

## ShadowBound 182

### Chapter 182: Mr. Blackwood, The Forgemaster 2

Magnus grinned as he stepped forward, waving away the last wisps of smoke. "Come on, Woody, you should be honored! It's a name of affection."

Blackwood exhaled a slow puff from his cigar, giving Magnus a flat stare. "Affection, my ass. What do you want?"

Magnus clutched his chest dramatically. "Wow. No warm welcome? No 'Magnus, it's great to see you, you devastatingly handsome man'? You wound me, Woody."

Blackwood rolled his eyes before shifting his gaze to Liam. "And who's the quiet one?"

Liam stepped forward. "Liam Hunter."

Blackwood studied him for a moment, then smirked. "Huh. Doesn't talk too much. Might actually like him more than you."

"Rude," Magnus muttered, shaking his head. "Anyway, we need your expertise. The kid here needs a new set of weapons. Something special."

Blackwood raised an eyebrow. "Special, huh? I don't just forge weapons for every wannabe warrior who walks through my door. What makes this kid worth my time?"

Magnus smirked, gesturing toward Liam. "Now you know why you needed that sword. Go on, show him."

Liam cast Magnus a brief glance before unsheathing his weapon, the intricate runes along the blade pulsing faintly under the dim light.

"Is it fine if I demonstrate on the wall?" Liam asked calmly.

Blackwood waved a hand dismissively. "Yeah, yeah. They patch it up every week. Just don't hold back."

Liam nodded and turned toward the wall. Taking a slow breath, he activated Inferno Edge. The runes flared to life, and a fiery glow ignited along the blade's edges.

Then, with a swift, precise motion, he slashed at the wall.

A fraction of a second later—BOOM!

The stone wall shattered, sending debris flying and revealing the stunned blacksmiths working outside.

Liam's eyes narrowed slightly. That was more power than I intended... Is it because it's a sword and not a dagger? He dismissed the thought and calmly sheathed his weapon before turning back to Magnus and Blackwood. "Was that enough?"

Magnus let out a low whistle. "Galen's been teaching you well, huh?"

Blackwood's expression didn't shift, but Liam noticed the way his sharp eyes flicked toward the sword, now filled with interest.

"That's some serious destructive power, kid," Blackwood muttered, stepping closer. He paused. "Mind if I?"

Liam nodded, unsheathing his sword again and handing it over.

Blackwood took the weapon carefully, running his calloused fingers along the hilt before testing its balance with a few small movements. "Hmm. Decent craftsmanship. Very decent. Feels like something I'd make... but it's not my work." He flipped the sword in his grip once before tossing it back to Liam, who caught it effortlessly.

Taking another drag of his cigar, Blackwood exhaled slowly. "Alright, you've got my attention. What exactly are you looking for?"

Magnus clapped his hands together. "Alright, kid, give him the rundown."

Liam didn't hesitate. "I need something stronger, more durable—something that fits my fighting style. I'm a dual wielder."

Blackwood nodded slowly. "I see. And I assume you want them forged with the right demonic stone and myst-infused materials?"

"Obviously," Magnus said. "We're not here for basic kitchen knives."

Blackwood chuckled, shaking his head. "Alright, I'll see what I can do. But if you want something truly exceptional, I'll need a high-quality demon stone. I can handle the rest of the materials. Bring me what I need, and I'll forge weapons worthy of your skills."

Without a word, Liam reached into his pocket, quickly summoning the demon stone into his hand before forcefully pulling it out, holding it up. "Will this do?"

Blackwood's eyes widened slightly as he took a closer look. He held out his hand, and Liam tossed it to him. Catching it effortlessly, Blackwood studied the stone, turning it over in his palm.

"I can't believe you have something like this in your possession," he muttered.

Liam remained silent, waiting for his evaluation.

"This is a rare type of demon stone... Onyxium. Or you can just call it Obsidian Demon Stone," Blackwood said, his voice carrying a hint of genuine appreciation. "It's one of the most durable and myst-resistant materials out there. If you wanted a weapon built to withstand hell itself, you're in luck."

Blackwood rolled the Onyxium stone between his fingers, his eyes gleaming with intrigue. "With this, I can forge you a decent pair of dual daggers. The durability and myst conductivity of this stone will make them something special."

Liam gave a small nod. "How long will it take?"

Blackwood exhaled another puff of smoke before answering. "Three weeks. No less. Crafting something like this ain't just hammering steel together—there's a process, and I don't half-ass my work."

Magnus grinned. "That's the Woody guarantee."

Blackwood shot him a dry look. "You keep calling me that, and I'll 'guarantee' a hammer to your skull."

Magnus held up his hands. "Alright, alright. No need for violence—unless I get to watch Liam break another wall."

Blackwood ignored him and turned back to Liam. "I'll need you to come back before the final enchantment stage. Since these are your weapons, they need to resonate with your myst properly. Otherwise, they won't function at their peak."

Liam nodded, considering. "That's fine."

Blackwood nodded, tucking the demon stone into his coat. "Good. I'll start working on them right away. You'll get a message when they're ready."

Magnus clapped a hand on Liam's shoulder. "See? Told you the trip would be worth it."

Liam said nothing, but inwardly, he was looking forward to seeing what Blackwood would create. Three weeks wasn't a short wait, but if the daggers lived up to his expectations, they would be well worth it.

— —

As they stepped into the afternoon sunlight, Magnus stretched with a content sigh. "Ah, fresh air. Nothing like the stench of burning metal and sweaty blacksmiths to make you appreciate it."

Liam, unfazed, walked straight toward the carriage. "What's next?"

Magnus climbed in after him, rapping his knuckles against the side to signal the driver. "Now? We wait. Three weeks isn't that long—unless you plan on spending it staring at a wall in absolute silence. Which, honestly, wouldn't surprise me."

Liam shot him a blank look. "I have other things to do."

Magnus smirked. "Right, right. Brooding, training, scaring the hell out of people—sounds like a packed schedule."

Liam ignored him, turning his gaze toward the window as the carriage lurched forward. "We're heading back to the academy, right?"

"Obviously," Magnus said, leaning back with his arms crossed. "Though I'll probably drop you at the gate. I've got some business to handle with a lesser noble family in the Eastern District. And, you know, students aren't supposed to be outside academy grounds for more than ninety minutes."

Find more to read at

Liam glanced at him. "I see. Good luck with that, then."

Magnus waved a hand dismissively. "Save your well wishes. They might start thinking you're friendly."

Liam exhaled quietly. 'How irritating can one person be?'

The carriage rolled on, leaving the Western District behind as it made its way toward the heart of the city—the Central District, where the Dark Knight Academy awaited.

— —

The carriage rumbled through the academy gates, passing through the towering black spires and open training fields before coming to a halt near the main courtyard. The moment it stopped, Liam stepped out without a word, landing lightly on the stone pavement.

Magnus leaned out of the carriage with a smirk. "Try not to scare too many people while I'm gone, yeah?"

Liam gave him a flat look. "I don't scare people."

Magnus chuckled, rapping his knuckles against the carriage wall again. "Alright, driver, let's get moving. Eastern District, and step on it."

With that, the carriage rolled forward, leaving Liam behind as it passed back through the academy gates and headed toward Magnus' next destination.