

ShadowBound 69

Chapter 69: I Can Pull It Off

Liam's eyes remained fixed on Galen, analyzing every subtle shift in his stance.

'I knew he was strong, but this... this is beyond anything I imagined. He's not even trying. If I had to put a number to it, I'd say he's barely at one percent... if that.' He clenched his daggers tighter.

Beside him, Asher exhaled in excitement, a wide grin breaking across his face. "He's even stronger than I expected... now I'm really fired up."

But his excitement quickly shifted to annoyance as he looked sideways at Liam. "How are we supposed to even touch him, though? I hate to admit it, but... you got a plan, wannabe?"

Liam stayed silent, his eyes still trained on Galen. Asher scowled, folding his arms. "Hey! It's taking all I've got to ask for your help, so start talking!"

Across from them, Galen watched the two, his smirk growing wider. "Are you two just gonna stand there like a couple of lovebirds, or are you planning to fight me?" His tone dripped with mockery. "If you want to give up, now's your chance."

"Tch. That cocky bastard," Asher muttered, his annoyance flaring up.

At last, Liam spoke, his head lowered slightly, hair obscuring his eyes. "Guess I have no choice but to take him seriously, then."

Asher gave him a puzzled look. "What are you going on about now?"

Liam exhaled through his mouth slowly, a strange, hot steam wafting from his breath, almost like he was breathing fire.

"Look, Galen's not someone we can think of as normal. Not even close. If we're going to even have a chance... treat him like he's the strongest person you have ever faced."

Flames began to envelop his body in a low, controlled burn, his presence growing more intense with each step he took forward.

Asher blinked, completely confused. "What the hell are you talking about, man?"

Liam continued moving forward, his eyes sharp and focused.

'I've only seen this once, but that was enough. I can pull it off, especially with everything he's taught me.' He thought back to his training, to the brutal hours he'd spent honing his skills.

'Besides, Crimson Overdrive isn't just for show. It's exactly for moments like this.'

Galen watched him approach, one eyebrow raised with faint amusement. "What's this now?" he said, tilting his head. "You trying to impress me, kid?"

On the sidelines, Ariana's eyes were wide with anticipation. "What's he doing?" she asked, looking over at Dylan.

Dylan's grin spread. "No clue. But this... this is gonna be interesting."

Then, with a speed that stunned even Asher, Liam vanished. His form blurred for a split second, leaving nothing but a flickering heat in the air, before he reappeared behind Galen, his leg already swinging forward in a powerful kick.

Galen moved with eerie calmness, sidestepping the attack just before impact. But Liam, already anticipating this, twisted mid-air, seamlessly adjusting his grip on his dagger.

With a smooth, practiced motion, he unleashed a blazing arc of heat, his weapon igniting in a fiery wave aimed straight at Galen.

Asher and the others could barely follow the speed of the attack, the raw heat radiating from Liam's strike flooding the air around them.

Yet, even amidst the chaos, Galen slipped past it with a fluidity that bordered on effortless. He moved like he was part of the flames.

'Well, I didn't expect this to work on him anyways...' Liam thought, as his fiery assault dispersed into the air. Galen's gaze met his, a subtle smirk in his eyes that sent a chill down Liam's spine.

"Nice try, kid," Galen said, his tone mocking yet laced with approval.

'I can't believe he just pulled off a technique he's only seen once. Fascinating. And even more... he managed to execute Inferno Edge.' A wide grin tugged at Galen's lips as he watched Liam.

"You've genuinely surprised me, Liam Hunter. If it were anyone else, you'd have won this match with that move," he said, his voice carrying a note of approval as he observed Liam.

Liam's face remained stoic, though a glint of determination sparked in his eyes. "And let me guess... because you're Galen Magna, that's why it didn't work on you, huh?"

Galen chuckled, the sound dark and knowing. "Well, of course..."

Before Liam could blink, Galen vanished from sight, moving even faster than Liam had moments ago.

A heartbeat later, he reappeared directly in front of Liam, his hands still casually tucked in his pockets, but his stance poised to deliver a strike.

Liam's instincts flared, but Galen's speed left no room for defense. In a flash, Galen's leg shot forward, striking Liam squarely in the chest. The impact exploded through him, lifting him off his feet with an unforgiving force.

The next moment, Liam crashed against the stone wall of the colosseum, the sheer power of the kick leaving a spiderweb of cracks in the wall around him.

Dust and fragments of stone rained down as he slumped to the ground, the echo of the impact lingering in the air.

Galen lowered his leg, landing gracefully, his expression calm but unyielding. "...I'm the strongest, after all," he said with a smirk.

Asher's fists clenched at his sides, his jaw tight with frustration. "That smug...!" he muttered under his breath, flames sparking along his knuckles as his anger surged. 'How am I supposed to touch him if he's this fast?'

Meanwhile, in the stands, Ariana covered her mouth, her eyes wide with shock. "Did you see that? He sent Liam flying with one kick—without even using his hands! That's why I said they had no chance of winning."

Dylan leaned forward, a grin stretching across his face as he watched the scene. "I told you these two had guts. But yeah... Galen? He's just as rumors say he is."

Ariana glanced at him, incredulous. "A level they're crazy for even trying to reach, you mean."

Dylan chuckled. "Maybe. But that's what makes it fun, right? You don't get stronger by backing down. My dad thought me that."

Back in the arena, Liam pushed himself to his feet, wiping blood from the corner of his mouth. His eyes burned with renewed resolve. Galen's smirk deepened, seeing the determination blazing in both boys' eyes.

"Ready for more?" Galen taunted, his voice dripping with challenge.