

Evolution 97

Chapter 97: I am The Weapon.

Arthur gladly stepped off the stage and gave his big brother the spotlight, grinning from ear to ear at the thought of everyone marveling at his brother's unique weapon.

Unfortunately, Levi had no interest in showing off. He summoned the Judgment chainstaff for a couple of seconds, leaving everyone a bit astonished at its fine, delicate artistic design.

The crimson roots resembled eastern dragons coiling around two pagodas, while the central piece was as black as forgotten ink.

It was a masterwork of craftsmanship, and everyone could tell that it exuded an aura of superiority. Yet, they were more surprised by the fact that Levi stuck to a physical weapon instead of a weapon that could harness his insane spiritual potential.

Before anyone could comment, Levi broke it into breathtaking crimson petals and bowed his head to the Instructor, awaiting to be excused.

'His weapon is strange; it feels like it is hiding a deep secret,' K'shoba said.

'We will find out soon enough.' Seraphis replied, also realizing that Levi's weapon wasn't as simple as it looked.

But he didn't press Levi to reveal it, knowing Levi wouldn't show his hand merely for show.

"Next, Keira."

"Next, Melissa."

"Next, Rayan."

"Next, Selene."

"Next, Omar."

"Next, Jojo."

In the next five minutes, everyone but Nurah was called and showed off their weapons. Keira created a set of throwing surgical knives while Melissa recreated the same crossbow but using the figure of her doll.

Meanwhile, Rayan crafted two retractable knives attached from his knees to his feet. As for Selene, she went with a needle-thin rapier. Omar decided on a pair of solid, tonfa-shaped arm weapons fused to his forearms. Each weapon extended slightly past the elbow and the fist, allowing both blocking and striking.

While everyone went for physical weapons, Jojo stunned them with a peculiar weapon shaped as a Prayer-Bead Necklace.

It was crafted out of deep brown orbs, which seemed connected without any string or attachment. Jojo wore it around her neck, reaching to her abdomen, making her resemble a true reclusive monk.

Last but not least, Nurah's name was called, and she summoned two pitch-black daggers, with a faint shadowy mist surrounding them.

Its appearance sent shivers down everyone's spines as they felt like their throats were at its mercy, even with this much distance between them. Even Levi gulped, having a strong feeling that if Nurah were to make a move on him, he would find it extremely challenging to evade her.

'She is getting too strong, too fast...' he thought, 'All of that preparation from such a young age was blossoming akin to a flower under time acceleration.'

"Go back to your seat."

Hearing his order, Nurah waved her hand, and the daggers were devoured instantly by the shadowy mist. Then she walked back to her seat next to Levi, yawning all the way.

"Follow me to the Iron Colosseum."

Soon, Instructor Seraphis led everyone outside the classroom and took them to the arena center, where all the battles and spars were hosted. It was forbidden to fight on the training center's grounds, and anyone caught would receive a severe punishment.

After arriving at the Iron Colosseum, everyone was astonished by its grandeur as it was the second-largest building after the administration office.

It was built akin to a steel Colosseum, with a massive central area surrounded by stands for the spectators.

The central area was split into ten smaller arenas, while the biggest one took the crown at the center.

At the moment, the Colosseum was relatively empty as only two smaller arenas were being used.

Before Levi and the others could think of spectating the two battles, Seraphis separated them into duels.

Omar vs Arthur.

Selene vs Jojo.

Melissa vs Selene.

Rayan vs Nurah.

Levi vs Demetris.

Everyone was taken slightly by surprise as they had noticed that the sparring arrangement matched the battles they had during the last trial of the assembly.

It was like Instructor Seraphis was giving the losers a second chance to redeem themselves and the winners to establish their superiority again.

Only Rayan seemed to have drawn the short stick and was matched against Nurah. Yet, he didn't seem terrified in the slightest. Instead, he grinned widely while holding his beating heart, feeling the adrenaline rushing through him.

"To be put against that monster, I am thrilled!" he blurted to his friends.

Before his friends could respond, Nurah appeared, akin to a ghost next to him and leaned her head on his shoulder. Then she whispered with a dreadful smile, "Rayan, if you call me that again, I will slice your precious legs."

"I..."

Rayan's legs almost gave in from fear as he felt like the grim reaper himself whispered near his ears. What scared him the most was the fact that he could not feel her presence next to him at all, even when her head was so close!

"He didn't mean it, Nurah. It was a joke."

Levi intervened, sensing that Nurah's heartbeats had changed the moment she heard the term monster. While he didn't know why the term triggered her so much, he could tell she wasn't bluffing with her threat.

"It's not a joke for me," Nurah said indifferently as she walked away from them.

"Stop messing around and prepare for the spars, we don't have all day long." Instructor Seraphis clapped his hands, regaining control over his class. Then he ordered Omar and Arthur to take the stage.

Arthur rushed to the arena, resembling a trapped beast freed after years of imprisonment. Meanwhile, Omar walked slowly and steadily, representing his military roots.

After both parties stood on opposite sides, Instructor Seraphis warned them to behave as he didn't have the same omnipotence as before. In other words, they should pull their hands and not go for the kill.

"Fight!"

Omar covered his forearm with his Nightcrawler's steel exoskeleton, appearing as tonfas, and then he rushed towards Arthur while solemnly uttering, "Show what your awesome shield is capable of."

"Gladly."

Arthur grinned as he summoned his octagonal gray shield and placed it in front of him, taking a defensive stance.

Cling!

Omar smashed his tonfas on the shield, wanting to test out its strength and durability. To his surprise, neither the shield nor Arthur budged for even an inch, even though he put more than 50% of his strength into that strike!

Cling! Cling!

Not allowing this to affect him negatively, Omar added more force to his strikes and started using a rigid close-combat military martial arts style, where his attacks might look simple, but they were efficient to perfection!

Still, Arthur held strong, moving his shield to face Omar's strikes regardless of their trajectory, blocking them all.

'The shield is too big and heavy, yet he is moving it like it weighs nothing,' Garr'Nok uttered sternly, 'This boy is a beast in human skin.'

Even Omar's nightcrawler was taken by surprise, knowing that his partner's strikes were strong enough to blow rocks! Yet, he still hadn't put a dent in Arthur's shield or moved him.

'It seems I have to use it.'

Realizing that his attacks were futile, Omar decided to pop his first innate ability to regain momentum in the fight.

"Ironcoil Arts: Steel Pulse!"

Omar's tonfas started to shimmer with a metallic glow as he increased his striking speed and strength to the limit!

Boom! Boom!...

Now, each time his tonfas made contact with the shield, a booming shockwave was released from his forearms!

Rayan and the rest showed a brief spark of amazement at the sight of Omar releasing powerful shockwaves with each strike, like his weapon was storing energy during contact and releasing it in a burst!

'Steel Pulse is one of the best low-grade abilities for breaking guards and disorienting enemies with close-range shockwaves... But is it enough?' Instructor Seraphis thought as he watched Arthur sheltering from the storm, still with the same cocky grin.

'How?! Why are my strikes not moving him?'

Omar's calm demeanor was starting to falter with each failed attempt to damage Arthur. He could understand not being able to shatter his shield, but he simply couldn't accept the notion of failing to move his body an inch!

It was like he was striking an unmoving mountain!

The only thing changing about Arthur was the black gemstone, as with each strike on the shield, it glowed brighter and brighter, until everyone started noticing it.

Before they could react to it, Arthur pulled away from Omar and murmured, "This should be enough for a spar."

Then he opened his palm on the back of the black gemstone and uttered absorb, causing the black gemstone to dim out until it returned to its dark state.

Meanwhile, Arthur's body started to squirm while his massive muscles tightened up until the veins appeared akin to a network of bridges on his skin.

This wasn't all...they were glowing faintly with the same light from the black gemstone.

"You said a shield isn't a weapon. Maybe you are right, but I never needed a weapon to begin with."

Arthur cracked his neck, releasing a faint shockwave, and then added with a barbaric grin, "After all, I am The Weapon."

In an instant, Arthur appeared in front of Omar, his pitch-black eye reflecting the sight of Arthur's tightened fist headed straight to his stomach, akin to a ballistic missile.

It was so powerful, so fast, he could only reflexively guard his stomach with the tonfas, combining them to appear as a small shield.

Alas, deep down, Omar knew that the moment the fist connected, he would not end up in one piece.

BOOOOOOM!

A cloud of dust arose, hindering everyone's vision, but the sound of the impact was more than enough to send shivers down even Nurah's spine.

'What a barbaric strength; if that landed on me, it would be over.'

As this thought coursed through the minds of Arthur's classmates, the dust cleared up and everyone was stunned, and a bit relieved to see Seraphis standing in front of Omar.

He was holding Arthur's fist in his palm while Omar was thrown away from the aftermath alone, his face drained of color.

Smack!

"Didn't I tell you to hold back?" Instructor Seraphis landed a chop on Arthur's head, scolding him with an irked voice.

"But I did..." Arthur showed a wronged look.

"... .."

Hearing this, Omar and the rest had a mini heart attack at the thought of Arthur still not going all out.

Clap! Clap!

"Well done, Arthy."

Only Levi was applauding with a faint, proud smile. As his big brother, seeing his potential bloom was just as rewarding as seeing his own self-improve.

"Haha, did I look cool?" Arthur immediately went to Levi, asking for his approval.

"You were the coolest." Levi chuckled while giving him a fist pump.

Meanwhile, Instructor Seraphis was left gazing at Arthur and Levi messing around for a moment before he switched his sight to his red palm.

The moment he turned around, his entire forearm started shaking like it had been hit by a sledgehammer.

'He is still at the first rookie stage and he was able to deliver such a devastating blow...'

Seraphis glanced at the Larson brothers and couldn't help but murmur, "The Larson brothers... two freaks of nature sharing the same bloodline...These two, they just might be what our region needs in the CRS Platform..."