

I Created 143

Chapter 143 143: All Out War (Part 4)

Jin, a master of wind manipulation, faced off against a particularly agile hobgoblin. He summoned a cyclone of swirling winds, using its force to disrupt his opponent's movements. The hobgoblin, struggling against the powerful gusts, found itself at a disadvantage. Jin capitalized on this opportunity, darting in with swift and precise strikes, his fists empowered by the might of the wind.

As the vice-captains fought on, the chamber echoed with the clash of weapons and the resounding impact of powerful strikes. The hobgoblins fought back with ferocity, their spiked clubs whirling through the air, leaving behind a trail of destruction. But the cultivators, driven by their unwavering determination and their training in the art of cultivation, met their adversaries blow for blow.

Aria, the master of illusions, employed her skills to confuse and disorient the remaining hobgoblins. She weaved intricate illusions that distorted their perception, causing them to stumble and lose focus. As the hobgoblins swung their clubs blindly, Aria seized the opportunity to strike, conjuring flames that danced along her fingertips. She unleashed a barrage of fireballs, each finding its mark and weakening the hobgoblins' defenses.

Alix and Leon, observing the ongoing battles, felt a surge of pride mixed with urgency. They knew they had to join the fray soon, but they also had to trust in the abilities of their vice-captains. Their village's hopes rested on the shoulders of these formidable cultivators.

"Aria, keep them off balance!" Leon called out, his voice projecting across the chamber. "We're counting on you!"

Alix's voice added, his tone commanding. "Zam, Eryx, Nox, Kato, Feng, Jin! Keep pressing forward! We're not far from the boss room!"

With a collective nod, the vice-captains redoubled their efforts. They fought with renewed determination, their movements precise and their attacks calculated. The hobgoblins, weakened and disoriented, struggled to maintain their ground.

The tide of battle began to turn in favor of the cultivators. One by one, the hobgoblins fell, their defenses shattered and their bodies battered. The vice-captains fought valiantly, their skills honed through years of training and their spirits fueled by the unwavering camaraderie they shared.

But in the midst of the chaos, a sudden shift occurred. A hulking figure emerged from the shadows, its aura pulsating with immense power. It was a late-stage Qi Gathering hobgoblin, a formidable opponent that had been lying in wait, biding its time. Its eyes gleamed with malicious intent as it locked its gaze on Liara, who stood a few paces away, her blades still alight with energy.

With lightning speed, the hobgoblin dashed toward Liara, moving so swiftly that it appeared to teleport in front of her. Before anyone could react, its spiked club descended with deadly precision, striking Liara with a single devastating blow. A gasp of shock escaped the lips of the surrounding cultivators as Liara crumpled to the ground, her life force extinguished in an instant.

Leon's eyes widened in horror as he witnessed the brutal demise of his beloved girlfriend. Rage surged through his veins, transforming him into a force of unbridled fury. With a primal roar, he lunged at the hobgoblin like a mad beast, his cultivation technique ablaze with power.

"Liara!" he roared, his voice resonating with a mix of grief and righteous fury. "You will pay for what you've done!"

His cultivation surged within him, empowering his every strike. His fists were wreathed in crackling energy as he pummeled the hobgoblin with an onslaught of blows, each strike fueled by his burning desire for vengeance. The air crackled around him as he fought with the ferocity of a wild beast unleashed.

The hobgoblin, momentarily caught off guard by Leon's relentless assault, staggered under the barrage. Its thick hide showed signs of cracking under the sheer force of the vice-captain's attacks. But it was far from defeated, and it retaliated with a vicious swing of its spiked club, aiming to crush Leon in a single strike.

Leon's reflexes, honed through countless battles, kicked in. He twisted his body, narrowly evading the deadly blow. Without missing a beat, he channeled his cultivation energy into his legs, propelling himself forward with blinding speed. He closed the distance between him and the hobgoblin, delivering a flurry of strikes that targeted the creature's exposed joints and weak points.

"You dare take her from me!" Leon's voice echoed through the chamber, laced with a mix of grief and determination. "I will make you pay for every drop of blood shed!"

His attacks intensified, fueled by an insatiable thirst for vengeance. The chamber reverberated with the clash of his fists against the hobgoblin's hulking form. The ground shook beneath them, trembling under the sheer force of their battle.

As the hobgoblin retaliated, Leon's fiery determination ignited his cultivation technique. Flames surged from his body, engulfing his fists and transforming into blazing infernos. The intense heat radiated through the chamber, adding to the already charged atmosphere.

The hobgoblin, recognizing the shift in Leon's power, responded in kind. It stomped the ground with a mighty force, causing pillars of earth to erupt from beneath. Rocks and debris soared into the air, forming a protective barrier around the hobgoblin, shielding it from Leon's fiery onslaught.

Undeterred, Leon channeled his fire cultivation technique into a focused torrent, directing it with precision. Spiraling flames converged into a concentrated blast, capable of cutting through stone and melting metal. With a mighty thrust, Leon unleashed his signature move, the Inferno Palm.

The searing wave of fire surged forward, colliding with the hobgoblin's earthen shield. The intense heat disintegrated the rocks, creating a breach in its defense. The hobgoblin, now vulnerable, momentarily exposed itself.

"Die!" Leon's voice boomed, his eyes blazing with a fiery determination. He propelled himself forward, closing the distance in an instant. His fists, wreathed in flames, became blurs of motion as he unleashed a series of rapid strikes upon the hobgoblin's exposed form.

Each punch carried the force of a raging inferno, causing the air to ripple and distort with the intensity of his attacks. The hobgoblin, now trapped within Leon's relentless assault, found itself overwhelmed by the searing flames that consumed its defenses.