

ShadowBound 121

Chapter 121: Blood Attack: A Merged Body

Liam's shadowy armor pulsed faintly, reflecting his unstable myst reserves. Around him, solidified shadowy projectiles hovered ominously. The demons, still exuding confidence, licked their lips, preparing to attack.

"Come then, human," the older demon growled, his voice dripping with malice. "Let's see what that pretty armor can do before we carve you apart."

With a roar, the demons launched themselves at Liam, their claws cracking with blood-red myst as they conjured vicious weapons on blood. Swords, whips, and jagged spears erupted from their bodies.

Liam didn't hesitate. With a sharp gesture, he sent his shadow projectiles hurling toward the oncoming demons. The spears of darkness streaked through the air, forcing the demons to break their charge and dodge. One of the projectiles grazed the younger demon's shoulder, leaving a deep smoking wound that hissed with dark energy.

The younger demon snarled in pain, but the distraction was enough for Liam to capitalize. Slamming his hand into the ground, he summoned shadowy spikes, jagged tendrils erupting beneath the demon's feet. One spike impaled the older demon through the thigh, causing him to bellow in rage as he wrenched himself free, black ichor dripping from the wound.

"You little worm!" The demon roared, retaliating with a surge of blood magic. Crimson blades rained down on Liam, their sharp edges gleaming.

Liam conjured a shadow shield, its surface rippling as it absorbed the first wave of the strikes. But the relentless assault began to crack the shield, forcing Liam to sidestep and dodge as the remaining blades tore through the air around him. A stray slash caught his side, sending a jolt of pain through his body despite the armor's protection.

'They are getting serious now,' Liam thought, gritting his teeth. 'But they still think I'm barely holding on.'

The demon pressed their attack, the younger one grinning wickedly as he summoned a massive, serrated blood whip. It lasted out with a sickening crack, slicing through the shadows. Liam ducked and rolled, narrowly avoiding the deadly weapon and retaliating by launching more projectiles. The air was thick the clash of their myst, sparks and smoke filling the battlefield. Experience new tales on empire

The older demon tried to flank him, summoning a wave of crimson spikes from the ground. Liam countered by conjuring his own shadow spikes, the two forces colliding in a violent explosion that sent shards of myst and dust flying in all directions. The shockwave staggered Liam, but he steadied himself quickly.

It was then that he saw his opportunity.

The demons, focus on overwhelming him with their sheer force, had grown careless. Their movements, while brutal, lacked precision they shown earlier, Liam knew it was tike to strike.

He surged forward, his daggers gleaming with concentrated shadow energy. As he closed the gap, he activated one of his newly learned techniques: Shadow Rend.

With a sharp, sweep motion, Liam slashed his daggers in intricate pattern. The air around him darkened as waves of shadow energy erupted from the blades in a violent flurry. Each slave sent crescent-shaped arcs of darkness hurtling toward the demons.

The demons had no time to react. The younger one was caught first, his horse slip open by the first wave of the slashes. Blood sprayed in every direction as the demon screamed, his body convulsing under the relentless onslaught.

The older demon fared no better. A shadow arc severed his arm cleanly at the shoulder, the limp falling to the ground with a wet thud. Another slash tore through the chest, exposing raw, steaming flesh beneath his armor-like hide. He staggered back, crimson ichor pouring from his wounds.

Liam landed heavily on the ground, his breathing ragged. The myst required for Shadow Rend had drain him of the little myst he had, now his myst levels were dangerously low. His vision blurred slightly behind the shadowy mask, bit he forced himself to remain upright.

As the last remnants of dust settled, Liam's gaze locked onto the grotesque sight before him. Hovering above the ground were two massive orbs of blood, pulsating ominously like beating hearts. The crimson liquid began to merge, swirling violently as if driven by a malicious will.

From this macabre dance, a shape began to take form—a hulking figure emerging from the carnage. Shadows intertwined with blood, solidifying into flesh and bone. As the transformation completed, the demon stepped forward, its heavy footfalls echoing across the battlefield.

"It seems we underestimated you too much, little human," the creature said, its voice a chilling harmony of two voices speaking in unison—deep, guttural, and filled with malice.

The twin demons had become one, their combined power radiating like a furnace of dark energy. Liam's eyes narrowed as he analyzed the creature. This was no ordinary amalgamation; the demon's new form was monstrous.

The creature stood over ten feet tall, its skin a searing crimson etched with black, vein-like patterns that pulsed with dark myst. Four jagged horns jutted from its elongated skull, spiraling menacingly. Its four glowing eyes—two crimson and two pitch black—focused intently on Liam, radiating an unsettling, predatory aura. Sharp claws extended from its massive hands, dripping with residual blood magic. The creature's chest bore a grotesque, pulsating core, likely the fusion point of the two brothers' combined essence.

"You've done well, human," the demon continued, stepping closer with a wicked grin that exposed rows of jagged teeth. "To survive this long, and to force us—brothers—to combine our forms... You are truly remarkable. But now... your little game ends."

The air around Liam grew heavier, saturated with the creature's overwhelming presence. He instinctively braced himself as the ground beneath the demon cracked and splintered with each step.

Liam's thoughts raced. 'This is bad. Their combined power is leagues beyond what I was just facing. Their aura is sharper, more tensed, and... suffocating.' He tightened his grip on his daggers, the shadows around him shifting uneasily in response to his tension.

The demon tilted its head, studying him with a cruel curiosity. "You look nervous. Good. That means you understand how hopeless your situation is."

With a sudden movement, it slammed its clawed hand into the ground. A shockwave of crimson and black myst erupted outward, obliterating the terrain and sending Liam skidding back.

Liam barely managed to steady himself, using his daggers to anchor into the ground. His shadow armor flickered, straining under the oppressive force. "Seems like you haven't had enough of what yoh just tasted," he muttered under his breath. "If that's the case, I will make sure you both, even in this your new body, feel it again and again. Until there's nothing left of you."