

Living Shadow 107

Chapter 107 Lost History

[Water Celebration]

[Description]

"Cheers, the rain has come!"

After years of relentless drought, the heavens finally wept, quenching the parched earth. But the rain, once a blessing, did not cease. It poured without end until the vast continent was submerged, leaving only scattered islands. The people, lost in the rapture of their joy, drowned beneath the overwhelming weight of their own celebration.

[Effect]

Fear not, thou shalt not drown.

[Type]

Passive.

[Cooldown]

0 seconds.

Damon leaned back against the edge of his bed, staring at the skill description displayed on the translucent system panel before him. He let out a frustrated sigh, his hand raking through his disheveled hair.

'I went through all that trouble to kill Tobias... and this is what I get?'

The skill's effect was clear enough—it was meant to prevent him from drowning. It was practical, sure, but hardly the combat-oriented skill he had been hoping for.

"And all things considered, Tobias did almost drown me with his water barrier spell," Damon muttered, his voice tinged with resignation. "So, I guess it's not completely useless."

What truly caught his attention, though, was the vivid description. A drowned continent, lost to unending rain. Damon's thoughts wandered to Tobias's origins.

'Tyrvelia,' he recalled. The Voyage Islands, a southwestern region often referred to as a continent but was, in reality, a scattered archipelago.

"It's also the world's foremost naval power," Damon murmured, more to himself than anyone else.

Tyrvelia's history was shrouded in mystery. Most of its landmass had been submerged beneath the sea, and no one truly understood why. The skill's description, however, offered a grim revelation.

'So that's why.'

Of course, the knowledge was useless to him in the immediate sense. Yet, he couldn't help but feel that having even scraps of forgotten history at his disposal might prove valuable one day.

The monsters in Tyrvelia were mostly aquatic, but the most horrifying among them were the Drowned—bipedal monstrosities that inhabited the submerged ruins of ancient Tyrvelia. The region was also rife with pirates and had grown into a massive trade hub.

Damon exhaled sharply, shaking his head.

"Couldn't I have gotten something better than this?" he asked aloud, his gaze flicking to his shadow.

The shadow stirred faintly in response, almost as if shrugging.

Damon smirked despite himself. "I suppose it could have been worse. Why don't I try the skill out?"

The thought made him pause. What if the skill's description wasn't literal? Worse yet, what if its effect was unpredictable—or even dangerous?

'With this system, who knows?' Damon thought bitterly. After all, this was the same system that had bound him to a hunger for souls and flesh.

Before testing anything, Damon opened the system's main panel and poured all his newly earned attribute points into mana. The surge of energy rippled through him, a faint hum resonating in his veins as his reserves expanded.

That left only one pressing issue: the persistent issue of shadow hunger resting at the edge of his mind. His shadow energy.

Damon's gaze returned to the system, his expression hardening as he prepared to address the ravenous void lurking within.

[HP: 42/50]

[Mana: 95/95] [+5]

[Strength: 9]

[Agility: 17]

[Speed: 35]

[Endurance: 10]

[Class: —]

[Shadow: 140]

[Shadow Hunger Levels: 3%]

[Shadow Level: 2]

[Condition: Shadow is Fed]

[Attributes: Umbra]

[Skills:]

[5x] [Remorseless] [Shadow Perception] [Water Celebration]

[Locked]

Sure enough, when Damon checked his shadow energy, it wasn't completely full. His shadow hunger level remained at 3%.

"Hmm, so my shadow is only considered 'full' if the hunger level reaches 0%," Damon muttered to himself, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

He bit his lip.

"I need to increase the number of my hunts to keep it full... but this isn't necessarily a bad thing. If the energy is high enough, it'll take longer to get hungry. As long as it stays above 100, it shouldn't start affecting me."

He sighed, the weight of responsibility settling on him like a cold shroud.

"I need to wash up. Might as well test out Water Celebration while I'm at it."

Another thought crossed his mind as he stripped off his torn uniform, grimacing at the scrapes and bruises marking his skin. His HP had dropped to 42 from his encounter with Tobias.

"I really need to work on increasing my HP," he muttered, flexing his sore arm. But there were so many other things demanding his attention.

His immediate goal was boosting his mana. He had so much to learn—training Iris, mastering the magic blast spell he'd witnessed her use, and figuring out how to use the omnidirectional gear with more precision.

And then there was his next reckless plan.

The Wendigo he'd seen earlier wasn't a deterrent; if anything, it fueled his determination.

"I'm going beyond the barrier," he declared under his breath, his dark eyes glinting with resolve.

"I'll rig the entire place before the mid-semester evaluation begins. I'll map every inch of it."

His fingers clenched into fists as he stared at the wall, as if envisioning his goal etched into the surface.

"I'm not just planning to scrape my way into the top ten... I'll be number one. The only one."

He smiled coldly, his mind already scheming. Damon wasn't just planning to win—he was planning a betrayal. Nothing too elaborate, just enough to ensure his dominance.

The sound of the bath filling snapped him back to the present. The posh bathroom still felt excessive to him, a stark contrast to the rough streets he'd grown up on. He submerged himself, his body sinking into the warm water.

To his surprise, when he dunked his head fully underwater, he felt no discomfort. No water entered his lungs. He could breathe as if he were still on land.

Damon stayed submerged for several minutes, testing the limits of the skill. Each attempt confirmed the same result—he could remain underwater indefinitely without any sensation of drowning.

The skill's description echoed in his mind.

"Fear not, thou shalt not drown."

Still, he quickly abandoned any fantasies of living underwater like a fish. The skill didn't negate other dangers, like cold temperatures, water pressure, or hostile creatures. Drowning was only one of many threats.

Satisfied, he finished bathing, his body and mind refreshed. He dressed quickly and headed out, the faintest smirk playing on his lips.

He had plans for the night. A midnight snack with Leona—and the death of his next prey to finalize.