

MY LIVING SHADOW SYSTEM DEVOURS TO MAKE ME STRONGER

Chapter 5 Level Up Requirements

The system remained silent, offering no answer to his questions. Damon glanced down at his shadow, frustration edging his voice.

"How do I even go about feeding a shadow?"

His shadow responded by mimicking a thoughtful gesture, placing a hand under an imagined chin, as if it were pondering the question itself. Damon sighed, giving his cheeks a quick slap to regain focus and composure. He moved his gaze to the next stat.

[Shadow Level: 1]

Your Shadow Level reflects your control and power over your shadow. You can level up by feeding it and completing specific challenges or quests, which will grant you stat points to enhance HP, mana, and other attributes.

Level up Requirements

Souls Consumed: [0/3]

Damon's eyes widened. Souls. He had to devour souls. But he still didn't know how.

Sitting on the ground, he spent a few minutes piecing together what he could. So, souls were necessary to level up, and maybe the flesh was just fuel for the shadow itself? He cast another glance at his shadow, noticing that it now looked at him with an expression that could only be described as annoyed, as if he were a clueless novice fumbling with a brand-new system.

"Eh... am I right about that?" he asked, half-joking.

The shadow shrugged, appearing thoroughly unimpressed.

Damon scowled, deciding to stay silent. He turned his attention back to the system panel.

[CONDITION: Shadow is Full] – Current State

This condition means that the shadow has recently been fed and its hunger is sated. You retain full control over the entity, and no urgent feeding is necessary. However, as you engage in battles and use shadow abilities, this condition will shift based on the hunger level.

Current Status: Safe. No need for immediate consumption.

Damon exhaled a sigh of relief, feeling as if he'd been on a rollercoaster since morning.

'If it's full, then I don't have to worry about it for now.'

Taking a deep breath, he tried to steady his mind. There was a lot to absorb, and something about this system felt unsettling, perhaps even sinister. After all, he couldn't shake the memory of the strange monster that had attacked and fused into his shadow.

[Attributes: Umbra] – Shadow Essence

The Umbra attribute represents your magical affinity and connection to the shadow entity. It governs how you interact with your powers and affects overall stats when using shadow-based abilities. As your Shadow Level increases, this attribute will evolve, unlocking new abilities and stat boosts based on the shadow's needs and your mastery over it.

Current Status: The Umbra attribute is in its initial stage, but it will grow with you. Further details will unlock as you progress.

"I guess this is my magic attribute," Damon muttered, rolling his eyes.

"Not exactly a shocker. But a shadow attribute? It's not really the most powerful thing... Can't help but wish I was born with something a little more normal—and, you know, a decent amount of mana."

No matter how much he learned, that weak mana pool weighed on him.

His eyes drifted to the Skills tab, which currently showed none available, but his curiosity kept him exploring.

[Skills] – Acquirable Abilities

Skills represent both active and passive abilities you can acquire as you grow stronger. At this time, no skills have been unlocked. Your first few skills will likely involve basic active and passive abilities, with more advanced skills revealed as your Shadow Level increases. Skills offer combat advantages, mobility enhancements, or other utilities in battle and exploration.

Current Status: No skills acquired. Feed your shadow or level up to gain new skills.

Damon's eyes narrowed.

"Skills... I can gain skills by leveling up and feeding my shadow... huh, everything always comes back to feeding this thing. Can I even still call it my shadow anymore?"

At the bottom of the interface, a new prompt caught his eye:

[Locked]

Level up to unlock new system mechanics.

"New system mechanics? Does that mean the system hasn't shown me everything yet?" Damon muttered, rubbing his chin.

"It's already healed me and let my shadow break free from its endless mimicry. What else can it do?"

He felt a pang of uncertainty. He needed to return to the academy—getting expelled wasn't an option. And there was Marcus and his group to think about. More importantly, he couldn't just stroll back with a shadow that had a mind of its own.

"What if the temple's Inquisition gets word of this?" He shivered.

"They might torture me for heresy... suspect I made a pact with a demon."

The risk was low, but it wasn't non-existent. He had to find a way to make his shadow act normal.

"The system said I can control it if I have enough shadow energy, right?"

Testing that, he raised his hand toward his shadow. It lingered nearby, waving back at him. Damon gave a firm command.

"Stop."

The shadow froze. He grinned, only to frown as it remained still, ignoring his movements. He bit his lip.

"Follow me... I mean, copy my movements."

His shadow gave him a thumbs-up and obediently began to mimic him. Damon moved around, jumped, and ran back and forth. To his relief, his shadow mirrored him like normal.

He let out a deep breath.

"Praise the goddess."

Satisfied, he pointed at a rock in the distance.

"Go over there."

The shadow zipped across to the rock, leaving Damon without a shadow as he stood in the sunlight.

"I see... I should keep this secret for now. If anyone finds out, maybe I can pass it off as first-class magic. Or just say I awakened a new spell."

Better to keep things under wraps until he learned more about the system—and his shadow. Damon called it back, and to his relief, it returned quickly. He still needed to test his abilities, but for now, he had more pressing matters, like washing the grime from his face.

Noticing his torn academy uniform, he was surprised to see the fabric mending itself.

'That's material from the magic continent for you,' he thought.

The academy's uniform, made in Aeronia, possessed unique properties like self-repair, quick cleaning, and drying.

Damon had never been to Aeronia, the famed continent of magic and technology. He'd lived his entire life on the war continent, Soltheon, and likely wouldn't leave it.

He walked to the nearby river. Cautious now that he was beyond the academy's protective barrier, he stopped at the water's edge, peering into the blue depths. Seeing nothing unusual, he scooped up some water and splashed it over his face.

He glanced at his reflection—and froze.

"M-my... my eyes."