

Evolution 113

Chapter 113: A Psychopath

"Don't mistake me for Webwalker, my body ain't as fragile as his."

Ssek-Varr snickered mockingly as he rushed with his arm extended to intercept Levi's attack, relying on his enhanced, hardened tough scales to block it.

He knew that no newbie would have the necessary force to break apart his scales, especially if they were reinforced with an innate ability.

If they were that strong, they would have gotten a different reading on their Power scale, putting them with the appropriate competitors.

That's why Ssek-Varr kept his power scale the same... in his games, he was the toughest... near unbreakable.

Alas...

The instant the staff made contact with his forearm, Ssek-Varr's cocky grin faded at once. Replaced by a twisted, horrified expression.

Boom!!

A split second later, Webwalker and the watchers were stunned at the sight of Ssek-Varr's flying body smashed into the wall, akin to getting hit by a baseball bat!

Then, he slumped on top of another crystallized platform, holding onto his shattered forearm, or what remained of it.

Bones shattered into dust, flesh pounded flat, and his proud, tough scales were ravaged beyond recognition... even his fingers were nowhere to be seen.

It was bad... yet Ssek-Varr didn't utter a single scream, his pain tolerance being on the high end as a lizardman.

However, his fearful eyes were locked on Levi... if it wasn't for the jolts of pain fired from his shattered arm, he would have doubted this entire interaction.

"Fragile..." Levi spoke at last under the silence of the crowd and his enemies.

His voice... deep and resonant... reverberated throughout the pit, a single word sounding akin to a celestial star if it had a voice... echoey and cosmic.

A split second later...

-Woaah!! What a powerful strike!!-

-How can he deliver such a devastating strike at this level?! Did he use an enhancement ability?-

-He actually spoke... how sonorous... he sounds like an old wise man... is he using his real voice or a voice changer?-

The watchers' cheers and questions resounded across the pit, breaking Webwalker from his daze at last.

Without hesitation, he put a decent distance from Levi, his hair all raised due to goosebumps.

'I knew his attacks were heavy, but this is too much.' Webwalker thought inwardly while keeping a defensive stance. 'He might be a newbie, but he is a real threat.'

"Webwalker! Get him quickly! He must have used an enhancement ability! He can't use it twice in a row!"

Ssek-Varr suddenly shouted while standing up, heated at the sight of his rival bitching out after seeing him eat dirt.

His legs were twitching while his right arm was totally gone... yet he had to stand up and show his rival that he was still in the game.

Otherwise, he would take the safest option... climb to the rim as fast as he could!

"No, thank you, he is all yours."

Webwalker sneered while webbing to the side of the wall. Then, he alternated between jumping, sprinting, and webbing to avoid the obstacles in the upper-pit tiers.

'F*cking bastard!!'

Ssek-Varr's expression turned ugly as he watched his rival pulling away from him. He knew that the game was lost, as he could never catch up with such a grave injury.

However, before he could think of a miracle, his instincts screamed at him to dodge. He bent his legs at once, which lowered his head a little.

Yet, this movement saved his life as the staff's crown came flying straight, akin to a missile, smashing a few centimeters above his head!

A crack in the wall... Ssek-Varr's heartbeat skipped.

Levi was nowhere near his previous position.

He was already a few meters away from Ssek-Varr, his thoughts unreadable behind the void, but his intent was clear... eliminate Ssek-Varr as fast as possible.

Scared out of his wits, Ssek-Varr fought against the pain and weakness. He stood up like fire was under him and ran away from Levi, jumping to a nearby wooden beam.

Then, he kept jumping from one place to another, climbing higher and higher, using the obstacles to hide from Levi's sight... or that's what he thought.

In reality, Levi was tracking him as clear as daylight during his chase... silent, careful... a predator on the hunt.

'He will jump in three... two... now.'

"Aaaaa!! Stop! Stop! Go after him! We will all die if he crosses the ri..."

Before Ssek-Varr could finish his frightened howl, a serpentine chain pierced through the obstacles with insane accuracy; its target? Levi's favorite... Ssek-Varr's legs!

But, unlike the other times... this was a bit more difficult.

Still, Levi hadn't spent a week under Ash'Kral's hellish tutelage to be defeated by this.

The moment the crown passed Ssek-Varr's upper knee while he was mid-air, Levi flicked a wave on the chains and waited a split second until it arrived at the crown.

Immediately after noticing the crown's direction turned around, Levi tightened the chains, causing the crown to start spinning against Ssek-Varr's legs!

Whoosh!!

Under the thrilled eyes of the viewers, Ssek-Varr was snatched mid-air, causing him to lose balance and his face to smack the floor of a crystallized platform.

Both his legs were glued together, leaving him to resemble a mermaid, but not in a cute way.

"Ssek-Varr is caught!!" Gamemaster Gadget shouted, "What a twist! The newbie hunter becomes the prey in his personal hunting grounds!"

The viewers fed off the same energy, cheering thunderously...

Everyone hated newbie hunters as they considered them one of the lowest forms of scum... even the gamemasters despised their guts profoundly.

Besides ruining the balance of the game due to having more experience than everyone else, they were solely responsible for many newbies quitting the program after dying in their first game.

But they were like leeches... undetectable until they had already established some reputation.

After all, it was difficult for the system to detect if one was losing purposefully or not. They couldn't just start pushing Rifiers to increase their power level against their will.

It was an accepted strategy for one to keep their power level under control as they climbed through the ranks to avoid landing against some real freaks of nature.

But, this was the case for TeraOwners, Barons, Viscounts, and other upper noble ranks... not the lowest level of the Homeless rank.

That's what everyone thought, but it was rumored that the program was keeping their existence to filter out the bad apples from the good ones. In their eyes, if a newbie couldn't survive a hunter's eyes, his death in the next games was all but guaranteed.

Still, it was just a rumor.

'How vicious... he really gave up on winning the game to kill him.'

This chilling thought coursed through the minds of Webwalker and the rest of the Rifiers at the doorstep of the upper-pit tiers.

'I made the right decision to leave...' Webwalker's eyes turned solemn while climbing toward the rim, 'he ain't no normal newbie...'

Meanwhile, Ssek-Varr was left cursing Levi's ancestral tree while trying his best to free his chained-up leg.

Alas, the moment the chains tightened up, there was no escaping... only Levi's orders could free him.

Speaking of the devil, Levi landed on top of the platform with a loud thud. Sensing his arrival, Ssek-Varr turned his head, sweat covering his forehead.

"Problem... you don't have to do this. Killing me will do nothing but waste your time; I ain't easily killable even in this state."

Terrified, Ssek-Varr tried to talk his way out of damnation while crawling on his buttocks, his legs refusing to budge.

His race specialized in enhancement and insane recovery, with the poison element on the side. However, since he chose to remain at this low evolutionary state and avoided mastering more abilities, he had nothing to lean on besides his tough scales and muscles.

Levi acted deaf to his woes, striking his other crown against the crystallized hovering platform during a slow, steady walk toward Ssek-Varr.

He was building his Thunder Chant, but Gamemaster Gadget and the viewers saw it differently... left silent at such a psychopathic scene.

They could feel that Levi was enjoying this... relishing Ssek-Varr's despair.

It looked like Ssek-Varr finally realized this, too.

This made his rapidly beating heart turn stone cold, and so did the rest of his body.

No amount of hot blood could quench the chill of knowing your death was imminent...and at the hands of a psychopath.

Will he torture me... will he kill me right away... I need to run, I have to run away!

Many thoughts coursed through Ssek-Varr's mind, but none were useful.

His hand touched the edge of the hovering platform; he had nowhere to go.

As for Levi? He had arrived.

Chain in hand, an intense vibrating crown dangling beneath it. His head tilted to the skies, no expression behind the void... only three stars trying their best to find a perfect orbit, but to no avail.

Then, he stood there... silent on the outside, but chaotic inside.

His mind raced to finish the final calculation for his next move... a move he believed would come in handy if he fell behind in the climb.

A move that required not only perfect calculations of many moving parts, but also a victim.

'You sure you're going for it?' Ash'Kral checked calmly.

'Is there another choice?'

Levi's spiritual vision reflected Webwalker, a mere fifty meters away from the rim. Catching up to a spider in a pit was impossible for a human unless he had talents to offset the massive genetic advantage.

Levi knew...no, he was certain...that he would face such Rifiers, forcing him to prepare many ways to balance the difference.

'Well, I hope it's better than your attempts in my island.' Ash'Kral chuckled, recalling how Levi ended after each failure.

'It will.'

Levi didn't know why, but he felt a sense of clarity like never before... it was like his body and mind were one.

Maybe it was the adrenaline, the cheers, the chase to the top, the desire to win, or the fear he sensed from everyone.

He didn't know what caused this state, but as he gazed at the hovering platforms blocking his vision of the rim, a path drew itself in his mind.

A path so clear, so perfectly accurate to his desires, he couldn't help but marvel at it.

'This is it... the route... It's right here.'

With that euphoric feeling, Levi waited a second until their platform aligned with the white pillar of sound, appearing as a path to glory.

Then, he looked down at Ssek-Varr; his three celestial stars positioned themselves one after another at the bottom.

In Ssek-Varr's fear-clouded eyes, they appeared as a cruel grin.

'He is going to kill me...'