

Evolution 190

Chapter 190: The Sandwitch's Mysterious Identity.

Although Levi had already won and left the game's map... the others went nowhere.

Every Rifter behind him froze in place... their gliders screeched as they halted mid-race, sand clouds rising and dissipating into nothingness.

None dared breathe at the sight of the gigantic Sandscale Leviathan's body lying motionlessly near the finish line.

'This...'

'You got to be kidding me...'

'How... How is this even possible?'

Shadebite, Glassfang, and Red Gale stared at the motionless beast, their eyes widened in disbelief.

Then came the voice... High-pitched, squeaky, yet impossibly heavy with authority.

"GAME OVER!"

Gamemaster Biscuit's words snapped across the dunes like thunder, every syllable echoing into the Rifters' bones... sending chills down their spines.

Gamemaster Biscuit couldn't care less about anyone's feelings at the moment... She was too hyped up to care about anything.

The unused Trap Mechanic... Sandwitch and Levi's brainwashing of The Leviathan... The Game ending in less than twenty minutes... Or Levi bailing before she could get a single word in.

None of it.

A Leviathan was slain in her game... That was all she needed to see.

She brought the wand-like microphone close to her mouth and allowed her ancestors to take the wheel... spit flying everywhere, turning her into a mess as she shouted:

"I've seen champions rise, I've seen titans fall, but THIS... THIS is history engraving itself into our eyes! Etch it into your memory, mortals...THE CELESTIAL HAS DESCENDED IN OUR LIFETIME TO BLESS US ALL!"

"NOW SCREAM HIS NEW LEGEND WITH ME... THE LEVIATHAN SLAYER! THE LEVIATHAN SLAYER!!"

THE LEVIATHAN SLAYER! THE LEVIATHAN SLAYER! THE LEVIATHAN SLAYER!...

The sky roared into life once more... the watchers' voices chanting harmoniously, akin to an army about to march!

Even some nightcrawlers failed to keep their hatred of the Radian bloodline in check... their blood heated, vibrating with this electrifying atmosphere.

Who could blame them?

They had just witnessed a scene, watchers paid thousands of Nocrix Credits to pray for something similar in high-ranked games!

Although the title meant that the possibility of slaying the Leviathan was there... The chance was less than 0.001% in this rank!

It was a mere display title, not meant to be earned by anyone... Yet, Levi came around and flipped the script on its head, asserting himself once more as a Rifter... worthy of the name:

THE CELESTIAL! THE CELESTIAL! THE CELESTIAL!!...

As the sky crumbled apart with hundreds of millions of shaken bloodshot eyes... the desert below was as silent as a desolate, well, desert.

The Rifters looked at one another, stunned, their bitterness and jealousy from earlier dissolving into an unease they couldn't name.

Levi hadn't simply won... he had dominated the game, and everyone involved in it to the point... he didn't need to fight either of them.

And for the first time, the Rifters understood that this wasn't just hype, or luck, or a viral name.

The Celestial was something else entirely.

The Celestial... He was here to stay.

Meanwhile... Back on Earth.

The moment Levi stepped outside the dimensional portal, his entire body shuddered for a moment before he fell to one knee.

"F*cking hell... That was the most terrifying thing I have done in my life."

Levi took in deep breaths to stabilize his raging emotions from everything that went down in the second game.

Shit, he might have sold the act of being a nonchalant, powerful entity... but the crazy crap he was pulling in the games wasn't easy on his heart and soul.

If it wasn't for trying to earn the Void Seed's respect, he would have played it the way he knew how... cunning, slow, and careful.

Fortunately, everything somewhat worked out.

'Heh, but be honest... didn't it feel good?' Ash'Kral smirked, 'The Chase? Slaying a Leviathan Class Beast? The cheers? I know you ain't too interested in the platform's culture, but don't lie to yourself.'

Levi touched his beating heart in silence... Ash'Kral's words echoed in his mind.

When he first started the climb, he despised everything about this platform... and what it represented.

However, after the way the second game ended... he began to understand why Rifters were so addicted to the fame and attention this platform fed them... always craving more, even after reaching ranks that already allowed them to live like kings in the Boundless Expanse.

The attention, the love, the respect... it was an exhilarating feeling, which left his fingers tingling in euphoria.

To know hundreds of millions of people across the Great Nine Rootrealms were showering him with so much love... wasn't a normal sensation one could find anywhere.

Still...

"My body might like it, but it changes nothing..." Levi replied with a calm exhale, "Life isn't meant to be lived like this... this ain't normal, and I refuse to accept it as it is."

Levi's opinion on the CRS Platform and Nocturnal Ring was more reinforced than ever... He realized that both were traps, keeping everyone chained as either a participant or a consumer.

Both were rewarded heavily... Participants got the glory, the riches, the best life, but at the risk of death.

Consumers were given the chance to be part of their journeys... enjoying watching the dream without the risk of death.

'Heh... boy, that's just life.' Ash'Kral snickered.

Levi knew what he meant immediately... Platforms or not, everyone was already living in this exact format.

It was just how life operated... The risk takers got to enjoy the rewards, while the consumers could only worship them... too afraid to risk it like them.

Of course, there were exceptions to this, people outside of the box... Yet, the box was simply too big, and there were too many drugged rats in it.

"I know... and I still don't like it." Levi stressed, "I like what I like... This, this just doesn't feel right to me."

"Good, don't get influenced easily." Ash'Kral smiled in satisfaction, "Make a decision only once you understand and accept it."

"That was my original plan... now, why are they so cheap?"

Levi soon glanced at his empty hand; his lips couldn't help but twitch. He tried to be slick and steal the Sand Glider while bathing under everyone's cheers, but alas... it disappeared the moment he returned home.

"Whatever... I will buy one later if the moment presents itself." Levi's smile widened, "I guess it's about time I buy my own territory."

Meanwhile... On a desolate desert-based planet in the chained universe, Sandwitch was seen sitting cross-legged above another Sandscale Leviathan.

This one looked much more menacing and had a deep scar running down his golden-scaled neck.

Sandwitch sat with a cloak drawn tight, her crimson scarf fluttering against the dry wind. Her gaze was affixed on a flickering dimensional screen, showing the latest art of Levi's... A cold, motionless Leviathan's corpse, while he was walking away from it nonchalantly.

She paused the clip and moved to the comment section, her thin slitted pupils shimmering at the sight of the network surfers losing their absolute minds over this clip.

900 million views... and the clip was uploaded no less than two minutes ago!!

The comments? Sheesh, they were just love and hype over this unholy miracle brought to them by their new rising star.

Sandwitch replayed the clip one last time, pausing on the Celestial's face... The inexplicable three stars danced in a seemingly infinite void. An illusion worth its price.

"Celestial... It seems I keep underestimating you."

A soft sigh escaped her lips; her expression was unreadable... She was torn between resentment and reluctant respect.

He had slain her protector, the ancient beast bound to her royal house for ages... and yet, in doing so, he had released it. Ended the chains Nocturn had wrapped around its spirit, using it as a slave for his games forever.

If it were up to her, she would have done the same.

However, they came from the same bloodline and could not kill each other without suffering serious mental damage.

That's why she refused to stay in the game, in fear of the Leviathan killing her... putting it in an inexplicable level of guilt, enough might even force it to commit suicide.

"Celestial... I might not know how to feel about this... but if fate wants our paths to cross again, I will let it decide."

Her fingers brushed the edge of her hood, and her gaze dimmed, looking not at Levi anymore but at the endless shifting sands before her.

"Hydria... Head back home."

As Sandwitch's order traveled far, the perspective pulled away.

The dunes stretched, the sky widened, and the truth of her vantage revealed itself. Beneath her feet, the living Sandscale Leviathan was also curled up on top of a single golden scale!

It was not the true giant...

RUMBLE!!

The sands below began to shift as seven enormous shadows rose, each crowned with a serpentine head the size of a mountain!

A Sandscale Hydra... A World Ender Class Beast.

Its gargantuan body was so massive, it made the Sandscale Leviathan's body fit on a single scale!

It wasn't the sole Sandscale Leviathan on top of it... an army of similar desert beasts was all sitting above the seven serpentine heads.

Sandwitch remained unfazed, a dark figure atop that living chain of titans, moving towards the horizon that swallowed her whole...

Her destination? Motives? No one knew... But one thing was for certain: she left this game with a permanent memory related to Levi's.