

ShadowBound 162

Chapter 162: Fighting A Titanborne 3

The Titanborne roared, its guttural cry vibrating through the air as it staggered slightly, its massive form shifting to counterbalance the force of Lucian's attack.

Edith darted forward, her body enhanced with myst-fueled speed and strength. She closed the distance between herself and the Titanborne's foot, slashing at its tendons with precision. Though her blade barely left a mark, her strikes were relentless, forcing the demon to adjust its stance.

Karla dropped to one knee, gripping her white-hilted sword in her hands as she began channeling myst into it. The blade shimmered faintly, water-like currents swirling along its length as she murmured a soft incantation. "Just a little more time...", she whispered to herself, her hands trembling as the pressure of the situation bore down on her.

Above them, Robin continued his evasive maneuvers, sending gusts of wind toward the Titanborne's face to keep its attention. "I can't keep this up forever!" he shouted, his voice strained.

"You won't have to!" Edith called back. "Just hold on a little longer!"

Lucian's eyes flicked toward Karla, his frustration mounting as he saw her still preparing. "How much longer, Karla? We can't keep distracting this thing forever!"

"Almost... almost there!" Karla replied, her voice trembling but resolute. The currents around her sword intensified, the liquid energy radiating from it now surging like a rushing river.

The Titanborne, irritated by the continuous onslaught from all sides, let out another earth-shaking roar. It raised its massive foot, aiming to stomp on Edith, who was closest to its legs.

"Edith, move!" Lucian shouted, hurling a jagged boulder at the demon's raised leg to disrupt its motion.

Edith leapt back just in time, narrowly avoiding being crushed. She landed in a crouch, her chest heaving as she shot Lucian a grateful nod. "Thanks!"

Karla finally rose to her feet, the myst around her sword now a brilliant, cascading vortex of water. Her voice, steady and determined, cut through the chaos. "I'm ready!"

"Good!" Edith shouted. "Lucian, hit it one more time and force it to lower its stance. Robin, keep its attention! We'll give Karla the opening she needs!"

Lucian didn't respond, already summoning another wave of boulders. They flew toward the Titanborne's legs with explosive force, striking the same spot repeatedly.

Robin unleashed another powerful gust of wind at the demon's face, causing it to growl in frustration and swipe at him with its massive hand. He narrowly dodged, his heart pounding in his chest. "I'm running out of steam here!"

"Just hold on for a few more seconds!" Edith shouted as she rushed toward the Titanborne's leg again, slashing furiously to weaken its stance.

The combined effort forced the demon to falter, its massive frame shifting to regain balance. The moment the opening appeared, Edith yelled, "Karla, now!"

Karla's grip tightened around her sword as she channeled all her myst into the blade. The air around her crackled with energy as she sprinted toward the Titanborne's exposed tendon. With a powerful leap, she brought her glowing sword down with all her might, aiming for the weak point.

A deafening crack echoed as the blade struck, a surge of water magic erupting from the sword and slicing through the Titanborne's tendon like a rushing waterfall. The demon let out an earsplitting roar of pain, its massive body collapsing onto one knee.

Edith's eyes widened in shock and relief. "You did it, Karla!"

Lucian smirked despite himself, already preparing another attack. "Not bad... but it's not over yet."

Karla, panting heavily, stumbled back as the myst around her sword dissipated. "I... I think that's all I've got," she admitted, her legs trembling from exhaustion.

"Don't worry," Edith said, stepping protectively in front of her. "We'll finish it from here. Robin, Lucian—let's take it down!"

Despite giving out that command, Edith knew they couldn't take down the demon yet, not when it still had all that tough skin to deal with.

'Where the hell are you Liam?'

—

Few Minutes Earlier

Liam darted through the dense forest, his red eyes half-focused on the distant battle where his teammates were fighting the Titanborne. His path, however, led him further from the chaos.

"Sorry, guys, but this needs to be taken care of as well." His thought as he acrobatically weaved through the onslaught of flying boulders and shattered debris from the distant battle.

Ever since the Titanborne appeared, it seemed to draw more than just the team's attention. The oppressive aura of the creature disrupted their Whisper spell, leaving them unable to coordinate effectively. Worse, its presence was attracting an ever-growing swarm of feral demons, which were heading towards the direction of the fight.

"This wasn't in Mystica's lessons. That thing's aura is a magnet for every beast in the area. If they reach the battlefield, we're done for. How annoying."

A sudden boulder hurtled toward him, its sharp edges whistling through the air. Without breaking stride, Liam unsheathed one of his daggers and channeled his myst. Flames ignited along its edge as he activated Inferno Edge, slicing cleanly through the incoming rock. The boulder shattered into harmless pieces, scattering like embers.

Landing lightly on his feet, Liam's gaze locked onto his targets. A few meters away, the forest seemed alive with a swarm of incoming Ferals—Demon Wolves, three-headed beasts, colossal bears, and snakes as thick as tree trunks—all charging toward him with primal fury.

"Finally," Liam muttered, unsheathing his second dagger with a flick of his wrist. "It's about time you all showed up."

The ground shook as a massive demon snake lunged at him, its fanged maw wide enough to swallow him whole. The serpent, over 30 feet long, coiled with unnatural speed as it struck. But Liam didn't flinch.

With a burst of speed, he used Flame Concentration, channeling fiery energy into his legs. A surge of heat exploded beneath him, propelling him forward like a missile.

The moment of collision was almost imperceptible—a flash of crimson flames twisting with the serpent's dark, scaled body. Liam landed in a crouch, his daggers poised at his sides, flames flickering faintly along their edges.

Behind him, the demon snake hung in the air for a moment, its momentum arrested. Then, in grotesque silence, it fell to the ground in several cleanly severed pieces. Black gore seeped into the soil as steam hissed from its cauterized wounds.

"One down," Liam said softly, rising to his full height, his glowing eyes fixed on the approaching horde. "Many more to go."

With a flick of his wrist, his daggers ignited once more, their flames burning brighter as he dashed forward.

Liam became a blur of motion, his flame-boosted speed turning him into a streak of fire weaving through the demonic swarm. His movements were ruthless, surgical, and relentless. Each slash of his daggers left trails of searing light in the air, the Inferno Edge tearing through flesh, bone, and the cores of the beasts.

Heads rolled, limbs flew, and bodies were bisected in every direction. Wolves collapsed in smoldering heaps, bears fell with their cores shattered, and serpents writhed as their segmented bodies spilled black ichor across the forest floor.

Within minutes, the once vibrant forest had transformed into a battlefield of carnage. Severed limbs and shattered bodies littered the ground, the air thick with the stench of blood and the acrid scent of burning flesh.

Liam stood in the center of it all, his chest rising and falling as he caught his breath. His right dagger was buried deep in the core of a massive demonic bear, its body slumped lifelessly against him. With a swift motion, he wrenched the blade free, simultaneously slicing through the bear's neck with his left dagger.

The beast collapsed with a heavy thud, its grotesque form joining the growing pile of corpses.

Liam straightened, his face impassive as he surveyed the aftermath. His daggers shimmered faintly, the flames dimming but still present, casting a flickering glow over his blood-spattered form.

"That's the last of them," he muttered, wiping the gore splattered across his face with the back of his hand.

Suddenly, a heavy boom echoed in the distance, drawing his attention back toward the battlefield. Through the gaps in the trees, he could see the Titanborne faltering, its massive form crashing to one knee under the relentless assault of his teammates.

"Seems they managed to make it bow," he said to himself. "From that position it is in, I can strike its core with Flame Compression, but I'll need those guys to get away from that thing."

"I wonder if Whisper can be used now." Your journey continues with