

# THE ONLY FUEL IS USING THE D.

## Chapter 3

### Lucky 3

Calix decided to return to the dorm since he didn't have any shirts. To be blunt, he didn't have any intention of returning to school today.

"It doesn't matter anyway, the subject right now till the afternoon is a practical subject about Term Attribute, which I don't have. I'll be laughingstock again if I show myself."

He sighed as he walked to the walkway, he turned left and walked 50 steps. There he saw the girl who's the girlfriend of the guy from the other side of his room, they stared at each other before the girl turned her eyes. Calix didn't care and he reached his room after. He extended his hand and grabbed the knob, the door opened after he inserted the key and rotated the knob.

He was welcomed by the unchangeable image of his room. The thing that first showed up was the destroyed walls. Yup, the four sides of the room had cracks and might fall at any moment. Actually, this room was great and looked new when he first came to the campus. However, because of an unexplainable reason, an earthquake happened and led the walls to crack. To make the matter worst, the only room affected was his room!

"All of the room except mine didn't have any cracks..."

He grimaced and peacefully put his bag on the shelf. He didn't want to cause another accident by tossing his bag. He injured his head the last time he did

that. A bottle of milk dropped when he tossed the bag then he slipped onto the floor and cracked his head.

"What can I say? I'm unfortunate."

He accomplished taking his dirty clothes off without causing any accident, he breathed in relief. Again, he meticulously put the clothes in the basket. He was afraid to have a black eye because of a falling lightbulb... What a poor guy.

Calix walked naked into the room, it was fine since he had this room all for his own. His roommate ran away after being caught in his deadly virus called misfortune. A series of misfortunes happened around him so the roommate left before he lost his sanity. Calix was a dangerous person, the roommate preached it to the students and many people believed him since most of the students, his batchmates, knew that Calix had an undecipher Luck Term Attribute.

Based on the surroundings, it was obvious that his Term Attribute was hunting him because he couldn't decipher its power. The things that happened around him were the opposite of Luck. No one was brave enough to get close to him, Calix was famous for being a living disaster.

"Hayst..."

Calix's bare body moved in the room, he searched for new pants and a shirt. As he walked his massive dangling junior dance in the air.

"This looks good... hey! Why is it discolored?!"

The shirt that he just took out was discolored, its right side was a bit pinkish.

"Did I make mistake and add color clothes when I washed it?"

He clutched the shirt in ferocity but after a few hard breaths, he decided to let it go. He was Calix, whenever he goes, misfortunes will follow. It was obvious that disastrous things would happen to him. Calix was already accustomed to

this so he just let it slide, nothing would happen anyway even if he got angry. It was better if he don't let himself be affected by this series of misfortune. Besides, it was just simple clothes. He should be thankful that this was the only bad thing that happened to him.

Calix looked at the mirror, he had six-pack abs and he had well tone body. Even though he didn't have an offensive Term Attribute, Calix kept training his body. He was taught to have a healthy body. His father taught him how to exercise when he turned 12. His father's teaching was deeply ingrained in him and kept leading him to exercise.

Calix was a handsome young man. If he kept smiling, a lot of girls would look at him. He had the power to strike them with his smile and gleaming greenish-brown eyes. His mid-fade haircut made him decorous. He had a bold yet effortlessly cool-looking face. He had scars around his body but it made him more mature and experienced. Together with his sculpture-like built and good-looking face, Calix could make any woman fall for him. Added the fact that he had a big dick it was sure that he could make any woman happy(especially in bed).

Calix looked down and saw that his junior was dangling. In its normal form, his junior had a size of 6 inches. It was already remarkable that his dick was at this length. However, whenever his junior was angered, it would go Super Saiyan and become a ten inches schlong that could massacre ten generations!!!

It was a bit sad that our innocent mc didn't know how to use his power. He didn't realize that he had a powerful weapon in his sleeves, or rather in his crotch. If he swung this weapon in front of any mature woman, there's a high chance that he would reach the heavens.

"Except for this body and big dick, I'm nothing, I have nothing."

He weakly put his clothes on. He looked at the window and found that the sun was gradually falling down and the night was settling up.

Calix looked at his refrigerator to find if he had something to eat. It seemed that he would have a piece of bread and butter for dinner. As for his drink, he had a glass of milk.

As he munched his food, he was watching the news on the phone. His eyes cast on the news related to the border. His father was a Vindicator and worked in the military, he was a lieutenant. That's why Calix was deeply serious about listening to news related to the border. He knew that his father was on the active roster despite having a rank, he was needed in the field. Every day, the situation at the border was always dangerous.

"Hm? Scarlett?"

Calix found an article about a woman who studied in the same school and looked like she was in limelight at the moment. He learned that Scarlett Robinson killed a Third Class Aberrant in the border.

"Ah right, Scarlett is one of the members who had an actual field experience. It seems like the campus authorized her to hunt Aberrant. But Third Class? She really became stronger now, not like me."

Calix drank the milk to swallow the feelings he had. He slightly squeezed the bread in his hand, a bit frustrated.