

Living Shadow 56

Chapter 56 Shadow Perception

The sensation of his senses traveling through the shadows was familiar to Damon. He had felt this before, during moments when his shadow's hunger reached a critical level. Yet now, with the activation of [Shadow Perception], the experience was far more intense—overwhelming, even.

It was as though his awareness had expanded into a vast, infinite void, allowing him to sense everything connected to the shadows around him. Images and sensations flooded his mind like a relentless torrent, chaotic and alien to any ordinary human understanding.

He saw himself from the vantage point of his own shadow, the objects in his room outlined in vivid detail. He could feel the shadows cast by the lamps outside his dormitory, sense the rustling of trees in the wind, and perceive the sprawling expanse of darkness under their branches. In this moonless night, where light barely reached, the world of shadows seemed like a colossal, seamless mirror reflecting countless fragmented images back to him.

Damon's mind struggled to process the overwhelming influx of sensations. His vision blurred, his head throbbed, and he felt on the verge of screaming—but he didn't.

Slowly, painstakingly, he began to regain focus. This wasn't his first encounter with shadow perception. Before he had gained the skill, his shadow had occasionally shared its unique perspective with him, albeit on a much smaller scale. He knew how to control it.

The shadows operated similarly to human sight: while the eyes could take in a wide field of vision, the brain only processed a fraction of that data, storing the rest subconsciously. Shadow Perception worked the same way—he didn't need to absorb every detail at once. What he needed was to limit the range of his focus, suppressing the flood of information until it became manageable.

Damon took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Immediately, a weight lifted from his mind as his human vision was removed from the equation. He centered himself, focusing entirely on the world of shadows. Slowly, he began to rein in his perception, shrinking its radius until it extended only ten meters around him.

'Good. This is manageable,' Damon thought.

He tried to reduce the range further, but no matter how much he concentrated, the field of perception stubbornly resisted shrinking any smaller. Every attempt to push it caused the range to expand instead, forcing Damon to stop and steady his mind. He treated it like balancing on a knife's edge, maintaining calm to prevent the sensation from spiraling out of control.

When he felt stable, he cautiously opened his eyes. The dual perception of his human vision and the shadows' awareness was disorienting at first, but he adjusted quickly. The shadows painted the world in vivid contrasts, filling in gaps his eyes couldn't see. Explore more adventures at [empire](#)

Damon took a tentative step forward, but his coordination faltered. His foot caught awkwardly, and he stumbled, falling to the floor with a thud.

"Ugh... ouch," he muttered, shaking his head.

It wasn't perfect, but it was progress. As he sat on the floor, he couldn't help but smirk at the potential of his newfound ability. Shadow Perception wasn't just a skill—it was a doorway to a realm of possibilities. However, mastering it would clearly take time.

"I'm still not used to this..."

Damon muttered as his shadow shifted closer to him. From its perspective, he could see himself—a young man with dark hair, black eyes, and a perpetually gloomy expression. His pale, smooth skin gave him an otherworldly look, one that only added to his brooding demeanor.

"Ahh, this is going to be hard... If I don't focus, my perception will keep growing out of control."

He glanced at his shadow, its dark form moving fluidly as if alive.

"This is how you normally see the world, right? Got any tips for controlling this?"

The shadow paused, mimicking a thoughtful pose by placing a hand on its chin. After a moment, it snapped its fingers as if struck by inspiration. With deliberate motions, it gestured over its eyes, indicating he should close them.

Damon nodded in understanding.

"I see. Keep my human eyes closed until I adjust to this new perception. Makes sense."

He sighed, a mix of annoyance and resignation escaping him.

"Still, it's going to be a bother. Feels like learning to walk all over again."

With a final huff, he lay back on his bed. Before continuing his practice, he decided to check his system panel for an update on his stats and the specifics of the [Shadow Perception] skill.

The familiar interface materialized before him:

[HP: 50/50]

[Mana: 90/90]

[Strength: 9]

[Agility: 12]

[Speed: 25]

[Endurance: 10]

[Class: —]

[Shadow: 200]

[Shadow Hunger Levels: 0%]

[Shadow Level: 2]

[Condition: Shadow is Full]

[Attributes: Umbra]

[Skills]:

[5x] [Remorseless] [Shadow Perception]

[Locked]

Damon raised an eyebrow, noting the changes to his stats.

"Hmmm... Shadow energy rose by a hundred. That gives me more time before I need to feed you again," he muttered, glancing at his shadow.

His eyes shifted to the updated [Shadow Level], which now stood at 2. Focusing on it, he pulled up the requirements for further advancement.

[Shadow Level: 2]

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

Level-Up Requirements:

Souls Consumed: [0/5]

Damon sighed.

"Now I need five souls to level up. Figures the difficulty would increase with each level. At least I've got 15 attribute points to distribute..."

He shook his head, pushing aside the thought.

"No distractions. Let's focus on the skill."

Navigating the system menu, Damon selected [Shadow Perception].

[Skill: Shadow Perception]

[Description]:

"When the first mortals sought shelter from the sun's wrath, an old seer whispered: 'The shadow is not an absence but a mirror—a realm where souls walk untethered by the weight of form.' Thus, in the echoes of Soltheon myths and Solarion shades, the power of shadows emerged as a bridge between realms, offering perception not bound by flesh but tethered to the world of the unseen."

[Effect]:

Extends the user's awareness into the realm of shadows, allowing the perception of movements and presences beyond the limits of light and sight.

[Type]:

Passive/Active.

[Cooldown]:

None.

Damon's eyes narrowed as he read the description.

"Perception not bound by flesh... and it mentions Solarion, the sun continent."

He knew a little about Solarion. It was a land of nomads and traders to the west, famous for its harsh deserts and fierce warriors. The myths tied to shadows and light intrigued him further, but he quickly redirected his focus.

The skill's utility was obvious—vast spatial awareness that could prove invaluable for scouting or tracking. The challenge, however, lay in mastering it. Damon noted that the skill being both passive and active meant he might eventually learn to shut it off.

"Until then, I need to get a handle on it. No wonder the system asked if I wanted to activate it. If this had triggered during the incident with Isaac, I'd have been screwed..."

He shook his head at the absurdity of his situation. There was no time to dwell on hypotheticals.

"Before morning, I need to figure out how to live with this altered perception. Guess I'll take my shadow's advice and keep my eyes closed while practicing. I've already missed two days of classes—any more, and I'll never catch up."

Determined, Damon stood from his bed, keeping his eyes firmly shut. He took a cautious step forward, his shadow guiding him as he began his self-imposed training.

"For now, let's learn to walk... and see."