

Evolution 54

Chapter 54: Testing The Concept.

Levi sat in a meditative position and summoned his tattoo, pressing against the glowing crimson seed.

Immediately, his consciousness was hijacked and thrown into the spiritual dimension of the seed.

Even though Levi had seen it before, he couldn't help but gaze at the cosmic crimson tree in awe.

"Breathtaking as ever..." he murmured, captivated, as he walked toward the already risen crafting platform.

Facing the spinning crimson nonagon orb, Ash'Kral tucked his tiny wings on Levi's shoulder and asked again, "So?"

Levi began explaining his vision and how he believed it would ensure a smooth transition between forms.

Ash'Kral thought about it for a moment, then nodded. "Doesn't sound too bad."

Levi's smile widened at the reassurance, knowing Ash'Kral's approval was the best stamp of quality he could ask for.

Ash'Kral stepped inside the nonagon orb and gestured. "Place your hand above the orb and imagine your desired weapon... The Nine Senses Seed will handle the rest."

Levi did as instructed, envisioning a one-and-a-half-meter black staff with a chain-core mechanism running from end to end. He designed it to split into five small parts, but then changed it to four, thinking five was too many.

Sensing his hesitation, Ash'Kral advised, "Create the base version. You can modify it later."

"Oh, I didn't know that was possible." Levi raised an eyebrow.

He had read that once a weapon blueprint was submitted, there were no redos... no takebacks. It was final until they gained access to their awakened weapon.

"It's one of the seed's small perks... Now, make contact," Ash'Kral said, waving a wing dismissively.

Levi focused on the weapon again and pushed his hand into the orb, touching Ash'Kral's wing.

The moment contact was made, the crimson nonagon orb spun wildly and exploded in a blinding flash of light that lasted less than a second.

When the light faded, Ash'Kral was gone.

In his place stood a long, dark wooden staff.

Levi gripped it at the center, feeling the rugged texture of the wood under his fingers. As he pulled it free from the orb, he noticed millions of tiny, engraved crimson inscriptions running along its surface.

They were so finely etched, no one would notice unless they were as close as Levi. When he gave it a slight shake, he could feel the tension of the chains hidden within.

"Looks quite neat."

Levi smiled in satisfaction and swung it behind his back. But when he brought it in front of his face, he got the scare of the day... the dreadful, crimson-slitted eye of Ash'Kral had emerged near the staff's edge.

"Go down and get a proper feel for it," Ash'Kral's voice echoed. "As long as you don't leave the Ancestral Rooted Plane, the weapon won't be crafted."

"Good to know."

Levi landed softly on the still water below, sending ripples outward but never sinking.

"Let's try some of what I learned today."

He gripped the staff from the bottom and began swinging it... up, down, left, right... Getting a feel for its balance. He even performed a few simple tricks, like a child playing with a broomstick.

While he was enjoying himself, a wide grin formed on the staff's surface. Then, without warning, the top part of the staff detached and smacked Levi square in the face.

"Argh!"

Levi dropped the staff and clutched his nose with a pained expression. Despite being in spiritual form, the pain felt entirely real... proof of the deep connection between body and soul.

"Looks like your concept works," Ash'Kral said solemnly, feigning ignorance.

"Asshole. I know that was you." Levi cursed while massaging his nose.

"I just wanted to check if the chain mechanism worked," Ash'Kral coughed.

Levi ignored him and picked up the staff. Then, without hesitation, he smashed it into the still water and held it submerged, seemingly trying to drown Ash'Kral.

"Bblbbl... heeelp! My partner is waterboarding me!" Came Ash'Kral's muffled cries from below, sounding like music to Levi's ears.

Soon, the cries turned into chuckles, irritating Levi even more.

He pulled the staff out, knowing full well he wasn't hurting Ash'Kral.

"For a being claiming to have lived for eons, you play too f*cking much."

"You know nothing," Ash'Kral laughed. "Childlike joy is the key to longevity."

"Whatever you say."

Levi didn't buy it. He knew Ash'Kral was just excusing his asshole personality.

"What do you think about the chain mechanism?" Levi asked, separating the staff into four parts and pulling them apart. The chains were tight... limited in length by the staff's own stature.

Since he had copied the cane's chain mechanism exactly, the length couldn't exceed that of the staff. This meant the chain feature would only become useful after adding other weapon variations... something that bothered him. He wanted his first weapon to feel complete, not decorative.

"Hm... How about you increase the chain length and store the excess at both ends of the staff?" Ash'Kral offered calmly.

"Oh? That's an interesting idea. But will it really work? The current mechanism depends on the chains having a precise length to keep the staff stable."

Levi pulled the chains taut to demonstrate what he meant. In his mind, adding more would loosen the internal system and make the staff unreliable.

"You're limiting your imagination to physical logic," Ash'Kral reminded him. "This isn't a real weapon... it's me reshaped into one. You can control internal mechanics as long as you don't add entirely new components."

Levi paused, realizing he had been thinking in rigid terms. In truth, he only needed to respect some laws of physics... not all.

"If that's the case, can you lock the excess chain with a mechanism under my control?"

"Yes."

Levi didn't wait. He rushed back to the platform and made the changes. After another flash of light, the new version of the staff appeared.

It looked almost identical... except the ends were now thicker and wrapped in crimson root-like engravings.

Levi loved the new appearance, though he immediately noticed the weight had increased. Still, it wasn't an issue. He'd grow strong enough to make it feel like a feather.

Back on the water, he snapped both ends open. The thick sections dropped, pulling out a long crimson-rooted chain. Only once a small pile formed at each edge did the chains tighten.

Levi held the staff at the center, smiling widely as he gazed at the dangling ends.

"This is it."

He didn't even need to test it further... he knew this was the missing piece. Still, he willed the chains' retraction to confirm everything worked.

Whoosh!

The chains shot back inside the thick ends like anchors reeling in. Once the excess was stored, a small wooden compartment latched shut, locking them in place. The staff returned to its solid form in less than a second.

"Satisfied?"

"Very."

"If you still want more modifications, it's not too late."

"No." Levi shook his head. "The staff is the perfect balance of complexity and simplicity now... More would only ruin it."

"Good." Ash'Kral smiled, pleased.

Still, Levi spent a few more minutes swinging and fooling around with his weapon before stepping onto the platform one final time. He placed the staff into the nonagon orb.

"I have chosen my signature weapon, and it will be called..."

He paused, searching deep within himself for a name that matched the weapon's soul.

Then, the memories returned... scenes from that cursed night. Every second, every scream, every horror replayed in his mind. His expression darkened, and his voice dropped to a whisper:

"Judgment's Chainstaff."

He added, coldly, "I'll use these chains to bind the ones who destroyed my family... and this staff to shatter their bones to dust. I'll bring down my judgment on all who stand with them... This, I swear."

The moment the final word left his lips, the name Judgment's Chainstaff was seared in glowing Ilthorien script at the base of the staff... forever marking its creation.

Levi had officially become a True Daywalker!