

Living Shadow 154

Chapter 154 Quick Hand

Lilith stood by the gate of the academy, arms crossed, waiting longer than she had expected for Damon to show up. The cool evening breeze rustled the edges of her uniform, but she barely noticed.

'Don't tell me he's not coming... Do I have to blackmail him further?'

She already had several ideas on how to do so. She doubted it would come to that, though. He wasn't foolish enough to refuse her offer, not when she was promising to feed his shadow and make him stronger.

Besides, he wasn't naive enough to think he could get away with everything on his own. Not with his meager power and resources.

Lost in her thoughts, she finally noticed a young man with dark hair approaching. His expression was grim, and he looked slightly haggard. One of his eyes was swollen black, and faint bruises marred his face.

Of course, it was Damon.

She gave him a once-over, raising an eyebrow.

"What happened to you?"

He scowled.

"I tripped and fell on the pavement."

Lilith glanced at the flat, even ground beneath them before looking back at his bruised face.

"And I assume the pavement gave you that black eye? It must have had quite the right hook."

Damon shot her a glare.

"Enough of that. Can we go now? Did you get me permission to leave, or do I have to sneak out?"

She smiled.

"I'm the student council president. I'm the one who gives permission. Come, let's go."

Damon followed her outside, where a carriage awaited them. This one was even more lavish than the one they had ridden in the first time. The sleek, polished frame gleamed under the soft glow of the academy's lanterns, the symbol of her house etched onto its side in intricate gold detailing.

"You really enjoy showing off your wealth, don't you?"

Lilith's smile didn't falter. "Thank you for being so tactful."

He sneered.

"You're welcome. I try my best to be a piece of shit every chance I get."

She sighed, stepping into the carriage.

"How are you even still alive with that horrible personality of yours?"

He chuckled, settling into the seat across from her.

"I pride myself on having no pride at all. I throw out my morals if it means I get to survive."

She studied him for a moment.

"So, your whole ego is just for show?"

"Only when I think I can get away with it."

She sighed. There was no point in wasting time. They got into the carriage, its soft interior lavish and well-polished. The glass was tinted, muting the outside world, while temperature regulation magic gave the cabin a cool, comfortable ambiance.

Damon sat across from Lilith, his body still aching from being roughed up by Evangeline.

'Who knew girls had so much solidarity...'

Lilith's gaze flicked to his black eye before she reached into her uniform, pulling out a small vial.

"Here, drink this and make yourself look presentable."

Damon took it without hesitation, popping off the cap and downing the contents in one swift gulp.

A surge of heat coursed through his body, numbing the aches and pains as the bruises and swelling faded away. Within moments, his injuries had completely healed.

He sighed, rolling his shoulders.

"I appreciate free stuff as much as the next guy, but isn't this a bit extravagant? I mean, I could've healed the normal way... or talked Sylvia or Evangeline into doing it."

He paused, biting his lip as he recalled the latter was the one responsible for his injuries in the first place.

Lilith shook her head. "It's fine. I'm not frugal, especially about something so minor."

Damon scoffed. "Damn nobles..."

"I think you said the quiet part out loud."

He smirked. "I wanted you to hear that."

Lilith only smiled thinly, finding his reaction amusing.

"Where are we going, anyway?"

She leaned back, her expression unreadable. "To get you some food, of course. You haven't eaten today, right?"

Damon blinked. "Ah, yeah. But you plan on killing seven people in one go?"

Lilith nodded, her tone casual.

"Why waste time? The stronger you are, the better. We need to explore the limits of your shadow."

Her eyes flickered to the darkness at his feet, where his shadow lay still, mimicking that of an ordinary man.

"What happens if we feed it past its hunger? Can it devour other things besides magic crystals? What happens if it eats the mana core of a monster?"

Damon nodded. He understood where she was coming from. If anyone wanted to explore the limits of his wretched shadow, it was him.

"There's also your skill... That sacrifice ability of yours is interesting. I reckon it's not your only one." She studied him intently.

"Normally, only someone who has reached the first-class advancement can use a skill like at all. But the rules don't seem to matter to you."

She crossed her legs, her voice taking on a smoother tone.

"Apart from eating people and monsters, let's keep some magic crystals on hand. But I'll make sure you have a feast every time we go out."

Damon nodded. This was part of the reason he had agreed to work with her in the first place. This vixen would help him get more food for his shadow.

"Where are we going exactly?"

Lilith smiled. "Athor's Sanctuary."

Damon frowned. "Okay, then. Who do you intend for me to kill and eat? If it's innocent townsfolk, I'll pass. Unless it's absolutely necessary."

She raised a brow. "So you will if there's necessity? Isn't that the same thing?"

He shook his head.

"It's not. The world has no end to scum. There's no need to feed off those who are already trying their hardest when people like that exist."

She scoffed. "All I hear are excuses from the man who killed an innocent hunter."

Damon bit his lip.

"More reason not to repeat my mistakes..."

Lilith sighed. "Fine, then."

"Today, we're targeting a small part of a certain smuggling ring."

Damon nodded, waiting for her to continue.

"They're mainly based in the capital city, Valerion, a few kilometers away. But they have a small branch in Athor's Sanctuary. Nothing too big."

Damon could think of a few smuggling rings in Valerion—some big, some small. Some even had ties to nobles, giving them a certain level of protection. He knew them well. After all, he used to work for one.

Lilith pushed her hair to the side, studying his reaction.

"Not sure if you've heard of them, but they call themselves Quick Hand."

Damon's eyes widened.

Quick Hand.