

THE ONLY FUEL IS USING THE D.

Chapter 2

Lucky 2

LUCK:

1. Something that happens to someone by chance, a chance occurrence, especially a favorable one.
2. A superstitious feeling that brings fortune or success.

Luck was easy to understand if you read it in the dictionary, it was chances or occurrences that may bring success or prosperity.

However, for a guy like Calix who had this kind of Term Attribute, he couldn't decipher the word! He tried many things to awaken this goddamn phrase but he can not.

"Luck? More like misfortune!"

Calix sighed as he was at the desolated table behind the school campus. He was eating his food slowly with his grumpy face and curled downward lips. He was depressed and it was written on his face since long ago. Since the time he entered high school, his life became filled with misfortune. Negative effects happened to him as his age went up. An eighteen years old guy like him couldn't understand his Term Attribute and suffered from backlash. He was embarrassed and disgrace always followed him and as time passed Calix became a loner.

He didn't want to see the face of the people who took pity or mock him, neither one of those two was good for him. It would only decrease his self-esteem if

he looked at their faces. Calix always bowed his head so that he won't see any of their expression. All these things happened to him because of the unique/vague power that he couldn't decipher leading him to undergo an endless shit.

He tried to figure out how his Term Attribute work yet he still fail. He tried gambling, the outcome, he lost his allowance and returned to the dorm broke. He tried to fight an Aberrant, the outcome, seven stitches on his abdomen and broken ribs, he had a hard time breathing in the hospital room in months. His Luck didn't work no matter how much he tried, he didn't know how to use the concept of Luck. Calix spent hours, days, months, and years just to understand the word but no lucky coincidence, godsend, or any fortunate conclusion happen to him.

"Fuck!"

He slammed his fist against the table and his plate clanked leading his spoon dropped on the dirt which caused him to curse again.

"Shit, now I have to use my fork..."

He grimaced and leaned, he extended his hand to reach the dirty spoon. But instead of reaching the spoon, he lost balance and tumbled to the ground. His blue shirt was tainted with mud and his eyes widened in surprise and frustration. He just recently bought this shirt!

"Damn it!"

This was his third time swearing.

He immediately stood and cleaned his shirt. However, no matter how much he tried to wipe the dirt, the stain further spread on the shirt.

His face reddened in fury, he was huffing frustrated with his situation. It was obvious that Calix was not a lucky person, it was the opposite. His face

contorted as he grunted, he looked at the puddle of mud and found that the spoon was dirtier. He clicked his tongue and aggressively kicked the spoon out of the puddle. The spoon drifted away but the mud splashed and tainted his pants. Now, he had two things to clean.

"This is awful..."

He lost his strength to argue with fate. He decided to sit down and change clothes after eating his food. But when he returned to the table, he realized that his sandwich was missing. Only the plate was there but the sandwich was not present. He looked around and tried to find his food and when he looked up, he saw that a squirrel was holding his sandwich munching it like a glutton. Its cheeks bulged as it kept consuming the food that it recently stole.

Ahem, he's stupid, why use a spoon and fork? You're going to eat a goddamn sandwich, can't you use your hands? Well, it doesn't matter anyway since the squirrel already has the food.

"..."

He wanted to cry and tears gradually appeared in his eyes, but he wiped them off and controlled his surging emotions. He didn't want to cry because real men don't cry, his father told him that and he abides by that rule. His eyes looked at the almost finished sandwich that the squirrel was gobbling. He made it with care but it seemed like he was not the one whose going to eat it.

"Forget it, the squirrel needs the food more than me. As a higher being, I must be forgiving and help the lives around me, be it animals or not."

He steadied his erupting heart and justified the unlucky sequence of events that happened to him. If not, there was a chance that he might cry and tantrum in this lonely spot behind the campus.

"That's right, I'm helping the squirrel."

He slapped his chest and convinced himself, although the slap caused the mud to spatter on his face.

"... I'm okay, I'm okay."

His pitiful figure kept convincing himself. Sometimes, he was thinking if the misfortune that he went on was a part of the effects of his Term Attribute Luck. He was not sure but he greatly believed that it was connected. Since the moment he learned that his Term Attribute was called Luck when he was fifteen, setbacks kept coming at him. Calix guessed that his Term Attribute was messing with his life. The Backlash was reacting since he couldn't decipher his Term Attribute.

"It's a good thing I started living in the dorm when I'm fifteen, if not, my father will be caught in this misfortune..."

He became melancholic, his gaze turned down believing that he did the right thing. He and his father recently fought over the phone, his father wanted him to return home but Calix replied that he didn't have any intention of returning. He didn't want to spread this misfortune.

His father, Andreas Romoel was a powerful Vindicator. He had the Steel Physique Term Attribute where his skin became tough like a bulk of steel combined. His father made many achievements in his life and Calix admired him dearly. That's why when he realized that he had a flimsy Term Attribute, he decided to distance himself from his father. Of course, Calix didn't stop deciphering his Term Attribute, he still believed that his power had something. Although things only escalated on the negative side which caused him to turn down the offer of his father.

"My father will be affected if I return home."

Calix and his father were the only members of the Romoel family, his mother died in an accident last ten years ago. Calix was still a child at that time but he still remembered the beautiful face of his mother.

"Why does even my mind filled with sad memories?"

He shook his head and erased the thoughts that could make him scrunch again. He sighed and decided to clean his belongings that were tainted by the mud too...