

ShadowBound 180

Chapter 180: Demon Stones

Liam pulled a dark, faintly glimmering object from his pocket—the object he had taken after the battle with the Titanborne. The dim light from the window caught its surface, making it gleam ominously.

"I found this after my team and I defeated a Titanborne," Liam said, holding it up for Mystica to see. "I've been wondering what it is. Thought you might know."

Mystica took a slow sip of her wine, then set her glass down with a smirk.

"Well, now that's interesting. It's rare for a Titanborne to drop a Demon Stone. Normally, only high-ranking Sync-class demons leave those behind."

Liam raised an eyebrow. "Demon Stone? Mind explaining?"

Mystica let out an exaggerated sigh. "Ugh, Liam, you owe me for interrupting my beauty sleep." She flipped her hair before continuing. "Demon Stones are remnants of a demon's essence, formed when their myst and physical body undergo extreme compression at the moment of death."

She gestured toward the object in Liam's hand. "That stone is packed with residual demonic energy, making it valuable for weapon forging, enchantments, and mystic augmentation."

Liam turned the stone between his fingers, deep in thought. "I had a feeling it was used for something like that."

Mystica tilted her head. "Huh? What do you mean?"

"When I was a kid, I ran into a Feral-class demon wolf—about twenty feet tall," Liam said, his voice neutral.

Mystica blinked. "Wait, twenty feet? That's... unusual. The max height for a Feral-class demon is usually around fourteen to fifteen feet. Either it mutated, or these things are evolving. Anyway, go on, sweetie."

Liam nodded. "The thing nearly killed me, but my grandpa saved me. After he put it down, he picked up something just like this—a Demon Stone. But instead of being dark like this one, it was more silver, with a slight dark hue."

Mystica leaned forward, intrigued. "A Demon Stone from a Feral-class demon? That's very interesting. So, did your grandpa ever make a weapon out of it?"

"Yeah," Liam said simply.

Mystica's eyes gleamed. "Can I see it?"

Liam nodded and raised his hand. In an instant, his grandpa's sword materialized before him—a blade he hadn't used in a long time.

The dark, mystical blade pulsed with an eerie glow, intricate blue runes lining its length. The crossguard curved into claw-like edges, and the handle was wrapped in smooth black leather. Liam's deep blue myst faintly surrounded it.

"This is—"

A sudden gust of wind brushed past Liam, and before he could react, the sword was gone from his grasp.

"Whoa! This... this is beautiful!"

Liam turned to see Magnus standing by the window, cradling the sword like a treasured relic.

'When did he even move from the couch? I didn't even see him grab it.'

"Hey, kid." Magnus grinned, twirling the sword effortlessly. "Mind if I keep this? I promise to put it to very good use."

"No," Liam deadpanned.

Magnus scoffed. "Huh? What do you mean no? C'mon, you don't even use swords. You're a dagger guy."

Liam placed his hands in his pockets. "I was planning to hold onto it. My daggers are basically useless now."

"Nonsense. I just saw you summon a dagger seconds ago." Magnus smirked, still toying with the blade.

"Yeah, but one is chipped, and I lost the other when I fought a Malgath during the exam," Liam explained.

Magnus waved him off. "So what? You can't use a sword anyway. Just hand it over."

Liam narrowed his eyes. "A sword is just an oversized dagger. I can definitely use it."

Magnus twirled the sword again, clearly enjoying himself. "Oh yeah? Prove it."

Liam sighed. He extended his hand, and dark myst flickered around his fingers. In a blink, the sword vanished from Magnus's grasp and reappeared in Liam's hand.

Magnus blinked. "Oh? You got quick hands, kid."

Liam ignored him, taking a firm stance. His grip tightened around the handle, feeling the familiar weight of the blade. With a sharp inhale, he swung.

A burst of dark myst surged through the air as Liam's slash left a thin arc of black energy in its wake. The movement was fluid—precise.

Magnus let out a low whistle. "Huh. Not bad. Thought you'd be all stiff using a proper weapon instead of those little butter knives you call daggers."

Liam sheathed the sword back into Void Storage. "I told you. A sword is just a bigger dagger."

Mystica chuckled, swirling her wine. "I gotta say, seeing you actually use a sword? That's new. But I like it."

Magnus stretched lazily. "Still think it'd be better off with me, but whatever. Guess I'll just steal it later."

"You can try," Liam said flatly.

Magnus grinned. "Oh, I will."

Liam rolled his eyes and turned back to Mystica. "Anyway, now that I know what this Demon Stone is, what's the best way to use it?"

Mystica tapped her chin. "Well, that depends. You could refine it into a core for a weapon, fuse it into an existing artifact, or—if you're feeling reckless—absorb its energy directly."

Liam frowned. "Absorb it?"

Mystica smirked. "Yep. But I wouldn't recommend it. Demonic energy is unstable. If you don't have the right affinity, it'll mess you up. Badly."

Liam looked at the Demon Stone, considering his options. He had dark magic, so maybe...

Magnus yawned. "Yeah, yeah. Enough lectures. If the kid wants to stuff himself with demon juice, let him. Otherwise, let's get some food. I'm starving."

Mystica sighed dramatically. "Ugh, fine. But Liam, if you do decide to use that stone, let me know first. I'd rather not scrape your melted corpse off my floor."

"Alright, but I've already decided what I want to do with it," Liam said.

"Oh? And what would that be?" Mystica asked, tilting her head.

"I want new daggers," Liam replied simply.

Mystica's lips curled into a knowing smirk. "I see. Well then, Magpie, why don't you take him to Mr. Blackwood? Let's see if he can craft something special for my darling here."

Magnus, who was currently tipping the last drop of Tigerburn wine into his mouth, groaned. "Why me?"

"Because you and Galen still owe me, remember?" Mystica reminded him sweetly, her smirk deepening.

Magnus let out a dramatic sigh, flopping onto the couch. "Ugh... fine."

He lazily waved a hand in Liam's direction. "Alright, kid. First, go clean yourself up and put on decent clothes. No way am I taking you to Mr. Blackwood looking like that." Explore more at

Liam raised a brow. "You mean looking like I just came out of a forest?"

"Exactly," Magnus deadpanned. He buried his face into the couch. "Now hurry up."

"Sure, but how am I supposed to get back here? I don't even know where 'here' is since I've always been teleported."

Mystica waved him off. "Oh, don't worry about that. The portal will stay open. Just come back when you're done."

With a flick of her wrist, the swirling portal behind Liam surged forward, swallowing him whole. In an instant, he found himself back in his room.

"Let's take that bath quickly. I'm quite curious to know who this Mr. Blackwood is," Liam muttered to himself as he placed the demon stone on his table. Unbuttoning his shirt, he headed to the bathroom.