

Master of Time 89

Chapter 89 Darkest Dungeon POV

Misty breaths escape my lips.

Blood drips onto the cold stone floor from my fingertips.

My blood-filled eyes flare up. They glare completely pass the small human female, who has been very vocal just a moment ago.

Her head is no longer screaming to my enjoyment. It is now rolling somewhere on the blackened floor at one of the far edges of the room, near the numerous doors, leading into dark corridors.

Her small body falls backwards off my meat pole as I remain seated on the stone throne.

Blood trails after her, originating between her legs, staining her thighs. These human females always bleed there when I desire to bless them with my seeds. It is something I take great enjoyment in.

My attention is now at the goblin before me. It curls in horror as I reach out my finger. Magic swirls at the tip. Ice rune manifests and then Spear rune and Shatter rune, one after another.

I do not need to resort to an arcanic formation for something as simple as this.

With a powerful flick, the Ice rune blasts forwards and crashes into the Spear rune, forcing an Ice Spear to materialize. It retains its momentum, surging forwards.

The moment the ice spear collides against the Shatter rune, it shatters into a hundred of deadly shards, all flying forwards.

The ice shards shred the goblin into pieces and pierce the stone floor. The monstrous creature lets out a faint growls before its eyes roll upwards. It dies from its previous wounds.

How dare the lowly creature returns here all alone after getting all of its men were slaughtered?

It should have died alongside with them!

I cannot believe I was born from these cowardice things.

I am no longer a Goblin!

I am a Hobgoblin!

I am fearless!

Unrestrained strength ripples violently under my iron skin, impervious to arrows. Magical veins spread over the my powerful body, glowing brightly as they grant me unmatched insight into the arcane and the power to bend the world to my will.

I am the perfection of my species!

One day, I will become the all powerful Goblin Lord!

The humans will grovel at my feet as I implant my seeds into their females.

The elves will worship me as their God while I desecrate their blessed body.

The werebeasts will nourish my strength and power with their kinship ritual.

The dwarfs will pay tributes to me with the wealths and riches they mine from their mountains.

All other races will bow to me!

That is my destiny!

So, what is this about a human shaman capable to utilizing light magic offensively?

Don not like so blatantly to my face!

The arcane realm tells me that light magic is for healing, protection, purification, and a mean to ward off the nightmares from the shadow realm. The element has always been used as such by the humans, the elves and all the other races.

While it is not unfathomable to think that the element light itself could be used as an offensive spell, it is unfathomable to think a spell can kill so many of my minions simultaneously without damaging the surroundings.

It is more likely the goblin deserted its post and ran back here, where it is safer. Does it think I would allow it to live?

Now, whether the other goblins are dead or not, I will find out for myself later.

"Bring me the next human female."

I roar the demand.

The magical veins pulse violently, forcing the cavern to rumble under my magical aura.

See this!? This is my power! The power that the world bestows upon me.

The goblins snarls in response, telling me in their own unintelligible way that there are no more human females for me to enjoy. The human females have all been spoiled or lost their will.

I hammer my fist, shattering the armrest on the throne. The resulting fissure runs across the floor and towards the doorway at the opposite of the hall. The heavy door cracks.

How could there be no more females left?

How!?

I have just raided a large human settlement just a couple of days ago, and I have feasted on the human men and defiled their women there. I have taken what remains back to my lair for my enjoyment at my pleasure, so there should be at least a hundred women and children in captivity.

And these idiots are telling me there is no more females left? Do not tell me they have eaten my prized captives? I will destroy them!

I leap off my throne, flying across the room with a single step.

A couple of goblin breaks my fall, becoming an explosive pool of blood and bone. The ground shatters under my titanic weight.

I grab another goblin within arm reach, forcing the rest to reel back in fear.

Such coward creatures!

The goblin is like a pixie in the palm of my enormous hand. I just want to gobble it up. My hunger sates a little when I did, but the goblin did not taste like a pixie.

How I wish to chew on a pixie right now. They are quite crunchy, soft and delicious. Thinking about it makes me drool. How I hunger for them!

Frustratingly, the pixie is an elusive race, hiding in trees and grasses, away from view.

How dare they hide from me!? The only role in life is to be eaten by me! Me!

It should be their honour!

I will peel the flesh off their bones when I find one, especially that Monarch of theirs.

"That is enough! Stop this childish behaviour. You will devour your entire army before we march onto the human lands."

An elder goblin calls out. His voice pierces my ears despite being nowhere near me.

"Female! Bring me females. Young ones. Tight ones! Argh!"

I roar back towards his direction, but he stomps down his ivory staff, forming a magical circle beneath his bony feet, telling me that was the last female child.

Her corpse is being dragged away to feed the younglings. According to the human lifespan, she should be around 12 or 13 years of age.

That seems like a lifetime to the goblins, who only live in matters of months. Less so, when those damn adventurers are around. They are always around, hunting goblins.

The old shaman claims there are no human child left!? He does not seem to lie.

If he did...

Grrrrrr....

As for the adult females, they are all impregnated by me or the goblin. They must give birth first before I can get to enjoy them again. They are not tight as the younger ones, thus less enjoyment.

And I cannot kill them during my enjoyment since they are important to growing my army, which anger me greatly. But like all female captives before them, they will spend the rest of their life breeding and contribute to my growing army.

How I wish to kill this elderly Shaman for daring to speak out against me, but a Shaman is a rare breed, especially for someone as powerful as him. He is blessed by the arcane realm as much as I am. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

But I am more blessed by the world.

I am powerful! I am enormous!

The ground trembles under my feet!

Regardless, killing him will hurt my army.

I need all the strength and number I can get in order to invade a fortified human settlement known as Kingdom and Queendom.

The humans are holding up there, behind their high walls and magical barriers.

There are thousands upon thousands of females there, all for me to feast upon. And so many human children for me to torn apart.

Grrr....!

I growl in frustration and slowly return to my throne. Before I sit back down and try to think of another human settlement to raid, the door to my lair explodes inwardly. It seems that those adventures have come again, for one thing or another.

They always come. And they will die like the rest.

The heavy stone pieces crash and squash several goblins.

I pay absolutely no attention to those goblins since I will replace them all soon enough.

It only takes a week for a new born to crawl out their mother's womb along with their brethren. The younglings then grow to adulthood within another week if there are enough foods to go around.

This is the blessing of the world.

We eat, and we will grow.

Once the goblins reach adulthood, they will get to impregnate its mother like I have done so with mine just several months ago.

I can still remember her terrifying screams when I spear her cunt with my rod and fill her inside to the brim with my burning seeds.

It was very enjoyable, and my human mother had given me so many children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Her flesh nourishes the younglings once I finally grew bored of her. I rip out her heart and consume it before I let the younglings and goblins feast upon her corpse.

Consuming her magical core fills me with strength and power.

With each human shaman I have killed and devoured, I grow stronger.

It is a blessing of the arcane realm, as I am the chosen one.

Beyond the misty entrance, I could make out a silhouette of a person wearing a robe. This is the same uniform that the humans usually wear.

Magical power radiates from that person, telling me they are a human shaman.

However, this magical energy is nothing compares to mine. It is quite pitiful.

The human shaman immediately cast several low-tier fireballs at the goblins nearby, killing them and setting them on fire. Several more humans emerge from the mist and cut down the disorganized goblin swiftly.

To my amusement, they charge at me while their shaman engages the old goblin. That human shaman will be in for a surprise.

"Die monster!"

The male human shouts as his glowing spear spirals forwards and pierces my chest.

Despite my iron skin, the enchanted weapon pierces into my flesh.

I grab the hold of the end of the spear, preventing it from entering further. I roar at the human in front of as my magical aura skyrockets. The entire cavern shakes heavily.

I could see the fear in his eyes. Did he expect to kill me this easily!? Foolish!

A sword swings from my blind spot and nearly cut off my arm, but I manage to punch the human male away along with his enchanted spear.

Surprisingly, the human male didn't die from my strike. Most humans turn to blood pulp when I hit them with all my strength. Even though he didn't die, his magical barrier should be greatly weakened.

Another strike will turn him into mush.

No flesh can withstand my godly strength.

The little human female's head flew off her body when I slap her across the face to shut her up. It was because I am unable to hear what the goblin scout was saying over her anguish screaming.

My steel pole didn't rip her body in half, so what is she screaming at the top of her lungs for? I haven't even relish in my enjoyment.

The female human with the sword retreats and my fist crashes into the ground, shattering the floor in a titanic explosion. My almost severed arm heals rapidly, aided by my magical power.

"I didn't expect a Hobgoblin here. There are so many goblins too. They are amassing an army!?"

The female human speaks up. She is not a shaman.

"Be careful, this Hobgoblin is very powerful. Its level is really high. Its power is at peak 1st circle mage, I think. Even with our enchantment, it manages defend itself. Just How many mages did it devour?"

The human male speaks up.

"We should retreat and organize a strike force."

The female human suggests.

I could understand what they are saying a little, but it is inconsequential. They will die soon, just like the rest. I will not let them escape once they have entered my lair.

An arcane formation appears under my feet.

Speed, Power, Strength, Might runes manifest, filling the space along the edge of the formation. Once they did, the formation glow, empowering me, boosting my attributes to greater height.

My massive body enlarges thanks to the new power boost. I charge towards the spearman and send him crashing into the wall with an Ice punch.

A mouthful of blood explodes from him. His bone should have shattered from the blow.

A dozen more ice spears pin him to the wall. The coldness will stop him bleeding out and keep his flesh fresh for the younglings.

He is a little bit bony for my liking, but the younglings and the goblins will enjoy his meat, nonetheless.

"Eric!"

The sword woman shouts before her sword ignites. Flames spiral along the reflective edge.

She swirls and slashes down against me, but I grab her flaming sword with my bare hand, dissipating its flames with my ice magic.

The weapon did singe my hands and cut me, but it isn't anything my natural healing couldn't take care of. Goblin heals very fast when they have something to eat, and me, as a Hobgoblin, heals even faster thanks to the blessing of the world.

I hand grab hold her body with the other hand before I throw her enchanted sword away. Such human weapon is below me.

All I need is my strength and my magic!

The human female screams as I apply a little pressure. Her armour cracks. She keeps screaming when I spear her with my meat rod. It was done as soon as I peel her armour away.

This female isn't as tight as those little ones I have usually enjoyed, but she will do for now.

"Lavender... Lavender!"

The human male utters. He is still alive.

I allow him to see as I break his female. She screams until she is unable to scream anymore. Her inside is torn apart to accommodate me.

I sit back on my throne as I break her cunt.

This is the fate of all humans who dare to go up against me!