

Evolution 120

Chapter 120: It's Just Business.

Hearing this, Dray immediately figured out that Levi was part of Helidor's region and was here to assist Selma's party. Though he wasn't too certain after recalling how he pressured Selma's party at the start.

"I only want my artifact back," Dray gritted his teeth. "That b*tch stole it from me."

"For a Pathfinder, you are a bit too naive," Levi said indifferently. "This is the wastelands—unless you have your name registered on the treasure, it's for everyone to claim."

Dray's expression turned dark, realizing that Levi had no intentions of letting him leave with the artifact.

"Don't take it personally."

Without an ounce of hesitation, Levi charged towards Dray while dragging the vibrating judgment staff behind him.

Dray and his party entered a defensive formation, having no clue about Levi's capabilities or true strength.

When Levi was merely five meters away from them, he tightened his grasp on the staff and smashed it against the ground with everything he had.

Rumble!!

The ground crumbled in an instant, sending out hundreds of slithering cracks in Dray's party's direction!

As Dray and his people stared at the crumbling ground, chills coursed down their spines at the thought of being devoured by Mother Earth!

But Levi's strike had sent out a powerful seismic shockwave that made their legs turn into jelly, forcing most of them to fall to their knees!

"Primal Storm Arts: Updraft!"

Dray swiftly tried to save himself and his people by swinging his boomerang at the center of their formation. The boomerang spun incredibly fast, a mere inch above the ground, causing the wind around them to pick up its pace and lift all of them into the air!

Rumble!

The seismic shockwave carried on underneath them and smashed against a half-destroyed house. It stood no chance as it crumbled under its own weight, casting out a giant dust cloud.

The wind carried it to Dray's formation, turning his Updraft ability into a dusty tornado, hiding everyone inside.

'A chance! Primal Storm Arts: Horizon Cutter!' Dray's eyes gleamed.

He called his weapon back and swiftly launched it from behind, sending it arcing out of the dusty cloud in Levi's blind spot and around the ruined town's wall.

Dray believed that Levi could not see his boomerang, and in theory, he was correct. The visibility was too difficult with the massive dust cloud. However, Levi never relied on his eyes in the first place.

His echolocation picked up the flying boomerang, like a missile caught on radar.

Yet, Levi acted clueless and continued with his assault, sending out the crown of his staff toward the nearest Daywalker...A man with a scuffed orange beard and ripped leather armor, which had gone through the woes of the battlefield.

The crown flew in the air and latched onto the left leg of the man, catching him off guard after noticing the tightened crimson chains!

"Argh! I got cau..."

Before he could alert his squadmates, Levi ordered the chains to retract, kidnapping the Daywalker right in front of his people!

Aaaaaaa!!

Before he could get too close, Levi turned his body around and swung his staff behind him, taking advantage of the chains' momentum to launch the man flying in the air!

Under Dray's, Selma's, and the contracted Nightcrawlers' stunned eyes, the kidnapped Daywalker found himself getting smashed in the stomach by a wild boomerang, which was aiming at Levi's back!

Argh...

His eyes bulged out of their sockets while his mouth coughed out a bucket of blood; his organs were done for.

The boomerang's trajectory was changed, but it still found its owner, returning to his hands. Meanwhile, the orange-bearded man fell on the roof of a house and remained there, coughing up blood while holding his stomach with a pained grimace.

"..."

"..."

"..."

Everyone was left stupefied, incapable of believing this entire sequence was an executed plan.

Unfortunately for them, neither Levi nor his Nightmount had any plans to give them time to recollect their thoughts.

Rooaaar!

Vyra dove into the ground and released a powerful gale from its wings, smashing Dray and his party back to the crumbled ground!

Some of them fell into the cracks, their legs trapped up to their thighs. As they struggled desperately to free themselves, Vyra showed no mercy.

It spun in the air and rapidly descended, akin to a spear, targeting a female Daywalker with short black hair. Before anyone could blink, the woman found herself in the air.

Vyra's claws were dug deep into her shoulders, leaving her wincing in agony and incapable of moving an inch.

Fortunately for her, Levi had already warned his Nightmount not to kill anyone. She swiftly appeared above a running river and let go of the woman.

Kyaaaaaaa!

Unmindful of her terrified screams, Vyra returned to the battle zone, her cold-blooded slits reflecting a scarlet scene of her master and Dray trading blows with their weapons.

Yet, she didn't interrupt their fight. She switched her focus to what remained of Dray's squadmates and targeted them before they could gang up on Levi.

Roaar!

Hearing her roar, Dray flinched and swiftly ordered, "Keep his Nightcrawler busy! I will deal with him!"

"Deal with me? In your weakened state? I don't think so,"

Levi said calmly while smashing his staff against the boomerang, sending out a thunderous holler with each contact!

Levi would have some misgivings about targeting Dray and his party if they were at their full strength. After all, half of them were at Pathfinder rank.

But he could tell that they had run out of solar energy and were relying mostly on their growth totems to recover some fumes. In addition, they were physically tired from the battle and the chase with Selma's party.

He had done his research thoroughly before making his move.

As Levi clashed his staff against Dray's boomerang, he could feel the exhaustion creeping inside his body. His movements were slightly sluggish, and his attacks were barely strong enough to block his staff.

While Levi noticed Dray weakening from their encounter, Dray had also realized Levi's true strength.

'Impossible... His strength is barely that of a Junior Daywalker.' His pupils thinned in incredulity, not daring to believe it.

When he first saw Levi, he assumed that he would be a Warden Daywalker or at least a Pathfinder. After all, his Nightmount alone was as powerful as a Pathfinder. This was a rare occurrence, since those kinds of Nightmounts were known to be extremely pricey.

Yet, he could feel Levi's true power from their scuffle, and it was humble at best.

'I have to end it quickly.'

With those new findings, Dray's confidence exploded. His expression turned sinister as he kicked Levi away from him, putting a decent distance between them.

Then, he swiftly pulled a totem in the shape of a wooden tube and rushed towards Levi while murmuring an incantation under his breath.

The moment Levi's auditory vision picked up on the shape of the totem, he swiftly sharpened his ears and filtered out all the noises but Dray's.

-Blind the dark, burst the light- whispered.

'Flash bomb? Wrong choice.'

Immediately after Levi figured out the totem's effect, he tightened his grasp on his staff and dashed to meet up with Dray!

Seeing this, Dray swiftly threw the assault totem under Levi's feet and covered his face for what was about to come.

Bang!

A blinding flash of light showered the area, attracting everyone's attention and forcing them to squint their eyes at it.

"It's the captain's Flash and Slice combo!" A man with untidy attire exclaimed in delight. "He is done for!"

He had seen his captain pull this combo against many Daywalkers, and it always worked since no one expected the use of a flashbang totem against humans, when it was utilized mostly against Nightcrawlers.

The others also felt a sense of relief wash over them as they knew that the moment Levi perished, his Nightmount that was giving them hell would follow along.

Alas... He chose the wrong target to use it on.

The moment the flash appeared, instead of getting blinded and taking cover as Dray anticipated, Levi lunged at his opponent with his vibrating staff raised to the heavens!

During the melee clash, Levi was building up the Thunder Chant with each contact, preparing for this very moment!

Without an ounce of hesitation, he swung it at Dray's forearms, which were covering his face from the blinding light!

Ruumble!!! Crack!!

Dray's forearms shattered akin to a porcelain vase. Yet, he didn't even hear it as his eardrums imploded from the powerful thunderclap in an instant.

Ears bleeding, arms shattered, confused and pained expression... Many thoughts coursed through Dray's mind as he felt his body getting smashed against the ground, knocking the air out of his lungs.

"Wh... Cough, what... happened..."

Still in disbelief, Dray lay on the ground without any intention of standing up, feeling like his body no longer belonged to him. Waves of hellish agony assaulted him from everywhere at the same time. Yet, his bloodshot eyes were affixed on Levi, who was standing above him with his staff resting on top of his shoulder.

His face was covered entirely with a black scarf, and his head was facing the sky. Yet, Dray could swear that he was staring at him.

Whoosh!

Dray blinked and suddenly noticed that his side bag was in Levi's hands. His expression immediately went pale.

"For your own sake... Cough, don't... take it," Dray said with great difficulty, desperation written all over his face.

"I told you, it's nothing personal, just business," Levi uttered calmly, having no interest in returning the spoils of the war.