

Living Shadow 93

Chapter 93 Terrifying Woman

Damon took a measured moment before responding, his voice calm and even.

"Yes, it does. I believe he is a hunter in Athor's Sanctuary. He's particularly well-regarded in town."

Lilith's green eyes studied him intently, her expression unreadable.

"Is that so? You've met him, then?"

Damon nodded. "I have, before I entered the academy."

Lilith allowed a faint smile to cross her lips, though it held no warmth.

"Not recently?"

Damon shook his head, keeping his tone steady.

"No. I haven't left the academy since I enrolled here. It's common knowledge that first years aren't allowed into town."

Lilith's smile grew, but there was something sharp in her expression now.

"Is that so? You've never been in town since you got here?"

Damon shook his head again, adding a faint, self-deprecating chuckle.

"I'm a failing student. I have to study. How could I possibly have time to go into town?"

Lilith tilted her head slightly, her gaze unwavering. She couldn't see his eyes beneath the blindfold, but she had to admit he was a masterful liar. He carried himself as if he had nothing to hide, crafting a perfect facade of innocence.

But Lilith knew better. She remembered chasing him through the streets of Athor not long ago, with Leona Valefier in tow. To her frustration, the two had eluded her.

She let out a quiet sigh, her expression neutral once more.

"I see. Let's go, then."

Without waiting for a reply, Lilith turned and resumed walking, her posture regal and composed. Damon followed silently, his mind continuing to turn over every possible scenario. If she had proof, she hadn't shown it yet.

'She's fishing for something,' Damon thought. 'I just need to keep playing along.'

He followed Lilith down the wide corridor until they reached a set of imposing double doors. With a firm push, she opened them, revealing a bustling office filled with members of the student council. Papers were being shuffled, filed, and stamped with practiced efficiency, the sound of work blending into a symphony of productivity.

Damon's eyes darted to the scene briefly, noting the meticulous order, but he didn't have time to dwell on it.

Lilith walked with purpose, ignoring the council members as she led him to the end of the hall. She opened another door, revealing a spacious and neatly organized office.

The room exuded authority. A large desk occupied the far end, its surface immaculate save for a few neatly stacked papers. A pair of guest sofas surrounded a small coffee table in the center, and another table near the window bore an assortment of carefully arranged documents.

Lilith strode to the desk and sat down, her piercing gaze fixed on Damon as he entered.

She didn't mince words.

"I have been lenient with you, Damon. I gave you a chance to come clean. I even offered you a plea deal. And in case you're wondering—I do have evidence of your crimes."

Damon stood still, his expression calm, refusing to react. He needed to get under her skin.

'I need to do something abrupt and unexpected...but what.'

Lilith rose from her seat, her eyes sharp as a blade.

"Damon Grey, you know Carmen Vale is dead."

Damon nodded slowly. "I do."

Lilith's gaze narrowed, her voice colder now.

"How would you know that if you claimed never to leave the academy?"

Damon tilted his head, feigning confusion. "With all due respect, President, I have a pager. A friend called me and told me."

Lilith's lips curled into a faint smile, but her eyes gleamed with suspicion.

"All I hear are excuses. Confess, and I'll go easy on you. I might even show consideration."

Damon's tone remained steady. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Lilith chuckled, her amusement carrying a dangerous edge. "I'm talking about your little crime in the forest."

Damon remained impassive under the blindfold, though his thoughts churned. The crime in the forest? There were multiple possibilities—Carmen Vale's murder, Lark Bonaire's death. Which one had she discovered?

'She's trying to corner me.'

He shook his head. "Doesn't ring a bell. I don't know what you're talking about."

Lilith sighed, her eyes studying him intently.

'He's clever,' she thought.

'When he saw me earlier, he paled, but he managed to stay calm. He's not giving me any ground, and his guard is up. Even if I press, he won't say more than he needs to.'

Her voice turned icy. "Do you take me for a fool? Or am I some kind of joke to you?"

Damon shook his head, glancing at Lilith with a faint smile. Her beauty was undeniable, even when her gaze was filled with hostility. He couldn't help but think of Evangeline and then Xander who had a crush on her.

'That should work..'

"No, President. I don't think you're a joke or a fool. I think you're a woman of great character. A radiant flower... a beautiful rose always in bloom."

Inwardly, he sneered.

'Though you're full of thorns.'

Tired of following her rhythm, he decided to shift the dynamic. Acting rigid and defensive was mentally exhausting.

Lilith's brow arched. "Excuse me?"

Damon scratched the back of his head, feigning nervousness.

"It's just... you're really amazing, President. I've always looked up to you. You're kind, beautiful, and always looking out for your juniors."

'Though in my case, you're just trying to ruin me, you two-faced witch.'

He gulped dramatically, pretending to hesitate.

"It's just... I've always loved you. I mean..."

He trailed off, pretending to stumble over his words.

"I'm sorry, forgive me."

Lilith stared at him, wide-eyed, momentarily thrown off balance. She couldn't tell what had inspired this sudden declaration of love, but it had worked. Once again, Damon had managed to disrupt her composure.

'There's no point in pressing him further,' she thought, frustration mounting.

'He's just going to act like a lovesick fool to avoid my questions. But that's fine. I'll still uncover the truth about Damon Grey.'

She sat back down, regaining her composure.

"That's fine and all, but did you forget why you're here? You're here because of your crimes."

Damon nodded, his voice tinged with faux embarrassment.

"Ah, sorry, I got carried away. But I didn't do anything wrong."

Lilith sighed, her patience wearing thin.

'Figures. He's really playing the part of the lovesick fool. This man has no shame, toying with the heart of a maiden. He's more deplorable than I thought, and he's not letting anything slip.'

She shook her head. "Very well, then. It seems you've forgotten your crime. Let me remind you."

She pulled out a form and placed it on the table.

"Didn't I tell you to fill out paperwork for the academy equipment you took to the forest to train with? That is considered theft, Damon. You took it without permission and refused to fill out the paperwork even after I gave you grace. I'll have to punish you for that."

Damon clenched his fists, his mind racing.

This bitch... so that's what this was about. She wanted to put pressure on me, bring up Carmen Vale, and act vague to trick me into confessing to my other crimes. It was all part of her scheme.

Relief and dread washed over him simultaneously. One slip-up, and it would have been over.

'This woman is terrifying. She almost ruined me.'