

ShadowBound 190

Chapter 190: Selection Of Course 2

"To be honest, this joker here is actually smart enough to handle Alchemy. Don't let his 24/7 act of foolishness fool you," Sheila sighed, rubbing her temples.

"Wait, so you're saying his eighth-place ranking in the Theory Exam wasn't a fluke?" Max asked, raising a brow.

"Nope. Maybe partially, but not entirely," Sheila replied. "You'll all understand once you see this idiot in serious mode."

Dylan gasped, clutching his chest dramatically. "Oh, stop it, stop it! Sheila, you're flattering me! What have I done to deserve such high praise from the great Lady Granger herself?"

Sheila stared at him, deadpan. "We've known each other for thirteen years, Dylan."

Dylan shrugged, still grinning. "Thirteen years, huh? And yet, you still can't resist showering me with compliments. Admit it, Sheila, you're totally enamored by my brilliance."

Sheila exhaled sharply, pinching the bridge of her nose. "Yeah, sure. That must be it."

Charlotte smirked, leaning forward on the table. "So, Mr. 'Brilliant Mind,' do you actually have a plan for handling Alchemy? Or are you just gonna wing it and hope for the best?"

Dylan crossed his arms, looking oddly serious for once. "Alchemy isn't just about memorizing formulas and mixing potions like some kind of fancy chef. It's about understanding the properties of myst, how different elements interact, and how to refine raw materials into something greater. That is where I'll shine."

The table went silent for a second before Asher snorted. "You rehearsed that, didn't you?"

Dylan gave him an exaggeratedly wounded look. "Asher, my dear friend, how dare you doubt my intellectual prowess?!"

Liam, who had been quietly listening, finally spoke. "If you're actually serious about it, then I'll look forward to seeing what you accomplish."

Dylan blinked, momentarily caught off guard by Liam's words. Then, a smug grin crept onto his face. "Aha! Even Liam believes in me! You hear that, guys? The man himself acknowledged my potential!"

"Relax," Liam said flatly, turning back to his magical screen. "I just don't want to hear you whining when you're drowning in coursework."

Charlotte laughed. "Yeah, knowing Dylan, he'll probably try to flirt his way into getting extra help from the professors."

Dylan placed a hand over his heart. "I take offense to that!—Wait, actually, that's not a bad idea..."

Sheila smacked him upside the head. "Focus, idiot."

"Ow! Abuse! I demand justice!" Dylan cried dramatically, earning a collective sigh from the group.

Sheila ignored him and turned to Liam. "What about you? What are you choosing?"

Liam didn't answer right away, his eyes flickering across his screen before he finally spoke. "Knight Combat Training and Elemental Myst Mastery for my primary courses. But I'm torn between Forgemastery and Strategic Command & Leadership for my secondary."

At that last part, the table collectively blinked in confusion.

"I mean, I kinda get the Forgemastery part... barely," Max said, scratching his head. "But Strategic Command & Leadership? You?"

Dylan snorted. "Yeah, aren't you the lone wolf type? You're seriously considering a course meant for battlefield leaders? What's next, public speaking?"

"As much as it pains me to agree with this clown, he's got a point," Charlotte added. "You're not exactly the 'rally-the-troops' kind of guy."

Asher, however, leaned back with a knowing smirk. "Unless... he's looking at it from a different angle."

That got the others thinking.

Liam gave a small nod. "Exactly. I'm not interested in the leadership aspect. What I want is the battlefield tactics. I believe that studying it will help me refine my ability to see the entire battlefield in a more advanced way, allowing me to make better decisions mid-fight."

Dylan let out an exaggerated whistle. "Damn, there it is again—that brain of yours. Just when we think we've got you figured out, you hit us with the 4D chess move."

"But if that's the case," Charlotte said, tilting her head, "why even consider Forgemastery?"

Liam shrugged. "It's just a skill I want to have."

The table fell silent for a second before Dylan grinned. "Hah! Classic Liam. No deep explanation, no grand scheme. Just 'It's a skill I want.'"

Asher chuckled. "Honestly, can't even argue with that." [Enjoy exclusive content from](#)

"Anyway, since everyone is sharing," Asher leaned forward, resting his arms on the table as he spoke. "I'm going with Elemental Myst Mastery and Knight Combat Training for my primary courses. As for my secondary, I'm picking Strategic Command & Leadership."

This time, no one looked confused—only mildly impressed.

"Figures," Dylan said with a smirk. "Unlike a certain lone wolf over here"—he gestured at Liam—"you actually look like a battlefield leader."

Asher smirked. "I am one. Unlike some of you, I don't just rely on raw talent. I refine every aspect of my skillset—both in battle and strategy."

Charlotte rolled her eyes. "Here we go again with the Asher Hawthorne is perfect speech."

"Not perfect," Asher corrected with a cocky grin. "Just better."

Ignoring him, Max finally spoke up. "For me, it's Knight Combat Training and Forgemastery for my primary courses. And for my secondary..." he sighed, bracing himself. "Alchemy."

Silence.

Then Dylan burst out laughing, slapping the table. "No way. No way! First I pass you in the Theory Exam, and now you're following in my footsteps? Maxie, if you wanted to be like me, you could've just said so!"

Max groaned. "Here we go..."

"I mean, it's touching, really!" Dylan continued dramatically. "First, you try to compete with me in archery—fail. Now, you see me going for Alchemy and suddenly you want in? What's next? Gonna start cracking jokes and flirting too?"

Max shot him a deadpan look. "I'd rather eat molten steel."

Dylan wiped a fake tear from his eye. "They grow up so fast."

"Enough, idiot," Max grumbled. "I'm picking Alchemy because it's useful. Unlike you, I actually intend to take it seriously."

Dylan gasped, clutching his chest. "The betrayal! Sheila, did you hear that? He wounds me!"

Sheila rolled her eyes. "Both of you are idiots."

"Speaking of which," Charlotte said, tilting her head. "What about you and Ari? You two haven't picked yet, have you?"

Sheila exhaled. "I'm still deciding. I know I'll take Knight Combat Training and Elemental Myst Mastery, but I'm torn between Strategic Command & Leadership and Healing & Support Spells for my secondary."

"Ohhh, the classic 'do I punch people or help people' dilemma," Dylan teased.

Sheila ignored him. "Ari, what about you?"

Ariana fidgeted, adjusting her glasses. "I... I'm not sure yet."

Dylan leaned closer. "C'mon, RiRi, no need to be shy. Just say you're waiting for me to pick first so you can match with me~"

Ariana sighed. "Dylan, I'd rather let Charlotte carry me around in jaguar form before I do that."

Charlotte smirked. "I do give good rides."

"...That came out wrong," Max muttered.

Meanwhile, Charlotte stretched her arms behind her head, groaning. "Ugh, choosing a secondary is such a hassle. I've got Beast Transformation & Summoning and Knight Combat Training for my primaries, but everything else feels like too much work."

"Maybe if you paid attention in class, it wouldn't seem like such a hassle," Sheila pointed out.

Charlotte grinned. "I pay attention to important things, like food, sleep, and looking good."

"Of course," Sheila sighed. "How could I forget?"

"Exactly!" Charlotte leaned back. "Now, someone help me pick a secondary before I just randomly pick something dumb."

Dylan grinned. "Well, if you're looking for dumb, you could follow Max's shining example and pick Alchemy!"

"Hey!" Max protested.

And just like that, the group fell back into their usual bickering, their course decisions still hanging in the air.

Just as Dylan and Max were about to dive into another round of playful insults, Charlotte suddenly shifted gears—turning her attention to Liam.

With a sultry grin, she leaned dangerously close, her hands finding their way to his arm. "Bae," she purred, dragging the word out in a sing-song manner. "You wouldn't happen to have any suggestions for my secondary course, would you?"

Liam, who had been minding his own business, barely spared her a glance. "Don't call me that."

"Awww, don't be like that," Charlotte cooed, resting her chin on his shoulder. "You're smart, cool, and oh-so-mysterious... surely you can help a poor, confused girl like me?"

"You're not confused," Liam stated plainly. "You're just lazy."

Charlotte gasped dramatically, clutching her chest as if he had stabbed her. "How could you say that to me? Me?! The adorable, hardworking Charlotte Raven?"

"Hardworking?" Sheila snorted. "That's a new one."

Charlotte ignored her. "C'mon, bae, just give me one tiny, little suggestion." She fluttered her lashes.

Liam sighed, shifting in his seat. "I wish I could, but I have something else to do." Without waiting for a response, he stood up, brushed Charlotte off, and walked toward the door of the library.

Charlotte pouted. "You wound me, Bae."

Dylan snickered. "Looks like 'Bae' isn't falling for your charms, Char."

"Shut up, Max's biggest fan," Charlotte shot back.

As Liam disappeared through the door, the group fell back into their usual antics—until Asher and Dylan started getting too loud.

"Okay, but listen," Dylan said, clearly trying to be quiet but failing miserably. "What if Max is actually my long-lost brother, and that's why he's copying me?"

Max groaned. "For the last time, I'm not copying—"

"You know what this reminds me of?" Asher interjected, his smirk growing. "That one time Dylan tripped over his own bowstring in Sir Magnus' class and nearly face-planted into a guy."

Dylan glared. "First of all, that was one time, and second—"

"—he screamed," Asher added with a wicked grin. "Like, full-on high-pitched shriek."

Dylan's face twisted in horror. "You swore to take that to your grave."

At that moment, a sharp THWACK echoed through the library as a thick book was slammed onto the nearest table. The group froze.

The librarian, a strict, elderly woman with round glasses and a permanent scowl, loomed over them like a shadow of doom.

"You brats," she hissed, her voice sharper than a blade. "How many times must I remind you—this is a library!"

Dylan pointed at Asher. "It was him!"

Asher pointed right back. "No, it was him!"

Max, deciding to make it worse, leaned over to Charlotte and whispered, "I bet if we make a run for it, they'll get detention instead of us."

Charlotte grinned. "Oh, I like those odds."

Meanwhile, the librarian's glare intensified. "If one more sound comes out of this table, you all get banned for a week."

A painful silence followed.

Then Dylan, unable to help himself, whispered under his breath, "What if I just breathe a little too loud?"

The librarian's eyes narrowed.

Dylan's face paled. "I regret everything."