

Living Shadow 150

Chapter 150 New Rep

"Am I not supposed to?"

She said it like it was the most natural thing in the world. Damon's eyes widened in disbelief. Ever since he got the system, no one—absolutely no one—had been able to see it. The system sent him prompts and notifications, but they were invisible to everyone else.

But now, Lilith Astranova was standing there, calmly reading his skill description like it was just another textbook.

Her eyes scanned the floating system panel, curiosity evident as she reached out to touch it. Her hand passed straight through the translucent display.

"I can't interact with it..."

'She can see it.'

Damon's mind raced. She wasn't bluffing, nor was this some elaborate trick. She could genuinely see the panel.

'I didn't want that...'

Lilith tilted her head, then said, "It vanished."

Damon narrowed his eyes. It was still right there in front of her. He decided to test it. Moving the panel back into her line of sight, he willed it visible to her again. Her gaze followed it immediately.

'Hmm... is it like opening and closing it?'

Lilith's eyes darted to the panel before it flickered out of her view again.

"Hey, are you doing that? What was that just now?"

She turned to him with a mischievous smile.

"I thought we were in this together, but you're already hiding things from me."

Damon sneered. "You haven't told me everything, either. Don't pry into my affairs."

Lilith sighed dramatically, her tone teasing. "I showed you my deepest, darkest secret, and you repay me like this? How cold."

Damon's expression hardened, his patience wearing thin.

"Let's go. We don't have all day."

He glanced at the system panel one last time, a wave of relief washing over him. At least he still had control over its visibility. The fact that Lilith could see it when he allowed it had to be connected to her stigmata. The system and her stigmata shared the same origin—he was certain of it now, even though his shadow had confirmed the connection earlier.

However, this also confirmed one crucial fact: Lilith Astranova didn't have her own system. His system was unique to him alone.

He turned to her and gestured toward the door.

"Let's go."

As they began moving, a thought struck him. He stopped and asked, "Right, have you seen Croft?"

Lilith tilted her head, confused. "Who?"

"The raven," Damon clarified, exasperated.

Lilith's expression lit up with realization. "Oh! I think I saw a raven on a tree not far from here."

Damon nodded, walking to the window and pushing it open. The morning sun spilled into the room, its gentle rays brushing against his face. He whistled sharply, the sound echoing through the quiet morning air. Moments later, he heard the flutter of wings and the familiar caw of a raven.

Croft landed on his shoulder, its sharp eyes glinting as it let out an aggrieved caw.

Damon sighed, reaching up to stroke the bird's sleek feathers.

"You were useless last night... but I'll admit, you did a good job in the forest."

Lilith smiled at the interaction.

"You're really doing everything you can to change the topic, aren't you? Don't worry, I won't pry into the floating panel. You can share it with me when you're ready. After all, we'll be here together for years to come."

Damon gave her a sidelong glance as he began walking out of the room.

"Assuming we don't get killed in the most gruesome way imaginable..."

Lilith laughed lightly, following behind him. "Let's hope it doesn't come to that."

The War Halls, as always, exuded opulence. The dining area was grand, adorned with high-quality seating and massive, ornate chandeliers that hung from the ceiling, casting a warm glow over the room. It was the kind of place where wealth and power were displayed unapologetically.

Normally, Damon would be seated in isolation, avoiding interactions altogether. Actually, scratch that—he used to sit alone all the time. It was only recently, after his reputation grew, that he began dining with the top students in his class. But today wasn't one of those days.

In the past, Damon had made a habit of waking up earlier than everyone else and eating alone, far away from any scrutiny. He did it to avoid confrontations, knowing full well that if any noble slighted him, he wouldn't let it slide. His temper never allowed for such leniency.

Naturally, Damon was either invisible or a spectacle—there was no middle ground. Today, unfortunately, he was the latter. He found himself at the center of attention. It wasn't just the first-years who were eyeing him nervously; even the seniors seemed intrigued. Or perhaps, more accurately, they were curious about who he was sitting with.

Damon sighed, doing his best to ignore the mutters and whispers that filled the air. Most of it came from the first-years, their voices barely hushed enough to mask their words.

"That monster got in trouble, right?"

"Who knows? But the student council president won't let him go on a rampage."

"What a freak... he's not even human."

"I heard they finally put out the forest fire he started."

"I heard he was trying to kill all the other first-years..."

"I heard even the professors can't control him."

"Shh! He'll hear you. You don't want to end up like Xander Ravenscroft, do you?"

Damon's expression remained neutral, but inside, he didn't know how to feel. It wasn't long ago that he was the object of scorn, dismissed as unworthy. Now, he was feared. The shift was jarring, even if it came with its own set of annoyances.

Lilith sat across from him, a sly smile playing on her lips. She was one of the reasons he was getting so much attention.

"You're really famous now," she teased, her tone dripping with amusement.

"I'd say it's more like infamy," Damon replied flatly.

Her smile widened.

"All publicity is good publicity."

She took a sip from her glass, her eyes scanning the room before locking onto his.

"Have you heard your new moniker? I think it suits you. 'Demon Grey.' A nod to your name, Damon Grey. Change one letter, and you've got a demon. And what a bad demon you've been..."

Damon's eyes narrowed, his patience wearing thin. "I don't appreciate being called a demon."

"Yes, I can imagine why," Lilith said, her smile not faltering.

She leaned back in her chair, her gaze sharp and knowing.

"The results of the mid-semester evaluation are being announced earlier than usual. Mostly because, well... everyone except you failed. No suspense there."

Damon's boredom was evident as he glanced at her, unimpressed.

"You can check it, you know," Lilith continued, her voice taking on a slightly teasing edge.

"Your new skill... it's quite intriguing. Especially the description. But the real catch is the effect."

Damon's eyes narrowed further. "Tsk. You memorized it, didn't you?"

Lilith's smile turned smug.

He sighed, leaning back slightly. Since she had already seen it, there was no point in hiding it now. Besides, she couldn't view his panel without his permission anymore. And there was no time like the present to face whatever awaited him.