

ShadowBound 124

Chapter 124: Blood Attack: Conclusion and Aftermath

After tasking Dylan with taking Liam back to the academy, Mystica began her grim search across the battlefield. Her eyes scanned every corner, hoping against hope for survivors amidst the carnage. Yet, the silence told the story before she even finished—the battlefield was devoid of life. Stay connected with empire

Determined to uncover the full extent of the tragedy, she turned her focus to the forest where the chaos had first unfolded. Moving through the dense, shadowed undergrowth, Mystica's gaze swept over every detail. Her search revealed the lifeless bodies of the knights sent to rescue Elena, and nearby, she found the broken, bloodied form of the carriage driver, Paul.

Deeper within the forest, the scene grew more grotesque. Scattered body parts lay strewn across the ground, blood pooling around them like crimson lakes. These were the remains of the twin blood demons' victims.

After completing her survey of the forest, Mystica made her way back to the eastern district, her expression steeled with sorrow and silent anger. She headed directly to check on Ariana and Sheila, hoping they had managed to tend to the injured civilians.

As she walked through the eerily quiet district, Mystica began to piece together the events. Despite the overwhelming odds and his devastating injuries, Liam had achieved something remarkable.

He had contained the battle within a specific radius, ensuring that the destruction did not spread further into the city. While the lives of those caught in the initial attack were lost, Liam's efforts had prevented far greater casualties.

The sudden chaos forced Avanclore to cancel its festivities. What should have been a night of joy and celebration became one of mourning and quiet reflection. The streets, once lively, were now still, save for the occasional creak of carriage wheels as nobles quietly retreated to their residences.

And with that, the Blood Attack came to an end.

As the first rays of sunlight touched Grandeur City, news of the demon attack had already swept across all Zones—Upper, Lower, Western, and Eastern. The shocking tale of destruction and heroism had even reached the Supreme Council of the Zones.

However, the truth behind the events was carefully altered. Mystica, aware of the potential political turmoil surrounding Liam's involvement, took decisive action to shield him from scrutiny. She rewrote the narrative, presenting herself as the sole hero who had confronted and defeated the blood demons. While not entirely false, it erased Liam's pivotal role in the battle.

Despite her efforts, Mystica remained cautious. She knew that nobles present during the Avanclore festivity had witnessed Liam's volunteer to find Elena and Elena's words of Liam deciding to hold off the demons, and she knew the truth could still spread through whispers.

To prevent this, she employed a forbidden spell—a powerful dark magic to erase all memories of Liam from the minds of the nobles, the Avanclore household, and anyone else who had seen him that night.

With this, one major issue was resolved.

As daylight fully illuminated the city, guards and knights began their grim survey of the eastern district. The aftermath was devastating. Nearly 80 lives were lost in the attack, a tragedy that weighed heavily on the city's inhabitants.

Reconstruction efforts began swiftly. Technical mages were deployed to the district, their expertise making the rebuilding process efficient. Structures that had been reduced to rubble were restored with precision, and facilities were repaired with magical ingenuity.

For now, the city moved forward, its people striving to rebuild both their homes and their spirit in the wake of the blood-stained night.

Mystica entered the Supreme Council's central quarters with her usual air of grace and confidence. The grand chamber was imposing, its towering walls lined with intricate carvings depicting the history of the

Zones. At its center stood a circular table, where the Council members sat in their robes of authority, their expressions grim.

The Supreme Chancellor, an elderly man with sharp features and a piercing gaze, wasted no time. "Mystica Moonstone, the Council commends your efforts in Grandeur City. However, we have questions regarding the attack."

Mystica offered a playful smile, dipping into a slight bow. "Why, thank you for the commendation, Supreme Chancellor. It's always a pleasure to serve the Zones, though I must admit, I had hoped for a warmer reception."

The Chancellor's eyes narrowed. "This is no time for pleasantries. Reports suggest there were... irregularities during the attack. Witnesses claimed to see a young man fighting alongside you, demonstrating extraordinary abilities."

Mystica tilted her head, her smile never wavering. "Ah, yes, the chaos of battle often leaves room for all sorts of rumors. Fear tends to exaggerate things, doesn't it? People see what they wish to see in moments of desperation."

A stern-looking woman to the Chancellor's left interjected. "Are you denying the existence of this individual? The accounts were consistent, Mystica. A young man wielding shadow magic and fighting with ferocity."

Mystica placed a finger to her chin, pretending to ponder. "Shadow magic, you say? Fascinating. Shadow creatures were certainly present—vile things. Perhaps in the confusion, someone mistook their movements for that of a human. Or perhaps, dear Councilor, you've been listening to too many campfire tales."

The room stirred with murmurs of dissent, but Mystica remained unfazed.

The Chancellor leaned forward, his tone sharp. "This is no laughing matter. If there was another mage involved, we must know. The safety of the Zones depends on accurate information."

Mystica straightened, her expression turning serious, though her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Supreme Chancellor, you wound me with your doubt. I assure you, had there been another mage capable of aiding me, I would have gladly introduced them to the Council. Alas, it was just me and the twin demons. Quite the handful, if I may say so."

Another Councilor, a younger man with an air of suspicion, pressed further. "If it was just you, Mystica, how do you explain the accounts of shadow magic? Such power isn't easily dismissed."

Mystica's smile widened. "Shadow magic is tricky, isn't it? So subtle, so deceptive. Who's to say it wasn't the demons themselves? After all, they were blood demons, and such creatures often weave shadows into their arsenal. Perhaps the witnesses merely saw remnants of their dark arts."

The Chancellor slammed his hand on the table, silencing the murmurs. "Enough riddles, Mystica! We need clarity, not your endless deflections."

Mystica's demeanor shifted slightly, her voice soft but firm. "Supreme Chancellor, I fought to protect the Zones, as I always do. What I encountered that night was terrifying, but I prevailed. If my word is not enough, perhaps you should send investigators to Grandeur City. Let them comb through the wreckage, the blood, the shadows. But I warn you—truth is often obscured in the aftermath of war."

The Council fell silent, her words carrying a veiled challenge.

After a tense pause, the Chancellor sighed. "Very well, Mystica. You've made your case. But know this: if we uncover anything you've withheld, there will be consequences."

Mystica dipped into another bow, her voice as light as ever. "Of course, Supreme Chancellor. Your faith in me warms my heart."