

I Created 75

Chapter 75 75: Fought Like A Cornered Beast (Part 2)

And then he saw it. The Opening Qi hobgoblin, towering over the other goblins, its eyes fixed on Arnoux with a look of pure hatred.

'This is it for me... I just hope my family won't be affected too much by my death.' Arnoux thought with a helpless smile.

Arnoux knew this was it. This was the end of the line for him. But he refused to go down without a fight.

He charged towards the hobgoblin, his fists blazing with energy, you can even see a spark of fire in it. The hobgoblin swung its massive club at him, but Arnoux ducked under the blow and landed a devastating uppercut to its chin.

"FUCKER!!! This is for Nox!!!" Arnoux blurted out, although he knows the hobgoblins can't understand him

The hobgoblin stumbled back making it dizzy for a second, but it recovered quickly, its eyes glowing with rage. It swung its club again, and Arnoux barely managed to dodge it. He could feel his strength ebbing away, and he knew he had to end this quickly.

With one final burst of energy, Arnoux launched himself at the hobgoblin, striking it with a flurry of punches and kicks. The hobgoblin tried to fight back, but it was no match for Arnoux's speed and agility.

And then, with a final, desperate blow, Arnoux struck the hobgoblin in the chest, sending it flying backwards. It crashed into the ground with a thud, and Arnoux collapsed to his knees, panting and exhausted.

He knew he was dying, but he didn't care. He had done what he set out to do. He had protected his son and friends, and he had killed an Opening Qi hobgoblin.

That itself is a great achievement for him, his last and greatest achievement.

As he took his last breath, Arnoux smiled, knowing that he had done the right thing. He had fought with all his heart and soul, and he had died a hero for his family.

The goblins and hobgoblins didn't retreat and become more aggressive instead, they started swinging their clubs at Arnoux's lifeless body. Eventually, they stopped seeing Arnoux was a hundred percent dead

The entrance to the dungeon flickered with light as Alix's group emerged from it, their faces grim and somber.

The people gathered around them, gasping as they saw the group battered and injured. They whispered to each other, wondering what could have happened to them inside the dungeon.

"What happens to Alix's group?" one person whispered to their companion.

"Look at the wounds on their bodies, they must have been in a fierce battle," another person said.

The whispers continued, each person trying to piece together what had happened inside the dungeon. Alix's group, meanwhile, remained silent, each lost in their own thoughts and memories of the battle they had just fought.

They knew that they had faced incredible danger, and they were only alive right now, thanks in no small part to the sacrifice of Arnoux.

Alix was still clinging to the small hope that Arnoux will emerge out of the dungeon seriously injured but still alive.

But as they looked at each other, their eyes betrayed the truth that they all knew deep down. Arnoux was gone, and he wasn't coming back.

deep down, Alix knew the truth. His father was gone, and he had given his life to protect them.

The thought was unbearable. Alix felt his heart breaking as he thought of all the moments, the bond him and his father shared together. Arnoux, was not just his father, but also like a close friend, a great father who had stood by him through thick and thin.

Now he was gone, and Alix was left with a gaping hole in his heart. He couldn't imagine a future without his father supporting him, by his side.

And now, how was he going to tell this to his mother?

Alix's heart felt heavy as he thought of his mother. How would she cope with the news of his father's death? How would she live without him by her side? He didn't know how he was going to break the news to her, but he knew he had to do it.

As Alix and his group made their way back to the village, the weight of their loss hung heavy over them. They walked in silence, each lost in their own thoughts, mourning the loss of their friend and comrade.

Alix couldn't help but feel a deep sense of loss and emptiness. He tried to push back the tears, but they threatened to spill out at any moment.

As they were nearing the village, All the village including his mother were waiting for them at the entrance. She had a hopeful expression on her face, but it quickly faded as she saw the group's injuries and the somber looks on their faces.

Everyone immediately approached them with a worried look. His mother looked him up and down, trying to find a serious injury.

"Are you ok?!! Are you seriously injured... And wait, where is your father? How dare he let you get this injured?"

Alix was just seventeen years old, that's why at first, she wouldn't let Arnoux bring Alix with him. But Arnoux eventually convinced her that he would protect their sonm at all costs.

"Where is your father?" She asked again, seeing that Alix didn't respond.

Alix took a deep breath, steeling himself for what he had to say.

"Mom, I'm so sorry," he began, his voice choked with emotion. "Dad...he didn't make it."

His mother's face turned pale, and she stumbled backwards as if struck by a blow. Alix rushed to her side, trying to support her as she struggled to comprehend what had just happened.

"No, no, it can't be true," she whispered, her eyes filling with tears. "He promised he would always come back to us."

Alix hugged his mother tightly, feeling her tears soak into his shoulder. They both wept for what felt like an eternity, mourning the loss of a beloved husband and father.