

Evolution 122

Chapter 122: Satisfied Now?

Unbeknownst to the level of mess he had gotten himself into, Levi was seen sitting cross-legged on top of Vyra. He had a solemn look on his face as he held onto a silver wallet. It had a hurricane insignia with letters scattered around it as if they were affected by the hurricane.

Yet, the letters were still arranged to form a name: Tempestryn.

'Oh, you have gone and done it now.' Ash'Kral chuckled, 'You stole a dimensional wallet of the second strongest Lineage family of Solmara Region. Imagine if it belonged to the family's head?'

'...'

Levi expected to find some treasures in the bag, but not a dimensional wallet. After all, Pathfinders shouldn't be owning dimensional wallets in the first place.

'You can't even open it without its unique incantation.' Ash'Kral continued, 'This is the true meaning of putting oneself in trouble for naught.'

'Do you have a way to open it?' Levi asked, unbothered by his teasing.

'Not in my current form.' Ash'Kral replied, 'Deciphering a dimensional wallet's incantation requires either skill, luck, or brute force. I have mastered the ability to brute force it, but it is locked in the Touch Sense section. I doubt you will be lucky enough to unlock it on your first try.'

'In other words, I am not holding a bag of treasures, but a useless turd that will get me hunted down by a very powerful family.'

Levi understood that stealing an artifact was one thing, but stealing a dimensional wallet was another.

He was certain that Dray was given this wallet by the head of the family or someone lower than him for the sake of storing the natural treasures secured from the Distorted Ancient Site.

In other words, those treasures were very important to them, even if they were low-grade. Otherwise, there was no need to risk losing out on a dimensional wallet.

Levi went silent for a few minutes while bouncing the wallet on his palm. Then, a faint smile broke on his lips.

'I ain't leaving empty-handed.'

Without a second thought, Levi turned around and headed towards the Solmara region from a different direction to avoid Selma's party and their reinforcement.

After a few minutes of scanning around, his ears picked up on Dray and his squadmates recovering under a tree.

He made his nightmount descend until it was a hundred meters above them, and he dropped the dimensional wallet.

When Dray and the others heard the wyvern's noise, the healthy ones stood up with guarded looks. But before they could scan the skies, a silver wallet landed right next to Dray's feet.

"..."

"..."

"..."

Everyone looked down speechlessly at the silver dimensional wallet, not daring to believe their eyes. A moment later, Dray scolded, "Collect the damn wallet already!"

If his arms weren't f*cked up, he would have snatched it in an instant.

The orange-bearded man reached out and picked up the wallet, cleaning it of dirt and such. Then, he brought it close to Dray for inspection.

"It's the one..."

A wave of conflicting emotions assaulted Dray at the realization that Levi had returned the wallet after he had already steeled his heart for hellish punishment. He didn't know if he should still hate him or not.

While the artifact was also priceless, he could afford to lose it compared to the treasures inside the wallet... Now that it was back, his heart was somewhat at peace.

'At least, he is smart enough to know what to do and not against a Lineage family.'

Still, he couldn't help but scoff with a gaze directed at the skies.

"Cover me, I have to check if everything is still inside."

Just to be safe, Dray had to open the wallet and check the treasures. Although he was 99% certain that Levi shouldn't know the unique incantation, he couldn't risk returning the wallet to his father without checking it first.

He waited for a while until he believed that the coast was clear. Then, he leaned against a tree and placed the wallet above his chest. Then, he whispered the incantation under his breath, so faint, not even his allies heard it.

Click!

As the wallet opened up, Dray closed his eyes and used his spiritual vision to survey the interior dimension. It resembled a small cubic space in a silent void with boxes placed neatly next to each other to save space.

Before he could start counting the boxes, he found himself feeling sleepy. His spiritual vision fell apart, and he got kicked out of the dimensional pocket. Yet, he couldn't open his eyes. His eyelids felt as heavy as a mountain.

'What's... happening... to.. me.. Did.. I lose... too... much blood?'

Confused, he kept mumbling in his mind, feeling like his world was shutting down. Yet, his ears managed to pick up on slow, steady footsteps approaching him closely.

Dray's heartbeat increased in fear, making him give it his all to open his eyes. With great difficulty, his eyelids lifted slightly, allowing him to stare with a murky vision at a hand reaching out to his chest, and picking up his wallet.

When the hand retracted, the only thing he saw was pitch-black darkness...

He lost consciousness at last, following his party members, who were already lying around him.

'Silent Slumber Skill totem... It's sure worth its price.'

Levi leaned against a tree near them and held the wallet away from his nose, which was already covered by the scarf.

Although the sleep-inducing poison he rubbed on the wallet was mostly scattered by the wind, he had to be careful lest he end up sleeping next to them.

'Let's see what we have here.' Levi murmured an incantation under his breath, "Winds that wander, swift and thin, unlace the hold, let riches begin..."

The moment the incantation was uttered, the silver wallet opened up, uncaring about who was behind the incantation... As long as it was correct, anyone and everyone could have access.

That's why Levi threw the wallet and faked leaving... He might have gone away, but his ear was left behind, awaiting Dray to utter the incantation.

He knew that Dray had to check on the treasures right away. So, he didn't hesitate to coat the wallet with a sleep-inducing poison from one of the totems he purchased in the training center's store.

As for the Tempestyre family and the trouble he might find himself in if he stole the wallet's contents? Levi had it all planned out.

'Ash'Kral, tell me which treasures we might need for our evolutions.' Levi requested while using his spiritual vision to scan the wallet's contents.

'Whisperleaf, quite useless... Moonroot Crystal, not bad, we might need it... Spiritglass Bloom, oh? This will sell for quite a lot... Heartstone of the Vale, yes... Breath of the Hollow, definitely... Windtill Grove, depends... Ashen Lotus, you can leave it.'

Ash'Kral started naming each natural treasure and whether it was useful to Levi's evolutionary paths or not... When he was done, Levi pulled all the named natural treasures and left the others inside.

He also made sure to leave most of the spiritual natural treasures or ones related to the wind element, understanding that the wallet owner would want those the most.

He only took what he could get away with. Then, he threw the dimensional wallet back on Dray's chest and took off.

He didn't bother looking once behind him, heading back home. He understood his strengths and limitations.

At the moment, Levi had no intentions of starting a war with the Tempestry family over some low-grade natural treasures.

But he also wasn't benevolent to leave free natural treasures behind and take no piece. Thus, he came up with this strategy that ensured he got something while also removing himself from the crosshairs of the Tempestry family.

If he took the dimensional wallet, the head or some powerful Daywalker would come for his head. But now? Dray would be forced to cover up for the missing natural treasures if they were to be noticed.

Levi was sure he would lie to his family and tell them that he hadn't found them if they were to ask for them.

If he didn't do so, he would be punished heavily if they were to find out that he lost the artifact, had his ass beaten, and even gave out the incantation for the wallet to a stranger.

The ass-whopping he would get was enough deterrence to use any means to cover up for this screw up.

In this manner, Dray would be the only one who would hate Levi's guts... Levi couldn't care less about having him as an enemy.

By the time he found out his identity, Levi would be strong enough to clean the floor with him.

"Satisfied now?" Ash'Kral chuckled.

"I would be if I got the dimensional wallet too, I kinda need it badly. But, I ain't complaining... Another opportunity will present itself sooner or later." Levi smiled faintly, quite pleased with this outing.

He had gone out for a quick training session in the mountains and ended up with an artifact and some rare natural treasures. While they didn't come out free of cost, he wasn't too hung up on the aftermath.

This was the path of a Daywalker; it couldn't be prim and proper... Unless they got their hands dirty to win over opportunities, they would never climb the ladder.

Sometime later...

As Levi stood in line to register the Sensebound Pearl under his name at the Solar Aegis Sanctuary, Selma's party remained in tense silence inside a large office.

Mantis stood behind them, arms crossed, his expression unreadable.

The office was on the third-highest floor of the Sunstrike Agency's headquarters. Unlike the Blood Hunters Agency, which radiated a violent and bloodthirsty aura, the Sunstrike building looked more like a corporate skyscraper.

It was one of the high-rises embraced by the Willow Grove, not far from the Solar Aegis Sanctuary.

If not for the Sunstrike Agency name displayed above the front gate, no one would have guessed it was an agency at all.

The office was enclosed by glass walls, offering a sweeping view of the city below. The floor was polished dark wood, and the furnishings were sleek and minimal. A black desk faced the windows, with shelves behind it and a single green plant nearby.

Sir Alaric Tennyson sat in a fully leather black chair, facing the window. He tapped his finger slowly on the armrest as he watched a holographic recording of Selma's mission.

Rumble! Boom!...

Faint echoes of the footage filled the room, making Selma flinch each time.

Eventually, Sir Alaric closed the holograms and turned to face them.

He had a lean frame, more like a scholar than a fighter. His short, neatly kept blonde hair, blazed with deeper gold, stayed perfectly in place, reinforcing the image of a calm thinker.

His hazel eyes were sharp yet warm... They gleamed with a sincere glow that made others instinctively trust him. A fair complexion and a light trail of freckles across his nose gave him a slightly youthful air.

He wore a black suit trimmed with golden stripes and a vintage, silver watch on his left wrist, reminiscent of an old-school Rolex.

"You've been through quite a lot..." Sir Alaric said, his voice as soft as a hummingbird's flutter.

"..."

"..."

No one dared to respond; their heads lowered even further in shame. They hadn't spent much time around Sir Alaric, but the rumors were enough...his gentle demeanor was said to be a mask for a merciless dictator... In fact, he was feared even more than their leader, Lord Darius.

"I didn't expect the Tempestry family to uncover information about the same Distorted Ancient Site," Sir Alaric sighed. "That's on me. I should've sent more members."