

ShadowBound 187

Chapter 187: The Results

The massive magical projection displayed the results in three separate sections: theory, battlefield, and overall rankings. The theory and battlefield scores were listed in descending order, showing who had performed the best, while the overall rankings included each student's new rank and final score.

As students frantically searched for their names, Asher and Max focused on the theory results first, knowing full well they had bombed it. They weren't aiming for the top—they just wanted to rip the bandage off.

"Alright, where the hell are we?" Asher muttered, scanning the list from the 40th spot downward.

"Not here," Max sighed. "Looks like we're bottom-feeding lower than 50."

They kept scrolling down until—bam. There they were.

"Asher—62nd place."

"Max—61st place."

A beat of silence.

"Heh. Looks like I beat you," Max smirked, leaning back smugly.

"Shut up. It means nothing," Asher grumbled.

Max chuckled, but then a thought hit him. "Wait... why don't we check how the others did?"

"They definitely scored higher than us, but whatever," Asher shrugged, but curiosity got the best of them.

Starting from the top, the first name was—no surprise—Ariana Merdin. The undisputed brainiac of their group.

Sheila was fifth, which also made sense.

Then they kept scrolling... down... down... until their eyes stopped at the 8th spot.

And their brains short-circuited.

There, in bold, unmistakable letters, sat a name that should not have been there. A name that defied all logic.

Dylan Wellington.

Max's jaw went slack. "How... how the hell did he get up there?!"

Asher, equally dumbfounded, blinked several times as if the screen might correct itself. "So all that serious writing during the exam... wasn't a joke? He was actually writing something meaningful?"

Max grabbed Asher's arm. "Damn it. You don't think he heard us when we were making fun of him before, do you?"

Silence.

Then Asher's eyes widened as a memory hit him like a lightning bolt.

—"If Dylan actually passes, I'm buying him dinner."—

—"If he actually passes, I'm questioning my entire existence."—

Max's face paled. "Asher... he was sitting right in front of us when we said that."

Before Asher could respond, both of them suddenly felt a hand land on their shoulders.

Cold. Ominous. Unshakable.

Then, in a chilling, dramatically low whisper, Dylan's voice slithered into their ears.

"Oh, I heard everything, my dear Asher. And I am getting that dinner. Today~."

Asher's soul nearly left his body.

Dylan's grip tightened slightly as he turned to Max. "And Max... better start questioning your entire existence. In fact, question your past, your present, your next generations... because you, my friend, just got defeated by me."

Max sat there, frozen, his spirit visibly shattering.

Meanwhile, Dylan simply walked away to his seat with the swagger of a man who had just conquered an empire.

A few rows behind Asher and Max, Liam sat quietly, as his eyes scanned the theory rankings. He started from the top, working his way down until he finally found his name.

Liam Hunter – 25th place.

He raised an eyebrow. 'Didn't expect to rank this high... especially with the kind of questions they threw at us.'

His gaze drifted to the next name.

Charlotte Raven – 26th place.

Before he could even process it, a sultry voice purred into his ear, warm breath brushing against his skin.

"Wow, Bae. Seems like you enjoy being on top of me, huh?" Charlotte teased, her tone dripping with amusement.

Liam barely flinched, but the guys sitting nearby? Their faces burned red as they exchanged silent, panicked glances.

With his usual calm, Liam responded, "I'd prefer if you didn't lean on me, Charlotte."

Undeterred, she leaned in closer, her lips almost grazing his ear. "No need to be shy, Bae. We can even go right now~"

Her voice was laced with pure seduction, her eyes gleaming mischievously. For a brief second, Liam found himself questioning if Charlotte was actually his age... or some ancient temptress in disguise.

As the murmurs of the students filled the hall, Mystica spoke, her voice smooth yet commanding enough to draw everyone's attention.

"Alright, darlings, no need to get too worked up over these results. They barely matter—except for the part where they affect your rankings, of course." She smiled playfully, causing every student to instinctively shift their gaze toward the overall rankings. Your journey continues with

The magical screen shimmered, revealing a list that had seen significant shifts. Some students had dropped several ranks, while others had climbed unexpectedly. However, the least movement was seen in the top ten.

OVERALL RANKINGS

○ Rank 1 – Sheila Granger

○ Rank 2 – Chris Rature

○ Rank 3 – Charlotte Raven

○ Rank 4 – Liam Hunter

○ Rank 5 – Asher Hawthorne

○ Rank 6 – Lucian Kellor

○ Rank 7 – Dylan Wellington

○ Rank 8 – Maxwell Samson

○ Rank 9 – Ariana Merdin

○ Rank 10 – Logan Hepten

The hall buzzed with shock as eyes darted across the list. The biggest surprise was the drop of Logan and Lucian, Chris's usual lackeys, who had previously held the 4th and 5th spots. Their sudden fall was unexpected, considering their ties to one of the strongest contenders. However, what barely surprised anyone was Liam and Asher's rise. Given their overwhelming kill count during the battlefield exam—on top of training under Sir Galen himself—their ranking boost felt inevitable.

The murmurs began to rise, but Mystica shut them down with a light clap of her hands.

"Alright, I assume you've all burned your rankings into your hearts by now. Good. Now, let's talk about what happens next." She paused, her purple eyes glinting mischievously. "And before anyone asks—no, no one is getting expelled. That whole thing was just a little... experiment to see how well you all handle pressure."

Her voice was as soft and sweet as honey, yet the teasing edge in her smile made it clear—she had thoroughly enjoyed watching them squirm.

"Now then, for the rest of our time, I'll be explaining how you'll select your courses and what you need to know about your chosen path moving forward," Mystica announced, snapping her fingers.

The large magical screen vanished instantly, replaced by smaller screens floating in front of each student. The glow of myst reflected in their eyes as they glanced at the personalized displays.

"Shall we begin?" she said smoothly, a playful smirk tugging at her lips.