

# Tutorial (Working title)

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## Summary:

Sami was summoned into a different world, but instead of becoming a hero, he stays in the tutorial tomb with the cute fairy Liv, because she would disappear if he kills the boss of the dungeon. He also convinces the next summoned heroine, a quirky, quickclipped girl named Rachel to stay with them. They spent centuries in the tomb, leading a nice life and loving each other. But when a cave-in allows the boss of the tutorial to escape, Sami, Liv and Rachel need to get out into the world outside to find and keep the boss safe.

They find a world inhabited by women, and all the men live in a single district. Can they make sure that Liv stays alive, while also helping the world?

Content warning: Explicit sexual content, harem and undefined relationship, overpowered main character, memes



# Chapter 1: The tomb

I rubbed the tiredness from my eyes, then looked back at the painfully bright screen of my laptop. The document seemed good enough to pass the course. I tracked the cursor to the upper left corner and clicked, then went down to convert it into a pdf. Then, I quickly switched to the open tab of the university website, and pressed the ‘search for document’ button. Navigating through the directory, I selected the new file, ‘ProcessDesign&RiskEstimation\_DavisSamuel.pdf’ and confirmed the upload. My view switched down to the bottom right of the screen. The clock read 23:57.

A smile spread on my face as I closed my laptop. I reclined back into the wooden chair, taking a deep breath. Another task finished at the last possible time.

“How does he keep doing it?” I said to my empty bedroom.

A yawn escaped me. “Well, it’s time.”

After a moment, I pushed myself up and began undressing, throwing my shirt and trousers on the chair. I went into the adjacent small bathroom for a short wee and several gulps directly from the tap. Wiping my mouth, I stumbled to my bed like a zombie. A pile of clothes waited for me.

“I’ll wash that tomorrow.” I added the clothes to the other pieces on the chair.

I switched up the light and slipped under the blanket.

A cold wind washed over my bare skin. I felt around for my blanket on the bed. It was nowhere in reach. In fact, the thing I was lying on didn’t feel like a bed at all. I opened my eyes, but that didn’t help either, the room was pitch black. The sound of dripping water and some wind through a crack could be heard. The air smelled moldy, with a slight stench of decay. I tapped around with my fingers; the flat surface under me felt like it was made out of rough stone, and I reached edges of whatever it was on either side.

“Huh,” I said. “Interesting.”



Suddenly, a white dot of light appeared above me, and I had to shield my eyes.

“Greetings, Hero,” a high pitched woman’s voice said from where the light had appeared.

I blinked through my finger and got a glimpse of who had greeted me. A two feet tall girl hovered above me, two sets of golden firefly wings flustered behind her. Her long, blond hair framed her round face, which made her look very cute. The fairy wore a form fitting brown dress that hinted at an hourglass figure, with wide hips and large breasts for her small body. The air around her shone brightly, making her look almost like an angel.

“Is this one of those lucid dreams that I can control?” I said.

I concentrated on the fairy’s dress, imagining it to dissolve and show what was underneath. But the cloth remained.

“Well, I guess not,” I noted.

“I can assure you, this is real, Hero,” the fairy spoke again. “You were summoned to this world by the gods to follow the distressed call of their most loyal subjects. A tyrant threatens to take over all the lands of Parion.”

"And the gods chose me? An average university student? Really?"

The shining girl ignored me. "To help you with the quest, the gods bestowed upon you the abilities to vanquish your foes, if you prove yourself worthy. Say 'Status'."

"I mean, they could've easily chosen one that already has some experience in fighting, or someone that's more driven or has a very high sense of honour."

The fairy pursed her lips. Her pouting just made her cuter. "Say 'Status'."

“Or if they are all powerful, they can just resolve the problem themselves.”

“The gods are not to interfere with the realms in any direct way. It is only allowed to summon champions from other realms and give them powers. To see what powers you gained and can gain, say ‘Status’.”

I took a look around the room instead. In the light emitting from the fairy, I could make out more. The room was almost square, about 5x5 metres. The walls were divided into small sections by stone pillars, and runes unknown to me were carved into them. Three steps from



every side led to the stone altar in the middle, upon which I lay. A stone doorframe led out of the room, but it was still too dark to see anything beyond it.

I looked down at myself. I was still almost naked, but my boxers had been replaced with undergarments that would be more appropriate in a medieval world. I was a little disappointed that my body form hadn't changed at all. I was still slim with only a hint of muscles on my stomach. Not overly good looking, but not too bad either.

"What is this place?" I asked as I sat up on the altar.

"This tomb is a place designed by the gods as the first trial for a hero like you. It provides challenges to make you accustomed to your new powers."

"Ah," I said. "It's a tutorial."

I jumped off and strode to the door.

The fairy fluttered behind me, illuminating more beyond the room. The stone wall of a hallway was seen.

"Before you go further, it is advisable to first have a look at your strengths and weaknesses. Say 'Status'."

I stopped and faced the flying girl. "I almost forgot to ask. Who are you?"

"I'm just a helpful wisp that was sent by the gods to help you get a grasp on your new reality."

"And what's your name? I'm Sami."

"I do not have a name, heroes shouldn't be distracted by an insignificant being like me," she said matter of factly.

I felt bad for her. "You should at least have a name. What were you called before I came here?"

"I was a wisp for heroes that were summoned before you."

"And before that?"

"I didn't exist."

My lips pursed and I changed the topic. "So there were heroes before me?"

"Yes."



“And none of those ever gave you a name?”

“One has called me Liv in the very beginning, but it turned out he just called out for his wife.”

“Do you like the name? Liv?”

The edge of her full lips twitched upwards, but she put on a blank expression again. “It is not my purpose to have opinions. My purpose is to explain the workings of this world to you. Say ‘Status’.”

“I’ll get to it later, there’s no rush, Liv.”

“My comments are here to make the start of your journey safer.”

“Oh, come on.” I scoffed. “That’s the tutorial. What bad can happen here?”

I stepped through the doorway. Liv was still behind, so I still only saw a small part of the hallway. Something clattered right of me, and an iron helmet rolled into the light. When I looked up, I saw a skeleton in tattered leather armour. The undead swung his sword at me, and I jumped back, tripping over the helmet and back into the room I came from. The fall had saved my life, as the skeleton’s sword passed directly where my head would have been. The weapon hit an invisible wall in the entrance. The chime of a bell strummed in my ear.

The skeleton still wanted to get to me, unaware of the invisible barrier. My heart raced in my chest.

“There are undead enemies in this tomb. But they cannot enter the room we’re in,” the fairy explained.

“I can see that,” I panted. “Could you have told me that before I went out, Liv?”

“I tried, but you didn’t listen to my helpful tips,” Liv said.

“You only tried to get me to open my status, nothing about bones that could move without muscles or tendrils or anything.”

I looked at the entrance again, and now two other skeletons joined the other, trying to get into the altar room. They were also dressed in tattered leather, and one of them still had patches of sickly green skin on him.



Liv couldn't completely hide her grin. "And I would have told you about the dangers, after you set up your character. When you were summoned, you may have gained a skill that will help you defeat your enemies. Say 'Status'."

"By the way, I heard a chime after I fell, what's up with that?"

"You have gained a point in one of the categories, I presume 'Luck'. Just say 'Status'." The beautiful fairy's tone had now almost gotten annoyed.

"Nah," I said.

I scratched my chin as I looked at the three bony boys trying to get to me. I stepped closer, and I could hear their teeth clatter, but they still couldn't reach me. The invisible barrier in the door might provide an easy way of killing them.

I reached out with my hand through the barrier. The brainless skeletons didn't seem to notice and still focussed on getting to me. I grabbed the spine of the undead that almost killed me before. His bones felt cold and rough. I yanked the skeleton forward. Its rib cage was held back by the forcefield, and its spine snapped. The skeleton collapsed to the floor, unmoving.

"Neat," I said.

I made quick progress of the other two skeletons, before turning to Liv. "See, no power needed."

The short woman stared at me open-mouthed, before she gathered herself. "Congratulations. You defeated your first enemies. Check their corpses to see if they have dropped any valuables."

I went over to the bones lying in the hallway. In the first pile I found a silver coin, in the others a crude, brown shirt and a piece of cheese that didn't even look spoiled.

"Well, that doesn't make any sense at all," I said while putting on the shirt. "Where did these things come from?"

"The monsters are animated by a demon's power, and when you slay one, you get a reward from the gods. How valuable depends on the level of the monster and your luck. Say 'Status' to see your Luck stat."



“Do you have any other information that could help me survive, that you fail to mention by now?”

Liv pointed into the opposite corner of the room. “There is some crude gear there.”

I did a facepalm. “Of course. Always take a look around every room.”

I walked over and found leather pants, a shirt similar to the one I got from the skeleton, a pair of crude boots and a chest armour made from leather, complete with a helmet. Besides the clothing article lay a bastard sword. All of it in pristine condition.

I put on the pants and the shoes, but didn’t take the leather armour. It would only slow me down for what I tried to do.

“What attracts the bony boys?” I asked Liv while inspecting the blade of the sword. It was a little dull.

“The undead are attracted by sound and any living thing with some of the gods’ magic.”

“So, they are attracted to me?”

“You have not chosen your power yet. But they will also attack you on sight.”

I scratched my chin. “But they are attracted to you?”

“Y-yes.” The cute fairy shook, her breast jiggling. “W-why do you ask?”

I smiled when Liv finally let some emotion show. “Don’t worry, I won’t put you in danger. Not if I can avoid it.”

“I put my full trust in you, Hero,” the beautiful fairy said.

“Don’t,” I said. “And call me Sami.”

I went towards the entrance of the room, Liv flying behind me and illuminating the surroundings. I stepped over the remains of the skeletons, and picked up two bones.

I hit them against each other while screaming. “Here, bony boys, here.”

The sounds echoed down the hallway. A few moments later, it was answered by clattering from both sides.

“W-What did you do?” Liv said, now shaking even more.

“Let’s get back into the safe room.” I said, stepping back through the entrance. “You just stay close to the door.”



I sat down on the stairs up to the altar and looked out at the hallway, where more and more skeletons walked into the light. The undead pushed against the invisible wall, not wrapping their heads around the concept.

With a growl, another undead stepped into view; it wasn't a skeleton, but it might as well have been. Dry, pale skin spanned over the undead's body, unmistakable signs that it had been mummified. But it was dressed in a hardened leather plate armour, more intricate than the skeleton's. They reminded me of an enemy of a specific video game.

"Draugr," I said.

"These enemies are stronger than a normal skeleton," Liv explained.

Nevertheless, they still couldn't enter the altar room.

"Well." I pushed myself up. "Let's get killing."

I made quick process of the weaker skeletons by janking at their spines. The draugr also fell soon after a few thrusts with the dull sword through the protective barrier. After they were dead, I stepped out on the hallway over the ever growing pile of bones and made noise, which attracted another wave of undead. I defeated them the same way, I heard a few chimes in my ear, but I ignored them. The next time, only one other draugr showed up, which had some difficulty navigating through the remains of his fellows. I screamed at the top of my lungs the next time, but no monster came, so either the tomb was cleared or the other enemies were out of earshot.

I rummaged through the pile of bones in the hallway, and found some other silver coins, a dagger, a loaf of bread, some sausage, some dried herbs and a vial with a turbid red liquid. Liv confirmed that it was a health potion. I took all the food stuff to the altar, and started to eat, under the watchful eyes of the shining fairy.

Liv began to talk to me. "You need to move forward toward the exit of the tomb to progress, you cannot stay in this room forever."

I swallowed a piece of bread before answering. "I know. But there's no need to leave right now; I'm safe from the enemies and got food for now."

I took another bite of the cheese. The tiny girl had her eyes locked on the food.



"Do you want a piece?" I asked.

She tore her look away. "No. I do not need any sustenance."

Her stomach grumbled louder than I thought possible for her short body.

I laughed and broke off a piece from each the bread, the cheese and the sausage.

"Maybe you just weren't around long enough to need it. Come on, sit and eat with me."

She still looked away, but then landed beside me on the altar. She slowly took the piece of bread and took a small bite. She chewed a little bit and then swallowed. Her eyes widened and she started to engorge the bread faster than I thought possible. Then she moved on to the cheese and the sausage, which she almost inhaled as well. Then she laid back with her hands on her stomach and let out a deep sigh.

"You must've been famished," I said.

My words brought her back to attention and she sprung up. With that movement, the colour drained from her face, and she looked like she was about to throw up.

"Easy there," I said. "You ate a lot, just let it settle for a bit."

"No," the fairy paused. "You can't worry about me, you need to get out of this room and the tomb. Parion needs a hero."

"I'll do it before it really gets bad, don't worry,"

"How can you be so calm when there are people that need your help?"

I chuckled. "What can I say, I'm a master procrastinator."



## Chapter 2: Steve, the door zombie

After the meal, I finally followed Liv's pleas and started exploring. The fairy flew behind me, providing the only source of light in the dark stone hallway.

Liv told me the exit is left when coming from the altar room, so I went right first. After a minute, we reached a T-intersection with a hallway going left and right. Small nudges were carved into the wall like a shelf, each one big enough to hold a dead body. Ribbed cobwebs told me that this is where the skeletons had come from. I looked down both hallways and figured that it would be good to mark my way back somehow, as the tomb could be a tricky maze.

"T-this is the wrong way." Liv stuttered. "Let us turn around."

I smirked. "Scared?"

"N-no, a wisp like me has no such feelings."

"Don't worry, I'll turn back now." I took a deep breath and screamed down the hallways, "Sexy skeleton strippers, first come, first served."

My voice echoed off the stone and was answered with some dragging soon after.

Liv started shaking even more, which I enjoyed as it made her breasts jiggle. "W-why did you do that?"

"Let's go back."

Liv sped back towards the altar room, and I struggled to stay in the light she provided. I had my look on her well rounded butt, whose proportions were perfect. Now, I also saw that her dress was held together by a button just above her translucent wings that sprouted from the middle of her back.

The sounds of enemies grew louder behind us.

Liv let out a scream and stopped. Three skeletons ran up in front of us, their swords at the ready.

I froze. "That doesn't make sense."



We had defeated all enemies in earshot before, so where did the skeletons come from?

"Waaah," Liv wailed, turned and flew back where we had just come from. I needed to follow her to see something. But we would run into more enemies that way.

"Stop," I said. "We need to get back to the altar room."

Liv stopped. "But, but..."

I looked around for some way to escape until the undead were upon us again. The stone walls of the hallway were impenetrable. The ceiling was too high for the skeletons to reach, but I couldn't get up there. Although Liv could.

"Stay here and as high as possible, out of reach," I told her.

"What?"

I pressed on the side of the wall and inched back towards the altar room, into the dark. Liv kept wailing that I shouldn't abandon her. I heard the three skeletons run up and I pressed against the wall, holding my breath. The sounds moved past me to the crying fairy. They attempted to slash at her, but she was too high up.

I stumbled down the hallway in the dark, keeping my fingers on one wall, and listening to any sounds other than Liv. A chime sounded in my ear.

I hit something with my foot and fell forward on a pile of something hard. The bones of the undead I had already defeated. The bones twitched under me. I crawled forward and fell into an opening in the wall. I hit my head hard on the stone floor, the pain spreading through my skull. No bones followed me. I was back in the altar room. I touched my temple, and winced. My fingers came back sticky.

I shouted down the hallway, "Okay I made it, Liv. You can come too."

For a moment, nothing happened, until the light got closer again. The shining fairy flew across the ceiling, skeletons following close behind. She shot through the door, above the twitching pile of bones.

I flew directly at me and swiped out with her tiny arms. I raised one arm to block her non-threatening thrashing attacks.

"Don't ever leave me with them ever again," she screamed.



I couldn't help but start laughing. That only made her even angrier, and she started kicking me.

"This is no laughing matter."

My laugh grew even louder.

"Why are you laughing?"

"Finally," I said between my laughs. "Finally, you show some emotions. Isn't it good to let them loose?"

She seized her attack and took a deep breath. "I do not have any emotions. I'm just here to guide you through your first challenges."

"Of course you have some," I said. "And don't ever be afraid to express them, and any wishes you have to me. Why would the gods give you the ability to feel, if they didn't intend you to use it?"

The fairy didn't have an answer to this. A growl sounded from the door. The draugr from before had reanimated and joined the skeletons in trying to get into the room.

"Right," I tried to push myself up, but a twinge of pain raced through my head, and I winced.

"Are you hurt?"

"I've hit my head, but it should be fine."

Liv raced around to my temple and pressed her tiny hands on the wound. Instead of pain, a tingly feeling spread out where she touched me, and I could almost feel my skin stitching together. A few minutes later, the heavenly feeling stopped.

"All done," she said.

I rubbed the side of my head, and there wasn't any indication that there had ever been a wound. "That's awesome, thanks."

"I am here to help you. The same effect of healing can be achieved by health potions or people with healing magic," Liv had fallen back into her explaining personality.

"Great," I said, standing up.

I looked at the undead at the entrance. They were more than any time before, and while I could simply kill them off one by one like this, I couldn't stay in the altar room forever.



"Now, how do we proceed with them?" I asked more to myself.

"You can choose special magical skills that help you defeat them. Say 'Status'."

I groaned. "I will do that when there is no other option."

"Is there another option?"

"The easiest way would be for you to fly through every room and lead everybody here."

"No," the small girl said.

"Of course we won't do that, I will protect you."

"Then what will you do?"

"Let's kill those ones again, and maybe they drop something useful."

I slaughtered each of the undead before the door, ignoring the chimes in my ear, and collected the winnings. Thankfully, they still dropped something even though I had already defeated them once. I came back with some other clothes and armour, more food, a few arrows, but no bow, a stamina and a mana potion, a small transparent crystal that Liv identified as magic stones, and more silver coins. With a source of food and water, I figured that I can stay longer in the room than I initially thought.

I flipped a coin to pass my time until the undead reanimated. Even just doing this, frequent chimes sounded in my ear. Even after an estimated two hours of Liv begging me to go further in the tomb, the bones didn't move. At this point, I took all clothes I had gotten and arranged them to a mattress in a far corner of the room as best as possible. Just at that moment, a growl from the entrance informed me that they finally reanimated. It was easy to conclude that either me watching or Liv's presence close to them prevented them from getting reanimated.

I killed each of them again, this time getting a little better armour. I ordered Liv to wait at the other end of the room, which she gladly obeyed in fear of the undead. I then sat down on the stairs and flipped a coin again, until I could pick them off again after about an hour. I rinsed and repeated the process five times, after which I yawned pretty heavily. Liv and I ate a bit, took care of my lower needs in a bucket that a skeleton dropped and headed to the pile of



clothes I'd gotten. I said goodnight to Liv, who settled at another corner of the room, to not disturb my sleep.

The growls of a few draugr woke me up, and my first order of business was to kill them all again. I repeated the killing process ten times this day, and they seemed to be defeated easier than the day before. Between the respawns, I talked to Liv, trying to get to know about her interests, but the conversation often went back to her telling me to say 'Status' or advising me to fight my way out of the tomb. At least I got some more information about the world I was now in. Basically, there are several different worlds which are controlled by a pantheon of gods. Earth is one of them, and the world where Parion laid is another one. The gods try to maintain peace and order, but there are also demons which sow war and chaos by creating ravaging monsters like the skeletons. The goddess that summoned us heroes to this world was called Fara; Liv claimed that she got all this information from her before she was called upon a new hero.

At the end of the day, I promised her to try and reach the end tomorrow; the undead dropped enough gear to make me almost impervious to all attacks they could throw at me.

So, the next day, Liv woke me up early to make good on my promise. After a full breakfast, and another killing of the bony boys at the entrance, I donned two sets of armour atop each other, put on a helmet, equipped a wooden shield and a sharp sword, and stepped out into the hallway.

Liv led me left, and we reached another intersection, where we went right, then left again. I heard scraping in front of me, and I slowed.

We reached a circular room, with several exits, and skeletons ran at me immediately. I swung my sword at them and they collapsed after two hits each. Something hit my shield, and I was knocked back. Three draugr stood in the middle of the room. The outer two carried swords, but the one in the middle was more of a threat. The undead wore a tattered robe, and his hands were alight in an orange flame. He hurled another fireball at me, and I barely blocked with the shield.



Liv shook in fear, and I grabbed her, retreating back through the hallway we had come from. When we reached the altar room again, the undead hadn't reanimated again yet.

I stripped off the two sets of armour, and noticed that I was drenched in sweat. If this goes on, I would start to smell real bad.

"I'm sure you could've taken the mage," Liv said.

"Maybe, but I'd rather have a better plan than just running at him with a sword."

"You can choose a magic skill, if you..." the fairy started, but I interrupted her.

"There are definitely better tactics."

I looked at the first reanimated corpses in the pile, and how they're stumbling over the bones of their brethren, struggling to get back up again. "I might have an idea."

I spent the rest of the day, and the day after just farming. In the downtime, I repurposed the clothes I got to short ropes, or played with a coin again. I slowly also bound together the shin bones of each undead when they were out, which made them much less threatening.

On the morning of the fifth day, I was ready to go out again, this time with even better gear as last time, and some ropes with stones at their end.

We made our way to the second room again, and before the mage could throw a fireball at me, I hurled one of the ropes to his feet and the undead fell. He struggled to get up, so I ended his life, if you can even call it that, easily. Then I bound his legs together as well.

With this room cleared, Liv led me further down the next hallway, and we reached an even bigger room. This time, there were three mages - another fire mage, one with ice powers that made his hands glow light blue, and one with a power that made his hands look like black holes.

I threw the rope at their feet, but it only reached two of them, and the third one lobbed a dark sphere at my chest. I struggled to breathe as the magic burned my skin. I stumbled back out and ran back to the altar room again. The reanimated skeletons tried to get me, but they fell down on the floor repeatedly, so I could easily sneak past them.

Liv was criticizing me that we couldn't keep getting back to the beginning as she treated the blisters that the magic attack left on my body. I laughed it off and went back farming again.



In the beginning of the eighth day, I was finally more confident that I would reach the end of the tomb. The occasional chimes in my head told me that I had reached a higher level, and I started to notice some changes. For example, I seemed to be able to make out some contrast in the complete dark now, even without Liv's light.

Picking out the undead with the bound legs now seemed too easy, and I practically ran to the second room. This time, I could bring all of the three mages to fall with my robe technique. Liv then led me further down the second hallway to the right, where we encountered some draugr warriors, which I managed to kill without any major problems.

The hallway opened up to the biggest hall yet. In the middle was a stone sarcophagus, and beyond it a huge archway with massive gates. No enemies ran at me, so I inched further.

A loud growl came from the sarcophagus, and a big draugr emerged. The undead wore the rests of an intricate plate armour. He straightened and grabbed a big sword with one hand, while the other lit up in orange flames, which had some black mixed in.

"This is it," Liv said, shaking. "This enemy has the key for the gates to your freedom."

The boss hurled a fireball at me, and I blocked with my shield, before backing away into the hallway.

Liv whizzed after me. "No, don't go back. You are strong enough to take him on."

With one week of leveling up from all the grunts, I was sure that she was right, but I still had questions.

"So, what happens if I kill the last boss?"

"You get to escape this tomb and become the hero that Parion needs."

"And what will happen to you?"

"I will disappear until my services are needed by the next hero that is summoned."

"Does it hurt to disappear?"

"No, not really, I feel nothing. I simply cease to exist."

"Do you... like to not exist?"

At this question, the fairy made a cute head tilt before answering. "I do not have any opinion about this. I am doing the duty the gods gave to me."



"And have you ever been outside?"

"No."

I looked at her. She didn't seem to know what she was missing. At that moment, I made myself a promise. That I will find a way for her to get out into the world and break her binding to this place. Somehow.

"Let's go back to the altar room, Liv," I said finally.

"No," Liv shouted. "The people of Parion need your help."

I didn't get deterred and walked back the way we came from. "If they always get a hero to help, when will their society ever learn to handle it on their own? Times of crisis are bad, but most of the time, the situation will change for the better after time."

"But what if they can't stop it on their own?"

"Then a guy who struggles to defeat some low level monsters will not be so helpful. I need to get stronger. Steve won't run away."

"Steve?"

"Yes, I gave a name to the boss mage, now I definitely can't kill him."

We finally got back to the altar room, when Liv asked, "So, you would rather stay here in this tomb and do nothing than help people on the outside?"

"It isn't like there's nothing to do here. We didn't even explore the whole tomb yet, and maybe I should take a look at what my stats are. Status."

"Finally," Liv sighed.