

Living Shadow 67

Chapter 67 Killed By A Hero

For the next few minutes, the professor encouraged the class to speculate about what type of class Damon might awaken to. Naturally, no one suggested he would awaken a righteous class.

"Bandit, thief, heretic..." murmured several students, their voices dripping with disdain.

One particularly obnoxious classmate went so far as to suggest,

"Maybe he'll awaken as a demon lord and get killed by a hero of the goddess races!"

The class erupted in laughter, but Damon's lips tightened. He didn't find the part about being killed amusing in the slightest.

Some were of the opinion that Damon would never reach a first-class advancement at all, deeming him too weak to achieve it.

"With a pitiful mana level of 30, what can he possibly do?"

Damon kept his expression impassive, even as the mocking continued. He was used to it.

Professor Chrome, however, didn't dwell on Damon for long. He shifted the conversation to the philosophies of other students in the class.

Xander, unsurprisingly, had a philosophy grounded in honor. His classmates speculated he would awaken to a righteous class, and some even dubbed him "the Raven Hero," a nod to his family name, Ravenscroft.

Evangeline's philosophy centered on justice, leading to guesses she might awaken as a Light Paladin or Judge.

Sylvia's belief in the importance of sharing knowledge led others to imagine she would awaken as a Sage or Scholar.

Leona, with her steadfast belief in strength, was expected to awaken as a Warrior or even a Warlord.

Speculations about their future classes ran wild, but no one doubted that they would achieve a first-class advancement. It was almost as if their success was a foregone conclusion.

The stark contrast between their confidence and Damon's precarious position wasn't lost on him. But he didn't feel left out; this was how things had always been for him. He was an outsider, unable to truly connect with others.

Professor Chrome, meanwhile, seemed thrilled by the engagement in his class. The old man smiled from ear to ear, radiating the warmth of a kind grandfather.

Damon couldn't help but respect him, even if he didn't fully trust the world Chrome represented.

Stroking his beard, the professor let out a laugh as he turned to Damon.

"Well, young man, I suppose it's time to keep my end of the agreement. You've earned full credits for all my classes."

Damon nodded silently, appreciating the rare instance of fairness in his life.

Chrome resumed his lecture, using the little time left to wrap up the day's topic before they all moved on to their next class.

At the back of the room, Lilith Astranova had been lingering near the door, silent but watchful. Her green eyes gleamed with amusement as a small smile curved her lips.

As the class ended, she turned and walked away, her voice a soft murmur that only she could hear.

"Damon Grey... you still haven't filled out the paperwork for the equipment you took. It seems I'll have to punish you."

Damon didn't know that Lilith Astranova had been outside the class, watching him. He was too absorbed in the class to notice, and Lilith remained just outside the range of his shadow perception. For the

moment, everything seemed to be progressing without interruption, and Damon found himself in a somewhat good mood, his mind distracted by the lively discussion in the room.

"Caw caw..."

The raven cawed mildly, drawing Damon's attention. He glanced at the bird, his thoughts already turning.

'Hmmm, I wonder if it'll be useful. If not, I'll just get rid of the damn bird.'

His gaze shifted to Sylvia, the white-haired elf sitting across from him. She was completely focused on the class, paying no mind to his presence. Damon couldn't see her clearly with his eyes closed, and his shadow perception only revealed a world in stark black and white. Even so, there was something familiar about her, some small similarities that reminded him of his sister.

"Can you recommend any books or share any knowledge on beast taming?"

Sylvia blinked in surprise, her eyes darting toward his blindfolded face.

"You want to learn about beast taming? I'm not a tamer."

Damon nodded, unfazed.

"I see. I suppose I'll just have to eat the damn bird."

The raven, Croft, wasn't pleased by the mention of being eaten.

"Caw caw! Evil, evil!"

Sylvia waved her hands hastily, panic flashing across her face.

"No, no, don't do that! I was trying to say, I'm not a tamer, but I know a thing or two. I learned some things from rangers in Iorvas, so I can share that. In fact, let me help you train him. No need to eat him!"

Damon suppressed a smile, his lips barely curling into a smirk.

'I suppose using the bird's life as leverage worked... she's quite gullible despite her vast knowledge.'

"Very well then... we can start tomorrow."

He could feel the raven hopping around on the desk, its beady eyes fixed on him. Damon could almost hear its angry cawing in his mind.

'If this works... then I can proceed with my first plan. If not, I'll have to adjust it. Either way, in the next few days, I must kill Tobias Margan before his name gets cleared. But before that, I need another scapegoat.'

His gaze shifted to Marcus, who appeared somewhat drained, his eyes still red from the grief of losing two friends.

'I have to be more subtle next time... I'll leave something that belongs to Marcus as evidence. That will stir up some chaos. After that, I'll change my pattern completely—target someone who has nothing to do with me.'

Damon's mind flickered with the realization that doing so would result in the death of an innocent person. He quickly pushed the thought aside.

'In this world, no one is innocent. Innocence is lost the moment of birth. From then on, every breath we take is at the price of another life. Even if that life is insignificant... When we eat, something must die. When we walk, we trample on ants and grass. I have no need to feel guilty. This is simply natural selection.'

His lips parted slightly as he bit them lightly, lost in his thoughts. Beneath him, his shadow stirred, reacting to his mindset. The [Remorseless] skill had deactivated, but Damon felt a strange calm wash over him. He focused on the necessity of his actions, pushing aside any lingering doubts or moral qualms.

As the class came to an end, Damon stood, and as expected, Leona followed him. To his annoyance, the raven flew onto his shoulder, cawing angrily at him.

Sylvia trailed behind, still likely worried that Damon might kill the bird. Evangeline followed her, and to no one's surprise, Xander tagged along, with Marcus walking behind him.

Damon sighed, sensing their presence through his shadow perception.

"What a nuisance..."