. He exchanged a brief glance with his vice-captains, silently communicating their readiness for any unexpected turn of events. Despite their display of submission, Alix remained on guard, unwilling to let his guard down completely.

"You've made a wise choice," Alix stated, his voice tinged with both wariness and a flicker of compassion. "We have no desire for unnecessary bloodshed. If you surrender, you will be given a chance to start anew."

The leader of the infiltrators looked up, a deceptive smile playing on his lips. "Thank you, Alix," he replied, his voice laced with deceit. "We realize now the error of our ways. We were blinded by our own pride and arrogance. We wish to make amends and seek redemption."

As Alix approached, extending a hand to help the infiltrator rise, the leader seized the opportunity. With lightning speed, he reached for a concealed weapon, intent on striking Alix while his guard was momentarily lowered.

However, Alix's instincts kicked in at the last moment. He anticipated the betrayal, swiftly sidestepping the attack and countering with a powerful palm strike. The leader's eyes widened in shock as Alix's strike connected, sending him sprawling to the ground, his weapon clattering away.

Alix stood over the fallen infiltrator, his gaze filled with disappointment and resolve. "Blame yourself, for it was your treachery that sealed your fate," Alix declared, his voice resonating with a hint of regret. "I offered you mercy, and you chose to exploit it. You have only yourself to blame for the consequences."

The remaining infiltrators, caught in the crossfire of their leader's failed ploy, watched in horror as Alix swiftly neutralized their would-be savior. Their momentary hope turned to despair, realizing that their only chance for survival had crumbled before their eyes.

The vice-captains and Alix's comrades closed in, their expressions hardened, ready to eliminate the remaining infiltrators. The battlefield, once filled with the infiltrators' arrogance, now bore witness to their shattered hopes and defeated spirits.

As the battle raged on, Alix and his group unleashed their full might upon the infiltrators, their cultivation techniques and unity overwhelming their foes. The infiltrators, stripped of their leader's deceptive strategy, found themselves outmatched.

In the end, the battle became a one-sided massacre, a stark reminder of the consequences of underestimating Alix's power and resolve. The infiltrators, defeated and broken, lay defeated upon the battlefield, their dreams of victory shattered by their own miscalculations.

Meanwhile, outside Alix's base, a group of onlookers from the Dark Moon Clan observed the unfolding events with anticipation. They were curious to see if Alix and his group could handle the middle-power faction that had infiltrated their base.

As time passed without any explosion or signs of turmoil from within the base, confusion began to cloud the minds of the Dark Moon Clan members. They exchanged puzzled glances, their expectations falling short of reality. The middle-power faction that they had assumed would overpower Alix's group seemed to have failed in their mission.

One of the Dark Moon Clan elders, a figure known for his cunning and ruthlessness, stepped forward, his gaze fixed on the unfolding spectacle. He turned to his fellow clan members and spoke with a mix of frustration and intrigue.

"Are we to believe that this middle-power faction has failed to even scratch the surface of Alix's strength?" he mused, his voice laced with skepticism. "The rumors about his power might hold some truth after all."

Whispers of doubt and disbelief spread among the Dark Moon Clan members. "How could this be?" one of them murmured. "Are Alix and his group truly that powerful? Have we underestimated them?"

Another member, his voice filled with skepticism, chimed in, "Perhaps the rumors of Alix's strength were not mere exaggerations. It seems we might have underestimated this Three Kingdoms bumpkin."

The elder raised a hand, silencing the murmurs. His eyes gleamed with a newfound determination, fueled by the prospect of a worthy opponent. "This changes nothing," he declared, his voice firm and resolute. "We will proceed with our plan and snatch the treasure from this middle-power faction. We shall not be deterred by a setback."

The others nodded in agreement, their initial confusion giving way to a renewed sense of purpose. The Dark Moon Clan was not known for their mercy or adherence to rules. They were ruthless and cunning, willing to resort to any means necessary to achieve their goals.

With a newfound resolve, the Dark Moon Clan members quietly retreated into the shadows.

The next day, Alix gathered his group for a meeting, the events from the previous night fresh in their minds. As the members assembled, their expressions reflected a boiling anger, fueled by the audacity of those who had dared to infiltrate their base. Alix's voice cut through the tense silence, commanding attention and respect.

"Yesterday night, our base was invaded by a faction from the Azure Continent," Alix began, his voice carrying a hint of controlled fury. "They underestimated our strength and paid the price for their arrogance. However, I believe this was just a random faction seeking to covet the treasure I won in the auction."

Murmurs of agreement rippled through the room, accompanied by clenched fists and determined glares. The members shared Alix's conviction that more factions would come seeking their treasure.

Alix continued, his voice firm and resolute. "We cannot afford to let our guard down. We must stay on high alert and fortify our defenses. The Azure Continent is vast, and there are countless factions who would stop at nothing to claim what we possess. We may not have chosen this path, but we have no choice but to face them head-on."

His words ignited a fire within the hearts of his comrades, their anger now transformed into a steely determination. They understood the gravity of the situation and the imminent danger that lay ahead. The Dark Moon Clan was a force to be reckoned with, and crossing paths with them was not a prospect they took lightly.

One member, his voice filled with skepticism, spoke up, "Captain, the Dark Moon Clan is known for their ruthless nature and immense power. Are we truly prepared to face them?"

Alix met the member's gaze, his eyes ablaze with unwavering resolve. "We may be considered mere country bumpkins in their eyes, but we possess strength, unity, and a will that cannot be extinguished. The Azure Continent will bear witness to our determination. We may not have chosen this path, but we will face whatever comes our way, no matter how formidable."

His words resonated with each member, stirring their spirits and reinforcing their commitment to the cause. They knew the road ahead would be treacherous, but they also knew they possessed the power to withstand it.

With a final glance around the room, Alix's voice rang out, filled with conviction. "For the honor of our group and the protection of what is rightfully ours, we will stand together as one. Let the Azure Continent tremble in the face of our strength!"

Cheers erupted, a symphony of defiance and determination, as Alix's group prepared to face the challenges that awaited them. They would not be cowed by the Dark Moon Clan or any other faction that dared to threaten their treasure.

Just as the atmosphere in the meeting room reached its peak, a knock echoed through the door, momentarily interrupting the intense discussion. The group turned their attention towards the entrance, curious about the unexpected visitor.

Alix raised his hand, signaling for a moment of silence. "Enter," he called out, his voice steady but tinged with curiosity.

The door swung open, revealing a figure standing in the doorway. It was Feng, a respected cultivator and a new leader of the Harmony Alliance, one of the top groups in the Eternal City. A sense of relief washed over the room as they recognized their close friend.