

Living Shadow 157

Chapter 157 Sparkle

The pressure of facing someone in the First-Class Advancement was overwhelming, especially for someone without a class of their own.

Yet, Damon ignored the suffocating aura pressing down on him and simply smiled at the fairy, Makia.

"Makia... before you kill me—or rather, charge to your death—I just want to ask you a question."

Makia narrowed his eyes at Damon. He couldn't tell if the man was genuinely confident or just bluffing. However, the young woman standing beside him looked rather young—likely a first-year student as well. If that were the case, at most, she could only be in the First-Class Advancement... nothing he couldn't handle.

Still, curiosity made him pause.

"What question? If you're thinking of begging, it's too late."

Damon shook his head. "You know I'd never do that. But fine... you're new to town, right? Just curious—have you ever heard of Lilith Astranova?"

Makia scoffed. "Only tales. I heard she's the student council president at the academy, already in the Third-Class Advancement. People say she's a real beauty—long red hair and..."

He trailed off, his eyes widening as they locked onto the young woman next to Damon—the same girl who had remained eerily quiet the entire time.

"Red hair... green eyes..."

His face paled. He took a step back and shook his head, forcing a nervous laugh.

"Heh... you almost had me with one of your tricks. There's no way this is Lilith Astranova—"

Before he could finish, Damon took a step behind her.

And then the world shifted.

The space around them warped as the warehouse was suddenly sealed from the outside. Then, an overwhelming pressure filled the air—dense, suffocating, absolute.

A Third-Class Advancement aura crashed down upon them, heavy as an ocean, impossible to resist.

Makia instantly collapsed to his knees, his fairy wings trembling uncontrollably in sheer terror. Even Damon, who wasn't even her target, felt a cold sweat trickle down his back. His fingers stiffened. His breath caught in his throat.

This is the power of a Third-Class Advancement...

And just as suddenly, the aura vanished.

Makia gasped for air, weakly rising to his knees.

"L-Lilith Astranova... but how... why would... how could someone like you associate with him?"

Damon chuckled. "What can I say? I have a way with women."

Lilith gave him a sidelong glance when he said that, and his smirk wavered awkwardly.

Makia, still stiff with fear, looked desperately at Lilith.

"My lady, don't be deceived by this wretch! He may look like a noble, but I assure you, he is nothing but a lowborn commoner. Worse, he is a traitor's wretch! You can't trust someone like him—he would sell you out just to save his own skin!"

Lilith turned her gaze toward Damon.

He simply nodded. "Yeah, I totally would. He's telling the truth."

Lilith chuckled. "I see. But I already knew that. Besides..." She smiled, teasingly placing a hand on her hip.

"How could I turn down a love confession from such a cute junior?"

Damon blinked. 'When did I confess—oh... oh right. I remember now...'

He shook his head. "Enough chit-chat. Just die."

A magic bullet tore through the air toward Makia's head.

The shot landed.

Makia's head jerked back slightly, a thin trail of smoke rising from his forehead. A faint bruise formed, but nothing more.

Damon frowned. "Huh... oh right, he's at the First-Class Advancement."

Makia snarled and shot forward. His glowing dagger pulsed with energy as he propelled himself into the air, wings buzzing furiously. He closed the distance in an instant—

Then Lilith snapped her fingers.

Makia froze. Mid-air.

His eyes filled with horror.

This was the gap between First-Class and Third-Class Advancement. It was absolute. And Lilith wasn't just any Third-Class—she was a powerhouse, capable of challenging those in the Fourth-Class Advancement.

His body trembled.

"A-Ahh... please... what do you want...?"

Lilith smiled sweetly.

She curled her finger.

A sickening crack echoed through the warehouse as Makia's bones snapped.

"Didn't you want a quickie?"

A bloodcurdling scream tore from his throat as his tendons began to snap and tear.

Clearly, his vulgar words had angered her.

Damon broke into a cold sweat. He had said some rather untoward things to her in the past... If he weren't an academy student, he would likely be in excruciating pain right now.

His gaze shifted to the others in the warehouse. The ten-man crew stood frozen, not just with fear but because Lilith Astranova had rendered them completely immobile. It was as if space itself had constricted around them, trapping them in an invisible vice.

The miserable screams of Makia echoed through the dimly lit room. Damon smiled as he pulled his dagger from his back, his steps slow and deliberate as he walked toward the first man. The man's eyes widened in terror, pleading silently for mercy. But there would be none.

With a swift motion, Damon slashed his throat.

[You have slain Iberia.]

Blood splattered onto the cold warehouse floor as he moved to the next victim.

[You have slain...]

He stabbed the next man's heart, watching as the life drained from his eyes.

[You have slain...]

That made five kills tonight. He only needed two more to level up. Raising his hand, he fired off a magic bullet, effortlessly taking out two more targets.

[You have slain...]

[You have slain...]

[You have leveled up.]

[You have gained 30 attributes points]

[You have awakened the skill: Shadow Control.]

Damon barely acknowledged the notifications as he waved his hand, unleashing another volley of magic bullets. The remaining five men collapsed like puppets with severed strings, their lifeless bodies hitting the ground in eerie silence.

"Hmm... That was the easiest kill I've ever gotten," he muttered, flicking the blood from his dagger.

His eyes flickered toward Lilith Astranova. She was still tearing Makia apart, his agonized screams reverberating through the warehouse. Damon exhaled, shaking his head.

"I should really remember not to get on her bad side... That woman can hold poison in her heart."

He approached Lilith, watching as she methodically broke Makia, her movements slow and cruel.

"So, can I kill him now, or are you going to keep torturing him?"

She paused, her gaze unreadable before she gave a casual wave of her hand.

"Of course. Carry on."

Makia's screams had finally stopped, leaving only the thick stench of blood and the scattered corpses littering the warehouse floor. Damon's shadow, despite its usual hunger, remained still. It was full—for now. But it lingered, waiting, as if anticipating his command.

Damon wanted to observe its progress first, to see what his new skill was capable of. But before that... he needed to finish Makia.

He turned to the broken fairy, who lay in a trembling heap, his small body barely clinging to life.

"Makia... remember when I told you guys that if I ever made it big, I was gonna kill you all?"

Damon crouched beside him, tilting his head.

"And you laughed at me?"

Makia couldn't even form words. He just shivered, drowning in his own blood.

"Well, I haven't made it big... just yet," Damon admitted with a smirk.

"But I'd hate to keep you waiting."

He raised his hand, unleashing several magic bullets into Makia's body. The fairy's fingers twitched, his body convulsing—but he still wouldn't die.

Damon groaned. "Is your class tortoise, bitch? Just die already."

Irritated, he leaned in and drove his dagger into Makia's chest. The fairy's glowing eyes dimmed, his final expression one of fear and anguish.

[You have slain Makia Sparkle.]