

ShadowBound 118

Chapter 118: Blood Attack: I Have To Hold On

"Hey, you!" Liam barked, his voice cutting through the chaos as he pointed sharply at the stunned guard. "Get Elena to the Avanclore estate immediately! Once you're there, find Mystica and tell her that Grandeur City is under attack by demons stronger than Advanced Horrors."

The guard blinked, still processing the command. Before he could respond, Elena grabbed Liam's arm, her voice trembling. "What about you? Don't tell me you're planning to hold them off alone?"

Liam's gaze remained cold, unyielding. "This isn't up for debate. If we all move together, they'll cut through us like paper. If you stay, more will die. So go. Now."

The ground trembled violently as another blood spike erupted behind them, tearing through a nearby building. The structure groaned under the pressure before collapsing in a deafening crash, rubble and dust exploding outward like a tidal wave.

"LEAVE!" Liam roared, his voice echoing with unrelenting authority.

The guard, finally snapping out of his shock, grabbed Elena by the wrist and began dragging her away. She hesitated for a moment, her tear-filled eyes lingering on Liam, but his icy glare left no room for argument. Reluctantly, she followed the guard, disappearing into the distance.

Liam exhaled softly, his shoulders relaxing slightly. Slowly, he loosened his crimson tie, slipping it off and tossing it aside. The polished veneer of a composed young man melted away, revealing the raw determination of someone who has been in countless battles.

As he turned, his eyes fell on the horror unfolding around him. The blood spikes tore through the streets with ruthless precision, impaling anything in their path.

Screams filled the air, only to be cut short as heads were severed cleanly from bodies, leaving fountains of blood spraying into the night. Others were skewered through their torsos, their entrails spilling out like grotesque garlands.

Some were bisected entirely, their torsos sliding wetly off their lower halves as they collapsed in twitching heaps. The streets of Grandeur City quickly transformed into rivers of blood, corpses strewn across cobblestones in dismembered chaos.

The stench of death was suffocating, but Liam's expression didn't waver. His cold, unfeeling eyes surveyed the massacre as if it were a passing storm.

He shrugged off his jacket, letting it fall to the gore-soaked ground, then unbuttoned the first two clasps of his black shirt. In his hands, his daggers gleamed with a faint glow of myst, eager for the blood they would soon taste.

He walked forward with steady, deliberate steps, stopping just shy of the rubble where the destruction was most severe. The dust began to settle, revealing two figures emerging from the carnage. Their dark silhouettes came into focus, and with them, the sound of cruel, guttural laughter.

"Humans," the older demon sneered, his voice dripping with malice. "Always so predictable. Look at what you've done, boy. All this carnage—all these bodies—for one life. A selfish act, yet here you stand, pretending to be noble." His golden eyes gleamed as he gestured to the sea of mutilated corpses. "Isn't this a beautiful scene? A masterpiece, painted with the blood of your own people."

The younger demon grinned wickedly, his voice mockingly soft. "Sacrificing dozens for one girl who won't even live to see the sunrise. Tell me, hero, does their blood weigh heavy on your soul? Or are you so blind to your own hypocrisy that you call us monsters while you trade their lives for hers? How cruel of you."

They chuckled darkly, their voices mingling with the sounds of crackling fire and distant screams. But their laughter died abruptly when Liam spoke, his tone colder than the night air.

"Hero?" he repeated, his lip curling in disdain. "What an overrated word. Let me make something clear—none of these lives matter to me. Whether they lived or died isn't my concern. At the end of the day, everyone loses their life. These people? No different. Their fates were sealed the moment you arrived." Your next journey awaits at empire

His daggers twirled in his hands as he took a step closer, his voice dropping into an icy growl. "So spare me your lectures about heroes and monsters. You're not some divine executioners, and I'm not here to play savior. The only reason I haven't torn through you both yet is because I'm still deciding which one of you dies first."

The demons stiffened momentarily, their smirks faltering under the weight of Liam's words. But then the older demon chuckled again, a low, dangerous sound.

"Interesting," he said, licking his lips. "Looks like this human has some bite after all."

The younger demon grinned, his claws flexing as he crouched low. "Good. That'll make this so much more fun."

Liam tightened his grip on his daggers, his aura flaring around him like a flame. "Let's how long I can hold."

The Blood Demons stepped forward, their malicious grins spreading wider. Liam could feel the weight of their presence pressing against him, suffocating and relentless.

'Blood Demons,' Liam thought grimly, his mind racing. 'If what Galen told me is true, they will be will the finish me off if show my dark magic. If I want to keep them off Elena or anyone else, I'll have to draw their attention fully. However, I don't feel like using it yet. Which is a dumb move, they're way stronger than me—I can feel it in their aura.'

The younger demon lunged first, his clawed hand slicing through the air with a speed that made Liam's breath catch. He barely twisted his body in time, the claws grazing his shoulder and leaving four shallow but burning cuts.

Liam countered with a swing of his right dagger, flames erupting along the blade as it slashed toward the demon's chest. The demon laughed, his body shifting unnaturally as he twisted mid-air, evading the attack with infuriating ease.

Before Liam could recover, the older demon was on him. A massive fist came crashing down, and Liam instinctively crossed his daggers to block. The impact was like a hammer against steel, sending a shockwave through Liam's arms. He was flung backward, skidding across the blood-soaked ground.

He rolled to his feet, flames crackling to life around him. His breaths came heavy, his muscles already straining. "So you both like to play rough," he muttered under his breath.

The younger demon grinned, his claws clicking menacingly. "Play rough? Boy, we haven't even started."

The two demons attacked in tandem, their movements like a deadly dance. The younger one darted in with precise, lightning-quick slashes while the older one struck with brute force, his swings demolishing anything in their path.

Liam twisted, ducked, and parried as best he could, his flames flaring with every strike. He aimed for openings, but their reflexes were unnaturally sharp. Every time he thought he had an advantage, the demons adjusted, their coordination flawless.

The younger demon's claws slashed upward, catching Liam across his ribs. Pain seared through his side, but he ignored it, retaliating with a downward slash of his dagger. The demon blocked with his claws, sparks flying as myst-infused steel clashed with raw strength.

The older demon capitalized on the distraction, his fist colliding with Liam's torso. The force sent him hurtling into a crumbled wall, the impact knocking the wind from his lungs.

Liam coughed, blood splattering the ground as he forced himself to stand. His flames flickered weakly around him, his myst reserves already beginning to wane but it wasn't much of deal. The demons were relentless, their laughter echoing in his ears.

"Is this it?" the older demon sneered, stepping closer. "You were so eager to fight, yet here you are, barely standing. How pathetic."

Liam spat blood, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "You talk too much," he growled, forcing more flames to ignite around his body. The heat intensified, his daggers glowing red-hot as he surged forward with renewed determination.

He feinted left, his flame-wreathed dagger arcing toward the younger demon, who dodged as expected. But this time, Liam anticipated the move, twisting mid-strike to deliver a brutal kick to the demon's knee. The joint buckled, and the demon snarled, momentarily off-balance.

Liam pressed the advantage, slashing his dagger across the demon's chest. The blade cut deep, flames searing the wound. The younger demon roared in pain, staggering back.

But the older demon was already on him, claws aiming for Liam's neck. He barely managed to deflect the strike, the force sending him spinning. Another attack came—a sweeping kick that caught him in the side, sending him crashing to the ground.

He rolled to avoid the follow-up strike, a massive clawed hand burying itself in the ground where his head had been moments ago. Liam lashed out with a dagger, carving a fiery arc across the demon's forearm.

The older demon hissed, his blood sizzling where it met the flames, but his expression quickly turned into a sinister grin. "Pain? That's nothing compared to what we'll do to you."

Liam staggered back, his breaths ragged. His body screamed in protest, his wounds bleeding freely.

The younger demon had recovered, his eyes burning with fury. "You'll regret that, human!" he snarled, his body blurring as he charged.

Liam braced himself, channeling more myst into his flames. The ground beneath him cracked as heat radiated outward, creating a fiery barrier around him. The demon slammed into it, his claws cutting through the flames but losing momentum just enough for Liam to sidestep and counter with a spinning slash.

The dagger struck true, carving into the demon's side. But before Liam could follow up, the older demon was there, his fist connecting with Liam's stomach.

The world blurred as Liam was launched backward, skidding across the blood-soaked ground. He struggled to his feet, coughing violently. His vision swam, but he forced himself to focus.

'I'm running out of options. I can't find an opening to finish this, and they're not even breaking a sweat.'
Liam's mind raced.

The demons approached slowly, savoring his desperation. "Is that all you've got, little human?" the younger one taunted, licking the blood from his claws. "We're just getting warmed up."

Liam's grip on his daggers tightened, his flames flaring weakly around him. "Then let's see how hot it can get."