I'm dumb.

Even after studying so much, the test only showed how dumb I am in regard to *anything* not related to magic… and maybe the Gods. Having read the Scriptures helped, but not much since I never thought too deeply about what I read. And the Council stuff wasn't very important after all for the test, so even if there's a racist or anti-racist grading my it, it'll barely affect my score.

I guess it was just a silly dream to think that a week of studying would be enough to make a difference.

It actually makes me feel so bad that I start to thirst for a drink, and a strong one, but I don't have Sis or Mom to drink with, so I keep that out of my mind. Drinking with the boys just isn't the same as with the girls.

Georgo has returned first, and he receives me quite happily as I enter our room, but then he awkwardly freezes once he notices my gloominess.

"You don't actually need a very high score on the theoretical test to get into the elite class, you know?" he attempts to console me.

"No, I don't know," I answer truthfully.

And he smiles warmly as he earnestly continues, "If you do well on the practical and don't absolutely fail the theoretical, they might still let you in."

But, still…

"Well…" I grunt and look away.

And he puts a hand on my furry shoulder. "I'm sorry…"

But I just sigh and shrug.

There's nothing to do, so I mope for a bit in my room while I recover, but I soon start to get bored, then I remember that there's still a month before classes start. The results will be announced next week, then there are three more weeks of nothing as classes start on the first of Surismay.

I can't just laze about while Mom and Sis struggle to survive in Hatarvros. I know Mom's bank account, so what if I get some part-time work and send all my money to her? Eventually, the banks will open up, and the two will definitely need a lot of money to not starve or buy medicine.

So I come out of my room and knock on Georgo's door.

"Hey, do you know where I could get a job?" I eagerly ask the moment he opens it.

He's stunned for a second by my intensity but quickly recovers, "Uh… w-well… you could ask Grand Magus Pufaia. She's one of the liaisons for the Magus Apprentices."

And I grunt confusedly, "How do you know so much about this stuff?"

"There's a booklet. You could ask for it in the Recruitment Office," he answers as his eyebrows press against each other, seemingly concerned by my extreme lack of information.

I sigh and groan. I'm missing so much information… but I can get that later. "Maybe I should… but I want to talk to Pufaia first. Do you know where I can find her?"

And he helpfully answers, "I can show you. I feel like taking a walk."

The administration building is next to the dormitory, but it's much smaller and simpler. It's kind of surprising, really, since even our own public books commissioned by the Yellow Lanterns say that our government is overly bureaucratic, but I guess the central administration building must be somewhere more prominent, like up above in the castle or something, so there are few people who want to remain down here.

The receptionist is very polite, and she sends us to a waiting room, but we don't wait long. After about ten minutes, Pufaia's Aether Tunnel white door appears in front of us, then she opens it and walks in.

She's wearing a different dress today, one that's *noticeably* less slutty and sexy, but she can't help but show off her cleavage and thick thighs as it's body-conforming. And then her smell hits me, giving me a chill.

"Hello there. How was your test?" she cheerfully greets.

"Uh…" I grunt as my boner dies before it even comes out.

"It was difficult, but Fiubun is very demoralized," Georgo explains better than I ever could.

And Pufaia readjusts her (fake?) glasses on her nose as she tries to comfort me, "I wouldn't worry too much about it. We keep things obscure to make the students scared so that they study twice as hard."

"Worked on me," Georgo wryly hums with a shrug.

She flashes a polite smile at him and then turns to me. "Now, what did you need me for?"

I breathe in as I collect my balls again and calmly answer, "I'm looking for a job. I want to give money back to my family so they have something when the banks open up, or maybe even send them supplies myself."

She grabs her hands in a very cute and feminine way that kind of makes her massive tits stand out a bit more. "Oh, that's… admirable, really. You'll have a whole month before classes start, so someone of your skills could make a considerable amount of money."

"I… well, I don't expect to make *a lot* of money, but anything helps," I reasonably reply and flash a hopeful smile.

But she answers encouragingly, "Oh, no, I know *exactly* where to take you. After what you did with Blood Boil, it'd be criminal not to help you find a way to put your skills to use."

And my tail starts to sway on its own. "Well, now you're making me excited."

"You should be. I know you'll love her," she kindly replies and chuckles softly.

"Her"? Oh, yes, I already am…

Then she opens another Aether Tunnel door.

"Follow me," she states, then promptly opens it and walks through.

So we do, and it takes us to a random street in the capital. The big ass golden castle up in the white mountain is now at a very different angle, so I think we're on the other side of town.

The streets and buildings are mossy and less well-maintained than those around the Recruitment Office or the Dormitory, so this place is lower class, but still richer than Hatarvros by far. There's also a lot of foot traffic and a few cars going about the tarmac road, which makes me believe this isn't a bad area, just old.

"This is the place," Pufaia announces as she cutely points, and I notice that the walkers are all giving us a wide berth, though they really like to stare at her ass as they pass.

Then my eyes follow her finger, and I see a cozy, little, crooked, cylindrical, brown house with a conic red roof, which sticks out from among the tall and blocky buildings all standing shoulder-to-shoulder. The entrance is a pair of crooked doors

with colorful stained glass, and there's a big sign above them that says "PLUM'S PLOOMMIES PLOMS… AND ALSO MAGICAL CURIOS."

"What's up with the crooked… *everything*?" Georgo asks before I can.

"Plum is an… *interesting* person," Pufaia cryptically answers with an amused tone.

"Got it," he immediately replies.

But I don't.

"Let's go," she suddenly requests and starts walking towards the entrance.

Once she opens the doors, a blue ghost bird flies out and starts to circle above our heads while chirping an upbeat tune, but I get the feeling that it's doing something magical to us, so I stare at it, trying to get my magicsight to activate.

I hear a soft giggle, and I see Pufaia looking at me with an amused look on her gorgeously rapeable face, but she turns around and walks in before I can say anything. Staring at the bird isn't helping, so I just follow after her delicious ass.

The interior of the shop is a colorful mess full of glowing, sparkly stuff that makes all sorts of odd sounds. It's like some sort of chaotic mix of a zoo, library, and gift shop due to all of the moving and whining animal totems, the floating books that exude menacing auras, and the little decorations that seems like they'd explode or break if I touched them.

We… well, *I* carefully wade around the stands because I'm the only one big enough to bump into them if I'm careless (though Pufaia's considerable chest could certainly get in the way, too), and the (now silent) little ghost bird continues to circle around our heads. Then we finally reach the counter, and I almost stumble forward as I spot the "shopkeeper," who's happily reading a book while laying down in the air.

"You're the cutest little blonde girl I've ever seen," I suddenly blurt out, my horny demonic side managing to get a few words out before I shut my trap.

Both Pufaia and Georgo seem appalled at my statement, but the girl lazily raises her head from her book and gives me the prettiest smile that only a cute little piece of sunshine like her could ever make. She has long, straight blonde hair, gentle purple eyes, cute little red lips, an adorable button nose, pointy ears, colorful butterfly wings, and surprisingly thick thighs that peek out from her dark purple little dress.

Then I notice that her dress is loose, almost letting us take a peek at her nipples, but her skirt is too short, so we do get a glimpse of sexy, lacy red panties as she "stands up" in the air because her skirt is stupidly small, and this sudden attack of lewdness makes confused.

She flaps her wings and floats forward surprisingly fast, scaring me a bit as I have no idea what she's doing, but my time as the muscle for the inn makes me stay still on reflex so that I look more intimidating.

"Please kneel," she gently requests, her high-pitched voice stirring something odd within me.

But I obey, confused, and now she's floating right in front of my face. She suddenly extends her little hand and grabs my furry cheeks, then her lips pucker and she presses them against mine, giving me a magically electrifying kiss that leaves me stunned as she backs away while giggling. My balls scream in joy and my cock attempts to come out but the kiss doesn't last long enough to actually give me a boner.

And the fairy girl casually remarks as she floats back to her counter, "Thank you for the compliment, but I believe you haven't paid attention to my race. I'm a Fae, and I'm likely five times older than you, *at least*."

At first, I just hum absentmindedly, then I almost smack myself in the face for this blunder and immediately apologize, "Huh…Oh…! OH! I'm sorry. I'm sorry… I've never met a Fae before."

She stops and spins in place, then crosses her arms and gives me such a smug and bratty smirk that I actually feel annoyed. "I can tell, but that's what makes meeting new people fun. I wouldn't have un-grown my body if I didn't like people mistaking me for a child."

"'Un-grown'?" Georgo blurts out confusedly.

And her large ego becomes obvious as she eccentrically and excitedly answers, "I've genetically altered myself. I was born an elf but that was too *boring*, and I suddenly felt like living like a pixie, so I cut my height and gave myself pretty butterfly wings, but I kept the ears because they're just *so* cute."

"That's amazing," I blurt out again, but at least this time it's something inoffensive.

She turns her smirk towards me, but now it's a lot more friendly rather than smug, reminding me of Sis. "I like that you like it. Pure breeds have a tendency to look down on anything not pure."

I raise my hands in surrender. "Definitely not me. My mother is human while my sis is visibly a half."

And the little "girl" flashes me an adorable smile, one that I find hard to ignore.

Wretch's cunt, she's way *too cute.*

Then Pufaia suddenly interjects, sounding a bit concerned with something, "Yes, uhm… Plum, this is Fiubun and Georgo. They're both Magus Apprentices, but Fiubun here is very talented and wishes for a job to help his family as they're still stranded in the Dark Forest of Hatarvros, so I brought him here for you."

"Greetings, Fiubun," Plum politely greets as she lowers her head and lifts her skirt, flashing us her panties. Georgo raises his eyebrows while Pufaia shows no reaction, and I'm a bit conflicted in admitting that I have to control my boner. Then the teasing pixie raises her head again, and her serious expression makes her look a few decades older. "Now, what can you do?"

But Pufaia interjects again, and her tone becomes adorably eager, "Not much since he's still an Apprentice, but you've scanned his body, haven't you? What do you think of it?"

I knew that the bird was doing something to us!

A smoking pipe suddenly appears in Plum's hand in the blink of an eye, and the adorable little girl turns to me, then she takes a drag of the pipe, and a wise aura instantly replaces her mischievous air as she looks me up and down.

Then she blows out some pink, flowery-smelling smoke and begins, "Aside from the *massive* cock," -Pufaia chokes in her spit while I reflexively grin- "I saw two sources, though one which looks very rough and amateurishly purified; a lot of Strangler energy peacefully resting all over his body except his huge furry balls;" -Pufaia rolls her eyes but she and Georgo start to blush- "an arm obviously suffering from demonic Morphism, so don't let him near a Crusader; the signs of rejoined muscles in that very same arm, and I commend you for healing it as well as you did; and, lastly, the charred nub of demonic possession in his soul."

"Thank you for the compliment, I just used a Masha's Unscarrer and Unscrambler," Pufaia eagerly replies as she readjusts her (fake?) glasses.

"Good choice," Plum hums and takes another drag.

But I'm concerned about something else. "How did you find out so much about me? I didn't even sense anything," I curiously ask.

And Plum crosses her arms and puffs her chest. "That's nothing for someone of my level," she smugly answers and takes a drag.

"I was able to sense even when Headmaster Zsolt's scanned me," I insist.

She exhales another cloud of pink, flowery-smelling smoke, which I think might be hibiscus going by the smell, then she cheekily raises her eyebrows repeatedly. "Zsolt was my Apprentice."

Well, now *that* is a revelation, so I chuckle. "That explains things…"

Then her eyes become serious as she questions, "That water source. Did you purify it yourself?"

And I suddenly feel like I'm talking to an elder of a hundred years, which might be an underestimate of her age, so I properly straighten my spine and answer with a clear tone, "I did. I took it out of a corrupted monster that I killed."

"Do you have any magical training?" she continues the interrogation.

And I promptly answer, "I've only read the Scriptures. I started cultivating the Strangler once I found a flower in the Dark Forest, and then I learned how to control the energy myself."

"Hm…" she hums and takes another drag.

"So… what do you think?" Pufaia eagerly questions while Plum still gives me a measuring stare, but my training as muscle is good enough to resist breaking down in front of her.

Then the eccentric little woman turns to Pufaia and casually answers, "I think that you should groom him into becoming a good husband for you."

"Plum!" the Magus exclaims, sounding legitimately annoyed for once.

"What? I bet your familiar said the same," Plum casually replies and takes another drag, completely unfazed.

And Pufaia's right eye starts to twitch as she tries to hide her embarrassment. "She did! But now's not the time!"

But Plum's expression becomes irritatingly smug. "It's always the time since you look so cute while embarrassed." -*I agree*. Then Plum turns into a wise woman again- "But more seriously, yes, he has talent. I'll hire him to purify my sources. I have a bunch accumulated that I can't sell, and I'm too lazy to do it myself."

Pufaia's expression swings back into cute excitement, and she touches her palms in front of her chest in another gesture that kind of emphasizes her massive tits. "Wonderful! But he only has a month before his classes start."

"A thousand per source," the wise pixie suggests then turns to me.

"Leafies?" I blurt out in disbelief.

She nods. "'Leaves,' and yes, a thousand leaves per source."

"I say this is a good deal," Pufaia happily encourages.

This is better than anything I could've imagined, and all I can do is hum, "This is great, but I have no idea how much money is actually *fair*, so I'll trust you."

Then Plum extends her hand with the palm up, and a beautiful, sparkly stake appears right above it. It glows with a faint blue light and gently sways up and down as it floats, but it gives me a familiar sensation that it's *us* who are swaying while the stake stays perfectly still.

Yep, that's a Waystone.

"This one is attuned to my basement. Keep it in your room and use it to come here at eight sharp," the old wise pixie orders with a tone that leaves no room to argue.

"How do I use it?" I cautiously question as I extend my hand and grab it. It doesn't stay still even while holding it, so it keeps tugging and rubbing against my skin.

"Lifeforce. A lot more than the necklace," Pufaia happily answers.

"Any risk of me breaking it?" I add just to be safe.

And Plum snorts. "If you do, I'll give you a free wish," she dares me. Then she stares intensely in a way that makes my cock twitch in its sheath.

Please don't… I'm not in the right mind to take this maturely.

"Don't try, please. You'll get sick," Pufaia warns me like a responsible adult.

"Maybe when you're older…" Plum backs down with an oddly husky tone and takes a drag of her pipe.

"Alright, I'll behave," I calmly reply with a smile. She has such a confident aura that it puts me at ease.

"Good boy," she hums, twice as huskily, and the red cock starts to peek out.

She's triggering something in me with her voice, and I don't think that I hate it, but it's scary. Pufaia is giving us a worried look, which makes me a bit embarrassed for some reason. I wasn't flirty like that when I was younger, so I dunno what actually changed.

And Plum and I just stare at each other for a long moment, but then Pufaia loudly clears her throat to get our attention, "It seems everything is in order, then? I'll file this as a temporary job in the Labor Ministry, so *be proper*, please."

"You know me…" the eccentric woman dismissively replies.

"Plum…" Pufaia warns and narrows her eyes dangerously.

Then the little fae flaps her wings and gently floats towards Pufaia. She flies up to her ear, hidden under her blonde locks, and mischievously whispers something while Pufaia listens in silence, but after a moment, the stern Magus just sighs and shakes her head.

"I'll take you two back. Let's go before Plum has time to think of more mischief," she flatly states, sounding defeated.

"Goodbye, Georgo. See you tomorrow, Fiubun," Plum cheekily follows up.

"It was a pleasure, Ma-… Miss Plum," Georgo nervously replies, almost tripping in his words.

"Good choice," she hums back, pleased.

"U-until then," I finish, not wanting to gamble and say the wrong thing.

And we fall behind Pufaia as she leaves the annoyingly cramped shop.

She takes us back to the previous guest room, and we say our goodbyes to her, but just as we're about to cross the door, I hear her call out, "Fiubun…"

"Hm?" I hum as I quickly spin in my furry feet, immediately taking whatever opportunity I can get to ogle at her.

"Be careful with Plum. She's too reckless and too old to care."

Oh no… I'm getting a bad premonition about this.

"I see… thanks for the warning, Grand Magus Pufaia," I obediently reply with a nod.

And she flashes me a smile, then I leave, but now Wyrd comes back into my mind to haunt me.

At least nothing else happens in the last few hours of the day.

But tonight, I dream of Shade, and I'm unable to point out the moment that it ends and turns into reality because I suddenly find myself wide awake as I stare at her deliciously curvy and short form. Tits that feel like they spill to the side, wide hips that could comfortably house my cock inside her, and the little carrot legs that look so squeezable.

"Happy to see me?" she sultrily asks as she strikes a sassy pose with her hands on her wide hips.

"Yeah…" I mumble absentmindedly. I can't see the details of her form, but that just makes my imagination go even wilder, which is why she asked that question as I can feel that my cock is out and poking against the blanket.

"Naughty…" she whispers then disappears in a puff of smoke.

Before I eat breakfast, I jerk two times to her. At least she takes Wyrd out of my mind.

"So, you're going to use the Stake today, right?" Georgo quietly asks, sounding excited, for some reason.

"The Waystone? Yeah…" I hum back, still thinking about Shade.

Now his tone falls even lower as he becomes shy. "Then… can I watch?"

I turn to him and raise a furry eyebrow, then shrug and nod. "Sure. Actually, it's better that you do or I might fuck this up, somehow."

He snorts heartily but then stops. "I find that diffi-… actually, yeah, there *are* ways to fuck this up."

"Thanks," I answer, glad he'll be there to help me.

"Yeah, just thaw it," he hums back. This means "don't mind it" in Roszin speak.

Back in our room, I grab the constantly shifting crystal stake that's apparently called Stake, but I hesitate before I fill it with my Lifeforce.

Then I turn to Georgo and ask the little dude, "What… what do I do once I activate it?"

He seems happy to explain, "Stake it somewhere… wait, not *literally* stake it as you could break it with your big arms, but just push into something to keep it in place. I know that some Magi can even stake them in the air, somehow."

I turn to the glowing diamond, which doesn't look sharp at all, then I frown and turn back to the freckled boy. "Into?"

He nods, seemingly amused at my reaction. "Yeah. Once you feed it Lifeforce, it'll start entering the Aether, but it gets stuck halfway in, which allows it to open a

Tunnel, though it's possible it *doesn't* get stuck. Nobody knows why that happens, but pushing it into something solid does the trick."

And my frown deepens. "I'm actually scared, now."

"What? Come on, don't be such a big kitten!" he teasingly exclaims, showing a lot more excitement than usual, and slaps my arm, but I barely feel it. "It'll be fine. The worst that can happen is you accidentally teleport your bed there."

"I just really don't want to make Plum mad. I get the feeling I'd *really* regret it," I reply as I nervously shift in my feet.

But the teasing in his tone only deepens, "I get the feeling you don't have to worry too much about that…"

"What…?" I quack back confusedly.

But he just chuckles and moves on. "Come on… let's just go."

So I walk into my bedroom and I crouch next to my bed but hesitate before I push the crystal stake Stake into the floor. First, I take a deep breath, then I start imagining myself gently fucking Pufaia…

Actually, how about Shade? She's definitely teasing me, and her body is so small I'd actually have to be careful with her to not kill the little juicy gobliness. Yeah… she'd definitely taste very sweet to rape.

And the "heat" comes out of my heart and spreads out all over my body through my veins, but then I take hold of it and concentrate the Lifeforce in my palm. I can't be reckless, so I wait until the heat stops trying to escape my grip, then I "pick" the smallest amount of Lifeforce and push it into the constantly moving crystal.

The moment the energy touches the crystal, I feel something "grip" the energy and steal it from me, but the energy behaves like a long strand rather than a morsel, so the rest starts flooding out into the crystal too.

My first instinct is to stop it, but I get the feeling that this wouldn't be such a good idea, so I let it steal all the Lifeforce it wants. Feeding the crystal was supposed to be hard, but I guess the "waking up your Lifeforce" is the real hard part.

Then the theft is over in just a mere five seconds, so I gently push the stake into the ground, and it sinks as if the hard carpeted floor was made of jelly, then I step back.

"That's it?" I hum confusedly.

"You done?" Georgo asks, just as confused.

And I worriedly glance at him. "I think so?"

He seems impressed. "Well, that seems fast… but I g-…"

Then he falls silent as we notice that the space in front of us starts to warp. A little ball of light soon appears in the air, then it morphs into an oval Tunnel so fast that we both step back in surprise.

"Well, I'm surprised, but I was expecting to be," Georgo wryly remarks.

"How long do I have?" I question as I stare at the Tunnel. It's a bit dark on the other side, and I can't see very well due to how the image warps.

"For what?" he hums back confusedly.

"The Tunnel to close."

He shrugs. "All the time you need, I assume. It might even stay open until you come back."

And I quack in confusion, "Huh? How will I close it, then?"

He points to the diamond halfway embedded into the floor. "Just grab the Stake and pull it back. It'll disrupt the Tunnel."

I nod in understanding and sigh. "Alright… It's already eight, so I guess I'm off to work."

"Good luck. I think you'll need it," he hums with a comforting smile.

And then I step into the portal. The journey this time is so short I barely notice the pressure or jostling, then I come out on the other side while still confidently standing on my two feet.

After steadying myself, I take a look around, and it seems that I'm inside a dark, dusty room. A basement, just like Plum said, but the outlines of the items that I see are making me awfully curious. They also seem to be covered in a dusty cloth, so I can't even catch any detail in this low light, but still…

They're… *tempting* me. It's like I can *smell* the magic in them, and my obsession makes it harder to think rationally. Just one peek wouldn't hurt, right?

No! This is a test!

And I almost ask "Who's there" because I don't recognize this voice, but it's clearly a thought that belongs to me, so scholar-me and Magus-me both cross their arms and begrudgingly accept to *not* peek under the cloth.

So we turn to the only source of light here, the door… well, "door" is a bit of an understatement. It's more like a gatehouse or barrier to a vault. It's massive, made entirely of metal, and it even exudes some sort of cold steam from it. I also feel like my magicsight wants to activate, but it's too masterfully made for me to detect the magic in it. And, lastly, it's the only source of light here. It isn't much, but it *is* glowing.

I have no idea why Plum would have such a fortress-like entrance for her *basement*, but it's starting to scare me. And I slowly turn around and stare at the unmoving items hidden under the dusty cloths.

Could it be the "door" is to stop something here from *coming out*? And I'm now locked in here with it…

I quickly run up to the door and hastily knock, but just as I finish hitting the cold metal for the third time, it starts to open… well, the mechanisms move, *then* it opens. The thick, heavy door swings open as if it was made of paper, then I see Plum floating on the other side, and she definitely didn't open it herself considering her size.

"Hello," she calmly greets, her adorable face instantly calming my anxiety, and not because today's dress is semi-transparent and lets me see her black panties and bra.

Still, I greet back and immediately ask, "Hi. What's up with this door?"

"Safety," she calmly answers as if it was obvious.

I frown worriedly. "For…?"

She frowns confusedly. "Me?"

"What about the front door?"

She snorts softly. "More enchanted than this one."

This is getting nowhere, so I ask it directly, "So, the things down there, are they dangerous?"

And she nods. "Yes, don't touch them." -Then her pretty blonde eyebrows knit in suspicion- "Wait… are you scared of them?"

"It felt like I was teleported into a cage for something that wasn't me," I answer honestly.

She covers her mouth with her hands as she giggles adorably. "Oh, silly kitten. The basement is where I teleport guests, but I ended up using it to store junk because I ran out of space. I just felt like protecting it physically instead of magically on a whim."

Now that answers everything. "Oh… alright." Though the answer is still "because I'm eccentric."

"Come, my sweet kitten. It's time to work," she happily hums then immediately turns around and floats away while lazily flapping her little butterfly wings.

I follow her, and she takes me across a wide, circular corridor made smaller by stacks of wooden chests covering both walls. They seem to be labeled in another language that I don't recognize, but it could even be in code for all I know of Plum's… *oddness*.

But then we reach a circular room with a large tree and a spiral staircase going around it, and that makes me curious because there's no sunlight here yet the tree looks perfectly healthy. I mean, Vorosza isn't the sunniest of the Good Kingdoms, but there's still *some* sunlight.

"How did you grow this tree?" I curiously ask.

"With my glittering piss," she answers with the most nonchalant tone possible.

I stop and give her a confused look, but she just glances back and gives me the most adorable of smiles. "It's true. Every single part of my body, including excretions and discharges, is filled with magic and Bloomen, so I use them to keep this tree healthy, which serves as another way for me to produce even more Bloomen. In fact, this tree might be my most valuable possession by far."

But I… don't know how to take this. I'm not disgusted, piss is normal, but the fact that she's a walking source of fortune is amazing.

I'm jealous.

"Don't smell the air," she warns me, her tone making me snap out of it.

"I-… I wasn't trying to!" I exclaim and hurry after her.

But she doesn't fully believe me. "Sure."

Anyway, we go up the spiral staircase, which looks awfully thin and rickety for my big body, but it holds, and we come up on the first non-cluttered room… her bedroom.

"You're not allowed on the bed yet, but you can sit on any other chair," she casually states, making me reel internally again.

"Yet"?

But I just awkwardly nod as she approaches an office table. It has a few potted plants on it, just like most of the room, which is almost a little garden, but the table is surprisingly empty of stuff or junk.

Oh… are the plants-…?

"I didn't piss on the plants. These are all-natural," she reads my mind.

"I wasn't thinking about that," I unashamedly lie.

And she smiles amusedly. "Sure."

The plants can grow naturally because there are also wide windows bringing a lot of sunlight. It's *Roszin* sunlight, so not much, but it's enough to grow a lot of little plants and flowers. There's also a bookcase half filled with books and half with bottles of alcohol; a sort of golden frame thing that slowly spins around; and, curiously, two wardrobes. She's a fashionable woman, though, so even with her little size, I think it's normal to think she'd fill two of them with clothes.

Her bed is human-sized, though, which is odd… or maybe not if she "brings company."

"A bedroom is a quite private thing for women, so don't stare too much," she calmly states.

But I still apologize and turn to her, "Sorry."

And she motions to the table. "I advise you to work here at this table. It's where I do experiments, so there's a protective spell-spirit watching over here in case the Arum blooms."

I don't see it, but alright. "Alright," I hum and take my seat in a cushioned, human-sized chair, which is *just* a bit too small for me, but not something worth complaining about.

"Now show me what you know. Purify this source." Then she extends her cute little hand, and a flower suddenly blooms on her palm, revealing a stormy little marble that activates my magicsight and gives me the feelings of cold, violent, rain.

"Huh…" I hum as I grab the little thing. It feels really gold and wet to the touch, but as I inspect my paw pads, I discover that they aren't wet at all.

Then I attempt to control it with my will, but it doesn't respond, just like the water spear core I took from the tainted rat monster.

She did say that my water source looked "very rough and amateurishly purified," so I think that using the Strangler's energy here wouldn't be good. "I used a different

method to purify my source, but now that I can manipulate Lifeforce, maybe I could do it the right way?" I cautiously ask.

"The right way is good," she hums with a nod.

So I nod back and start to tap into my Lifeforce. It's a bit awkward to do it with Plum right next to me because I find her a bit "un-rape-able." It's just her behavior is too confident and mature, unlike Pufaia, who you wouldn't guess she's a super powerful Grand Magus at a glance.

But Plum, she's… wise. I don't want to rape her, I want to *marry* her…

And then shove my red, slimy cock inside her real hard, then marvel upon her belly as it balloons with my enormity.

Oh, yeah, that does it.

Using her as a helper for Lifeforce seems much less effective than Pufaia, but at least it isn't rape…

Alright, the Scriptures of Magic said you used Lifeforce to draw out the "tainted" energies… but what even is *tainted here?*

"What exactly *is* tainted here?" I repeat.

"That's part of the test," she hums, sounding teasingly smug.

Wretch's cunt…

I have no idea what to do, so I just push my Lifeforce into the source to see what happens, and I sense the storm creeping into my hand, almost as if I had it out of a window and covered in rain, but it's still as dry as always.

Last time, I just asked for the energy to "clean" the "dirt" out of the water, but with this source, I don't feel like it's "dirty." It's just… stormy and… unruly?

Lifeforce, put a leash on this little storm so it stops throwing a tantrum.

But nothing happens while it was instant with the Strangler's energy, making me very puzzled, and the storm continues to penetrate further into my hand.

DO IT!

And I feel a twitch as the storm recoils. At least now it reacted, so I just shout internally again, but with more intensity, and now the storm tries to run away back into its core, but I chase after it.

Yes, the Scriptures also said that you need to "overwhelm" the source!

So I'll beat this little storm into submission!