

Living Shadow 171

Chapter 171 Best Behavior

The carriage rolled smoothly over the paved road leading to the capital.

Their journey had briefly stopped at Athor's Sanctuary, solely to change out of their academy uniforms. Now, both Damon and Lilith were clad in the formal attire of nobles, as was expected for their stay in the capital.

Damon leaned back in his seat, unconcerned about potential dangers. This was the Golden Road, after all—not just any road, but the one connecting Athor's Sanctuary to the capital.

There were no monsters here.

The only beasts in the region were from the Evil Forest, and that place was sealed behind a powerful barrier.

There were also no dungeons nearby.

Despite Valerion being a haven for adventurers, most only came to challenge the Evil Forest or to act as hired hands for nobles looking to throw money around.

Simply put, this road was safe.

No one in their right mind would dare cause trouble here—unless they were suicidal.

As the carriage continued its journey, Damon found his thoughts drifting back to the story Lilith had told him.

'Noble society sure had a lot of drama.'

'Good thing it had nothing to do with me.'

He couldn't help but think the Archduke's daughter had been stupid.

'Who in their right mind would abandon the lap of luxury to run off with some poor guy?'

He would never do that.

Then again...

His thoughts turned toward his own life.

"What's on your mind?"

Lilith's voice cut through his silence.

She hadn't even looked at him.

She sat with perfect poise, wearing a long emerald-green dress adorned with large jewels—a necklace, earrings, the works.

The dress left her shoulders bare, barely managing to keep her ample cleavage contained. Her waist and hips were emphasized elegantly, yet the full-length gown still radiated an air of dignity and class.

She looked stunning.

Damon shook his head.

"Nothing... much."

Lilith's gaze flicked to his outfit.

A black suit jacket, a gray double-breasted vest, and a black dress shirt beneath. A brooch and glimmering cufflinks completed the look.

He looked like a handsome young master.

Lilith chuckled.

"Aren't you going to compliment me? A gentleman would."

Damon glanced at her, trying not to stare.

"Sorry... I'm not a gentleman."

She rolled her eyes.

"I suppose I don't have to worry about any girl liking you with that attitude."

"Which would be good for me. I don't like them either."

Lilith narrowed her eyes.

"Do we really have time for this? We have more important matters to discuss."

She sighed.

"I was teasing, but fine."

She leaned back slightly.

"Lady Margan will be here tomorrow evening, which means we have tonight and most of tomorrow afternoon to ourselves. During this time, we'll feed your shadow and help you get stronger."

Damon nodded.

"Okay. And then what?"

Lilith tapped her chin in thought.

"Seeing how wealthy Quick Hand was, I was thinking of robbing them."

Damon chuckled, shaking his head.

"Is that something a noble lady should say?"

Lilith smirked. He grinned.

"I know just the place."

Lilith casually pushed her hair to the side, her expression unreadable.

"After that, we'll have nothing left to do for the day, so I suppose we can spend it however you like... Although, it would be best for us to stay together. So whatever you do, keep in mind—I'll be there."

Damon narrowed his eyes slightly but nodded.

Since they were going to the capital and he had some money, he wanted to buy some things for his sister.

He also planned to get her and Iris pagers for communication.

Most of all... he just really wanted to see her.

He kept his expression neutral, but his mind raced.

Was it a good idea to bring Lilith Astranova with him to the Healing Institute?

Then again... when would he get another chance to see Luna?

Besides, if he tried to hide her from Lilith, it wouldn't matter. Someone like her would find out anyway.

In fact...

'She probably already knows.'

Damon's eyes flicked to Lilith.

'Yes. She does. That's why she suggested this. Sly woman.'

He wasn't sure if he should feel grateful... or appalled.

A smirk tugged at his lips.

"You knew, didn't you?"

Lilith leaned back against the carriage seat, smiling slightly.

"I did. Your sister seems like such a nice girl. I'm surprised she's related to someone like you."

Damon raised an eyebrow.

"How much of my background did you look into?"

Lilith shook her head.

"Not much. I didn't dig too deep... just your sister."

Damon exhaled, mildly irritated.

"Don't even think about trying anything with her. Or there's going to be hell to pay."

Lilith chuckled.

"Wouldn't dream of it."

Damon turned toward the window, watching as the world blurred past.

Tomorrow, he would have to meet Flora Estin when he saw Luna.

A small smile tugged at his lips.

Just the thought of seeing his sister again...

But with that thought came a flicker of worry.

How was she doing?

The last time he saw her—the last time he spoke to her—she had been on the brink of death.

He had been so afraid back then.

So desperate.

Now... time had passed.

'All things fade...'

His mind drifted to the final lines of the epitaph he had followed all these years.

He had survived the worst of it.

Or perhaps...

The worst had yet to come.

Everything hinged on his plan to blame Marcus for everything.

He had left irrefutable evidence—evidence the academy must have obtained by now.

As for the families of the others...

They would make their way to the academy soon.

His job was merely to deliver Lady Margan there.

After a long journey across the world, traveling all the way from the Voyage Continent to Soltheon, she was eager to get an explanation for her son's death.

And the irony?

She would be greeted by his murderer.

Damon let out a quiet breath.

It was almost funny in a cruel, cosmic way.

He supposed he had best be on his best behavior with her.