

ShadowBound 122

Chapter 122: Blood Attack: She Has Arrived

Without warning, the demon launched forward, its hulking form blurring with terrifying speed. Liam barely registered the movement before a clawed hand came crashing down like a guillotine.

He instinctively dodged, the air splitting with a deafening roar as the claws carved through it. The ground beneath was shredded, deep fissures radiating outwards, sending shards of rock and dirt flying in all directions.

Liam staggered back, his breathing heavy as his eyes darted toward the demon. 'I can't keep up with it. Its speed... its strength...' He tightened his grip on his daggers, summoning the last of his myst to conjure Shadow Spikes.

The jagged tendrils erupted from the ground, aiming to pierce the demon's core. But the creature reacted effortlessly, leaping into the air with inhuman grace and swatting the spikes aside like mere twigs.

"Pathetic," the demon sneered, its dual-toned voice reverberating with malice. Its crimson whips of blood magic shot forward in a deadly arc, slicing through the battlefield with surgical precision. Liam summoned a Shadow Barrier, but the magic disintegrated under the sheer ferocity of the attack.

One whip grazed Liam's shoulder, sending a searing pain ripping through him. Even through his shadow armor, the blood magic burned like acid, eating away at his defenses. Gritting his teeth, Liam rolled to the side, desperate to find an opening. His battered body screamed in protest, but he forced himself upright, slashing the air with Shadow Rend.

A torrent of dark energy surged toward the demon, the slashes streaking across the battlefield, having less power than the previous one. The first few strikes hit their mark, tearing deep gouges into the creature's crimson flesh. Black ichor poured from the wounds, hissing and steaming as it hit the ground. But the demon was unfazed. With a guttural roar, it deflected the remaining slashes, its claws carving through Liam's attacks with alarming ease.

"You're full of surprises," the demon mocked, its grin widening to reveal jagged teeth. "But you're still just a human."

Before Liam could respond, the demon clasped its massive hands together. A swirling sphere of condensed blood magic formed between them, crackling with unstable energy.

Stay connected through empire

Liam's instincts screamed at him to move, and he dove out of the way just as the orb hurtled toward him. The explosion that followed was cataclysmic. Crimson energy ripped through the battlefield, tearing apart the ground and obliterating anything in its path.

The shockwave slammed into Liam, sending him careening through the air like a ragdoll. His shadow armor cracked and shattered under the impact, leaving his battered body exposed. He hit the ground hard, coughing up blood as he struggled to rise. His vision blurred, but he forced himself to focus. The demon's hulking form emerged from the smoke, its laughter echoing ominously.

"This is your limit, human," it said, stalking toward him with deliberate malice. "Die knowing you amused us for a moment."

Liam tried to stand, but the demon moved with horrifying speed, closing the distance in an instant. Before Liam could react, a massive fist crashed into his torso. The impact was devastating. A shockwave erupted from the strike, sending debris, dust, and shattered stone flying in all directions.

The force of the blow shattered Liam's shadow armor entirely, leaving his bruised and bloodied body exposed. The demon's claws pressed into his flesh, and for a brief moment, Liam felt the air leave his lungs, his ribs creaking under the immense pressure. Then, with a brutal twist, the demon sent him hurtling across the battlefield. Liam's body collided with a crumbling wall, the force of the impact causing the structure to collapse around him.

Liam lay slumped against the crumbled wall, his body broken and bloodied. His severed arm from the shoulder once was once exposed, the crimson flow of his lifeblood pooling beneath him. His chest barely rose and fell, each shallow breath a struggle. His head hung low, and his lifeless eyes were fixed on the ground as if the fight had already drained every ounce of his will.

The demon towered over him, its grotesque form radiating malevolence. It reveled in the sight of its prey, savoring the impending kill. In its massive hand, a crimson spear began to form, pulsating with volatile energy. The spear hummed with an ominous glow, a final weapon to end the battle.

"You should have known better," it sneered, its dual-toned voice dripping with contempt. "Your efforts were futile from the start. The moment you faced us, your fate was sealed." The demon raised the spear high, its eyes burning with sadistic glee. "Now, accept your end, human."

But as the spear descended toward Liam, a sudden blast of freezing wind tore through the battlefield. Without warning, a massive ice spike shot through the air, piercing the demon's abdomen with brutal force. The impact sent the creature skidding across the battlefield, its claws carving deep trenches into the ground as it struggled to regain its balance.

The demon growled in rage, slamming its claws into the earth to stop itself from crashing into a distant wall. It gripped the massive ice spike embedded in its abdomen and wrenched it free, tossing it aside with a snarl.

The wound left behind was grievous, but in seconds, the blood began to congeal, pulling itself together. The hole in its abdomen slowly closed, the crimson flesh knitting itself back into place.

It raised its head, searching for the source of the attack, its glowing eyes narrowing in fury. Above, Mystica hovered in the air, her gown moving aside ways due to the night wind. The usual playful smirk that adorned her face was gone, replaced by an expression of seething anger, with eyes of cold fury.

She raised a single hand, still crackling with residual myst from her spell. Her voice cut through the battlefield, sharp and commanding.

"Get your hands off my student."

"Dammit! We've wasted enough time. The Primordial is here now," the demon seethed internally.

"No need to panic," it reassured itself. "In this form, our power rivals even a Primordial. She'll fall like the rest. Such arrogance won't save her."

"Seems you've arrived just in time," the demon said aloud, its sinister grin widening. "We'll kill the boy first, and then we'll deal with you. Two trophies in one day."

"You better shut that filthy mouth of yours before I rip it off," Mystica snapped coldly, her piercing gaze darting to Liam. Her expression softened for just a moment as she saw him, battered and bloodied, slumped against the wall.

'He's alive, but barely,' she thought, guilt washing over her. 'I should've been here sooner. While I was indulging myself, he was fighting for his life.'

Descending gracefully from the air, Mystica landed in front of Liam. She crouched down, placing a gentle hand on his chest as she began channeling her healing magic. A soft, radiant glow enveloped his body. Slowly but surely, the deep gashes on his body began to close, and even his severed arm started to regenerate.

Though his body was no longer riddled with open wounds, he remained unconscious, his face pale and bloodied. Mystica leaned him back against the wall, brushing a strand of dark hair from his face.

"Rest now," she thought. "You've done more than enough."

Rising to her full height, Mystica turned her icy gaze toward the demon. Her presence radiated an aura of immense power, the air around her seeming to chill.

"Blood demons," she said, her tone cold and unwavering. "So it's you who've been behind the recent disappearances. I hope you said your goodbyes to your master before coming here."

"How dare you, a mere human, threaten us?" the demon roared, its dual-toned voice dripping with fury. Without hesitation, it launched itself at her, its bloody claws slicing through the air.

But before the demon could reach her, a sharp, whistling sound pierced the battlefield. A steel arrow, glinting with deadly precision, struck the demon's side with explosive force, sending it tumbling across the ground.

The demon roared in pain and rage, quickly rising to its feet as its flesh knit itself back together. Its glowing eyes snapped toward the direction of the attack, locking onto the distant silhouette of a figure perched atop a building 500 meters away.

There stood Dylan, steel bow in hand. His hair glinted under the faint light as he formed another steel arrow in his hand. He smirked, his eyes alight with mischief and bravado.

"Unhand thy blood-stained claws from my glorious queen, vile demon!"