

Living Shadow 108

Chapter 108 How To Keep His Hands Clean

Lilith tossed and turned on her oversized bed, the warm afternoon sun streaming through the windows and bathing the room in a golden glow. She sighed heavily, letting the book in her hands fall onto the mattress.

As the student council president, she shouldn't have been lounging in her dorm at this hour. Yet here she was, confined under house arrest.

She groaned, her voice muffled against the pillow.

"I'm so bored... Damn it, Damon, what are you plotting right now?"

It had been like this for the past two days. The punishment had been swift but relatively light, considering the scale of her offense. She and Renata had been reprimanded for starting a fight in town—not just a petty squabble, but a clash between two formidable individuals who had already achieved second and third class advancements.

Although they had held back, the aftermath had left the neighborhood in ruins. Thankfully, no one had been hurt or killed, a fact Lilith attributed to the unusually wide streets of the area.

"I guess we owe it to town planning," she muttered dryly, brushing a strand of hair from her face.

The academy, eager to avoid bad press, had punished them with only a symbolic slap on the wrist. As the top two students of their year, their battle had inadvertently showcased the strength of academy students, turning what could have been a PR nightmare into a demonstration of power. The damaged properties had already been repaired, and the residents compensated generously—enough to leave them smiling despite the chaos.

But Lilith wasn't smiling.

Her confinement meant Damon had free rein to act without her interference. Worse, he had taken advantage of the chaos she'd caused. While the academy's attention was focused on her and Renata, Damon had gone after Tobias Morgan.

And succeeded.

Lilith clenched her fists, her nails digging into the bedsheets. She didn't have all the details, but she knew Damon had lured Tobias out of house arrest and killed him. By the time the academy realized Tobias was missing, they assumed he had run away.

But Lilith knew better.

"The academy will find traces soon enough," she muttered, her voice laced with frustration. And sure enough, they had. Reports of a supposed wendigo attack had surfaced. Tobias's blood had been discovered near the barrier, accompanied by what appeared to be wendigo footprints.

"The fools," she hissed under her breath, shaking her head.

She could see Damon's strategy clearly now. Initially, she thought he planned to frame Tobias. But in reality, framing Tobias had never been his goal. It was all a distraction—one designed to make her underestimate him. By the time she realized his true intent, Tobias was already dead.

A slow smile spread across her face, admiration mingling with irritation.

"How ruthless," she whispered, her tone both impressed and bitter.

Lilith couldn't shake her thoughts of Damon over the past few days. He had infiltrated her mind so deeply that she even dreamed of him—not in the romantic light of a teenage girl, but as a competitor she desperately wanted to defeat. The fact that he continuously slipped through her fingers, playing her like a game piece, only fueled her obsession.

"I have to beat him myself," she murmured to herself, her voice resolute.

She stood up, her pristine white dress clinging to her curves as sunlight filtered through the room, casting a soft glow. Her eyes fell on the mirror.

She thought of the letter Damon had been planning to send to Rein Ambridge. After two days of deliberation, Lilith had come to a conclusion—it was a trap. And she had nearly walked right into it.

"That must be how he lured Tobias... faking someone's handwriting, perhaps Marcus Fayjoy's. That would explain everything."

Her thoughts shifted to Marcus Fayjoy. According to her intel, the poor boy was unraveling. He seemed to be slipping off the deep end, breaking ties with Xander Ravenscroft—an act unheard of, considering the political weight of their families.

"Marcus Fayjoy isn't doing well... The Fayjoy family would never allow their son to cross someone from Duke Ravenscroft's house. But my intel suggests otherwise... He's visited all his friends, only to act oddly afterward. There's his disheveled appearance, his sudden screaming fits... It's as if something has broken him."

Lilith's concern, however, remained fixed on Damon. She picked up a report from the healers, one that painted a gruesome picture of his condition.

He had been returning from the forest covered in his own blood, barely clinging to life, with branches and roots piercing his body. Yet the most bizarre injuries were to his fingers—burnt flesh, shattered bones, and signs of repeated trauma. The healers suspected this was from shock and recoil, compounded by traces of mana embedded in his broken fingers.

"What in the name of the Goddess are you doing, Damon? Why can't I predict you? What are you planning? Why are you injured like this...?"

Her cheeks flushed slightly as her mind wandered to the bloodied image of him. Her hand instinctively brushed her shoulder, the spot where Damon had grabbed her once in a moment of calm fury. Even in his anger, he had denied her accusations with a chilling conviction.

"You're definitely not innocent," she chuckled softly to herself.

Lilith knew Damon was killing his targets methodically. They all shared one thing in common—they had all crossed him in some way.

"He didn't have a reason to kill them before... but now, something's changed. He sees a benefit in their deaths, a tangible one," she mused.

"How will he solve this if the academy discovers the commonality."

'I am certain he has a sure fire way to keep his hands clean.....'

Sitting by her mirror, her red hair cascading over her dress, Lilith considered the names of those who might be next Rein Ambridge, Elmont Garnier, Malcolm Tatarstan, Marcus Fayjoy.

"Who will it be?" she whispered, a small smile playing on her lips.

"He's unleashed now... A predator I can no longer suppress. One more will die today—or tomorrow, but soon. His attacks follow a pattern, and I'm close to deciphering it."

Her gaze fell back to the papers he had left as bait, her smile widening. Damon's cunning was undeniable, but she didn't need to win every battle. She only needed to win the war.

Lilith's pulse quickened as a sudden idea took hold.

Reaching for her pager, she dialed Damon Grey's number. The device felt cold against her palm as she brought it to her ear, the faint hum of the line connecting filling the silence.

"Let's hear it from the murderous horse's mouth," she said with a smirk, anticipation flickering in her eyes.