

Evolution 145

Chapter 145: Relish it While It Lasts.

After the contracts were signed, Madam Naima's stern telepathic voice resounded in everyone's minds.

'The expedition's target is the Lord of the Broken Peak... Grave'maw.'

Sharp cold gasps broke the silence as many Daywalkers' expressions turned grim. The name was more than familiar; it was close to a household name... but in a terrible way.

Almost everyone knew his name, even Arthur... That's because he was taught in history classes, making every Daywalker graduate with the name Grave'maw etched in their mind.

'As you all know, the Lord of the Broken Peak was one of the first Tier 5 nightcrawlers daring to invade our region three decades ago,' Madam Naima shared. 'While he was defeated and forced to escape under the hands of the previous Region's High Chancellor Drest Morningstar, we still have a thirty-year-old debt to pay.'

'A debt to the thousands of perished civilians. A debt to our region's name. A debt to the fallen Daywalkers, sacrificing their lives for the sake of the region's survival... And, a debt to us... The Blood Hunters.'

'We, the Blood Hunters, chose to settle this debt today without any relation to the CSR Platform. So, he will have no chance of survival.'

'Are you in or are you out?' Madam Naima asked calmly.

Madam Naima was addressing this question to the outsiders. Although they signed an NDA contract and accepted the mission, she was still offering them the option not to join.

Without giving them information about their target, it was only natural to give them a chance to reconsider their desire to join... The NDA contract would remain active either way. Yet surprisingly, no one decided to b*tch out.

Some chose to remain for glory.

Some chose to avenge their ancestors.

But most chose riches.

They knew Grave'maw had been around for a long time, which must have bolstered his treasury immensely.

If they succeeded in the expedition, they would be offered a percentage of the treasury's value depending on their achievements.

As they expected, Madam Naima soon shared a new Nocturnal contract. This time, it was discussing all the notes related to the expedition... Their duties, the rewards, the desertion penalty, and such.

Each group had a contract with details related to their specific tasks.

In the case of Levi and his class members, they were tasked to protect the entrance of the Abyssal Lost Nest... Mountain Tharnok.

They were part of a large group consisting of thirty Daywalkers... Their captain? Instructor Seraphis!

'No wonder Seraphis didn't mind bringing us,' Levi smiled, 'Our duty has minimum risk since most nightcrawlers will be inside the nest... Plus, he is extremely strong and can protect us from any variable.'

"This will be a good experience," Omar commented, signing the contract next to his peers.

"I was planning to seek some action, but now, I am good with this." Selene shared, signing it too.

"Yeah, invading an Abyssal Lost Nest is no joke. Grave'maw is Tier 5 and has many Tier 4 and Tier 3 elites under his lead." Melissa nodded.

After everyone signed the contract, the briefing started, including the entire assault plan, retreat routes, signals, formations, and such.

Since most of the Blood Hunters would be the ones invading the nest, they weren't strangers to working with each other.

After the briefing concluded, Madam Naima gave a slight head nod in everyone's direction and gave the stage back to her husband.

"We depart in ten minutes... Prepare your mounts and get in your positions." Lord Idriss announced indifferently.

Hearing this, everyone exited the outpost and started summoning their mounts a bit away from each other to avoid agitating them.

Roaar... Kree!! Grrr...

Still, with this many Daywalkers involved, there was bound to be some friction. Low-tiered Nightcrawlers were just like animals. They get along with some species and abhor others.

"Silence."

Abruptly, Lord Idriss' cold voice thundered in the wastelands, followed by the release of an overbearing, bloodthirsty spiritual aura... The moment it washed over the Nightmounts, all of them whimpered quietly, not daring to even lift their heads.

"That's my inspiration... Right there."

Arthur said with a tint of awe while sitting on top of a fuzzy, boar-like nightcrawler. It was dark brown and had two sharp black tusks pointing straight.

It was double the size of a normal adult boar. Yet, Arthur still made it look small, his feet touching the ground flat.

While their appearance looked comical, resembling the boar rider in the Clash of Clans game, this nightmount was one of the few available Tier 1 capable of carrying Arthur's weight and sprinting at top speed.

"A pig above a boar, I have seen it all."

Jojo came swaggering around Arthur after the nightmounts settled down, sitting on top of a tall milky white Ostrich. Many nearby Daywalkers gave her an envious look, knowing that her nightmount was a very expensive Tier 2 nightcrawler capable of flight and running fast.

Both of them stared at Arthur and his boar from above, appearing like royalty, sparing a glance at the peasants.

"At least my Bruski doesn't have chopstick legs."

Arthur mocked, his eyes affixed on the Ostrich's thin, long legs... The boar oinked in support while extending its thigh, seemingly flexing its muscular, thick legs.

Rooooar!!

Just as Jojo was about to roast him back, a sudden ferocious roar reverberated near her, forcing her to turn back and look at the source.

The majority of the Daywalkers did the same, their stunned eyes affixed on the sight of a white wyvern with scarlet spikes roaring into the heavens.

Her eyes were fully red as she kept looking all over the place, at the hundreds of Daywalkers and nightmounts.

She was overstimulated, and her go-to defensive approach was to turn her aggression meter to its peak.

"Easy girl... I am here, I am here..." Levi swiftly used the same calming green light totem, realizing it might not have been smart to summon her so soon.

When he saw Lord Idriss' overbearing aura, he felt that it might be safe to summon his feisty girl... Alas, he didn't expect her to rebel against it, uncaring that it belonged to a Solarbound Daywalker.

Luckily, Vyra calmed down under the green light and Levi's gentle touch. Her eyes turned back to normal as she started rubbing her head on Levi's face, even licking him against his mild protests.

Seeing this sight, Instructor Seraphis was left a bit speechless.

'Is this the aerowyvern with the Finite Storm Dragon aggressive genes? Was Youssef mistaken in his judgment?'

He still recalled how Official Youssef told them that the Aerowyvern would be immensely difficult to tame due to her ancestral aggression genes.

Yet, here he was... Watching Levi and the Wyvern fooling around like he was playing with the sweetest puppy in the world.

When he saw Levi's gentle smile as he dealt with her, Instructor Seraphis couldn't help but murmur, "How can he still treat nightcrawlers this gently after what he went through..."

In his eyes, Levi should be harboring a deep sense of hatred for all nightcrawlers alike. Yet, he could feel that Levi's emotions were genuine towards his nightmount.

He didn't see her as a member of the race that killed his parents and tortured him; he saw her as his family.

'Some can differentiate between individuals and race, and some can't.' K'shoba commented, 'He is a good boy... I hope our vile universe doesn't change him.'

'I hope so too... For all of them.' Instructor Seraphis smiled painfully, his eyes tracing between Arthur, Jojo, Nurah, and the rest of his students.

Alas... He had no clue that one of his students was already corrupted.

Demetris's jealous, cold eyes were affixed on Levi as he watched him enjoy all the attention from many veteran Daywalkers.

Even some members of the Blood Hunters' main squad asked him for some tips on how he turned such a killing machine into an adorable puppy.

They also had Tier 2 nightmounts with difficult personalities, and some of them were still struggling to earn their trust after years of cooperation.

Levi, ever so helpful, didn't mind sharing his mother's teachings with them, smiling widely as he shared her legacy.

Although some of them wanted to pay him after receiving such crucial tips, Levi rejected it and told them that he had no plans to sell his mother's knowledge.

Hearing this, many veterans had their impression of Levi improve immensely... Especially when they already knew that he was a friend of Shia and was an upcoming recruit to their agency.

Just like that, Levi had earned a decent place within the Blood Hunters Agency before he joined it... First impressions were extremely important, and many people ignored this fact until the damage was already done.

'Relish the attention while it lasts...'

The warmth drained from Demetris's gaze as he tightened his hand on his side bag... What was in it? Only four people knew.

At the moment, two of them were leading an expedition while the last one was embarking on his own mission.