

ShadowBound 216

Chapter 216: You Are Needed By The Kingdom

From behind the pillar, a tall figure stepped forward with smooth, controlled precision. His movements were soundless, deliberate—the kind of presence that belonged to someone trained to remain unseen.

Landen.

His hood concealed most of his face, but his steel-gray eyes caught the moonlight. Clad in the Tempest Kingdom's dark uniform, he stood with an air of quiet efficiency—neither hostile nor passive, just purely business.

"Lady Moonstone, greetings." His voice was calm, devoid of unnecessary emotion.

Mystica barely spared him a glance, waving off the formalities. "Please, messenger, just get to the point. I have better things to do."

Landen remained unfazed. "Very well. Her Majesty requires your presence in her quarters. You are to come immediately."

Mystica sighed dramatically, placing a hand on her hip. "And here I was, hoping for a peaceful week. But duty calls, I suppose."

Then, with a dismissive flick of her fingers, she turned away. "Tell Her Majesty I have something to take care of tonight. Since tomorrow marks the weekend, I'll be there first thing in the morning."

Landen gave a curt nod. "Understood, Lady Moonstone. I will deliver your message."

He watched as Mystica walked away, humming softly to herself, utterly unbothered.

Landen lingered only for a moment before turning on his heel and vanishing—just as silently as he had arrived.

--

Back in her chamber, Mystica let out a long, dramatic sigh as she stepped inside, already mentally exhausted just from knowing she'd been summoned by the Queen. However, what greeted her was even more irritating—but ultimately harmless.

A dart whizzed past her cheek, slicing through the air dangerously close before landing dead center on a target. Unfazed, Mystica simply blinked as she took in the sight before her—Magnus and Galen, deeply engrossed in a competitive game of darts.

"Oh hey, Moony," Magnus greeted with an easy grin, already lining up his next throw. [Explore more at](#)

"You almost made me miss that bullseye, Mystica," Galen muttered, mildly annoyed.

Mystica's eye twitched. She exhaled slowly before flashing them a smile—a sweet, creepy, absolutely terrifying smile.

"Quite an attitude for people trespassing in my personal space," she said, her tone unsettlingly calm.

Immediately, Galen stiffened. A bead of sweat trickled down his forehead. "Ugh—Magnus, you win. I suddenly lost interest in playing."

"Huh? What? We just started! Don't tell me you're actually—" Magnus turned to face Mystica fully, but the moment he locked eyes with her eerie, motherly stare, a cold chill ran down his spine.

"You know what? I quit too." Magnus plastered on a shaky grin, pretending like he had a choice.

Mystica said nothing as she strode past them, heading straight for her bathtub. Without a single ounce of hesitation, she began undressing right in front of them, utterly indifferent to their existence.

Magnus leaned toward Galen, whispering, "This is all your fault, Gally."

"Shut up. I didn't do anything. She was already in a mood when she walked in," Galen hissed back.

"Bullshit. If it weren't for you, she wouldn't have hit us with that creepy, disappointed-mom look. And you know how terrifying Moony can be, right?" Magnus whispered again, mock horror in his eyes.

Despite their reputations—the strongest, most feared warriors in the continent, known for their unshakable confidence—there was one thing that could make them sweat, make them hesitate, make them reconsider all their life choices.

Mystica's smile.

That smile alone had the power to strike fear into their very souls.

Meanwhile, Mystica could hear every word they were saying. But she chose to ignore them, sinking deeper into her bath with a satisfied hum.

At least now, the boys had finally learned their place.

After a while, Mystica finally stepped out of the bathtub, feeling refreshed and at ease. With a flick of her wrist, a soft wave of Myst wrapped around her, instantly drying her body as she moved toward the counter. Without a word, she poured herself a glass of wine, swirling the liquid lazily before taking a sip.

Meanwhile, Magnus and Galen had made themselves comfortable, but they were noticeably cautious, making sure not to do anything that might put them back in her bad graces. Magnus lounged with his arms behind his head, while Galen sat with one leg crossed over the other, absentmindedly tapping his fingers against the armrest.

A long pause settled in the room. The only sounds were the soft clinks of Mystica's wine glass and the faint crackling of a candle's flame.

Finally, Galen decided to break the silence.

"So, are you going to tell us why you were acting like a haunted doll earlier?" He wasn't intimidated anymore, back to his usual self.

Mystica took another slow sip of her wine before answering. "The Queen sent for me, and guess from how it so sudden, it might urgent."

Magnus let out an exaggerated groan. "Ugh, doesn't she always? Everything's 'urgent' when it comes to Queen Lucy."

"Tell me about it," Mystica muttered, setting her glass down.

Galen raised a brow. "Did the messenger at least give you any details?"

Mystica shook her head. "Nope. You know how the Queen is—she loves keeping things all mysterious and private. If she wants me to know something, she'll tell me when she's good and ready."

Magnus snorted. "So basically, you just have to show up and hope she doesn't drop some kingdom-altering revelation on you first thing in the morning."

Mystica smirked. "Exactly. But hey, at least I have the night to myself. I'll deal with whatever she wants tomorrow."

Magnus stretched lazily, letting out a satisfied sigh. "Well, since you're not in a murderous mood anymore, how about we do something fun? Maybe hit up one of the taverns?"

Galen smirked. "You just want an excuse to drink and flirt with barmaids."

Magnus gasped dramatically. "How dare you accuse me of such shameless behavior?!" He placed a hand on his chest, feigning deep offense before breaking into a grin. "Okay, maybe a little. But come on, we could all use a little fun before duty drags us back into its clutches."

Mystica swirled the wine in her glass, contemplating. "Tempting. But I think I'd rather enjoy my peace for now."

Magnus pouted. "Boo. You've been hanging around Liam too much—he's rubbing off on you."

"Excuse me?" Mystica's purple eyes gleamed dangerously as she tilted her head, a sinister smirk forming.

Magnus immediately raised his hands in surrender. "I said nothing. Absolutely nothing."

Galen chuckled, shaking his head. "You're hopeless, Magnus."

Mystica let out a small laugh, finishing the last of her wine. She leaned back into the couch, finally feeling like herself again. "You two go ahead if you want. I'll stay here and prepare myself for whatever the Queen has in store for me tomorrow."

Magnus groaned but stood up, stretching again. "Fine, fine. But if I find out you were just sitting here drinking more wine all night, I'll be disappointed."

"Then be disappointed," Mystica replied flatly, waving him off.

Galen also rose, adjusting his coat. "Alright, we'll leave you be. But don't let the Queen work you too hard, Moony."

Magnus grinned. "Yeah, if she does, just scare her like you did us earlier. Works like a charm."

Mystica smirked. "Oh, trust me, I would if I could."

With that, Magnus and Galen left, closing the door behind them. Mystica exhaled deeply, enjoying the return of silence.