

Living Shadow 161

Chapter 161 The Road To Ruin

Damon and Lilith walked out of the shop, both clad in their academy uniforms. They hadn't been able to talk freely inside with the seamstress present.

He sighed, wearing a gloomy expression.

"This isn't fair, you know..."

Lilith paid him no mind.

"You should at least have the decency to meet the mother of the man you killed."

He shook his head.

"Not that... What's unfair is how you can just store things in a separate space. I don't even see a spatial artifact on you."

Lilith glanced at him, shaking her head at how unconcerned he was about meeting Tobias Margan's mother. She wondered if he even had a conscience.

"It's not unfair. I used my attribute. The spell stores what I want inside my..."

She paused, a bit hesitant.

"My fancy tattoo."

He knew what she was referring to—her stigmata from the unknown god. She was treating it like a glorified pocket.

Damon sighed finding his situation to be highly on fair, if he got a power like that no strings attached he would be leaping for joy.

"I would appreciate a special pocket space too..."

He glanced at his shadow with mild irritation.

"Can you tell upper management to send over a skill that lets me have my own spatial storage?"

His shadow, which had been acting like a normal shadow, gave him a thumbs-up.

Damon smirked not sure if his shadow could even contact anyone, much less a god but who knew his shadow was quite mysterious afterall.

Lilith scoffed. "You really should count your blessings. At least your powers get explained, even if it's intentionally vague. I, on the other hand, didn't get any explanations. No handbook, no guide on how to use mine."

Damon rolled his eyes at her ungratefulness.

"And I don't suppose you have to eat people to survive?"

She remained quiet.

"That's what I thought."

He stuffed his hands into his pockets.

"Now then, about Lady Margan..."

Lilith took on a more serious expression.

"Her name is Attina Margan. She's a mermaid from the Voyage Continent, Tyrvelia. A powerful noble... of the seas..."

Damon recalled that Tobias was a half-merman.

"Right, she's the reason that bastard was resistant to poison. Almost got me killed.... his father must be a human then."

Lilith ignored his complaints.

"Tobias's death was officially ruled as a monster attack. He supposedly went beyond the barrier. But that was a misdirection you created."

Damon frowned and stopped walking.

"Hmm, right... That. I didn't actually do that, though. There was a wendigo there that night. It was beyond the barrier, but Tobias and I never crossed it."

His eyes narrowed further.

"I wanted his death to be suspected as the work of a person. So I left a piece of clothing belonging to Marcus."

Lilith immediately understood.

"Yet it was ruled a monster attack. Investigators say he was just beyond the barrier, while you were trying to frame Marcus in the long run."

Damon nodded, running through the possibilities in his mind.

Lilith placed her hand on her waist.

"There are two possibilities that strike me. The first is that the investigation was incompetent, which is highly unlikely. If you never went beyond the barrier and also wanted to make it look human..."

Damon smiled wryly.

"And the second possibility is worse... Because that would mean someone found the scene of the crime or knew what I was doing. They set up the whole 'monster attack' scenario to cover my tracks. Which means..."

Lilith finished for him.

"You might have a helper—or someone with even more ulterior motives."

Damon gritted his teeth.

"Which means someone got past my shadow perception... and I'm dealing with someone who knows about my crimes."

Lilith had a thoughtful expression.

"We can't be sure yet... However, whoever it is doesn't want to expose you. They may not have enough evidence or want to use you for something."

Damon agreed with her reasoning.

"So, what do we do then?"

Lilith smiled coldly.

"For now, we do nothing but keep our wits about us. It could be a student, or a faculty member... Regardless of who it is, we will eliminate them."

Damon nodded.

"If they know, they'll eventually act on their intentions. If they don't, we don't need to do anything. No use overthinking things..."

His heart throbbed.

"Unless... they're planning to expose my plans when the noble families of the deceased gather."

Lilith shook her head.

"I doubt that. But even if they did, the evidence would be weak—especially since you framed Marcus for heresy. They wouldn't want to involve the temple. They'd want things handled quietly."

She stepped forward, taking his hand in hers.

"Don't fret about our new player. We'll kill them together. When they show their ugly head, they will die."

Damon nodded. He felt a bit more at ease. With Lilith's power, she was comparable to the professors—so even if one of them was involved, he was confident they could kill them.

As for his crimes, they would never see the light of day. He just needed to be smart and cautious—hide his fears behind a mask of confidence and a remorseless heart.

She smiled gently.

"Let's go. We still have patrol duty... wouldn't want any wayward first-years wandering about."

She walked forward, her green eyes turning cold—the warmth she had when she held his hand now completely gone. She was plotting something.

Damon smirked. It had only been a day, but he was already starting to rely on Lilith Astranova a bit too much.

It was about time he started pulling his weight. This was a give-and-take relationship, after all. And she was being especially generous. Damon understood—nothing was free in this world.

Lilith wanted something from him as well.

And the future she promised him was, without a doubt, one of carnage and blood. Pain and misery would follow them everywhere.

They would walk hand in hand with death and deceit.

Truly, the two of them were walking the road to ruin.