

## Evolution 198

Chapter 198: A Name That Speak of His Beliefs.

"So... what are you going to call this beauty?" The Titan wondered.

"I don't know, to be honest... I have to get a thorough feel for it first."

Levi replied while he transformed the violin into a staff and then into a sniper rifle... he noticed that the transformation wasn't as instantaneous as he expected.

However, it was still within the half-second window, which made the beauty of the transformation actually get picked up by the naked eye... To see a staff or a sniper transform into a violin wasn't an everyday sight.

Then, he rested the giant violin on his shoulder, trying his best to find the most comfortable position to hold it. Its weight was alright, but his hand position was not that of a violin musician at all.

He found himself needing to extend his arms quite far to cover the strings on the fingerboard... although it wasn't that uncomfortable, Levi really wanted it to be similar to a violin musician all across the board.

Soon, Levi put the violin on the still lake and had it rest between his legs... Perfect fit... a cello disguised as a violin.

"hehe..."

Levi's eyelids twitched as he could hear Ash'Kral's snickers in the background, mocking him for trying so hard to run away from his fate... A Cello Musician.

Yet, Levi still refused to accept it.

'Once I train my spiritual will... I can use it in case my fingers can't reach the desired string.' Levi murmured inwardly.

It wasn't like he was being stubborn for the sake of being one... he genuinely felt more connected to a violin as the main instrument, not the Cello.

If only it weren't impossible to make a sixty-centimeter violin from his staff without having a full two-second transformation duration, he would have done it in a heartbeat.

But, he was going to make it work... he always does.

"A name... a name for a violin."

As Levi kept softly moving the chained bow on the strings, making horrid music for the deaf, he kept thinking of a fitting name.

But, no matter how hard he thought about it, his mind failed to come up with something worthy of its violent elegance... His vocabulary related to music, instruments, and their lore was too limited. Even when he tried thinking of something his mother said about them, he failed to remember, as he didn't pay much attention to music at that age.

He was more into the Ilthorien language.

However, he quickly recalled that he had a resident in his Spiritual Leywell, who was fond of all types of arts... a true artisan lover.

"Elder, do you have a suggestion?" He requested his input.

"Hmmm... my memory is still hazy, but I can give it a try."

The Titan gazed at the violin and Levi for a couple of moments... then, he asked him what kind of foresight he had for such a weapon? Like, how did he imagine he would wield it in combat?

"To lift my allies to eminence... and to etch dread and despair deep into my enemies," Levi murmured, each word deliberate, each syllable a promise.

Levi knew that such a weapon could be used for more than destruction, and he wanted it to be like this... he already had two weapons designed with a single purpose of slaughtering his enemies in multiple ways.

For the violin... he wanted it to be more than just a weapon.

"I see..." The Titan thought about it for a few moments, and then he suggested, "How about naming it after one of my favorite violin pieces? It's called... The Requiem of Hope and Despair."

"The Requiem of Hope and Despair..." Levi repeated the name under his breath, each repetition resounding better and better.

As he gazed at the violin in his arms, Levi's serene smile surfaced... he sensed it deep within; this was it.

"Appreciated... you nailed it, Elder."

Although he didn't name it personally, it didn't matter to him... as long as the name encapsulated his belief of what he wanted to achieve with it, he was more than content.

Just like Judgement's Chainstaff... which encapsulated the belief of chaining those who harmed him and his family while delivering judgment with the staff.

And the Starpiecer Rifle, where he imagined himself getting powerful enough to fire bullets capable of piercing through actual stars.

No further ado... Levi nodded at the Ancestral Void Tree.

The tree accepted his decision and engraved the name on the surface of the bottom bout in burning golden Ilthorien runes.

The Requiem of Hope and Despair.

It was like the name was the final piece of the puzzle... once it was etched, Levi felt a huge sense of relief wash over him.

"Three unique weapons... three fighting styles... less than half a second transformation time at worst." Levi smiled peacefully as he gazed at Ash'Kral's eye, "What do you think?"

"You want my full honesty?" Ash'Kral asked.

"For once."

"I expected you to shit the bed in your weapon choices... but, I have to say... You did... cough, well."

By the time that compliment emerged from Ash'Kral's mouth, foam was about to form on his lips... it was like he was going against everything he believed in to say those two words.

"Good enough for me." Levi chuckled, sparing Ash'Kral from such torture.

"To compliment you... You sure have done a number on him." The Titan chuckled too.

"Trying my best... his reformation ain't going easy."

"Reformation? Spare me," Ash'Kral scoffed. "The stars will burn out before I change."

"We will see about that."

Levi only smiled, letting his partner stew... then drew the bow across strings, whether of a violin, a cello, or some unholy thing that pretended to be music.

This time... he irritated all three of them, making him stop with a slight, embarrassed smile.

"I guess I need to take some lessons..."

The moment Levi left the Ancestral Rooted Plane, he typed on his region's network search engine... Violin lessons for dummies, wanting to start from level zero.

Levi might exhibit some intellectual qualities, but he never considered himself smart... but always a student desiring to learn more.

Even when he tried to learn something, he never skipped the basics, regardless of how embarrassing it might seem to others.

He took his mother as his idol when it came to intelligence, and she always told him in her study room:

"Never fear looking foolish, my son... Only the proud refuse to learn what the humble master."

And Levi wanted to master everything he put his mind to.

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The Next Morning...

Levi woke up to a straight cup of coffee as he had spent most of his night reading about violin basics... alas, in the end, he failed to apply them as instructed because of his fat-ass instrument...

Instead of wasting any more of his time, he sought out the dimensional network, knowing that he needed to learn violin lessons from Giants or other races.

To no one's surprise... in this packed universe, he actually found a race known to excel at any instrument their long arms and slender fingers touched... A giant violin was one of them.

They used it exactly as he envisioned himself he would look.

Although Levi didn't share the same bodily properties... he decided to stick to the lessons until his spiritual journey launched.

Unfortunately, he had to end the lessons early and get some sleep since he had the first official team gathering today.

Right now, Levi and Arthur were seen taking the dirtbike and heading towards the LightBearer Alliance Headquarters.

Unlike most agency headquarters, the LightBearer Alliance chose to build its headquarters up north, away from the heart of the capital.

This choice wasn't arbitrary... After arriving near the gate, both Levi and Arthur were left a bit astonished by the grandiose design of the building.

A massive lighthouse-shaped structure of white stone stole their gaze... Its peak was crowned with a glass dome that reflected the rays of sunlight into a wide stretch of garden-like land: trimmed hedges, colorful flowerbeds, and smaller buildings arranged in neat arcs around the central spire.



The Tower had circular windows on each floor, and two glass elevators affixed on the outside, allowing its residents to enjoy the view of the capital.

"Wow... they are rich, rich." Arthur whistled as he parked his dirty bike in the parking lot, which was big enough to accommodate a small town.

"I will be concerned if they weren't... they are the strongest agency in the Northern District, and our region's representatives on the global stage," Levi responded.