

Today is the 16th.

This time is Alissa's turn to glaze her own face. If I ever paint them, it will be like this. Ciel stared at Alissa for a suspicious amount of time, I have to continue influencing Ciel into enjoying my taste.

I unglue Lina out of me and we have our breakfast.

There's barely a minute after I finish my breakfast when someone knocks on the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Ryder. I am Artan, I have been sent by Dame Vanea," a young man says and bows.

"Oh yes, I remember you from yesterday. Come in, we are going to the basement."

The only ones downstairs are Hana, who's slowly sipping her tea, Aoi, who's sleeping on the table, and Alissa, who's washing the dishes. They turn their heads and nod to him. The young man shivers at Hana's gaze, he's quite slim and he's only slightly taller than me. Just her passive man-eating gaze must be enough to threaten men like him.

I lead him downstairs to the unused basement.

"Ok, open the portal here. Next time when you call for me don't ever leave the basement. Come up only in case I don't answer. I value my privacy greatly," I say to him.

He straightens and salutes.

"Understood, Sir."

"Alright, now open up."

He chants and in 10 seconds the black circle opens. Gify decides to not make an appearance.

We step inside and the world loses color. I'm taken to a windowless room made of blue-grey bricks. The ceiling is rather uncomfortably low.

"Greetings, Mr. Ryder," says an old man.

There's a long table with a few very comfortable chairs around it. On the other side of the table there's an old man with olive skin looking at me. He has a puffy white goatee with brown and white sweptback hair. His small blue eyes stare at me with reserved interest.

"Greetings. Forgive me but I was not given your name," I say with a respectful nod.

"Oh. I am Kyros, your teacher for [Godly Language]."

Artan bows to Kyros and leaves the room. The door is heavy and produces a loud "pomf" when closed. I think the walls and the doors are padded, sound proofing must be important for when I mess up.

"Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Kyros."

"Likewise. Please sit," he motions to the chair, "Now, how are we going to go about this? From what I understand you have classes in the afternoon?"

I take a seat and my ass cheeks scream in happiness, I have to ask Vanea what these chairs are made off.

"Yes. My mornings are free."

"Then every morning until noon we should practice, how about this?"

"I would prefer if it would be every other day. There are still other things I want to train during my mornings."

"Fair enough. Then let's begin, I will introduce you to the language."

Good, no need for chit-chat.

"Do you know how [Godly Language] works?" He asks.

"Very little, all I know is it is an evolved form of chanting. While chanting aids a spell in altering reality, [Godly Language] alters reality directly with each word."

"Good. How are your 'Willpower', 'Intelligence', 'Charisma', and 'Piety' stats?"

"Sixteen, twenty one, twelve, and fourteen. Respectively."

"Ah, that's impressive," he smiles faintly, "You certainly have enough stats, your 'Charisma' is the only one that leaves to be desired. It really makes things much easier the more you have."

"I didn't know that 'Charisma' was that important."

"You could say you are literally 'charming' the soul of your target to obey your wishes. It obviously makes it easier when you are well-liked."

That's interesting. It affects the soul but I never heard of any mention on it on my cursory look at [Spirit Magic].

"But you have a good set of stats, that's enough to start," he flicks his wrist to grab back my attention, "Moving on, do you know how to circulate your mana inside you?"

"Not really. I know how control and modify spells a small amount, like casting it in area, but I can only manipulate mana during chanting."

"What's the level of your [Mana Control]?"

"Ten."

"Good enough. You should have already started understanding this part."

I learned [Mana Control] by brute-forcing, so I'm not a standard student.

"I learned it by repetition, I don't really know much else."

His face remains still as he evaluates my words. Am I really that unusual? He finally sighs and continues, "Well then, I will have to start at the beginning. When you cast a spell, what do you feel?"

"I..." I stop myself to think. With system-aided spells I don't feel anything, really. Only when I chant is that I feel something. "I feel an 'emotion', or a 'form'. I try to force myself to copy that feeling when I'm learning a new spell."

"Right," he crosses his arms and nods, "This is the correct path, the 'emotion' or 'form' is a rather abstract 'construct' of mana. Spells manipulate mana on a pattern, they follow five phases. Gathering, conversion, building, expulsion, and trigger."

Oh yeah, Toroo talked about this.

"Mana is spread throughout the body, so the first phase is gathering it inside you. The place that it most easily gathers is the heart. Your brain also contains lots of mana but it's a bad place to cast a spell from, you will get some headaches if you try to do it from there. Some spells have the mana gather on specific places, like [Illusion Magic] most often gathers mana on the eyes."

"The second phase is conversion, you convert mana into something else. [*Fireball*] converts mana into a fuel, oxygen, and heat. You don't convert the fire directly into your heart, you convert mana into a "frozen" version of the materials required for the spell. Like when cooking, you first pull out all ingredients necessary for the recipe before putting them into the pot.

"The building phase is when you 'organize' the materials in a way that makes them ready for use. In [Illusion Magic] the building phase is the most important as the conversion phase is nearly non-existent. This phase is where you create the scenario that's going to replay on the mind of your target. While with a spell like

[*Fireball*] the mix of the ingredients is what defines your flame so the building phase is where you fine-tune the parameters of the spell.

"The expulsion phase is where you hold the spell outside of your body. It's when you construct and maintain the flame on your hand. This is important for spells like [*Fireball*] because you are directly interfering with the world. Spells like [*Lighting Bolt*] use this phase to manipulate the world and improve the 'path' to the target. I assume you know of the abstract concepts of [Electric Magic], correct?"

"Yes," I answer, "I have enough knowledge in [Electric Magic] to understand this part."

"Alright. Then comes the trigger part. This is where you add the last stabilizers, finish conditions and release the spell. With spells like [*Earth Bullet*], this is where you add the propulsion that will launch the spell, how long it will last and how strong it will be. With [Illusion Magic] it is where you add how long the spell will affect the target and how strong is the interference on his brain-soul connection."

Wow, this is surprisingly close to programming. This is what true direct mana manipulation is all about.

"This is only a standardized way of teaching how to manipulate spells. You can try to create a spell on your own in any way you want, it's just that you have a bigger chance of materializing the spell inside yourself if you don't follow the standard way. Imagine materializing [*Fireball*] inside yourself, you can explode your heart in an instant."

Ooooh. This is how Roxanne create [*Explosion*], I could recreate this spell myself one day. I guess the real difficulty of creating [*Explosion*] is doing it on a safe way.

"So we are going to practice the gathering phase. Instead of gathering inside your heart we will keep moving the gathering point around your body, effectively 'circulating' your mana. This is also the beginning of a proper way to increase your MP or 'Magic Power' so we can derive from this later."

Holy shit, I need this, I need this technique.

"Did you understand what I said?"

"Yes! I heard about it once so I have a good idea of what you are talking about. I learned about these five phases on my [Reduced Mana Cost] classes. One of my colleagues was learning this skill by improving her building phase."

He smiles and reclines back, relaxing his posture.

"Your colleague is on the right path. If she can manipulate the building phase with confidence then she has some talent. So, we talked a lot, now let's start practice. What's the level of your 'Perception' and your [Sense Mana]?"

"15 and 9. Respectively."

"Hm," he strokes his goatee, "Pretty good. I don't want you to hug me so close your eyes and sense my mana, try to copy my 'form'."

Me too.

I obey and start focusing on feeling mana. I got an idea, what if I forcefully use [Redirect Mana] on someone while they are forming a spell? To be honest this could be rather dangerous, an explosion would be the least worse of results.

Anyway, focus! I see a very small vortex of mana, it slowly moves in an oval. Paying more attention to it I realize it's not exactly moving, but rather it is shifting positions instantly in such small increments it looks like it's a continuous movement. This will take some effort.

The vortex feels like I am "grabbing" a rubber ball. I didn't pay that much attention to what exactly I am feeling while I sense spells until now. It's something like seeing a "soul", it's information not really made for the human brain so it "glosses" over. The brain tries to ignore the information but if you focus on it the brain forcefully translates it for me, somehow.

Replicating this feeling is actually simply imagining it, imagining it so hard it turns into reality. Visualization is the way magic works, it's the way skills are gained. The more in depth you can imagine things, the better your spells and the more your skill increases. This is why learning magic has so much theory on physics.

I feel a slight discomfort as I copy the gathering phase of my spells and try to mix it with the form that Kyros is showing. I slow down and reduce the strength of my gathering, this reduces the discomfort. This could be an early sign of bad mana manipulation, spells shouldn't cause pain unless you are suffering from overuse.

My vortex feels like a small pebble moving at walking speed while Kyros's is the size of a watermelon and moves at Formula One speeds.

"Dame Vanea told me you were supposed to be better than this," he says in a tired voice.

I wince.

"I believe I would be better on the actual talking part. This is not really a specific part of the skill, only a preparation, yes?"

I open my eyes and let go of the vortex. He spreads his arms over the nearby chairs and smiles with half his mouth.

"Well, yes," he rolls his eyes, "Just continue the circulation, try to increase the speed and size slowly. If you feel any discomfort reduce it a little, the discomfort means it is damaging your body. You don't need to hurt yourself to progress, in fact avoiding the damage is exactly the reason we are doing this exercise. You need to learn how to manipulate mana in a way you are not affected by it, otherwise if you try to use any offensive words on an enemy you will hurt yourself."

"I see... I will return to my circulation."

He grunts and I close my eyes.

I continue my practice for what seems to be an eternity. I'm always trying to slowly increase the size of my vortex, retreating whenever I felt discomfort.

Eventually my body starts to hurt. I stretch my body, trying to stave off any pain from bad posture but it doesn't go away. With my eyes closed I open my "Status" and see that my HP fell by 2 points. It seems I contracted fantasy-cancer.

"That's enough for now, I will call the space mage," Kyros says.

He rings a bell and Artan appears immediately. Kyros nods to him and a black circle appears in front of Artan.

"Until the next time, Mr. Ryder."

"Until then, teacher," I nod my head towards him.

He smiles gently. I better get on his good side, he's a very reasonable person.

It's 11AM. I come back early enough so I can help with lunch.

Ciel soon brings Lina back. She seems excited because they are going over the *[Extend]* enchantment. With practice she might be able to replace the handle of her switch-axe for something longer and keep the enchantment or simply improve the enchantment.

Ciel is going to receive a crash course in *[Judgment]*, it's one of the few spells that damages undead permanently. If we are going to continue exploring unknown or unpopular dungeons we are bound to encounter other undead. After last encounter

we decided it's better to be safe than sorry. We can't just go to the temple and have our weapons blessed every time we are going to a dungeon.

"I talked with Arantos," Ciel says, "They are keeping a very close eye on Vanea. She's not wicked but she threads dangerously close to it."

"I know it's cowardly but I would rather not have known what we did," I say.

"This is why I don't like to get involved with nobles," Hana says, she hunches over and hugs herself, "Thinking myself stolen from Wolfy and being forced to have sex with other men gives me chills. It's also why I negotiated on being able to choose whom I served."

Alissa's expression turns sad as she hears Hana. I'm glad to know they both don't have a fetish about cheating on me.

"To be honest. She should be grateful she's still alive," Roxanne says, "The Judges have no mercy with those who mess with Lords."

"Vanea must be doing this mostly to get back at Darean," Ciel says, "Hurting him mentally is more insidious that way."

"I would rather commit suicide," Alissa says.

I'm not sure if I should be glad or worried.

Lina sits on the lap of Ciel and both seem depressed.

"I don't wanna talk about this anymore," I say.

I missed Lina rubbing on my crotch while riding Alissa. It's healing my heart after that heavy conversation. Now I have another fetish to indulge in, sex while riding Alissa.

At class Gify makes his appearance, the little ass is reveling in the attention.

"Gih!"

Yes, you are a little ass. You left me alone with Kyros but decided to appear when you have the opportunity of being a celebrity.

"Gih? Geh guh gih."

A celebrity is an important, famous, and well-liked person. And no, I'm not scared of Kyros, I just like the company. You know that being away from Alissa makes my "Sanity" go low, I get quite lonely when it happens.

"Giiih..."

You are not a male! You have no gender!

"Gihihih."

You shouldn't make fun of the person who feeds you.

"GUH!" The students around me clutch their hearts from Gify's cute loud chirp.

I hear the bell chimes.

And I was joking too. Now get off my thoughts, class is beginning.

Lyle, Hatara, and Garanae come in a few seconds before the professor. Lyle seems to be warmed up more to me, though I can still see the usual savagery in his eyes. Hatara and Gara are stiffer than usual and Gara, specifically, nods to me with politeness. I guess they would change their behaviors when they knew I was part of a slaughter of 19 men.

"Oh hello, Mr. Ryder," says a soft voice above me.

"Hello professor," I answer.

The cute gnome is hovering just above me.

Gih.

He's cute and I'm not gay. I don't know why I just think he's cute and huggable, maybe it's "Charisma" like always. Now get off my thoughts.

"Professor Tanya will be delighted when she sees you," his smile is slightly mischievous.

With that class resumes and the professor starts to describe concepts of [Space Magic]. We finished exploring physics and gravity, now we are exploring torque, matrices and how to use them to express position and rotation. This is quite simply video game physics 101. You have the X, Y and Z axis, which represent planes. X represents sideways movement, Y represent up-down movement, Z represents forward-backwards movement. You represent position with these 3 coordinates.

You apply force on an object to create movement and through equations you can calculate the position of the object in any moment you choose. There's transformations and rotations and some other bullshit that's quite boring.

I really dislike rotation matrices but they are necessary to properly understand [Telekinesis]. That spell is the basis of the entire magic school and my main attack booster, it's really important.

There's also an introduction to non-euclidean geometry, like how to create a "3-sided square". Warping space and time becomes more important for the higher level spells.

There is one interesting thing regarding the identification of items inside [*Item Box*]. Instead of it being simply a warped space, like a "bag of holding" of other fantasy worlds where the bag is bigger on the inside, it is a complete system with user interface. There's the sorting function, the search function, and buttons for storing and retrieving items. That and how [*Gate*] "coordinates" are managed is the most sought after "concept" of magic. The concept of automatic information classification.

Whenever I think about [*Gate*] a small window with all the coordinates I stored is opened for me. The only information on these coordinates are the names I gave them myself, like "Wisps of the Proud beautiful wet stalactite cave". I can press a red "X" to delete the coordinate or I can press the coordinate and start chanting to open [*Gate*]. I can also simply press the "muscle" for the spell inside my mind for instant-cast.

Skills like [*Sense Presence*] and [*Sense Mana*] or spells like [*Detect Evil*] and [*Soul Search*] give you rather abstract feedback. They give you only a "feeling", while skills like the [*Appraisal*]-types give you a neat window full of information. Spells that extract and organize information this way are incredibly complex and difficult to create, and yet there's a bunch of skills and two (relatively) simple spells that incorporate this concept quite easily. Even my [*Sense Soul*] draws upon this concept, it really is a very useful concept to integrate.

Bell chimes and we go to our break. We barely have time to sit at our usual spot when Garanae begins to talk.

"What did you feel, Ryder, when you... Killed someone?" He asks.

Lyle purses his lips in displeasure. Both of us wished Garanae would have more tact.

"The first time I nearly went crazy with anger and then puked. The second time I was shivering but kept my resolve and fought. The third time was with Lyle. Gify opened my heart to Alissa's, it allowed me to keep a straight mind and let the anger fuel my actions."

"Three times...?" Hatara lowly asks, astonished.

"All these times were for survival," Alissa says, then she smiles bitterly. "Wolfy certainly reacted better than me. Back in my home town I executed bandits, it took me quite a few until I stopped puking every time."

Garanae stares at Alissa, his mouth hanging open in disbelief. For some reason he deluded himself into believing that Alissa was a princess.

"For me it was very scary," Lina says, her voice trembling slightly, "But not as scary as seeing master get hurt or die. That was enough motivation I needed to keep moving forward, to keep fighting regardless of the blood or pain."

Hatara lowers her head and hugs Garanae's arm harder.

"Your parents will prepare all of you when the time comes," I say, I keep my tone as soft as I can, "From what I can see all of you will be fighters in the future, you don't have to hurry."

"I sure hope so," Lyle smiles wryly.

"You have a tendency of being reckless. Work on it and your father should give you more trust," I say.

Lyle pouts and blushes in embarrassment. Even he is not so dense he doesn't know his own weaknesses.

"Let's talk about something else," I wave my hand dismissively. "How was the compilation of books? What was written in them?"

Lina and Lyle perk up and the gloominess from both disappear.

"Oh yes!" He claps his hands, "It was mainly epic tales. A few dramas, a few romances, if rape and incest can be considered romance, and a surreal comedy."

Gara and Hatara lift their heads up, eager to change the topic.

"I do not want any more information on that romance," Hatara says.

"What do you mean, surreal comedy?" Garanae asks.

"We are lacking quite a few words of their vocabulary, so we don't have an exact translation. In the end, either the jokes are surreal in nature or their sense of humor is very, very weird," Lyle says.

"Is it confirmed the books belong to the dragonoid culture?" Lina asks.

"No, we only know that they do not belong to our culture," Lyle says, "It could actually even be part of breeder dragonoid culture. If someone in say, the Maoka continent exterminated a dragonoid breeder village and salvaged their books then it could eventually reappear inside a dungeon. Though there's a very small chance but it could also be simply from a random race of breeder culture."

Alissa's ears twitch and we both look away. In the distance Silvane is coming, in her bosom she's carrying a pure white rabbit.

"Hello, Mr. Ryder, Alissa, Lina, Mr. Ryzek, Mr. and Miss Taranoa," she says and nods to each of us.

How annoying etiquette can be sometimes. Having to greet each of us instead of just sitting down with a "howdy".

The rabbit jumps from her arms and lands on an empty chair. It changes into Nononya who bows to us.

"Hello, everyone!" She says.

See? So much easier. Even Ankara is not the kind that wastes time with meaningless pleasantries.

Gify jumps into Nononya's modest chest. She seems surprised but ends up cuddling with him.

"Gih!"

Nononya blushes.

"W-wha-what...?"

I stretch my hand and force Gify out of existence.

"Sorry about that, he's very mischievous," I smile apologetically.

Gihih.

If you tried that with Silvane I would skin you alive!

"You are full of surprises, Mr. Ryder. It seems everything you do attracts attention," Silvane says in a warm tone, she then takes a seat. "Sorry to interrupt your conversation."

"Not at all," Lyle shakes his head, "It's always a pleasure to have you here, Miss Silvane."

He lowers his head because of politeness and because her smile made him blush.

"I certainly do not like the attention. Fate keeps me throwing hardships," I smile bitterly. "Anyway, what were we talking about?"

"We were just talking about the books we found in the Wisps of the Proud," Lyle says.

"Ah yes," Silvane's smile is as fresh as spring, "The court mages were interested in this discovery. Seems something finally got their attention away from killing monsters."

"Indeed. My grandpa finally took his eyes off the Symbol of Hate corpse and asked me to translate that surreal comedy for him," Lyle says.

"It is regrettable how Rabanara does not fund archaeological expeditions," Silvane says with delicate pout.

"But it is understandable," Lina interjects, "The whole Shore of Leaves is always under threat of monster attacks. Just yesterday we noticed the bounty on harpies increased."

"Yes," Silvane props forward with a bit of excitement in her eyes. "It seems a harpy attack will come this year."

Nononya sighs.

"This time I won't be able to skimp my duties so I have been practicing elemental summoning. With the notes Mr. Ryder gave me my wind elemental is strong enough to disrupt the flight of the harpies," she says, a hint of sadness on her voice.

"Just call me Wolf. Your progress is wonderful, but you don't seem happy about it," I say.

She slumps her shoulders and Silvane rubs her rabbit ears, causing her to shiver.

"Nono is not really a fighter, but a condition for her acceptance and funding in Rabanara was that she would use her summoning to help us fight," Silvane says.

"When the time comes we should fight together, I will help you out," I say.

"Yes, we are used to fighting alongside elementals so we will be there to help you," Alissa says.

"I will convince my father to let me participate. My [*Discharge*] is improving so I will be able to help a lot with controlling the harpies," Lyle says, he clenches his fist and his eyes spell wildness, the wide eyed crazy psycho type wildness.

"We are likely to be mere light support for the front lines so we wouldn't be able to help you," Garanae says with a hint of envy on his voice.

The front lines on a harpy attack are hardly anything more than a mobile shield for the ranged fighters.

"Well. This doesn't seem too bad," Nononya says, her white ears perk up a bit, "At least I will be able to see your elementals in action, Mr. Ryder."

"That would be interesting, indeed," Silvane stops the ear rubbing and turns her head to me. "I read your report on the Wisps of the Proud. Your use of the earth and wind elementals is ingenious. If you join the expedition things would go smoothly."

"Sorry but I don't want to go there again. I had enough of that undead corruption to last me for a long time," I cringe and lift my hands, asking for mercy.

I look at Alissa and Lina, both nod in agreement. Books are nice and all but fuck these undead. Maybe when the temple exterminates them I would spend some time on that watery cave.

"Unfortunate but understandable," Silvane nods, "We will wait until we convince another summoner to participate. I think one of those at the Colosseum would participate if we offer enough money."

"I have never been to the Colosseum, how is it?" I ask.

"I think Hana and Roxanne would like it. There's some blood but it's mostly about having an entertaining fight," Alissa says, "Specially the summoner fights, they go all out with the dramatic fights."

"I think even Ciel would like it," Lina says shyly.

"Next summoner fight will be at the 3rd of next month," Garanae says. "We should... all go together then."

He seems a bit embarrassed to suggest this.

"That would be nice, I will secure for us a private balcony," Silvane says.

"Yes! Thanks Silfy!" Nononya wiggles her fluffy rabbit tail.

The conversation goes back to the books Lyle found. Silvane and Alissa are very interested in the epic tales.

I enter the bath and immediately Lina grabs my arm. She straddles my hand with her thin thighs and I already feel the heat coming from her.

I love it when they use me like this. Take what you want, my body is yours.

Her hips sway, rubbing her lips on my hand. I flicker my finger and jab her insides. A high pitched moan escapes her lips. She stops her rubbing and goes straight to mounting me, no questions asked.

Ciel grabs her from behind and whispers into her ear.

"Lina, my little one. It's time for you to *share the load*. I understand you are happy but we also, uh, have our needs."

Ciel's voice trails off as she doesn't fully believe what's escaping her mouth.

"Just one more time," I say.

I impale Lina and force her to meow loudly. I fill her up and then I eat my thicc angel. I tell Roxanne to cast [*Water Breathing*] on Lina and to have her "massage" Ciel's feet if she wants me to finish Ciel faster.

I paint Ciel's face white while she relaxes at the corner of the tub. Her face is of ecstasy as Hana decides to join Lina to fulfill her fetish.

Today is the 17th.

Double the tongues, double the happiness.

I increased my "Perception", [Mana Control] and [Space Magic] by 1 (now 16, 0+11 and 11+20).

Ciel finally learned [Redirect Mana] with 1 point in it and her "Willpower" increased by 1 (now 14). Now I can't give her [*Wind Storm*] since she lacks the points but she has cast it so many times she can do it even without the system. This is what talent is about.

I spend my morning practicing circulation and coaching the girls in how to do it. Even if they don't want to learn [Godly Language] they should still learn it for the future training to increase MP and "Magic Power" that Kyros mentioned.

Alissa brings cheese curds so I teach them how to make poutine. Hana, Roxanne and Ciel absolutely loved to eat it alongside some cheap beer. Ciel isn't really a drinker but she enjoys a small taste of it once in a while.

Today Lina stays behind to practice her martial arts so it's only me and Alissa.

This time the students understandably are agitated when they see Gify. It's basically a dream for most of them to have a nature spirit attach themselves to you.

"How did you do it?"

"How long did it take for it to trust you?"

"How does it feel?"

"Is it true the spirit can link minds?"

"Is it true it can read your thoughts?"

"I heard they would raid your ice box if you didn't feed them for even a day. Did that happen to you?"

"Can you squish it? I know they have no bones but I want to know if they have something inside."

Gih.

If you say so.

I squash Gify with my hand. He squeaks like a chewing toy, his feathers fly, his eyes pop out and his legs face backwards.

The class stands still in silence. I see tears forming in the face of a girl.

With another squeak Gify reforms himself and rolls on my table, chirping in bird-like laughter.

Okay, that was a good one.

"Gih!"

A few people facepalm and laugh while others look at us in rage for the prank. At least the questions stopped.

The bell chimes and professor Tanya enters the room. Her koala and "Plom" nature spirits stand still and silent for the first time since I met her. Both of them stare at Gify. The professor notices the oddity and comes hurriedly to my table.

"Oh, oh, oh. You found one! How? How? When? Did you tame it? Or is it attached to you? How? Did it open your heart to someone? How?" She machine guns questions at me.

Gify just sits down with a smug smile. He receives all the attention like he's a seasoned celebrity.

"I, uh, I just gave him food and one day he decided to attach himself to me," I smile forcefully.

The class turns silent.

"What!?" Exclaims a student.

The professor's face twitches.

"That's it?" She asks.

I clean my throat.

"Yeah... That's it."

The stares are so intense I'm starting to sweat cold.

"You gotta be fucking..." She mutters and turns around. "I spent a fucking year talking and talking and playing around trying to convince each of these freeloaders to follow me."

She walks towards the blackboard. The wide cuffs of her black dress wave about as she gesticulates wildly.

"And now you come here and tell me a spirit just attaches itself to you because you fed it?"

Her dress spins as she turns around in a huff. Her face shows no gloominess but a very awoken and disbelieving expression.

"You young ones and you stupid talent and luck..." She grumbles and suddenly claps her hands, "Wait! Aren't you the 'Good Luck' Ryder?"

"Yes...?" I answer meekly.

"Thank the Gods, I almost lost faith in my own skill," she facepalms and shakes her head. "You are the one where weird stuff keeps happening. Having a spirit attach itself to you instead of having to tame it is just another monster for the Lord."

Lina's Trivia: "another monster for the Lord" is along the lines of "the same event as usual has happened".

I maintain an innocent smile during all this time. You just don't interrupt a person ranting.

After this outburst we resume class. The professor takes this hook with Gify to explain more in depth how nature spirits can be used to connect people. Since I have already experienced this the lesson was wasted on me.

I have finally achieved a presentable Worcestershire sauce. I used vinegar, not-cinnamon, not-ginger, not-cloves, harpy fat, anchovies(?) and beef broth. There's still some refining to do but it's usable.

"Tastes so good!" Roxanne says.

There's a lot of spices in Maoka so it's unsurprising she's not picky.

"Quite interesting, reminds me of a sauce I ate once in Ryutake," Hana says.

I gotta visit Ryutake, I have a good feeling about this.

"I loved the cinnamon. It's used a lot at the Misty Low Forest," Alissa says.

Lina frowns, she's somewhat of a picky eater. Or rather, Hilde didn't adapt to Avgi cuisine se she's not used to experiment new things.

Ciel was rather neutral.

"Can I show this sauce to the temple?" She asks, "It would be a good help to make the food more varied there."

"Sure."

I still have many more recipes to use to make money.

After that I used my pseudo-Worcestershire sauce, not-paprika and melted butter to create Buffalo Wings. A certain someone once said I was committing sacrilege by using Worcestershire but need is the mother of invention. I didn't have the usual cayenne sauce available and I had terminal munchies so I just *had* to eat some wings.

Today is the 18th.

"Don't you want to try?" Alissa asks.

Lina stops bobbing her head and offers it to Ciel.

A little nervous, Ciel approaches and stuffs her mouth. Alissa holds her hair back and slowly guides her. The best part about Ciel is how her breast jiggles with every movement.

I was close so I just finish inside Ciel's mouth. She grimaces.

"Drink it," Alissa says sternly.

Ciel looks at her with pleading eyes.

"Come on, swallow," Alissa's tone is even more severe.

Lina smiles at Ciel and nods emphatically.

Ciel sighs and swallows, Alissa gives her a kiss on the cheek and I copy. Ciel blushes and immediately leaves the room.

"Progress," I smile.

I finally learned [Cooking] with 1 point. I wasn't putting that much effort into trying something new so I guess this is why it took so long.

I go to the basement and wait a few minutes until the black circle appears. I enter it and I'm taken to the same room as last time.

"Hello, Mr. Ryder," Kyros is the same as last time, relaxed and calm.

"Hello, teacher."

"Show me your progress."

I sit down and start my circulation.

"Hm... passable."

Ouch.

"Now, give it your all to increase the speed of the circulation, the faster it spins the better."

This isn't as simple as it seems. I still have to reform the vortex little by little, except this time I have to do hundreds of these reforms in a few seconds.

It's an exercise in repetition and patience. Whenever I start to skip too much Kyros stops me and forces me to move the vortex little by little again.

After a while I enter a sort of trance. The movements are repetitive but not physically tiring, it's very cathartic.

"That's enough for today."

I bow and take my leave.

I noticed that I have to put less effort in seasoning food now. Measuring how many pinches of salt was always a bother, I preferred to underseason then test the taste and finally adjust when necessary. Now I barely need to test the seasoning because I have been hitting the right spot on the first try.

The speed that I prepare the ingredients also increased, my dexterity with the knife is noticeably better.

I can also imagine the ingredients and how to prepare them and I get an intuition about how they would taste. Honestly I like cooking but the skill takes some of the effort off, which is not exactly why I cooked. I used it as a method of feeling catharsis, now things are more efficient, reducing the time I had for this relaxation.

Oh well, whatever, more convenience is just more convenient. I won't turn into an old grumpy man that complains about the progress of technology.

Today is [Electric Magic] class. Lyle is back to goofing around so I remind him to take things seriously. He gulps and focuses on casting [*Discharge*] in the largest area possible.

Lina stayed home again to get used to her new switch-axe. I put her extra points for leveling up into [Axe Use] so she has at least some basis to start from. The skill system is so convenient to accelerate growth.

Today I spar with Lina, Hana and Ciel. We are using real weapons and armor so Lina can practice with her switch-axe. Lina's excitement compounds with her inability to take it easy, making my life harder than it should. Her wish to prove herself to me is a bit worrying, she doesn't need to try so hard.

I'm getting annoyed at being pummeled so hard so I try a new tactic. I hunker down behind my shield and keep her at bay. I grab the pommel of my sword and twist it once, it's quite hard.

I strike with my sword and it slides off her shield, she's getting good at blocking. She counters with a chop at my legs and I step back. The axe grazes my shield.

I grab the pommel again and twist it hard, I pull the pommel and it wrenches free. With my sword hand I throw it at Lina. It hits her in her helmet and she gets dizzy.

I rush forward and bash her shield. She falls down like rock. I stab my sword in the grass, right next to her throat.

She looks at me dumbfounded. I heal her head and take off her helmet.

"What... Did you do?" She asks.

I contain my chuckle and kiss her forehead.

"Sorry for that. I threw my pommel at your head."

"What...?"

Hana is laughing while Ciel and Alissa are looking at us in disbelief.

"Wolfy, that was fucking retarded, I can't believe it worked," Hana says, drying the corner of her eyes.

"That was the pommel?" Alissa asks, she looks at the pommel of her own short sword and tries to unscrew it. "This is kinda hard."

Ciel chuckles and goes back inside to look at the food. Roxanne looks over from the window of her room.

"What's so funny?" She asks.

As an apology for hitting her so hard, tonight I give attention to Lina after I appease the wild animal that is Hana.

Today is the 19th.

Triple-treat as 3 tongues entwine in a dance.

This morning we teleport to Spiral Springs to get more moonlight moss. Just yesterday Hana saw a request for the moss. Kind of a cheat to be able to teleport there so fast but we really need more of Roxanne's elixirs.

It nearly takes all of my mana to get everyone there but it's improving. I drink an MP potion and we move on.

There's a considerable amount of Moonlight Moss, Roxanne is quite happy.

Lina puts her axe to the test. Axes are better than swords at killing these bulky monsters like the Moon Turtles. Maybe we should get an axe for Hana too but she would need a level or two to have enough spare skill points for it.

"Careful with the spikes!" Ciel warns Lina.

"Okay!" Lina responds as she dodges a spike.

She strikes with her axe at the blinded Moon Turtle.

We gotta train Lina in [Earth Magic]. [*Spirit of Gaia*] only gives her magical "Strength" and "Endurance", it doesn't give her more mass so she can still be punted like a ball by monsters with enough strength. The dwarven men-of-the-line use [Earth Magic] to embed their feet in the earth, keeping them stuck on the ground.

-I'm concerned about that Moonlight Moss request- I tell Alissa.

"Why?" She responds and fires an arrow.

"Someone is going to come here and see there's less Moonlight Moss than what was known."

"They could assume it was a coincidence that someone was passing through and took the Moss."

"Yes but still, if we do this repeatedly I don't want people to be wary of someone collecting the Moss all for themselves. People might stop posting requests for it at the Guild, which would be rather inconvenient as we wouldn't know when the Moss grew again."

She tilts her head and purses her lips.

"I see. Makes sense. Maybe we shouldn't collect the Moss from every turtle. The moss has a distinct smell and I think it's the spores, so I believe it spreads through the air. If we leave a turtle with Moss near others it could make the Moss spread faster."

"That's a good idea, you are always helpful," I smile warmly at her.

She blushes lightly and continues popping eyes. It makes me happy I can still make her blush.

I spend this morning focusing on my mana circulation. The girls are enough to kill the turtles so there's no need for me to participate.

Today is [Blessing Magic] class. It's always a straightforward class, there's not much theory to learn. It might also be the easiest magic school to learn.

Hatara is getting quite good at singing. Her voice is so soft and sweet. I can just imagine how good of a folk singer she would be on Earth.

This break everyone is at the table. I'm not the kind that goofs around and chit-chats or gossips. If it's not related to magic or work it generally doesn't interest me,

because of that I never really had many friends. But it's still quite nice to sit back, relax and hear the others have their conversations. Specially because they don't keep trying to get me involved in the conversation. The older side of the family that would ask "why are you so quiet" was maddening... But I still miss them.

I have to clear my head and focus on something else, these memories aren't helping me right now.

Hana drags Roxanne out of her room and I tie her down with my hug so she doesn't escape. Even though Roxanne stopped working towards the anti-venom that killed her fiancée her obsession with potions still didn't subside.

"Roxanne, you never talked to us about your parents," I say.

She stops struggling and cringes. Well that's a good sign.

"Well..." She smiles wryly, "We kind of parted in not so good terms."

"Go on," Hana says, everyone nods.

Roxanne deliberates for a few seconds but resigns and sighs.

"I ran away from home," we all share a look of surprise. "My parents didn't approve of Mithra, they wanted a child of their blood. After she was gone I just couldn't stand anymore their talks of marriage and such. They wanted to create a family lineage and I just wanted to mourn. I took some money and ran away."

"I assume that they didn't try to brand you as a thief otherwise it would have been difficult for you to pass through Goldport unimpeded," Ciel says, she frowns in empathy to Roxanne's plight. "Your problem is quite common among the nobles. Greedy parents that want a better position to the extent that they trample over the wishes of their children. I didn't know you were part of the higher society, though."

"We are not considered part of the upper class of our Holy Land, I came from a small fishing village after all. What happened was that my parents ended up acquiring quite a bit of money, they found a wreckage and unearthed quite a lot of treasure. That happened when I was still a baby."

"So that's how they paid for your tuition at the Holy Academy, yes?" Hana asks.

Similar to a knights academy, the one on the demon race's territory is made to create servants and leaders to serve the Council of Elders.

"Yes. They wanted me to follow the path and reach a seat at the Council of Elders. But I couldn't, I couldn't handle the pressure. Then I met Mithra and..." Her voice fades and she curls into a ball.

I pull her down on the sofa and spoon her. Sometimes there's no need to talk, we already said our vows, all I have to do is assure her I'm here and I heard her.

With warm eyes Hana rubs her thigh and I hug her tighter.

I don't have parents to come back to so I will make sure you go back to yours.

Each of the girls give her a kind hand squeeze to assure her, Aoi gives her a lick that elicits a chuckle and Gify rubs his forehead on hers. After a while Hana carries her to their bed, tonight she gets the best treatment for sadness, aggressive cuddling.

Today is the 20th.

With the help of Alissa, Lina succeeds, or rather, half-succeeds. I wake up to Alissa licking Lina's face, a perfect way to start a morning. Ciel decides to smother me with her pillows.

I grab Ciel and reverse our positions while I use [*Clean*] on my mouth. I hold her head and kiss her deeply.

"You are always the jealous one aren't you?" I say.

She pouts and looks away.

"But I will always love you just the way you are."

She fails a poker face and her pout turns into a smile. I have to remember to regularly tell her I love her.

"I love you too, my cute little old man."

"Wow, what was that? What a horrible flirt. Do people of Rupegia flirt like this?"

She huffs in annoyance but ends up chuckling.

"Let me try that again," her tone turns to mockery, "I love you too, my little hero."

"Oh no that was too far. I will show you what a virtuous hero I am by ravaging you."

"Oh noo" -she slaps her forehead dramatically with the back of her hand- "the hero has turned into a depraved man that steals women's innocence."

"Ei, that's a good setting. I want that the next time you tie me up," Alissa says.

Ciel rolls her eyes and shakes her head. I insert a finger on Ciel, she gasps and squeezes me to her chest. I pull it out and my finger comes glistening.

"You look disapprovingly but you are getting wet," I say, showing her the finger.

Ciel squirms and blushes.

Itadakimasu.

My [Blessing Magic] increased by 1 (now 4+18).

Roxanne was looking downcast this morning. Hana kept her company and made sure she ate and talked to her. Tonight is her turn so I will do my best to keep her mood up.

"Today we are going to take a step further," Kyros says, "Do you know how sound works?"

"Vibrations on the air. You can visually see the vibrations if you look closely to the wave form of a string of a harp, the longer the string is the easier it is to see."

Kyros blinks blankly in surprise. I could possibly have more knowledge on sound and music than the natives, I even know some sheet music.

"That makes things simpler then," he mutters and cleans his throat, "The next step is to tremble your vortex so much you can produce sound."

Ooooooh! Now I get it how [Godly Language] works.

Kyros starts a demonstration. I hear a low pitched rumbling, it sends me shivers like when someone scratches a blackboard, but the pitch of the sound is so low it shouldn't provoke this reaction. The mana-tainted sound waves are interacting with me.

"Wait," I lift my hand and Kyros opens his eyes, "Sound propagates through the air. Is this sound that mana creates also propagating through the air? I thought mana didn't interact directly with matter."

"Hooh. You are surprisingly well-read..."

"What you mean by 'surprisingly'?" I interrupt with a frown.

"Well..." He cringes and looks away.

Hah, I made the stoic man embarrassed.

"You are an adventurer and there's not many nobles who would be able to ask the same questions as you did..." He smiles apologetically.

"It's fine," I wave my hand dismissively, "Let's go back to my question."

"Yes. Well, mana really does not interact with matter, the sound it creates is a bending of our 'reality'."

"So, like how gravity does it?"

"What?"

Oh yeah, he's not a space mage, his knowledge of physics might be limited.

"Never mind. Continue, please."

"Continuing. This mana wave bends our world, it's easily seen in mana storms, it's how they rip the world apart. The important part is that when you add words, a meaning to that sound, it interacts with our spirit. The words are understood by our spirit, forcing it to change. The power in the mana wave is what fuels this change. It works even when the person does not understand the language, hence the name, only the Gods can speak to us in a language every humanoid would understand."

"But why do I have to move my vortex in a circle?"

"It's to guide the wave. In the future you will need to make two vortexes, one will create the sound and the other will spin around the vortex and absorb the wave to shield you from it. With high enough [Mana Control] you can manually guide the wave so it only affects your targets."

There's a way to create directional sound waves by using ultrasound as a carrier wave. This part of physics isn't my specialty so it will be left for some other time.

The training is now another degree harder. Doing two movements at once is hard, doing it with two individual vortexes will be near impossible. Maybe this could be an introduction to dual casting for me.

The fantasy-cancer also kicked up a notch, I have to focus hard on keeping control over the vortex. It seems that stray mana, uh, "particles" could be the cause of the corruption, mana itself doesn't interact with matter but it disturbs space-time.

The more I focus on control over this vortex the less corruption I feel. The more mana particles that escape, the more the corruption that appears. The faster I spin,

even though the same amount of particles is escaping, the more the corruption appears. So it's all about the speed of the particles. The faster they are, the more they disturb space-time, the more corruption that appears.

Could this corruption also be related to how the undead corrupt the world?

When we finish I feel very dizzy. I cast [*Heal*] on myself and the dizziness goes away.

"Wast that [*Heal*]? I didn't hear you chant," Kyros asks.

"I didn't. Keep this private, you can ask Dame Vanea if you want to know more."

"Apologies, if Dame Vanea didn't tell me then I don't need to know," he bows lightly.

"You seem very loyal to her."

He smiles warmly.

"I am."

"Hm..." I stare at him for a few seconds.

Would it be impolite to ask his story?

Almost like he read my mind he speaks again.

"I'm not a criminal, only a victim of injustice," his stoic expression returns.

I nod at him, that's enough for me.

"Until next time," I say and take my leave.

Roxanne is a bit lonely so this time she came downstairs to help with lunch. Even Aoi is trying to help.

Aoi is now the size of a fully grown corgi. She eats more than her stomach could possibly handle. Monsters like her that grow up to impossible sizes are considered partial magical beings. They absorb loads of mana into their own bodies and store it for energy and structural stability. Without mana the square-cube law would make a creature like the ancient Azurite dragon impossible to exist, they would collapse under their own weight.

Aoi has also been developing more of her personality. She has been growing very curious, always watching closely whatever we have been doing. She tried to peel a

not-potato but her claws are awkward to handle. If she grows some more she will be able to properly grasp things.

"You need a little more time, my little dragon," Hana says.

"Kweh! Tato, har' to cuut!" Aoi says, her voice is growing less strained.

I run my hand through her sleek spine and she shivers.

"Kihih! Ti-kle!"

Male dragons and dragonkin have rough and pointy scales. Females have more smooth and rounded scales. Even though Aoi's scales are hard I feel like holding her all day and petting her head, just like I did with my dogs.

I grab her and cuddle with her on my lap.

"Ol-fy!" She stretches her head and tries to lick my chin, just a few millimeters short.

"Yes?"

"Lo-ve you!"

Awn, oof, owie, ouch, guh! Critical hit!

"Ha-na, Li-na, Li-sa, Ci-el, Ro-xy. Lo-ve you!"

Area [*Heal*] please!

A crowd of teary-eyed faces stare at Aoi like a hunter stares at its prey. Aoi jumps on the table and a storm of hands pets her whole body. She closes her eyes and sprawls herself, enjoying the free massage.

"Gih!"

Gify pops into existence and jumps into the mosh pit of caressing.

Our lunch schedule gets disrupted due to our impromptu cuddling session. Roxanne's mood improved greatly after this.

During [Reduced Mana Cost] class I focus on Toroo's method of improving the "building" phase of the spell. My "Perception" and [Sense Mana] are high enough that I can observe my own spells in quite a lot of detail, the problem is that the details do not make sense.

I have to look over all my spells one by one. I have to identify the common patterns among them and see which patterns can be simplified. The patterns of a spell are similar to how a soul works, it's "organized" but "nonsensical" information. I can't see them with as much clarity as I can when I'm using [*Infuse*] from [*Golemancy*] but I can discern *something*.

During this break Silvane and Nononya appear again. Gimbo was nervous for a while, he knows who Silvane is. Eventually he calmed as he saw how others would casually address Silvane.

Silvane seems very interested in our discussions about this skill. Describing what we feel about the patterns is quite a difficult thing. Due to everyone's different levels of perception and intuition the way we sense patterns differs.

For example. Alissa has a very good sense of smell, so when she tried to morph [*Ghost Lights*] to affect only a single target she felt the patterns of the spell as smells. Followed by that she saw abstract images and heard scratching sounds.

For me I have a feeling like spells are "circuits". Like an electrical circuit, every "symbol" represents a "pattern", these patterns are how the spells are modified. The way these patterns are wired also changes their behavior in (what I believe it would be) predictable ways.

Most natives of the world learns how to manipulate spells, though it's very limited. But even people with a small amount of talent for magic can observe the 5 individual steps that form a spell if they put some effort into it. For Alissa that modification was made on an instinct developed by years of contact with magic. Because I don't have the same instincts the way I see magic is very different.

The bell chimes and we move back to class.

"Say, Toroo, do you know who Silvane really is?" I ask.

"Hoh? I'm not sure, she certainly acts like nobility but I don't know of any silver elf house that lives here."

"She's betrothed to the Lord's son."

She chokes on her spit.

"W-what!?" She turns at me, she frowns so deeply her eyebrows make her look like a very angry owl. "Hoooh, you didn't deem it important to tell me!? I didn't even call her 'Miss'!"

I chuckle and lift my hands in surrender.

"I'm sorry. But you should have seen she doesn't care about these things. She was specially friendly to you."

"Hoh!" She turns in a huff and marches on.

"Miss Toroo," Gimbo scurries forward and interjects, "I had heard about the silver elf. She's a lovely woman who doesn't really hold nobility in high esteem. She's a Blood Slave, her parents were Lords that were executed for their incompetence."

Toroo stops and her expression turns into surprise.

"Huhm," She rubs the feathers on her head, "Tragic, I understand her position. But still, do not play me like this, Wolf."

"I'm sorry," I smile in a way that tells that I am not sorry.

Roxanne was feeling quite happy. Me and Hana tied her down and double teamed on her until she could barely breathe. She slept with a stupid smile on her face.

Today is the 21st.

Today Alissa had to wake me up the normal way because I came and kept sleeping.

"A new challenge," Hana says, her eyes glimmer.

"Love, I think you shouldn't have much hope on this one," Roxanne says.

"You are a storm while Alissa is as soft as a snowflake. Your styles are too different," I say.

This deflates Hana's ego. Alissa grabs her head and stares deeply at her eyes.

"You shouldn't be sad, only you can make him cum in a few seconds."

"That... Is true," Hana says, she gets up from the bed with a silly smile.

My [Reduced Mana Cost] increased by 1 (now 6+4).

This morning I spend with Hana and Alissa. I'm mainly training my footwork and how to use [*Telekinesis*] for short flights and to aid jumps, I want to use falling attacks like how Hana does. People think that I have little mass due to my size but if I can use

[*Telekinesis*] to increase gravity on myself (and not break my legs after hitting the ground) then I can do some really savage overhead strikes.

So far my style with the sword is catching them unaware with a super heavy attack. But this won't last, sometime, somewhere, I will find someone that can resist it.

I have been trying to use [*Rush*] for lighting-fast strikes but it's dangerous. I can easily lose my weapon or over-swing, leaving me open to a counter.

Roxanne finishes another batch of her strength elixir.

As we prepare lunch Ciel barges in.

"I learned it!" She yells with pride.

"That was fast," Roxanne says.

"Yeah well. [*Judgment*] is a really simple spell so it's easy to learn but mine is really weak. It does enough damage that I can threaten an undead but I would need time. If we meet a group like the dragonoids we should be able to keep them occupied long enough for me to kill at least one of them."

"That's reassuring. Good job," I kiss her cheek.

Ciel beams with a smile.

Today is [Space Magic] class. I'm not that focused this time, my mind has been swimming with too much information. Magic manipulation, dealing with my women, Darean and Vanea, the problems with Ankara, the reoccurring situations where I have to kill people. I need a vacation.

"Feeling tired, Wolf?" Lyle asks.

Can't really hide things from that one.

"I *am* tired," I sigh, "Next half-cycle break I wanna stay at home. Been fighting and training too much."

"Sometimes we put too much on his shoulders," Alissa says.

She pulls me closer, I lay my head on her chest and close my eyes.

"It is impressive how you are the leader of your fellowship," Lyle says.

"And you are famous in town," Hatara continues.

"It is not unexpected for you to sometimes feel the weight."

"Some of the weight is self-imposed. I spend too much money... Indulging on my women," I smile wryly.

Someone grabs my hand. I open my eyes and see a smiling Lina holding my hand close to her fast beating heart. Her other hand is on her leather choker.

"But it is worth it," I say.

I smile to Lina and return to rest on Alissa's chest. Gify turns on his special touch and I feel like my shoulder is being massaged by running water.

Today is the 22nd.

My member has disappeared inside muffins. Every motion a small pink tip appears just to be covered by a tongue. Milk splashes on chocolate, a delicious meal for Alissa that licks and sucks on the lips of a very red and embarrassed Ciel.

"You almost did it," Lina says with an innocent smile, "It was way better than my first time."

"Yes, that was amazing, Ciel," Alissa says.

"I will never be able to do such a thing," Lina hunches forward and squeezes her little mounds.

"You have other things you have an advantage on," Alissa pinches Lina's bum.

Lina jumps and her eyes dart about, absorbing the implication.

Ciel is still frozen in embarrassment, the praise didn't seem to help.

Now there is only one last piece of purity remaining on the priestess. Soon she will be completely mine.

"Good morning, Mr. Ryder."

"Good morning, Mr. Kyros."

"Show me your progress."

"Not much to show, I wasn't feeling like training the circulation yesterday."

Kyros narrows his blue eyes in disapproval. I sigh with tiredness.

"You wouldn't know but I have been fighting quite a lot lately. I'm getting very tired."

"Not of my concern," he answers immediately.

"It is if you want to properly teach me. You can't just look things in a vacuum."

"In a what?"

I massage my forehead.

"It's an expression. You can't ignore the rest of my life, it has influence over my performance. Teaching is more than just what you say during class."

His face frowns in annoyance.

"You are far too young to be giving *me* a lesson."

If only you knew the truth.

"Whatever. Let's continue," I wave my hand dismissively.

He huffs.

I continue where we stopped last time, but I increase the intensity.

Now I have to regularly heal myself. The dizziness is getting really strong, headaches hit me like flashes, my skin starts to grow red and inflamed. Is this radiation poisoning?

"Pay attention to your symptoms boy, they show you are being sloppy with your control," Kyros says.

I open my eyes to look at him and see small colored spots of light all over my vision. Yeah, it's fantasy-radiation poisoning.

With time I slowly manage to create a low-pitched humming. I'm quickly developing a sort of auto-pilot mode. I just have to wish and "let go" and I can recreate the vortex at the same level of control as I have already achieved.

"Boy, your level of precision and speed is good enough for some basic vocalization. But you have to improve on your control, you are leaking too much mana. Lucky for you that your [*Heal*] is so good."

"I understand. I will keep it in mind."

"That's enough for today."

Today is [Nature Magic] class. The professor is teaching us proper vine manipulation by combining [*Entangling Vines*] with [*Vine Weapon*], it's the basics of natural materials manipulation.

The spell [*Grow*] is used to harden the materials at specific points. You bend it, grow the two parts together, shave off the excess and repeat. This creates a material harder than normal.

The elves have a more advanced version of it using wood. They bury it in fertilized earth and use [*Grow*] on it. The wood then absorbs nutrients from the earth and changes its composition depending on how the earth was fertilized.

Lina is back at home sparring so it's only me and Alissa during break.

"Gih."

And Gify.

Now that I can properly relax I notice that there's a considerable number of people glancing at us. Not the usual envy or lecherous glance, it's a neutral glance with a hint of curiosity.

My time hugging Lina is growing short, she learned [*Manipulate Metal*]. As expected, it is weak, but it means that I don't need to show it to her anymore, she can improve the spell on her own. Not that I need a reason to spend hours cuddling with her cute ass rubbing on my crotch while I slowly bend a sheet of metal, but it was still a cathartic moment.

I spend the rest of the night compiling Morse code for the girls. They don't need to learn it immediately, just a sheet with all the words and a small explanation is enough for an emergency.

Today is the 23rd.

I wake up in desperation as I have to claw my soul back from the black hole that's sucking the life out of me. I grab upon a red mane to stabilize myself on this world but this only makes the enemy pull harder.

Like a horror movie I slip little by little. I cannot maintain my hold and my strength slowly chips away. When I'm about to collapse I cum again and the storm abates.

"That's a new record," Roxanne says.

"Don't do this everyday, I think you might actually kill him if you do," Alissa says.

I collapse back on the bed and try to calm my breath. Hana lifts her head and savors the sauce with delight. She finally swallows and nearly prances out of the room in happiness.

"Wow..." I mutter.

I came multiple times in quick succession. It takes me a few minutes before I can manage to stand.

I increased my [Mana Control] by 1 (now 0+12).

Alissa increased her "Strength" by 1 (now 12). I can see her already athletic body get even more defined. So delicious, I want to lick her abs and biceps.

I spend the morning casually training. I focus on control, I need to reduce the amount of stray mana that escapes. I won't be able to increase the intensity of the circulation if I receive terminal radiation poisoning every time I train.

Ciel has some interest in copying my circulation. Hana is also practicing with me, she will pass down my lessons to Lina when she comes back home. Roxanne has only a passing interest, she will keep to her potions until Kyros passes me the "Magic Power" training regimen.

On [Electric Magic] class the professor talks about the level 30 spell [*Charge*]. It basically turns objects into a time bomb, when the time runs out it's like casting [*Discharge*] in every direction. Kind of underwhelming but the interesting part of it is that people have been modifying it to work like a battery.

If modified further it could even be used to enchant weapons with electricity, though great care has to be taken so the wielder doesn't get shocked too.

Lyle has taken an interest on this spell when I started telling him about how electrical actuators could be built. I don't have that in depth knowledge about it but I think Lyle could build it if he puts some effort on it.

The class was about to end when I feel my pocket get warm. I take out Vanea's lithograph and my heart sinks.

"EMERGENCY OPERATION. 9PM Baalfire's Tavern".