

Living Shadow 54

Chapter 54 Tonight, I Am Death

It was almost midnight, and Damon had been in this part of the forest for hours, ever since leaving the library. He stood before a makeshift table, he had made it out of bamboo. Several beakers sat in front of him, their contents glinting ominously.

A small smile crept across his face.

'I was a little worried, but thanks to Sylvia Moonveil's advice, I finally have the perfect poison. No smell, fast-acting... but the main concern was always the antidote.'

Damon carefully picked up a vial filled with a pale, viscous liquid and examined it with satisfaction.

"After almost dying from my own poison, I've learned my lesson. I'll keep an antidote on me at all times in case my own weapons are turned against me," he muttered to himself, a hint of grim amusement in his tone.

Setting the vial aside, he reached for his dagger and began coating the blade with the newly perfected poison. He moved with precision, ensuring an even layer without wasting a single drop. Once the dagger was ready, he turned his attention to his arrows, sorting them meticulously.

Some were coated with poison, designed to kill swiftly and silently. Others carried paralyzing agents, meant to incapacitate rather than kill. He handled each one with care, ensuring they were ready for the task ahead.

Damon paused to gather his tools, his movements steady despite the faint wildness in his heartbeat. He could feel the anticipation rising, but the effects of his [Remorseless] skill kicked in, washing over him like a wave of ice. His mind became clear, calculating, and calm.

He analyzed every detail of his plan—how he would strike, the precise timing, and his escape route after Isaac Regardi was dead. But even as his thoughts ran through every possibility, he knew there were variables he couldn't predict.

'It's impossible to account for everything. I just need to stay cautious and adapt.'

Satisfied, Damon picked up his bow and took a moment to center himself. He uttered a short prayer to the goddess of doom, his voice low but steady:

"Let this be my enemies' doom and not my own. May the fates be with me, and let death guide my hand in the wars to come."

The prayer hung in the stillness of the forest, and Damon let out a deep breath. He carefully concealed the quiver and dagger within his uniform. The bow was harder to hide, but at this hour, the academy grounds and nearby areas were deserted.

The night was his ally, and the shadows his weapon.

With everything in place, Damon melted into the darkness, his movements silent and deliberate. The hunt had begun.

It was a moonless night, shrouding the world in near-complete darkness. For anyone else, the lack of light would be an obstacle, but not for Damon. His vision, attuned to the night, made the shadows his ally rather than his enemy. He moved silently, skirting the main path lined with lamps, where even the faintest noise could give him away.

Ahead loomed the Judgment Halls, a dormitory second only to the extravagant War Halls in opulence. Damon's target, Isaac Regardi, resided on the third floor.

Hidden in the bushes, Damon observed the building. The glow from Isaac's room spilled into the night, a beacon against the dark.

He glanced at his shadow, the manifestation of his abilities, shifting restlessly beside him.

"I suppose Isaac is a night owl," Damon muttered, smirking.

"If it weren't for the student council president catching his group in town the other day, they'd probably be out partying by now."

Your next chapter is on empire

His shadow balled its hands into fists as if expressing its disdain for Isaac and his friends.

Damon chuckled.

"Easy, buddy. This works in our favor. We can hunt them anywhere. Now, be useful—go up there and tell me what Isaac is up to."

The shadow saluted, darting towards the wall and slithering up to Isaac's window like a living wisp of smoke.

From his position, Damon watched as the shadow peered inside. A moment later, it returned, its silent gestures conveying what it had seen. Damon smirked.

"Tobias Morgan... in Isaac's room?" Damon whispered to himself, recognizing the second figure.

"Interesting. Two targets in one place. If Isaac disappears, Tobias will have no alibi as the last person to see him. I could make this... fun."

Damon settled in to wait. He knew patience was key. Tobias would leave eventually, and Isaac would succumb to sleep, leaving him defenseless.

"This will be my third soul," Damon murmured, his voice low with anticipation. "Once I take him, I'll level up."

He opened his system panel, his eyes brushing the interface as it materialized before him.

[HP: 50/50]

[Mana: 90/90]

[Strength: 9]

[Agility: 12]

[Speed: 25]

[Endurance: 10]

[Class: —]

[Shadow: 23]

[Shadow Hunger Levels: 53%]

[Shadow Level: 1]

[Condition: Shadow Is Mildly Hunger]

[Attributes: Umbra]

[Skills:]

[x5] [Remorseless]

[Locked]

He focused on the shadow level tab.

[Shadow Level: 1]

Your Shadow Level reflects your control and power over your shadow. Level up by feeding it and completing specific challenges or quests.

Level-up Requirements

Souls Consumed: [2/3]

"Just one more..." Damon muttered, a faint grin creeping onto his face. "Let's see what happens when I level up."

The hour passed slowly, but eventually, Tobias left the room. Damon watched as the lights dimmed, leaving Isaac alone. His shadow returned, confirming the boy was fast asleep. Damon nodded to himself.

"Okay, buddy. It's go time."

He moved like a wraith, reaching the building's edge and scaling the wall. The climb was treacherous with few handholds, but his experience as a former thief served him well. At the third-floor window, he drew his dagger, sliding it into the narrow gap to lift the lock.

With a faint click, the window opened.

Damon pulled a small sphere from his pocket—a paralyzing gas bomb. He dropped it inside, quickly shutting the window behind it. Through the glass, he saw Isaac twitch in his sleep, his body succumbing to the gas.

Damon waited, then drank an antidote from a vial at his side before reopening the window. He slipped inside, moving with deliberate caution. The room was dark, but his night vision painted everything in sharp relief.

Approaching the bed, Damon loomed over Isaac, who lay helpless, his body unresponsive but his eyes wide with terror.

"Hello there," Damon said, his voice a venomous whisper.

Isaac struggled weakly, his lips trembling as Damon forced them open. With careful precision, he poured a few drops of the paralyzing agent inside.

Isaac's eyes watered, his breathing ragged as he tried in vain to move.

"Wh... who... are you?" Isaac's voice was barely audible, choked by fear and the paralysis gripping his body.

Damon leaned closer, his expression dark with cruel amusement.

"What? Don't recognize me? The trash commoner with shadow attribute magic and a pathetic mana of 30?"

Isaac's eyes widened in realization, his pupils darting as he tried to make sense of the figure towering over him.

"Y... you... you're Damon Grey..."

Damon leaned in, his voice dropping to a whisper, cold and final.

"Tonight, I am death."