

Evolution 53

Chapter 53: Deciding on His Weapon.

"A shield? You can't be serious?" Sergio's eyelids twitched.

Jamal and Shia exchanged skeptical glances. It wasn't that shields were useless, but they weren't exactly seen as prime picks either. After all, they were called weapons for a reason... and a shield didn't quite qualify.

"Yep, this is what I want," Arthur said with an easy smile as he dusted off the old shield. "I've always dreamed of wielding a massive shield, protecting my family and friends behind it."

Silence followed.

Then someone blurted out what they were all thinking:

"Arthur, are you really going to base your future on a childhood dream?"

Everyone had once wanted to be a hero, to save the day, protect the innocent, and change the world. But most outgrew that fantasy, reshaping it into something more practical.

Arthur, however, hadn't changed at all.

"It's best to give it up," Levi murmured with a smile.

"My brother chose his path a long time ago. Whether it's the best or not doesn't matter. It's his, and we should support him."

He'd grown up watching Arthur pretend to be a superhero; cardboard shield in hand, a painted mask over his eyes. Levi had always known this day would come. Even Lord Idriss wouldn't be able to sway him.

"So be it," Shia sighed. "A shield it is." Then she turned to Levi. "What about you? Have you chosen your weapon?"

"Not yet." Levi's tone was calm. "I'd like to test a few if that's alright."

"Now that's what I like to hear."

Shia led Levi back to the arsenal wall and began describing each weapon she thought he could use most effectively.

"To be honest," she said thoughtfully, tapping her chin, "your condition makes things... complicated. Most Daywalkers with Psyche Specialization prefer ranged or abstract weapons that harness mental energy. But you can't really train with either right now."

Levi nodded, fully aware of what she meant.

His blindness made ranged weapons impractical. And the abstract weapons, crafted within the Rooted Plane and shaped by the psyche, weren't physical at all. Some looked like orbs, others instruments, even jewelry. Nothing he could train with in the physical world.

"Can I try a sword, staff, nunchucks, spear, glaive, and axe?" he asked. "I want to figure it out for myself."

"Alright."

Shia and the others gathered the requested weapons and laid them before him. All were dulled and sheathed, perfectly safe for practice.

"Thank you," Levi said, smiling. "You can go help my brother now. This will take me a while."

With that, they left him and returned to Arthur, gleefully teasing his shield choice as they resumed training.

Levi sat on the ground, hands moving slowly over each weapon, using the low-pitched frequency he emitted to form faint images in his mind. He lifted each one in turn, testing their weight and balance.

He started with the sword. Then the staff. The axe. The glaive. The spear. One after the other.

But none of them felt right.

He stood and began swinging, moving with surprising smoothness for someone blind. Shia glanced over, eyebrows raised.

"Not bad," she murmured. "His spatial awareness and balance are better than I expected."

Still, she turned back to Arthur. Levi had made it clear, he wanted to figure it out alone. And if he wanted to join the assembly, he'd need to.

Levi, meanwhile, was growing frustrated.

The sword lacked audible reliability; it didn't make consistent contact with the ground. A huge problem for someone reliant on sound.

Close-range weapons like nunchucks and daggers were manageable, but too risky for a blind fighter who couldn't gauge sudden distance shifts.

The spear, staff, and polearm worked better. Their long shafts scraped or tapped the floor, giving him sound feedback. But... they came with a problem too: the two-second transformation rule.

Ash'Kral had warned him about it...how that slight delay could be fatal in battle.

Eventually, Levi sat down again, setting the weapons in front of him with a sigh.

He watched the others train...watched how Arthur handled the shield, how the others flowed with their chosen weapons like they were extensions of their very souls.

Why don't I have that? he wondered. Why doesn't anything feel like mine?

He ran his fingers absently over his white cane, folding and unfolding it, feeling the light rattle of its chain.

Then he froze.

An idea struck him...wild and absurd.

What if...

What if I made a weapon with the form of a cane, but the strength of a staff?

His heart began to race.

It was insane. Laughable, even. He could already hear the others mocking it like they had Arthur's shield.

But for the first time in a long while, the thought felt right.

It felt like his.

Levi held the training staff in one hand, his white cane in the other, his mind spinning with the possibilities of merging the two.

'The problem with a staff is its rigid form,' He thought. 'It can only become a spear, a polearm...nothing more. It lacks adaptability. But a cane? A cane doesn't have that problem.'

With a flick of his wrist, Levi folded his cane into three neat segments and instantly snapped it back into a rigid pole.

That smooth transition...swift, silent, efficient...was thanks to a core chain mechanism running through its hollow frame. It was simple, but effective. And suddenly, Levi saw its potential in a whole new light.

'What if I crafted a real weapon with that same mechanism? A reinforced staff...hollow inside, chain-threaded...ready to shift on command.'

His thoughts ignited.

'I could turn it into a bladed whip... a flail... a spear... an axe... a polearm... nunchaku... a billy club... even a single-edged or double-edged scythe...'

Levi's face brightened with each passing idea. The possibilities weren't just numerous, they were overwhelming.

No, he wouldn't wield every form at once. But having access to such a versatile, instantaneously adaptable arsenal?

That was a thousand times better than being shackled to a single weapon.

And the best part?

He already knew the cane. He'd trained with it for over a decade...not as a weapon, but as an extension of himself.

Its length, its weight, its rhythm...they were already second nature. While others spent years bonding with a blade or staff, Levi had unknowingly mastered the most important part: comfort and control.

For a Daywalker, nothing mattered more than becoming one with your weapon.

This is it.

With a quiet, determined smirk, Levi picked up the staff for now and walked toward his friends.

His decision was made.

Sometime later...

Levi and Arthur returned home after a grueling training session with their friends. At one point, Shia asked Levi about his weapon choice, but he simply replied that he had a good feeling about it and didn't elaborate.

Shia and the others didn't press him for details. Instead, they jumped straight into the basics, introducing exercises tailored to their chosen weapons.

The drills were tedious, repetitive, and dull. But neither Levi nor Arthur complained. Levi welcomed any chance to learn something new, while Arthur's only real weakness was anything involving books or theory.

Once home, Arthur headed straight for the shower while Levi sat down and called for Ash'Kral through their mental link.

'I've decided on my weapon. I want to craft it now,' he said telepathically.

'About damn time,' Ash'Kral replied with a lazy yawn.

After confirming the area was clear of intelligent nightcrawlers, Ash'Kral emerged beside him.

The moment he appeared, his notorious aura radiated outward like a wave of invisible fire. Most of the intelligent nightcrawlers nearby immediately backed off, well aware of the threat he posed.

In the past, Ash'Kral didn't care much if they harassed Levi, as long as they left him alone. But that had changed. Now, he'd made it clear: he didn't want them anywhere near Levi. And knowing he could erase them through the Bridge of Darkness was a warning they dared not ignore.

"So... what have you decided on?" Ash'Kral asked.

"I'll show you... In the Ancestral Rooted Plane," Levi responded, eyes gleaming with quiet