

I Created 269

Chapter 269: Ghorm Vs. Zelroth (part 2)

Zelroth, however, was growing increasingly frustrated. He had never encountered an opponent like Ghorm, whose mastery of the earth element seemed boundless. With each passing moment, his fiery attacks met solid resistance, and his confidence waned.

Ghorm, on the other hand, wore a faint smile. He knew he held the upper hand, and he relished in toying with Zelroth. "Is that the extent of your demon power?" he taunted, his voice calm amidst the chaos.

Zelroth's anger burned hotter than his flames. He had always been the one to dominate his opponents, to incinerate any who dared challenge him. But here, in the midst of this battle with Ghorm, he found himself not only challenged but bested.

Ghorm, still wearing that maddeningly calm smile, intensified his attacks. He manipulated the very ground beneath him, causing it to surge and upheave, forming colossal stone fists that struck with relentless force. Each punch was a testament to his command over the earth element, a power that surpassed Zelroth's expectations.

Zelroth's greatsword danced with fire, meeting the stone fists with furious slashes. Firestorms roared around him, but Ghorm's earth defenses held firm. The goblin leader's movements were a mesmerizing blend of grace and power, as if he and the earth were one.

"You can't win," Ghorm stated matter-of-factly, as if he were discussing the weather. "You underestimated me, and now you pay the price."

Zelroth's response was a wordless roar of rage. Flames erupted from his body, engulfing him in a fiery inferno. His greatsword became a blazing beacon of destruction as he unleashed his most potent fire technique.

In a flash, he lunged at Ghorm, the air around him shimmering with the intensity of his attack. The goblin leader met him head-on, his stone fists colliding with the demon's fiery blade.

Their clash sent shockwaves rippling through the battlefield, cracking the earth beneath them. Fire and earth melded and clashed, creating an awe-inspiring spectacle of raw power.

Ghorm, still not exerting his full strength, managed to hold his ground. He wore a small, satisfied grin, knowing that he had provoked Zelroth into this desperate assault.

"You burn brightly," Ghorm remarked amidst the chaos. "But your flames can't match the solidity of the earth."

With those words, Ghorm exerted just a fraction more of his true strength. The ground beneath Zelroth's feet trembled, and suddenly, stone spikes erupted, piercing the demon's body from below. Zelroth's roar of agony filled the air as he was lifted off the ground.

Ghorm, his eyes still locked onto Zelroth's, clenched his fist, and the stone spikes tightened their grip. It was a masterful display of earth manipulation, a testament to Ghorm's dominance over his element.

Zelroth's flames flickered and dimmed as his strength waned. He was trapped, impaled by the very earth he had underestimated. The goblin leader's calm demeanor never wavered as he held Zelroth in his earthbound prison.

As Ghorm held Zelroth in his earthen grip, the goblin leader's taunts continued, each word cutting into the demon's pride like a dagger. "Are you not going to ask for mercy?" he inquired, his voice dripping with condescension.

Zelroth's eyes blazed with fury. He had been humiliated, his power bested by a creature he had deemed beneath him. The very thought of begging for mercy was anathema to his demon pride.

But then something unexpected happened. A frenzied madness overcame Zelroth. His body began to tremble, and the ground around him cracked as if unable to contain the surge of power emanating from the demon.

Suddenly, he began to transform. It was a transformation that defied the norms of the demon world. Zelroth's form expanded, growing to an astonishing height of 10 meters. This was a taboo, an unholy transformation that would make him five times stronger, but at a terrible cost—it required the sacrifice of his soul.

The demons on the battlefield stared in horror and disbelief. This was unheard of, unprecedented. To sacrifice one's soul was to erase one's very existence, to sever the cycle of reincarnation, a fate worse than death.

Zelroth's voice, now deep and resonant, echoed across the battlefield. "All the remaining demons right now, sacrifice yourselves for his majesty," he commanded, his words carrying the weight of finality.

The demons looked at each other, their faces contorted in fear and uncertainty. The idea of sacrificing their souls was beyond comprehension, a horror they had never contemplated. In the demon realm, death was not the end, but this... this was annihilation.

One demon, trembling with dread, spoke up. "My lord, we can be reincarnated if we die. But if we sacrifice our souls..."

His words hung in the air, a chilling reminder of the choice they faced. Other demons nodded in agreement, torn between their loyalty to Zelroth and the instinctive terror of losing their very existence.

Zelroth's eyes, now filled with a crazed determination, scanned the ranks of his followers. "Do not question my command!" he thundered. "This is our only chance to defeat this goblin menace! Sacrifice yourselves, and kill all these bastards!!"

Amidst the chaos and horror, a few demons immediately took their own lives, unable to bear the weight of Zelroth's command, their forms disintegrated into ashes.

But to the astonishment of many, most of the demons were overtaken by the same frenzied madness that had gripped Zelroth. They, too, began to undergo the forbidden transformation, growing to monstrous sizes, their eyes burning with an unholy fervor.

One demon, his voice quivering, muttered, "For His Majesty..." as he initiated the transformation.

Another demon, his fear momentarily overridden by a desperate loyalty, echoed the sentiment. "For His Majesty!"

Soon, a cacophony of voices filled the air as demon after demon sacrificed their souls for the sake of Zelroth's desperate gamble. The ground shook as the transformed demons, now towering over the battlefield, let out deafening roars that reverberated through the air.

The few remaining untransformed demons stared in awe and terror at the monstrosities their comrades had become. The rules of the demon world had been shattered, and the consequences were unknowable.