

## Living Shadow 148

### Chapter 148 Got The Benefits

Lilith seemed relieved. She had shared her greatest secret with Damon, not out of trust, but because of his shadow. Otherwise, no amount of persuasion, or even torture, could have made her reveal such information. Still, she held back certain details, only offering enough to secure his cooperation—or at least to ensure he understood the inevitability of their shared collision course with the Temple of Doom.

Damon had clearly realized the weight of her revelation. His pale, stricken expression betrayed his thoughts, and Lilith couldn't help but smirk. If she didn't despise the Temple as much as she did, she might have shared his fear. It was natural, after all.

Unlike the devoted faithful, Lilith wasn't bound by worship of this mysterious god. In truth, this boundless entity seemed indifferent to faith or adoration. It had granted her magic attribute and awakened her first class when she prayed for power, but there was no attachment, no obligation to serve.

Damon, on the other hand, clearly hadn't obtained his abilities in the same way. She didn't know the exact method, but it didn't matter. Both of them, by the nature of their power, stood as natural enemies to the Temple. There was no going back for either of them.

Lilith had entertained the idea of fleeing—to the demon continent, perhaps—but such thoughts were fleeting. Running wouldn't help her achieve her goal of destroying the Temple. And beyond that, her status as a human would make adapting to life in the demon lands an uphill battle.

Her musings didn't last long, however, as she focused on Damon. He was clearly deep in thought, his mind cycling through options that, frankly speaking, weren't many. In truth, he had only one viable choice. Like it or not, he was now entangled in her fight.

She observed his face as it shifted through different shades of pale. The longer he thought about it, the worse his expression became. Finally, he clenched his teeth, as if bracing himself for the grim reality.

"We are not going to live long..." Damon muttered, his tone heavy with resignation.

Lilith's lips curled into a wry smile at his words. He had said we. It might have seemed like a small thing, but to her, it carried a deeper meaning—his reluctant acceptance of their partnership in this dangerous endeavor.

"I'd worry more about our enemies than our lifespan," she replied, her voice calm but laced with a dark edge. "They'll have plenty of reasons to regret crossing us before this is over."

The flicker of determination in her eyes met Damon's cautious yet resolved gaze.

He narrowed his eyes, staring around the room as if searching for answers in the shadows.

"The same enemies with armies, kings, and nations under their thumb," Damon began, his voice low and bitter. "They also have money—lots of it."

He glanced at her, his expression a mix of resignation and defiance.

"Between the two of us, all we've got is some poor guy with his shadow and a young noble lady merely at third-class advancement."

Lilith met his gaze, her lips curling into a faint smile. Despite his sarcasm, she felt a strange satisfaction in his words. He had accepted, in his own roundabout way. For so long, she had struggled alone, unable to make any real progress. But now, with Damon at her side, the odds—however slim—seemed to tilt in her favor.

She knew their shared connection to the unknown god might provide some resistance to the temple's divination. If they could create an organization or group, those affiliated with them would share in their karma, shielding them from the temple's all-seeing eyes. It was a dangerous gamble, but it was their best shot.

She nodded firmly.

"Let's create our own, then."

Damon chuckled darkly, his expression twisted with irony.

"Is it too late to turn myself in?"

Lilith shook her head, her tone matter-of-fact.

"No, but I imagine the temple will execute your sister as well—for her relationship with a great heretic."

He sighed, rubbing his temples.

"Yeah, I figured as much. So, either way, I'm screwed, huh?"

She nodded again, her gaze unwavering.

"We can't win now," she admitted. "But someday, we'll be a tangible force in this world."

She extended her hand toward him, her eyes locked on his.

"Are you in? Or are you content to accept your death?"

Damon sighed deeply, staring at her outstretched hand.

"I was going to say, 'Let me think about this for a few days,' but there's nothing to think about," he muttered.

"What's worse than making a pact with a demon? Having power from their god."

He grasped her hand firmly, his eyes narrowing.

"If you try to betray me, I won't go down without taking you with me."

Lilith smiled faintly. "Sounds good to me. If you betray me, I'll take you down with me too."

Damon nodded, his mind racing. This was the beginning of something dangerous—an alliance born out of necessity. He wasn't particularly interested in destroying the temple, but he wanted to survive. Lilith, with her power, wealth, and resources, was his best chance at doing so.

She didn't release his hand, teleporting them both back to the bed where they had been sitting before.

A tense silence hung between them for a few moments.

"How does your shadow work?" Lilith finally asked, her voice breaking the stillness.

Damon raised an eyebrow but remained silent.

"I figured you need to feed it within a set interval," she continued.

"Which would explain why you only killed people at fixed times. However, the more you feed it, the longer that interval becomes. And if you don't meet the requirements... that's when you turn into a monster. Am I right?"

His eyes twitched.

She had figured it out. There was no point in hiding it anymore.

"Yeah, that's right," he admitted, his tone cold.

"I gain power from feeding on people. If I kill them, I obtain their souls, and their flesh feeds my shadow. It makes me stronger, gives me new abilities."

She nodded, her expression thoughtful.

"I see. You got something different from me. I assumed your attribute had changed as well."

Damon narrowed his eyes. "So what, you turn into a monster too?"

Lilith shook her head.

"No. I don't need to kill anyone either," she replied calmly.

"I got a gift—no strings attached. At least none that I've seen yet. I can even hide my stigmata."

Damon's eye twitched. This unknown god was starting to sound incredibly unfair. He had been cursed with a system and a shadow that forced him to feed on people to survive, while Lilith had been granted blessings and power with seemingly no cost. Her void magic was a gift from the same god.

"Why do you look so sour?" she asked, a teasing edge to her voice.

He shook his head, frustrated. "Nothing. I just think it's unfair."

Lilith chuckled softly. "If you think my power came easily, you're wrong. I suffered to get it. I..." She trailed off, her smile fading as her eyes clouded with a painful memory.

"Well, it doesn't matter," she said finally, brushing the thought aside.

Her gaze hardened as she looked at him.

"New rules," she declared. "You are no longer allowed to prey on academy students. Got that?"