

# The Walker Of Voids

## Chapter 6: The Awakening Ceremony [1]

The family heads took slow, loud, and confident steps as if they wanted to ingrain their statuses into the minds of everyone watching. Their eyes scanned the audience like the gazes of hawks, trying to find someone suitable for their family to possibly sponsor. Yet, at the same time, looks of disgust were plastered on their faces as they looked at those they believed to be lower than them.

Dozens of families walked through those doors, and almost all of them had the same looks on their faces except the Glade and Crimson families. Their eyes were neutral, but that quickly changed after Rubert, Zack, and Zack's parent's eyes landed on eight familiar figures.

Pausing their steps, the Glade family heads, including their children, walked into the 'lower' sections of the seats instead of the section that held most of the higher families.

"Noah, Olivia... It's nice meeting you both again." Zack's parents extended a hand while happy smiles extended from the corners of their lips.

A man who worked in the school quickly walked over to the Glade and Elrod families before kindly asking them if they would like to move to the higher booths. After a few words of trying to argue, Lloyd's family eventually followed the Glade family to the higher booths where they could see everything through both the glass and the screens that had been constructed into the rooms.

Feeling a nudge to his right, Lloyd looked in the direction and smiled wryly.

"Took you long enough..." He looked at Zack's tired and pale complexion, causing Lloyd to frown in worry.

Before he could ask anything, however, Zack looked at him with a smug smile before commenting-

"You look scared stiff, what's wrong?"

Snarling at the comment, Lloyd looked away with a harrumph and directed his eyes towards the stadium's center, where a man with a microphone stood. He let out such a fierce aura that many found it hard to breathe in his very presence, while others looked at him with ounces of amusement, especially the invigilators.

This was the headmaster of the academy.

"Hello, and welcome to our academy's very own awakening ceremony!" The headmaster spoke, and following his words, a roar of excitement broke out in the audience, making his smile only increase in length.

"First off, we will ask students to silently move towards the awakening podium in groups when called up. Look at the number on your wristwatch and it should tell you the group you are in." The headmaster explained, causing many to look down at their wristwatches before trying to look at the wristwatches of others around them.

"27." Lloyd stated before looking at Zack.

"26? Isn't that a bit weird if you ask me? I'm clearly more talented than you, and I came into the hall last, so why am I 26?" Zack said with a playful smirk.

"Talented my a\$\$\$. I doubt you have the talent to even wash properly; how the hell do you expect yourself to rank highly in the eyes of the headmaster. Of course, I would be higher than you!" Lloyd smiled confidently, yet it failed to completely mask the nervousness he felt, something that did not go unnoticed by Zack, who was analyzing Lloyd's facial expression with extreme detail.

"How strong do you think that headmaster is?" Zack asked as the students quieted down.

"I don't know, but I'm guessing that he is at least someone who had reached the third commandment." Lloyd shrugged before focusing on the headmaster once again.

"We will be doing a small tournament in a month where the previous top 100 students who participated in the tournaments last semester." The headmaster explained and finally looked towards a holographic screen that shone bright enough and big enough for almost everyone to see.

"Group 1, come up and put your hands on the blue podium." The headmaster asked, and after the students got up while hearing words of encouragement and wishes of luck, one of them walked up to the podium and put his hand on it.

[Name: Oliver Cromwell]

[Class: Warlord]

[Talent: 3-Star]

[Passive Ability: Calculation]

"And right off the stars, we have a unique class and a 3-star talent! Amazing!" An announcer roared out while the headmaster was nowhere to be seen.

[Author's notes: "Right off the stars" is a commonly used phrase that replaced "Right off the bat" after the ascent of Solaris and the expansion of the human territory. It was first used after a meteorite filled with mana crystals bounced off the sun's surface and went at a trajectory that would have hit Earth directly if not for the interference of the Elf race.]

After seeing the result, many widened their eyes while others planning on gaining recruits took notes. On the other hand, many of the 'higher' families narrowed their eyes and began to look at the screen that popped up from their wristwatches.

There it told them everything about the child, from their parents to their non-passive abilities, and their eyes turned from ones of scrutiny to ones of amusement after seeing the boy get two abilities.

It was well known that getting more than one ability after their awakening was rare, but since many out there have gotten upwards of four abilities, children and ancestors of their families included, they were not too shocked.

Cheers roared out again from many directions while the boy jumped up in celebration, and after a few more seconds, the next person went up to the podium before touching it with his hand.

[Name: Frachid Smith]

[Class: Swordsman]

[Talent: 1-Star]

[Passive Ability: None]

The boy's nervous smile vanished, and a look of horror replaced it. His parents, that were sitting in the distance, looked down in shame as their child begged the man next to the podium to try and do the test again. However, the man shrugged with annoyance and immediately kicked the boy off the stage.

Scenes like these continued to occur as more and more people began to get 1-2 star talents; however, out of many of the groups came some hidden gems.

One of them was a boy with beautiful blonde hair and a nervous expression on his face. The boy was barely 5ft 3, and his muscles were nearly nonexistent. His entire aura radiated weakness, yet the moment his hand touched the podium, a wave of light shone every bit of the hall, and a screen appeared above his head.

[Name: Alex Relic]

[Class: Sorcerer]

[Talent: 4-Star]

[Passive Ability: Mana Ocean]

Several gasps sounded out in the hall, yet it remained mostly silent. Even the announcer stayed silent before his eyes widened in realization.

"Oh my god..." His voice echoed in the hall and entered the ears of everyone.

"We have our first 4-star talent!" The announcer roared in disbelief while many students shot up from their seats and cheered their hearts out. Tears of happiness streaked out the boy's eyes, but the higher families ignored that. Instead, they looked at his history, abilities, and the description of his passive ability.

"Amazing..." Benjamin, the head of the Glade family, muttered with excitement while Rubert glanced at the screen before nodding wryly.

"Truly is fantastic. For someone of such background to get a 4-Star talent before reaching the first commandment... It is close to unheard of in this generation.

"Three abilities huh... And that Passive ability is broken as well." The Crimson family head nodded in satisfaction.

The roars of excitement eventually quieted down, and the ceremony continued as usual. Some got 3-star talents, while most got something between 1 or 2 stars.

Groups went and came; eventually, the 25th group returned without even a three-star talent. Many had become bored of the lack of talent, yet most of the remaining students were starting to stress out. However, out of everyone in that hall, Lloyd was stressing out the most, and it wasn't even for the same reason as the rest.

While the rest might lose some future opportunities, they can still become ordinary foot soldiers, guards and even work in service jobs to barely live from paycheck to paycheck.

Lloyd, on the other hand, only had two things in mind.

Either they find out about him being a Void Walker and kill him on the spot, or they don't, and he gets to keep his life no matter the outcome of his awakening. Simple as that.

"I'm going. Wish me luck!" Zack shouted before leaving his seat and walking up to the stage; however, he purposefully ensured that he was the last to get into the line of students.

The line seemed to shorten fairly quickly, and after some lackluster talent, he finally stood up to the podium and extended his hand towards it with a smug grin. Many looked at him with excitement building while the tension in the room had become so thick that it could be through like a hot knife through butter.

[Ding!]

[Entity Zack Varlen Glade has already awakened]

[Name: Zack Varlen Glade]

[Class: Berserker]

[Talent: 5-Star]

[Passive Ability: Anti-Debuff]