

## Evolution 51

Chapter 51: Lord Idriss Morningstar.

"I'm asking why you're in Tamara."

"Your mother told me you're trying to recruit someone," Lord Idriss said. "I'm here to check on him."

Shia flinched, glancing at Arthur and Levi, realizing her scheme might no longer be under wraps. She knew her father cared deeply about his agency; no one was ever recruited without his approval.

That ensured only Daywalkers with great potential and dedication were brought in, keeping the agency's name untarnished.

She thought he'd check on them during the Assembly, as he should've been busy preparing for the upcoming major expedition.

"I brought him here to train," Shia said, pushing Arthur forward. "Although he has SS potential, he's severely lacking in combat. He's never received any formal weapon training."

"I see," Lord Idriss replied calmly. "Come here, boy."

Arthur had already been informed of the plan to secure a recommendation letter for his brother, and he had no intention of ruining it.

He glanced once at Levi, then swiftly approached Lord Idriss. Standing next to him, Arthur's towering figure was dwarfed for the first time in his life.

"Woah, you're way bigger than on TV... What kind of gym workouts do you do?" Arthur asked absentmindedly, eyes filled with admiration.

"..."

"..."

"..."

Levi and the others twitched at the disrespectful tone. But Lord Idriss didn't take offense. In fact, he smiled in amusement. He could tell Arthur was a gym rat, just like he had been in his youth.

"Gym weights no longer work for me."

"Ah, I'm almost maxing out the gym too," Arthur said, eyes sparkling. "What kind of weights do you use now? I want in."

When it came to weightlifting, Arthur couldn't care less about the status or reputation of the person in front of him. He treated them like a fellow lifter.

Lord Idriss didn't mind Arthur's casualness. He was a strong believer in gym culture himself. Inside the gym, status meant nothing; only the crushing weight and the shared goal to grow as swole as possible.

Though he had left those days behind, the sentiment remained.

"For your age, you're quite big," Lord Idriss admitted. "But I doubt you can handle them."

"Bold assumption. I've never backed down from any weight in front of me."

Arthur flexed his right bicep until the veins bulged, silently daring Lord Idriss to underestimate him.

Lord Idriss smiled and threw his greatsword at Arthur's feet. Arthur looked down at it, and a sense of dread crept up his spine.

It was understandable.

The blade had sharp, shark-like teeth, and its body was crafted from thick black hide. Its handle was clearly molded to fit Lord Idriss' massive hands.

It was the epitome of a barbaric greatsword, made for slaying monsters.

"If you manage to lift it off the ground, I'll take you in as a trainee and supervise your growth personally for the Assembly," Lord Idriss offered.

"Really?!" Arthur exclaimed, ecstatic.

Without hesitation, he grabbed the greatsword's handle with his right hand. A cold sensation coursed through his arm.

Suddenly, a shark-like white eye popped open from the side of the handle, staring directly at him.

Then the blade curled into a cold grin and taunted, "Don't drop me, kid."

Arthur flinched, but steeled himself. He knew opportunities like this didn't come often.

Joining the Blood Hunters Agency was one thing. But becoming Lord Idriss' student, even if only for two months, was another.

He could already envision the prospects waiting under his guidance.

Alas, his dreams began to crumble as he failed to lift the greatsword again and again.

He gave it everything he had, until his eyes turned bloodshot. But the greatsword didn't budge. It felt like trying to lift a truck.

"Arthur, give it up. He's messing with you. Fin'Sho weighs more than a ton. Only freaks with my father's strength can lift him," Shia said, approaching with the others.

"Calling your dad a freak? How harsh," Lord Idriss chuckled lightly.

Unlike Madam Naima, Lord Idriss might've seemed cold and stern, but he was actually a chill guy—if you ignored his obsession with eradicating every living nightcrawler on the planet.

'A ton? And he swings it like it's nothing?'

Levi was still processing the remark, eyes fixed on Lord Idriss' sealed scarlet spiritual aura. It was tightly contained within his mountainous frame.

He couldn't fathom the level of strength needed to achieve such physical absurdity.

But at the same time, it made perfect sense. Lord Idriss was one of the few infamous High Ranker Daywalkers of the Enhancement Specialization.

It was far easier to gain recognition as an Elemental or Psyche Specialist than through Enhancement.

Sensing Levi's gaze, Lord Idriss shifted his attention from Arthur.

Since his contracted nightcrawler was summoned as a weapon, Lord Idriss hadn't seen Levi in the Bridge of Darkness, and was unaware of his condition.

Still, he picked up on Levi's blindness from his behavior, which piqued his interest.

Noticing her father's interest, Shia quickly stepped in to keep control of the conversation.

"This is Levi Larson, the big brother of that musclehead," She said, without hiding her praise. "Believe me, without his amazing spiritual vision, we'd have been buried in the Harrowing Forest."

"Is that so?" Lord Idriss sized Levi up.

"It's an honor to meet you, Sir," Levi said, bowing slightly with respect.

He had been told by Ash’Kral that his spiritual aura would remain hidden unless it became too strong or he wanted it revealed.

Still, the thought of Lord Idriss figuring it out filled him with unease.

Thankfully, it didn’t seem like Lord Idriss noticed anything. He withdrew his gaze and nodded with a faint smile.

"To possess such empowered spiritual vision at your age and without a contract, you have a bright future ahead of you."

"Are you also participating in the upcoming Assembly?"

His compliment and question shocked everyone.

Even Arthur froze mid-deadlift, glancing sideways.

"Father, what are you talking about? How can someone blind become a Daywalker?" Shia laughed awkwardly, trying to salvage the moment.

If Levi showed interest in the Assembly now, it would expose her entire scheme.

If he lied and appeared later with their recommendation letter, things could end poorly.

She'd rather be the one to take the hit for it.

"Is that what you all think?" Lord Idriss asked, scanning the room.

Before Sergio or Jamal could respond, Arthur spoke with unfiltered conviction.

"Not me. My big bro's going to be the greatest Daywalker alive. Eyes?" He scoffed. "They tried to weaken him, but it's not enough. Nothing will be."

Arthur glanced at his brother, then down at the greatsword. He lowered into a squat, perfectly positioned.

"As his brother, I'll be right there by his side!"

"RISE!!!"

Before anyone could stop him, Arthur gripped the handle with both hands and roared, channeling every fiber of strength into the lift!



To everyone's shock, blood trickled from his nose, and his biceps bulged to the brink of tearing!

Just as they were about to stop him from hurting himself...

The greatsword moved.

"..."

"..."

"..."

Only the hilt rose, barely two centimeters off the ground.

Yet it stunned not just Shia, Sergio, or Jamal, but even Lord Idriss and his nightcrawler, Fin'Sho.

Only Levi wasn't surprised. He simply smiled proudly, watching his little brother with admiration.

THUD!

Arthur dropped the sword and stood still, back hunched, head lowered. Blood streamed from his nose. His eyes were as red as they could get.

Slowly, he looked up, locking eyes with Lord Idriss.

In a raspy voice, he asked, "Does this count... or should I try again?"

"Again?" Lord Idriss's smile widened, then he broke into amused laughter.

"A promise is a promise," he said, shaking his head. "It's passable, at most."

Sergio and Jamal's hearts skipped a beat. Arthur was going to be personally trained by Lord Idriss after a single meeting.

They'd been in the agency for two years and didn't even get their names remembered.

Are you f\*cking kidding me?!

That was the only thought racing through their minds.

"Shia, send him to HQ tomorrow morning," Lord Idriss said, walking toward the door.

As he passed Arthur, he made a small gesture and his greatsword flew back into his hand.

He slammed it against his back, locking it into place without any harness.

Just before leaving, he glanced back one final time and added casually, "Cute hair tips. Don't forget to give me a full report of your breakthrough."

"Fine," Shia huffed, watching the door close behind him.