

Evolution 70

Chapter 70: Three Different Perspectives.

Levi knew that the Boundless Expanse was an enigma... just like its ruler, Nocturn. Even his name wasn't real. People only called him that because of the infamous Nocturnal Contract.

The only thing confirmed was that his Boundless realm served as neutral ground for almost anything... as long as the price was paid.

Levi had no clue what the Solar Aegis Sanctuary offered in return for a week-long rent of a small zone within the expanse, but he suspected the government paid in crystallized seeds.

As his thoughts wandered through the depths of this bizarre concept, Astra Ai pinged in his mind... informing him that Instructor Seraphis was calling.

Levi wasn't surprised.

He had anticipated this moment, expected Instructor Seraphis to dig into him after what he had pulled in both trials.

After informing his brother and friends that he needed to take a private call, Levi quietly moved to his brother's room. He sat cross-legged on the bed and accepted the connection. A moment later, Instructor Seraphis spoke in a calm tone.

"Turn on the holographic call."

"I can't," Levi responded.

"Why?"

"I have no lens on my eye."

"Why?"

"Because I have no eyes," Levi said, composed and steady.

Instructor Seraphis went silent for a beat. Then, Levi heard a sudden gust of air swirl from the right side.

He turned his head instinctively, and through his spiritual vision, he saw it... a magnificent golden-haired lion radiating charisma and pride.

Its mane was thick and regal, flowing like silk around its paws. Amber eyes pierced through the void, locking on Levi as if sizing up an unknown species.

Its tail curled behind it, ending in a reversed cross of fur, resembling a double-edged sword.

Then the lion spoke. Its voice was deep and solemn... the tone of a sovereign.

"So it's true... You are missing your eyes."

"Yes," Levi nodded.

"How interesting..."

The lion gave a small, entertained smile before vanishing from the bridge of spiritual darkness. Yet he wasn't gone. The moment his physical form faded, a powerful golden aura took its place... Instructor Seraphis had arrived.

"Hello, Sir," Levi greeted, bowing slightly toward the window, where he sensed the instructor now stood.

"You can see me?"

"Yes, my spiritual vision is a bit better than the norm," Levi explained.

"A bit?" Instructor Seraphis raised a brow, surprised. 'Is this what Idriss meant?'

He knew that even Warden-level Daywalkers couldn't casually see spiritual auras unless they were psych specialists. For someone Levi's age to possess a spiritual sense that clear... it demanded both extraordinary talent and relentless training.

The realization only drew Seraphis in deeper.

"Since you're being honest, I assume you're reasonable enough to understand why I came."

"I do," Levi nodded.

"Good... Let's talk about what you did in the first trial. Be honest. I could have you disqualified for tampering."

Instructor Seraphis folded his arms as he made his way to the kitchen. He grabbed a water bottle from the counter, leaned against the frame, and waited for an explanation.

"I used Astra AI to scan the Ilthorien inscriptions," Levi began calmly. "Then I went through them line by line until my name was called. I locked onto what I believed to be the most likely incantation and created a modified version to shift the test's focus. The real incantation wasn't accessible... but what I used activated part of the Luminous Rite...I got lucky."

"I see..."

Although Seraphis maintained a neutral tone, he was quietly impressed. He knew that parsing Ilthorien required more than just intelligence; it demanded dedication and a deep grasp of an ancient language. Even if luck had played a part, Levi's analytical skill was beyond rare.

"How did you come to understand Ilthorien at that level?"

"My late mother taught me when I was young," Levi said softly. "I became obsessed with it from that point on."

Instructor Seraphis paused. He had read Levi's private file before this meeting. He knew about the murder of his parents at the hands of nightcrawlers... He had prepared for this call, but hearing it from Levi still left an ache in his chest.

"She must have been brilliant."

"The smartest person I've ever known," Levi smiled faintly, a wave of old warmth passing through his memory.

"Is that why you're attempting to become a Daywalker despite your condition?" Seraphis asked. "Are you driven by revenge?"

Levi shook his head... which surprised the instructor more than he expected.

"My parents meant everything to me. And the way they were taken... I'll never make peace with it," Levi said, voice calm but firm. "Still, I'm not chasing revenge. I just want to set my heart at ease again... whatever it takes."

"Is that too much to ask?"

"No... I hear you," Instructor Seraphis murmured. He looked down at his sun amulet, fingers curling around it absently.

It was rare for him to reveal any vulnerability. He was known for being stern... cold, even. But in front of Levi, he let that wall down. Maybe because Levi couldn't see his face... or maybe, just maybe, because he could tell that Levi understood.

Levi listened to the subtle fluctuations in Seraphis' heartbeat... slow, uneven, tinged with something unspoken. Pain. Something deep. Something jagged.

He didn't comment on it. He knew that to sense the cracks in someone's heart was to peek into their sanctum... and he had no right to cross that line.

A moment later, Seraphis composed himself again.

"As sweet as revenge may seem... just know it won't set your heart free. What's done is done... even if we hate to accept it."

"I'll keep that in mind, Sir." Levi nodded appreciatively.

He didn't necessarily agree, but he respected the advice. In Levi's eyes, the only way to know if revenge would free him... was to follow it through.

The agony, the grief, the endless rage inside him... they needed an outlet. And Levi would rather embrace a hollow peace than keep that storm locked away.

Sensing Levi's inner resolve, Seraphis sighed.

'I see your younger self in him,' said a deep voice in his head.

'I do too... unfortunately,' Seraphis replied telepathically.

'K'shoba... I'm beginning to think revenge is linear... inescapable.'

'You're looking at it the wrong way, old friend,' the lion answered. 'Revenge is a survival instinct. It's a coping mechanism... nothing more. When someone has been dealt deep, irreparable harm, and no thought of revenge crosses his mind... his spirit breaks.'

'Forgiveness, rising above it... Those are divine traits, Seraphis. You can't fake them. And you sure as hell can't expect a child to carry them when even you have failed.'

Seraphis fell silent.

K'shoba was right, as always... and the truth cut him deep. He wanted to rise above his hatred. To purge it from his soul. But no matter how hard he tried... it still sat there, gnawing away at him like a ghost he could never exorcise.

K'shoba didn't press further. He could feel his friend's burden... the slow decay of a soul trapped between the desire for vengeance and the pull of morality.

Three perspectives now lingered in the room like ghosts...

One who understood the need for revenge.

One who longed to transcend it.

One who chased it to reclaim peace.

Each was valid. Each was flawed. If revenge had a single answer... it wouldn't be a timeless debate of the heart and mind.

Eventually, Instructor Seraphis cleared his throat... and with it, shifted the tone.

"Let's get to the heart of it. If you're blind and contractless... how the hell are you able to move the way you do?"

He narrowed his eyes on Levi, watching his every twitch... every pause... waiting to catch a lie.

But Levi only smiled.

"I think it's easier if I show you."