

ShadowBound 117

Chapter 117: Blood Attack: 10% Chance

The older demon's glowing yellow eyes fixed on Liam and Elena, his smirk stretching wider, jagged teeth gleaming under the pale light. "Ah, but fear... Fear adds the perfect seasoning to the meal."

From above, the younger demon cackled, a guttural and bone-chilling sound that reverberated through the forest. "She's ripe with it! Look at her—shaking like a leaf." His claws scratched against the bark as he spoke, sending a sharp screech into the air. "The taste will be exquisite."

Liam's muscles tensed as he instinctively moved his hands, ready to summon his daggers—then stopped. 'Not yet. I can't risk her getting caught in the crossfire. These things... they're definitely stronger than any Advanced Horror.'

He spared a glance at Elena. Her tear-filled eyes met his, wide with terror, her body trembling like brittle glass on the verge of shattering.

'I can't protect her and fight these two head-on,' Liam thought, his mind racing. 'That's suicide. I need a plan.'

The older demon stepped forward, slow and deliberate, his grin dripping with mockery. "So, little human," he drawled, locking eyes with Liam. "Will you be her knight in shining armor? Or will you turn and run like the coward you clearly are?" Stay updated through empire

"Wait, brother." The younger demon leaped from his perch, landing with inhuman grace, his movements fluid like a predator's. His voice oozed amusement. "Why don't we spice it up? Just like we did with the old man."

The older demon paused, tilting his head. "Hm?" His eyes gleamed with understanding, a sick, predatory grin stretching across his face. "Ah, yes. We are merciful creatures, after all."

The younger demon grinned, his tongue slithering out to lick the bloodstained edges of his teeth. "We'll give you choices, humans. It's only fair."

The older demon spread his arms wide as if making a grand offer, his deep voice rumbling with cruel humor. "So, listen closely. Option one: we kill you both here and now. It's quick, clean—" he paused, smile widening—"but oh-so-boring."

"Or..." The younger demon took a step forward, his gaze sharp and gleeful. "Option two: you run. Give us a chase. Struggle, flail, and hope—just like the old man did before we tore him apart."

A moment of silence lingered, heavy and suffocating.

Liam didn't wait.

In an instant, he grabbed Elena's wrist, yanking her forward with a forceful grip. "Move!"

The older demon's brows raised in mild surprise. "Oh? No hesitation. How refreshing."

The younger demon's wicked laughter filled the air. "A goose chase it is! Run with your back to us!" he roared, his voice brimming with manic excitement. "Time to enjoy ourselves, brother!"

Liam surged forward, practically dragging Elena as they crashed through the underbrush. Leaves and branches whipped against them as they moved, but Elena stumbled, slowing them down.

"Vlar's body—Vlar's body is still there!" Elena cried, "We can't just leave him!"

Liam's grip tightened around her wrist as he pulled her forward, his voice cold, steady, and unforgiving. "He's dead. Nothing can be done about that now. The longer you fail to accept it, the closer we come to joining him."

Elena's sob caught in her throat, but Liam didn't spare her a glance. His gaze remained fixed forward, eyes sharp and calculating.

'They're toying with us,' Liam thought bitterly, his mind whirling through the options. 'They don't want us to escape. They want to break us before they kill us.'

His myst surged faintly as he weighed his choices. Flame Dash would get them farther—fast—but the risk was too great. 'If I lose control, my flames could injure her.'

As they ran, Elena twisted her head to glance back, but Liam's instincts screamed in warning.

"Don't!" Liam shouted sharply, yanking her closer to him with one hand while his other arm swung forward in a sharp arc.

In that split second, Liam's dagger materialized in his grasp, myst swirling around the blade. At first, it looked like he was cutting through empty air—until the dagger collided with something unseen. Sparks erupted, a metallic screech splitting the air as Liam's swing deflected an incoming strike.

The impact sent Liam skidding backward, his boots digging into the dirt as he held Elena tightly against him. They didn't stop until the trunk of a tree slammed into their backs, finally halting their momentum.

"Are you hurt?" Liam asked, his tone flat and devoid of concern.

"N-no," Elena stammered, still breathless from the sudden movement.

"Good. Do you know how to use Myst Shielding?" Liam's eyes remained locked on the shadows ahead, his voice cold and focused.

"Y-yes, I do," Elena answered, her body still tense in Liam's arms.

Liam exhaled, his mind racing. Thank the gods. This gives us at least a 10% chance of getting out of here.

"Start using it. I don't care how weak it is, just keep it up."

Elena opened her mouth to protest, but the sound of cruel, guttural laughter silenced her. Both demons emerged from the shadows, their glowing yellow eyes fixed on Liam and Elena.

"Well, well..." The older demon chuckled darkly, inspecting his blood-stained claws. "I never thought a human could keep up with my speed, let alone redirect my attack. You're full of surprises, little one."

The younger demon snickered mockingly. "Careful, brother. Looks like you're getting slow in your old age."

"Shut your mouth," the older demon snarled, his grin twisting with irritation. "I underestimated him, that's all." His gaze sharpened as it fell on Liam and Elena. "But you broke the rules by looking back, so this is where your little escape ends."

"Get ready," Liam whispered to Elena as he crouched slightly. Before she could react, Liam scooped her into a princess carry.

The demons blinked, momentarily caught off guard. "What's he—?"

Liam didn't give them time to think. With a sharp inhale, he exploded into motion, his muscles surging with myst-fueled strength.

"What's with this kid?" the older demon growled, his interest piqued.

"Who cares? They're just making this hunt more fun," the younger demon grinned, his claws flexing. "Let's end it."

In an instant, the younger demon launched himself forward, blurring across the distance. In the blink of an eye, he was right there—clawed hand outstretched, inches from tearing Liam and Elena apart.

But Liam was ready. With a heavy stomp that cracked the earth beneath him, flames erupted around his legs, moving up to his whole body.

Flame Dash.

In a fraction of a second, Liam vanished from the demon's grasp, leaving behind a trail of fire and scorched ground.

The younger demon landed where Liam had been, his claws swiping through empty air. He growled in frustration, eyes darting forward to spot Liam, now a distant streak of flames disappearing deeper into the forest.

"He's faster than before," the younger demon muttered as he straightened, his grin fading slightly.

"Not just faster—he's keeping up the speed while carrying her," the older demon said, his voice filled with malicious curiosity. "But if he reaches that Primordial, our plans will be ruined."

The younger demon's grin returned, sharp and cruel. "That's not happening. If our plan is at risk, then we'll just change their path."

Liam darted through the forest, flames propelling him faster than he thought possible. He didn't spare a glance at the shattered remains of the carriage or Paul's lifeless body. His focus was singular: getting to safety.

But as he tore through the dense trees, a glint caught his eye. His instincts screamed, and before he fully registered the danger, massive spikes of gleaming blood burst from the shadows, hurtling toward him at impossible speeds.

"Damn it!" Liam cursed under his breath, his body reacting before his mind. He veered sharply, shifting his course from the straight path to the Avanciare estate. The blood spikes crashed into the ground where he had been, tearing apart the earth in violent sprays of dirt and shattered roots.

He skidded into a new direction, now heading toward a more distant part of Grandeur City. 'Why are they trying to block me?' he thought, glancing back briefly at the crimson shards that twisted unnaturally, burrowing into the ground before launching themselves back at him like living spears.

The realization hit him like a bolt of lightning. 'They're not just playing around anymore—they're trying to keep me away from Mystica. They must know she's there. They're scared of her.'

His jaw clenched as he adjusted his grip on Elena, holding her closer. 'That means Mystica is even more dangerous than I thought. If she's their target, she might be the only one who can deal with them. I have to find another way to get there, but first, I need to survive.'

The blood spikes continued their relentless pursuit, moving with an unnatural intelligence. They burrowed into the ground, surged forward, and erupted again just behind him, ripping apart trees and carving trenches in the soil.

Liam's muscles burned as he pushed his body to its limits, but he didn't let up. The faint glow of Grandeur City's lights appeared in the distance, and a surge of hope shot through him. Almost there.

With one last burst of myst-fueled energy, Liam launched himself forward, flames igniting around his legs. He twisted midair, coiling Elena protectively in his arms, just as they broke through the treeline and hurtled into the city.

The crash was loud, the impact cracking the cobblestone street as they tumbled into the heart of Grandeur City.

For a moment, silence reigned. Then murmurs erupted from the gathered crowd.

"What in the world just happened?"

"Are they injured? Someone call for help!"

"Did he... fall from the sky?"

"Wait, isn't that the niece of Ms. Avanclore?"

Liam groaned, pushing himself up on one knee. His body ached from the impact, but his focus remained sharp. He gently set Elena down, ensuring she wasn't hurt.

"Elena, are you okay?" he asked, his voice low and strained.

"I think so," she whispered, her wide eyes darting nervously around the growing crowd.

"You there!" A stern voice rang out, cutting through the commotion. A city guard, clad in polished armor, pushed his way to the front of the crowd. "What's going on here? Who are you, and why are you carrying Mrs. Avanclore's niece?"

Liam shot the guard a glare, his patience worn thin. "Ask questions later. Right now, you need to get these people out of here!"

"Out of here? Why?"

A deafening crack interrupted the guard's question as one of the blood spikes erupted from the forest and slammed into a nearby fountain, shattering it into pieces.

The crowd screamed, scattering in every direction.

"That's why," Liam growled, rising to his feet and summoning his daggers. His eyes burned with resolve as he faced the direction of the incoming attack. "They're here."