

Void 100

Chapter 100

Rose and Elena finally made it past the experiment areas onto the 80th floor. The things they saw on the past 5 floors were so harrowing that the two were forced to take a break and collect themselves.

Regardless of any torture Rose had witnessed or any brutality either of the girls had committed, the happenings in those experiments were truly enough to induce their gag reflex. The struggle to fight the urge to vomit was intense.

Concealed by illusions, the two sat in an inconspicuous corner of the staircase to the 80th floor and rested. Currently, they were conversing via mental transmission.

‘So, how are you doing? Are you sure you can continue?’ Rose asked worriedly. Any teasing or mischievous attitude she held previously was entirely gone.

‘I-I’ll be fine.’ Elena responded, though her voice was weak and shaking. Her entire body was shivering occasionally as she recalled what she had witnessed.

‘What kind of terrible people do you have to be to do such a thing? And why would they even do it in the first place? I just don’t understand...’

Rose sighed. Although she had an inkling of what the injections they saw were, it didn’t make anything better. ‘This is a scheme we won’t be able to see through yet. Think about it, earth is such a small world. There’s no way that this is the only planet where they’re doing such inhumane things.’

Elena shivered even more. She was imagining how throughout the expansive universe countless beings were going through that excruciating pain with none being the wiser. Just the thought made her entire being deflate.

Elena, at the end of the day, was someone who wielded both the life and light elements. Her affinity was holy and pure, striving toward peace. Even if she was a frontliner, these characteristics still reflected on her.

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It wasn't an odd thing in the slightest for one to be influenced by the affinities they were born with. They were intrinsically linked to the very core of one's being, so it was normal for them to influence one's character.

As proof of this, Damien was always acting mysteriously, seeking to explore the vastness of the universe. He wanted everything to be within the palm of his hand.

Not because he had some sort of ambition to rule, but rather it was simply a desire he had for no purpose. At most, it could be said to be a product of his overthinking and his wanting there to be no situation he couldn't react to.

Zara was cute and innocent personality-wise, but she always remained with Damien. Her main goal in life was to be his shadow and to travel with him as one. Maybe it was because of the dependence she developed for him, but it was still partly influenced by her element.

Not to mention her behavior towards outsiders. If anyone she didn't allow attempted to touch her, they'd most likely lose an arm. She was cold as ice to those she didn't trust.

And finally, there was Rose. Rose had grown up in an imperial household and always had the desire to be free. This stemmed from her life spent without leaving the castle, and it was empowered by her wind affinity.

Not to mention, she was extremely mischievous. The way she liked to tease Elena simply because she saw her as a love rival, it was clear where the influence came from.

Most of the time, the inherent parts of their personalities were amplified by their affinities, and sometimes there were only subtle clues to indicate them. Elena was always the caring type, it was just that this side of her was always reserved for Damien.

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Just like how she had spent high school trying to brighten his days because she couldn't help with his bullying, and just like how she consistently took care of his mother after he fell, even if almost every part of her called herself crazy for clinging to hope.

Even if Damien had truly died, Elena would have stayed taking care of his mother as long as she could, and she'd have held onto her hope that he would return as long as she possibly could.

She was truly kind-hearted at the end of the day, and even if she could ignore how ruthless Damien got because of his circumstances, she couldn't ignore the suffering of innocents. It made her sick to her stomach and it made her question what she was even fighting for.

'This is why we need strength.' Rose's voice sounded in her head. 'With absolute strength, nobody would dare slight you. With absolute strength, your will can be enforced by the many, and with absolute strength, nothing will stand in your way.'

Elena looked up into Rose's goldish ruby eyes.

'So continue to get stronger. Until nobody can act in a way you see as wrong again. Get strong to the point where you can enact your justice as you please.'

Elena's eyes began to tear up. It was unexpected that this advice would come from Rose, but it was exactly what she needed to hear. Embracing Rose tightly, Elena silently cried until she couldn't cry anymore.

And when she had successfully vented her emotions and steeled her will to move forward, the duo entered the 80th floor.

"Commence trial 131 for project title: Core Extraction."

Many different machines had descended into the spacious cavern as the scientists continued their trials. At this point, it had already been close to a day since they started.

Damien watched from the shadows as giant drills attempted to pierce earth's core as he gritted his teeth. To him, this issue became much more serious over the past day.

As the scientists became more brutal and forceful in their experiments, Damien began to feel something through the ethereal connection he had to earth.

In the first place, this connection had always been more powerful than the rest. And the fact that he was directly next to the core only made it stronger.

Within Damien's head, he could swear he heard screaming. It was a cry of pain from a child-like voice. And because their connection was intimate, he could tell that the voice was earth's.

He had heard when the scientists talked about the theory of worlds gaining sentience, but he hadn't paid much attention to it. He had thought of it as the crazed ramblings of mad scientists. But now, he was having a hard time disregarding it.

Even if the voice he could hear was mostly incoherent, even if it couldn't form a single true thought, its pain was still transmitted to him. Something was reaching out to him from the other side of his connection.

When Damien allowed this attempt through, he immediately felt pain wracking his entire body. The location of the pain was eerily similar to the positioning of the drills attempting to pierce the core. It was impossible to deny it anymore, the earth itself was asking for his help.

Damien bit his tongue until he drew blood. He had to wait patiently or he would lose any opportunity he would possibly have to stop things.

He honestly didn't have a single idea of how to even begin. How was he supposed to stop such a massive operation without revealing himself, and even if he did reveal himself, what would he do afterward?

There were still at least 3 3rd class beings within this bunker, and he felt it was imperative to not alert them to his presence.

As Damien pondered, another signal was sent from the other side of his connection. Rather than something like sharing pain, this time he felt that it was a message. Allowing the request to proceed, Damien's mind was flooded by thoughts.

None of them were coherent, but the sheer power of the jumbled mess of thoughts was enough to almost cause his brain to cease functioning. Damien was forced to cut the connection to save himself.

‘As expected of the planet itself. Even if it doesn't have any viable means to use its power, the sheer scale of the power it holds is immense.’

Even if it couldn't consciously mobilize mana, it still had enough mana to supply its entire body, which was earth itself. The consciousness of this being was vast even if it had only recently gained sentience.

He wondered if planets could even gain strength, or if they could become humanoid, but that didn't matter.

Once he was able to think properly, he was able to figure out the earth's intentions. ‘It wants me to...bind it?’

Damien understood the concept, as he had seen it happen in many pieces of fictional literature, but he didn't expect it to happen in real life.

‘It wants me to become a star master? Or...no, perhaps this is what it means to be a celestial.’

The title of celestial was overbearing, even if it only connected him to the stars. Until this point, Damien never found a way to truly advance his understanding of this class.

That is, until today.

The only method Damien knew was the contract he had used with Zara, but that wouldn’t work on a being without blood like the earth.

‘Or perhaps?’

Damien poured every bit of mana he had stored within his body into his connection with earth, feeding it to the core. And in response, the core did the same.

When the two different types of magic power connected...

Swoosh!