

I Created 266

Chapter 266: Varkus Vs. Krogg (part 1)

The town, like so many before it, was already occupied by the green-skinned creatures. The goblins had turned it into a fortress, complete with crude barricades and watchtowers. Smoke from their cooking fires rose into the sky, a defiant signal of their presence.

Captain Varkus's eyes narrowed as he surveyed the town. "It seems there's no respite from these pests, Captain Zelroth."

Zelroth's jaw clenched in frustration. "Indeed, Varkus. But this time, we'll crush them completely. No goblin shall escape."

With renewed determination, the demon forces prepared for another brutal battle. The goblins, aware of the approaching threat, beat their drums and sounded their war horns, ready to fight to the death.

Amidst the turmoil of the battlefield, the distant sound of drums reached Ghorm's ears. His crimson eyes narrowed as he turned his attention to the source of the rhythmic pounding. A late-stage Golden Core hobgoblin, battle-hardened and loyal, stood at his side. His name was Krogg, a name whispered with respect among the goblins.

Krogg's sharp senses had also detected the drums, and he spoke with urgency, his voice a gravelly rumble. "Lord Ghorm, it must be the demons."

Ghorm acknowledged Krogg's words with a nod, his gaze still fixed on the approaching threat. "You go and lead everyone," he ordered the hobgoblin. "I will join you later. Make sure our defenses are prepared."

Krogg saluted crisply, then turned and barked orders to the goblin and hobgoblin warriors under his command. They swiftly moved to fortify their position, determined to face the demons with unwavering resolve.

As Krogg took charge, Ghorm remained at the forefront of his forces, his massive wolf by his side. The approaching clash with the demons was inevitable, and Ghorm's crimson eyes blazed with the fierce determination.

The battlefield trembled with anticipation as the goblins and demons sized each other up, their collective breaths held in tense anticipation. The goblin defenses were rugged but strategically positioned. Barricades of felled trees and stone boulders formed a protective perimeter, with archers poised on elevated platforms, ready to rain arrows upon their foes. Hobgoblin warriors, their hardened bodies gleaming with primitive war paint, stood shoulder to shoulder, brandishing wickedly serrated blades.

As the two forces clashed, it was the goblin archers who struck first. Arrows rained down upon the demon ranks, finding their marks in the midst of the chaos. Demons fell, their dark forms contrasting starkly against the wooden barricades.

Captain Varkus, leading the initial assault, was quick to respond. With a wave of his hand, he summoned a swirling barrier of dark energy that deflected the incoming arrows. "Hold your ground!" he shouted to his fellow demons. "Advance!"

The demons, empowered by Varkus's protective barrier, pressed forward, their obsidian blades gleaming with deadly intent. Goblin warriors, wielding jagged swords and spears, met them head-on. It was a brutal melee, filled with ferocious clashes of steel.

One demon, a skilled sorcerer, unleashed bolts of dark energy that pierced through the goblin defenses. Goblin bodies crumpled as the sinister magic found its marks. But the goblins were not to be underestimated. Their shamans, hidden among the defenders, countered with counter-spells and protective wards.

On the other side of the battlefield, Krogg, the late-stage Golden Core hobgoblin, led the goblin counterattack. His enormous warhammer swung with precision, crushing demons and sending them sprawling. Beside him, a goblin shaman chanted incantations, summoning the power of the earth. Spikes of rock erupted from the ground, impaling demons and creating treacherous terrain.

The battle raged on, neither side giving an inch. It was a testament to their resilience, as if both demons and goblins were destined to be locked in an eternal struggle.

The clash was fierce, the sounds of steel against steel and the cries of warriors filling the air. The goblins fought with a ferocity born of desperation, their green-skinned bodies moving with a twisted sort of grace. The demons, their eyes gleaming with ruthless determination, pressed on, each strike a testament to their dark power.

Captain Varkus, a dark figure amidst the chaos, moved with lethal precision. His obsidian blade flashed, finding its mark with unerring accuracy. He was a whirlwind of death, his movements a deadly dance as he wove through the ranks of goblin defenders. "Push forward! Break their line!" he bellowed, his voice cutting through the din of battle.

Beside him, a demon sorcerer, his robes billowing with each incantation, hurled bolts of dark energy. They crackled through the air, seeking out goblin targets. The ground trembled beneath the onslaught, the impact of the spells leaving craters in their wake.

Meanwhile, Krogg, the late-stage Golden Core hobgoblin, was a force to be reckoned with. His massive warhammer swung with a devastating force, each strike sending shockwaves through the battlefield. Demons who dared to face him were met with a brutal end, their forms crumpling beneath the weight of his blows.

As the battle raged on, goblin shamans weaved their own magic. Elemental forces responded to their calls, with spikes of earth erupting from the ground and stone barriers forming to protect their comrades. It was a display of primal power, a testament to the goblins' connection to the land.

Yet, for all their strength, the goblins were slowly being pushed back. The demons, their relentless assault proving too much, gained ground inch by inch. Barricades splintered, and the goblin defenders found themselves pressed against the remnants of their own defenses.

Through it all, Ghorm and Zelroth watched, their gazes fixed on the unfolding battle. They could sense the ebb and flow of power, the surges of energy that marked the clashes between demons and goblins. Each move, each strike, was a piece in the intricate puzzle of this brutal conflict.

Ghorm's massive wolf paced restlessly, its eyes locked on the battlefield. It could sense the impending shift, the moment when its master would step in to turn the tide.

Zelroth's eyes gleamed with a dark fire. He could feel the pulse of the battle, the ebb and flow of power. Soon, he knew, it would be his turn to join the fray, to unleash the full extent of his Golden Core cultivation.

In the midst of the chaotic battlefield, Krogg, the late-stage Golden Core hobgoblin, had noticed something that stoked the flames of his battlelust. Captain Varkus, a formidable demon, was carving through the goblin ranks with a speed and precision that outmatched even Krogg's own brutal efficiency.

Krogg's gravelly voice rumbled with determination as he shouted to his nearby goblin warriors, "Hold the line! I'll handle the demon captain!" His intent was clear; he aimed to face Varkus directly, a challenge that couldn't be ignored.

Captain Varkus, amidst the swirling combat, caught sight of the approaching hobgoblin. His crimson eyes locked onto Krogg's form, and a sinister grin crept across his face. "You finally decided to fight me," Varkus thought, his dark elemental power crackling around him.

Their confrontation was inevitable. As Krogg closed the distance, the ground beneath his feet shifted and trembled. He called upon the power of the earth, channeling his cultivation into his techniques. His enormous warhammer became wreathed in earthen energy, and he swung it with a force that sent shockwaves through the battlefield.