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Chapter 147 147: A Clash That Shake The Cave

He executed a swift backflip, effortlessly evading Ghorm's attack, and landed with unwavering determination. Flames once again ignited on his palms, but this time they burned with controlled intensity.

"Now, Ghorm," Alix declared, his voice steady and resolute, "you shall witness the true power of my fire monkey techniques."

With a primal roar, Alix lunged forward, his movements a perfect fusion of grace and power. He deftly weaved through Ghorm's earth spikes, his agility surpassing even his berserk state. Each strike he delivered was precise and calculated, fueled by his mastery over fire cultivation.

Flames erupted upon impact, scorching Ghorm's defenses and leaving trails of smoke in their wake. The hobgoblin leader struggled to keep up, realizing that his earth techniques were ineffective against Alix's renewed focus and control.

Now composed, Alix concentrated his fire monkey techniques into a devastating attack.

Known as the Blaze Palm, Alix's technique involved channeling his fire cultivation into his fists, creating searing flames that coated his strikes. Each punch and kick carried the intensity of a raging inferno, leaving behind a trail of scorched earth and smoldering debris.

As Alix closed in on Ghorm, he executed a series of swift and precise movements, his fiery fists launching a relentless barrage of devastating strikes. He combined his agility and speed with the explosive power of his Blaze Palm, overwhelming Ghorm's defenses with a relentless fire-infused onslaught.

Ghorm, now realizing the true extent of Alix's newfound control, grew desperate. He called upon his earth cultivation, channeling it into an offensive technique known as Earthquake Slam. The ground beneath them shuddered violently as Ghorm's palms pressed against the earth, causing massive fissures to form, and large rocks and boulders to rise from the ground.

Undeterred, Alix leaped into the air, his body surrounded by a nimbus of flames. He unleashed his second technique, the Ember Cyclone, spinning rapidly as he descended. The swirling flames formed a cyclone of scorching heat, devouring the incoming rocks and reducing them to rubble.

The clash between the Ember Cyclone and the Earthquake Slam created a spectacle of opposing forces. The intense heat from Alix's technique evaporated the rocks in its path, while Ghorm's earth energy attempted to quell the raging flames. The resulting clash created a massive shockwave that reverberated throughout the cavern, sending tremors rippling through the ground.

The cyclone of fire and the quaking earth clashed with explosive force, creating a maelstrom of swirling flames and crumbling rock. The chamber was bathed in a mesmerizing interplay of red and brown as the clash intensified, with neither combatant willing to yield an inch.

With eyes glowing with determination, Alix pushed forward, his Ember Cyclone growing in size and intensity. The flames burned hotter and brighter, their ferocity reaching new heights. The cyclone expanded, enveloping the crumbling rocks and Ghorm's desperate attempts to control the earth beneath them.

Ghorm, struggling to maintain his ground, fought back with a final act of defiance. He unleashed his ultimate offensive technique, the Earth Shattering Fist. With a fierce punch, he sent a shockwave of earth hurtling towards Alix, determined to end the fight once and for all.

The clash between Ghorm's Earth Shattering Fist and Alix's expanding Ember Cyclone unleashed a cataclysmic burst of energy. The resulting shockwave rippled through the chamber, shattering the remaining rocks and causing the ground to rupture. Dust and debris filled the air, obscuring the vision of the spectators who dared to witness the titanic clash of techniques.

Shortly after the clash, the Ember Cyclone vanished like a bubble, continuing its trajectory straight towards Alix.

As the shockwave of earth approached, Alix braced himself, his fiery gaze fixed on Ghorm. He channeled the remaining strength within him, fully aware that this clash would determine the outcome of their battle.

With a resolute cry, Alix unleashed his most powerful technique—the Inferno Nova. Flames surged from his entire body, forming a radiant aura of scorching heat that blazed with an otherworldly intensity. The ground beneath him cracked and split as the sheer force of his fire cultivation expanded.

The Inferno Nova collided with the Earth Shattering Fist, resulting in an explosion of unimaginable magnitude. The clash sent shockwaves rippling through the chamber, disintegrating rocks and shattering stalactites above.

A towering pillar of fire and earth erupted, reaching towards the cavern ceiling. The swirling inferno clashed against the powerful shockwave of earth, creating a mesmerizing display of contrasting elements. Flames danced and twirled, desperately fighting against the earth's unyielding strength.

The entire chamber trembled under the force of the collision. The ground quaked, threatening to give way under the immense strain. The air crackled with energy as the clash continued, with neither side relenting.

But gradually, Alix's Inferno Nova began to overpower Ghorm's Earth Shattering Fist. The flames intensified, consuming the earth's energy and pushing it back with an unstoppable force. The pillar of fire expanded, reaching new heights, while the earth's resistance weakened.

Wide-eyed with disbelief, Ghorm realized his defeat was inevitable. The overwhelming power of Alix's Inferno Nova consumed his offensive technique, leaving him defenseless against the surging flames.

In a final burst of flames, Alix's Inferno Nova triumphed. The pillar of fire erupted in a colossal explosion, engulfing Ghorm and the remnants of his earth techniques. The chamber shook violently, rocks crumbling and dust swirling in the air.

When the flames subsided and the dust settled, silence enveloped the chamber. Alix stood amidst the aftermath of their clash, his chest heaving with exhaustion. The battle was over, and Ghorm lay defeated, his body scorched and broken.

As Alix surveyed the scene, he felt the exhilaration of victory coursing through his veins. However, his triumph was short-lived as he realized that Ghorm's body, along with the massive wolf, had vanished, leaving no trace behind.

Alix sensed an unusual surge of energy within himself, a surge that he recognized as the cultivation essence of the creatures he had slain. In this dungeon, defeating powerful monsters granted cultivators a surge of energy, propelling them towards breakthroughs in their cultivation journey.

Realizing the opportunity that lay before him, Alix's exhaustion was momentarily forgotten. He quickly found a suitable spot in the boss room and sat down, crossing his legs and entering a meditative state. With his mind focused and his heart calm, he allowed the newfound energy to flow through him, guiding it to nourish and strengthen his cultivation.

Minutes turned into hours as Alix delved deeper into his breakthrough. The energy surged within him, sweeping away the remaining fatigue and igniting his inner fire. The flames of his cultivation blazed brighter, reaching new heights as he pushed the boundaries of his own potential.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Alix opened his eyes, a radiant light shimmering within them. He could sense the transformation that had occurred within him, the breakthrough that had elevated his cultivation to new realms. With newfound strength and determination, Alix rose to his feet, ready to face the challenges that awaited him.

He ascended to become a Golden Core cultivator, a pinnacle that marked him as the strongest individual in the three kingdoms. However, Alix was not blind to the transient nature of his newfound power. He understood that, with the existence of the dungeon, the significance of the Golden Core stage would gradually diminish.

After catching his breath and collecting his thoughts, Alix turned his attention to the sealed door that separated him from the ongoing battle outside. With a renewed sense of purpose, he approached the door and attempted to open it. To his surprise, it refused to budge, as if it was fortified with an impenetrable barrier.

Frustration and urgency welled up within him. Alix tried using his fire monkey techniques to destroy the door, but to his dismay, not even a scratch appeared on its surface. It was clear that brute force alone would not grant him access to the outside world.

Just as despair threatened to take hold, a burst of energy erupted at the center of the boss room. Alix's attention snapped towards the emergence of a teleportation array, shimmering with mystical symbols. He studied it intently, sensing an opportunity beckoning from beyond.

Curiosity mingled with caution as he contemplated his next move. He knew little about the second floor, the necropolis, but he was driven by an unyielding spirit to press forward. The desire to reunite with his comrades and aid them in their struggle fueled his resolve.

Stepping closer to the teleportation array, Alix's gaze hardened. His voice echoed with determination as he spoke to himself, "The path ahead may be unknown, but my cultivation journey demands that I venture forth. I shall face whatever challenges lie in the necropolis with unwavering courage."

With a decisive step, Alix stepped onto the teleportation array. A surge of energy enveloped him, transporting him away from the boss room and into the unknown depths of the second floor. As the world around him shifted and transformed, Alix prepared himself for the trials that awaited him in the necropolis.

Upon arrival, he found himself in a desolate realm, devoid of life. The air felt heavy with the scent of decay, and the landscape stretched out as a barren wasteland. Alix's eyes widened in realization as he surveyed his surroundings, understanding that he had entered a world where death reigned supreme.

Alix stood there for a moment, taking in the eerie atmosphere of the necropolis. His mind raced with thoughts of how to proceed. As he reached for his Returner Stone, hoping to teleport back outside, a sudden message resounded in his mind, causing his expression to sour.