

ShadowBound 58

Chapter 58: Such A Dreadful Day.

Liam finally reached the healer's quarters, carrying Asher over his shoulder. As he approached the entrance, he was met by a striking woman, who looked to be in her early twenties.

She had flowing green hair and a graceful, curvaceous figure, accompanied by two other healers.

"What happened here?" she asked, reaching for Asher with a calm, knowing look.

"We were sparring," Liam replied, his expression stoic. "He passed out."

She sighed, a slight smirk tugging at her lips. "Ah, a classic. Galen does love pushing his students, doesn't he?" With a nod, she motioned to the two healers beside her to take Asher inside.

Liam blinked, a bit surprised that she knew he and Asher were Galen's students.

"You can come along, too," she said, glancing at the burns on his cloak.

"I can tell you're Galen's students by those training cloaks—half-singed is basically a badge of honor around here." She smiled as they headed inside. "Plus, anyone who comes in dragging a sparring partner is usually one of his."

'Wasn't his fault buzz cut passed out,' Liam thought dryly, following the healers inside.

They soon arrived at the infirmary, where the healers laid Asher on one of the beds. The woman gestured for Liam to take a seat on another bed, which he did without protest.

Despite feeling that Asher was the one needing care, he knew enough from his time with Dr. Dain to just go along with the healer's orders.

The woman moved closer to Asher, inspecting him briefly.

"Your friend here doesn't have any serious injuries. Just some minor burns. A bit of healing and plenty of rest, and he'll be back on his feet soon enough," she said, before turning her gaze to Liam. "You'll need some healing too."

Before he could argue, a healer moved to Liam's side, placing gentle hands on his back and beginning a soft, cooling spell.

At the same time, another healer worked on Asher, her hands glowing over his chest as she cast a similar spell. A warm, soothing sensation washed over him as the healer worked.

After a few moments, they finished up and left the room.

The woman turned to Liam, her tone softening as she prepared to leave. "You're going to wait for him to wake up, aren't you?"

Liam gave a small nod. "Yeah, I am. And... thank you."

She waved it off, her smile returning. "It's just my job. Get some rest yourself—you might need it for whatever Galen has planned for you boys."

With that, she slipped quietly out of the infirmary, leaving Liam alone with his thoughts and his recovering comrade.

About an hour later, Asher jolted awake, blinking rapidly as he tried to make sense of where he was. His gaze fell on Liam, who sat across the room, arms folded, watching him with his usual, unreadable expression.

"Calm down, buzz cut," Liam said, raising an eyebrow. "You're at the healer's quarters. I brought you here after our little sparring session."

Asher squinted, and the memory came rushing back—Liam's last hit landing solidly in his gut, the force behind it like a sledgehammer.

He grimaced at the thought. "That... that punch. How'd you manage to pull that off? I thought your right side was shot."

Liam paused, choosing his words carefully. "Well, if you must know, I'm ambidextrous. That last move? It worked because you didn't know that about me."

His tone remained steady, though there was a flicker of dry humor. "Honestly, it was a gamble. If you'd made the right move, I'd have been the one on the ground, not you."

Asher absorbed this, his eyes widening a bit before narrowing as his competitive spirit reignited. "Wait, wait, wait—you're ambidextrous, and you didn't bother telling me? You've been holding out on me!"

His voice rose as he sat up, eyes blazing with indignation. "That's basically cheating! You owe me a rematch—no tricks this time!"

Liam rolled his eyes, his stoic demeanor unchanging. "Settle down, buzz cut. Galen said we're done for the day, so no rematch. Tomorrow's another story, though."

He stood to leave, having done what he'd stayed to do: wait for Asher to wake up and pass along Galen's instructions.

"Hey, I'm not finished with you!" Asher called after him, waving a fist dramatically, his voice rising in outrage as he struggled to sit up. "You're not getting away that easily, Hunter! You hear me?"

Liam didn't bother turning back, only lifting a hand in an indifferent wave as he left the infirmary. "Sleep tight, buzz cut. You'll need it."

As Liam left the infirmary, he made his way through the academy grounds toward his room.

The sun was beginning to dip below the horizon, casting a warm amber glow on the buildings. He walked in comfortable silence, appreciating the quiet after the chaos of the day.

But just as he rounded a corner, he spotted a familiar sight up ahead: Dylan, practically leaning on Ariana for support, both of them heading toward the same building—B1. Liam quickly thought about taking a side path to avoid them, but he was a second too late.

"Liaaam!" Dylan called out, dragging out the name dramatically, his voice echoing through the academy grounds.

Before Liam could react, Dylan left Ariana's side and rushed over to him, collapsing against him with exaggerated exhaustion.

"They tried to kill me, man! I swear, I've never had to use so much magic in my entire life!" he groaned, leaning his full weight on Liam as if he were moments from fainting.

Liam gave a deadpan look, his expression unchanging. "Dylan, it probably wasn't as bad as you're making it out to be," he said flatly.

Ariana walked up, arms folded and looking amused. "Stop overreacting, Dylan. You're just being dramatic. It wasn't that bad."

Dylan pulled away from Liam and shot Ariana an exaggerated look of offense. "Easy for you to say," he retorted.

"You've been the Mystica's assistant even before you came to the academy! I had no idea the woman could be that... relentless."

Ariana gave a small sigh, clearly used to his theatrics. "You're something else, Dylan," she said, shaking her head.

"Anyway, I'll see you both tomorrow. I have something important to take care of." With a wave, she turned and dashed off toward the building.

As soon as she was out of earshot, Dylan's tired act vanished, replaced by his usual mischievous grin.

"Alright, don't tell anyone, but I wasn't that exhausted. I just wanted to feel her soft skin while she helped me. A guy's gotta find his motivation, right?"

Liam resisted the urge to roll his eyes. "You must be really desperate."

Dylan shrugged. "What can I say? It's a gift. But seriously, today was brutal. The instructor pushed me harder than ever with my magic. Said something about tapping into my 'untapped potential,' whatever that means." He ran a hand through his hair, chuckling. "But, I guess it wasn't all bad. At least I survived... barely."

Liam remained indifferent, "Glad to know your 'untapped potential' still leaves you whining."

Dylan laughed, slinging an arm around Liam's shoulder. "Hey, there's a fine line between untapped potential and being worked to the bone. Next time, we should swap instructors. I'd rather throw a few punches than nearly collapse from magic burnout."

"Yeah, you should give it a try. As long as you don't pass out"

Dylan laughed again, and together they made their way toward the dorms.