

The Walker Of Voids

Chapter 3: Evolving [1]

"Welcome to the Void, entity Lloyd Elrod... We have been waiting for you."

The melancholic, almost robotic voice entered his ears and sent several shudders down his spine.

"Choose your weapon." The voice commanded in an authoritative tone that Lloyd found himself unable to disobey. It was as if an emperor was telling a peasant to do something, and despite that thing possibly risking the peasant's life in the future, they would still be forced to do it in hopes that luck would be on their side.

Unfortunately for Lloyd, luck in the Void was close to nonexistent.

Three different weapons appeared in front of Lloyd, and within a few seconds, he understood what was happening.

Stretching his hand, he ignored the staff and daggers and immediately grabbed onto a katana that seemed to have been forged out of the blackest material in the universe. It was almost invisible because it absorbed all light that touched it, but Lloyd could still feel its presence.

However, unexpectedly, the moment he touched the blade, his body seemed to have been flung through space and time, and in an instant, he found himself in a dark area with very minimal amounts of light.

However, despite the lack of light, one thing became visible to him when he appeared where he was.

A pair of white fangs shone with the reflection of the minimal amount of light created when Lloyd was transported to where he stood, yet that was all it took for Lloyd to act.

'W-Wolves?!' Lloyd asked with a tinge of fear in his voice.

Swoosh

A stinging pain coursed through the right side of his cheek while a clear cut had been created, deep enough to draw blood and cause it to trickle down his cheeks.

If it weren't for Lloyd's excellent reflexes, he most certainly would have died on the spot.

Despite the stinging pain in his right cheek, Lloyd refused to believe that this was anything more than an ultra-realistic dream. Any human would have acted this way; after all, all logic pointed to it being a dream, so why would he not believe it to be the case?

Panic threatened to take over Lloyd's senses, but as if his muscles had been honed by instincts, his arm flung out and swung his blade in a wide arc before finally...

Dung

A loud, ear-ringing metallic sound entered Lloyd's ears and made him widen his eyes in shock.

'Their skin... It feels like it's made out of-' Lloyd could not finish his sentence as claws sliced through the air and appeared in front of Lloyd in an instant.

Lloyd barely jumped back in time for the attack to fall to the ground, but despite believing he was fast enough to have fully dodged the attack, a wave of pain almost made his knees buckle under the weight of his body.

Four long deep gashes appeared on Lloyd's chest, and blood began to seep out as if his wounds were fountains of blood.

His instincts flared once again, and before he could understand what had hit him, he found himself blocking to fangs of another beast with his arm, sacrificing it in the process for just a few more seconds of survival.

His eyes widened in pain and shock as a scream of agony threatened to leave his mouth.

"Your goal is to survive." The voice spoke again, yet despite it being mostly monotone, it was laced with a tinge of amusement.

Taking advantage of the creature's fangs digging into his flesh, he pulled the creature towards him and, with a moment of hesitation, thrust a blade through its eye and into the beast's brain.

The beast fell onto the ground, its body unmoving and its eyes listless.

This was Lloyd's first kill, and the feeling did not seem to lessen despite it being on an animal.

The feeling of dread as his blade shot through the brain of his enemy made the feeling even worse as he could feel the texture of the beast's brain in the form of resistance.

Lloyd wanted to puke, but it was not the time for that. He had to survive... Fear threatened to take over his senses, but instead of falling to the temptations of simply running away, he gritted his teeth and stood unmoving.

He felt a sudden surge of power run through his veins. Simultaneously, he felt a link or attraction with the shadows around him, as if seeing through them and feeling the creatures inside of them had become a little easier.

However, he didn't have enough time to think about something so inconsequential.

He didn't know why, but he felt like dying in this 'dream' would mean the end for him, and because of that, he was able to unlock something within him.

Suddenly, the area around him became less dim, light illuminating the area from all sides as if the sky itself was shining down on the area, but Lloyd knew that such a thing was impossible because of one thing.

'A cave system?' He grimaced. From what he could see, several pairs of red eyes were looking at him from the cave's shadows, yet for some reason, he could see their entire bodies as if the shadows didn't exist.

Another shadow turned into a blur as it moved toward his neck. He could feel the sharpness of its claws on his neck despite it still being several meters away. Fear seeped into his mind again and his mind worked on overdrive to find the best way to survive.

'I-I'm going to die!'

Unbeknownst to him, his eyes had slowly begun to change, not only in color but also in properties. They were slowly fading into a deep shade of purple, but that was not all.

Not only were his eyes beginning to change, but his entire body. No... His entire being was changing into something more. Something with meaning.

His sudden attraction to shadows was no mere coincidence...

The sudden surge of power was nothing to scoff at.

Lloyd was evolving.

Planet Glade, Snow City, Glade Household.

Rubert opened up one of the large doors that led to the Glade family head's Throne room.

Inside, one could see several paintings of men that looked quite similar to one another; whether that would be their facial features or physiques, they all looked similar in some way, shape, or form.

Several pieces of furniture were created out of mana-enforced emeralds gold, and even diamonds littered the throne room as if they were a statement of both wealth and untidiness.

Rubert walked into the room, his aura retracting to an extent where it would have become hard for anyone other than the Glade family head to feel his presence. However, none seemed to care.

10 people ranging from the age of 5 to 30 stood in two neat rows, both made in a way where they would be standing along the red carpet that reached the throne made out of blackish dark crystal.

A blonde-haired man sat on the crystal throne. His aura was powerful and domineering, yet it was nullified by the warm and calm aura that seeped out of the woman next to him, who found herself sitting on one of the armrests of the throne, her legs crossed and her gaze on Rubert, who stood barely 7 meters away from them.

"Master Glade... I have brought Zack with me to complete his ritual..." Rubert stated, his voice cold and emotionless, yet at the same time, the two in front of him knew that it was just an act imposed by Rubert to hide his contempt for their current actions.

While Rubert respected all the rules of the Glade family, there was one that he could barely stand, and today he had to watch one of his favorite children from the Glade family go through the same pain 'he' did.

"Rubert, please understand that this is for his own good." Benjamin Glade sighed, his gaze warm and his expression sympathetic, yet instead of calming Rubert down, it only made his rage harder to control.

Seeing that his words did not do what he intended, the man on the throne, Zack's father, sighed in defeat.

After a few seconds, he gestured toward one of the guards to allow Zack to enter, and in an instant, the doors were flung open, and in walked Zack, his stride long and his chest puffed out in pride.

"What is it, father, mother?" Zack asked in confusion, his eyes darting between the two lines his siblings made and his parents that stayed unmoving from their throne.

"Zack... It is time for your awakening ritual... I hope nothing but the best for you, my son."

Pant

Pant

Pant

Lloyd stood in the middle of the cave, surrounded by several wolf corpses.

His black hair was drenched in blood, one created out of a mixture of his own and the blood of the beasts around him. His once black eyes now shone like a pair of violet stars in the endless abyss that was the natural darkness of the cave.

Yet despite it being pitch black, the lack of light seemed to not affect the boy in the least as his eyes continued to dart from one corpse to the other as if trying to scan for any signs of life.

A long and sharp katana lay in Lloyd's hand as he held it firmly, using it as support by stabbing it into the soft ground.

Wounds littered his body, but they were a drop in the ocean compared to the decimation and havoc he caused while fighting these wolf-like beings.

At a glance, one could see that he was missing an arm, a large chunk of his right thigh, and most of his left calve, yet for some unknown reason, none of these wounds leaked any blood anymore. It wasn't that the blood clotted and already stopped the bleeding; it was that it looked like there was no more blood to be drained.

He was on the verge of death...

Lloyd's complexion was several shades paler than before his battle to the death with the wolves, but the cold and frightening glint within his eyes could not be ignored.

He didn't know how much time passed, but every minute felt like days to him. Time seemed to slow under the threat of constant and imminent death that loomed over his head.

"So, you think of me as nothing but prey, huh..." Lloyd asked, his gaze piercing through the vast darkness and meeting the eyes of a feral creature. Its gaze screamed for one thing, and that was blood.

A pressure similar yet different from Lloyd's battle aura seeped out of the creature, yet he knew exactly what it was despite not having felt it before. He felt as if the pressure resonated with him... As if he could make it his own...

He still felt fear, but he wasn't going to allow something so feeble to control his thinking, movement, or decisions, not that he had a choice either way.

He had become a killing machine without realizing that such a thing had occurred. His mindset had changed, and his muscles had adapted to his situation.

It was kill or be killed.

"Then let's end this..." Lloyd let out a savage grin that showed all his teeth.

At that very moment, something snapped inside of him again. And finally, it happened.

Shadows loomed over his body and began to cling tightly to his skin. His emotions were fully displayed as a flailing dark purple hue laced with a crimson light left his body.

Despite the battle against the wolves seeming endless, his determination did not falter. Due to this, he unlocked something inside him, an ability that millions would fear in the near future.

An ability that had the potential to make the weakest human into the strongest being in the universe.

A powerful pressure washed over the cave, spreading in each direction and entering several tunnels, yet the creature in front of Lloyd only grew more ferocious.

Lloyd raised his katana once more, shadows covering his body from head to toe and increasing the power that raged within his body.

Everything around him lost its color and became black and white.

Runes engraved themselves into his katana.

The shadows around him felt like they were nourishing him once more.

It was as if he was being...

Reborn

