

Evolution 99

Chapter 99: You Guys Suck.

Soon, Levi was rained down with questions about his unique weapon and how he managed to get a chain inside to control it in that manner.

Levi didn't feel like going into details about his weapon or powers. He jokingly told them that it was a trade secret enforced by his partner. Then, he changed the subject to the upcoming battle between Melissa and Keira.

"Good luck, Melissa."

"If you don't redeem your defeat, dinner is on you."

"I got this."

Melissa gave them a solemn nod and stepped into the arena, her eyes fixed on the petite Keira on the other side.

"Ready to get your ass whooped again?" Keira commented lazily, her hands still in her pockets.

Such cockiness coming out of such a tiny figure looked quite comical, but no one was laughing.

Keira was the daughter of a famous elite Raider Daywalker, part of the Lightbearer Alliance, the strongest agency in the region. Her mother was also one of the best surgeons in the entire Northern District, known for miraculous feats of combining traditional surgery with totems.

They shared the same weapon type and fighting style, which meant he had supervised her training personally.

"Show me what you got." Melissa's expression turned icy, finally matching her gothic appearance.

She summoned her crossbow, which was built using a Chimera doll as the main body. The doll's limbs were fixed in place to form the frame, with its arms acting as the limbs of the crossbow. The mouth was forced open and used as the point where bolts were fired.

The crossbow looked strange and unsettling, yet it didn't appear out of place under Melissa's hand, making her resemble a demonic hunter.

Melissa stretched her hand, aiming the crossbow at Keira. Then, she held her breath, her eyes focused on her target while her ears were given to Instructor Seraphis, awaiting his voice.

"Fight!"

Phew!

A bone arrow fired from Melissa's crossbow, glistening under the light, appeared as a flash before reaching Keira.

"Blade Surgeon Arts: Surgical Halo."

Keira was already prepared as she lifted one finger, and the surgical knives flew out of her hidden pockets, flying around her at an insane speed, creating a protective barrier!

Ting!

The bone arrow smashed against one of the knives, reflecting it away. Unbothered, Keira walked with her hands in her pockets toward Melissa, the flurry of knives making her feel invincible before Melissa's attacks.

Ting! Ting!...

The doll's mouth kept spitting one arrow after another nonstop, but to no avail. The knives were too oppressive, allowing nothing to touch Keira's clothes.

"Damn it, if she gets too close, Melissa won't survive the onslaught," Rayan exclaimed.

"It's going to end up the same as last time." Arthur nodded solemnly.

They knew that Melissa's Achilles was melee combat. She wasn't horrible at it, but her fighting style was mostly focused on long-range combat.

To make matters worse, she didn't have any home advantage due to the size and openness of the arena.

This was what everyone thought, but they failed to consider one additional point. Melissa wasn't as limited as last time.

"Piercing Arrow!"

Melissa waited until Keira was ten meters away from her and launched her current strongest ability!

The doll's mouth opened up to the limit, akin to a serpent planning to devour a deer. Then, a medium-sized bone arrow with a fearsome tip was launched at triple the speed of the previous ones!

The force was so strong, Melissa's arm was thrown into the air from the recoil, leaving her arms shaking.

'Shit.'

Keira's pupils thinned out in dread as she tried her best to evade the arrow's trajectory, having a strong feeling that her barrier would struggle against it!

While she had tried her best, the arrow still arrived faster than she could fully get out of its way!

Tiing!

The flurry of surgical knives was blown aside, leaving Keira exposed for the first time!

However, the arrow's momentum and original trajectory suffered immensely, causing it to graze Keira's waist instead of leaving a hole.

Feeling the sharp sting on her right waist and the rising burning sensation, Keira's expression turned cold.

"You asked for it."

She summoned her spread-out knives and charged at Melissa while zigzagging along the way, making it extremely difficult for Melissa to land another arrow.

Since the distance between them was already short, by the time Melissa loaded another piercing arrow, Keira was already right in her face.

Just as she was about to bring her inside the Surgical Halo, planning to slice her up, Instructor Seraphis halted the fight with a single clap.

"I've seen enough. Go back to your seats."

Although Keira heard him, she still wanted to return the favor, but she found her knives unresponsive to her orders!

It was like they were under a much more powerful spiritual pressure, making them fixed in place.

"Tsk, you got lucky."

Keira clicked her tongue in irritation and walked back to her classmates, holding her bleeding wound.

Melissa ignored her statement and went back to her friends with a slightly disappointed smile.

"Don't think much of it." Levi comforted her with a smile, "Ranged-based fighters truly shine once they've developed some defensive abilities."

The others nodded in agreement, knowing that ranged-based Daywalkers get scarier with each breakthrough.

They needed special care at the beginning, but once their battle arts developed to a decent stage, everyone would think twice before challenging them.

"I know, but still, it sucks to keep losing each time. I guess dinner's on me." Melissa sighed.

"Don't worry, Rayan will pay half." Arthur grinned as he patted his friend's shoulder.

Rayan's eyelids twitched, but he couldn't muster a single retort. What happened before still played in his mind, chilling his hot-blooded core.

He already knew he was walking into a losing fight, but still, his confidence might be shaken, but not broken.

"Nurah, Rayan."

However, the moment he witnessed Nurah already standing on stage without making a single noise, he couldn't help but gulp.

"Wish me luck."

"Even if the goddess of luck held your hand and walked you to the arena, Nurah will still make your ass flatter than your back... Namaste." Jojo uttered and swiftly regained her otherworldly pacifist appearance.

"You guys suck."

Hearing his friends' chuckles, Rayan showed them the middle finger behind his back as he stepped onto the stage.

"Nurah, use only your first innate ability." Instructor Seraphis ordered.

"I wasn't planning on using any, but sure." Nurah smiled.

"..."

Rayan glanced at Instructor Seraphis, wanting nothing more than to curse him off. Seraphis turned a blind eye to his stare and started the battle with a cough.

"Fight!"

"My apologies, but I'm too tired to play with you."

Before Rayan could summon his retractable leg blades, he found a dagger already placed around his neck.

He thought he was tripping...how could she appear behind him from over thirty meters away? But alas... The cold sensation of the dagger was as real as it could get.

"I... I yield." Rayan raised his hands in the air, lacking any confidence to even twitch, let alone make a move.

"..."

Meanwhile, Levi and the others were left stunned and speechless. Not because of how fast the fight went, but by how Nurah appeared behind Rayan.

In Arthur and the others' view, she fell into her shadow and popped up behind Rayan's shadow.

But for Levi? He saw her appear in the spiritual bridge of darkness and move at unfathomable speed through it!

'What the hell was that...'

'Shadow Step... To unlock it this early, her contracted nightcrawler's potential seems decent,' Ash'Kral replied lazily.

It was the highest form of compliment for Ash'Kral to call a nightcrawler decent, as Levi knew the fucker offered praise with the warmth of a tax auditor.

"Alright, it was a mistake for Nurah to join the spars." Instructor Seraphis clapped his hands and said calmly, "From now on, Nurah will start training with upper-year trainees."

Before anyone could react, Seraphis added, "Levi, Arthur, and Jojo... you can join too, if you're interested."

"I'm more than down!" Arthur agreed excitedly.

"Seems interesting." Levi smiled.

"I accept the favor, Namaste." Jojo bowed slightly.

Seeing this, Demetris, Keira, and the others felt their hearts clinch. They wanted to complain, to defend themselves, to receive the same opportunity, but they knew Seraphis's word was final.

If even Keira wasn't selected despite winning her fight, it only meant they hadn't met Seraphis's criteria.

'Damn it, it keeps getting worse.' Demetris cursed, his vindictive eyes fixed on Levi. But remembering the two thrashings he'd received, a dose of fear steadied his mind.

'You should stop provoking him...you're not at his level yet.' His contracted nightcrawler, Viri'Delle, warned him sternly.

Viri'Delle had large green wings with clear vein patterns. His body was thin, dark, and slightly shiny. He had big, round eyes and long antennae that released a faint, illusory mist.

While he was a Tier-3 nightcrawler, it didn't mean he was worse than Tier-4 or -5 nightcrawlers. High-tiered ones implied a clear evolutionary route, but what mattered most was each nightcrawler's potential. Demetris had made a great choice...his nightcrawler's main evolutionary trait was illusion.

Its potential was infinite if properly harnessed.

But...

'Mark my words, I will kill that disabled mugger one day,' Demetris said coldly.