

Evolution 83

Chapter 83: One Vs One.

Meanwhile, Demetris and his party were seen sneaking around the hideout, peeking through wall holes or using mirror shards to look inside the ground floor for any movement.

Suddenly, Omar picked up on faint noises near the stairs, leading to the first floor. He crouched next to a giant hole and took a quick peek, finding Rayan leaning against a wall on the staircase. He was checking outside through a hole, his expression as serious as it could be.

'Target located... Rayan Morningstar.' Omar updated his allies through Astra AI.

'Keep watch, we are on the way.' Demetris said.

Just as Omar was about to confirm, Rayan suddenly turned in his direction and spotted him peeking red-handed!

Stunned, both of them kept staring at each other in silence. Omar had no clue how he was spotted, while Rayan seemed spooked.

A moment later, Rayan shouted 'enemies' and took off toward the first floor, leaving Omar to stare at his back with an ugly expression.

"I have been spotted!"

"Idiot! Give chase! Don't let him regroup!" Demetris cursed as he sprinted with the rest of his allies to meet up with Omar.

Omar ignored Demetris' curse for now and chased after Rayan, going up the stairs three steps at a time like he was skipping them!

In no time, he caught up to Rayan's back and tried to grab him by his shirt, but each time he was close to taking hold of him, Rayan slipped away.

'Slippery f*cker.'

Omar's expression kept turning angrier with each failure until they arrived at a long, narrow corridor leading to the first floor.

"Levi! Help me!"

Rayan screamed fearfully, weaving and dodging Omar's hands like he had an eye at the back of his head.

When Omar heard his yell and looked up, he saw Levi standing on the other side of the first floor, still tens of meters away.

He was so close to catching Rayan that he felt it would be a massive waste if he let him reach his ally without giving it his all.

'I have to commit!'

With a cold demeanor, Omar threw his reinforced steel baton at Rayan's back, landing a direct strike!

Argh!

No matter how slippery Rayan was, he simply couldn't evade it in time due to the narrow corridor and the short distance between them.

Rayan tripped with an arched back, feeling like he had been hit by a rock. Yet, he didn't fall as he used the momentum to roll onto the first floor. Only then did he stop and hold his back with a twisted expression.

Omar saw that Levi was sprinting in his direction, but he calculated that he wouldn't reach in time if he acted swiftly and deadly.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Omar sprinted toward the fallen Rayan with his feet charged, wanting to put him out cold with a kick straight to the liver!

Alas, the instant he was about to pass through the door, a thick leg swung from underneath him out of nowhere and tripped him!

Yet, Omar didn't fall face down. He rolled twice and picked up his thrown baton from the ground before coming to a stop near Rayan.

Just like a snake lying in wait, Rayan's expression turned crazed as he launched himself at Omar from the back and placed him into a headlock with his legs crossed tightly on his stomach.

"Go to sleep, go to sleep," Rayan whispered near Omar's ears as he kept tightening his headlock.

Unfortunately, Omar wasn't a nobody.

He was born into a military family, with his late grandfather being a renowned general who fought against many nightcrawler invasions.

While his light affinity was average like Arthur's, he was taught martial arts since he was young.

Jujutsu was one of them.

Instead of fighting against the headlock itself, Omar targeted the biggest mistake amateurs make in such a position... crossing their ankles!

With a grunt, Omar jammed his fingers between Rayan's legs, right where his crossed feet were pressing into his gut!

He yanked Rayan's top ankle hard, arching his back like a shrimp on a mission. Rayan yelped as his legs popped apart!

Before Rayan could react, Omar twisted and rolled, dumping him sideways like a sack of potatoes. Then, he elbowed him in the gut, leaving Rayan gasping for air.

However, just as he tried to stand up, a short wooden arrow pierced his right thigh, making him grunt in pain in a hunched position.

When he looked at the attacker, he saw Melissa hiding behind a flipped desk while holding onto a crossbow shaped like a skull.

Soon, Arthur was caught in his peripheral vision, holding a big black shield in front of the door, locking his exit... It immediately hit him that he was baited hard by Rayan into a death trap!

Before he could think of a way to survive the trap, Jojo came sliding from the side, akin to a cheetah. She pump-faked a kick at his crotch, forcing Omar to guard his precious jewels.

The moment he did this, Jojo spun her other leg and smashed it against the arrow, digging deep into his thigh!

"Arghhh!!"

Omar gritted his teeth in agony, forced into kneeling on his wounded knee. Anticipating this reaction, Jojo followed her assault with a knee straight to his chin!

But Omar wasn't done yet, as he guarded his face with one baton, forcing Jojo to pull back in pain after smashing her knee against a reinforced steel baton.

"They got Omar!"

Suddenly, Demetris' furious voice echoed from behind Arthur's back. When Omar heard him, he steeled his guts and tried to survive for as long as he could until his allies saved him.

Unfortunately, this thought was short-lived.

A black staff appeared out of nowhere and smashed the right kneecap of his wounded leg, making it impossible for him to evade in time.

His leg gave out finally, throwing his balance off and forcing him to sit on his knees and have his chest facing Levi. Even after everything he went through, he didn't allow his face to touch the ground.

"Admirable fortitude, but you chose the wrong squad."

Levi uttered indifferently as he pulled his staff and drove it, akin to a spear, into the middle of Omar's chest, cutting off his breath.

Omar's mouth widened slightly, but no breath or words came out. As he was gasping for air, Rayan didn't hesitate to punch him in the chin from the side, putting him out cold at last.

"What a tough f*cker." He cursed as he held his stomach, still tingling from Omar's elbow strike.

The moment he passed out, Instructor Seraphis teleported his body to safety while announcing his elimination arena-wide.

When Demetris and his allies heard it, their expressions turned cold. They didn't care about Omar's elimination, but how it would reflect on their performance after one of their own got taken out under their eyes.

"You asked for this."

Keira uttered coldly as she gazed at Arthur's peeking head from behind his massive shield. Demetris had already tried to strike him off, but Arthur's shield was too tough to cut.

As for pushing him off the chokepoint? Heh, they'd need a forklift to pull it off.

Keira hid behind her allies' backs and then threw two small knives from tight angles, aiming at Arthur's exposed shins!

Slice! Slice!

Arthur didn't even know what happened before a sharp, cold sensation assaulted his shins, forcing him to stagger.

"Now!"

Demetris and the rest immediately sized up the opportunity to charge at Arthur simultaneously and push him off the door.

Arthur groaned in pain as he could feel the knives digging into his shin with each movement he made, weakening his stance.

When Levi heard his groan and analyzed what was going on, he knew that retreat was no longer an option.

"Arthur, pull back!"

Hearing his order, Arthur summoned every ounce of his strength and pushed them off with a thunderous roar.

"Get the f*ck off me!"

Demetris and the others felt like they were pushed by a truck as they got launched a few meters into the corridor, Kiera and Selene falling over each other!

Immediately after creating some space, Arthur limped over to his friends while still keeping his eyes locked on his opponents.

Levi went in front of his squad with Rayan while Melissa repositioned behind them. Jojo removed the knives from Arthur's shin and fed him her recovery totem, helping his wounds heal faster.

Meanwhile, Demetris and his squad entered the first floor with cold expressions, not too pleased with Levi's setup.

"What did he promise you to target us this early into the trial? I can understand his reason to aim for me due to the wager, but what about you?" Levi asked calmly.

"He didn't need to convince us. Eliminating your squad will launch us straight to the top five." Selene replied coldly while pointing a thin, needle-like rapier in his direction.

Arthur and the others realized that she was right. This trial gave them an insane opportunity to climb the fastest.

With their elimination, Nurah and Demetris would become first and second, while the rest of the ranks would be up for grabs, giving them a chance to win some rewards too.

After all, only the top five rankers won Solar Aegis coins and discounted rates... The rest should feel lucky if they got chosen by nightcrawlers.

"Fair enough." Levi asked with a faint smile, "How do you want to carry this?"

"I don't care about the others. I want you and only you." Demetris narrowed his eyes icily at Levi.

"Big bro, I think he might be in love with you," Arthur said with a questionable tone.

"With this kind of obsession, I'm starting to feel the same." Levi smiled wryly.

When Demetris noticed the weird looks he was receiving even from his allies, his expression turned heated like he was on fire.

"Bastard, stop spewing such bullshit to taint my reputation!" he retorted.

"What reputation is he talking about? He hasn't even gotten contracted."

"I don't know... Is he normal in the head?"

"Shshs, don't speak ill of these kinds of people."

"Ah, you're right. I'm sorry, don't take it to heart." Arthur apologized with a forced smile.

The more the Larson brothers spoke, the redder Demetris' ears got... Especially when he heard the nightcrawlers snickering from above, enjoying the sight of him getting clowned.

He didn't know the viewers' reaction, but he could tell they were also laughing their asses off at his childish arrogance. Not even established Daywalkers dared to mention having a reputation.

"You talk too much. Do you dare back your shit-talk?"

Demetris swiftly tried to regain control of the narrative by turning his aggression to its peak.

"Oh, if you're suggesting a one vs one, I'm down."

Without waiting for Demetris to respond, Levi turned around and walked to a space with a minimum amount of garbage. Then, he tapped his staff on the ground and gestured for him to join him.

"Come, don't be scared. No one in my squad will interfere...you have my word." Levi smiled.

"Scared?"

Demetris sneered as he walked right through Arthur and the others without flinching once. Then, he started circling Levi while having his hand placed on top of his sword.

"It ain't fair that he's the only one who gets to have fun."

Keira glanced at Melissa, and both of them shared a knowing look. Then, without saying much, they walked outside of the first floor.

"You?"

"Yes."

Jojo and Selene were the next to split up from their squads, leaving Arthur and Rayan with the other two top twenty candidates.

Arthur and Rayan grinned widely as they cracked their knuckles while walking toward them, having no plans of sitting out on the fun.

The two contestants gulped a mouthful in dread as they stepped back from them. Two thoughts coursed through their minds after finding themselves alone against Arthur.

Why the f*ck were we left with this monster?

I didn't sign up for this!