Evolution 183

Chapter 183: Sandscale Leviathan.

Krrrrrrr....

The Sandscale Leviathan growled while shaking its head... Sandwitch's words brought out flashing buried memories.

Memories of its old life... a life before it was caught.

Sandwitch kept talking softly, each word was like a dagger ripping away the illusion installed in Sandscale Leviathan's mind.

As she kept talking, the Sandscale Leviathan's head lowered bit by bit... nearing Sandwitch's extended arm.

Although it was hidden behind sleeves, some glimpses showed that her skin shared the same scales as Sandscale Leviathan!

-What the hell is going on? Why isn't she dead already?-

-Is this some sort of a joke? Don't tell me Sandscale Leviathan can be tamed by mere words?!-

-This... First a Half-Radian and now this... Only House Sharath's Bloodline can speak and command the Sandscale Leviathans as they share the same ancestral bloodline!-

-Have you lost your mind? House Sharath's bloodline has long gone extinct.-

-Then, how do you explain this?-

As the two knowledgeable viewers argued amongst each other, their eyes were affixed on the Sandscale Leviathan, which was rubbing its gigantic snot on Sandwitch's palm.

It was struggling immensely to resist the order to hunt her down... but this only proved Sandwitch's origin to be of House Sharath.

'God damn it... the game is about to be ruined now.' Gamemaster Biscuits didn't react as pleasantly to Sandwitch's origin exposure.

Levi, being a Half-Radian, was quite a cheat code against nightcrawlers... but the game's integrity was still intact, considering that many Rifters were part of other races.

Like Sandwitch, who was a Trueborn part of the Desert Wraith Race

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True snakemen and snakewomen born with a Shadowlife seed attuned from birth with Desert-based Aspects... not exclusive to just sand.

Unlike nightcrawlers and humans... Natural-born races with a Shadowlife seed gave them the needed attunement to manipulate their powers with a high Solarity Access from birth.

That's why Sandwitch could control the sand in the desert freely, not requiring already crafted abilities.

It was as if evolution had been put on steroids... everything predetermined, aligned, and flawless. Unlike nightcrawlers and humans, who had to explore ever-shifting evolutionary paths throughout their journey, each one more unique than the last.

'Do I intervene now? She hasn't broken any rules...'

Gamemaster Biscuits could tell that Sandwitch was about to use the Sandscale Leviathan to hunt down everyone else.

Since Gamemasters could be involved only if the rules were broken, she couldn't get rid of Sandwitch's current advantage... after all, it was the system's fault for putting a descendant of the original Sandscale Leviathan Charmers in a game with a f*cking Leviathan.

But, in retrospect... the amount of luck needed for Sandwitch to pick this exact game with the exact Leviathan her people used to command, from the thousands of games... it wasn't easy at all.

Whoosh!

Meanwhile, the moment Levi saw Sandwitch petting the Sandscale Leviathan on the nose, akin to a puppy, he b*tched out immediately on his original plan.

'So much for showing the Void seed.' Ash'Kral's eyelid twitched.

'F*ck you, and the Void seed.'

Levi cursed angrily while racing away from the Sandscale Leviathan... he knew his luck in the games wasn't the best out there, but still, not for a second, he thought it could get this bad.

"Celestial... Why are you running? I just want a taste of your soul."

Abruptly, Sandwitch's teasing voice echoed across the desert... seemingly closer than it was.

When Levi turned and saw her spiritual aura seated cross-legged atop the Sandscale Leviathan's head, its massive body slithering across the desert toward him, his heart sank.

'F*cking hell... is this still a race?!'

If Sandwitch wasn't taking this as a race anymore, then he was going to make sure everyone took part in her hunt!

Levi had no intentions to suffer alone while the rest held hands and skipped to the finish line. As for complaining to Gamemaster Biscuits? Levi didn't bother wasting his breath.

He understood that unless the game rules were broken, anything goes... Levi thrived on this concept, as most of his prepared plans relied on bending or taking advantage of them.

Instead of whining about getting caught lacking, Levi pointed his Starpiercer Rifle in the direction of the Sandscale Leviathan.

It was gaining ground on him, and fast!

"The Celestial has met his first true life or death challenge! He is in a binder now. What will he do?"

Gamemaster Biscuits commented out loud like nothing was out of the ordinary about this situation... but deep down, she was praying that Levi survive the five-minute hunt.

She could make some changes to the Leviathan only when the mark expired on Sandwitch, and it retreated underground.

Even if Sandwitch's control refused to let the Leviathan leave, Gamemaster Biscuits could override her control easily... it was within the rules that the Leviathan must retreat underground after the hunt's duration ended.

Boom! Boom!...

As Levi aimed the muzzle behind him, everyone expected that he would try to shoot the Leviathan or Sandwitch.

Instead, Levi murmured inwardly, 'Sonic Recoil Burst.'

The Rifle began to vibrate noisily... the excess chain stored in the butt of the rifle rattling nonstop, each contact creating a storm within.

This process kept on going until the storm begged to be released...

Levi did just that.

With a sharp pull of the trigger, the rifle roared... not with a bullet like everyone expected, but with a shockwave of pure sound!

BOOOOOOOOM!!

The shockwave exploded behind him and remained roaring nonstop, resembling a broken horn... it wasn't just sound; it carried enough force to hurl a giant wave of sand into the Leviathan's path while Levi's glider surged forward with a violent jolt!

If he didn't already practice this in his preparation period, the sudden acceleration would have sent him crashing into the nearest dune!

Instead, Levi left behind him a mere blur as his glider flew in the direction of the pack, slowly merging their paths to avoid the Sandscale Leviathan.

This took a great level of control and balance!

The viewers were left shocked at the sight of him, leaning to the side, like he was countersteering a motorcycle.

He kept weaving between the ruins in his path, cactuses, and whatever was in front of him... the wind clawing at his hood, but it held strong... leaving only the echo of the sonic boom to roll endlessly over the desert!

"Oh shit! He is bringing them over!"

"Motherf*cker!"

"Faster! Faster!"

The Rifters, who had felt at ease thinking Sandwitch and her new pet were after Levi, soon realized they were in serious trouble too!

Some were fighting amongst each other, and yet decided to break it apart and run together... none deciding to become the Leviathan's food.

Unfortunately, it wasn't that easy to run away from it.

Krrrrr!!

Seeing that Levi was pulling a massive lead over it, the Sandscale Leviathan roared into the skies and then smashed its massive tail on the dune in front of it.

Whoosh! Whoosh!...

The top half of the dune was launched in their direction... the ocean of sand in the skies transforming into gigantic hardened sand meteors!!

Kaboom! Boom! Boom!...

Levi and the Rifters evaded the meteor shower, their driving skills getting challenged to the extreme!

Levi ignored the struggling Rifters around him and locked the f*ck in... his harmonic spine came in clutch again, showing him a full map of the skies above him, painted with falling golden rocks!

Slide. Spin. Jump... he even weaved in some tricks in midair with each jump over a dune, leaving the crowd to buzz in excitement at such a thrilling scene.

He didn't do it for them... he did it to show his unfaltering confidence that he had everything under control.

The Body Problem... never loses control.

He wanted this image painted in everyone's mind to establish his reputation even further.

"Doing tricks... huh."

Sandwitch's smile turned cold as she watched Levi not get touched by a single meteor. She touched the Leviathan's scale and murmured something in a language no one could understand but people of her bloodline.

Sandscale Leviathan understood her order and delivered it at once... it sank itself underground, leaving behind not a single trace of its existence.

When the surviving Rifters from the bombardment turned around and noticed its disappearance, their hearts weren't relieved... the opposite.

Their foreheads were tainted with a waterfall of sweatdrops from the heat and the nervousness of the unknown.

Was it about to come from below? In front of them? Where? Where? Where!!

Some of them were having mental breakdowns as they kept looking around them, their legs shaking nonstop at the notion of the Leviathan popping from underneath.

They knew that it was much faster underground, as that was its true living habitat.

"Gentlemen... do you want to survive?"

Suddenly, a cosmic-like echoing voice resounded in everyone's ears... its pitch was perfect even when all of them were spread over the place.

Some had recognized the voice as it was as unique as its owner.

"You f*cker brought that monster to us! Why couldn't you settle your score with her alone?!" they clamored heatedly while gazing in Levi's direction.

"If you want to survive, listen to my commands... if not, perish."

Listen to his commands? Everyone scoffed.

Before the Rifters could curse him for making such a disrespectful remark, Levi pointed to the right side and uttered, "It's coming... in one, two... three."

BOOOOM!!

A mere five hundred away... the sky was darkened again.

But this time... a massive tsunami of sand rushed in their direction, its size so massive it cast a shadow over the Rifters' frightened expressions.

"Sandscale Leviathan has used one of its signature moves! Despairing Tsunami!" Gamemaster Biscuits shouted into her wand-like microphone, her tail as stiff as a broom.