

ShadowBound 120

Chapter 120: Blood Attack: Dark Armor

The air crackled with intensity as the battle raged on. Liam's dark myst surged wildly, his shadow dragon roaring beside him. The blood demons attacked with unrelenting savagery, their movements precise and calculated.

The younger demon darted forward, his blood-forged scythe slicing through the air like a deadly pendulum. The dragon met the attack head-on, its massive claws swiping with bone-shattering force. Sparks flew as claw met scythe, the impact sending tremors through the ground. Liam seized the moment, darting around the older demon and launching himself toward the younger one.

In perfect synchronization, Liam's daggers glowed with searing heat as he thrust them forward, aiming for the demon's exposed side. At the same moment, the dragon lashed out with its tail, the dark energy trailing from it creating a crushing wave of myst. The attack hit its mark, driving the younger demon back, his body slamming into a nearby wall with enough force to crack the stone.

But the respite was short-lived. The older demon barreled toward Liam with terrifying speed, his blood-forged blade cleaving downward. Liam barely had time to twist out of the way, the blade grazing his side and leaving a searing cut that oozed crimson.

Gritting his teeth against the pain, Liam retaliated with a series of rapid slashes, his movements a blur of precision and desperation. His daggers carved into the demon's flesh, leaving trails of blackened scorch marks, but the wounds were shallow, barely slowing the creature.

"You fight well," the older demon growled, his grin blood-stained teeth. "But you're still just a human."

The dragon joined the fray, launching itself at the older demon with its claws outstretched. The impact was thunderous, the two colliding in a brutal struggle of raw power. The demon's blood erupted like molten lava, forming tendrils that lashed at the dragon, trying to ensnare it. The dragon roared, tearing through the bonds with brute force.

Liam coordinated his next attack with his dragon. As the older demon was occupied, Liam darted forward, his daggers glowing brighter than before. With a yell, he plunged both blades into the demon's

torso. Simultaneously, the dragon struck the younger demon with an explosive swipe of its claws, tearing through his chest and sending him sprawling.

For a moment, it seemed like the tide was turning. Blood gushed from the demons' wounds, and their snarls turned into pained growls. But Liam's victory was fleeting.

"Enough of this!" the older demon bellowed, his voice shaking the air. He and his brother exchanged a glance, a sinister understanding passing between them. "Let's end this little game."

The demons feigned weakness, their movements slowing as if their injuries had taken their toll. Liam saw an opening—a chance to finish them—and surged forward with his dragon. But just as they closed in, the demons' eyes flared with malevolent light.

"Foolish human," the younger demon sneered. "You fell right into our trap."

With a guttural roar, the demons unleashed a massive wave of crimson spikes, their blood exploding outward in every direction. The spikes shot through the air like a storm of deadly projectiles. Liam's eyes widened as he realized the scale of the attack. There was no time to evade, no cover to take.

The spikes tore through the battlefield, obliterating everything in their path. Houses crumbled into rubble, the ground was torn asunder, and the very air seemed to scream under the attack's force. Liam's shadow dragon dissolved into mist as he willed it to shield him, its form wrapping around him like a cocoon of darkness.

The impact was catastrophic. The spikes slammed into the dragon's shadowy form, breaking it apart piece by piece. Liam felt the backlash of his myst shatter within him, his body wracked with pain as the force of the attack tore through his defenses. Dust and debris filled the air, choking the battlefield in an eerie silence.

When the dust began to settle, the demons' laughter echoed through the ruins.

"Is that all?" the older demon mocked, his tone dripping with cruel amusement. "Did the mighty dark magic user finally run out of tricks?"

Their laughter faded as they spotted Liam, still standing amidst the devastation. Blood dripped from every inch of his battered body, his clothes torn and soaked in crimson. His breathing was ragged, his eyes blazing with stubborn defiance.

But something was wrong.

Liam's right arm hung limply at his side—no, it didn't hang at all. It was gone. The blood-soaked ground where he stood glistened with the fragments of flesh and bone left behind by the attack. His severed arm lay a few feet away, mangled beyond recognition.

Liam staggered, his remaining dagger trembling in his left hand. Every nerve in his body screamed in agony, but he refused to fall.

"You're still alive?" the younger demon hissed, his grin faltering for the first time. "How?"

Liam's voice was hoarse, barely more than a whisper, yet it carried an unyielding strength. "You'll... have to try harder... to kill me."

"Wow, humans truly are remarkable... in their stupidity." The older demon sneered, his voice laced with disdain. "You cling to life with such desperation, even when it's clear you've already lost. It's almost pitiful."

The younger demon grinned, his yellow eyes gleaming with amusement. "An arm gone, your body in tatters, and a pitiful trickle of myst left. And yet, here you stand. Do you even comprehend how ridiculous you look?"

Liam stood silently, blood dripping from his wounds, pooling at his feet. His chest heaved as he struggled to breathe.

'They're not wrong,' Liam thought grimly. 'This is madness. My body is broken, my myst reserves are almost dry, and my right arm... gone.' His gaze flicked to the demons before him. 'But this battlefield... it's saturated with myst. All clash with every spell, it's all feeding the air. And I'll be damned if I don't use that to my advantage.'

Even as his body screamed in protest, Liam activated Crimson Breathing. Each labored breath drew in the ambient myst, slowly replenishing his reserves. It wasn't much—barely enough to scrape together a fraction of his power—but it would have to do.

"You've gone quiet, human," the younger demon taunted, tilting his head mockingly. "What's the matter? Has the fight finally left you? Or are you just waiting to collapse?"

Liam's lips curled into a weak, yet defiant smirk. "For creatures... who haven't won yet... you sure... talk a lot."

The younger demon barked out a laugh. "Oh, he's still got some fight left in him! This is going to be fun!"

The older demon chuckled, his voice low and rumbling. "Let's not disappoint him, then."

But before they could make their move, the air around them shifted. A strange, unnatural stillness took hold, broken only by the faint rustling of shadows creeping across the battlefield.

"What the—" the younger demon muttered, his grin faltering as he watched the darkness writhe and slither toward Liam like living entities.

The shadows converged, coiling around Liam's feet like serpents. They rose, swirling around him in a chaotic vortex, their movement punctuated by eerie whispers. The blood-soaked ground beneath him seemed to vanish, consumed by the encroaching darkness.

In mere moments, the shadows enveloped Liam completely. The torn and battered figure of boy was no longer visible. Instead, standing in his place was a figure clad in dark, dragon-like armor, formed entirely of solidified shadow. The jagged, draconic edges of the armor radiated a menacing aura, and where his right arm had been severed, a new limb, forged of pure shadow, had taken its place.

A mask of darkness concealed his face, but the glowing blue light of his eyes pierced through the veil, cold and unrelenting. His daggers, now extensions of the shadows themselves, seemed to pulse with latent energy.

The demons stood frozen, momentarily taken aback by the transformation. The older one recovered first, scoffing. "Armor made of shadows? Is this your last pathetic trick?"

"Pathetic?" Liam's voice cut through the air, distorted and resonant. It carried an edge of something unfamiliar—something primal. "You'll see just how pathetic this form is."

Behind the mask, Liam's thoughts raced. 'This is a gamble... a desperate move. The shadow armor isn't a real solution. It's not healing my wounds, and my arm is still gone under this facade. But it's buying me time. Enough time—I hope—for Mystica to f*ucking get herself here. I just need to hold them here a little longer.' Discover exclusive tales on empire

The younger demon licked his lips, his earlier hesitation replaced by sadistic glee. "Oh, I like this. Let's see how long you can last before we rip that pretty armor apart."