

Living Shadow 180

Chapter 180 Lived With No Honor

"Screw off... I'm not doing you any more favors."

The elf smiled weakly at his words, blood staining his pale lips.

"You know... I used to pray you wouldn't turn out to be a killer... Goddess knows you had the disposition." His voice was hoarse, barely above a whisper. "So... how did it feel? When you took someone's life?"

Damon's fingers trembled. For a moment, he hesitated.

Then, he answered.

"Nothing." He exhaled. "It felt satisfying."

That was the truth.

The first person he had actually killed with his own hands wasn't Lark. Lark had died by his shadow. Carmen Vale, too.

No, the first life he had willingly taken was Isaac. And when he did it, he had felt vindicated.

There was no guilt—like when his shadow killed Carmen Vale.

There was no doubt—like when his shadow killed Lark.

Only certainty.

Back to Back chuckled, even as his body failed him.

"Final advice... from someone who's lived their life in blood..." He took a slow, rattling breath. "Never forget the face of someone you kill. They aren't nameless. They're people, just like you."

Blood trickled down his chest as he reached for the pendant around his neck.

"War... war is a horrible thing..." he rasped. "You gotta remember, kiddo—there's no such thing as honor on the battlefield. There's no honor in killing."

He coughed, red splattering his lips.

"That's just a lie they tell us... so we keep killing each other."

His shaking hand extended forward.

"Take this... My final wish—take it to the Silver Glades. Return it to the Halls of Steel for me, okay? Just tell them..."

He smirked faintly.

"Tell them you got it from a friend."

Damon lowered his head.

"No."

Back to Back smiled anyway.

"Thanks... I'd appreciate that..."

His eyes glazed over, distant, unfocused.

But he was still breathing.

"Huh... looks like I can hold on a bit longer... Mind finishing the job?"

Damon bit his lip, gripping his dagger tightly.

Then, without hesitation, he slashed the elf's throat.

Blood soaked his hands. His body.

[You have slain Vaelith Sylora.]

Damon stood still. His head lowered, his hands clenched at his sides. A single tear slipped down his face.

Killing Back to Back was easy.

Watching him die was difficult.

He brushed the tear away. He didn't want Lilith Astranova to see it.

Silently, he reached down and picked up the pendant, slipping it into his pocket. He had seen Back to Back wear it every day for years. His gaze shifted to the bow and quiver beside the body.

He pulled the quiver free. A spatial magic artifact—it could store arrows in another space inside it.

The bow itself was nothing special. Just ordinary wood. Worthless.

But the quiver...

'Guess I finally have a safe place to store my cursed ore arrows.'

He looked down at Back to Back's lifeless form. He still didn't fully understand him. He hated him. But at the same time, he respected him.

His most formidable adversary.

Perhaps the closest thing he had to a friend.

His shadow flickered beneath him, shifting hungrily.

Slowly, it devoured Back to Back's body.

[You have gained 15 attribute points.]

[You have acquired the skill: Dead Eye.]

Damon opened his panel, distributing all his points into strength. Then, he examined the skill's description.

[Skill: Dead Eye]

[Description]

"Born as Vaelith Sylora, he was once a proud elven marksman, a guardian of the Silver Glades. But war took everything—his home, his honor, his name. In the ashes of his past, he became Back to Back, a mercenary who never misses. For missing meant death. His arrows no longer carried warnings; only finality."

[Effect]

When aiming a ranged weapon or throwing a projectile, the user's vision sharpens, revealing a guiding line that ensures a near-perfect strike. This allows for pinpoint accuracy, making it significantly harder for enemies to evade.

[Type:]

Active.

[Cooldown:]

0 seconds.

Damon stared at the words.

Finally, some of Back to Back's mutterings made sense.

He got closure from reading them.

As for the skill itself—Damon raised his dagger, preparing to throw it.

The moment he did, a red line appeared before him, marking the exact trajectory his dagger would take. Where it would land.

A powerful skill.

'Was this the same one Back to Back had when he reached his first class advancement?'

It didn't matter now.

It was over.

He slung the quiver over his back, picked up the bow, and started walking.

He would find a place to bury it.

A grave for the archer who lived with no honor... and taught him to do the same.

Lilith Astranova teleported next to him, her gaze immediately falling on him.

Damon stood motionless. Silent.

There was something in the way he just stood there—a quiet, hollow grief that made her hesitate.

She was about to speak when he beat her to it. His voice was calm.

"Where is the Silver Glades?"

She paused, thinking for a moment before recalling what she knew of the place.

"It's in the Verdant Continent," she said. "A land by the sea, facing Centros. As you can imagine, it's faced many battles—with demons, with invaders... who wished to attack Iorvas."

Her eyes drifted to the spot where Back to Back had been, now nothing more than a pool of darkness as Damon's shadows had devoured the last traces of him.

"He must have been from there..."

Damon gave a small nod.

"I see."

Taking a deep breath, he straightened. The moment was over.

"Let's gather our spoils and go." His tone shifted, more businesslike now.

"A new group rotates in at fixed intervals with the ones here. We need to clear out anything they could use to trace us. As for the loot..."

His gaze swept over the crates stacked nearby—filled with wealth, resources, everything their enemies had stockpiled.

Then, he looked at Lilith.

"Let's hope you can store all of this."

She smirked.

"I can. But it'll consume a lot of mana."

Damon's lips curled into a thin smile.

"Should I be worried?"

Lilith raised her hand, magic flooding the air around them, thick with power.

"Not with me here," she said smoothly. "I have more than enough to spare."