

I Created 265

Chapter 265: Goblin Vs. Demon (part 3)

Amidst the chaos of battle, Captain Varkus fought with equal determination. He recognized the importance of unity now more than ever. His previous leadership had been challenged, but he remained resolute in his commitment to their shared goal - the destruction of the Azure Continent.

As the battle raged on, Captain Varkus spotted a group of goblins attempting to flank the demon forces. He shouted a warning to his comrades and led a counterattack, his obsidian blade slicing through the air with deadly precision.

The tide of battle slowly turned in favor of the demons. The goblins, battered and outnumbered, could not withstand the relentless assault.

Zelroth's eyes burned with a fierce triumph as he carved a path through the goblin ranks. His peak-stage Golden Core cultivation was a force to be reckoned with. He swung his obsidian blade with precision, and wherever he went, goblins fell.

The goblin warriors, knowing no fear of death, fought to the last. They hurled curses and spells, making every demon's advance a perilous journey. But the demons, determined to wipe the green-skinned creatures from their path, pressed on relentlessly.

The battle raged for hours, the village once again a battlefield stained with the blood of both demons and goblins. It was a relentless contest of wills, a clash between two evil forces, each driven by their own dark desires.

Captain Varkus, though relegated to a secondary role, fought with a grim determination. He understood the necessity of unity in their conquest. Rallying his troops, he ensured that they stood their ground, even as the demons pressed their advantage.

As the battle raged on, it became evident that the demons had learned from their previous encounter. Their tactics were sharper, their coordination more precise. Slowly, the goblins were forced to yield ground, their ranks thinning.

In the midst of the chaos, Zelroth's voice rang out, a rallying cry that resonated with the demonic forces. "For the glory of our dark lord! None shall hinder our conquest!" His words fueled the relentless assault, driving the demons forward with renewed fervor.

The goblins, though brave, were faced with an insurmountable challenge. Their wolves fought fiercely, but even they began to tire under the ceaseless onslaught. Spells crackled through the air, and the clash of weapons echoed like thunder.

In the end, the demons emerged victorious. The goblins, their ranks decimated, could no longer withstand the overwhelming force arrayed against them. The village, once a symbol of their defiance, now lay in ruins, a testament to the demons' unrelenting pursuit of conquest.

With the village secured, the demons turned their attention to the next target. The campaign to lay waste to the Azure Continent continued, each victory bringing them one step closer to their malevolent goal.

The demons, driven by their malevolent ambitions, continued their relentless campaign of destruction across the Azure Continent. They razed village after village, but each time, they encountered goblins who had already beaten them to the act, turning the settlements into battlegrounds.

Captain Varkus and Captain Zelroth, though their relationship remained strained, fought side by side. The need for victory outweighed personal animosities. Varkus, with his late-stage Golden Core realm, complemented Zelroth's power, ensuring the demons fought as a formidable unit.

As they marched further into the Azure Continent, they stumbled upon a seemingly insignificant village. To their surprise, this one was also occupied by the goblins, who had been a constant thorn in their side. The demons couldn't ignore this provocation.

Captain Zelroth, his eyes gleaming with a dangerous fervor, addressed his forces. "These wretched creatures are getting on my nerves, they dare to rob us of our prey! Kill them all!"

Captain Varkus, his previous tensions with Zelroth momentarily set aside, stepped forward. "With pleasure, Captain Zelroth. We'll make sure these goblins regret crossing our path."

The demon forces, fueled by their shared desire for conquest and their burning hatred for the goblins, launched a fierce assault on the village. Goblins, determined to defend, fought back with an unwavering resolve.

Amidst the chaos, a goblin shaman with a twisted staff emerged, casting dark spells that sent bolts of energy lancing towards the demon ranks. Varkus, ever vigilant, spotted the shaman and shouted, "Take down that weird green creature! He's the source of their spells!"

Demons surged towards the goblin shaman, clashing with goblin warriors who defended their spellcaster. The battle became a whirlwind of magic and steel, with spells crackling and blades clashing.

Zelroth, with his peak-stage Golden Core cultivation, became a beacon of destruction once more. His obsidian blade cleaved through goblins, and his power overwhelmed any resistance. "Feel the might of true demons!" he roared.

In the end, the village fell to the demons. The goblin shaman, surrounded and outnumbered, was captured. The surviving goblins, defeated but unbroken in spirit, retreated into the shadows, their eyes gleaming with a fierce determination.

Captain Varkus approached Zelroth, his respect for the formidable demon evident. "Another victory, Captain. We're one step closer to our goal."

Zelroth nodded, his gaze fixed on the captured goblin shaman. "Indeed, Varkus. And this time, there will be no interruptions. His Majesty's conquest of the Azure Continent will be unchallenged."

With the village secured, the demons pressed onward, their path of destruction unimpeded. The goblins, though temporarily defeated, were not yet defeated in spirit. The stage was set for a final, cataclysmic showdown between these two malevolent forces.

The demons, fueled by their insatiable thirst for conquest, continued their relentless march across the Azure Continent. Village after village fell before their onslaught, and yet, in every place they went, they found only the aftermath of goblin devastation.

The goblins, too, had learned from their previous defeats. They employed hit-and-run tactics, ambushing the demons in the tangled forests and hidden valleys of the Azure Continent. It was a relentless cat-and-mouse game that left both sides bloodied and bruised.

Finally, after weeks of battle, the demons stumbled upon what appeared to be a small town. Hope flared in their hearts - perhaps this time, they would find a settlement free from goblin influence. But as they approached, their hopes were dashed.

