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Chapter 270 270: Ghorm Vs. Zelroth (Part 3)

As the transformed demons roared and readied themselves for battle, Zelroth, now a towering colossus of fire and fury, turned his attention back to Ghorm. His voice, deep and resonant, reverberated across the battlefield.

"You lowly creature," Zelroth bellowed, his words carrying a terrifying weight. "How dare you toy with me? I will let you experience the humiliation you've inflicted upon me!"

Ghorm, though now facing an opponent who had become exponentially more powerful through the forbidden transformation, remained remarkably calm. His eyes, still filled with unwavering confidence, met Zelroth's fiery gaze.

"You still underestimate me, after what I did to you," Ghorm replied.

The ground beneath Ghorm trembled as he channeled the earth element with unmatched mastery. Massive stone walls rose around him, forming a protective barrier against Zelroth's impending onslaught.

Zelroth, his flames now burning hotter than ever, charged forward with a deafening roar. Firestorms raged around him as he swung his colossal obsidian greatsword, aiming to cleave through Ghorm's defenses and end this battle in one devastating blow.

But Ghorm was ready. As Zelroth's greatsword descended upon the stone barrier, the earth element responded to its master's call. The very ground seemed to come alive, shifting and morphing to absorb the impact of the strike.

The shockwave from the collision rocked the battlefield, sending shockwaves rippling through the air. Stone met fire with a resounding clash, and for a moment, it seemed as though Ghorm's defenses might crumble.

However, Ghorm's mastery over the earth element proved superior. The stone barrier held, and he pushed back against Zelroth's greatsword with unwavering resolve. His calm demeanor remained intact even as he faced an opponent who had sacrificed his very soul for power.

Zelroth, his eyes blazing with rage, pushed harder, determined to break through Ghorm's defenses and exact his revenge. The two titanic figures locked in a deadly struggle, their elemental powers clashing in a cataclysmic battle that shook the town.

For each swing of Zelroth's greatsword, Ghorm responded with precise earth manipulation, forming stone fists and spikes that sought to immobilize the raging demon. The battlefield became a maelstrom of fire and stone, a testament to the unimaginable power now at play.

As the battle raged on, it became clear that even with his newfound strength, Zelroth could not easily overpower Ghorm. The goblin leader, forced to be serious in this dire confrontation, was still the master of his element, and the earth itself seemed to obey his every command.

Amidst the chaos of their clash, Zelroth's frustration grew like a raging inferno. His fiery aura flared brighter with each passing moment, but Ghorm's stoic countenance never wavered. It was as if the goblin leader had found a calm center within the storm of their battle.

Ghorm spoke with an air of certainty as he countered Zelroth's relentless attacks. "Your flames may be fierce, but they can never consume the unyielding earth."

Zelroth, his voice a furious roar, responded, "I'll incinerate you along with this entire town!"

Their battle continued, neither combatant giving an inch. Ghorm's control over the earth was astounding, and he used it not only to defend but also to launch precise counterattacks.

With a focused thought, Ghorm commanded the very ground beneath Zelroth to erupt in jagged spikes. The stone formations shot upward with incredible force, narrowly missing the demon. Zelroth's eyes widened in realization as he was forced to leap backward to avoid the deadly projectiles.

As Zelroth evaded the deadly spikes, Ghorm seized the opportunity. With a swift motion, he raised his right fist, a brilliant aura of earthen energy enveloping it. He lunged forward, his fist connecting with Zelroth's side in a devastating strike known as the "Mountain's Embrace."

The impact sent shockwaves through Zelroth's colossal form, staggering him. Ghorm pressed his advantage, his movements precise and controlled. He followed up with a series of rapid strikes, each one carrying the weight of the earth itself. These strikes were known as the "Stonesplitter Barrage," a technique he got from His Lord.

Zelroth, now reeling from the onslaught, struggled to regain his footing. His flames flickered as Ghorm's unyielding assault continued. With a determined growl, Zelroth summoned his inner fire, a blazing inferno that engulfed him entirely. It was a technique known as the "Inferno Ascension," a desperate bid to turn the tide.

In this fiery incarnation, Zelroth launched himself at Ghorm with renewed vigor. His movements were swift and unpredictable, a torrent of flames and fury. Ghorm, undeterred, used his mastery over the earth to create a protective barrier, the "Stoneguard Ward," that absorbed the brunt of Zelroth's assault.

Their battle raged on, a dance of fire and stone that painted the sky with vivid streaks of elemental power. Each strike was a testament to their unparalleled mastery of their respective elements. The very air crackled with energy, echoing the intensity of their clash.

Ghorm's voice cut through the maelstrom, filled with unwavering resolve. "Your flames may burn hot, but the earth endures all things!"

Zelroth's retort was a bellowing roar, his flames reaching a crescendo. "You'll be reduced to ashes, bastard!"

As the sky became a theater of elemental warfare, the clash between Zelroth and Ghorm intensified, each strike reverberating with cataclysmic force.

Ghorm's fists moved with a rhythmic precision, the "Stonesplitter Barrage" continuing to rain down blows on Zelroth. Each strike was a testament to Ghorm's unparalleled mastery over the earth element. The ground beneath them quaked in tandem with the force of his blows, sending tremors through the atmosphere.

Zelroth, engulfed in a blazing inferno, met Ghorm's onslaught head-on. His movements were a tempest of fire and fury, a testament to the depths of his resolve. Flames danced around him, leaving a trail of searing destruction in their wake.

The clash of their powers created shockwaves that echoed through the sky, painting an awe-inspiring spectacle of raw elemental might.

Ghorm's voice rang out, unwavering in the face of the raging inferno. "The earth endures, Zelroth! Your flames will find no purchase here!"

Zelroth's response was a defiant roar, his flames intensifying to a blinding crescendo. He summoned the very heart of his fire element, unleashing a technique of cataclysmic proportions known as the "Inferno Catastrophe."

In a blinding flash, the sky erupted in a conflagration of fire, eclipsing even the brilliance of the sun. The shockwave from the explosion rippled through the heavens, threatening to consume everything in its path.

Ghorm, faced with this overwhelming onslaught, summoned his deepest reservoirs of power. He became an unyielding bastion, a beacon of unwavering determination amidst the inferno. With a resounding shout, he unleashed his ultimate technique, the "Quaking Titan's Roar."

The very sky trembled as Ghorm's power surged forth, merging with the earth itself. The force of his technique clashed with Zelroth's cataclysmic inferno, creating a titanic clash that illuminated the heavens with blinding brilliance.

For a heartbeat, the battlefield seemed suspended in a volatile equilibrium. Then, with an explosion that echoed across the town, the combined forces of fire and earth erupted in a cataclysmic burst.

The shockwave cascaded through the battlefield, tearing through the remnants of the town, sending debris hurtling through the air. The very ground quaked, sending tremors radiating outward.

As the dust settled and the echoes of their titanic clash faded, the once-vibrant town lay in ruins. Amidst the devastation, two figures emerged, battered and weary. Ghorm, though weakened, stood tall, his eyes still filled with unyielding resolve. Zelroth, the flames that had defined him now dimmed, knelt upon the shattered earth, his strength spent.