

ShadowBound 239

Chapter 239: Berserker Fight 1

The Berserker Demon let out a guttural growl, its silver eyes locking onto them with a primal hunger. The air around it rippled with raw, silver myst, the sheer pressure making Sheila tighten her grip on her sword.

Asher exhaled sharply, fingers flexing as blue flames coiled around his hands like living serpents. "Well, shit. That thing looks pissed."

Chris cracked his knuckles, arcs of electricity dancing between his fingertips. "Of course it is. That's a Berserker Demon. It won't stop until we put it down."

"Then let's not waste time!" Sheila shouted.

The demon moved.

Fast.

For something so massive, its charge was almost instant—a blur of gray muscle and black steel. The ground cracked beneath its weight as it lunged, battle-axe raised high, aiming straight for Sheila.

She had no time to dodge.

CLANG!

Sparks exploded as Liam's sword met the demon's axe, the impact rattling his bones and forcing him back several feet. The ground beneath him shattered, his arms burning from the sheer force.

'It's strong... but not as strong as those Blood Demons from before. That means Berserkers are ranked lower.' Liam analyzed, steadying his stance.

Meanwhile, Asher was already in motion. His flames roared as he leaped into the air, twisting mid-spin before launching a spiraling inferno at the demon's exposed side.

BOOM!

Smoke and debris filled the battlefield from the explosion.

But before they could celebrate, a massive shape burst through the flames.

Unscathed.

The Berserker Demon emerged, its armor glowing red-hot but otherwise unharmed. And worse—it was grinning.

"That's... not good," Asher muttered.

Chris scoffed. "Of course fire won't work on a Berserker. They thrive in pain, idiot."

"Could've mentioned that before I torched it," Asher shot back.

Sheila clenched her jaw. 'We need a new plan. Fast.'

The demon suddenly roared, the force of its voice sending a shockwave through the battlefield. Then, gripping its massive axe with both hands, it slammed the weapon into the ground.

The earth erupted.

Cracks spread like veins of lightning, and a wave of myst-infused destruction tore toward them.

"Move!" Sheila yelled.

The group scattered as the ground exploded beneath them, chunks of debris and shattered stone filling the air.

Liam skidded to a stop, eyes scanning for weaknesses. The demon was powerful, but no creature was invincible.

'Its hide seems to be ridiculously tough, and that armor is shielding its lower half. But that means... that's the only part of its body not as heavily reinforced.'

His grip on his sword tightened.

He had an idea, but wasn't about to voice it out and seem like the leader. That's Sheila's job.

Liam sprinted beside Sheila as they closed in on the demon. "Sheila, notice how its lower half isn't as protected as its upper body?"

Sheila's mind immediately pieced it together. "Yeah, meaning its lower half is the weak point."

She turned to the others. "Chris, Asher." She pointed her sword toward the demon's legs. "We need to throw it off balance, expose those joints, and take it down before it adjusts."

Chris huffed. "Hope you got a solid plan, 'cause I'm not wasting my myst for nothing."

Sheila smirked. "Of course I do. Asher, keep up the pressure with your flames, but don't go overboard trying to kill it—just force it to react."

Asher cracked his knuckles, blue fire flickering to life. "So, I just gotta piss it off? Boring, but say less."

"Chris," Sheila continued. "Use your lightning to disrupt its movements. It might not feel pain like we do, but electricity can still mess with its muscle control."

Chris grinned. "Now you're speaking my language, princess."

"Sheila and I will wait for an opening," Liam added. "When it stumbles, we strike together."

Sheila nodded. "Let's move."

Asher lunged first, hurling a barrage of blue fireballs. "You might not burn, but let's see how much you like this!" The flames bombarded the demon, forcing it to raise its arms in defense.

Chris followed up, twin bolts of lightning crackling from his hands and slamming into the demon's legs. The electricity surged through its body, making the massive creature snarl as its muscles briefly seized up.

"Kneel before the prince, you filth," Chris taunted.

For a moment, it worked. The Berserker Demon staggered—just enough.

That was all Liam and Sheila needed.

The two shot forward in perfect sync, Liam slashing low while Sheila struck from the side. Their blades cut deep into the demon's legs, forcing it to one knee.

'It's even weaker there than I expected,' Liam thought.

"For something so big, you fall pretty damn hard," Asher teased.

Chris smirked. "Better finish this, princess—"

Sheila raised her sword, ice spears forming in the air around her, ready to strike—

Then the Berserker Demon roared.

A pulse of raw, demonic myst exploded outward, a shockwave tearing through the battlefield.

BOOM!

Sheila was sent flying, crashing into the jagged ground. Even Liam, Asher, and Chris were hurled back, slamming into the dirt as the surge ripped through them.

The force was so immense that despite the heavy rain, an entire portion of the wasteland was left bone dry, the moisture evaporated instantly.

Liam pushed himself up, his vision reeling—then his breath hitched.

The Berserker Demon was standing again.

Its wounds—gone.

And worse—its lower half was no longer a weak point. The once-exposed flesh was now layered with the same dense armor as the rest of its body.

Chris wiped the blood from his mouth. "You are so dead, demon."

Asher groaned. "Tell me we don't have to do all that again."

Liam gritted his teeth. "No. It just got worse."

Sheila, still catching her breath, tightened her grip on her sword.

The Berserker Demon cracked its neck, rolling its massive shoulders. Its silver eyes gleamed with renewed fury.

"Hey, Chris, you seem to know more about this thing. Any insights before we rush in again?" Liam asked, eyes locked on the approaching demon, its slow, deliberate steps shaking the ground.

Chris scoffed. "Why are you acting like we weren't all in the same class when Mystica lectured about Sync-class demons?"

"All I remember is that Berserkers are brainless brutes—no strategy, no tricks. Just raw power and destruction."

'That's not wrong... but this regeneration? This toughened hide? That's new—for all of us,' Liam thought, exhaling sharply. 'I figured Chris did extra research or something.'

"The hell are you sighing for, weakling?" Asher cut in, stepping forward. "Don't tell me you of all people are thinking of throwing in the towel. That's something these two royal crackheads should do." He shot a smirk toward Chris and Sheila.

Chris' expression darkened. "Watch your mouth, flame boy. This is a one-time team-up—don't get ahead of yourself."

Asher scoffed. "See what I mean? Pathetic." He rolled his shoulders. "Doesn't matter if this thing gets stronger by absorbing pain or whatever—we're killing it anyway." His grin widened as his gaze locked onto the Berserker Demon.

"Now quit your sulking and brace yourselves—this is a fight to the death."

Asher crouched, his blue eyes flaring as flames erupted from his feet.

"And since you cowards are hesitating, I'll pave the way."

With a burst of fire, he launched himself toward the charging demon.

The Berserker Demon roared and rushed faster to meet him.

Just before impact, Asher killed his flames. As the demon swung its massive axe, he ignited a burst of fire from his right arm, twisting midair and dodging the deadly strike.

Landing at the demon's flank, he poured myst into his palm, the energy condensing into a swirling inferno. His grin widened.

"Hope you can regenerate from this—'cause I've got plenty more waiting."

He slammed his palm against the demon's side.

BOOM!

A massive explosion tore through the battlefield, sending the demon flying, its massive form carving a trench through the dirt before grinding to a halt.

The air rippled with heat as dust and embers swirled from the impact. The Berserker Demon lay motionless for a moment, its body smoldering, the scent of charred flesh thick in the rain-drenched air.

Asher rolled his shoulders, flicking his wrist as flames crackled around his fingers. "Tch. That was disappointing. I was expecting more of a fight—"

Before he could finish, a deep, guttural growl rumbled through the battlefield.

The demon's massive frame lurched, its claws digging into the earth as it pushed itself up. Its charred flesh cracked—and then, with a sickening snap, it mended. The thick armor on its hide bulged, becoming even tougher, dark veins pulsing with raw demonic myst.

Liam's expression remained detached. "It adapted again..."

Chris clicked his tongue. "Great. So, all we're doing is making it more of a pain in the ass."

Sheila narrowed her eyes, gripping her sword tighter. "No. This means we need to end it in one decisive strike before it adjusts any further."

The Berserker Demon slammed its fists into the ground, shaking the battlefield. Then, its silver eyes locked onto Asher.

BOOM!

In an instant, the demon was a blur, closing the distance faster than before. Asher barely had time to react before a massive fist came crashing down.

"Shit—!"