

Living Shadow 55

Chapter 55 A Soft And Luxurious Death

Isaac had never felt such raw, primal fear. His body refused to move, every muscle locked in place, his tongue heavy and unresponsive. The darkness of the room was suffocating, and worst of all, he couldn't see the face of his tormentor—Damon Grey.

Tears streamed from Isaac's eyes as he lay helpless.

"Please... please don't do this," he whimpered, his voice a desperate rasp coated in despair. "I'll pay you... I have money... lots of it... millions of zeni..."

From the shadows, Damon's voice cut through the silence like a blade.

"Money? You think your wealth can save you?" Damon let out a cold chuckle.

"How funny. Lark Bonaire said the same thing before he died."

Isaac's trembling intensified at the mention of that name.

'Lark... he killed Lark...' The realization slammed into him like a tidal wave. If Damon had killed Lark, there was no reason to think he wouldn't kill him too. The fear clawed at his sanity, and Isaac's breath quickened into panicked gasps.

Damon stepped closer, his voice dripping with contempt.

"You nobles are all the same. You cling to your wealth and influence, using them to ruin others, to take what you don't deserve. But when that power fails, you think money can save you. Guess what?"

Damon's hand reached for the bedside table, grabbing Isaac's pager. The sound of the small device being picked up felt deafening in the stillness of the room.

"When real power speaks, money takes three steps back," Damon continued, his voice like ice.

"Because in the end, money loses its value before true strength. Your rules, your influence—they mean nothing here. I have the power now."

Isaac's trembling was uncontrollable. Tears blurred his vision as he gasped,

"Please... I beg you... don't kill me. I'm the heir of the Regardi house... You can't kill me!"

Damon smirked, his silhouette leaning closer to Isaac's trembling form.

"Fine," he said, his tone suddenly calm. "I'll take your money."

Isaac's heart leapt with a flicker of hope. His desperation latched onto those words like a drowning man clinging to driftwood. If he could survive this, he vowed to make Damon pay tenfold.

"Your war bank account," Damon said, his tone demanding. "What's the PIN?"

Isaac heaved deep breaths, his voice shaky but compliant. "Of course... it's ****."

Damon straightened, his smirk deepening. "Thank you. Now I no longer need you alive."

"What...? No... wait...!" Isaac's eyes widened in terror as realization struck. He gasped, trying to scream, but his paralyzed body betrayed him.

Damon chuckled softly, savoring the fear in Isaac's eyes.

'He doesn't think I'm stupid, does he? I've already confirmed the PIN works. Now I just need to kill him, transfer all his funds to Tobias Margan, and let the trail lead to him. Investigators will piece it together however they want. And if not... I'll make sure they do.'

Isaac was sobbing now, his words slurred and desperate.

"Please... don't do this. I beg you... someone... help me! HELP—!"

Damon stood over Isaac, watching him with a detached gaze. This was one of the many who had tormented him—a so-called noble who once towered high and mighty. Yet here he was, stripped of all power, reduced to nothing but a sniveling fool begging for his life.

'He can't even die with dignity... pathetic.'

Isaac's muffled pleas barely registered in Damon's ears, his voice weak and choked. The paralyzing agent coursing through Isaac's veins worked perfectly, rendering him helpless. Even if he screamed at the top of his lungs, no one would hear him through the thick walls of this room.

"I won't waste my poisons on you, Isaac," Damon said coldly, crouching over his trembling victim.

"This might be slow... maybe even painful. But I think that makes us even, don't you?"

Isaac's face turned ashen as he struggled against the paralysis, his fingers twitching uselessly. Panic flooded his tear-streaked eyes as he fought to lift himself from the bed, but his body refused to obey.

Damon reached for the pillow at Isaac's side, his movements deliberate and measured.

"Let me give you a soft and luxurious death," he murmured, a cruel smirk twisting his lips.

"A death befitting a noble."

He climbed onto Isaac's body, his knees pinning down the man's feeble arms. Damon raised the pillow and pressed it against Isaac's face, forcing it down with unyielding strength. Isaac's muffled cries and futile thrashing did little to stop him.

Damon's mind remained eerily calm, his [Remorseless] skill numbing any guilt or hesitation. For a full minute, he kept the pillow pressed down, his breathing steady as he waited.

Then, the system's chime echoed in his mind.

Ding.

[You have slain Isaac Regardi.]

[You have leveled up.]

[You have gained 10 attribute points.]

[You have awakened the skill: Shadow Perception.]

Damon exhaled slowly, climbing off the lifeless corpse of Isaac Regardi. It was done. Unlike the chaotic rush of emotions he'd felt when killing Lark, this time there was only a cold, hollow calm.

His eyes shifted to his shadow, which seemed to writhe with anticipation.

"You can devour him now," Damon said, his voice flat.

The shadow quivered in delight, stretching unnaturally as it moved over Isaac's body. Within moments, it engulfed the corpse entirely, leaving no trace behind. The system chimed once more.

[You have gained 5 attribute points.] Experience tales at empire

[Your shadow is full.]

Damon turned to the pager lying on the bedside table. He quickly accessed Isaac's war bank account and transferred all the funds to the account of Tobias Margan. Once the transaction was complete, he deliberately placed the pager in a semi-hidden spot under a shelf, ensuring it was just conspicuous enough to catch someone's attention.

He moved to the window, carefully locking it with his dagger, before climbing down with practiced precision. Every step was calculated to avoid leaving any trace of his presence. Once he reached the paved path, he slipped away into the night, blending seamlessly into the shadows.

By the time he returned to his dorm, the tension of the night had started to lift. He entered his room quietly, stepping over the mess in the kitchen. Leona Valefier must have been searching for him again—probably to demand he cook something for her.

Once inside his room, Damon finally allowed himself to relax. The passive effects of [Remorseless] began to fade, and the adrenaline drained from his body. His hands trembled, his breath came in ragged gasps, but a faint smile crossed his lips.

"I leveled up," he whispered to himself.

Opening his system panel, he saw that he had gained 15 attribute points in total—10 from leveling up and 5 from devouring Isaac's corpse. But what truly caught his attention was the notification about his new skill.

He opened his system panel and the first thing he saw was a prompt.

[Do you wish to activate Shadow Perception?]

[Y/N]

Damon didn't hesitate.

"Yes," he whispered.

The moment he confirmed, a familiar, overwhelming sensation surged through him. His vision widened, and his legs gave out beneath him. He fell to his knees, gasping for air as his shadow writhed and danced around him, his Perception grew wider far beyond what a human should have.