

Living Shadow 92

Chapter 92 Deny, Deny, Deny..

The class buzzed with whispers as Lilith Astranova, the student council president, spoke in her commanding tone.

"What crimes did he commit?" someone murmured.

"I knew that commoner was suspicious from day one," another scoffed, their voice dripping with disdain.

"What do you expect from trash like him?"

"That guy always gives us commoners a bad name," came a spiteful remark.

"I hope he pays for all his crimes," another added venomously.

Damon remained silent, his face a carefully crafted mask of neutrality. He knew better than to speak now. Anything he said could risk revealing more than Lilith already knew.

'Whatever she's found, it has to be just suspicion. I'll deny, deny, deny...' he thought, his mind racing.

He was confident she didn't have any real evidence. He had been careful—painstakingly so. No incriminating traces, no witnesses, not even a hint of suspicion pointing toward him.

With [Remorseless] activated again, its calming influence settling over him like a blanket. It forced him to keep his composure, to calculate rather than react.

Next to him, Leona's golden eyes glared fiercely at Lilith, her cat-like ears twitching with agitation. Damon sensed the change in her posture, her readiness to pounce. The sentiment stirred something in him.

'She'd really jump to my defense?' he thought, touched by her loyalty. Still, he knew better. Going against Lilith, someone in the Third Class Advancement, was suicide.

Lilith's sharp green eyes bore into him, cold and unyielding.

"I won't repeat myself," she said, her voice cutting through the room like a blade.

"Confess your crimes, and I'll at least get you a plea deal."

Damon clenched his jaw, his lips pressing into a thin line.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Student Council President," he said evenly.

"I haven't committed a single crime. Aren't you just accusing an innocent man?"

Her glare intensified, her piercing green eyes making him feel as though ice was crawling down his spine. Yet she didn't unleash her aura—she didn't need to.

"I'm giving you a chance," she said coolly. "But if you won't take it, so be it."

She stepped forward, and in the blink of an eye, she vanished.

No ripple of space, no visible distortion. It was as though the distance between them simply ceased to exist. She reappeared inches from Damon's face, her presence overwhelming.

Leona was on her feet instantly, ready to defend him, but Lilith didn't give her the chance. With a flick of her fingers, she teleported Leona across the room and pinned her to the floor with glowing magic chains. The difference in their power was undeniable.

"Don't interfere," Lilith said, her tone icy.

Damon remained composed, though his mind whirred. His eyes darted across the room, taking in the reactions of his classmates.

Sylvia and Evangeline in the front row looked confused. Xander, sitting nearby, was trying to piece everything together. And Marcus—oh, Marcus—looked almost relieved. To him, Damon being taken away was salvation, the removal of the object of his fears.

Lilith turned back to Damon, leaning close to his ear. Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"Come with me. We can do this the easy way or the hard way." Her lips curled into a cold smile.

"Though I'd prefer the hard way. Try running again—I dare you."

Damon returned her smile with a polite one of his own.

"I don't know what this is about, but I'm innocent. I have nothing to hide... and no reason to run."

Lilith's smile didn't falter. "In that case, follow me and answer for your crimes."

He nodded, standing without protest, and began walking toward the door.

"Wait!" Xander's voice rang out as he rose from his seat. "What did he do?"

Lilith turned, her glare freezing him in place. "Mind your business," she snapped.

Xander paled, sinking back into his seat as Damon walked out of the room with Lilith.

Before they reached the door, Evangeline and Sylvia blocked their path.

"Can we at least know what crimes he's being accused of?" Evangeline demanded, her voice firm.

Lilith didn't bother answering, brushing past her without a word.

Sylvia opened her mouth to speak, but Damon shook his head, cutting her off.

"It's fine, Sylvia," he said softly.

"I didn't do anything. I'm sure this is just a misunderstanding."

Sylvia bit her lip, hesitating before nodding reluctantly.

Damon couldn't help but feel a flicker of surprise. The fact that they were standing up for him was unexpected. Touching, even. But it did nothing to change his situation.

With that, Lilith led him out of the room, leaving behind a classroom buzzing with speculation and murmurs about what he could have done.

Damon followed Lilith Astranova in silence, his mind working tirelessly to analyze every possibility. He could try to escape, but that would only make him look more suspicious. Besides, escaping from someone at her level—a Third Class Advancement—was nearly impossible. At that level, breaking the sound barrier was as easy as taking a step.

Lilith was even worse than most. Her Void Attribute magic set her apart from the rest. Not Space Attribute—Void. The distinction was terrifying, and Damon didn't want to dwell on the implications of it.

'If she knows what I've done, why did she come alone? She should've brought investigators from the academy... unless she didn't need to. No, it's not about her needing help. It's about how weak I am compared to her.'

The thought stung, but it was true. Arresting him was probably an effortless task for her, whether she had evidence or not.

He tightened his grip on the notepad in his hand, its edges creasing under the pressure.

'Of all the crimes I've committed, which one does she have evidence of?'

Lark's death had been attributed to a monster attack. Isaac was missing but officially declared dead.

'But Isaac's death wasn't ruled a monster attack... They might suspect me. I had every motive and reason to hate him.'

The thought made his stomach churn. If they searched him now, they'd find him armed to the teeth. Daggers, arrows, and even hidden vials—each item incriminating on its own.

For a moment, Damon almost smiled. The absurdity of the situation was hard to ignore. Was this the end of the line?

Lilith didn't say a word as they walked, letting him stew in his thoughts. She moved a few steps ahead, her presence commanding yet silent.

Damon kept his calm demeanor, his expression serene. In fact, he faintly smiled and shook his head, as though dismissing some private joke. A raven perched on his shoulder, its dark feathers gleaming, but her focus remained squarely on the boy.

Most eye catching was the blindfold over his eyes.

Her voice finally broke the silence. "What do you find so funny?"

Damon shook his head, his tone light. "Nothing. I just think it's absurd to pull me out of class while I was learning."

Lilith's sharp green eyes flicked to him. "You were sleeping."

"It looked that way," Damon replied, unfazed.

Lilith stopped walking, turning to face him. Her cold gaze bore into him, sharp enough to make most people falter.

"You're awfully calm," she said, her tone dripping with suspicion.

She let the silence stretch for a moment before speaking again, her words like a dagger.

"Carmen Vale. Does that name ring a bell, Damon Grey?"

Damon's calm mask remained intact, but internally, his thoughts froze.

'What does she know?'