

ShadowBound 74

Chapter 74: Mission Detials

Magnus swirled the wine in his glass before taking a long sip, leaning back against the edge of the table.

His relaxed posture contrasted with the weight of the news he was about to deliver, though his mischievous grin remained intact.

"Well, since you're asking, I might as well tell you about the little 'detour' I had to deal with during my mission. You know, nothing too big—just the Queen of the Tempest Kingdom being attacked by some nasty advanced Horrors and a couple of Syncs."

Galen's expression remained as stoic as ever, not a flicker of surprise or concern crossing his face.

He leaned casually against the mantle, sipping his wine as though Magnus had mentioned a misplaced sword instead of a high-profile demonic attack.

"Go on," Galen said simply, his voice calm and measured.

Magnus chuckled, running a hand through his dark hair. "Oh, don't act so disinterested, Galen. I know you don't care about politics, but when I say Syncs, I mean the ones that make even seasoned knights crap their polished boots."

Galen raised an eyebrow slightly, the closest thing to intrigue Magnus would get from him.

"Anyway," Magnus continued, gesturing animatedly with his glass, "I was sent to reinforce the royal guard after the first wave of Horrors broke through their defenses. When I got there, it was pure chaos. Lightning bolts flying everywhere, guards screaming, Syncs playing with their prey like it was a game. You'd have loved it—felt like something out of a nightmare training simulation."

"And the queen?" Galen asked, his tone as flat as ever.

Magnus smirked, setting his glass down and spreading his hands. "Oh, she was holding her own, believe it or not. Those lightning abilities of hers are no joke. But the Syncs were too coordinated. They were aiming to disable her, not kill her outright—probably some scheme to use her as leverage later."

Galen tilted his head slightly, as if filing the information away. "Did you handle it?"

"Of course," Magnus said, puffing out his chest with mock pride. "Well, me and a few of the queen's personal guard. Let's just say I had to get a little creative. You know me—I hate sticking to a plan."

He chuckled. "One of the Syncs caught me off guard with a nasty binding spell. Managed to crack a rib or two before I torched the bastard. And those advanced Horrors? Ugly bastards, but nothing a little creative swordplay couldn't handle."

"Creative swordplay," Galen repeated, deadpan, as he took another sip of wine.

"Hey, don't mock it! You weren't there to see the brilliance." Magnus grinned, pointing a finger at him.

"Anyway, the queen's fine—shaken but alive. The rest of the kingdom's forces are scrambling to figure out how the demons broke through their wards. My bet? An inside job. But hey, not my problem now that my part's done."

"Convenient," Galen said, setting his empty glass down and moving toward the window. He glanced out at the darkened academy grounds, the faint flicker of distant training fires reflecting in his crimson eyes.

"You always did have a knack for getting out of situations just before they became your problem."

Magnus laughed, a deep, rich sound that filled the room. "And you always have a knack for pretending not to care when you're probably already piecing together every detail."

Galen didn't respond, his gaze fixed on the horizon.

"Anyway," Magnus said, finishing his drink with a satisfied sigh, "I passed by Mystica's chamber before coming here..."

Galen's sharp crimson eyes shifted to Magnus as if already anticipating the subject. "She told you, didn't she?" he asked flatly.

"Yeah," Magnus replied, his usual grin faltering slightly. "Wasn't expecting Syncs—especially blood demons—to target the capital. That's not something we've seen in a while." His tone grew more serious as he leaned against the table.

Galen swirled the wine in his glass, his expression unreadable. "Looks like another war might be brewing. The demon attacks are becoming more frequent—and more calculated."

Magnus sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. "Yeah, Mystica mentioned something else, though." His lips curled back into a teasing grin. "She said the blood demons might be after one of your students."

He chuckled, the mischievous glint returning to his eyes. "Since when did you have a soft spot for kids, Galen? Are we finally seeing the great knight's softer side?"

Magnus broke into laughter, clutching his stomach, while Galen shot him a pointed look, rolling his eyes.

"Are you done?" Galen asked dryly.

Magnus wiped a tear from his eye, still chuckling. "Almost. But seriously, since when do you care about a bunch of trainees?"

Galen set his glass down, turning his full attention to Magnus. "You know I've never believed that ridiculous theory about the disappearance of dark magic users, right?"

Magnus nodded, his humor temporarily replaced with curiosity. "Yeah, and neither do I. Always sounded like a convenient excuse to me."

"Exactly," Galen said, his voice steady but firm. "That's why I won't buy into the idea that this attack was about the boy just because he happens to wield dark magic. There's more to it than that."

Magnus tilted his head, considering Galen's words. "Fair point," he said, his grin returning. "But whatever the reason, one thing's for sure: those demons are as good as dead. Sooner or later, we'll deal with them."

His voice dropped an octave, and for a brief moment, a menacing aura surrounded him, his playful demeanor giving way to a glimpse of the deadly knight beneath.

Galen raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. "Save the dramatics for the battlefield."

Magnus shrugged, letting the moment pass. His sharp eyes wandered across the room before narrowing in on a detail he hadn't noticed before. "By the way," he said, pointing at Galen's back, "what's with that cut on your shirt?"

Galen turned toward the mirror, his gaze falling on a small but precise tear near his shoulder blade. His lips curled into an amused grin as he lightly touched the fabric.

"Well, well," Galen muttered, more to himself than to Magnus. "Looks like the kids managed to surprise me twice in a day."

'To think he to also pulled a last move like this'

Magnus crossed his arms, intrigued. "What are you mumbling about?"

Galen's grin widened as he turned back around. "Those two are more determined than I thought. To think they'd pull this off without me noticing... They'll do whatever it takes to win."

Magnus raised an eyebrow. "You're getting cryptic again. Care to explain?"

"You'll find out soon enough," Galen said as he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off, tossing it onto a nearby chair. "When it's your turn to teach them, you'll see what I mean."

Magnus smirked, sensing the weight behind Galen's words. "Sounds like I'm in for some fun. I'll be looking forward to it."

Galen didn't reply, his focus already elsewhere, but the faint smirk lingering on his face told Magnus all he needed to know.