

## MY LIVING SHADOW SYSTEM DEVOURS TO MAKE ME STRONGER

### Chapter 10 Reflexive Movements

The beastkin professor raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised by Damon's seemingly unaffected response to the aura. On the other side of the training ground, an elf girl with striking white hair watched him with a curious glint in her eyes.

Damon, for his part, maintained a calm facade as the professor announced the continuation of class. Slowly, the other students' attention returned to their training, allowing Damon to stand unnoticed in the corner of the grounds. He let out a quiet sigh of relief, casting a quick glance at his shadow. It weakly raised a hand to give him a thumbs-up, bending over like an old man, its shape quivering as if coughing.

Damon shot it a concerned look.

"Erhmm... are you... are you okay?"

Talking to one's own shadow would be considered madness by most, but Damon wasn't like most people. Not all shadows had a mind of their own, so he figured he wasn't crazy. Or at least he hoped so.

His shadow wobbled unsteadily but puffed out its nonexistent chest, striking a pose as if to say, "Piece of cake."

Damon smirked.

"Thanks... You really saved me back there. Would've been embarrassing to act all high and mighty, only to end up on my knees. Especially with so many girls watching... I could die of shame."

The shadow waved a hand dismissively, as if to say, "Nah, no big deal."

Damon nodded but quickly furrowed his brow.

"Now act normal! Before someone notices."

The shadow seemed offended, hesitating before grudgingly returning to its regular, motionless form. Damon sighed with relief, thankful no one had seen him talking to his own shadow. To look more inconspicuous, he pulled out his pager and started scrolling through it, pretending to be absorbed in something.

"I really hate this class," he muttered quietly, though he knew his shadow was listening.

His gaze drifted across the field and landed on a girl with radiant golden hair, a sword in hand, exuding a glow that seemed to light up the world around her. Her eyes were a luminous gold, marked with a symbol resembling the sun.

"That... that's the number one first-year, Evangeline Brightwater. She has a light attribute, one of the more powerful ones, so... yeah, nothing special," he said with a touch of sarcasm.

"She's number one, after all."

A bitter smile crossed his face.

"Not like she's just my age... with more power and status than me."

He shook his head, forcing his gaze away. "Ahh, whatever..."

The shadow stirred slightly but stayed in place as Damon continued.

"Apparently, she only cares about fighting someone stronger than her, but no one among us first-years can match her. Maybe Sylvia Moonveil..."

He glanced at his shadow, still holding his pager to maintain the appearance of scrolling through it, before looking toward an elf girl with long white hair and steely gray eyes.

"That's Sylvia Moonveil. She's from Iorvas, the Verdant Continent. From the looks of it, she's probably noble... most of them are. You don't become the second seat by being a poor commoner."

He sighed, a softer tone in his voice.

"She has a lunar attribute... like my sister. Seeing her really reminds me of Luna. It kinda pushes me to hold on... but it also makes me wish Luna had a chance to shine too."

The shadow stayed silent, almost as if listening, as Damon's thoughts grew heavier. His gaze shifted again, this time hardening as he looked across the training ground.

"That guy over there is Xander Ravenscroft."

Damon's voice grew colder, a hint of resentment underlying his words.

Xander Ravenscroft was tall, well-built, with a confident air. His brown hair and piercing blue eyes radiated charm and presence. Damon couldn't help but feel a pang of inadequacy; Xander was the sort who always seemed to attract attention, and he did so effortlessly.

"He has a gravity attribute and comes from Soltheon... just like me. Oh, and Evangeline too, I guess. Pretty sure Xander has a crush on her... I mean, it's kinda obvious."

The shadow shifted, as if asking him a question.

"Huh? Me... a crush?" Damon let out a snort.

"Humph, I don't have a crush on anyone... wait, actually, I do... I have a crush on money."

That last line lifted his mood a bit, and he let himself chuckle, feeling a bit of the tension ease away.

Damon turned his gaze toward a beastkin girl with dark hair streaked with white highlights and animal ears perched atop her head—a trademark of her kin. She struck a training dummy with her claws, sending off sparks of electricity.

"That's Leona Valefier. She's from the wild continent, Lothria. Her attribute's called the storm attribute. She's ranked fourth..."

he trailed off, eyeing her with a mix of curiosity and caution.

He continued introducing the top ten students in his class to his shadow, almost as if giving a newcomer a rundown of the group. His descriptions were laced with occasional side comments, a mix of admiration and sarcasm as he assessed each one.

While Damon talked, the professor called an end to the training session.

"It's time for today's practicals to conclude, but since we have a bit more time, I'll let two of our top students demonstrate a duel using elemental magic. Watch closely and learn."

He nodded toward Evangeline and Sylvia, gesturing for them to step onto a makeshift stage. The two girls stood opposite each other, unarmed but brimming with intensity.

Damon sighed, barely glancing up as they readied themselves for combat. Instead, he kept his attention fixed on his pager, scrolling through it aimlessly. Watching their duel wouldn't help him, not when he'd already seen them fight countless times before. To him, they were just reminders of what he lacked.

He kept his head down, absently scrolling, as the sounds of battle began to fill the air. He caught glimpses of flashing light and felt the bursts of energy, the clash of light and lunar magic igniting the field. His shadow reacted to the

flashes, shifting slightly in agitation, but Damon ignored it, eyes firmly on his pager.

The sounds grew louder, the gasps of students around him more intense than usual, signaling that today's duel was particularly fierce. But Damon stayed nonchalant, almost tuning out the spectacle.

"Hey, watch out!" the professor's voice cut through the noise, too late.

Without even lifting his head, Damon's shadow moved instinctively in sync with his body. He dodged a beam of light, shifting to the side just in time, then ducked another, feeling the heat graze past him as he leaned away from the next. Finally, he sidestepped, avoiding the last flash by mere inches, as it seared the ground behind him.

The training grounds fell silent, students and professors alike staring in shock. Damon remained still, his eyes still on his pager, expression unbothered, as if nothing had happened.

It took a moment for him to process it all, his mind finally catching up to his reflexive dodges.

'Huh... wha...what just happened?'