

Living Shadow 81

Chapter 81 Dangers Of Cursed Ore

As Damon inspected the hollow arrows, Anvil leaned back with a shrug.

"Well, your funeral..."

Anvil's gaze shifted to Damon, his tone turning serious.

"What exactly are the side effects of cursed ore?"

Damon could tell why the old smith was concerned. Cursed ore wasn't named that way for nothing—it was dangerous in more ways than one.

"Cursed ore is known to disrupt or outright kill magic," Damon explained.

"It can sever the flow of mana, which is its positive effect. But the downsides? Hallucinations, mental instability, sickness, physical weakness, and it attracts monsters. That's just the start."

Anvil nodded grimly, pulling one of the arrows from the chest. The arrowhead was oddly shaped, more like a hollow shell than a sharp tip. He detached the shell casing, revealing the full arrowhead beneath—a black, circular design with a faint, ominous glint.

He tossed the arrow to Damon, who caught it effortlessly, noting its peculiar weight.

"I designed these shells to cover the arrowheads, so you can carry them safely," Anvil explained, holding up one of the small casings.

"The cursed ore is in the exposed part of the tip. With this covering, the danger is minimized. Though let's be honest—no sane person would carry cursed ore willingly."

Carls, standing off to the side, nodded in agreement.

"The old man's right. Even seasoned fighters who've reached their first class advancement—people with significant resistance to magical effects—hesitate to use cursed ore. And those who do? Let's just say it doesn't end well."

He glanced at the arrows warily, his expression grim.

"Weapons made of cursed ore have ruined their wielders. Like the cursed sword that drove a knight to slaughter his entire family, or the hammer that attracted a monster stampede. This stuff brings nothing but misfortune."

Damon acknowledged their concerns but remained resolute.

"I understand the risks. But as long as the arrowheads are covered with these shells, I should be fine, right?"

Anvil nodded.

"Yes. My shells are as foolproof as you can get with cursed ore. Just don't get careless."

Carls crossed his arms, shaking his head slightly.

"Even so, be wary. Drawing misfortune is never a worth it."

Damon smirked, slotting the arrow into his new bow and pulling back the string to test it. The faint hum of magic coursed through the weapon, a testament to its craftsmanship.

"Misfortune," he said, his voice calm but menacing, "is exactly what I intend to bring—to all my enemies."

Damon drew the bowstring, his fingers steady, and released the arrow. The projectile sliced through the air, emitting a faint whistle before it tore straight through the target.

Carls' eyes widened in disbelief. "It went through the target..."

A small smirk crept across Damon's face.

'As I expected, hollow arrows travel faster and pierce deeper. But they have their flaws too...'

He glanced at the puncture in the target, almost impressed.

'Where was this when I was shooting ravens?'

Anvil stepped closer, his gaze fixed on the small hole left by the arrow. He glanced at Damon, his expression curious.

"How do you even see under that blindfold?"

Damon remained silent, and Anvil let out a hearty laugh.

"Flawless, isn't it? With this, you can punch a clean hole through a human, no problem."

The blacksmith stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Although... the hollow tips make the aerodynamics a bit tricky. And the arrow does make some noise, though I managed to tone it down to a faint whistle."

Anvil's grin widened as he looked back at Damon.

"I call them the Whistling Death."

Damon nodded approvingly.

"A fitting name. By the time someone hears the whistle, it'll already be too late. And thanks to the shells you made to cover the tips, I can carry them safely under my jacket, along with the bow."

Carls returned from retrieving the arrow, his face pale. He held it out to Damon with obvious reluctance, eager to be rid of it.

"I can't imagine why anyone would want this as a weapon, but I pity anyone who gets shot by it. Cursed ore also slows healing..."

Anvil let out a booming laugh.

"You're such a wuss! Be more like your daredevil friend over here."

Carls glared at him, his expression deadpan.

"If I were more like him, I'd probably be dead already."

Anvil shook his head, chuckling at Carls' discomfort. Turning back to Damon, he said,

"I also made a custom quiver that pins to your uniform jacket. One on each side for easy access to your arrows."

Damon nodded, genuinely appreciative of the blacksmith's effort. The man clearly went above and beyond.

Next, Anvil pulled out a belt, tossing it to Damon. He caught it effortlessly and strapped it on, noticing two daggers sheathed at the back in a cross formation. The placement was perfect—just within reach.

Curious, he drew the daggers. They gleamed faintly in the dim light, their reddish metal catching his attention. The blades were wider than usual, with a button-like mechanism on the pommel.

"Magisite daggers," Anvil explained with pride.

"They absorb magic, making them effective against spellcasters. The grip contains a compartment for poison. Just press the button with your thumb, and whatever poison you load in there will spill out."

Damon examined the daggers, a small grin forming on his lips.

"An insidious weapon, indeed."

Anvil nodded, his grin matching Damon's.

"My only regret is that you're too poor to afford rune inscriptions. With those, these daggers could've been killer artifacts."

Damon twirled the daggers expertly, testing their balance and weight.

"That would've killed my wallet too."

Despite the jest, he couldn't help but be pleased with the craftsmanship. The daggers felt natural in his hands as he sparred with the air, their weight perfect for swift and lethal strikes.

He glanced at his shadow briefly, wondering what it thought of the new weapons. But it remained dormant for now, indifferent to the people around.

'I'll have to get its opinion later.'

Satisfied, he sheathed the daggers, noting how well they fit beneath his uniform jacket. Draping his cloak over his shoulders, he looked back at Anvil.

"Now, what about the grappling hook?"

Anvil's grin turned mischievous as he reached into the chest.

"Heh, you're gonna love this one the most."

With a flourish, he pulled out an object, and Damon's brow furrowed. He tugged his blindfold down slightly to confirm what he was seeing.

"Wh... what? This isn't a grappling hook..."