

Master of Time 90

Chapter 90 Goblin Slaying POV

I take great enjoyment in her anguished screams, especially for that human male. He is pinned against the wall by my ice magic. His tendons severed to prevent him from escaping, and the coldness element of my magic will keep him lingering in the between.

Such a weakling! How dare such a weakling go up against me!?

Me!? I am not just some goblin! I am the great Hobgoblin.

The one who will rule this land!

Ice spears form in air, surging forwards and slamming into the human male, for he must die a thousand deaths! All humans must!

His faint grunts bring great delight to me, and I have made sure to avoid his vital organs. These humans are my only entertainment for now, and it would be disappointing if I kill them too quickly.

"Eric... Eric..."

The human female cries out. There is still some life in her yet. Knowing that makes my meat rod thicker and harder.

So many human adventures expire when I use their body to sheath my meat.

I relish in her hopeless cries, while my engorged meat rod pieces her womb, repeatedly. I care nothing for all the damages it has caused along the way. Her legs are twisted in an unnatural way.

The human female bleeds like the rest regardless of whether they are children or adults, but children are far more enjoyable.

Their utter despair makes me delightful.

My throat let out a groan while fire and wind elements collide against each other before me, wrestling for supremacy. It isn't the first time I spectate my minion fighting against the adventure. If they win, I will reward them with absolute hopelessness.

The fire element is able to defend against the wind element just moments before, but as I proceed to rip apart the human female with my meat, the flames seem to lose its integrity.

That human shaman is being distracted.

The adventurers do care so much for their companion. And if it is not that very weakness, I would have been killed by them a long time ago, when I was but a goblin.

So many human females have regretted their pointless compassion as I tore through their body right in front of their human males. They have all died screaming and cursing their own foolishness.

"Grrrr..."

I groan as my steel rod twitches madly.

It always does when I thrust my rod into these human females long enough.

I let the thick stuffs within my overgrown balls out the tip of my meat without needing to hold back.

It is necessary for impregnation. And the white stuffs explode out of her torn cunt, mixing with blood and other liquids, spooling onto the stone floor.

Sucking in a deep breath between my thick tusks, I continue to jerk the human female on my rod, but her cunt is no longer as tight as before.

The human shaman screams, reacquiring my attention.

I continue to pump my meat into the human female before me even when the wind blades sever both of her hands, disabling her. The human shaman will no longer be able to use her magic.

She is barely a shaman herself, yet she dares to go up against the old goblin? Such foolishness. Even I, the great Hobgoblin, have difficulty against him, especially with his wind protection, which rips apart anything that gets too close.

"I'm sorry... Lavender..."

The human shaman female utters before a wall of air sends her crashing onto the ground. Her bleeding arms stop thanks to my power.

I wouldn't want that human shaman to die just yet. No, I will not allow her to die, not until she births me as much children and grandchildren as I desire.

Younglings that are born from human shamans tend to be blessed by the arcane realm, allowing them to bend the world to their will. Their existence strengthens my army.

The old goblin did not enjoy the human female like the other goblins did. He returns to the nursery to care for the younglings once he has mended the door into my lair.

I could do the same, but I find repairing things boring.

I rather break them!

Grr....

The female cock-sleeve is no longer uttering any sounds. She might be dead.

No matter! As I have lost interest, I toss her ragged body onto the ground while the countless goblins claw into the human shaman, ripping her enchanted attire apart and marking her milky skin beneath.

Their sharp claws drawl blood and screams. And their tiny meat embeds into her small body.

That human shaman appears to be younger than human female I had given to the goblin. About 15 to 16 years of age, but she should be able to give birth.

If she was a few years younger, I would have split her in half with my meat.

The human shaman glares at me. Hatred burns in her eyes before one of the goblins claws around her head while it humps her cunt. She screams as blood fill her torn eyes, mixing with her tears.

"I will kill you. I will kill you!"

She shouts as her magical aura explodes outwards, sending several goblins away. It is a pitiful attempt to free herself, as the goblins swarm her and break her arm and leg. She screams in darkness until she is choked. Both her holes are filled with white creams.

None of the goblin tries to shut her mouth with its meat since the last time one did, they lost the mean to enjoy the humans.

I continue to watch the goblins rip apart the human shaman. Scratches, slashes and lashes appears on her body one by one as each goblin groan in delight, letting out their seeds. Her body is covers in blood and sticky cream, yet, she is able to keep herself conscious.

Such tenacity, but I have expected as such of a shaman, humans or not. Those that are blessed by the arcane realm must have indominable will. If they don't have the willpower, they will be consumed by their magic and twisted into an abomination, becoming subservient to the darkness.

The female shaman did not let out a scream before the goblins drag her off into the blackness of the lair. They will break her will, as they always do. And once they do, they will hang her up like a breeder with her limbs amputated and used as nourishment to grow the youngling inside her womb.

There are just not enough foods to go around.

I must have fallen sleep afterwards due to boredom, and the destruction of the door wakes me up. It must be another adventurer or a party of adventurers.

They just keep coming and they just keep on dying. There was a time I wish they never come, but now, I welcome them and give them absolute despair!

Grrr....

A human male steps into the lair before the dust and debris dissipates. There is no other human with him, how disappointing.

From his robe, he is another human shaman, but his magical energy is pitiful.

I could barely sense it. He is even weaker than that human shaman from before

The human male looks around the room before gesturing his hands calmly, pointing at the hordes of goblins who are still having fun with the dead human female. White stuffs continue to ooze out of her cunt and ass. Her mouth as well since one of the goblins is humping her severed head.

They have already carved up her arms and legs and share the flesh amongst themselves.

"Alright, the greatest and most powerful mage has made his entrance! Sorry, I got distracted on the way here. You know how it is with all ambushes this and ambushes that. Gave me a lot of experiences though."

The human shaman speaks up.

I am shocked. No, it is not because the human shaman is impassive to what the goblins are doing. It is because he had just spoken in my language.

How did a human manage to learn my language!?

"Oh... wow. Some party you have here. It reeks of sex and rotting meat. And just one girl for all of you? Even I have at least two for a good gangbang. Well, I suppose with your looks, you are unable to pick up any."

The human shaman continues.

Hundreds of goblins finally take notice, gnarling at him and ready to swarm over him. They are waiting for my say so.

"Sorry to pop your bubble, my little green friend, the party is over, so can you all line up so I can dice you up one by one to see how much experience I get from each of you. You can go last, big guy at the back."

What did that human say!? He dares to use us as training!?

And since he is a male, I have no reason to keep him alive. He will be meat for my army.

"Kill him! Rip him to shred!"

I roar. My magical aura skyrockets, forcing the cavern to shake.

An explosion happens, setting fire to several goblins and killing a few more.

Did that human shaman just use magic? I didn't see any arcane formation. He is using runes directly!?

No, he did not.

An arcane formation forms before spitting out several flaming skulls. Multi-spell!?

It was also so fast. I would have missed it if I wasn't paying attention. Several more arcane formations materialize, jetting out more fireballs and killing my goblins. And those goblins that got too close get set alight by his flaming whirlwinds.

He is dual casting as well!? Impossible! He couldn't be with his pitiful magical power.

But my goblins are dying by the dozens. They are being killed like helpless children.

"Alright, the experience points you guy give sucks ass, so I will just kill the ones that gives me the most experience."

Once the human shaman has said that, several rifts open up and metal golems emerge from beyond, and the goblins did not have time to utter a sound before they are cut down by glowing blades. Their weapon cut through everything without even slowing down.

Fleashes, bones, steel, stones make absolutely no different!

Swordmaster!?

I feel no magic flowing through those weapons! And these metal golems are not any kind of summons I have ever seen. No, they cannot be normal summoned. Even the shamans are cut down like children.

Their magical attacks are ineffective against the golem!

Seeing how my army will be slaughtered if I let this go on any longer, I slam my feet down. A powerful arcane formation manifest before me.

Dozens of ice spears surge forwards, but a firewall appears in front of them, blocking the spears and reducing them to steam instantly. He didn't even look in my direction when he blocks my attack.

"Wait your turn, big guy."

The human shaman speaks up and stares at the old goblin, who just rush out from the nursery.

The old goblin widens his eyes before sending some of the most powerful spells at the human shaman without any consideration to the goblins nearby. He has never been this agitated before.

Powerful windstorm explodes outward, slicing through stones, earth, flesh and bones alike, but to my surprise the human shaman is completely unharmed.

The human did not even erect any sort of magical barrier or protection!?

"That is quite powerful. You are probably the strongest spellcaster here. Legion, assimilate it and learn all of its secret."

One of the nearby golems turns toward my strongest shaman.

Its eyes glow red before it jumps forwards with all intention to kill and devour.

The wind blades crash against the metal golem, cutting through it easily, but the attack seems to deal no damage whatsoever. It did not even slow the golem down.

Before the golem could kill my shaman, I send it flying across the room with a well-placed punch since I cannot allow the old goblin to die.

At least I thought I did with all my strength, but the metal golem only staggers a few steps away from the blow. It feels like I have just hit a huge mountain, weighing millions of tonnes.

Impossible!

No being should be able to take my full might without any magic protection!

Grrr...!

I roar as my magical aura erupts, blanketing the entire lair. Runes cover my massive body as I charge in unrestrained rage at the metal golem and tackle it into the wall, smashing it repeatedly as ice forms with each hit.

The ground and wall shatter under my relentless barrage.

However, both my wrists are grabbed. The metal golem pushes me back despite my muscles straining greatly against its strength. Its smashed face restores right before my eyes.

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Ice that covers its entire body melts as its eyes glow red.

What is this thing!? It is not a golem.

No such golem can withstand my power! No such golem can dissipate my magic!

No! No! What is this thing!? Let me go!

It can't be real!

No!

I froze up in fear as the metal golem enlarges and grows in size, reaching the ceiling and dwarfing even me. It is a true titan.

Its body ignites, setting itself on fire.

Some sort of flames armour!? That shouldn't be possible!

Golem shouldn't be able to cast magic! It is a soulless creation!

Someone screams.

It was me as my arms are rip from their socket effortlessly.

My strength is being overwhelmed. I am... I am... an insect before its might.

Terror... absolute terror!

The last thing I saw is the enormous amount razor blades swirling dreadfully and burning brightly when the golem opens its mouth and takes a bite.