

## Void 56

### Chapter 56

The participants were once again covered in spatial light as they were teleported back to the main arena. Upon arrival, they were greeted with a cacophony of cheers, with various names being chanted over each other.

Damien even heard his own name being chanted by certain sections of the crowd. Looking around, Damien saw the leaderboard and understood why. The top 50 were clearly outlined and he was at the top of that list. Surprisingly though, he wasn't in first.

[1st – Katherine Hart – 75 points]

Seeing the name, a grin formed on his face. 'Losing sucks but at least it was her I lost to.' Damien's name was in second with 66 points.

The board was lined with names that would become famous after the event and surprisingly, only around half of them were supreme geniuses.

While only around 15 of them were eliminated, many were schemed against and outwitted into losing many of the bracelets they collected.

The 1,050 remaining participants were led off the stage and towards many back rooms for them to rest. They would be given a day to recuperate before the next event started.

The announcer gave them one last tip as they left. “Pay attention to and make friends with the people around you, competitors! All I’ll say is that the people you’re sharing the private room with will be important in the next round!”

While they walked, Damien felt a nudge from behind him. “Weren’t you going to wipe the floor with me? What happened to all your confidence?” A familiar voice said tauntingly.

Damien smiled as his hand snaked back and pinched her waist. “Yeah okay, this is just the first event. Let’s see how you keep that energy after the next one.”

Katherine slapped his hand away with a red face as she increased her pace and walked by his side. “That event was truly fun though. I got to test out a lot of things that I had only theorized in my training.”

Damien nodded. “For sure. I limited my spatial ability so I could have more fun and it was a great time, especially that last fight.”

“I wonder what the next game will be, though. There are still so many participants left and only 2 more events before the final 12 tournament.”

Damien glanced around at the crowd of participants around them as he nodded. “True. If they keep doing solo events like this it’ll take forever to whittle down the numbers while keeping the crowd entertained.”

As the two continued to discuss the event, they arrived at the private rooms arranged for them. Each room was meant to fit 3 people so there was ample space. This was to further the original goal of the event, which is to forge ties between the various nations and races.

Damien and Katherine entered one of the private rooms and sat down on the couch as they continued talking.

The room was around the size of a two-bedroom apartment and came complete with a king-sized bed, full bathroom, and an assortment of various snacks. There was also a screen in the room that was a smaller version of those used to display the events to the audience. These were like this world's adaptation of television.

Damien wondered why there was only one bed when the room was meant for 3 people, but that question was soon answered. As he relaxed on the couch, Katherine suddenly pulled a lever that caused them to end up on their backs. It seemed this world had couch beds as well.

Katherine had pulled the lever to catch Damien off guard and see his startled expression, thinking it would be a fun prank. But clearly, she didn't think things through. They were a man and a woman now alone in a room laying on a relatively smaller bed together. Their bodies were practically touching already.

Glancing sideways, she ended up catching Damien looking at her too. Their faces were only inches apart. Seconds ticked away as the two stared into each other's eyes before they abruptly snapped out of their dazes. Katherine looked away hurriedly.

Her face blushed red and she thought of ways to get out of her current predicament, but there was no need. Her guardian angel had shown up in the form of a giant black wolf that squeezed herself into the spot between them, alleviating the awkwardness.

Truthfully, Katherine wasn't the only one saved. Damien had just discovered that his bestial instinct also had a taste for...other kinds of battle.

The second he turned his head and saw her face only inches away from him, his instinct flared, and like a little devil on his shoulder, it tried its hardest to coerce him into losing control.

Not knowing what to do in this situation, Damien went with his first idea, acting oblivious. He was a genuine weeb before he accidentally transmigrated, so he knew the ins and outs of this kind of situation.

‘Japanese main characters are always dense as shit and that’s the only reason the romance doesn’t develop until the last episode of the entire anime! I’m a genius!’

Zara had come out after feeling his panic and hearing the idiotic thoughts running through his head. She glanced at him and rolled her eyes while sending various messages through their mental connection.

If Damien had to translate, it would come out as something like, “why are you being such a wuss about it? She wants to mate with you too right? So just do it, weirdo.”

He had the urge to facepalm continuously while rolling on the ground with shame. Where did his innocent Zara even learn things like that? Not to mention, this was his first time in such a precarious situation.

He wondered why this instinct didn’t flare during his earlier interactions with her as well since this sort of closeness was only slightly rare at this point.

Usually, neither of them would think much of it. They would just continue talking or messing around as if everything was normal. So why was his instinct acting up now? ‘It can’t be that I had that thought first right?’

The only explanation he could think of was that the instinct had just amplified thoughts that he already had, but he quickly shook off that idea.

‘Let’s continue playing the dense mc role. I don’t have the mental capacity to deal with this right now.’

All this while, he was hugging Zara’s body while ignoring the painful silence that filled the room.

Katherine was having similar yet completely different thoughts. ‘What’s happening to me? Since when did it become like that? Whatever it is, this can wait until the event ends. Focus on what’s ahead of you!’ She cheered herself on.

Then, as if it was a message from God, the screen in the room turned on. The announcer’s face popped up along with an alternating view of many different fields with different terrains.

There was a completely flat and rocky area, a small sea filled with islands, a huge mountain, and even a city.

As the two’s attention focused on the screen, the announcer started speaking.

“Greetings, competitors! I know you’re all enjoying your rest so don’t worry, I won’t take too much of your time. However, it’s time for me to explain the next game!

“This game is called Monolith Capture. This is a team vs team game! Participants are grouped into teams of 3 and given 1 week to familiarize with each other and strategize.”

The view on the screen changed to a large rectangular object that was made out of some type of smooth metal.

“Each team possesses a monolith that they are responsible for guarding. Just like the Survival Games, each player has a bracelet artifact, but its use is very different.

“If you get within 10 meters of the opposing team’s monolith, you can activate this bracelet to open it.”

A man walked into the range of the rectangular monolith and injected mana into his bracelet. Suddenly, the monolith split in half top to bottom, and the back half fell to the floor. On the now opened inside of the monolith, there was a small screen.

“Inside the monolith is a code or phrase, a type of password. The goal is to type this password into your own team’s monolith. The team that succeeds first wins the round, and the team that wins two rounds first is the overall winner!

“Did you ever play capture the flag as a kid? Well, this game is a more advanced version of that!

“There are 350 teams at the moment, and the game will continue until only 100 teams remain, aka 300 participants. As for your teammates, why do you think each private room holds 3 people?

“As I said before, you have 1 week to strategize, so get to it!”

With that, the screen shut off. It was only after hearing the announcer's words that the two of them realized that there was supposed to be another person in the room.

As they robotically stood up from the couch, an elf who looked in her twenties entered their view.

"H-hello. My name is Eva Lock. I-it'll be a pleasure working with you." She was also on the leaderboard so she would usually have a more confident demeanor, but the two others in the room were currently staring at her with death glares and billowing auras, so she couldn't help but shy away.

Damien and Katherine looked at each other.

"Silence her?"

"Silence her."

The two dashed at Eva. "W-wait! We can talk this out!" As she ran away from them, Eva desperately pleaded.

Meanwhile, Zara sat in the corner enjoying the show. Embarrassment wasn't something she understood. Maybe it was just beast culture, but seeing Damien get all flustered confused her, but also amused her.

It took several hours for the newly formed team to calm down. Eva had been thoroughly questioned and they made sure she saw nothing. As for the questioning method? It doesn't need to be mentioned...

After they calmed down they had a chance to properly talk over the event. Katherine started the conversation.

“This game will heavily rely on strategy and teamwork. We can’t just wantonly charge forward or the other team will easily be able to grab our code and win. To start, let’s introduce ourselves. I’m Katherine Hart, I have a wind and illusion affinity.”

“Damien Void. Spatial and Lightning affinity.”

Finally, it was the newcomer’s turn. “Eva Lock. Nature affinity.”

Damien raised his brow before grinning. “Hoh?”

“It seems like this event might be even easier than the first.”