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Chapter 144 144: Arrive At The Boss Room

But the hobgoblin was no ordinary opponent. With a roar, it tapped into its earth cultivation techniques, summoning earthen spikes from the ground. The sharp projectiles shot toward Leon, threatening to impale him.

Leon, however, was quick to react. He twisted his body, evading the incoming spikes with nimble footwork. The flames that surrounded him danced in sync with his movements, shielding him from harm. Undeterred, he pressed on, launching another devastating strike toward the hobgoblin.

Their battle continued, the clash of fire and earth resonating through the chamber. Leon's fiery attacks surged with relentless determination, each blow carrying the weight of his grief and vengeance. The hobgoblin, desperate to defend itself, utilized its earth techniques to create barriers and launch counterattacks.

Their clash of techniques illuminated the chamber, casting flickering shadows on the stone walls. The air crackled with elemental energy as Leon and the hobgoblin fought with all their might. The cave trembled under the sheer force of their battle, threatening to crumble under the intensity of their cultivation powers.

Alix watched from a distance, his heart heavy with sorrow for his fallen comrade and his trust placed in Leon's capable hands. He knew that intervening would only disrupt the delicate balance of the fight. Alix held back, conserving his strength for the imminent encounter with the boss, knowing that Leon's fiery determination would burn through any obstacle in his path.

As the battle between Leon and the hobgoblin raged on, the chamber became a battleground of fire and earth, a testament to the indomitable spirit of cultivation. The outcome remained uncertain, but Leon's resolve burned brighter than ever, fueling his every strike as he fought to avenge the loss of his beloved Liara.

As the battle between Leon and the hobgoblin reached its climax, the chamber became a maelstrom of fire and earth. Their techniques clashed with immense force, creating shockwaves that reverberated through the air. Flames danced and licked at the ground, while rocks and debris were sent flying in every direction.

Leon, his eyes ablaze with determination, summoned his inner strength and tapped into the depths of his fire cultivation. He drew upon his most powerful technique, the Crimson Inferno, a devastating display of flame manipulation.

With a focused mind and intense concentration, Leon channeled his fiery energy into his palms, causing them to glow with a vibrant crimson hue. The flames intensified, growing hotter and brighter with each passing moment.

As the hobgoblin launched another barrage of earth spikes, Leon met the assault head-on. He thrust his palms forward, releasing a torrent of scorching flames in a concentrated beam. The Crimson Inferno tore through the air, searing everything in its path and obliterating the incoming projectiles.

The sight was awe-inspiring. The beam of fire roared like a mighty dragon, leaving a trail of scorched earth in its wake. The intense heat radiated outward, causing the air to shimmer and distort.

The hobgoblin, caught off guard by the sheer ferocity of Leon's ultimate technique, struggled to evade the searing flames. Its earth defenses crumbled under the relentless assault, and its body was engulfed in a blazing inferno.

Leon seized the opportunity. With a burst of speed, he closed the distance between himself and the hobgoblin, his movements accompanied by a blazing afterimage. He unleashed a flurry of fiery punches and kicks, each strike a testament to his burning resolve.

The chamber erupted with explosions of fire and earth as Leon's attacks collided with the hobgoblin's desperate attempts to defend itself. The sheer force of their clash sent shockwaves rippling through the chamber, causing the walls to crack and crumble.

The hobgoblin, now weakened and battered, struggled to keep up with Leon's relentless assault. Its earth defenses were reduced to mere ashes, and its movements became sluggish and disjointed.

Sensing victory within reach, Leon gathered the last remnants of his strength for a final, decisive blow. He raised his hands high above his head, summoning all the fire energy he could muster.

"Flame's Embrace!" he cried out, his voice filled with raw determination.

The chamber erupted into an inferno as Leon unleashed his most devastating technique. A vortex of searing flames formed around him, spinning faster and faster, until it transformed into a massive fiery tornado.

With a mighty roar, Leon thrust his hands forward, directing the tornado of fire toward the hobgoblin. The Flame's Embrace tore through the air, leaving a blazing trail in its wake.

The hobgoblin, trapped within the swirling vortex of fire, let out a deafening shriek of agony as its body was consumed by the all-consuming flames. Its form flickered and wavered, gradually disintegrating into ashes.

As the flames subsided, the chamber fell into an eerie silence. Leon stood amidst the charred remnants of his fallen adversary, his breathing heavy and labored. His clothes were singed, and his body was covered in burns and scratches.

Exhausted and injured, Leon slowly lowered his arms, the fire within him gradually dissipating. He had avenged Liara's death, but the price had been steep.

"You did it, Leon," Alix said, his voice filled with pride. "You avenged her."

Leon's chest heaved as he stared at the ashes that once embodied the formidable hobgoblin. A mix of triumph and remorse coursed through his veins. He turned to face Alix, his eyes filled with a hint of regret. "I'm sorry," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "I didn't stick to the plan. I lost control."

Alix stepped forward, placing a hand on Leon's shoulder. "It's okay," he said reassuringly. "You did what you had to do. Liara would be proud."

Leon shook his head, his gaze fixed on the ground. "No," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I should have listened to you. I should have followed the plan."

Alix squeezed Leon's shoulder gently. "You can't blame yourself," he said. "We both knew that this battle was going to be tough. You did what you had to do as a man. And as for the leader of the hobgoblins, you don't have to worry. I alone can defeat it."

Leon's eyes flickered with a mix of gratitude and determination as he looked at Alix. "Thank you, Alix. Your words mean a lot to me," he said, his voice filled with a newfound resolve. "But we can't afford to waste any more time. Look around us. Our comrades are still fighting, and the casualties are mounting. We need to push forward, to the boss room. I may be injured, but I can still fight. You know my stubborn personality. We can't let any more lives be lost."

Alix nodded, understanding the urgency in Leon's words. "You're right," he replied. "We can't let their sacrifices be in vain. We'll make our way to the boss room. Together, we'll face whatever awaits us."

With an unspoken agreement, Alix turned to the other vice-captains, his voice projecting across the chamber. "Listen up, everyone!" he called out. "Leon and I will proceed to the boss room. Take charge of your respective battles and hold the line. We'll join you as soon as we can."

The vice-captains, still engaged in their own fights, momentarily paused and turned their attention to Alix. They exchanged determined glances, understanding the gravity of the situation. One by one, they nodded in acknowledgment, accepting the responsibility entrusted to them.

Alix locked eyes with Leon once more, his gaze filled with unwavering trust. "Let's go, Leon," he said. "We'll face the boss together and put an end to this. For Liara and for all our fallen comrades."

Leon's injuries throbbed with pain, but he pushed the discomfort aside, his fiery determination reigniting within him. He nodded, his eyes reflecting a newfound sense of purpose. "Let's do it, Alix," he replied, his voice resolute. "For them."

With their minds focused and their hearts united, Leon and Alix set forth, their steps echoing through the cave as they made their way towards the boss room. The battles raged on around them, but their determination remained unwavering. They would face whatever awaited them, standing as a beacon of hope amidst the chaos, fueled by their shared mission and the memories of those they had lost.

Alix and Leon swiftly made their way through the winding corridors, their footsteps echoing against the stone walls. It didn't take long for them to reach the entrance of the boss room. The heavy wooden door loomed before them, emanating an aura of foreboding.

Leon took a deep breath, steadying himself, and pushed open the door. The sight that greeted them was a vast, open space that resembled a cave. Stalactites and stalagmites jutted out from the ceiling and floor, casting eerie shadows across the cavernous expanse.

Inside the boss room, Ghorm, the formidable leader of the hobgoblins, was already aware of their arrival. The ground rumbled beneath their feet as a low growl reverberated through the chamber. To their astonishment, a giant gray wolf, Ghorm's loyal companion, and fierce ally, stood by his side, ready to defend their shared dominion.

Leon glanced at Alix, his eyes filled with determination. "This won't be an easy battle," he remarked, his voice tinged with a mix of caution and anticipation. "But we've come too far to turn back now. We'll face this bastard and his wolf head-on."

"So you've come," Ghorm boomed, his voice echoing across the chamber. "I've been expecting you."

Leon and Alix tensed, ready for a fight. As a leader of the goblins and hobgoblins, they knew they couldn't afford to underestimate him.

"We're here to make you taste the bitterness of death," Alix said, his voice steady and unwavering.

Ghorm let out a deep, guttural laugh, his eyes gleaming with a twisted amusement. "Taste the bitterness of death?" he mocked, his voice dripping with arrogance. "I've already tasted death once, and it did nothing to quell my hunger for power. But I'll gladly show you what true power looks like."