ShadowBound 240

Chapter 240: Berserker Fight 2

BOOM!

Asher's body was sent hurtling like a ragdoll, smashing through jagged rock before tumbling across the rain-slicked earth.

Chris let out a slow whistle. "Damn. That looked painful."

A groan came from the rubble. "Oh, it was," Asher muttered, coughing as he pushed himself up, his body aching. He wiped blood from his lip, eyes blazing. "Okay. Now I'm really pissed."

Sheila wasted no time. "Chris, keep its movements locked down—paralyze it if you can. Once it's stunned, I'll freeze its legs solid. If it can't move, it can't adapt."

Chris cracked his knuckles, lightning flickering between his fingertips. "Finally, a plan that speaks to me."

Sheila raised her sword, the air around her growing frigid as raindrops began to freeze midair. "Liam, Asher—I need you both to hit it with everything you've got."

Liam's lips curled into the slightest smirk as he turned to Asher. "Think you can still fight, or did that punch knock some sense into you?"

Asher rolled his shoulders, flames roaring to life around him despite his battered state. "Please. I owe this bastard a proper send-off."

Liam's gaze locked onto the demon, his grip tightening on his sword.

"Then let's end this."

Chris shot forward, his entire body crackling with electricity. Bolts of lightning danced across his skin, illuminating the stormy battlefield as he blurred toward the demon like a living thunderstorm. His foot slammed into the ground, sending out a shockwave of raw energy before he leaped high, twisting midair as lightning surged through his palms.

BOOM!

A jagged bolt erupted from his outstretched hands, striking the demon dead center. The air sizzled as arcs of electricity wrapped around its form, locking its muscles in place. But Chris wasn't done. He clenched his fists, summoning a spiraling lance of lightning that crackled violently in his grip.

"Let's see you regenerate through this!" he snarled, hurling the lance with all his strength. It tore through the air like a comet, slamming into the demon's chest and detonating in a blinding explosion of white-blue light.

Before the dust could settle, Sheila was already in motion.

She moved with fluid grace, her sword glowing with an icy-blue hue. A flick of her wrist sent razor-sharp shards of ice hurtling toward the demon's legs, embedding deep into its flesh. She followed up with a wave of her hand, conjuring a torrent of water that surged forward like a raging river, slamming into the demon with crushing force.

The moment the water made contact, she clenched her fist—snap!—instantly freezing it solid around the demon's limbs.

Chris seized the opening.

Lightning roared as he dashed around the frozen beast, his movements precise, deadly. With a flick of his fingers, arcs of electricity surged into the ice, supercharging it, causing cracks to spiderweb through the frozen mass. The combination of extreme cold and raw voltage sent violent tremors through the demon's body, its movements sluggish and erratic.

For a brief moment, despite their constant bickering, Chris and Sheila were in perfect sync.

Chris sent another bolt of lightning straight into the demon's skull. "You feel that?! That's called teamwork, ugly!" he taunted.

Sheila smirked, launching a barrage of ice spears at the weakened joints. "Less talking, more fighting, prince."

Chris snorted but obliged, calling forth a storm of lightning as the two relentlessly unleashed their combined fury upon the Berserker Demon.

Liam and Asher needed no further cue.

The moment Chris and Sheila had the demon locked down, they moved in with relentless precision, flames roaring to life around them—one red-hot and wild, the other an eerie, spectral blue.

Liam's sword burned with a crimson glow as he dashed forward, his movements smooth as shadow. With every slash, arcs of fire carved through the air, striking the demon's thick hide. The flames didn't just burn—they clung, searing deep into the beast's flesh like molten chains.

Asher followed up with sheer brute force, hurling orbs of blue fire that detonated like miniature suns upon impact. Each explosion sent waves of heat rippling through the rain-soaked battlefield, steam hissing as fire clashed against the storm.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Everywhere the demon turned, it was met with a barrage of fire and fury. It staggered, its once overwhelming strength faltering under the combined assault. Liam moved like a ghost, slipping past the beast's wild swipes, carving glowing red slashes across its body. Asher, ever the brawler, smashed flaming fists into its torso, his strikes like cannon blasts, sending chunks of charred flesh flying.

The demon reeled.

Chris saw the opening. "Now, lock it down!"

Sheila nodded, raising both hands. Ice spiraled around her like a blizzard given form, the very air turning frigid as she conjured a towering wave of frost. The frozen wave slammed into the demon's legs, creeping up, encasing its limbs in solid ice.

Chris extended his arms, lightning surging in his veins. "Stay down, freak!"

The air split with a deafening crack as a lightning bolt struck the ice-locked demon. The surge of electricity coursed through its body, stunning it, leaving it rigid—completely vulnerable.

Liam and Asher moved in for the kill.

Liam's sword crackled with raw myst, his fire burning hotter, the red glow intensifying to a near-white heat. Asher's entire body ignited in blue flames, his hands curled into fists that shone like twin suns.

They leapt.

But then—

The world shook.

A monstrous, guttural roar erupted from the demon, so powerful that the sheer force of it sent a concussive blast rippling outward. The air quivered, the ground split, and the four fighters were blasted back, sent hurtling through the air like ragdolls.

Liam crashed through broken earth, skidding to a stop with a grunt. Asher flipped midair before slamming into a boulder, the impact sending cracks through the stone. Chris and Sheila tumbled away, barely managing to steady themselves before hitting the ground hard.

The battlefield fell into a stunned silence—just for a moment.

Then, something horrid began to happen.

The demon's wounds—grievous just seconds ago—sealed. Not just healed, but hardened. Its flesh darkened, muscles bulging grotesquely as bone erupted from beneath its skin, spreading like a living armor across its entire form. Its dull gray hide turned a nightmarish black, an obsidian sheen reflecting the flickering flames still surrounding it.

Spiked protrusions jutted out from its arms, back, and shoulders, the jagged bone gleaming like sharpened blades. Its face contorted, shifting into something even more monstrous—its jaw elongated, serrated fangs lining its maw.

The rain sizzled upon contact with its new, fortified hide, steam rising in waves around it.

Then, with another earth-rending roar, the very ground beneath it shattered.

From the demon's stance, bone-like projections shot out in every direction, exploding from the ground like deadly spears. Some burst straight toward the group, forcing them to scramble out of the way as the battlefield itself turned into a deathtrap.

Liam rolled to the side, barely dodging a spear of bone that impaled the ground inches from where he stood. Chris jumped back, flipping midair as a cluster of jagged spikes shot past him. Sheila conjured a frozen barrier, but the sheer force of the eruption cracked it upon impact, sending her sliding back.

Asher, ever reckless, blasted forward, flames propelling him out of harm's way just before the bones could impale him. But even he couldn't hide his shock.

"This thing just evolved on us?!" Asher shouted.

"It's not just an evolution… It's a transformation."