

Living Shadow 156

Chapter 156 Makia The Fairy

Damon and Lilith strolled toward the door with an air of complete indifference. Normally, Damon would be more cautious, but with Lilith beside him, caution felt unnecessary. She was in the third class advancement—practically untouchable.

What could a bunch of lowlifes possibly do to her?

He was the fox borrowing the might of a tiger.

And this tiger was terrifying.

With her by his side, Damon's confidence surged, and he walked toward the entrance like he owned the place.

"Hey! Stop right there. We're closed—come back some other time," a gruff voice called out.

Damon smirked, glancing at the speaker—a man with a gaudy Mohawk and a fashion sense so horrendous it was almost offensive.

'This guy's a newbie. Too flashy, trying too hard to prove himself,' Damon thought, barely suppressing his amusement.

Still, he came to a halt, tilting his head slightly.

"I'm here to see Makia. Tell him an old friend's here to fuck him up."

The man's expression hardened immediately. His gaze flickered to their academy uniforms, and he instinctively reached into his jacket, his fingers itching for a weapon.

He never got the chance.

Before he could react, Damon made a simple gun gesture with his hand. A magic bullet materialized at his fingertips and shot forward, piercing the man's skull with lethal precision.

The thug collapsed, lifeless.

[You have slain Hao of Grey Village.]

Damon barely acknowledged the notification before his shadow zipped forward, tendrils of darkness latching onto the corpse. Flesh and bone disintegrated into nothing as the shadow devoured its prey.

[You have gained 5 attribute points.]

[Your shadow is fed.]

Damon raised an eyebrow.

"Well, that was easier than I expected."

Lilith chuckled.

With no hesitation, she stepped forward and kicked the door open. The heavy wood slammed against the wall, revealing a spacious interior that resembled a large shop. A man stood behind the counter, his eyes widening in alarm.

Damon didn't waste time. He raised his hand, forming another magic bullet, and fired.

But the man was quick—unnaturally so. He ducked behind the counter, narrowly avoiding the shot.

Unfortunately for him, speed meant nothing when space itself was against him.

The moment he moved, he found himself teleported directly in front of Damon's outstretched finger. His pupils shrank in horror. The last thing he saw was a spark of energy before the bullet tore through his skull.

His body crumpled to the ground.

[You have slain Orin the Wind Fae.]

Damon chuckled, nudging the corpse with his foot.

"A fae, huh? No wonder he was so fast... Good thing he didn't get a chance to use magic."

Lilith smirked, crossing her arms. "Good thing you had me."

Damon nodded in agreement. "I like where this is going."

As before, his shadow slithered forward, consuming the fae's remains in an instant.

[You have gained 5 attribute points.]

[Your shadow is full.]

Damon frowned, glancing down at the pool of darkness beneath him.

"Huh. Looks like it's full."

Lilith tilted her head. A wicked grin spread across her face.

"Then let's see if it can eat more... even when it's full."

With that, she walked behind the counter and pulled open a door, revealing an interior with high ceilings, much like a warehouse. The space was noisy and bustling with activity as a ten-man crew moved crates around, their hurried steps and grunts filling the air. Overseeing the chaos was a short man—clearly a fairy—who barked out orders and profanities while darting through the air with his sparking wings.

He had a thin goatee, his dark hair tied into a bun. His small eyes, framed by long lashes, carried the sharpness of someone used to keeping people in line. A small burn mark marred the side of his neck, an old scar that was clearly a mark of a past altercation.

"Get those magic crystals in the back and ready for shipment!" he bellowed, his voice carrying over the clatter of wood and metal.

"You son of a bitch! Those elven spices are expensive!" He whirled on one of the workers.

"I'll have my ass handed to me by the imperial knights before I let you shitheads lose them!"

Damon couldn't help but smirk. Some things never changed.

"Still the same shitty old man, I see, Makia," he called out.

The fairy paused mid-flight, looking around before glancing toward the door. His brows furrowed.

"Huh? You bastard, you've got me so worked up I'm seeing ghosts now."

The other workers stopped, glancing between Makia and Damon with curiosity.

Damon sighed, stepping further inside.

"It's a little early to be drinking, old man. I'm not a ghost."

He absentmindedly touched the scar on his face, his expression darkening as he scanned the room. He didn't see any lookouts posted outside—sloppy.

Makia's lips curled into a wicked grin as realization dawned on him.

"Well, well, well... look what the cat dragged in, boys. It's our old pal Phantom—alive and in the flesh. And here I thought this son of a bitch had died in a ditch somewhere."

Damon sneered. These guys were new to town. If they had been around longer, they would've known about Lilith Astranova. That was the only reason they were mouthing off so confidently.

Feigning awkwardness, he planted a hand on his head.

"Geez, Makia... I didn't know you cared so much, especially after that little prank I pulled with the flay powder on your clothes."

Makia's expression darkened.

Damon chuckled, his voice teasing.

"Hehe, that prostitute you were with really helped me out. If she hadn't taken off your clothes, I never would've gotten the chance."

Makia's eyes bulged with rage, his wings flaring erratically.

Damon smirked. "At least you had a taste of ecstasy before pain. Be grateful."

Makia took a deep breath, forcing himself to keep a level head. Phantom was crazy, but he wasn't stupid—and there was a difference.

His gaze flickered toward the girl standing beside Damon. Lilith's vibrant red hair caught the dim light, her deep green eyes filled with something unreadable. She was beautiful—irritatingly so. And she wore the same academy uniform as that bastard.

"Didn't know you had what it takes to join that fancy academy," Makia muttered. "So that's where you were hiding..."

His eyes slid back to Lilith, and a sleazy grin spread across his face.

"Who's your girlfriend?" His tone was laced with something predatory.

"Mind if I take her for a spin?" His grin widened. "How about a quickie?"

Damon shivered with disgust.

"Be my guest," he said, voice dripping with mockery. "Though, I think your situation just went from bad to worse."

Makia glanced at his ten-man crew, then back at Damon and Lilith. After a brief pause, he burst into laughter.

"The boss isn't here to bail you out," he sneered. "And after running away, Phantom, I think he'd want you dead."

He turned his gaze to Lilith, his smirk widening.

"As for your girl, the academy wouldn't notice if one or two students went missing, right?"

The crew joined in his laughter, their confidence swelling.

Damon merely sighed.

Makia grinned, dragging the moment out for unnecessary drama.

"You probably thought you had the upper hand by bringing some rich girl here, but guess what..."

His aura surged, filling the room with pressure. The air trembled as an oppressive force radiated from him.

"I've reached First-Class Advancement."

Damon felt the shift in energy ripple through the room, but his attention flicked to Lilith—who was clearly holding back her fury.

He sighed again, shaking his head.

"You really shouldn't have mouthed off," he muttered. "Stuff like that... is my specialty."