

## Living Shadow 162

### Chapter 162 New Sheriff In Town

A green-haired youth sprinted through the town's alleyways, sweat trickling down his forehead. His breath came in ragged gasps as he cast frantic glances at the rooftops, his expression filled with dread.

He pushed himself harder, channeling body enhancement magic to move faster.

After running a little more, he leaned against a wall, panting, his eyes darting up to the rooftops and the sides of the buildings. His opponent was terrifying.

His academy uniform was already soaked with sweat. The person chasing him was inhumanly fast— vaulting over walls, gliding through buildings with cat-like reflexes, moving effortlessly along the sides of structures. Worst of all, he could swing around faster than he could run, cutting off any chance of escape.

The youth gulped hard. He had only been messing around... and then they showed up. Seeing the two of them together had horrified him.

"Hah... I escaped... I'm never coming to town again..."

"Really now? What a good student."

A voice echoed around him. He stiffened, looking around frantically, but saw no one. Then, slowly, his eyes drifted upward—

A young man, his age, was hanging upside down, barely half a meter from his face, staring straight into his eyes.

Dark hair. Equally dark eyes.

Like a spider, the young man slowly descended. As he reached the ground, he flipped midair and landed gracefully, like a feline.

The student's face instantly paled.

"D-Damon Grey... p-please... I... Please don't hurt me... I just—"

Damon regarded him with a thin smile.

Which only made him pale further.

The more he looked at Damon, the more he recalled how he had shattered Xander's bones during the mid-semester evaluation.

If Damon could do that to one of his friends, what would he do to him?

He had heard the rumors—each one worse than the last.

They said Damon was insane. That he loved pain. That he loved taking it and giving it. That he enjoyed bathing in blood, reveling in the sensation of his opponents' lifeblood soaking his skin.

Worse, he had somehow tamed most of the academy's top students through force, coercion, cunning, and blackmail.

He wasn't just a monster—he was a cunning monster.

Damon took slow, deliberate steps forward, his silent footfalls echoing in the empty alley.

The student shuddered as a single thought rang in his mind.

Demon Grey. The academy's problem child.

That was his new moniker.

Damon studied the trembling boy, recognizing him.

"Falz Marin. Don't resist and come quietly. I won't hurt you."

Falz trembled but had no other choice. He wasn't ranked high enough to even challenge this monster.

The fact that he knew his name was even more terrifying.

Damon sighed as Falz followed, fear etched across his face.

He let out a small breath of relief. He wasn't sure he could have beaten him without the boost from Shadow Hunger. And frankly, he wanted to avoid fighting any of his peers. The last thing he needed was people realizing he wasn't as strong as his new reputation suggested. He didn't want to be bombarded with challenges for his new Number One spot.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his pager and brought it to his ear.

"I got the last one. I think that's a wrap for tonight."

Delivering the trembling Falz to the student council members stationed nearby, he made his way over to Lilith.

She looked at him with an amused but slightly annoyed expression.

His gaze drifted downward.

Pinned to his uniform was an extra brooch—a brand new one. A student council brooch.

Lilith had arbitrarily appointed him Student Discipline Master.

A role he definitely did not deserve, all things considered.

Damon himself needed discipline.

He still kept his old Probationary Student brooch. He didn't need to wear it, but deep down, he was already thinking of ways to use it to cause future trouble for the academy. They had given it to him to shame him, after all.

And... well, it also looked expensive.

He sighed.

On the bright side, all the running around trying to catch his fellow first-years had given him the perfect chance to test his new Parkour skill.

And it was just as good as advertised.

His motor control was insane. He could pull off acrobatics he hadn't even thought possible.

Of course, his capabilities were still limited by his physical stats. But even so, it was incredible—especially when combined with the Omnidirectional Gear.

Soaring through the town felt like flying.

He still hadn't distributed his latest stat points yet. He was used to pouring everything into Mana, but now, there was no need—he could just get magic crystals.

Any points he gained from now on would go toward Strength, HP, Endurance, and Agility.

He needed to reach his First-Class Advancement as quickly as possible.

Damon turned to Lilith, who stood beside him with an amused expression.

"It's been a long night. Now that we got them all, can I get some alone time?"

Lilith shook her head.

"I can't be biased—at least not openly," she said, folding her arms.

"If there's somewhere you want to go in town, we can go together. You are still a first-year, after all."

Damon bit his lip, hesitating for a moment before nodding.

"I want to go pick up Croft."

Lilith raised an eyebrow. "The raven?"

He nodded.

"Yeah. I sent him to monitor Iris. Maybe you've forgotten, but I do have a student to train."

Then, a thought struck him.

Croft had a habit of eating eyeballs. If he found out Damon had gone on a killing spree without bringing him a souvenir, the damn bird would never shut up about it.

Damon sighed.

'Let's hope he doesn't get wise to me...'

Lilith walked ahead into the distance while Damon stood there, lost in thought.

She turned back, her vibrant red hair shimmering under the moonlight.

"Well, shall we go see her? I'd love some of her tea... Who knows, maybe I could give her a few pointers."

Damon smirked.

"I'd appreciate that... as long as you don't forget she's my student."

She snickered, brushing her hair aside.

"Wouldn't dream of it."