

I Created 264

Chapter 264: Goblin Vs. Demon (part 2)

The demons continued their expedition to destroy all the villages, but every time they saw one, it was already destroyed by the goblins, so they kept on fighting the goblins, until in the third village

The demon captain, his armor marred with the residue of previous battles, gazed grimly upon the approaching village. Beside him, another demon who was second only to him in terms of strength stood in silent readiness, the weight of their mission pressing upon them. They had been ordered to destroy every village in their path, to pave the way for their dark lord's conquest.

As they descended upon the third village, a tense anticipation hung in the air. But to their astonishment, the village lay in ruins, just like the ones before it. Scattered goblin bodies bore testament to the battle that had taken place here.

The demon captain clenched his fist, anger smoldering in his eyes. "What sorcery is this? Where did these green creatures come from?!" His voice was a growl of frustration, echoing through the ashen streets.

A demon next to him stepped forward cautiously. "Captain, it appears these green creatures are more formidable than we anticipated."

The demon captain's eyes blazed with fury as he surveyed the devastation. "Formidable or not, they dare stand against us? This is an affront to our might!" His voice dripped with venomous rage.

As the demons moved further into the ruined village, the goblins emerged from the shadows, their emerald eyes gleaming with defiance. They rode atop their monstrous wolves, ready to confront the invaders once more.

The battlefield became a maelstrom of chaos and magic. Goblins, wielding shamanistic spells, hurled curses that sent demons reeling. Their warriors, armed with crude yet deadly weapons, fought with a fierce unity that belied their numbers.

The demon captain, his power unrivaled among his forces, became a one-man tempest of destruction. He swung his obsidian blade with blinding speed, striking down goblins and wolves alike. Yet, for every foe he dispatched, it seemed two more rose to challenge him.

The goblins, driven by desperation and a fierce determination to keep on fighting for their Lord Argon's ordered, fought with unyielding resolve. The air crackled with spells and the clang of weapons, and the sky above the village darkened with ominous storm clouds.

Despite the captain's unmatched strength, he couldn't deny the truth that unfolded before him. His forces were dwindling rapidly, while the goblins, though outnumbered, fought with a tenacity that defied reason.

His second-in-command, the demon who stood beside him, shouted to be heard over the din of battle. "Captain, we're losing ground! We can't sustain this assault!"

With a heavy heart and the bitter taste of defeat, the demon captain knew what he must do. He shouted his orders, a bitter pill to swallow. "Retreat! Fall back, all of you!"

The demons, their pride wounded but their lives more valuable, obeyed the captain's command. Reluctantly, they withdrew from the battlefield, leaving behind the ruins of the third village and the indomitable goblins.

The next day, in a temporary camp hastily erected amidst the aftermath of battle, Captain Varkus, his armor now cleaned but still bearing the scars of war, sat within his tent, studying maps of the surrounding villages and contemplating their next move.

Suddenly, the tent's flap rustled, and a demon soldier entered, saluting crisply. "Captain, the reinforcements have arrived."

Varkus, his brows furrowing in annoyance, replied, "Then let them join the ranks, or do you want me to meet them personally?"

The demon soldier hesitated before delivering the message that brought an abrupt change to Varkus's expression. "But Captain, there is someone who needs your presence. It's Zelroth, a demon with peak-stage Golden Core cultivation."

Varkus's reaction was immediate. He stood up abruptly, his stature imposing even within the confines of the tent. As a demon, strength determined one's rank even if it just a one small stage, and though he was a formidable late stage Golden Core realm, he understood the significance of a peak stage Golden Core realm. With a curt nod, he exited the tent and walked outside to greet this powerful newcomer.

Outside, under the sun-dappled canopy of trees in their temporary camp, a demon of imposing stature awaited. Zelroth, with eyes like molten gold and a presence that resonated with immense power, turned to acknowledge Captain Varkus's arrival.

Varkus bowed respectfully, acknowledging both the demon's strength and the significance of his presence. "Sir Zelroth, your arrival is most welcomed. How may I be of service to you, Sir?"

Zelroth's response was that of looking down on Varkus, his eyes filled with disdain as he spoke with a tone dripping with condescension. "Captain Varkus, because of your incompetence, the commanders ordered me to take command. This should have been the easiest campaign, but you managed to screw it up."

Varkus gritted his teeth, the words stinging his pride, but he kept his composure and responded calmly, "Sir, I'm sure you already heard. There are these green creatures, abnormally strong. They are the reason why I needed reinforcements."

Zelroth, however, seemed dismissive of Varkus's concerns. His eyes blazed with arrogance as he declared, "What green creatures? Watch me devour all these bastards. Now, you go and prepare everything. We will kill anyone who dares to stand in the way of our destruction."

With that, Captain Varkus watched as Zelroth turned and walked away, his determination to prove himself evident in every step. Varkus knew that despite the clash of egos, they needed to unite their forces if they were to overcome the enigmatic green-skinned goblins and continue their campaign of destruction across the Azure Continent.

As the days passed, the demons, now under the command of Zelroth, regrouped and replenished their ranks. Their camp near the third village had grown, with new recruits and reinforcements bolstering their forces. It was clear that Zelroth was determined to rectify their previous defeat and assert his dominance.

With the preparations complete, the demons set their sights on the third village once again. This time, their determination was unwavering, and their forces had grown significantly. The goblins, having tasted victory, awaited the impending clash with a straight face, death is not a problem to them.

As the demon army approached the village, Zelroth's voice carried over the ranks, a declaration of their intent. "Today, we reclaim what is rightfully ours! No green creatures shall stand in our way! Forward, to victory!"

The demons surged forward with newfound vigor, their footsteps shaking the earth beneath them. The goblins, riding their monstrous wolves, met them head-on.

The ensuing battle was fierce and brutal, the clash of two formidable forces echoing through the village. The goblins, though outnumbered, fought with a relentless determination born from their loyalty to Lord Argon.

Zelroth, with his peak-stage Golden Core cultivation, proved to be a formidable adversary. He was a whirlwind of destruction, his obsidian blade cutting down goblins and wolves alike. The air crackled with the release of powerful spells, the sky above the village darkening with ominous storm clouds.

The goblins fought valiantly, but this time, the odds were against them. The demons, driven by Zelroth's leadership, pressed forward relentlessly. Slowly but surely, the goblins began to falter, overwhelmed by the sheer number and strength of their foes.