

ShadowBound 60

Chapter 60: You Disgust Me

The tension in the canteen crackled like the blue lighting sparks that had begun dancing around Chris's body. He glared at Dylan, every inch of him radiating anger as his hands pulsed with lightning, ready to unleash it.

But just as he was about to strike, a cold mist settled over the air, and an icy wall appeared, tall enough to separate the boys. The entire cafeteria turned silent, students watching as a slender figure stepped into view.

"How many times do I have to tell you to avoid conflict, Chris?" Sheila's voice was calm, but her gaze was like steel.

Chris's expression twisted with irritation. "And how many times do I have to tell you to stay out of my business?" His voice dripped with scorn as he glared at her. "And quit acting like some righteous savior. It's getting on my nerves."

He turned away, throwing one last venomous look over his shoulder at Asher, Liam, and Dylan. "You three are lucky this piece of trash decided to interfere. Next time, I'll just roast you all alive."

Logan and Lucian followed him, sneering as they left the canteen. Sheila's calm expression didn't waver, though her jaw tightened at being called "trash."

She took a breath, steadying herself before looking back at the boys, now the center of everyone's attention.

"Now I'm starting to wonder why it's always you three wrapped up in this mess," she said, her voice carrying a cool authority. "I'm not going to be around every time Chris decides to pick a fight."

Asher scoffed, crossing his arms. "And who asked for your help?" he shot back, his voice loud and challenging. "I could've taken all three of those idiots if I felt like it."

Sheila arched an eyebrow but ignored his remark, shifting her gaze to Dylan. "I thought I warned you last time about getting into arguments with royalty," she said, her tone sharp.

Dylan, however, didn't miss a beat. With an exaggerated bow, he replied, "Forgive my disobedience, my princess..." His voice dripped with mock solemnity as he straightened, flashing his usual grin.

"...but I couldn't stand by while they insulted these lovely ladies." He gestured to the serving ladies, throwing them a playful wink.

Sheila rolled her eyes, unimpressed, though she knew well enough that Dylan, for all his antics, wasn't one to stand idle when things went south.

Sighing, she glanced around at the curious stares directed their way, clearly uninterested in staying any longer.

"Well, since I've done what I came for, I'll be going." She turned to leave, her posture calm but every step edged with frustration.

As she moved toward the exit, her path brought her closer to Liam, who hadn't budged throughout the entire ordeal. He stood there, unperturbed, his crimson gaze fixed on her as she approached.

She could've walked around him—there was a clear path to his left—but she deliberately moved toward him, her eyes daring him to move.

When he didn't, she raised her chin, her gaze meeting his with all the fierce pride she carried as a princess. "Can you see that I'm passing through?" she finally said, her voice edged with irritation.

Liam remained calm, his eyes shifting briefly to the open path beside him. "I believe you could pass here as well..." He nodded to his left.

"...if you can't, then I'm afraid I can't move. Besides," he added, holding her gaze, his expression hardening, "...you seem to be blocking my path, too."

The confidence and quiet defiance in his tone threw her off. She was used to people either backing down or bending to her authority—not standing in her way. For a brief moment, her expression flickered with shock.

"How dare you tal—" Sheila's voice rose, but Liam cut her off with a soft sigh, his expression unfazed.

"Just keep moving. I have no time for people who think too highly of themselves without doing anything to earn respect." He paused, his tone carrying a subtle note of disdain as he stepped around her. "...And keep your self-righteous speeches to yourself."

He walked past her without a second glance, leaving Sheila standing there, eyes blazing as she fought to keep her composure.

It was infuriating, the ease with which he dismissed her—and in front of an entire audience, no less. Her fists clenched as she felt her anger smolder beneath her calm facade.

This was the third—no, the fourth time—she'd been humiliated since she came to the academy by not only Liam.

Liam wasn't noble, didn't have the status or the power she held, and yet he acted as if he were beyond her authority, treating her with the same indifference as anyone else.

But with everyone watching, she couldn't afford a scene. Taking a steady breath, she turned on her heel and left the canteen, her icy expression concealing the resentment bubbling beneath.

As she disappeared through the doorway, Dylan chuckled, shaking his head. "You know, Liam, you're probably the only guy around here who'd talk to her like that. Second to her brother, though"

"Hey I can do that to you know" Asher quickly said with his competitive spirit.

"Sure you can Firecracker" Dylan replied with a wide grin.

The boys finally went to find a seat to enjoy their evening meal.

As the boys settled in, enjoying their meal, Asher couldn't hold back the curiosity that had been nagging at him.

"Hey, Dylan," he began, his tone almost demanding, "tell me about Sheila's brother."

Dylan swallowed a mouthful of food and gave a mischievous grin. "Not so fast. You've gotta ask nicely," he teased, leaning back. "Add a little 'please, Dylan,' and maybe I'll answer."

Asher rolled his eyes. "I'd rather drop dead."

Dylan chuckled. "Knew you wouldn't, but can't blame me for trying." He took a sip from his cup—filled with something that looked suspiciously like wine—before leaning in. "Alright, I'll tell you anyway."

"First off, Percy? Absolute menace and shit-head," he began, like an old storyteller recounting a legend.

"But, credit where it's due, he's incredibly powerful. Here's the kicker, though—he doesn't have the family's signature magic. Everyone expected he'd have light magic, maybe even the dual abilities of ice and water. But he only got ice."

"Yeah Galen mentioned something about that," Asher interrupted, brow furrowed "So Percy is from a line famous for light magic, and he got stuck with just ice?"

Dylan nodded, a twinkle of amusement in his eye. "Yup. But here's where it gets juicy. Even though he lacked the complete lineage abilities, they still considered Percy the heir due to the potential he displayed. However, all that changed when Sheila came along."

"She got everything, huh?" Liam murmured, half-interested, keeping his eyes on his plate but listening.

"Bingo," Dylan said, nodding. "Sheila was born with the whole package—light magic and dual elements of ice and water. Pretty rare, even in the Crescent Kingdom."

"So, what is this, like some generational thing?" Asher asked, trying to follow.

"Not exactly," Dylan said thoughtfully, "but it's not something that happens every day. Anyway, once Sheila was born, they stripped Percy of his heir status. And let me tell you, that guy's resentment runs deep. Ever since, he's been obsessed with proving himself. He's trained relentlessly, mastering abilities even the family never imagined he'd grasp. His goal? To surpass Sheila in every way."

Asher shook his head, trying to process. "And Sheila? How does she feel about all this?"

"Now that's the kicker." Dylan gave a wry smile. "She actually grew up idolizing him. Tried everything to win his approval, but Percy's been nothing but cold to her. She started mimicking him, training like him, even adopting some of his attitude, thinking it'd bridge the gap. But no matter what she does, it's like she's invisible to him."

"But Sheila is one of the sweetest person you'll ever come across"

Asher scoffed, crossing his arms. "That's just dumb. Why change yourself just to please some half-assed crybaby?"

Dylan chuckled, shaking his head. "Guess we all see things differently, buzz-cut. What about you, Liam?"

Liam shrugged, his expression calm as he finished his bite. "Living to please someone else for their respect? Sounds like a hollow pursuit. But I won't judge—there's always more to people's motives than we can see."

Dylan feigned an exaggerated gasp. "Well, look at you, Mister Stoic, with all that wisdom!"

Liam gave a small, unbothered smile and continued eating, while Asher rolled his eyes. The boys settled back into their meal as the night went b.