

ShadowBound 63

Chapter 63: The Upperclassmen

The girl crossed her arms, giving Liam and Asher a look of pure disdain. "I can't believe these are the new ones Sir Galen took in this time. Pathetic," she sneered. "Didn't anyone teach you two how to actually hit something?"

Asher's eyes narrowed, his temper flaring immediately. "And just who the hell are you two?"

The guy let out a low chuckle, clearly unbothered by Asher's challenge. "Names don't matter to you freshmen," he said, flicking his fingers dismissively. "But let's just say we're students who actually represent Sir Galen properly."

Liam stared at them with his usual cool indifference, a look that only seemed to irk the girl further. Her expression twisted, annoyance flashing across her face.

"Hey, you," she snapped, folding her arms tighter. "Quit looking at us like that. We're your upperclassmen, so start showing the proper respect."

Unfazed, Liam maintained his indifferent gaze.

The guy stepped in closer, his easy smile fading into an irritated frown. "Did you miss what my sister just said?" he asked, his tone growing darker. "You'd better change that face of yours before I do it for you."

Liam didn't even flinch, his voice calm and cold. "Back off, egghead, before I cut that smirk right off your mouth."

The siblings looked taken aback for a moment, then unexpectedly burst into laughter, their voices echoing off the stone walls of the colosseum.

"Did you hear that, Willow?" the guy, whose name was River, chuckled, glancing at his sister. "He actually thinks he's going to cut my mouth open. What a comedian."

Willow joined in, laughing mockingly. "He's got quite the imagination. How cute."

As their laughter faded, River's gaze returned to Liam, a sharper edge in his eyes. He leaned in, scrutinizing the daggers in Liam's hands.

"Ohh... look at this. So that's where you get this attitude from, huh?" he sneered. "Let me guess—you've heard of the Ice Prince, the great dagger-wielding prodigy, and now you think you're going to be just like him?"

River bent down, his eyes meeting Liam's. "Word of advice, freshman. Drop the tough guy act. You'll never be like him."

He held his stare, waiting for a reaction, but Liam's eyes remained unmoved—calm, stoic, and completely unbothered.

River's smirk twisted into a scowl as he stood up, turning to look at his sister with a sigh. "Well, sis..."

"Yeah?" Willow replied, a smile already creeping onto her face.

"...looks like we're going to have to teach them a proper lesson in respect."

Willow's gaze shifted to Asher, her expression gleeful. "Good. I'll be happy to teach this one a thing or two."

River sneered, his eyes narrowing as he lifted his arm with a sharp, sudden motion. Flames burst forth from his hand, crackling dangerously as they lashed out toward Liam, barely a foot between them.

But Liam had already anticipated the attack, his instincts kicking in as he sidestepped swiftly, avoiding the strike by a hair's breadth.

Liam let out a quiet sigh. 'Great, a fight is the last thing I need right now. Should I just summon the dragon to scare these idiots off?' His hand twitched, ready to conjure it if necessary.

River raised an eyebrow, looking mildly impressed. "Well, would you look at that—seems like the newbie's got some speed," he mocked.

"Guess I'll have to teach you a proper lesson." He squared his stance, readying himself to launch forward.

Liam's fingers twitched, ready to call his dragon as a last resort if things got out of hand. Meanwhile, Willow and Asher exchanged their own heated glares.

"Ready, brat?" Willow taunted, flashing a wicked smile.

Asher snorted, unfazed. "You're the unlucky one here. Unlike him," he said, jerking his chin toward Liam, "I don't care if you're a girl. I'll still hit you." He flashed a menacing grin, showing he meant every word.

Willow's expression turned icy. "You bastard!" she hissed, raising her hand to strike.

But just as tension hit its peak, a cold, steely voice cut through the air.

"What the hell are you two doing here?"

Everyone froze. Especially River and Willow, whose faces instantly blanched as they recognized the voice.

They took a reflexive step back, eyes widening in alarm as a figure strode into the colosseum, his hands tucked casually into his pockets.

The figure approached, his icy blue gaze fixed on the twins, who dropped to one knee without hesitation, beads of sweat forming on their foreheads.

He was tall, a commanding presence with snow-white hair—almost as white as Galen's—and a gaze that held an unsettling, fierce intensity.

"P—Prince Percy, what brings you here at this hour?" Willow stammered, forcing a respectful tone despite the tremor in her voice.

"Y—yes, my prince," River echoed, a nervous edge betraying his cocky demeanor. "This place isn't something you should concern yourself with. We were just...handling these freshmen."

Percy's disdainful gaze hardened. "Did I ask you to speak?" His voice was calm, yet it radiated authority, silencing them instantly. An invisible pressure seemed to settle over the twins, pressing them lower to the ground.

Percy's eyes narrowed. "You're both aware the sun has gone down, and that no one should be here at this hour, correct?" His voice was dangerously soft.

"Yes...my prince," River managed to whisper, visibly shaken.

"Then leave," Percy commanded, his tone unwavering.

Without a second thought, the twins scrambled to their feet, retreating with hurried steps, neither daring to look back at Liam and Asher. The two freshmen simply watched, absorbing the scene that had just unfolded.

Liam's gaze settled on Percy, studying him intently. 'So, this is Percy Granger,' he thought, feeling an inexplicable tension as his eyes met Percy's.

Percy looked at them both with an inscrutable expression, but something unreadable flickered in his eyes as he regarded Liam a beat longer than necessary. Then, without a word, he turned and strode away, leaving them both in silence.

As Percy disappeared from sight, Asher let out a low whistle, finally breaking the silence.

"Well, that was... something," he muttered, scratching his head, still processing the intensity of the encounter. "Guess we're not the only ones with attitude around here."

Liam didn't respond, his eyes still fixed on where Percy had stood moments before. There was a quiet fire simmering in him, a feeling he couldn't quite shake.

"Come on, Wannabe," Asher said. "We've got a lot more to worry about than some prince with a superiority complex. Let's get back before someone else decides to teach us a 'lesson.'"