

ShadowBound 119

Chapter 119: Blood Attack: Blood Vs Dark Magic

Liam's breath came heavy, his chest rising and falling as he glared at the demons. 'Looks like I made a mistake by holding back my dark magic. Guess I don't have a choice anymore.' His hands tightened around his daggers as a smirk tugged at the corners of his bloodied lips.

"Brother," the younger demon called, perched on a crumbled pillar, his glowing eyes fixated on Liam.

"What is it now?" the older demon growled, his tone impatient. Your adventure continues at empire

"This human's blood... it feels familiar. Very familiar." The younger demon licked the blood from his claws, his tongue moving with deliberate slowness.

"Don't start with your blood obsession again," the older demon scoffed, his voice tinged with annoyance. "You've devoured so many humans over the centuries, you're starting to lose your mind."

The younger demon gave a surprised look, but it quickly twisted into a sinister grin. "You might be right," he said with a chuckle, licking his claws clean. "Most humans taste the same anyway."

Both demons turned their attention back to Liam, their laughter low and menacing. "So, are you ready for us to put you out of your misery?" the older demon sneered.

A shadow of a smirk appeared on Liam's face, his voice cold and sharp. "Put me out of my misery? That's rich. I'm just getting started."

Dark tendrils began to swirl at Liam's feet, his shadow rippling unnaturally. The demons' laughter faded as their eyes narrowed, their once-dismissive expressions giving way to subtle wariness.

The ground beneath Liam seemed to tremble as his shadow stretched and twisted upward, forming the shape of a massive dragon. Its eyes burned with an eerie blue glow, and its claws scraped against the blood-soaked ground as it took form.

The demons' initial surprise faded into sinister chuckles. "I knew there was something familiar about this one," the younger demon said, his grin widening. "Never in my centuries did I think I'd see a dark magic user again."

"How intriguing," the older demon added, his voice dripping with mockery. "We'll enjoy tearing you apart and sending your corpse back to Lord Sanguis. A dark magic user's head might just spare us from his wrath for failing to retrieve the artifact."

'Perfect,' Liam thought, his smirk deepening as he focused on the dragon. 'That's exactly the reaction I wanted. Now for the main spell.'

The shadow dragon, which had been towering on all fours, began to shrink, its massive form condensing. The demons' eyes widened, though only slightly, as the dragon shifted from its beastly posture to a humanoid stance.

It stood tall, about the same height as the demons—6 feet 7 inches. Its wings folded neatly against its broad back, and while it retained its draconic features—scales, claws, and a snarling maw—it now bore a human-like form. Muscular arms and a wide chest added to its intimidating presence, giving it an air of calculated menace rather than primal rage.

Over the past weeks, Liam had pushed his mastery of Shadow Solidification further, discovering an advanced aspect of the technique: the ability to alter the shape, size, and form of his shadow beasts. He had practiced tirelessly, and now, that preparation was about to pay off.

'This eats up a lot of myst, but I prepared for this. I've expanded my core—there's no way I'm letting these bastards overpower me with ease.' Liam's sharp gaze locked on the demons, his confidence unwavering.

"You look surprised," Liam said, his voice icy. "Don't tell me you're afraid. Are you?"

"Afraid?" The younger demon let out a mocking laugh, his claws twitching in anticipation. "Of this? If you think summoning some half-baked dragon will give you an edge, you're sorely mistaken, kid."

The older demon's chuckle rumbled like distant thunder. "You're cocky for someone who hasn't even seen a fraction of our true strength," he said, his tone dark and foreboding.

Blood began to swirl around the demons, rising like a crimson tide as their aura grew heavier.

"I think it's time," the older demon said, his grin splitting wider, "to show you what real power looks like."

'Two against two,' Liam thought, his grip tightening on his daggers. 'Even with my shadow dragon, this is far from an even fight.'

The older demon lunged toward Liam with terrifying speed, his clawed hand cutting through the air like a guillotine. Liam barely sidestepped the blow, the wind from the attack whipping against his face as the demon's claws gouged deep furrows into the cobblestones. Liam retaliated, his daggers blazing with intense heat as he slashed at the demon's exposed side.

The blade connected, slicing through the demon's flesh, but instead of flinching, the older demon laughed. His blood poured out in thick, syrupy streams, but instead of weakening him, the crimson liquid solidified mid-air, forming a massive spear that shot toward Liam.

Liam twisted, narrowly avoiding the projectile, but the spear exploded behind him, sending a shockwave of blood spikes in every direction. One sliced across his shoulder, and another grazed his thigh. He hissed in pain, but his focus remained unbroken.

'This bastard... he's using his blood as both a weapon and a shield. I can't just chip away at him—it's like fighting the entire battlefield itself.'

Meanwhile, the younger demon was locked in brutal combat with Liam's shadow dragon. The dragon, now in its humanoid form, unleashed devastating swipes of its claws, each strike shrouded in dark myst.

The younger demon met every attack head-on, his movements wild yet precise. He lashed out with jagged blood whips, coiling them around the dragon's limbs to restrict its movements.

With a roar, the dragon broke free, its claws raking across the demon's chest, leaving deep gouges. But the younger demon only grinned, his blood pooling to close the wounds in seconds. He retaliated by conjuring a massive scythe from his blood, swinging it with bone-shattering force. The blade cleaved through the dragon's torso, splitting it in half.

For a moment, the dragon faltered, its form dissolving into shadows—but then it began to regenerate, its body reassembling as if piecing itself back together.

"You're persistent, I'll give you that," the younger demon sneered, his grin widening. "But every time you regenerate, I can feel your master's myst draining. How long can you keep this up, human?"

Liam clenched his jaw, sweat dripping down his brow as he felt the toll of the regeneration process. Every time his dragon reformed, it siphoned more myst from his core.

'Damn it. I can't keep this up for long. If I run out of myst, it's over.'

The older demon lunged again, his blood-forged claws sweeping in a wide arc. Liam ducked, the claws whistling past his head, and countered with a fiery dagger strike aimed at the demon's midsection. The flames burned brightly, scorching the demon's flesh, but his laughter only grew louder.

"Is this all you've got?" the older demon taunted, his blood forming a massive blade that he swung with devastating force.

Liam parried with both daggers, the impact sending shockwaves up his arms and forcing him back several steps. He gritted his teeth, his mind racing.

'They're toying with me even than before. Where the fuck is Mystica?'

The younger demon, meanwhile, was relentless. He hacked at the shadow dragon with his scythe, each swing brutal and calculated. The dragon roared in defiance, slamming its clawed hand into the ground and sending shockwaves of dark energy toward the demon. The younger demon leapt over the attack effortlessly, landing atop the dragon's head and driving his scythe into its shadowy skull.

The dragon howled, its body dissolving into shadows once again. As it began to reform, Liam felt his knees weaken, the strain on his myst reserves growing unbearable.

"Look at you," the younger demon sneered, his voice dripping with mockery as he pointed his blood-slick scythe at Liam. "Struggling just to stand. Tell me, human, how much longer can you last?"

The older demon joined in, his laughter booming. "You've got spirit, I'll give you that. But spirit won't save you. This city, its people, even you—it's all just blood waiting to be spilled."

Liam's eyes burned with defiance as he straightened, ignoring the searing pain coursing through his body. "You talk too much," he said coldly, his voice cutting through the chaos.

The shadow dragon reformed beside him, its eyes glowing with the same defiance. Liam placed a hand on its shoulder, steadying himself.

"My fate is not for you to choose, shut up and keep attacking like the mindless creatures you are."