

I Created 268

Chapter 268: Ghorm Vs. Zelroth (part 1)

Just as the cheers of victory began to resonate through the battlefield, Krogg's senses heightened, and he felt an ominous presence looming behind him. It was a feeling of impending danger, one he had learned to trust throughout his years of battles in this cultivation world.

Before he could react, a voice filled with disdain and malice echoed in his ears, cutting through the jubilation like a blade. "Fucking trash."

In the blink of an eye, Krogg's world turned upside down. His vision spun, and a searing pain slashed across the back of his head. He staggered, disoriented and caught completely off guard. Blood trickled down his face as he tried to regain his bearings.

As his vision cleared, Krogg found himself face to face with a demon, one whose power and malevolence surpassed even that of Varkus. It was Zelroth, the strongest of the demon attackers, and he regarded Krogg with cold, pitiless eyes.

Zelroth's gaze then shifted beyond Krogg, toward the distant figure Zelroth's in raw power.

Despite the pain and disorientation that clouded his senses, Krogg's pride and fury flared within him. He refused to be treated as insignificant, even by a demon as formidable as Zelroth. With his vision clearing and determination burning in his eyes, Krogg gathered the last remnants of his strength.

"Bastard, don't act like I'm not here," Krogg growled defiantly, his voice laced with defiance and anger.

In that moment, Krogg summoned every ounce of his remaining energy and lunged forward, his warhammer raised to strike at Zelroth. It was a desperate attempt to prove that he was not to be underestimated, even in his wounded state.

But Zelroth was prepared. In one swift, fluid motion, he countered Krogg's attack with a single swing of his obsidian blade. The blade met Krogg's Warhammer with a deafening clash, and the force of the impact sent shockwaves rippling through the air.

Krogg's already injured body could not withstand the sheer power of Zelroth's strike. The impact shattered his defenses, and the obsidian blade cleaved through him, ending his defiance and life in a brutal instant.

As Krogg's lifeless body fell to the ground, a hushed silence settled over the battlefield. The goblin warriors, who had moments ago been celebrating their victory, now stood frozen in shock and disbelief. Krogg had been struck down in an instant by this formidable demon, Zelroth.

Zelroth's gaze then shifted beyond Krogg, toward the distant figure of Ghorm, the goblin leader. Ghorm, with his own peak-stage Golden Core Realm cultivation, stood among his goblin forces. His presence exuded a formidable aura that matched, if not surpassed, Zelroth's in raw power.

Zelroth's lips curled into a mocking smile as he addressed Ghorm, his voice dripping with derision. "You, the leader of the goblins, come here and fight me."

The huge wolf by Ghorm's side growled menacingly, its fur bristling with anger. But Ghorm raised a hand to calm his loyal companion. He knew Zelroth was a foe to be reckoned with, but not enough to make him go serious.

"Let me handle this guy," Ghorm said to the wolf. "He's not strong enough to fight us together."

With that, Ghorm stepped forward, his eyes locked onto Zelroth's. The battlefield, once filled with the echoes of clashing elements, now braced itself for a confrontation between two of the most powerful beings in this battlefield. The fate of their respective factions hung in the balance as they prepared to engage in a battle that would shape the course of their war.

Ghorm's movement was a blur as he disappeared from his original position and reappeared directly in front of Zelroth. The suddenness of his arrival spoke volumes about his skill and speed.

Zelroth raised an eyebrow, his eyes still brimming with confidence despite Krogg's recent demise. He glanced around, noting the absence of Ghorm's formidable wolf companion. With a sardonic grin, he taunted, "Where is your pet? You should let your pet fight by your side, so you at least have a chance to defeat me."

Ghorm's response was calm and measured, his voice carrying an air of unwavering confidence. "I am more than enough," he stated simply. "I don't even need to get serious."

Zelroth couldn't help but chuckle in response, the sound echoing with a touch of disbelief. "This is the first time," he remarked, his tone dripping with condescension, "a creature from a lowly In a split second, Ghorm surged forward, his fist crackling with the power of the earth element. It was a strike fueled by a deep continent looks down on us demons."

The tension between Ghorm and Zelroth reached its peak as they exchanged words, their gazes locked with unwavering determination.

In a split second, Ghorm surged forward, his fist crackling with the power of the earth element. It was a strike fueled by a deep connection to the very terrain beneath him. The speed and precision of his attack were awe-inspiring, a testament to his mastery over his cultivation.

Zelroth, the seasoned demon warrior, met the attack with an air of unshakeable confidence. He raised his greatsword with practiced ease, ready to intercept Ghorm's blow. But as the goblin leader's fist made contact with the obsidian blade, a shockwave rippled through the battlefield.

The sheer power behind Ghorm's attack was staggering. Zelroth, who had faced countless foes and demons with formidable strengths and defenses, was not prepared for the overwhelming force that Ghorm possessed. His obsidian greatsword vibrated violently from the impact, and he found himself flung backward, skidding across the battlefield.

The demon was momentarily taken aback. Demons were renowned for their unparalleled strength and formidable defense, often said to rival even the divine beasts themselves. Yet here stood a creature from a supposedly "lowly continent," overpowering him in a single, earth-shattering blow.

Ghorm's eyes gleamed with restrained amusement as he watched Zelroth struggle to regain his footing. The goblin leader hadn't even broken a sweat.

Zelroth, on the other hand, seethed with a mixture of anger and disbelief. His obsidian greatsword, an extension of himself, still resonated with the shock of the impact. His fire element, usually his source of power, felt almost insignificant compared to the earth-shaking force he had just encountered.

"This can't be..." Zelroth muttered, his voice laced with frustration.

Ghorm, his confidence unwavering, couldn't resist a taunt. "Is that all you've got?"

Infuriated, Zelroth's eyes blazed with fiery intensity. He stepped forward, flames dancing along his body as he summoned the full extent of his fire element. "You'll regret underestimating me!"

What followed was a breathtaking display of elemental mastery. Fire and earth clashed in a mesmerizing dance of power and technique. Ghorm, with his unparalleled control over the earth element, conjured massive stone fists that erupted from the ground, seeking to crush his demon adversary.

Zelroth, his obsidian greatsword now wreathed in roaring flames, countered with a torrent of searing firestorms. The very air sizzled and crackled as the two opposing elements collided with explosive force.

Amidst the chaos, Ghorm remained composed, his movements fluid and precise. He weaved between Zelroth's fiery assaults with an almost casual grace. His earth element obeyed his every command, forming protective barriers and launching devastating counterattacks.