

## Void 80

### Chapter 80

When Rose opened her eyes, she found herself in a space filled with the color white. Nothing else was present in her surroundings.

However, she didn't pay any attention to this. She had only one purpose at the moment, which was to find Damien.

"Damien!" She yelled, attempting to get a reaction. But it was all for naught. After all, Damien wasn't even in the same space as her. Left with no other options, Rose attempted to move through the space and search.

It was only then that she realized she had no conscious control over her movements. Her body was stuck in place, seemingly being forced there by some force she couldn't understand.

All of a sudden, the white expanse began to unfurl like a box. First came the space above her, then the three sides. The appearance of the box itself confused Rose since the same seemed that it expanded as far as her eye could see. Yet, only a few kilometers away from her, there were walls.

With the disappearance of these walls, Rose was subject to the scenery outside. The sky was colored in rainbows. She couldn't find any other way to describe it, since most of the colors that constituted the sky couldn't be placed on the existing color spectrum.

The walls of the box slowly deformed and merged with the sky, becoming clouds that floated aimlessly. The scene was enough to entrance her, causing her to forget her original purpose. She was stuck trying to comprehend the scenes around her.

It was then that the floor finally began to move. Subconsciously, Rose attempted to use her mana to fly but found she was unable to do so. The fear of falling into the unknown gnawed at the back of her mind but wasn't able to completely snap her out of her trance.

It did, however, make her look down at the floor that was folding in on itself like a piece of paper being folded over and over. Unlike paper, though, the floor continued to fold infinitely, becoming a speck of dust that floated with the wind and joined the clouds.

For some reason, Rose's entire perception was focused on this speck, rather than paying attention to what was below her.

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This entire time, she was unable to formulate a coherent thought.

Her mind was jumbled, but the scenes of the walls becoming clouds, of the infinite expanse becoming a box, of the floor becoming a speck of dust, and of the incomprehensible skies resulted in an influx of insights entering her mind.

In her current state, this only served to further confuse her. Finally, Rose ended up looking below her.

Boom!

It was as if an explosion went off in her mind. The chaotic thoughts cleared themselves as she gazed upon a mystical scene.

There was no ground, as the area below her descended into a harrowing abyss, but she didn't focus on that. Rather, her focus was on the massive golden rivers that danced through the void.

These swirling golden rivers all connected in the middle and formed an expansive sea that flowed to eternity. Waterfalls made of this gold were present everywhere, dying the atmosphere in their color.

Rose's eyes throbbed intensely. She could see a river flowing behind her, connecting to her eyes like a karmic thread, yet it wasn't that. She truly didn't understand what was happening.

Her eyes continued to throb. Gazing into the sea of gold, various scenes flashed before Rose's eyes. A mother birthing a child, only for it to be stillborn, a homeless man begging on the street, being ignored by the many pedestrians that passed, and many more.

Everything seemed random to her. She tried her best to find a connection or even a similarity between the scenes entering her mind, but she couldn't. At least, at first she couldn't.

Slowly but surely, Rose began to piece the images together.

The mother of that child framing an innocent man in a bid to steal his money and resorting to drugs to cope with her emotions, that homeless man betraying and killing a good friend to satisfy his vices and running away from his sins.

Rose began to see scenes of people doing good and bad, committing actions that fell within a grey area, and many more. However, they all sowed karma. Each action of these people resulted in a reaction further in their lives.

She felt that if she wanted to, she could change a single action these people took and cause a butterfly effect that changed the course of their entire lives.

The throbbing in her eyes grew to its peak, forcing her to shut them. The golden glow they shone with infused into their very being, forcing an evolution onto her.

Her ruby eyes began to morph. Although they stayed mostly the same color, her trait imposed onto them, becoming her true eyes. Before, she could switch between the two as she pleased, but it looked like that was no longer an option.

Before she even understood what had just taken place, Rose felt a mysterious force rejecting her from the dimension she was currently in. As she tried to take in every single detail of the realm one last time, Rose's vision faded to black.

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The final month of the secret realm was almost over, with only a single day left until the participants returned to the continent. Knowing this, everyone was doing their best to maximize their gains.

pa nda nov el Within that eerie forest, the dark horse of the tournament was riding a skeletal horse, looking at a new legion of undead he had built with a satisfied smile on his face.

In another region, Ethan stood proudly among a group of 8-foot tall men whose bodies were covered in scars and tattoos. Under his foot was one of their kin, but none of the men seemed to mind. Instead, they roared with laughter and excitement as they celebrated the warrior in front of them.

Meanwhile, on Godspark Mountain, Zara was rampaging through the peak layer. She had woken up half a month after she fell into the coma, but she was still drowning in sorrow.

However, every fiber of her being refused to accept that something bad happened to Damien.

There hadn't been a single time since they met that he met with a problem he didn't solve with confidence. Betting on this assumption, Zara prioritized strength. Her thoughts were still largely innocent, but there was a certain part of her that was forced into reality.

'I will never allow this type of thing to happen again.' This was the thought in her head. When her parents died, she was powerless, and now when something mysterious happened to Damien, she was powerless.

She didn't care how long it took or what means she used to accomplish it, all she desired was strength. And her bloodline reveled in this emotion. It fueled her determination even further and allowed her to return to her most basic bestial instinct. To kill, to eat, and to evolve.

So this was what Zara had been doing. She was gaining strength in the most primitive way possible in hopes that she would never be useless again.

And after an entire month of waiting, Zara's expectations paid off. In the middle of her hunt, she had sensed her mental connection with Damien return as if nothing had happened. Although he seemed to be disoriented, she could tell that he was completely fine.

Disregarding everything else, Zara charged directly up the mountain to reunite with him again.

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When Damien woke up, he had no idea where he was. His mind was a mess of jumbled memories. Slowly, he regained his bearings, only to distance himself from the monolith as fast as he could.

He couldn't remember much of what happened, but the scenes he did remember terrified him. He recalled floating through emptiness for what felt like years, he remembered the struggle he had retaining his ego, but everything else was a blur.

He had faint memories of the majestic river he saw. After all, how could he forget such a sight? Even with his hazy recollection, he still marveled at the scene.

The final thing he remembered was just a flash, but he couldn't shake the feeling that it was extremely important. It was the figure of a man. Although he couldn't make out the man's features, he heard the words he said. 'Space-time river.'

Next to Damien, Rose was going through a similar situation. She remembered the incomprehensible scenery that surrounded her, and she remembered the seas of gold, but the visions she saw within that sea were hazy and mostly eluded her.

When the two of them noticed each other, they immediately embraced. Rose clung to Damien as if he would die tomorrow, while Damien wasn't doing any better. Their experiences differed dramatically but were equally impactful to them. They sought comfort in each other's arms.

At this time, a huge black shadow arrived above them and tackled them to the ground. Zara almost strangled Damien with how tight she pinned him down while she continuously licked his face. If one looked closely, one could see the tears that stained her fur.

The three of them stayed within the temple for the next few days, enjoying the fact that they were reunited. After all the twists and turns they'd encountered since arriving, they were in dire need of rest.

In this time, neither Damien nor Rose had checked their statuses to review any changes from their experiences, as they had made a prior agreement.

What happened to them may have been confusing and slightly traumatic, but they both received an immense influx of insights and comprehension when they returned to the temple. They knew there'd be immense benefits waiting for them to explore.

And since they decided to rest, checking their status would only be detrimental. Seeing the changes or revisions there would fuel their desire to train.

And like that, the final days within the secret realm passed swiftly. The trio stood before the ancient temple that had provided them more benefits than anything else with complicated emotions.

It was a mixture of gratitude and grudge, but in the end, they still bowed to show respect.

The tokens they were given before their entrance began vibrating as the light of spatial fluctuations covered them, leading them back to the continent from which they came.