

VOID EVOLUTION SYSTEM

Chapter 8

In an unknown dungeon somewhere in the universe, one could see the scene of a slightly skinny young man with black hair and amethyst eyes fighting against 3 human-sized grey wolves.

The wolves eyed the human warily, after all, in the past day he had gone around and continuously killed members of their pack. Even with their limited intelligence, they knew he was someone dangerous.

The young man, Damien, was also vigilant about the wolves. To improve his sword mastery, he had become active in his hunt and found many grey wolves that he subsequently killed. However, since he was only one step away from a class change, he needed a much greater amount of exp than ever before.

The 3 wolves circled him, but Damien didn't give them time to prepare. He immediately launched himself towards the first wolf and smashed down with one of his blades, while simultaneously throwing his second blade at the wolf behind him.

As the wolves tried to dodge, Damien used his telekinesis to hold the first one in place while manipulating the direction of his other blade to pierce the second wolf's flesh.

Suddenly, he vanished, narrowly avoiding the claws of the third wolf and appearing on its back, slicing a deep gash along its spine.

With the 3rd wolf paralyzed, Damien vanished once more, reappearing holding the handle of his second blade and pulling it downwards with all his might, cutting a through the flesh on the wolf's chest.

He continued to dance around the wolves, most of the time choosing to dodge with his body, but teleporting when he sees things get dangerous. After five long minutes, the first two wolves had fallen.

[You killed 2 level 9 Grey Wolves, gained 100 exp]

Walking over to the third wolf who had been paralyzed at the beginning, Damien could see the hateful look in its eyes. However, he felt no remorse. It was kill or be killed in the dungeon, and he would not choose the latter option. He lifted his short sword and swiftly beheaded the wolf.

[You killed a level 9 Grey Wolf, gained 50 exp]

Gathering his breath and wiping the blood off his blades, Damien once again realized he was smiling. Recently, he had begun musing that he might be a battle maniac, as he felt an undeniable thrill in this kill or be killed environment.

If it wasn't for his goals and his priorities back on Earth, perhaps he'd stay here longer than he needed to just for the thrill.

Damien walked back to his little cave abode while silently admiring the dungeon scenery. The area he was at now, had much more flora than anything he had previously seen.

Countless plants of various fantastical colors bloomed everywhere, however, he had almost found out the hard way that they're poisonous. Luckily, he decided to feed one to a dying wolf first and ended up killing it.

Reaching his home base, Damien sat down to rest. 'It seems like these wolf lackeys won't be enough to get me up to 1st class. Each of them is only giving 50 exp now, while the first one only gave around 200 exp.'

‘If I kill anymore I won’t even gain anything. My next big fight will be against their leader, who’s most likely a 1st class. Judging by how easy it’s become to kill level 9 beasts, a 1st class shouldn’t be too hard. Even if it’s a tough fight, it’s still doable.’

Sadly, as someone who had given up on the thought of getting stronger, Damien possessed little knowledge of the difference between classes. In due time, he would come to regret his hubris.

Damien rested for 4 hours before standing back up. It was his 5th day in the dungeon, and he had the inexplicable feeling that something major would happen today. Damien stared at the cave ceiling, his eyes seemingly attempting to pierce through reality to gaze upon a certain hospital room on earth.

“Mom, I know you can’t hear me, but I want you to know that your son is okay. Though this environment is harsh, it seems to be exactly what I need to grow. Don’t worry about a thing.”

“By the time I come back to Earth and back to you, I’ll be someone you can be proud of. I’ll heal your sickness like it’s nothing and let you live a lavish life, and maybe we can even find dad and beat him up a bit for leaving.”

Damien didn't do this often, but after the reality set in that he might be at the opposite end of the universe from Earth, the pain of being alone came to the forefront.

He missed idly talking to his mom, even if she couldn't hear him, he missed his happy days with Elena, where they acted like nothing else in the world mattered, he even missed his shitty one room apartment, where he at least had a bed to sleep in.

Although he had yet to face death, he knew it would happen at some point. He knew his easy ride so far was only because he hasn't met a single beast who evolved past level 10 yet.

He sometimes wondered how he could keep such a positive outlook in this kind of situation, but he realized that the humorous attitude he kept was only a coping mechanism, because some part of him deep down still wanted to think that everything was just a nightmare and that he was still on Earth living peacefully.

Thinking back to his life for the past five days without said coping mechanism, he shivered. He hadn't eaten once, and he spent day after day killing, running, and training.

Was it mana that gave him the nutrients he needed, was it just a constant adrenaline rush due to the situation, or was it a combination of both? Damien didn't know, but he knew he'd run out of steam soon.

He let himself rest for a total of around 15 hours through the entire experience, and that's only if his sense of time is still accurate. He didn't want to imagine the kind of personality he'd have once he completely accepted his circumstances.

Maybe he'd lose all his humanity and turn into a beast himself... However, he didn't let the thoughts stir for too long. No matter what he turned into, he didn't have a choice in the matter.

He needed to grow stronger regardless of anything, and if he's forced to throw away his humanity to achieve this, he'd do it in an instant. As long as his core principles didn't change, he didn't care what became of him.

Calming his mind, he held his hands out, as his short swords came flying towards him.

‘Last time I felt this kind of premonition, I was thrown into a dungeon and left to die in another world. No matter what happens this time, I must remember, I must survive. No matter what I must survive.’

Even after five days, he still remembered the will he forged after his panic attack in the beginning. ‘Survive’. Whether he was joking around, killing, training, or sleeping, this word constantly replayed on loop in his head.

“Well,” he chuckled to himself, “I wonder what kind of fun my dog shit luck will bring me today.”

The hunt resumed once again, only this time, unbeknownst to him, Damien would be the prey.