

## Void 45

### Chapter 45

The disciplinary building was only 5 minutes from the pyramid containing the training grounds so Damien didn't have any problem locating it.

This building was a normal rectangular 2 story building attached to a separate smaller building that seemed to be a prison of some sort. Entering the building, Damien was faced with many students of all ages walking around and doing their jobs.

A few were even dealing with other students who seemed to have been brought in due to violations.

Damien quizzically watched these activities and mentally compared them to police stations back on earth. The processes were mainly the same, only the disciplinary officers in the academy had much more prestige than cops.

Keeping order in the academy was a job that could get you a continuous supply of premium points, so it was naturally sought after by many. But there were strict criteria and evaluations necessary before one could be accepted, leading it to be extremely desired by the students.

"Admission trials for the officer position officially ended a week ago, so there's no need to look around." A strict feminine voice snapped him out of his thoughts.

Damien looked over and saw a tall blonde girl with green eyes looking at him with annoyance.

“Hm? I don’t want any position here. Anyway, where’s the elder that runs this place? I was told to come see him.” He responded, ignoring her irritated tone.

Hearing his request, the girl’s expression shifted to disdain. “If you were planning to lie then at least come up with a better one. Everyone knows that Elder Blanc is a woman!”

Damien shrugged. “I want to see her, then. Is that better?”

This further infuriated the girl. “This is the disciplinary office! No random hobo off the side of the street can come here and act as they please! Leave now before I use force!”

Damien rolled his eyes. ‘What’s with the cultivation novel scenarios I keep getting myself into? Isn’t this supposed to be a fantasy world?’

He had no intention to go through a whole ‘misunderstanding and face-slapping’ situation so he just stopped bickering and pulled out the token he was given. “Here, take this and quit your yapping.”

Seeing something fly at her, the girl was about to attack but stopped when she noticed what it was. Carefully catching the token, she observed it as carefully as she could.

It was an intricately carved circular token filled with black and gold colors. On its surface was an image of a 9 headed serpent, a hydra. Seeing this, the girl stopped in her tracks.

“W-where did you get this?” She asked in a shaky voice.

“I fought an old man and he gave it to me afterward with a note telling me to come see an elder here. Now do you believe me or does this have to get annoying?”

The girl quickly shook her head. No matter how much she wanted to claim that the token was fake so she could cause problems for the annoying guy in front of her, she couldn't.

There was a limited amount of these tokens forged in the first place, and although people had attempted to forge them, there was a secret mana signature embedded in each true token that proved its authenticity.

Her face flushed in shame, the girl quickly ran to the 2nd floor of the building, seemingly going to grab the elder. With the authenticity of the token proven, she couldn't mess with Damien anymore unless she wanted to get expelled from the disciplinary squad or worse the academy itself.

On the 2nd floor, the girl ran to a certain door and knocked furiously.

“Come in.”

Gaining permission, the girl entered the room with shaky hands. Upon entering, she saw a beautiful middle-aged woman with black hair and cold blue eyes leaning over a desk.

Although this woman could be said to look older, she had in no way lost her beauty. She had a figure that could make countless men fall for her with a single glance. This was the Disciplinary head, Elder Rosary Blanc.

Seeing who entered the room, her gaze softened slightly. “What is it, little Lana? Was there a problem that you couldn't solve on your own?”

Lana slightly nodded before shaking her head. Even after many years, she was still infatuated with the elder's appearance. The fact that she always treated Lana like a big sister or mother rather than an elder only worsened her condition.

"Elder, there is indeed a case I can't handle, but it isn't anything from the disciplinary squad. Take a look at this." Lana said as she handed over the token.

Inspecting the item in her hands, the elder's eyes widened in shock. "This is?!"

Lana nodded, still holding some shock many minutes after realizing the identity of the token.

The elder sighed and shook her head as she stood up. "Alright, take me to whoever brought this in." Although she was outwardly calm, she was brimming with questions internally. 'What the hell is that old fogey doing?'

Damien spent 10 minutes enduring various gazes that landed on him curiously. It had to be known that Lana was both the most important member of their squad and the strongest. For someone to make her behave like that, they must be interesting.

Only after what felt like hours of silence did Damien hear footsteps coming from the staircase. This was Lana and Elder Blanc.

Arriving in front of Damien, the elder looked him up and down. Besides his above-average looks, she couldn't see anything special about him. "So? How did you end up getting your hands on this token?"

Once again, Damien repeated the story of how he was beaten up by an old man and woke up with the token and the note on his body. Elder Blanc shook her head in exasperation.

“That damn fogey is always doing eccentric things. Anyway, we can’t do anything for you in this case. This is just one of that old man’s games.”

Damien raised his brow at this. If they couldn’t do anything for him then why was he even here?

Sensing his confusion, Elder Blanc continued speaking.

“I’ll explain. Our disciplinary squad is one of the only places where the authenticity of this token can be verified, so he probably sent you here for that. As for finding him? Your best bet is the mountain in the distance behind the academy.”

Damien knew which mountain she was referring to. It was larger than even Thunder Mountain that he had trained at and was located only a slight distance from the academy. He didn’t know its name yet, but he had already figured it held some importance.

“That mountain is probably full of traps and other annoyances that you’ll have to pass through before you can reach him. That old man loves to think of himself as mysterious and go around testing people, so good luck with whatever it is you plan to do from here on out.”

Damien thanked the elder before turning to leave, only to remember something he’d forgotten for a while. “Ah, shit! I haven’t been to class in like a month!”

Hearing his exclamation, the elder shook her head. ‘They’re truly alike. That old fogey also had this indifferent to anything but training mentality back then. No wonder he took a liking to this kid.’

Waving her hand, she addressed him. “It’s fine, kid. Just go meet with that old fogey and make him teach you. I’ll have someone contact your teacher and notify them. Just tell me your name first.”

“Damien Void.” He replied.

The elder nodded before heading back to her study. Receiving that affirmation, Damien once again said his thanks before leaving.

Back in her office, the elder looked through the new student roster to find Damien’s name.

“Damien Void....WHAT?!” Finding his name, the elder lept up in shock.

“Age 19 Level 75 Spatial and Lightning affinity! That old bastard! He knew I’d only check the books after everything was done! He fooled me again!”

Just like the rest of the elders, she was looking for people to sponsor or train for the Nexus Event so she could gain some benefits, and Damien had been one of the candidates on her list.

Spatial affinity was incredibly rare, and he was also an immense talent, making him someone many elders were paying attention to. Unfortunately for her, her favorite student Lana was already past the 40 year age limit, so she couldn’t participate.

“So the old bastard is also participating this year. And if it’s that kid, I wonder if the rest of us stand a chance.”

Flipping through the rest of the pages of the roster, Elder Blanc found something interesting. ‘Oh? Another promising seedling. Looks like I’ll have to place my bets on her.’

The page she was looking at had a picture of a slightly above-average girl with black hair and brown eyes.

“Katherine Hart Age 21 Level 85 Wind and Illusion Affinity”