

ShadowBound 243

Chapter 243: Our Last Stand 2

"No sword?" Asher asked, glancing sideways at Liam.

"Don't need it." Liam's voice was flat, devoid of hesitation. Then, without warning, fire erupted around him—wild, untamed, and furious. Shadows flickered in the inferno's glow, painting his face with an eerie intensity. "Our flames will be enough."

Asher smirked, the thrill of battle overriding the exhaustion gnawing at his bones. His left arm, now made entirely of roaring blue fire, flared brighter as the flames expanded across his body. "Speaking my language."

Then, they moved.

Liam shot forward first, his body a crimson streak as he closed the distance with the Berserker Demon in a blink. The demon roared—a sound that rattled the ground beneath them—just as Liam twisted mid-air, a concentrated jet of fire blasting from his palm to propel him faster. His fist, wreathed in burning destruction, connected squarely with the demon's jaw. The impact cracked through the air like thunder, sending the massive beast staggering.

Asher was right behind him. He blurred through the rain, flames bursting from his feet to accelerate him. He pivoted, his newly formed blue flame arm twisting with inhuman precision before he drove a burning punch straight into the demon's ribcage. The shockwave that followed sent cracks splintering through the battlefield.

But the Berserker Demon didn't just take it.

With a guttural roar, it twisted unnaturally, its massive arm slamming into Asher before he could react. The force sent him skidding backward, his boots tearing through the soaked ground. At the same time, jagged bone projections erupted from the demon's body—spikes of pure death shooting in every direction.

Liam barely dodged in time, twisting his body at the last second as one of the spikes grazed past his cheek, drawing blood. He landed, feet sinking into the mud, and immediately dashed forward again, flames igniting beneath his soles to close the distance.

The demon anticipated it this time. It lunged forward instead of retreating, its monstrous claw swinging down in a savage arc. Liam ducked under the strike, but the demon was faster than before. A second bone blade shot out from its wrist, aiming straight for his chest.

Liam twisted, letting the blade tear through his side instead of impaling him outright. He gritted his teeth, ignoring the pain, then retaliated with a point-blank eruption of fire, the heat so intense it vaporized the rain mid-air.

The Berserker reeled, but only for a second.

Then it went wild.

A furious explosion of spikes burst from its back, followed by another primal roar. The ground trembled as it stomped forward, swinging both arms in a chaotic frenzy. It didn't care for tactics anymore. It was pure destruction incarnate.

Asher barely ducked in time, a bone spike shredding through the air where his head had been a split second ago. "Fck—this thing's losing its damn mind!" he growled, rolling to the side before launching himself forward with a burst of flames. He twisted in mid-air, slamming both of his burning fists into the demon's skull. The impact sent another wave of flames exploding outward.

Liam used the opening. He surged forward, his body vanishing into the inferno for a brief second before reappearing above the demon. "Then we got wild as well."

With a flick of his wrist, fire coiled around his arm like a serpent, condensing into a burning mass. He swung down with everything he had, his fist igniting the air as it connected with the Berserker's head.

The ground shattered beneath them.

The Berserker howled, its body buckling under the onslaught, but it refused to fall. Instead, it went even wilder—bone blades shot out like spears, its body twisting unnaturally as it lashed out in all directions. One of the spikes caught Asher in the side, sending him crashing into the ground with a sharp grunt of pain.

Liam wasn't spared either. A jagged bone blade speared toward him, but he shifted at the last moment, letting it carve a deep gash into his shoulder rather than impaling him outright. Blood dripped, mixing with the rain, but his face remained unchanged.

Both fighters were at their limits. Their bodies were screaming, exhaustion gnawing at their bones. But they refused to stop.

Liam clenched his fist, flames surging once more. "Let's end this."

Asher wiped the blood from his lips, his smirk returning despite the pain. "Damn right."

With a final burst of fire, they charged.

The rain hissed and evaporated upon contact with the raging infernos. The ground, once solid, had turned into molten rock beneath their relentless flames. Yet the Berserker Demon—driven by rage, instinct, and an insatiable thirst for destruction—refused to fall.

It roared, a monstrous, ear-splitting howl that sent shockwaves rippling through the air. Then it lunged.

Liam and Asher met it head-on.

The demon's massive claws, now bristling with jagged, newly grown bone, slashed toward them. The sheer speed and power behind each swing forced them onto the defensive. Every strike was brutal—calculated in its mindless fury. Asher ducked, barely avoiding decapitation, while Liam twisted, allowing a blade-like protrusion to skim past his ribs, drawing a thin line of crimson.

They were strong, but the demon was stronger.

Faster.

More relentless.

It swung again, and this time, they weren't fast enough.

A colossal backhand sent Asher flying, crashing through jagged rocks like a ragdoll before he slammed into the earth, coughing blood. Liam took a direct blow to the gut, feeling something inside him crack as he was sent skidding backward. The demon was on them before they could even catch their breath, its claws poised to rip them apart.

But that was the moment everything changed.

Something inside Asher snapped—not in defeat, but in defiance. "WANNA PLAY ROUGH HUH!!!"

His flames, already wild, suddenly flared with an intensity that defied all logic. They shifted—no longer just fire, but something beyond it. Blue transformed into white-hot plasma, the sheer heat distorting the air around him.

His body burned, his nerves screamed, his Myst felt like it was imploding. But he didn't stop.

"I promised you a worthy beating."

With an earth-shaking roar, Asher rushed forward. His plasma-wreathed arm tore through the Berserker Demon's left limb, ripping it clean off in a shower of molten flesh and searing black blood. Before the beast could even react, he twisted, his foot shattering the ground as he launched upward, his burning fist meeting the demon's chest with the force of an exploding star.

The right arm followed.

Then a leg.

"HOW DOES IT FEEL TO TASTE YOUR OWN MEDICINE?!" Asher taunted with a menacing grin.

With every ounce of willpower, Asher ripped them apart, his body barely holding itself together under the sheer strain. The plasma flames flickered—unstable, unsustainable—but in that moment, he didn't care. He took everything from the Berserker that it had used against them.

It howled in agony, its grotesque form collapsing as it desperately tried to regenerate.

But Liam wasn't about to let that happen.

The air around him shifted, warped. His flames didn't just burn—they consumed. The entire right side of his body had become an inferno, molten embers trailing from his form like a living, breathing sun. His eyes, glowing like twin embers, locked onto the struggling demon.

There was no hesitation.

He moved.

A single step, and the ground shattered beneath him. The distance between him and the demon disappeared in an instant, as if space itself had folded to bring him there. His burning form collided with the Berserker before it could regenerate, the impact sending shockwaves tearing through the battlefield.

And then, with a brutal, unrelenting force, Liam plunged his right hand deep into the demon's core.

The moment his fingers pierced through its chest, the fire spread—devouring. It wasn't just burning; it was erasing everything in its path. The demon shrieked, its body convulsing violently as its insides were reduced to cinders.

It tried to fight. Its remaining limbs flailed, its bone blades stabbed into Liam's side, trying to take him with it. But Liam didn't move. He didn't even flinch.

"SHUT UP AND DIE!!!"

The flames roared louder, burning hotter, deeper, deadlier.

The Berserker Demon's roars turned into garbled screeches, then whimpers, then... nothing.

Its entire body collapsed in on itself, disintegrating into ash from the inside out. What was once an unstoppable force of brutality was now nothing more than a dying ember, fading into oblivion.

Liam ripped his arm out, leaving a gaping, charred hole where the demon's core once existed. The body fell silent. Then, with one last flicker of fire, it crumbled to dust.

The battle was over.

But at what cost?

Asher barely stood, his body wrecked from pushing beyond his limits. The plasma flames had burned out, leaving him breathless, his limbs shaking. Liam, still glowing like a dying star, exhaled slowly, his body returning to normal—but not without a price. His right arm, the one that had been completely consumed by fire, was barely functional. His skin, charred and smoldering, pulsed with lingering heat.

He didn't care.

He turned to Asher, his voice calm despite everything. "Guess... we won."

Asher, panting, looked up at the sky and let out a weak, breathless chuckle. "...Damn right."

Then, as the rain finally began to put out the last embers of the battlefield, the two fighters collapsed onto the ground.