

Living Shadow 165

Chapter 165 Different Attributes

While Damon reveled in the glory of making a teenage girl call him Master, Croft landed beside the freshly dead hare. Without hesitation, the bird pecked at its lifeless eye, plucking it out and swallowing it whole.

Damon barely noticed.

His expression shifted, turning serious as his gaze flickered toward Iris.

He hesitated.

Teaching her the Magic Bullet spell... Was this really a good idea?

Learning it had been dangerous for him—

Because he had created the spell from scratch.

He had to figure out everything himself—

The mana output, the distance from his fingertips, the recoil, the strain on his body...

All of it.

And he had paid the price.

Blowing his fingers off.

Burning them to a crisp.

Mangling his hand beyond recognition.

Before he finally—

Finally—

Mastered it.

But was it worth it?

Absolutely.

With the right accuracy and against an opponent with low defense, it was a guaranteed kill.

More importantly—

It was fast.

Perfect for surprise attacks.

That said—

It had its drawbacks.

It was loud.

Each shot always came with a bang.

And rapid fire?

It would wreck his fingers.

Damon had a theory to counter that—

By trapping the expanding mana inside a sealed formation to stabilize the bullet before firing—

But he wasn't reckless enough to test it yet.

He needed Sylvia's help for that.

'I really need to apologize and get back on her good side...'

Iris, of course, had no idea what was going through his head.

All she saw was his usual brooding expression.

And she knew.

She was about to be put through hell again.

She inhaled sharply, bracing herself.

"This spell is called Magic Bullet." Damon finally spoke, voice cold and steady.

"I wouldn't even call it a proper spell. It's simple, direct, and brutally efficient."

He turned, walking over to Lilith, who was now seated on a chair that she must have fetched from the house.

Damon hadn't even noticed her leave.

Which meant she had used magic.

That thought briefly crossed his mind—

But he didn't let it distract him.

"If you're familiar with the Magic Blast spell, you can learn this too." He glanced at Iris. "Although... expect to lose your fingers."

Iris paled slightly.

Her lips parted—

But then she bit down, pushing away her hesitation.

"I'm ready."

Her voice was firm.

"I can do it. I will do it."

Damon saw the fire in her eyes.

That unwavering determination.

This girl would go through hell to get stronger.

All for revenge.

Lilith sighed, her gaze shifting toward Iris with a hint of concern.

"I don't think this is a good idea..." she muttered.

She leaned forward slightly.

"If you mess up, you might actually lose your fingers. And knowing Damon..." Her tone turned dry. "He's too frugal to waste money on a high-level potion."

She folded her arms.

"It was fine when he did it. The Academy's healers are some of the best in the world."

She looked at Iris.

"But you—"

"I can do it."

Lilith clicked her tongue in irritation.

She turned toward Damon, narrowing her eyes.

"Lilith," he whispered. "Don't we still have a stash of high-level potions from the stuff Makia and his group were smuggling?"

She nodded.

Lilith sighed again, before finally muttering—

"Fine. Do as you please."

But her voice was sharp as she added—

"Don't expect me to let you squander resources like that in the future."

Damon turned back to Iris.

She was watching them, squinting suspiciously.

Like they were an old married couple whispering to each other.

He ignored her look and walked over, tapping her shoulder.

"You don't have to worry about losing your fingers," he said.

His voice was calm—

But his eyes darkened.

"We have plenty of potions."

His tone dropped lower.

"The only thing you have to worry about—"

His expression turned colder.

"—is learning my spell."

Iris gulped.

Something about the way he said that sent a chill down her spine.

But she clenched her fists, steeling herself.

"No matter how many times you lose your fingers—" Damon continued.

"I'll be right here with a healing potion."

Iris swallowed hard.

Her resolve wavered for a second.

Fear crept into her chest as she looked down at her hands.

But then she gritted her teeth—

And shook it off.

"I... I will do it..."

Her voice trembled slightly—

But the determination was still there.

Damon sighed, rubbing the back of his neck.

"I get it... but you don't have to worry." His voice was calm, steady.

"I'll be here to guide you. Losing a finger is just a cautionary tale so you understand the risks. But with my experience, you'll be fine. At worst, you'll fracture your fingers if you fail or maybe burn up your skin—"

"Actually," Lilith interjected, strolling over. "You overlooked something."

Damon tilted his head.

"What's that?"

Lilith shifted her gaze to Iris.

"All of this is based on your attributes, Damon," she pointed out. "But you forgot to consider the tyrannical nature of Iris's fire attribute."

Damon blinked.

Lilith crossed her arms.

"Her fire isn't normal. It's far more destructive than standard fire magic. If anything—" she paused, giving Iris a meaningful glance, "—this could be worse for her."

Damon turned to Iris.

Forced a smile.

"..."

Iris gulped.

Damon quickly waved his hand dismissively.

"Relax, Iris! It'll be fine. I got this. Our attributes aren't so different—"

His words were not reassuring.

Iris shot him a flat look.

"Fire and shadow attributes couldn't be more different, Master."

Lilith smirked and nudged Damon in the side.

"Don't worry, Iris," she said lightly. "While yours will be more painful and a lot more destructive... you'll have way more firepower than Damon because of it."

Iris forced a smile, glancing at her hands before biting her lip.

But then—

She hardened her resolve.

"I will do it."

Lilith turned to Damon, watching Iris with an appraising gaze.

"This girl's a real spitfire, isn't she? Much different from her father."

Damon nodded.

"Yeah... she's made of tough stuff."

Iris's eyes steeled at the mention of her father.

Her grip tightened.

"I will learn it. Teach me."

Lilith locked eyes with her.

"Don't worry," she assured her. "I'll make sure you don't get hurt. I'll act as your assistant teacher today."

Iris's eyes widened slightly.

She glanced at Damon.

He simply shrugged, stepping forward.

"Let's start now," he said. "I want us to cover as much as possible before midnight."

Then—

He placed a hand on her head.

His expression was unreadable.

"Sorry in advance, Iris."

His voice was calm. Too calm.

It sent a chill down her spine.