

## **Evolution 110**

Chapter 110: Newbie Hunters.

"Since we have some first-timers, I will be going over some rules, which were included in the contract, but many seem to have forgotten."

Everyone paid full attention to the Gamemaster, understanding that his cutesy appearance was nothing but a trap to undermine his authority.

The moment he caught a whiff of disrespect, they might end up joining the fallen criminals in this exact graveyard.

The Murinori, and especially members of the Sciurani Clan, shouldn't be messed with.

The Gamemaster Gadget went on and told them about the rules, which weren't special...Just enforcing what everyone already knew, such as:

Do not curse or insult Sire Nocturn under any circumstances.

Do not swear at the Watchers or any other overseers of the game.

Respect every ruling made by the Gamemaster...no arguing nor calling their decisions unfair.

Do not talk back to the Gamemaster or try to undermine their role.

When he finished, the Gamemaster Gadget moved on to the game's description.

"As you all know, each game is not the same even if it shares the same name and format...In this case, the Wailing Bone Pit's structure will be new, so will be the hidden trap mechanism."

The Gamemaster Gadget extended a massive, visible spiritual screen, showing them the pit's structure at last.

Some gasped in shock, some narrowed their eyelids in concern, and some seemed unbothered, like no matter what structure was chosen, their victory was granted.

Levi gazed at the pit, which was three kilometers deep and split into four sections:

Level 0 (Crystal Floor), Mid-Pit Tiers, Upper-Pit Gauntlet, Rim Escape.

At the very bottom, underneath the glass floor by a mere meter, a well of horrifying, moving skeletons of myrdie races were reaching out their bony arms at the see-through crystal floor.

They were wailing and trying to escape, but alas, a sticky, boiling, acidic black tar was keeping them glued to each other at the bottom of the pit, unable to leave...

This sight wasn't an illusion or crafted out of imagination. Levi could hear the agonizing screams and wails carried by the wind across the entire cemetery.

He had tuned out their cries a long time ago, incapable of continuing to listen to them.

"Starting with level 0, all of you will be positioned randomly on top of the crystal floor, and once the timer starts, the floor will begin to weaken and crack," the Gamemaster Gadget warned calmly. "If you value your life, I suggest you glue yourself to a wall before it shatters fully."

'Interesting...' Levi marked this piece of Intel and continued listening.

"As for Mid-Pit Tiers and Upper-Pit Tiers, there will be a series of staggered ledges and climbing pegs carved into the walls...Narrow vertical shafts where only one participant can climb at a time, a middle metallic beam connected to two walls, broken beams, and moving crystallized platforms..."

The Gamemaster Gadget created each mentioned tier, filling up the empty abyss in no time. Now, the Rifiers seemed a bit relieved at the sight of many climbing areas, even for amateur climbers. Still, they knew that a hidden trap would be installed, and it might be in any of them.

"Lastly...The Rim." The Gamemaster Gadget smiled, "Let's say I have a surprise prepared for you."

The Rifiers felt their skin tighten, realizing that maybe this game's trap would be related to the rim...A trap related to their only exit, they could only dread what awaited them.

"Is everything understood?"

"Yes, Gamemaster." Everyone responded solemnly.

"Good, may Sire Nocturn's Blessing be in your favor."

The Gamemaster Gadget looked into the skies, and with a mere gaze, the dark clouds parted ways, reducing some of the sinister atmosphere.

Alas, before the colorful skies could shine their light on the desolate graveyard, millions of eyes began to open up until the sky was packed to the brim with them, sending shivers down the spine of some of the newbies.

The sight was grotesque and trippy, to have millions of peculiar and different eyes so near each other...Yet, it was nowhere near as fearsome as hearing most of them speak and cheer simultaneously.

—Will you look at that, we have quite a few first-timers.—

–Haha, who do you think will get cold feet?–

–Wait, is that Webwalker and Ssek-Varr? Two Newbie Hunters in one game? The game’s integrity is already ruined, I ain’t wasting my time on this.– An eye disappeared at once.

When many of the Watchers heard this, they did quick research on those two Rifters, and what they found wasn’t pretty.

They were referred to as Newbie Hunters, and there were many of them infesting the Nocturnal Ring.

They abuse the system by keeping themselves weak to join the lowest possible difficulty of games with first-timers or inexperienced Rifters with less than three games.

Strength-wise might be similar, but the experience in the program was nowhere near that. The Newbie farmers usually played about ten games or more.

Since they were experienced, most of them survived the games even if they didn’t win them. Losses didn’t bother them that much due to the Nocrix credits earned by killing as many Rifters as possible in their games.

In this manner, if they win, they get rewarded with a Map Fragments Pot, but if they lose, they earn a hefty amount of credits to offset the lost map fragment.

Fortunately, the program forcefully promoted them to the next rank if it noticed said pattern. This locked them outside of the program until they reached the minimum required power level of their current rank.

As they listened to many Watchers talking about them, Webwalker and Ssek-Varr showed faint, proud smirks, enjoying the attention.

Meanwhile, some of the Rifters' expressions turned for the worse behind their masks, realizing that the game had just gotten more difficult.

However, none of them voiced a single complaint to the Gamemaster...It was within the mentioned recent rules, and none of them were dumb enough to test out his patience.

As for the two Newbie farmers? He paid them no special attention as if they were normal participants with no hidden agenda.

'You have to be wary of those two,' Ash'Kral warned, 'they will definitely attempt to eliminate you at any given opportunity.'

'I can tell.' Levi replied calmly while keeping his head lowered, 'They aren't hiding their murderous intent in the slightest.'

Levi could feel it pointed at him and at the other first-timers, too. It was quite easy to distinguish between them since everyone could summon each other's profiles with a mere glance at the other, or by voicing their name.

Since those profiles were public and couldn't be hidden even by the owner, everyone was knowledgeable about each other's names, states, and such.

The program already protected everyone's outside privacy; the last thing they would do was give the Rifiers a chance to hide here, too. Otherwise, the Watchers would have no reference in the slightest to their idols or such.

After waiting one last minute, until he was satisfied with the Watchers' viewership numbers, Gamemaster Gadget clapped his paws once.

In an instant, Levi, Webwalker, Ssek-Varr, IronQueen, Starfall, Nixy'Rii, Mawgrub, and the rest of the Rifiers found themselves teleported on top of the glass floor randomly.

Some were placed near the middle, some near the walls...It was totally RNG, and Levi seemed to have drawn the short stick.

He was placed right at the center, with all the walls at the same distance from him.

Fortunately, the Rifiers were positioned at least five meters away from each other, giving him space.

Levi didn't even bother to glance in their direction as his ears were instantly assaulted by the high-pitched, painful, sorrowful wails.

As he kept his head affixed in place, the bouncing sound waves reflected a sea of wavy, mangled humanoid auras, reaching out to him...

'How bad were their crimes to irk such a severe punishment...' Levi murmured inwardly.

'Enough to get their souls burned for eternity...' Ash'Kral replied, his voice calm, but it carried a tint of admiration.

'Will the fallen Rifiers suffer from such a fate?' Levi asked.

'Of course not, it's just for dramatic purposes...Though they will die for real.'

'That's good...'

Levi lifted his head and gazed at Gamemaster Gadget, who had already started the countdown to the game.

Ten...Nine...Eight...

Then, he summoned his Judgment's Chainstaff, which graced the stage with a new look.



The shaft was as dark as the void itself, but the crowns changed...They were still thick and contained chains within them; however, their appearance transformed.

A twisting line of Ithorien letters floated just above the upper crown, each rune radiating a warm, vibrant gold.

Meanwhile, a second line of fiery crimson runes coiled around the lower crown, forming intertwined bands of gold and red light reminiscent of twin serpents representing dawn and sunset.

Levi raised it and tapped it once against the glass floor, sending a single sound wave.

The sound wave instantly gave him a full, detailed picture of the Pit, from the position of the ridges, platforms, beams, and such.

Levi analyzed all the shown paths until he found the best one for him.

Three...Two...One.

"May victory favor the bold, the fearless, and the unwavering..." The Gamemaster Gadget announced loudly, "CLIMB!"