

Evolution 133

Chapter 133: How Bad Do You Hate Him?

White-gold light surged through the Ilthorien runes as he poured his will into the hilt...then, in one devastating motion, he released the full force of his attack.

A dome of golden aura erupted from the sword's planted tip, surging through the nest's tunnels like a living inferno!

Every ant soldier caught within its radius was consumed in the roaring blaze, purging the nest's heart to perfection.

But the golden wave didn't stop there...it continued its path, racing down every tunnel until...

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Pillars of golden light burst forth kilometers around Arthur and the others, leaving them staring in stunned silence.

When the echoes faded, Instructor Seraphis was still kneeling at the center of a smoking crater, his sword rooted in the ground, its glow fading to ember...

All around him, the nest was silent and coated in ash.

He had descended from the abyss, and his pride had reduced all beneath it to ruin, leaving only a sea of crystallized seeds behind.

A single attack silenced everyone...even the chaotic chatter within the network.

This was the authority of a Solarbound Daywalker...a governor-ranked entity.

Many had heard of Instructor Seraphis, but few had ever witnessed him fight. As the golden dome replayed in their minds, they struggled to comprehend how his attack had emitted light radiation.

"What the... Isn't it impossible for nightcrawlers to produce light radiation?" Arthur asked, stunned.

"It is," Nurah replied calmly. "But there are always exceptions. Our instructor is one of the few Daywalkers with a Unique Specialization...His nightcrawler is tied to the sin of Pride, a unique concept."

"The golden aura might look like light," Levi added, awed, "but it's not sunlight... Instructor Seraphis didn't burn them with light; he erased them with pure, prideful aura. The glow is just a byproduct."

Levi had researched his instructor right after the Assembly. Though little information surfaced, he'd found enough to inquire with Ash'Kral...who confirmed it.

Unique Specialization nightcrawlers were rare. System breakers. Creatures whose abilities either defied or rewrote the known laws.

Just like Levi himself.

Only, his uniqueness ran deeper still.

"Glorious as always..." Lord Idriss smiled. "Once a king, always a king."

After Instructor Seraphis's overwhelming display, the underground was cleared of ants...only their crystallized seeds remained.

Levi's squad was still credited with a successful mission; the Queen's death had always been the primary objective. The instructor's interference didn't invalidate the bet; it merely saved them time clearing the crawlers.

With the nest secure, the squad got to work collecting hundreds of crystallized seeds scattered across the tunnels.

Thankfully, Levi's echolocation made short work of the task. He could detect the seeds by the unique frequency of sound bouncing off their surfaces.

The live stream had long since ended to ensure their gains remain private.

When they finished, they were recalled to the Training Center, while Instructor Seraphis remained behind to close the nest permanently.

The process was far from simple. He had to ensure the minimum number of Stygian Gates were left open.

Back at the center, Levi's squad was met with roaring applause and cheers from Daywalkers and staff alike.

After all, that mission had haunted the board for too long. Well... almost everyone was celebrating.

In the far corners of the lounge, Demetris and Mantis sat separately, brooding in silence.

As for their so-called friends? They bounced the moment the Queen was slain... no one wanted to stick around for the aftermath.

Smart move.

The Bane brothers had trashed their dorm room in a fit of rage, leaving no furniture intact.

The reason? They'd each wagered over a thousand coins against Levi's squad.

"Damn it... God damn it... How is he so freakishly strong?!" Mantis gritted his teeth. "He is blind, for f*ck's sake."

He was still finding it hard to believe that someone with no eyes could reach this level of strength... The worst part? He was starting to fear for his life at the thought of Levi becoming a Pathfinder.

He knew that if Levi reached such a rank, he could forget about ever putting him in his place. In fact, he started wondering if he could even take him on now...especially if he were to use that peculiar, silent, deadly ability.

'Sir Alaric has tasked me to retrieve the Sensebound Pearl at all costs.' Mantis bit his nails anxiously. 'This is my one shot to impress him and get promoted to join one of the Raiding Teams. If I fail before he's done with the major expedition's preparations, I'll become invisible to him.'

'Something has to be done... and fast.'

As Mantis thought long and hard for a solution, he noticed his little brother's vicious look while watching Levi and the others enjoy a warm welcome at the center.

Many students were streaming it on their accounts.

Thinking of the upcoming Blood Hunters Agency's expedition, Mantis's expression turned sinister.

"Little brother... How bad do you hate that blind Mongrel?"

Hearing this, Demetris's bloodshot eyes turned to his brother. A mere look was enough to express his utter loathing for Levi.

"Good, good... good." Mantis' eyes narrowed sinisterly, his mind brewing with wicked thoughts.

As for their contracted nightcrawlers? They merely grinned in the shadows, wanting nothing more than to see their partners descend into hell... Only then would it be possible to control them...even if they had signed a Daywalker contract.

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A few hours later...

The network was still buzzing with Levi's squad's record-time clearance, drawing the attention of many big and small agencies.

While Nurah was a lost cause due to her background, they still had a shot to recruit the rest since sponsored trainees could always jump ship.

Unfortunately, Levi, Arthur, and Jojo had ignored all of their emails and messages requesting meetings. Some agencies even included the price they were willing to pay in the email.

Although the numbers were big enough to make anyone drool, none of them had taken the bait.

Levi and Arthur were already semi-loyal to the Blood Hunters after everything they went through with them, but it was different for Jojo.

She was sponsored by no one and still didn't seem interested in joining any agency... It would take more than money to entice her, as her background was on the upper end, too.

Despite the buzz surrounding their clips online, Levi paid no attention to it and stayed focused on his personal development.

Starting with collecting all the wagered coins against them, uncaring about the saddened looks of his peers... As for Abel? He wired his payment before Levi returned to the center, leaving a single message:

-My apologies. I wasn't familiar with your game.-

The total came to close to twenty thousand coins, as more than fifty Daywalkers took part in the bet, each with a different sum. Levi split it equally amongst his squad.

He also divided the crystallized seeds they had gathered, which were exchanged for coins at the Training Center. Naturally, the 30% Savior's tax was deducted, but even then, over five thousand coins remained...and those were split among them as well.

Last but not least, the clearance reward: five thousand coins each!

In total, each member obtained close to ten thousand coins from a single Twilight Burrow expedition, which shouldn't have been possible.

This kind of payment was reserved for Midnight Dominion (Tier 3) or higher. It wouldn't have been possible without the insane wager.

"I think I have enough to kickstart my first evolution."

Levi murmured while sitting inside his spiritual Leywell, gazing at his three orbiting seeds...more specifically, at the crimson seed.

Levi had already discussed with Ash'Kral and prepared to evolve before the major expedition...He only needed some resources to make it happen.

And now, he had the money to buy them.