

## Living Shadow 167

### Chapter 167 Unlady Like Vocabulary

Damon walked behind Lilith as they made their way back to the war halls, his expression still somewhat sour. He wasn't angry that Lilith Astranova had called him out about Iris—he was angry that she even considered killing the girl.

He had crossed many lines—serial killer, cannibal, and worse—but he wanted to have that one sanctuary called redemption. He had regrets.

But as the philosophy behind the Remorseless skill had quoted:

"No pause for regrets."

All he could do was keep moving forward.

His gaze drifted to his pager, and his mood lifted slightly at the sight of the 12 million zeni transferred from Lilith. She had probably given it to him as a way to make peace.

He smirked. "Do noble ladies just casually have 12 million zeni sitting in their accounts?"

Lilith shook her head. "12 million isn't chicken change. Naturally not."

She paused for a moment before continuing, "I've been preparing all these years, gathering funds and running a few business operations, so I have some savings."

Damon immediately understood what she was saving up for. If she planned to go against the temple, she would need funds—a lot of them. He figured the loot they got from Quick Hand would most likely go into illegal or hidden accounts she had.

"Is that why we attacked Quick Hand? So we could steal from them?"

She nodded as they neared the dorms. "Yes, that was part of the reason... but I also didn't want them moving their activities to Athor's sanctuary."

The war halls dorm was as imposing as ever, even at night, its grand structure bathed in faint illumination. Lilith strode toward the front doors while Damon instinctively stepped toward the hedge wall—until he remembered he wasn't sneaking out. He was with the student council president, after all.

He smiled wryly and followed her to the grand entrance, which was sealed shut—it was midnight, after all.

Lilith swiped her pager across the security panel, and the heavy doors unlocked with a soft click. She pushed them open and stepped inside, with Damon following close behind.

He hesitated for a moment before biting his lip. "...Sorry. About my outburst earlier."

Lilith didn't even look back as she nodded. "Good night. We'll talk tomorrow evening when we head for Valerion."

Damon gave a small nod as she stepped into the elevator. He sighed, feeling the weight of exhaustion settle in. But there was still one last thing to do.

He had to make a midnight snack for Leona.

Damon made his way to the dorm kitchen, noting that the lights were already on. That meant Leona was probably waiting for him—there wasn't even a need to use Shadow Perception.

He pushed the door open.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Leona. I was—huh... you...?"

Damon stopped in his tracks when he saw who was actually waiting in the kitchen.

A girl with golden hair and sun-marked eyes stood before him, arms crossed over her voluptuous figure, her expression cold and unyielding. The soft pink pajama set she wore only accentuated her curves, but the hostility in her stance overshadowed any allure.

Damon sighed wryly. Just my luck.

"Evangeline... what brings you here so late at night?"

She glared at him, her golden eyes sharp and unwavering.

Before she could respond, Leona stood up, stepping between them.

"I sense drama. Food first, drama later," she announced, her tone final.

Damon smirked at her straightforwardness. Leona, dressed in blue pajamas—an oversized shirt and shorts—glanced between him and Evangeline before sighing and sitting back down.

Evangeline hesitated before following suit, taking a seat beside her.

Damon let out a small sigh of relief. He still vividly remembered the ambush from earlier that evening.

That was an ambush. I was caught off guard...

No matter how he tried to spin it, the reality remained: he got beaten up by a girl.

Pushing the thought aside, he turned his attention to cooking. He prepared mostly meat and carbs for Leona but added some vegetables—knowing she hated them. The trick was to mix them with the meat so she wouldn't complain.

Once the food was ready, he set it all on the table. Leona and Evangeline sat side by side, though he knew the latter wasn't here for a meal. He still served her a portion out of courtesy, even if he doubted she'd touch it.

Leona, however, wasted no time wolfing down her food. Meanwhile, Evangeline continued to fix him with a hostile stare.

"Well?" she demanded. "How do you intend to fix it? Have you apologized to Sylvia?"

Damon sighed. "Again, it was a fair evaluation—"

Evangeline scowled.

Leona, her mouth still full, tried to speak. "Armm... ennop... apolkmmme..."

Damon shot her a flat look. "I can't tell what you're saying. Eat or talk, not both."

Leona forced down her food with an exaggerated gulp. "She's right, you know. You were a jerk. Make it right."

Evangeline nodded, clenching her fist.

"Even Leona is calling you out," she added. "Despite always being on your side, even she thinks you're being callous."

She leaned in closer, her gaze cutting through him.

"Sylvia is a gentle girl. You knew that. You took advantage of her trust, and now she spends the day moping over some asshole."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "You have quite the unladylike vocabulary."

She narrowed her eyes. "I picked that up from you."

Damon nodded. "Fair enough."

Evangeline's expression darkened. "Look, Damon, I don't care if you want to act cool and mysterious, pretending you don't give a damn—but I do. So listen, and listen well. I don't care how you do it—get Sylvia back to normal."

She slammed her hand on the table, her aura flaring with pressure. It wasn't just anger—she was close to First-Class Advancement.

'She really is about to advance,' Damon thought as she glared at him.

"Or else," she warned.

Damon met her gaze, unflinching. "Or else what?"

She scoffed. "We'll see, won't we?"

With that, she turned and left the kitchen.

Damon sighed, running a hand through his hair. This was getting annoying.

Not that he was eager to fuck around and find out.

If he wanted to avoid more trouble, he'd have to spend the whole day with Sylvia tomorrow—at least to get back on the elven girl's good side.

Evangeline Brightwater was loyal, he had to give her that.

'Though she could show that without beating me up...'

Tomorrow was bound to be a long day.