

## I Created 263

### Chapter 263: Goblin Vs. Demon (part 1)

Argon sat upon a dragon throne, his eyes gleaming with an unholy fervor. Beside him stood Isadora, his loyal aide, her presence an extension of his dark authority.

Before the throne, Isadora, knelt with her head bowed, her voice laden with a mixture of reverence and dread as she reported, "My lord, all the goblins have been successfully deployed. They have razed more than thirty villages to the ground, leaving only ashes and despair in their wake."

Argon's crimson eyes gleamed with a sinister satisfaction, his fingers steepled in front of him. "Excellent, Isadora. The path of chaos and destruction unfolds before us, a symphony of suffering that shall herald our supremacy."

Isadora nodded, her voice almost a whisper. "Yes, my lord. The Azure Continent quakes in fear, and the humans and demons alike, cower before your might."

Argon leaned forward, his gaze piercing through Isadora. "The humans believe they have faced the worst of their nightmares, but little do they know that their true tormentors are yet to reveal themselves."

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As Argon reveled in the terror his goblins had wrought upon the Azure Continent, the scene shifted to the demon horde's approaching on the first unsuspecting village. They had been ordered to obliterate every village in their path, and they were determined to follow through on this sinister command.

A horde of a thousand low demons, led by a ruthless commander, descended upon the village. They had expected an easy massacre, but what they found was a chilling surprise. The village lay in ruins, its homes reduced to smoldering rubble, and an eerie silence hung in the air.

Amidst the devastation, the demons saw the green-skinned creatures, feasting upon the remains of the villagers. Shock and confusion rippled through their ranks as they beheld this gruesome spectacle. One of the demons, a subordinate, couldn't contain his astonishment and blurted out, "What the hell are these creatures?"

Their leader, a demon tasked with leading this unholy group, reacted with anger and indignation. He bellowed, "Kill everyone! How dare these bastards kill our prey!" The demons, eager to regain their dominance, surged forward, their malicious intent renewed.

The ensuing battle was a chaotic frenzy of blood and magic, with the demons driven by their anger, and the goblins fighting with desperate ferocity.

Amidst the swirling chaos, the goblins rode atop their formidable wolf companions, their green-skinned bodies moving with astonishing agility. They brandished crude weapons, swords, and spears, and their eyes blazed with a fiery determination.

A hobgoblin atop a massive black wolf lunged at a demon, his blade slashing through the air. With a deft strike, he cleaved the demon's arm, causing it to howl in agony. The demon retaliated with a burst of dark energy, but the goblin, with an acrobatic twist, dodged the attack, and his wolf lunged forward to snap at the demon's throat.

Elsewhere, a group of goblins fought as a tight-knit unit. They formed a defensive formation, their wolf mounts creating a barrier with their massive bodies. As the demons charged, the goblins' spears struck like lightning, impaling several of their foes. The wolves' powerful jaws closed on demon limbs, tearing them apart.

Despite their smaller numbers, the goblins' fierce determination and their bond with their wolf mounts allowed them to hold their ground. They moved in coordinated strikes, taking advantage of their swiftness and agility. With every swing of their weapons and every snap of their wolves' jaws, more demons fell.

The demon commander, enraged by the audacity of these green-skinned creatures, entered the fray himself. He was a hulking figure, his body adorned with menacing spikes and armored plating. With a massive, serrated sword, he cut a path through the goblins, his dark aura radiating dread.

A hobgoblin warrior, recognizing the danger, confronted the demon commander. He circled the towering demon, his wolf companion growling in readiness. With astonishing speed, the goblin darted in, striking at the demon's exposed joints and chinks in his armor. The demon roared in pain, but his retaliation was swift and brutal. He swung his colossal sword, and with a single blow, he sent the goblin and his wolf tumbling.

As the battle raged on, the numbers of both goblins and demons dwindled. The battlefield was a tableau of carnage and desperation. Goblins and wolves fought side by side, their unwavering spirit a testament to their determination to protect their homeland.

Despite being outnumbered nearly three to one, the goblins had inflicted heavy casualties upon the demon horde. The ground was littered with the fallen, a haunting reminder of the ferocity of the battle.

As the battlefield finally began to settle, the demon leader, his armor stained with the blood of both allies and enemies, couldn't contain his simmering rage at the outcome. He turned to one of the demons, a demon with blood-red eyes, and his voice seethed with anger.

"What in the abyss is happening here?" he growled, his eyes blazing with fury as he watched his forces falter against the goblin onslaught. "These creatures, a mere hundred of them, have slain more than two hundred of our brethren! This is unacceptable!"

A demon, recognizing the urgency in their leader's voice, stepped forward and bowed deeply. "Sir, what are your orders?"

The demon leader's voice was laced with irritation as he barked out his command. "You, go back to our stronghold immediately! Report everything that has transpired here. Inform them of this unforeseen resistance and the losses we've suffered. They must send reinforcements at once!"

The demon nodded, his fear of the leader's wrath eclipsed by the urgency of the situation. "Yes, sir. I will make haste and ensure our superiors are informed."

With that, the demon turned and sprinted away from the battlefield, leaving behind the chaos and carnage, on a mission to deliver the grim news of their encounter with the tenacious goblin defenders.

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Ghorm, the imposing leader of the goblins and hobgoblins, stood amidst the smoldering ruins of the recently destroyed town. His eyes, crimson like molten fire, surveyed the scene with a mix of satisfaction and vigilance. His massive wolf, its fur a blend of mottled gray and brown, stood loyally at his side, its keen eyes scanning the surroundings for any signs of danger.

Ghorm's keen senses picked up on the distant cries of his fallen kin, and his brow furrowed in concern. "That's a staggering number of goblins," he muttered, his voice gruff with a hint of grim determination. "It can only mean one thing - the demons His Lord warned us about have arrived."

His massive wolf, its fur streaked with the blood of their enemies, nuzzled against him, seeking comfort amidst the grim aftermath. Ghorm's hand moved gently along its fur, a silent reassurance passed between them.

Beside Ghorm, a sturdy hobgoblin, bearing the scars of countless battles, regarded him with a mixture of respect and anticipation. "Lord Ghorm," he rumbled, his voice a deep rumble, "what are your orders?"

Ghorm's eyes remained fixed on the horizon, where the ominous presence of the approaching demons loomed. "For now," he declared, his voice carrying the weight of experience, "we hold our ground. His Lord's orders were clear - we wait here. The demons will come to us, and we shall give them a welcome they won't soon forget."

The hobgoblin nodded, a fierce glint in his eyes. "As you command, Lord Ghorm. We shall stand vigilant."