

Evolution 180

Chapter 180: Doubts Flying Everywhere.

As Levi expected... Most of the Rifiers were awaiting his arrival, wanting to see what the hype was all about... 650 million views, and a title in his first game wasn't something to be glossed over.

"Celestial... Pff, what a joke... he put on a funny mask and gets bestowed such an honorable nickname."

"I expected more to be honest... He doesn't look that threatening."

"What a waste of a moniker."

Murmurs broke around the platform... none seemed to appreciate Levi's new nickname, believing that it was a waste on someone like him.

Someone who had yet to truly establish himself in the Ring.

Sure, he did amazing in his first game, much better than most of them, but still... It was a bit too much to build this kind of hype on a newbie.

Of course, this was what everyone was telling themselves... In reality, jealousy was guiding them.

Many of them had gone through tens of life and death battles... surviving some through miracles. They won games and lost some... They killed dozens of Rifiers, and in ways worthy of being clipped.

Yet, none came close to the attention Levi received in the dimensional network from his first game.

In Nocturnal Ring, where reputation and fame mattered immensely, it didn't seem fair at all.

Levi knew all of this, paying them no attention... He kept his body straight and head affixed in place, gazing into the sea of dunes in silence.

"Such arrogance for a homeless... Does he still think he possesses Nocturn's Pardon?" The Razer sneered as he walked over to Levi... clearly up to no good.

He was a slender humanoid cheetah-like nightcrawler part of the Striacheet species... His fur was striped white and black, while his tail was narrow and long enough to match his height of two meters.

He wore tight black leather shorts and a sleeveless leather armor, leaving his toned arms exposed.

"Kekek... The Razer sure can't mind his business."

"Razer, humble him a little."

Shadebite and Glassfang chuckled in amusement at the sight, their reaction shared by most Rifters... Some remained silent, unbothered by the whole situation, but the majority were intrigued, wanting to see what the Celestial would do.

They knew The Razer's persona was high on the asshole meter as he was known to like pissing off others to mess with their minds before the game... Then, once it started, he targeted them if he smelled their mental instability.

His species was known to have evolutionary traits related to emotional instability sensory, agility, sharp reflexes, and predatory instincts... The weaker one's mental stability, the more aggressive and stronger they get... it was like they relish in people's mental health.

"Look at you... A nobody who thinks that he is a somebody... You won't survive a minute in here... This is the big leagues, and before you know it, you will be screaming to send you back to your real Rank." The Razer sneered, leaning near Levi's face... the three celestial stars mask doing nothing but irritating him even more.

No reaction. Levi's head remained fixed in place, as if the taunts were spoken in a language he'd never heard.

The Razer wasn't fazed by his silence... he had dealt with much worse, and yet, he always managed to bring out their traumas. He circled closer, voice rising with a mocking amusement.

"Oh, that's cute. Playing the stoic. Pretending you don't care... I know you do... I know behind that mask must be a child who's still in need of his mother's milk. A kid, taking his first s..."

Before The Razer could finish his sentence, Levi turned his head slowly towards him, his three celestial stars spinning faster and chaotically.

He said nothing... and yet, the Razer felt his fur stand up, a creeping wave of goosebumps crawling across his skin like cold fingers tracing every nerve.

His instinct screamed at him... He shouldn't have said that.

'I ain't scared of him... Me? Never.'

Still, once the Razer sensed Levi's restless emotions, he knew that his last remark about his mother must have worked.

Just as he opened his mouth, wanting to press on the wound much harder, a loud clap resounded from the skies.

The Razer and the rest lifted their heads... finding a cute orange-furred squirrel hovering in between the fake golden sun, her silhouette enhanced.

She was wearing a yellow sundress with a wide Paige hat... accessories, and light makeup, making her appear stunning... of course, for her own race.

"Enough chitchat, and focus here... I ain't repeating myself twice." Gamemaster Biscuit announced, her voice high-pitched and squeaky... matching her appearance.

Gamemaster Biscuit brought out a spiritual representation of the race track... It was split into two zones... First half, second half.

She started with the first half, disclosing calmly, "The First half will be considered a standard race, no Leviathans' marks, no traps... Only your gliding and fighting skills are on display."

No one was surprised by this, as many racing games follow this format. It ensured that the race would have the fun of both worlds...

"As for the second Half... the Leviathan's mark will be activated the moment a Rifter steps into the second part of the track..." Gamemaster Biscuits added, "The pick will be randomized on all Rifters, whether you are still in the first part or have entered the second part."

"Last but not least... The position of your starting area is also randomized, and you will have a ten-second grace period at the beginning."

Gamemaster Biscuits lifted the magical-like wand microphone and pointed it at the skies. Then, she said with a sharp, but pleasant pitch, "May Sire Nocturn's Blessing be in your favor."

The wand-like microphone brightened, and so as the sky above it.

Millions of unique eyes poured in nonstop until the skies were engulfed in their rage... its beauty stolen by the heart's constant desire for pleasure.

Fifty million... Hundred million... Three hundred million!

"Wow... in less than two minutes? You guys are making me shy." Gamemaster Biscuits activated her hostess' persona, rubbing a fake tear.

In her mind, a thought roamed as she zoomed in on Levi's unmoving stance.

'I knew this game would have a larger following than the average because of him... but not by this much. What's so unique about him to make the crowd act like this?'

Gamemaster Biscuits murmured inwardly, having a feeling that this game might not turn out to be a routine one.

Meanwhile, chatter broke in the skies the moment the viewers noticed Levi standing silently as always... his mysterious aura taking over the stage.

-You think he will give us a show again?-

-Most unlikely... He shouldn't have increased his strength this fast.-

-True... His competitors went from newbies to veterans with a minimum of six games under their belt... This isn't going to be an easy game for him.-

-In The Celestial we trust!-

Most viewers had tuned out to spectate Levi live after watching his viral clips online... But once they realized that his game was between 20N and 30N power range, they knew it was going to be a brutal experience for him.

Still, some of them were too deep into their delusion... they didn't care about any of that. They put their whole faith in The Celestial... trusting that he wasn't going to let them down.

Gamemaster Biscuits wasted no time.

Once the viewers' count reached a certain level, she snapped her finger, and all the Rifiers were teleported to a random starting placement... Some were thrown to the back, and some to the very front.

Levi knitted his eyebrows slightly after noticing that he was placed at the very front row... Sandwich was four placements away to the right of him, while the Razer was placed in the middle.

There were close to five meters between each Rifter... Although this put the Rifiers on the back on a timing, it also helped them stay safe from being targeted.

If one used to play Mario Kart... Starting in the front was nothing but being a free target for everyone's rockets.

Thus, no one was really happy about their placements, as each came with its own problems.

"On your marks!"

Once Gamemaster Biscuits' voice resounded in the sky, everyone brought out their standardized Sand Gliders and wore them, tightening the straps.

Then, they turned them on; each Glider's Thermocryst Core sucked in the heat in the atmosphere like a vacuum machine... Their potency was powerful enough that it cooled the area around the platform.

"Get set!"

The hovering Sand Gliders hummed dangerously, each Rifter taking a unified posture... Hands held tight behind the back... torso leaning slightly forward, with knees slightly buckled in for easier maneuver.

Levi took a deep breath... his heartbeats slowing down with each hum of the Glider's engine. Unlike the rest, his face wasn't looking forward.

It was tilted down, his face directed at the glider's board for extra aerodynamics... Others needed to see what was in front, but not Levi.

His world of vibrational frequencies showed him everything around him in great detail, making him feel like he was playing a third-person game with himself.

"You better run, boy... You better run, I am coooming for yaaa..."

While Levi was awaiting Gamemaster Biscuits' start of the race, his ears picked up on the Razer's mocking voice from way back.

He was twisting his voice, akin to a predator on a playful hunt... knowing that his prey could do nothing to survive.

Levi neither looked behind him nor said anything... His expression turned icy behind the mask, the Razer's remark about his mother still playing in his mind.

He said nothing... but his mind was already made.

The Razer was dead.

The insult was an incentive, but in reality... the moment he blasted on public that he wanted a piece of him, Levi had no plans to see what he had in store.

He had no intentions of killing anyone for the sake of killing them... He didn't want the same ending of the first game to repeat.

However, he was no fool to ignore someone wanting him dead.

Three... Two... One.

"START!"