

Living Shadow 62

Chapter 62 The Raven Ravenscroft

Evangeline stood back, quietly observing the unfolding chaos with an amused smile. It was rare to see Damon so out of his element. The usually stoic and distant figure was now at odds with a raven and an elf, and it was undeniably entertaining. Even Sylvia, who was typically calm and reserved, seemed unusually spirited in defending the bird.

The raven perched smugly on Damon's head, ruffling its feathers as if declaring victory. Damon's frown deepened with every passing second, his patience clearly fraying.

Sylvia's gentle smile, however, remained unwavering.

"Looks like he's decided to stay," she said lightly, stroking the bird's feathers.

Damon gave her a deadpan look.

"Did he tell you that, or are you just guessing?"

Sylvia tilted her head playfully. "A little bit of both."

He sighed, his shoulders slumping.

"Get this bird off my head, or it's going to be dinner."

The raven squawked indignantly, hopping off Damon's head and onto Sylvia's arm.

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"Caw, caw! Killer, killer! Caw, caw! Evil, evil!" it shrieked, clearly satisfied with itself.

Through his shadow perception, Damon studied the bird. The morning sunlight glinted off its glossy black feathers, except for a small, bare patch near its wing. His gaze narrowed as a memory surfaced: this was the same raven that had outwitted him during one of his poison tests. It had feigned paralysis long enough to escape, earning his disdain—and, apparently, its grudge.

'So that's why it hates me. Clever little pest,' he thought grudgingly.

Sylvia interrupted his musings.

"You should keep him," she said, a teasing lilt in her voice. "As a way to atone. Or so I think he says."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "So you're just guessing."

Sylvia brushed her silver hair aside with a graceful motion, her tone turning mock-serious.

"Well, yes. I'm not a beast tamer, after all."

"I'm not keeping that thing," Damon retorted firmly, crossing his arms.

Sylvia's playful expression sharpened into a glare. The raven hopped onto her shoulder, as if emboldened by her defense.

"Yes, you are," she declared. "You broke its wing, traumatized it, and started this ridiculous feud. The least you can do is give it a home."

Damon shook his head. "Not a chance. It's a wild animal—it can fend for itself."

The raven squawked again, wings flapping dramatically.

"Evil! Evil! Killer, killer!" it screeched, fixing Damon with its piercing black eyes, full of judgment.

Sylvia's lips curved into a triumphant smirk. "See? Even it knows you're in the wrong. You owe it."

Damon closed his eyes, exhaling heavily. His day was only getting worse.

He groaned, his shadow flickering underfoot as his frustration threatened to boil over. He clenched his fists, trying to suppress the irritation clawing its way to the surface.

"Look, I don't have time to babysit a vengeful bird. I've got—"

"—No choice," Sylvia interrupted, her voice firm and resolute. Her silvery hair caught the sunlight, swaying slightly as she placed a hand on her hip.

"It clearly has unfinished business with you, and I'm not letting you leave it to suffer. Consider this your penance."

"No."

Sylvia's gaze sharpened. "Damon, stop being stubborn."

Through his shadow perception, Damon instinctively observed the world around him. But when his gaze fell on Sylvia, something shifted. Her expression, her posture, the way her silver hair framed her face—all of it blurred into an unsettling resemblance to her.

'Luna.'

For a brief, disorienting moment, his shadow perception spiraled out of control, expanding wildly. The flickering shadows around him distorted the air, their edges unraveling like frayed threads. Damon winced, clutching his head to rein it back in.

Sylvia frowned, stepping closer. "Are you okay?"

He steadied himself, exhaling sharply as he regained control.

"I'm fine," he muttered, his voice strained. His eyes flicked to the raven, then back to Sylvia. "I'll take the damn bird... Luna."

Sylvia blinked, caught off guard.

"Erhm, what? Did you just forget my name? It's Sylvia."

Damon bit his lip, realizing his mistake. He quickly shook his head, searching for an excuse.

"I know. I was referring to your lunar attribute."

Sylvia crossed her arms, unimpressed. "Don't refer to people by their magic attributes, Shadow."

"Then why are you calling me by mine?"

Sylvia's lips twitched into a sly grin. "To even things out."

The raven cawed triumphantly, puffing out its chest as if it had won.

"Evil! Evil! Killer, killer!" it screeched, flapping its wings dramatically.

"Tch," Damon clicked his tongue in annoyance.

Xander, who had been watching the scene unfold with a bemused expression, finally spoke.

"There's a difference between a pet and food, commoner. I hope you don't confuse the two and end up eating that bird."

Damon's eyes narrowed, his voice laced with venom.

"You really like hearing yourself talk, don't you? If you stayed quiet, no one would think you were dead."

He turned his gaze to Leona and Evangeline, who had been standing nearby.

"These two were here the whole time, and they didn't feel the need to run their mouths."

Evangeline sighed, her arms crossed.

"Can the both of you not get into it right now? Save your energy for the duel."

Xander glared at Damon but kept silent, scoffing under his breath.

Leona laughed, brushing a strand of black hair behind her ear.

"Damon, what's the plan? How are you going to beat him? I can't wait to see your skills in action."

Damon ignored her, turning on his heel and heading toward class.

"This day just keeps getting more and more annoying."

As he walked away, the raven flew from Sylvia's arm and landed on his shoulder.

"Evil! Evil!" it squawked again, settling into place as if it belonged there.

Sylvia chuckled, her usual calm demeanor softened by amusement.

"See? It's already bonding with you."

"If it proves to be a nuisance," Damon muttered, "I'm going to kill it."

The raven tilted its head, cawing defiantly. "Evil! Caw!"

Sylvia raised an eyebrow, curious.

"What are you going to name him?"

Damon stopped in his tracks, a sly smirk curling on his lips. He glanced over his shoulder at Xander, who had been watching with a sneer.

"I think I'll call it Ravenscroft," he said, his voice dripping with mockery.

Xander's expression darkened instantly. He recognized the insult for what it was: a deliberate jab at his family's name.

Sylvia hesitated, her smile turning wary. "I don't think that's a good idea..."

Damon's smirk widened.

"Then it's decided. His name will be Ravenscroft. Croft for short."

Xander Ravenscroft's composure snapped. His voice trembled with fury as he stepped forward.

"You dare, you lowly commoner!"