

Chapter Eighty-Nine

I stayed in the forge for a couple of hours, processing an incredible amount of material, enough for a small arsenal. A larger arsenal wouldn't have hurt against the danger that was knocking on the door.

When I finally walked out of Oeyne's room, the sun was finally appearing on the horizon, marking a new day. But it wasn't just another day, because the guards were moving around with a great hurry in the courtyard, their alertness much higher. The magical sword gleamed on the waists of anyone on sufficient rank, signaling that the school had finally tapped into its legendary arsenal.

The headmistress must have decided that there was no merit in holding back completely, not after our little assault had already revealed our knowledge to the enemy. There were even several student teams dashing around, no doubt preparing for an incursion. Most of those teams were moving toward the training forests even though they were too strong to get any kind of benefit from a slaying few weak dire beasts. They were probably doing that to remove a potential weapon from the arsenal of the attackers.

The monsters in the training forest might not be the strongest, but if the wards that kept them separate from the school proper, it might prove a dangerous distraction at a critical moment.

Interestingly, however, despite the preventative measures, the school didn't go to a full mobilization of the wards, which meant the classes would continue for any student without an assigned task rather than being pulled as a part of the standing army. Not yet, at least. Maybe it was about the politics, I surmised, not wanting to risk the students unless it was absolutely necessary. Or maybe, she was trying to bait them into attacking by showing she was underestimating them. A panicked attack from them before our intelligence about their plan had degraded—or they had discovered the changes made into the defensive wards of the school— could prove decisive.

Unfortunately, there was no undead presence out on the walls yet.

Funny, though, how quickly one's perspective could change with power. I could never imagine preferring to have an undead army attack directly as soon as possible, so we could 'handle' them, rather than trying to escape as far as I could manage to avoid the backlash.

Unfortunately, I didn't have time to waste on introspection on the physiological impact of overwhelming power, not when I was facing a danger that forced me to accumulate even more

power.

Then, just as I was considering the relative merits of focusing on Marianne or Helga first to maximize the potential of our little group, I noticed something that made me shelve that little plan. A couple of familiar figures stepped outside as part of a small group. It was a group of students, a total of eight, following an instructor as they dashed toward the main gate in a great hurry.

Cornelia, and Helga.

That was a rather interesting combination, I noted as my suspicion tingled. As, other than Cornelia, every single student was a low-leveled commoner. Helga was the strongest of them in terms of combat potential, even before my help, and considering Helga's reputation for combat abilities and the fact that her recent developments were still a secret, it was entirely too suspicious.

And the identity of the instructor did nothing to actually limit that suspicion. They were being led by was a young female instructor with a tight expression on her face, one that I recognized only through reputation. Her name was Iomene, and she was a part of the school of tracking. I knew exactly three things about her. She came from a distant corner of the continent that was outside of the Empire's borders —which was more of a technicality rather than the actual ability to project military power— that was populated by many city-states, relying on trade to survive. She was an excellent tracker, and a decent warrior.

And, she was a complete outsider, her extreme standoffish attitude keeping her distant from everyone else, teachers and students alike.

In other words, the perfect candidate to blame for the loss of one of the most promising noble scions.

I had to admit, the ploy was rather incredible despite its transparency. With the chaos going on, it would be too late for anyone to notice any mistaken paperwork about the assignment, and in the aftermath, it was almost trivial to blame the mistake to one of the dead clerks —as it was almost certain to happen, and if by some luck all the clerks survived, the conspirator could easily nudge one of the less important ones to the other side, before destroying his reputation as a traitor, working against House Antony.

At first glance, it seemed like a simple ploy. Cornelia's uncle was doubtlessly looking for a way to take control of the house without risking a duel. Cornelia's lack of leveling was a conjecture

of their part, after all, and even if that had been the case —as it would have been without my intervention— direct combat was too unpredictable, especially when facing someone like Cornelia, with a perchance toward overwhelming firepower.

House Antony was certainly important enough that more than one instructor would be interested arrange an assassination in exchange for future favors.

However, what made the trick really impressive was the quickness of implementation. It was almost like whomever responsible knew that a crisis was on the door, and already arranged everything, ready to be initiated!

Finally, a clue toward the identity of the mysterious owner of the shade, but whether direct or indirect, it was a mystery. It was a possibility that they were the same people —as someone would be willing to sell the defense secrets of the school wouldn't have felt torn about sending a few more students to death. It might be also one of his subordinates, trying to create some ancillary benefit outside of the knowledge of his boss.

Unfortunately, it was unfortunately impossible to discount alternative possibilities, that either the plotter had learned the ploy accidentally, and decided to use for his benefit rather than reporting it. Moreover, it was always possible that he had a different plot in mind ready to go, and was adapting it for current circumstances.

Meaning, rather than intervening quickly, I needed to wait for the plot to unfold. And to prevent it from turning into a total disaster, I needed to follow them. After checking the general direction they were traveling, I dashed to my room, to see if there was any note from Helga. I found a quickly scribbled note from her, telling me that she had been assigned to an emergency mission, but they didn't give her any detail.

Cornelia's note, which was in her room, hidden under a new ward —no doubt to prevent her maid from investigating its contents. Her note was marginally more detailed than Helga's, which was a good indicator of their relative difference of authority. Cornelia mentioned that they had been assigned with a mission to reinforce one of the nearby towns as a precaution, then scout the surrounding area for any dangerous monster build-up. She also mentioned that she didn't know who would be in her team, but since the team was led by Iomene, she wasn't too concerned, as she knew that Iomene was one of the instructors famous for staying away from house politics.

I shook my head at her lack of awareness. For an heiress that was about to be deposed, she could be dangerously optimistic in certain topics. On the surface, Iomene's apolitical stance

seemed to be in her benefit, but she failed to think that together with her lack of support, also made Iomene a perfect scapegoat for the loss of a noble scion —especially if she was unfortunate enough to fall under the ambush as well. Since Iomene wasn't really famous for her strength and her skill set leaned toward tracking and hunting, I wouldn't bet on her surviving an ambush that was designed to take down Cornelia.

Sneaking into their rooms and reading the notes barely took two minutes, which meant that the group was still visible from the gate. I followed them. Since Iomene was a dedicated ranger, it was difficult to follow them closely under the bright sunlight unless I started relying on my spells, so I let them open a bit of distance first. Yes, Iomene was skilled in erasing their tracks as well, but due to the nature of the mission, she didn't bother to do so. Which meant that following them was a trivial job.

I was experimenting with my magic in subtle ways to kill some time, when I noticed that by focusing on Cornelia or Helga, I could actually detect their location. I didn't know whether it was a benefit of one of my perks —like Teleportation, which I didn't dare to use yet considering the disaster Empowerment had almost created— or just a feature of the completed companion system, but regardless, it was convenient to feel their presence.

Since I didn't have anything else to do, I tried to replicate the same feat with Marianne and Aviada, but had mixed success. I could barely feel a subtle presence, but actually deciphering the location was much more challenging, strengthening the assumption that it was another benefit of the Companion system. So, I focused back on Cornelia and Helga, to understand the limits of the connection. To my surprise, it wasn't limited to just location, but also I could sense their general state of mind. It wasn't exactly detailed, but at least I could separate immediate fear from low-level combat awareness.

However, despite my convenient alarm system, I didn't let them open the distance too much. I didn't know whether there was an ambush waiting for them, or the spy had sent them away in the hopes of a lucky accident as the undead started to act. I followed them from a mile away, which was distant enough that I could subtly hunt whenever I noticed a worthwhile creature, while close enough that I could intervene with an elemental mount in seconds in case of an emergency.

Conveniently, at this point, it wasn't too inconvenient to remove myself in case of an actual emergency.

They traveled for almost half a day before they arrived at a small town, Tertullian. While Iomene spoke with the guards at the gate, I sneaked into the town by jumping over the wall,

using illusions for temporary invisibility. Invisibility wasn't the best solution to stay unnoticed as it created shimmers as I moved, especially under bright light, but it was good enough to trick the lazy guards on the wall, who were more interested in their lunch than any possible intruder in the middle of the day.

Who would be crazy enough to jump over the walls in the middle of the day, after all?

The town itself was decently large considering the lack of farming or other direct economic activities. Essentially, the town was an overgrown trading post, standing on one of the main roads that connected Silver Spires with the nearest big city. It wasn't enough to be classified as a proper city, or even a large town, though the strength of its walls and wards, as well as the military presence in the town, was worthy of a city. Likely, considering the proximity, the town was being supported by the Silver Spires, to make sure the trade flowed without a problem.

It was an interesting place to arrange an ambush. The town itself was supposed to be safe. Considering the relative safety of the town, and its location —it was to the North of the school, while the undead camp was to the South— it wasn't likely to become a sacrifice under the undead horde as well.

Interesting, I surmised. So, either the spy didn't know too much about the necromancer plot, or there was something else under wraps...

[Level: 30 Experience: 442500 / 465000

Strength: 39 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 44

HP: 5010 / 5010 Mana: 6300 / 6300]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [91/100]

Expert Speech [68/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Ninety

Thanks to my ability to track the location of Cornelia and Helga, I managed to find their exact location in the town easily despite the chaos that filled the street during lunch hour. They arrived in a street filled with inns, though, before choosing one, a small argument went between Iomene and Cornelia. The distance between us was considerable, but Cornelia's body language was familiar. She was clearly unhappy with the quality of the inn, and demanding to go for a luxury one, only to be vetoed by Iomene, who ultimately won the argument, and led them into a more modest one.

Cornelia didn't look too happy with that conclusion, as evidenced by her glowing hands like she was about to launch a fireball while Iomene walked away from her confidently. I shook my head in amusement at Cornelia's attitude. It seemed that her rash arrogance was alive and well despite my lessons. She had just learned not to use that on me.

Rather than following them directly into the inn, I went for the back entrance —the windows. That close, I could find them with my eyes closed, so it wasn't particularly hard to identify their exact location. An illusion spell allowed me to climb the wall of the inn while avoiding notice. The inn was warded against the intruders, of course, but to someone with my skill, it was no different than not existing. To the defense of the inn, it wasn't exactly their fault.

It was hard to defend against someone that could erase the town itself singlehandedly if they were sufficiently motivated...

I expected them to be in their private rooms, and was trying to decide which one I should be talking about first, Cornelia or Helga. Surprisingly, I detected them staying close, even after they went into their room. Curious, I moved toward their room and perched under their window, once again relying on my magic to stay hidden.

A simple arcana mirror allowed me to spy inside their room, to check whether the whole team was sharing a room, only to realize Cornelia and Helga were sharing a single one, looking at each other silently, the atmosphere thick enough to cut with a knife.

To make things more interesting, neither of them was aware of my relationship with the other. Cornelia's information about my greater aims had always been limited even though she had a good understanding of my abilities, and while Helga had a better view of both my abilities and my greater aims, I deliberately didn't inform her about my relationship with Cornelia yet, wanting to leave that particular fight to a later, less sensitive time. Looking in hindsight, it might not be the best idea, as instead, it turned into a timed explosive at the most sensitive time

possible.

Maybe I should stop procrastinating the important things.

I could have easily sneaked inside, but I stayed out, resting in a concealed spot in the outer walls, watching them through the spell. I was curious about how they would react to each other, so that I could resolve it more effectively. If I interjected immediately, I would suppress their argument, which would keep the issues suppressed until they explode.

Neither spoke until Helga quickly cast a silencing ward, missing the curious glance Cornelia sent to her way. Helga tried to keep her development hidden, but I knew from experience that it was hard to fake that after experiencing a comprehensible improvement. And Helga did so, both in Levels and in Stats. The fact that Cornelia had also experienced a radical jump in both, allowing her sensing abilities to transform significantly, made it virtually impossible for Helga to hide her abilities. At least, not without paying much more attention than the dismissive way she cast that particular ward.

“So, how have you been since our last meeting?” Cornelia asked, unable to prevent herself from adding a victorious and vicious edge to her smile despite the clear intrigue she felt at Helga’s proficient magical display. Her outburst against Iomene first, now this... It seemed that I failed to fuck mindless arrogance out of her, and simply taught her to never employ it against me.

Step by step, I sighed in surrender.

“I have been well,” Helga said curtly, sending Cornelia a haughty look before focusing on organizing her wardrobe, once again making me shake my head. Apparently, Cornelia wasn’t the only one suffering from excessive arrogance. I understood Helga’s point of view intimately, and to be fair, I had also experienced the arrogance of rapidly improving, which led me to rather ill-advised actions, but it was always easier to criticize the flaws of the others.

Unsurprisingly, Cornelia didn’t appreciate the lip Helga was giving her, not since their latest meeting had included Helga being wrapped in chains while being whipped by Cornelia. Though, she managed to react it better than she did against Iomene’s decision, and didn’t threaten her with a spell. “I see it has been a while since we had a session, if you have forgotten your lessons enough to bark,” she said instead. It was direct and combative, but from what I observed, it was closest to diplomacy Cornelia could achieve against someone she saw as inferior, which was an achievement in itself.

They weren’t resorting to spells yet, which was a fortunate miracle.

If it was before, I would have just walked in and helped Helga to suppress her, to help her take revenge against the previous indignity she had suffered in Cornelia's hands, but things had since changed. For better or worse, Cornelia managed to earn a place in my life as important as Helga in my life, which meant I couldn't just help Helga break Cornelia.

Helga huffed in dismissal. "There's not going to be another lesson," Helga said decisively.

"So, you found another 'sponsor' then," Cornelia countered, her tone bitter. "How enterprising." I snorted at Cornelia's statement, as she herself had no problem acquiring a 'sponsor' to resolve her leveling problem or helping her to power-level. Trying to shame Helga for the same thing was rather ridiculous.

"I did," Helga said with a wide smirk, prideful in her achievement. She opened her mouth to continue to brag, but a moment later, she stopped, smart enough to realize bragging might have endangered my secrecy. Of course, Cornelia was in the know for most of those secrets, but Helga didn't know that yet. "Too bad that despite all your beauty, you have all the charm of a porcupine, unable to get anyone unless you buy their loyalty first."

Cornelia snorted in dismissal, which was a rather uncharacteristic response. "If you say so," she added, her disregard clear. I realized that Cornelia was measuring the imaginary new supporter of Helga, only for that portrait to come short against me severely.

I couldn't help, a snort escaped my mouth as well, making the girls aware of my presence under their window. "Who's there?" Cornelia jolted to action, her hand once again glowing with a flame spell, ready to lash out. Helga was not too slower, immediately crafting an arcana shield, reinforced by two ancillary wards and a third connection ward ready to connect it to the inn's general wards, showing the extent of her development.

And impressive development, for both girls.

I could have easily escaped, but doing so would have been pointless. I had already learned what I wanted to learn by observing them. They didn't have a burning hostility ready to explode, and the rest of their problems could be better mediated through my presence.

"Hi, girls," I said as I pulled myself into the room.

"Caesar," the girls said simultaneously with an elated tone, though it lasted only until they were able to process each other's tone. "No! Not her!" they said angrily, again, simultaneously.

"I love how smart you girls are," I said, making sure to smile roguishly, earning a pair of

blushes, their emotional fluctuations enough to defuse their anger for a moment, which was all I needed. I walked to one of the beds with deliberate slowness and sat down, while they just watched, trying to handle the sudden change of pacing. I patted both sides of me, and ordered. "Why don't you girls take a seat. We have quite a few things to talk about."

"No, that's too much-" Cornelia started while Helga already took a step toward the seat I showed.

I cut her off quickly. "Sit," I ordered, my tone stiff and demanding. Cornelia quickly caught up with Helga, triggered by my order. She looked frustrated, but underneath, her arousal was not to be hidden. She was getting triggered by her submission more and more, which was a weird combination with her still-existent sadist tendencies.

[+ 2 Speech]

"So, do you girls learned anything more about the mission?" I asked after they sat down, putting my hands on their thighs, one each, and squeezing gently.

"Nothing much, it's just a routine cleansing mission, for a reported pack of shadow beasts making night raids. Apparently, they don't want to have any problem while the undead crisis is going on," Cornelia answered immediately, quick to take the role of team captain. Helga looked frustrated by her assumption, but a tight squeeze of her thigh was enough to silence her.

"I see," I murmured, not particularly surprised by the lack of useful information, but it was better to check to be through. "So, you girls don't find it suspicious?"

"Not particularly, no," Helga murmured, but her tone was indecisive. "At least, not until you suddenly appeared. It seems like just another emergency mission, many other students had received such orders." Cornelia looked equally confused and alert, their hostility forgotten in the face of immediate threat.

"Don't you feel the exact configuration of the group is a bit suspicious?" I asked, while moving both of my hands at the same time, pulling their robes high. It was evidence of our closeness that neither girl was bothered the slightest by my wandering hands, caressing their naked thighs underneath their clothes.

Helga continued to look confused, while Cornelia realized what I was talking about after a moment of silence. "It's an ambush for me," she gasped in shock.

"That's what I'm suspecting," I said.

“What?” cut in Helga, her surprise understandable since she was lacking critical information. “Who exactly is targeting her, and why?”

I gestured to Cornelia, wordlessly suggesting that there was no problem mentioning the truth. “Probably a rival house,” Cornelia said instead, electing to keep her situation undercover. Which was rather pointless in my perspective, but I was willing to leave that as her choice. “The important thing is, how are they planning to achieve that? Do you think instructor Iomene is on their side?”

“Probably not,” I answered. “Frankly, there’s more than one way, but from the way they had arranged the group with students without a background, led by a foreign newcomer with almost no internal support, I’m inclined to expect a blunt approach, rather than a surgical strike.”

“Should we retreat?” asked Cornelia. “I still have enough pull to cancel a mission, at least.”

I smirked at her suggestion, even as I let my hand travel higher on their thighs, caressing the soft inner side, making Cornelia mewl in unexpected pleasure. Helga managed to hold on, but just barely, speaking instead. “We shouldn’t,” she suggested, but her tone was soft and indecisive, waiting for my approval. I nodded, and she continued. “Since they won’t be expecting Caesar’s presence, we can counter their plan, maybe even discovering the identity of the attacker.”

“Exactly,” I said even as I pulled Helga on my lap before sliding down her panties until they hit her ankles, leaving her core free for my assault. Cornelia’s expression of jealousy was just delicious.

“No need,” Cornelia bristled as she stood up and took a step toward the door. It wasn’t an ordinary step, but more of a stomp, highlighting her displeasure. She was jealous, not because I had another girl in my lap, but because that girl was someone inferior to Cornelia, at least in her own perception. “After my latest level up, I can take whatever they throw at me.”

“Really?” I said even as my hands danced over the buttons of Helga’s robe, removing it with a rapid movement, not making a move to stop Cornelia, even when her hand landed on the doorknob, signaling that she was about to leave. Rather than turning it and leaving, however, she looked back angrily, waiting for me to ask her to stay. Rather than catering to her ego, I decided to bait her instead. “So, you’re saying that you don’t need an additional level?”

“Another level?” Cornelia gasped with no small amount of shock, her fingers pulling away from

the doorknob. “This soon? How’s that possible?”

“I’m a man of mysteries, of course,” I said even as my fingers shifted to the buttons of Helga’s shirt after quickly removing her robe, leaving her wearing only a corset and a skirt. Helga moaned in arousal, enjoying the treatment immensely. “Do you think that I would allow my maid to stay as a weakling?”

Cornelia bristled at being called a weakling —which wasn’t an entirely unjustified reaction considering she was likely stronger than half of the faculty after her latest level up— her face colored with anger, though even with that, her eyes danced on Helga’s body for an extended stretch. Neither her anger, nor her desire for more power didn’t prevent her from enjoying the view, it seemed. She said nothing for a moment, just watching as I started kissing Helga, our tongues dancing with an extended dance, while using the opportunity to transfer some mana, but rather than directly helping her to level up, I reinforced her soul space at first, strengthening her leveling.

[-1679 Mana]

Then, after a minute of heated kissing, I pulled back. “Sit down,” I ordered once again. Cornelia looked reluctant to follow my order, though considering she had no problem with that before, it was likely about looking weak in Helga’s presence, who she deemed as lower class. Still, her reluctance was nothing compared to my dominance. “Now,” I added, my tone once again sharp, and this time, she started walking closer, her aroused expression contrasting with her hesitant steps.

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Strength: 39 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 44

HP: 5010 / 5010 Mana: 5765 / 6300]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [91/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/18]

Chapter Ninety-One

On my lap, Helga's smugness was almost palpable, highlighting her position on my lap as the superior case, like she was sitting on the throne of a queen. It would be a lie to say that if I didn't puff up my pride. "Oh, Caesar, you're so hard," she gasped, unnecessarily loud under the current circumstances, clearly aimed at Cornelia's jealousy rather than the pleasure she was feeling at the moment.

Under different circumstances, I wouldn't have let that go without making Helga pay for such shenanigans, but considering her warped relationship with Cornelia, I decided to allow it. It was a good way to initiate a controlled confrontation between them.

And if Cornelia got competitive to steal the throne, well, I saw no drawback in that.

Cornelia didn't look ready to act, at least in the beginning, so I turned my attention on Helga while Cornelia made up her mind. My fingers found the zipper of her skirt, and after a pull and a brief tumble, it was removed as well, and since her panties were already around her ankles, revealing her smooth crotch. Her corset was the only piece of clothing she had on her.

A silence filled the room when I pulled my shaft out, and slid between her plump thighs, her wetness rubbing against the topline. "So, Cornelia," I said even as my fingers reached the strings that kept her corset in place, aware of Cornelia's hungry gaze. After all, despite their rocky relationship, there was no doubt that Cornelia found Helga attractive—though I couldn't help but think that Cornelia had a rather clear type she liked, as both Marianne and Helga was curvy and blonde—enjoying the way I was about to divest the last piece of clothing Helga was wearing to reveal her amazing tits. "Tell me, what do you think our plan should be?"

"Our plan," Cornelia stammered, her eyes firmly on Helga's cleavage, getting wider with every loosened string, her tits jiggling every time she moved up and down.

"Yes, our plan for the evening," I repeated, using the tone of a disappointed teacher. "Try to focus, please, we're dealing with something serious."

The shape of Cornelia's face was almost as enjoyable as the sudden tightening of Helga's hips, enveloping my shaft within her plump thighs, who was clearly enjoying the teasing Cornelia was receiving. Though, if her vindicated expression was any indicator, she would have enjoyed even more if I had been resorting to chains and whips, but despite everything, Helga was a realist, willing to take whatever that was provided to her. "Sorry," Cornelia stammered after a moment of silence, trying to get her grips with the situation, but failing rather spectacularly.

My presence, my relationship with Helga, the possible ambush she was walking in, and the show she was receiving... It wasn't shocking that she was feeling a touch overwhelmed. I kept my gaze on her while my hands continued to work on Helga's corset, and when I finally removed it, I threw it to Cornelia, which worked perfectly to pull her out of her dazed state. She pulled her eyes away from Helga's tits, only to be caught by my gaze.

"Come on, why are you wasting our time? We're facing a great disaster," I said even as I cupped Helga's breasts, making her moan gently.

"Sorry," she stammered again. "What was the question?"

"The plan for the evening, about the possible ambush," I said, not bothering to hide my mocking glare. To Cornelia's frustration, however, I wasn't the only one that was looking at her mockingly. Helga even let out a little giggle as she tightened the grip of her hips. While Cornelia tried to put together an answer, I squeezed Helga's breasts, making her moan repeatedly.

"T-there's not much we can do other than staying in defensive and saving most of our mana, ready for an ambush. We don't know what we're facing against," Cornelia answered, managing to recover her calm after a slight stammer, trying to focus on the problem, which was rather hard with the amazing show that was going in front of her. Helga's moans were getting louder as I teased her nipples, especially after she had established a quick silencing ward around the room, making sure that her commotion wouldn't be heard by the rest of the inn.

"Really, that's the best you can come up with," Helga cut in, her voice rather louder than appropriate for a strategic meeting, but considering my fingers were dancing above her entrance, bringing her great pleasure, it was an acceptable flaw.

"Why don't you show your ability, then," Cornelia answered angrily, not appreciating the challenge she received.

"Sure," Helga answered, her smile widening like she was waiting for that exact opportunity. However, rather than answering immediately, she raised her hips, only to lower them directly on top of my shaft, her wet lips enveloping my shaft. A loud grunt escaped my mouth, which might have been partially faked to annoy Cornelia further. Teasing her until she displayed her impotent anger was still fun, especially when her green eyes looked as bright as a forest fire. "Let me show you my skill," Helga said as she lowered herself, taking half of my shaft in one smooth push.

“Go ahead,” Cornelia said,

“First of all, we need to assess the possible enemies. There are several options. They might have an undercover agent as a part of the group, they might have arranged a group of assassins on the mission location, ready to launch, or they might have been relying on faulty mission description, and the monsters in the location might have been much stronger...” Helga started, giving a rather detailed breakdown of the possible attacks. It wasn’t comprehensive, missing a couple of options, but considering she was trying to give said breakdown while trying to devour my thickness, it was an excusable oversight.

Especially since she was continuously receiving experience-gain notifications. I was increasing my mana transfer speed as I made sure there was no drawback to the process.

[-3721 Mana]

Cornelia didn’t seem to appreciate Helga’s relative eloquence, her face once again taking its usual stormy quality. Her hands twitched, signaling that she wanted to rely on her violent instincts to teach Helga a lesson, like all the times she had relied on that particular strategy, but my presence made that path impossible.

I wasn’t messing with Cornelia because it was fun. Well, at least, not just because it was fun. While the entertainment value of watching her usual arrogant attitude split between arousal and impotent anger was entertaining, I wanted her to have some experience reigning her anger. Otherwise, her uncle —who seemed to be a political animal based on my impressions— could easily manipulate her during their confrontation.

“So, Cornelia, what do you think our plan should be based on the updated risk assessment?” I asked even as I let my hands slip down Helga’s hips, leaving her amazing tits to dangle freely as she jumped up and down on my lap. Helga’s face was contorted with a smug sense of victory, complementing the thick layer of pleasure.

For a moment, I was sure that Cornelia would have exploded in anger, which would have disappointed me rather immensely. She even raised her hand like she was about to slap Helga, but then, she noticed my disappointed expression, and lowered her hand. “Good girl,” I said in approval, making her smile for a moment.

“We need to scout the area first...” Cornelia said, starting a lengthy tactical breakdown of the actions we could take, along with a detailed risk-benefit assessment, surprising me positively. Her explanation almost lasted ten minutes, near-flawless despite Helga’s increasingly frustrated

attempts to distract her, ranging from heated kisses to earth-shattering moans.

She impressed me, because it wasn't a dry explanation. She stood up at the beginning of her explanation, slowly unbuttoning the buttons of her robe one by one as she swayed with the music. Soon, her dark robe was pooled on the floor, revealing that she was only wearing panties and a corset underneath. "Daring," I murmured, approving her approach to fashion —no matter how ill-advised was to dress like that for a mission— especially the way her black and crimson corset wrapped around her body, enhancing her cleavage spectacularly.

She might not have the spectacularly large bosom of Marianne, but that didn't mean they weren't gorgeous in their own way. She continued to dance as she explained, even shedding her panties, but deliberately leaving her corset on, which added to her sexiness.

"Impressive," I said after her explanation finished, much to her satisfaction, and the displeasure of the blonde beauty that was doing her best to milk me, so much that if our relationship was any weaker, she would have walked away, or in minimum, exploded in anger.

"Thanks," Cornelia said smugly, glad that she had managed to prove herself.

Helga wasn't happy with the sudden reversal. So much that, even the fact that she had managed to gain a level while watching Cornelia's delicious explanation didn't manage to uplift her mood. She didn't appreciate the sensation of losing, especially coming from someone she had positioned as a rival.

[Helga - Level 14/19 - 14%]

However, since lashing out was on her cards, she chose to channel her frustration in a different way. She cast a familiar spell on herself, cleaning and lubricating her backdoor entrance before a quick switch, enveloping me with her tightness despite the pained grunt that escaped her mouth. As far as distraction attempts went, it was a spectacular one.

Cornelia had many negative qualities. She was rash, quick to anger, and her perceptions were colored by a sense of superiority. However, no one could call her a quitter. Seeing the smugness on Helga's otherwise strained face, she didn't bother to comment, instead walked toward me in a deliberate slowness, her naked hips swaying with the grace of a dancer.

She was leveraging her recently-enhanced Agility to the limit, with rather spectacular results.

"Smug bitch," Helga murmured as Cornelia climbed on the bed, hugging me from behind.

I silenced her with a stiff spank, making her ass jiggle beautifully. “Don’t be crass, sweetheart,” I said, which made Cornelia’s smug smile widen even more, which received a spank of her own. “And don’t focus on enjoying other people’s misfortunes,” I told Cornelia, before devouring her lips in a heated kiss.

It wasn’t the first kiss I shared with Cornelia, but it was the most heated one. Not only she was feeling aroused by the show she had been watching —not helped by her own striptease— but also she was fueled by the desire to prove her superiority to Helga. Her tongue danced freely, trying to dominate mine, the hopelessness of the skirmish doing nothing to blunt her enthusiasm.

Helga was clearly unhappy with the shenanigans that were going behind her. Luckily, she had an easy solution for that. She stood up, only to make a half-turn before impaling herself with my erection again, facing me instead of pressing her back against my chest. The moment Cornelia pulled back for a breather, Helga took her place, her tongue just as aggressive.

“Bitch,” Cornelia murmured, but I could hear a faint hint of respect in her tone. The fact that Helga was willing to confront her directly slightly changing her opinion.

However, she showed her growing respect in a surprising manner. While Helga continued to devour my lips, Cornelia’s hands passed around my torso landed between Helga’s legs, directly on her soft entrance, which was currently empty.

Helga gasped in shock as she felt Cornelia’s fingers slipping inside, reflexively pulling back. It wasn’t the first time she felt Cornelia’s touch, of course, but highly likely, it was the first time she felt Cornelia’s touch tenderly.

Cornelia just smirked smugly as she took back her place on my lips, her tongue battling with mine while she rubbed her body against my back, her hard nipples creating a delicious sensation. “Bitch,” Helga murmured, repeating the earlier insult, but with a broken voice littered with moans, as neither Cornelia nor I stopped the impaling her, the double-assault taking its toll. Meanwhile, I rewarded Cornelia with another flood of mana, the transfer eased further by my improving Tantric skills and the potency of my mana.

[-1491 Mana]

[Cornelia - Level 17/25 - 95%]

Helga wanted to counter-attack, I was familiar enough to read that particular conviction on her face despite the pleasure that flooded her, but as she moved closer to the edge, mounting a

counter-attack was starting to get harder.

“I’m-Going-to-Make-You-Pay!” she managed to shout as Cornelia’s fingers disappeared deeper into her wetness, unable to prevent herself from crying in pleasure after every single word. Admittedly, my repeated spansks to her ass or my girth, stretching her puckered hole to the limits as I impaled her furiously didn’t help her much, especially when I picked up speed to turn it into a furious assault. She was getting closer and closer to a final explosion.

“Don’t be impatient, sweetie,” I whispered to Helga’s ear when Cornelia pulled away from my lips to focus on the dance of her fingers, while using her free hand to grab Helga’s breast, squeezing mercilessly. “We’re about to switch, and you can do whatever you want after that,” I added, and Cornelia missed that particular discussion, too focused on the amazing perkiness of Helga’s tits.

[Achievement: Peculiar Pacification. Resolve an animosity between Companions in an extraordinary manner. +2 Endurance +500 Experience]

The notification of the achievement signaled Helga’s acceptance as much as her quickening hips did. She started to move up and down repeatedly, pushing me ever closer to my own climax, and when she finally tightened in a final manner, her voice filling the room, I was halfway in filling her entrance. Soon, she moaned and cried helplessly.

Cornelia was rather smug as she pulled back, watching as I helped Helga to lay on the bed, gasping desperately to catch her breath after her explosion.

She had no idea the intensity of the ride that awaited her...

[Level: 30 Experience: 443000 / 465000

Strength: 39 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 32 Wisdom: 44

HP: 5070 / 5070 Mana: 4126 / 6300]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [91/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 14/19]

Chapter Ninety-Two

Cornelia watched smugly as I laid Helga on her bed, to allow her to catch her breath after the spectacular orgasm she had just experienced, her mind further strained by leveling up. As Helga leaned against her pillow, Cornelia coughed, which sounded suspiciously like the word weak. But I was convinced that it was just my misconception.

Definitely.

Still, when I turned to Cornelia, I was just smirking in amusement rather than feeling the anger that I would doubtlessly feel. But despite her habitual bitchiness, she somehow gained a place in my growing area of influence. Admittedly, her current mode of dress—a sexy corset, and nothing else, not even panties—made it much easier to convert what might have been annoying disobedience into sexy playfulness.

Taming Cornelia was still not a completed task.

“So,” she murmured as she took a step forward, not bothering to hide her arousal. “Your warm-up is over. Are you ready for the real fun?”

“Oh, really,” I said even as I watched her close the distance, still amused by the great change Cornelia was displaying. It wasn’t long ago that the only thing she felt against me was burning anger, and barely a couple of weeks ago, she didn’t even see me worthy enough to lick her shoes. A month ago, before I get a glimpse of her beautiful body on that fateful night at the library, I actually wasn’t worthy to lick those shoes.

Life was interesting.

My introspection didn’t last long, abandoned when I felt a pair of lips pressing against mine, initiating a searing kiss. Cornelia was showing a surprising level of initiative, as while she had clearly enjoyed the previous times we shared together, she wasn’t always as enthusiastic in the beginning. Though, it wasn’t particularly difficult to realize it was still about proving herself better than Helga, as any good woman from a proper lineage should be compared to one from a merchant family.

I grabbed her ass when she jumped, her legs wrapping around my waist. “You’re already hard,” she whispered into my ear as she stopped kissing for a moment.

“My physical prowess shouldn’t be surprising at this point,” I whispered back, making her shiver

in anticipation. After all, just because she was trying to prove herself to be better than Helga didn't mean that she wasn't enjoying the treatment she started to receive. I slid my hand down her corset, using magic to untie the strings until it fell on the ground as well, finally revealing her deliciously lithe body. She might not have Helga's curves, but no one could argue that she was any less sexy because of it.

She grabbed my hand and gently led me toward the empty bed in the room, her hips swaying excessively with each step. I sat on the bed, my legs parted, and she crouched in front of me, without the slightest prompting. "Delicious," she murmured as she grabbed the crown between her lips, her hands gently dancing on my thighs. As a reward for her initiative, I sent a flood of mana through our erotic connection, rewarding her with another level.

[-916 Mana]

[Cornelia - Level 18/25 - 2%]

She moaned in appreciation even as her movements froze, processing her level, while I made eye contact with Helga, who was slowly awakening from her explosive orgasm. The anal assault had been decisive enough without the addition of Cornelia's fingers, which were rather skilled around the private parts of other women—an expected development considering the general direction of her taste.

I shared a conspiratorial smile with Helga while Cornelia impaled herself deeper onto my shaft, her lips swallowing enough of my shaft to trigger a little jump of anticipation. Still, Helga continued to lay as she tried to catch her breath, so I turned my focus back to Cornelia, letting my fingers slip through her flaming red hair. She moaned in genuine joy as she continued to swallow more of my length, showing that she had learned quite a bit from our earlier encounters.

She might have a poor personality, but still, she was really fitting to be my personal maid. And if I could simultaneously make the head of her noble family, even better.

A groan escaped my mouth as her tongue wrapped around my girth, and I pushed my hips forward in desire, finally penetrating into the tight grip of her throat. Despite my girth stretching her lips, I could see the twitch of a satisfied smile on her lips. It stayed there even as I started to thrust harder and harder, her tits jiggling under the constant rhythm.

Cornelia's moans of joy started to echo louder, once again making me glad for the silencing ward, signaling that her lust had grown to an uncontrollable degree. Her hips started to move

mindlessly even as she sucked, seeking stimulation, more than her silken lips could gain from my rock-hard shaft. Luckily, I saw Helga standing up in her bed, suggesting that Cornelia's desires were not too far away.

At my level, multitasking was not a problem, which was why it was extremely easy to conjure a craft a strap-on for Helga from a distance, using more magic than material, while also allowing Cornelia to gain more experience.

[-1619 Mana]

[Cornelia - Level 18/25 - 11%]

The redheaded beauty moaned in appreciation as she climbed toward another climax, her body giving in completely for the pleasure, alternating between providing an excellent suction and taking my girth to her throat, wondrous enough to make me moan. Even better, she didn't show the slightest hesitation as I finally put my hand through her red hair, stealing the control from her in favor of furiously fucking her face.

She just accepted my furious assault, enjoying the impact.

But as I saw Helga walking toward us, the crafted strap-on firmly affixed to her waist, and nothing else. Her curvy body looked delicious as always, her tits jiggling with each step as if they were begging me to abandon Cornelia and bury into their comfortable depth. However, the most important thing was her expression. colored with the excitement of revenge, enough to convince me to move onto the next step of our fun activities. I pulled out, which earned a disappointed hiss. "I wasn't finished," she slurred, her tongue addled with pleasure.

"No worries, sweetie, I have better things in mind," I answered even as I grabbed her waist and raised her to her feet, only to bend her down from her waist and force her to turn toward Helga.

"W-what-" Cornelia tried to comment, only for me to slide into her wetness, losing the rest of her sentence in a moan of pleasure. More importantly, Helga used the opportunity to slide her strap-on into her mouth, neatly preventing any other argument.

She tried to moan in protest, of course, but I just chuckled as I caressed her back. "Come on, honey, Helga is just being a sweetheart and helping you climax, just like you have helped her to reach there many times. Don't be an ingrate. It doesn't fit your noble bearing."

She didn't say anything, mostly because she couldn't say anything. Unless she started using

spells, of course, but she was smart enough to realize I wouldn't appreciate such an activity. Instead, she twisted and moaned, trying to protest —which, surprisingly, did little to actually push Helga away, or stop the furious dance of her hips as she was invaded by Helga's toy —the only saving grace was I didn't craft it to be particularly large, a bit thinner and shorter than my own, which meant proven ability to handle it without complications.

I tried to make eye contact with Helga, but her eyes were locked on Cornelia's struggling face, her face contorted with dark satisfaction. An understandable reaction. She was not an aggressive person, but she wasn't naturally meek like Marianne as well, and the only reason she acted passively against all the abuse she had received was the —justified— fear of being targeted by the more established nobles.

And while it could be argued that Cornelia offered her a fair deal before dragged her into the role of a sadistic release, logic was rarely a tool that could be used to handle resentment. Helga needed a release, and despite the underlying shift in roles and the implied insults, Cornelia was clearly enjoying being double-teamed, so all was well.

Realizing I wasn't facing a fragile situation that forced me to maintain a constant observation, I shifted my focus back on Cornelia's delicious body, impaling her aggressively, every push accompanied by another moan.

[-916 Mana]

[Cornelia - Level 18/25 - 17%]

I decided to up the ante just as Cornelia started to tighten around my girth, trying to extract my seed, but failing to do so. I kept pumping without skipping a beat, but a simple cleaning spell ensured that her backdoor entrance was properly cleaned. I slipped a finger, earning a grunt, which would have been a bunch of words if it wasn't for Helga's toy, still invading her throat mercilessly.

I pushed forward, enjoying the way her tightness closed around my finger, getting even snuggler as I added a second finger in short order. As usual, Cornelia's tightness was spectacular, resisting my attempts to loosen her up successfully with an impressive resistance. Too bad that ultimately, it was doomed for failure, as the longer it continued, the more passionate Cornelia's moans become, her red hair desperately sticking to her sweaty body.

Her moans of pleasure contrasted greatly with the gasp of disappointment when I pulled out of her, which was immediately followed by a louder moan of joy when I impaled her tight hole,

especially as at the same time, I conjured a buzzing toy to plug her wet tunnel. With all three of her holes plugged in, Cornelia's moans turned into a string of mindless gasps, her hips moving back and forth under the combined assault of me and Helga, picking up more and more speed.

Then, I watched as Helga pulled back and removed her strap-on, surprised by the sudden change. I hadn't been expecting her to show mercy at this point. Then, she pushed her crotch against Cornelia's lips as she grabbed her hair in a painful manner, replacing earlier shock with understanding. "Lick it, you smug bitch," Helga exclaimed in a surprising manner, ignoring Cornelia's shocked cry as her treatment got even rougher.

Still, much to my surprise, Cornelia actually followed Helga's rude request, her tongue jumping out to caress Helga's wetness. I couldn't help but speed up even further, the collusion of flesh filling the room. Cornelia managed to achieve the impossible, and continued to get tighter and tighter as she moved toward another climax, while Helga's unobstructed moans filled the room.

"Oh, yeah, just like that, bitch," Helga continued, cursing in a very uncharacteristic manner as she tapped deeper into the frustration she accumulated as she tried to survive in Silver Spires, no doubt enhanced by the fact that her life was being targeted in a plot, and not even because anything she had done, but because she was a convenient target that wouldn't be missed. Her free hand trawled down and arrived at Cornelia's tits, slapping them mercilessly while tugging her hair even harder.

"Damn, girl," I murmured in amusement, though my voice was also strained by a climax that was about to arrive. I transferred even more mana to Cornelia as she was proving to be an excellent sport, which deserved a special award.

[-2188 Mana]

[Cornelia - Level 18/25 - 32%]

Her reaction to the flood of experience was another joyful moan that didn't particularly stand up amongst the chain she was continuously letting out, enjoying the fragile balance that was established. Her expression was not visible, unfortunately, but Helga's was, her usually stoic face contorted with pleasure as her long-time opponent's tongue let loose over her most sensitive spot, displaying her breadth of experience.

Since Cornelia was enjoying spankings too much, I decided to join in. My hand landed on her perky ass, the clap echoing hard enough to suppress their moans. Cornelia clenched harder, while Helga's attention finally turned back to me —which didn't stop her hair pulling or tit

slapping activities— her eyes shining with mirth. She was clearly enjoying her reward immensely.

“Lick faster,” Helga ordered as she maintained eye contact with me, her expression quirked deliciously. However, Cornelia failed to follow that particular order. Not because she suddenly decided to rebel, however. No, instead, she finally toppled over the cliff, the impact of her climax hitting her like a tackle of a rabid dragon, draining every single scrap of energy from her body as the pleasure replaced every single thought she possessed.

“Such a weakling,” Helga commented as she pulled back, merciless enough to make Cornelia hit the floor painfully if it wasn’t for my reflexes, immediately grabbing her from the waist, even as I started spraying insides. I would have liked to say that I disapproved of Helga’s sudden meanness, but that would have been a lie. It was extremely arousing to discover another facet of my blonde beauty, despite the extreme conditions it required to extract.

I was barely able to put Cornelia on her bed when Helga pushed me on the same bed and sat on my lap, managing to impale herself to my half-erect shaft —which didn’t take long to return back to full life thanks to my endurance. Just a searing kiss from Helga had been enough to complete the task. “Don’t be rude,” I said to her after the kiss, though failed to hide the mirth from my tone. It was more or less a fair payback considering their relationship up to this point.

“Hey, we’re still going to have a talk about hiding important information,” Helga countered, though she failed to add an angry tone to her words as her wet tunnel was finally impaled with something other than Cornelia’s adventurous fingers, her wetness spectacular.

“Really, what’s going to be my punishment, then?” I asked even as I grabbed her hips and pushed my shaft inside her to the hilt, forcing a delicious cry off her lips which killed her argument before she could even verbalize it. A few strokes into her core, and her entrance was wide open, sucking me deep into her presence.

“I - I don’t know,” she managed to stammer after a minute of uninterrupted moans, finding it hard to speak as my fingers dug into her generous chest, while her hips rose instinctively to meet my strokes. “J-just make me cum,” she ultimately requested.

“As you wish, milady,” I said with a wide smirk as I grabbed her waist and threw her on Cornelia’s body, creating a delicious mixture of red and blonde before I slipped inside her once more. We still had a few hours until the arranged mission time, and I wanted to help them level up as much as possible.

After all, assisting others to level up was the selfless thing to do. And I certainly felt like a saint as I penetrated Helga on top of the exhausted figure of Cornelia...

[Level: 30 Experience: 443000 / 465000

Strength: 39 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 32 Wisdom: 44

HP: 5070 / 5070 Mana: 2168 / 6300]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [91/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 18/25]

[Helga - Level 14/19]

Chapter Ninety-Three

It was almost six hours later that a knock was heard on the door, distracting us from the sweaty three-person knot we had become as we rested after another particularly exhausting bout. The break was a necessity after the marathon we had shared, which brought great dividends to both for me and for the girls, not just in terms of the amazing pleasure we had all drew from our rest, but also in terms of their development, much to their fascination.

[Helga - Level 17/21 - 12%]

[Cornelia - Level 19/25 - 96%]

After all, around their power level, improving by even a single level was an incredible achievement.

“Cornelia, the professor is saying we are going to meet in the lobby in ten minutes,” she had called.

“Got it,” Cornelia answered as she tried to raise her head from my chest, disturbing Helga’s rest in the process, earning a stink-eye in the process.

Their relationship evolved in a way I hadn’t completely foreseen during our boundless marathon. They mellowed against each other slightly, not to a point that they were any close to be called friend, but their stings got a bit blunter, and their attacks on each other received a more sexual undertone, releasing their repressed feelings in an unexpected way. Though, the competition aspect that they had, in the beginning, had never disappeared, turning it into a weird competition where they ambushed each other with various tricks, sometimes physical, sometimes magical.

A much better alternative to a boring variant of battle.

“We need to move,” Helga murmured dispirited, her exhaustion sapping her desire for the mission. I slapped her ass, which I used to cast a healing spell to remove exhaustion, jerking her awake better than any external stimulant. Then, I turned to Cornelia, who was looking equally exhausted, but this time, I chose a different way to awaken her.

I slipped inside her, her tunnel already slippery due to a mixture of her wetness and my many releases, to a point of feeling bloated. If it wasn’t for the generous amount of healing spells I had used, all of us would have been scrubbed raw, and even walking would have been

exhausting.

“We need to get ready for the mission,” she gasped, but that didn’t prevent her from pushing her ass backward to achieve deeper penetration.

“I know, but wouldn’t you like to have another level before you moved,” I said, reminding her that she needed less than a thousand experience points to level up.

“I would like that,” Cornelia gasped, her arousal peeking up immediately at the reminder. After all, while a level up wouldn’t bring up immediate benefits since she was yet to complete the skill development from her earlier spells, but it didn’t matter when she was about to step into level twenty, which was widely accepted as the mark of a true elite. It was especially important for Cornelia, who had been being plagued by the fears of being unable to level up until very recently.

Not to mention, any boost to hit points or mana was welcome.

“Then, shut up and shake your ass,” I ordered, followed by a playful spank. Meanwhile, Helga giggled before stealing a kiss, elated with the payback she had been able to extract from Cornelia. Cornelia didn’t just surrender, and gave as good as it got, however, it was a very positive development from Helga’s perspective, as their earlier interactions had been just Cornelia lashing out while Helga suffered helplessly for scraps discarded for Cornelia.

“Would you mind helping me with the shower?” Helga asked.

“Sure,” I said and cast a simple water elemental spell, which pulled a thick line of water from the bathroom, cleaning Helga up in less than ten seconds, even leaving her dry. I would have liked to clean her slowly, using nothing but my hands —or maybe some other parts of my body as well if we had enough time to get dirty, and clean again— but unfortunately, the mission was about to start. Considering the potential underlying risks, including a potential spy in the midst of the group or disguised as another customer of the inn, it was for the best if they weren’t late to the meeting, avoiding attention.

While Helga watched, I was pumping inside Cornelia furiously, not bothering to hold myself back during a quickie, blasting Cornelia with my hot seed and my mana at the same time, finally allowing her to step into the vaunted level twenty.

[-1484 Mana]

[Achievement: Superior Support: Help two companions to level up three times each in one day,

to protect yourself from the things to come. +2 to All Stats +3861 Experience]

“You can take a shower as well,” I said to Cornelia even as I slapped her ass, pushing her out of the bed even as I summoned another blob of water to help her shower quickly. “You girls can dress and leave, I’ll follow you from a distance,” I said.

While they burst into a flurry of activities, I turned my attention to the latest notification. Receiving another boost was always nice, but for two reasons, that achievement felt different. The first part was the amount of experience it had granted. It was the first achievement that had granted such a broken level of experience, instead of the nice, rounded numbers I had been receiving repeatedly.

That was suspicious enough, but even the text itself was different, flickering weakly like a torch that was about to be extinguished. I barely paid attention as the girls finished dressing. But just as they were about to leave, I remembered the bracelets I had created for them. “Wait a moment,” I called as I pulled the bracelets, and quickly slid them to their wrists, followed by two kisses while they blushed.

Their blush was understandable, despite everything we had done together, and the amazing bonuses they had received as a result, it was the first proper gift I was giving them. “Thanks,” they murmured simultaneously, with matching shy expressions.

“Nothing is too much for my girls,” I said, distracting myself from the irregularity of the latest achievement. “I have crafted them myself, and they are also woven with several protection charms that are effective against necromancers, both to keep you hidden and defend you against death bolts,” I added, their eyes widening as a result. Understandable, as it was a rather innovative product that reflected my amazing skills in smithing, Biomancy, and general magical aptitude. Since Oeyne couldn’t replicate it, I doubted there were many blacksmiths in the Empire that could actually do so.

The girls looked like they were ready to reward me properly for my gift, but unfortunately, they needed to go for their mission. After one last searing kiss, they left the room with a cute blush on their faces.

I stayed back, and turned my attention to the notification of the latest achievement, examining the shape of the text. Surprisingly, it flickered off, and then appeared again.

Another irregularity that had never happened before.

[Achievement: Superior Support: Help two companions to level up three times each in one day,

to protect yourself from the things to come. +2 to All Stats +4193 Experience]

However, I didn't receive a double bonus, my experience just increasing by about three hundred points. Then, I felt a sudden emptiness, similar, but not quite the same with the sensation of spending the full amount of my mana. Then, another writing appeared on my sight.

[Warning! Divine Spark is depleted. Connect with more Divine Sparks to continue supporting the System of ———]

"Fuck," I murmured as I turned my full attention inward, examining my soul space desperately. The notification was scary, especially since it wasn't exactly clear on what the System lacking in energy meant. For a moment, I was scared that I would start losing my power. I used my Tantric skill to carefully examine my own soul space, to see whether my power was fading, but failed to find any evidence for that.

Unfortunately, it wasn't sufficient evidence. I could only hope that my abilities wouldn't suddenly start to fail. Still, I sighed, losing some of the tension. Lack of an immediate depletion was definitely better than nothing. Maybe nothing would happen to my acquired abilities, and even if something had happened, at least I would have time to resolve the issue. If the worst happened, I could always go and have a talk with the headmistress, who might have a better idea about what was happening, owing to her great age and mysterious connections.

I doubted that I could handle losing everything I had gained, not after already experiencing the clarity of the power. Compared to that, temporarily —or even permanently— joining her camp was a much better option.

Luckily, it didn't seem like a necessary thing to happen, because my perks continued to maintain their activity without any apparent loss of power. I raised my hand and cast a simple water spell, before flaring it in a complicated pattern that stretched my control abilities to the limit, clearing that at least my elemental abilities were intact. Then, I repeated the same with a fire spell, checking the performance of the temporary skill granted through my connection with Cornelia, and it also worked like it was supposed to.

Then, I moved onto my other skill, rapidly testing them, from other magical skills to melee, even testing crafting just in case. Luckily, they seemed to work without a problem as well. Now, the only problem was whether it was a comprehensive issue that prevented me from gaining strength from all sources, or whether I could continue to gain experience directly and through ordinary achievements.

Still, there was a silver lining in my challenge. Since other people in the inn wasn't going crazy with the sudden loss of their power, it was clearly something unique to me, but the broken text of the notification was clear that my System was depleted of its unique energy source, strongly suggesting that my System was actually independent of the one that other people accessed. Its mysterious blocked name only confirmed it further.

In a way, it wasn't surprising. The other people received experience through killing monsters, and absorbing a sliver of their potential in the process. However, I didn't have any such source, and while sex-related activities triggered the development, I didn't actually drain any power from the girls I was together with, or, at least, I didn't do that in a noticeable way.

On the contrary, I could easily strengthen them with my mana. Or at least, I hoped so, because if using mana to enhance them was tapping into the same source with the experience, it would be a nasty surprise. The timing of the power depletion was suspicious, and whether it was the case needed to be confirmed through the experimentation. Hopefully, it wouldn't be the case, not just because it would turn out to be a dangerous unforced mistake I had committed, but also it would significantly affect my future plans, forcing me to keep my supporting cast of ladies much smaller.

I certainly hoped that wasn't the case.

"Such a nasty timing," I murmured as I thought about the incoming undead attack. I had been planning to gain a couple of more spells by visiting Titania once more before the ultimate siege, but it doesn't seem to be possible anymore. I sighed, and left the room through the window after a quick shower.

"At least I already have a clue on how to fix it," I murmured, glad to have that notification. I didn't know what a Divine Spark was, let alone where I could find them, or actually use them to enhance my power. Still, it was a clue in the right direction, and gave me an angle to research.

More importantly, it proved that there was a potential solution in the first place. I just needed to add another thing to my growing list of mysteries.

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 5121 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [91/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 20/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter Ninety-Four

When I stepped out of the inn, there was a flurry of activity going on in the city, preparing for the night. The civilians were moving quickly toward the city center —the richer they are, closer to the center— while many armored people started to move their posts for the night. The night was dangerous, as not only it was much easier for the creatures to ambush people, but also their heightened activity level represented more danger.

Silver Spires didn't have a similar burst of activity during the evening because of two reasons. First, the protective wards were much stronger, blunting the risk of a monster breakthrough significantly, and more importantly, the hordes of students were more than enough to handle any sudden breakthrough that might happen, and anything that couldn't be handled by the ordinary guards or the students would be detected before they could even reach the walls.

The only thing that the school was really vulnerable to was assassinations, evidenced by the ease I displayed as I repeatedly sneaked in and out without even a guard being aware. Not surprisingly, the city walls were even easier to slip through even when they tripled the number of the guards holding vigil.

I left the city limits to follow the party of the girls, but only a sliver of my attention was on them. How could I maintain my focus, when the notification I had received about the system being depleted of its power threw most of my future plans into a chaotic storm. I didn't know whether my trick to hasten the leveling of the girls would even work —or indeed responsible for the sudden depletion in the first place— or even my Companion Acquisition process would continue.

The only silver lining was the fact that there was no visible drop in my actual abilities, both in terms of Stats and Skills.

Still, even as I started thinking about the best sources to start my research for divine spark, I couldn't help but snort in amusement. "Such arrogance," I murmured. A month ago, just gaining a level was an incomprehensible achievement that seemed like a miracle, and now, I was unsatisfied by my Level thirty status, a cap that many would be willing to risk their life to have, not to mention the decades they needed to spend and the support they needed to actually reach that point.

And it wasn't even my actual cap, but a temporary stop.

Greed was addictive, I realized with a self-depreciative snort.

However, as the cover of the night darkened, I abandoned my introspection about the perils of powers or the ways to reverse my status, and instead focused on my senses. Yes, I trusted the abilities of Helga and Cornelia to stay safe before I could catch up with them, but it was better to be safe than sorry as they walked toward an ambush.

As a fringe benefit, I finally had the chance to see Iomene in action. During their day travel, the students had handled the monster appearances while she stayed in the back. During the night, however, she took the lead, showing her worthiness as a ranger. She had an ornate longbow as her main weapon, using it with an ease that suggested either an impressively high level, or a hyper-focus on her weapon skill. For some reason, I was inclined to think the latter was the case. If she had other abilities to match her bow skills, she wouldn't be marked as an easy target, no matter her lack of political support.

Of course, just because she was hyper-focused on her weapon skill didn't mean she was useless. The ease she was showing as she picked the targets hundreds of yards away easily, followed by a pinpoint accuracy arrow, suggested both a keen eye and significant experience. The cold yet clear orders she conveyed, allowing the group to move efficiently without losing strength or time also suggested a long leadership expert, though that was less surprising. Her abilities might be barely enough to make her an ordinary faculty member in Silver Spires would have made her one of the leading figures in most cities.

As they continued to move deeper into the wilderness, I was slowly reducing the distance between us, partially because the darkness provided a convenient cover for my presence —and any nearby monster attacking them first before they even noticed me— and partially because I was getting a better understanding of Iomene's observational capabilities and her perception Stat, allowing me to better measure the distance.

From a closer distance, I finally had a decent view of Iomene. The first thing that popped out about her was her hair, a shiny silver cover that shone brightly under the moonlight even when she tried to use her hood to cover it to avoid notice. The color was simply too noticeable to actually keep covered. She wasn't tall enough to be actually classified as such, and had more of a lithe build both in terms of her chest and her hips.

Her face, however, strikingly beautiful despite the sharp angles, reminding me of the myths about fey folk, especially with her glimmering eyes that shared her hair color, especially under the moonlight. No wonder the rest of the faculty didn't accept her despite her capabilities. However, despite her beauty, her clothing was extremely conservative, consisting of brown featureless leather armor and pants that hid her body perfectly.

The only exception to her drab dresses was her longbow, made from a tree I was unable to recognize, ornate enough to make me assume it was a decorative piece if I hadn't watched her take down many low-class monsters with a single hit, delivering her arrows directly into the weakest spot. I suspected that it was a magical item, but it was hard to be sure from a distance in the absence of a direct effect.

As they got closer to the mission area—a small, concealed valley, perfect for an ambush—I started to feel a subtle sense of danger, and prepared myself to act. Then, Iomene gestured her group to stop, showing that I wasn't the only one that was feeling tense. She stilled for a moment, looking at the distant valley, about half a mile away, for almost a minute. "Prepare a camp," she ordered, pointing at a nearby rocky area.

"Do we need to, madam," called one of the students in an exhausted tone, no doubt unhappy with the night mission, and wanting to finish it as quickly as possible. Arrogance was a dangerous habit.

"Prepare the camp, that's an order," she repeated calmly as she climbed over a nearby stone, not even bothering to look at the guy that commented, expecting her order to be followed. The guy bristled at being dismissed, his hand tightening around the hilt of his sword, but ultimately, that failed. The other students—except Cornelia and Helga—started cursing under their breaths even as they set up a perimeter quickly.

Iomene just ignored them.

"Should we set up magical defenses?" Cornelia asked, whose expression was much more serious.

That earned Iomene's attention, her silver eyes momentarily shifting toward Cornelia. Cornelia took her gaze without flickering, her calm arrogance different than the confidence of an ordinary student. Ordinarily, I would have blamed it for Cornelia's noble ego, but there was no frivolity in Cornelia's tone. Unlike the rest of the team, she was fully aware of the danger they were facing, maybe even more acutely than Iomene herself, who only had a subtle sensation that alerted her about the danger.

Surprisingly, Iomene was quick to pick on that as well. "Set up the strongest defense you can set up without compromising your combat capability," she ordered. "I have a bad feeling."

"Paranoid bitch," murmured the same male student that first challenged her decision, loud enough to be heard by everyone.

Iomene ignored the insult easily, but Cornelia was not as calm. "Would you mind repeating it?" Cornelia asked, her tone intimidating enough even without the ball of flame that started crackling in her hand threateningly.

The boy gasped in shock, stammering in shock, but before Cornelia could act, Iomene interjected. "Enough," she called coldly, no doubt losing some of the respect she had generated toward Cornelia. I just shook my head. She still needed to learn to keep a better handle on her fury. "Just prepare the defenses as soon as possible. You have twenty minutes," she said as she jumped down the rock, and gestured to the angry boy, as well as two of the rangers. "You two, follow me, we're going to scout," she added.

Despite their grumbling, the boys followed Iomene helplessly. They weren't like Cornelia, with the strength to challenge the faculty members, so, rejecting a direct order was not an option, especially with a lack of sizable support.

They left, which left only four people in the camp. Helga and Cornelia, as well as a random healer girl and another male warrior. "You two, stay on guard," Cornelia ordered sharply even as she moved toward the center of the camp, pulling a large emerald from her pocket, already carved with several runes to support many types of wards. Since Iomene was gone, it was trivial for me to sneak into the camp, so I got closer.

Helga walked toward her even as Cornelia was about to cast a spell. "We can't use that for the center," Helga said even as her fingers closed on the diamond.

"What do you know," Cornelia snarled angrily, but considering anyone else daring to do the same would have threatened a fireball on the face, I could confidently say that their relationship was developing nicely, if a bit slow for my tastes.

Helga's development, on the other hand, was much more noticeable. "Hey, if I need a brute to burn a forest down, I would trust you to handle it, but wards are my area of expertise," she countered with smug expressions. "Or, can you actually set up a ward that is balanced between five nexus in less than ten minutes?"

Cornelia didn't answer, but the tightening of her hand was sufficient as an answer. Her arcana proficiency was less than useful to achieve such a monumental task. "Doesn't matter how fancy your initial structure, it's meaningless if you can't tie the appropriate destructive spells into the matrix, unless you count grazing a monster as a win," she countered.

As much as I would have liked to watch their low-key argument, we were under a potential

ambush, and I wanted to secure the camp as quickly as possible. “How about you girls work together?” I interjected, enjoying the way they flinched at my sudden appearance.

“Caesar,” they once again whispered simultaneously, angry at my sudden appearance.

“Hey, I told you that I’ll be following,” I said.

“Shouldn’t you follow instructor Iomene,” Helga asked. “She’s the one that’s facing a likely danger.”

“Maybe,” I said, as I wasn’t entirely sure of that, mostly because I was yet to discover how the ambush was going to be launched. “But I do know that I would risk her life than you two,” I added.

“You jerk,” Cornelia murmured, but she clearly appreciated the weird compliment. “So, what should we do?” she asked, her earlier dominance immediately disappearing with my appearance.

“You two are going to set up a defensive ward together,” I said, enjoying the simultaneous flash of distaste that appeared on their face. “That’s nonnegotiable,” I added, not giving them a chance to reject the suggestion. As much as I would have liked to watch them bicker, we were facing a dangerous situation, and I wanted to get a handle on it as quickly as possible. “Understood?” I added sharply when I noticed their petulant expression.

“Okay,” they murmured simultaneously, pouting cutely.

“Excellent,” I said, smiling even as I took a step forward, and kissed Helga’s lips, using that to transfer some mana, while I observed my soul space to check if there was any reaction.

[-156 Mana]

After a searing kiss, I pulled back while Helga blushed, confident that there was nothing wrong with the mana transfer. Interestingly, however, unlike many other times, I didn’t receive no experience notification due to the level difference, something that I had been solidly ignoring for a long while.

Then, I looked at Cornelia, who was looking haughty, doing her best to be prideful and not ask for a kiss, but failing spectacularly. “Come here,” I said with a chuckle. She snorted in anger, but that didn’t prevent her from smashing her lips against me, her tongue similarly enthusiastic. This time, I transferred mana not to help recover her mana, but to give her some more

experience.

[-192 Mana]

Once again, I didn't detect anything extraordinary, even when Cornelia received her experience boost normally. "Now, go and create the ward," I said as I slapped her ass. "And don't worry about spending all of your mana, as I can always help you recover," I reminded the girls, happy with the lack of performance degradation in my support capabilities.

The girls left for the edges of the camp, immediately starting to argue about the warding scheme loudly, while I started creating a secondary hidden ward in the center of the camp, one that would keep me hidden from even the strongest observer as a side benefit. I wanted to stay in the warded area just in case.

I started constructing a complicated, layered ward that would stay hidden until I triggered, many weaves of mana wrapping around each other, something that was only possible through my ridiculous Manipulation stat, allowing unprecedented mana flexibility. I spent my mana excessively for the next hour, spending quite a bit of mana than what was necessary for a temporary camp, my attention on the state of my soul space. It was another experiment. I wanted to see whether excessive mana spending would affect my leveling status.

[-8315 Mana]

[+4 Arcana]

Luckily, during the construction phase, I hadn't noticed any adverse effect, either on my magic potential or my regeneration speed, suggesting that the only change due to the depleted Divine Spark was the lack of further leveling —though, even that was an assumption that I needed to experiment further. The fact that my Arcana skill continued to develop was just another interesting bonus.

Only after constructing the ward, I turned my attention outside the wards, only to see Cornelia and Helga still arguing about certain details of the wards. "No, that wouldn't work with the other spells," Cornelia cut in. "We're wasting mana."

"I don't think so, you're forgetting the resonance effect," Helga countered. They were too focused on the glowing structure in front of them to notice my closing presence. While they continued to argue, I looked over from their shoulder, seeing the impressive ward they had created, both more elegant and more dangerous than anything they could have created alone.

“Looks impressive,” I said even as I leaned down and captured Cornelia’s lips in a searing kiss, refreshing her mana through a searing kiss, before I pulled and repeated it for Helga.

[-1846 Mana]

“So, it seems that we’re ready for any kind of activity,” I said even as I watched their blushing faces. “So, who is going to stay on guard and who is going to accompany me in the tent?” I asked.

“Maybe we’re going in and leave you on guard,” Helga tried to counter, trying to beat her shame in a different way. Cornelia smirked as well, like they had trapped me perfectly.

Unfortunately for her, I was more than happy to turn her bluff into reality. “Oh, really, go ahead if you can handle,” I said, smirking in such a patronizing manner that they had no choice but to follow their threat and walk into their tent.

I just smirked, curious which was stronger, the bad blood between them, or desire to resist my mocking. Unfortunately, the sound of an explosion reached my ear just as they were about to step into the tent.

“It seems that your little show is delayed, girls,” I sighed in disappointment even as I moved to a hidden observation spot, determined to stay until I could catch the reason for it.

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Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 5121 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [95/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 20/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter Ninety-Five

The girls dashed toward the outskirts of the camp after they fully activated the ward, covering the camp with a flickering dome of crimson energy, ready to destroy any creature that slams to it. Meanwhile, I climbed on top of a large rock, shadows around me erasing me from the view with the help of a nifty little trick I had embedded into the secondary wards, hiding me from the monsters and people alike.

And it immediately proved to be a good choice, because the first thing I had noticed was a huge horde of monster—several times bigger than the one I had taken down during our nighttime adventure with Cornelia—chasing Iomene and the rest of the students.

“Damn, she’s good,” I said even as I watched Iomene dashing fast enough to keep up with the other two students—one of the ranger students was absent—who had been using their fastest speed, their faces red with exertion, their weapons and backpacks abandoned. Iomene, on the other hand, not only still had her backpack and her weapons, but also she had her bow in hand, releasing an arrow smoothly whenever a flying monster pulled off from the group, either directly killing it if the monster was weak, or targeting a soft spot like an eye or a wing tendon to slow them down if it was a stronger monster.

She was impressive when she stretched her abilities to the limit. Also, I was finally seeing the magical features of her bow being displayed after she run out of arrows, sending glowing bolts of energy rather than physical arrows. “Interesting,” I murmured as I tried to decipher the magical nature of the arrows, but failed to do so. The distance was a factor in that of course, but still, I could have detected it easily if it was some kind of elemental or arcana trick.

“Interesting,” I murmured, my curiosity awakening. Unfortunately, as the monster horde closed in, I didn’t have time to pay attention to her, no matter how interesting her weapon was, my attention switching to the nature of the horde.

The horde was several times bigger than the one I had taken down before, the dust cloud they create threatening to drown the horizon. It was clear that, unlike the previous horde I had taken down, it had a chance to grow. Still, the sheer numbers weren’t exactly a threat to a well-fortified town.

Unfortunately, the real problem was the composition of the horde. As usual, most of the monsters were the low-class ones, but still, it had enough creatures above Class Ten—hundreds, as far as I could detect with a glance. The defensive structures of the town could probably hold them for a couple of days, but unless the high-level monsters were taken down

quickly, they would eventually result in a breach.

It was a smart approach, I realized as I saw the presence of the horde. After our breach had told them their attack was no surprise anymore —while simultaneously destroying a majority of their cannon fodder in the process— apparently, they decided to follow an extended campaign. And monster hordes were the perfect weapon to be used for that, especially since they just triggered and directed the monsters, rather than actually commanding them.

I suspected that their initial aim was to use them as a blunt instrument against the defenses of the school before following up with their undead army, creating layered chaos, but honestly, their current strategy was better, forcing the school to disperse their forces to defend their supporting towns, exposing the high-level combatants in the process.

It was a sure bet that this horde wasn't their only weapon.

“Such an interesting method of warfare,” I said even as I frowned. Humanity was already struggling to survive against the ever-growing threat of monsters, a careful reading of the history displaying the negative trend swallowing more and more cities, pushing humanity back despite all the advantages given by the System. And now, a bunch of nobles decided that the loss of even more cities was just an incidental loss in their struggle for power, potentially destroying the most important school for raising combatants in the process.

With a mentality like that, it was shocking that humanity had managed to survive until now.

“It seems that I need to take a more active role,” I murmured. I didn't know just how many deadly threats we were facing, but I wanted to keep things under control. With that decision made, I started drawing a long string of runes around the ward structure, turning it into a bomb, even as I watched as Iomene and the students stepped into the protective area of Cornelia's ward.

Only for the monsters to smash against the wards with their full strength, threatening to overwhelm them immediately.

Luckily, the assault triggered several fire spells at once, taking down a nice chunk of the horde, gifting Cornelia with a considerable amount of experience —particularly valuable since as the level difference between us dwindled, I was about to lose my ability to boost her level directly. Still, rather than focusing on the convenience of helping her farm experience, I turned my attention toward the single-minded focus the monsters were displaying to chase Iomene, something outside of their usual crazed behavior.

Just like the previous horde I had watched.

Very suspicious, I thought even as I expanded my senses, and caught the subtle aura of another magic gem, this time an air-natured one. It was on the bag of the surviving ranger, which I suspected that he was aware of. Now that I was examining him carefully, I could see that he was calmer than necessary, and moreover, I was able to recognize the signs of acting. He wasn't as exhausted as he was showing.

It seemed that I misread the group composition. They weren't just a bunch of random students, they were a bunch of random students with a spy mixed in.

That particular mystery didn't take long to solve. "Anton, where is my fiancée," asked the healer girl panickedly even as the ranger collapsed on the ground, making a show of his exhaustion. However, as he did so, he surreptitiously slipped a dagger into his hand, one with a subtle magical aura that I only noticed because I was focusing on it. And since it was subtle enough to challenge my detection capabilities, it was clearly a very dangerous weapon.

"I don't know," answered the ranger, who named Anton. "We split for scouting before the horde appeared..." he started explaining, his tone signaling that he was probably dead. Personally, I doubted it, not the ultimate fate, but the exact way he had died. If the bloody edge of his dagger was any indicator, our little spy seemingly used the opportunity to slip the dagger between his friend's shoulder blades before baiting the horde. "But don't worry, I'll protect you," he added even as he grabbed the hand of the girl, signaling a rather interesting motivation about killing the other ranger.

I shook my head in amusement, as I watched Anton's responses, the illogical pattern of attack started to make more sense. It would have been much more logical to trigger the horde when they were closer to the camp, giving Anton the excuse to be the only survivor while threatening the city at the same time, but our spy turned out to be too ambitious. Not only he wanted to get rid of his rival, but also he wanted to do it in a way that would ensure his hold on the healer girl.

I would have called him an idiot, but frankly, I was the last person to blame anyone for trying to seduce someone during mortal danger. The only thing I could blame the idiot was the methods he had used, not to mention his misfortune of trying to employ the trick against someone I care about.

"Cease talking, and focus on recovering," Iomene ordered even as she sent arrow after arrow outside the wards, while the monsters smashed against the wards repeatedly. "We're going to

move in a minute,” she added before turning to Cornelia. “Can the wards hold on?”

“It can hold for five minutes, unless a stronger monster attacks,” Cornelia answered, her face contorted as she supported the wards actively, her mana draining at a steady pace. “We’re still at the outskirts of the horde, and the attacks are easy to push back, but soon, we’ll get enveloped. I don’t think we’ll last long after that.”

“Good, can you keep it going for a minute after we left the camp before triggering an explosion.”

Cornelia took a second to answer, and only because I was using a simple arcana spell to whisper her directions. “Yes, that’s doable,” Cornelia said. “But it’ll take three minutes for me to set it up.”

Helga was startled at the response, as due to the nature of their ward, it was not a viable solution. Luckily, she was smart enough to keep her mouth shut. Unfortunately, her acting abilities weren’t good enough to hide it from Anton, who started to watch Helga suspiciously, especially after Helga and Cornelia shared an extended glance.

I needed to train them about how to hide their attitude at the first opportunity.

Anton stood up, his bow in hand as he walked toward the defensive perimeter, but my attention was on his left hand, holding the concealed dagger, much more professionally than I would have expected him to be capable of. Apparently, Helga wasn’t the only commoner hiding her skills. I had no doubt that as a commoner, he had struggled a lot among the noble students, insulted for his efforts as he did his best to rise to the top, but unfortunately, he decided to save himself by trying to sentence thousands of people to death, which lost any possible mercy he would have gained.

“Rest as much as you can, we’re going to move in two minutes, Iomene warned Anton.

“No, I have rested enough,” he said as he started shooting outside the wards, aiming for the flying creatures. Iomene’s attention was on the horde that was pushing against the wards, doing her best to take down the stronger creatures before they could breach the wards. His voice was sharp and heroic, posing perfectly for the healer girl. However, he also positioned himself perfectly between Helga and the rest of the group, ready to act at a moment’s notice.

I was impressed with his reaction. Too bad that I had no intention to let him live. The only reason he was still alive was that I was hoping to find a way to take him prisoner alive to interrogate, though, if he dared to act against Helga before the wards were breached, I could

easily change my mind. He was stronger than his role as a student required, but he wasn't strong enough for his survival to be a certainty under the circumstances.

It was an important detail, because that meant that he had been deemed an acceptable sacrifice in the ploy if things went wrong, meaning he wouldn't have access to top-secret information. Meaning, between an injured Helga and a dead Anton, the choice was clear. I watched him carefully, ready to cast a shield the moment he acted. Luckily, before he could do so, Cornelia acted.

"I'm going to create a gate at the other side of the camp in fifteen seconds," Cornelia shouted. "Let's move."

"Move," Iomene ordered, but the students were already moving before she could give the order, the imminent threat conveyed by a crazed horde of a monster destroying the last scraps of discipline they possessed. That didn't apply to my delicious companions, of course. Not only it wasn't the first horde they were facing —another monster horde in Cornelia's case, and an undead horde in Helga's— but also they were aware that with me present, they weren't actually in any danger.

Unlike the girls, Iomene wasn't aware of the insurance. Still, she bravely stayed at the rear guard, her bow elegantly singing whenever a dangerous creature pushed against the protective walls of the ward threateningly to delay breaking. She still moved with the group, but from a distance, giving the students a chance to get away.

Hence, she missed when Anton stumbled, falling behind the group as well. I easily recognized the fake stumble, one that was done to create an excuse for the small dagger that left his hand, flying toward Helga. I reacted immediately, deflecting the dagger with a simple shield, but added an illusion to make it look like a successful hit. I even asked Helga to stumble as well. She didn't do a good job of it, but the spy was too confident, turning his attention to Cornelia, another dagger in hand. I cast another spell.

[-416 Mana]

That was the moment when an air elemental appeared inside the wards, and before the group could even react, pounced at Anton. Cornelia cast a fire spell, but she recognized my favorite mount, so she intentionally used a flashy spell with no actual substance, which functioned more as a visual screen than an attack. When the flames were down, Anton was grabbed by the elemental, being dragged away.

“No!” cried the healer girl, but apparently, there was a reason for Anton to make a show of his achievements, because it was all she reacted. She didn’t even bother to stop, just continued to run, along with the rest of the group.

Iomene sent a couple of energy arrows at the air elemental, which damaged the construct more than I had expected, slowing its flight significantly. Apparently, I had significantly underestimated the power of her bow. Though, her continued attacks were not without cost, and seeing her spells were not effective, she turned her attention to the more immediate threat, letting one of her students go so that she could actually protect the others, making me admire her even more. I never faced such a decision myself, but without a doubt, it was a hard decision.

I made my construct to take a detour over the concealed spot, making it drop the backpack — more importantly, the air gem it contained— before it continued its escape, carrying the spy along. With the security of the girls ensured and the spy secured, all I needed to do was to keep the horde from following them, before detonating my trap once they were sufficiently away.

“Move, it’s about to explode,” Cornelia cried, quickening Iomene’s escape, who had been alarmed by the fake breach of the air elemental, expecting the wards to fall in a few seconds. I had expected her to notice the ploy, but that expectation only lasted until I looked at her carefully. She was on the edge of exhaustion, about to collapse, but still attacking the strongest monsters she could see.

“I’m going to go back to the school to discuss the latest developments. Go back to the city, and stay away from others,” I asked the girls through another spell, receiving simultaneous nods. Then, in a flight of fancy, I added one last sentence. “Also, make sure Iomene doesn’t die.” That made the girls look back simultaneously toward my location even as they continued to run, their expression having a matching suspicion.

Pity they were too far away to see my smirk, I thought even as I shifted my attention toward the horde that was pushing against the wards. I could have easily destroyed them with a spell, but that would have cost me the opportunity to take the other air gem.

And, more importantly, where was the fun in that...

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Master Arcana [95/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 20/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter Ninety-Six

As the girls dashed away in the horizon, I faced against the second monster horde of the week, preparing to cut through even as I grabbed a disposable sword, my heartbeat quickening. I was about to delve into the belly of the beast, ready to meet the challenge.

However, it wasn't going to be as easy, because the area-effect spells that I used to handle the previous horde were not available for me. While Iomene and the rest of the group had been dashing away, they weren't far enough to miss a number of explosive fire spells illuminating the night sky. No, I had only one flashy option to use, and that was triggering the wards as an explosive, which would destroy the air gem unless I extract it from the mutated monster.

And even then, I was facing a time constraint, because Iomene and others would be expecting an explosion. Meaning, I had a couple of minutes at most to slip inside the monster horde, slay the mutated monster, and get away to trigger the explosion, getting rid of the rest of the horde in the process. I had to rely on my melee skill to achieve it, I realized even as I squeezed my dagger tightly, preparing to dash forward.

It wasn't greed that motivated me to take the riskiest approach possible —well, not only greed. I wanted to test my melee skill to the limit while also developing some experience in the process. I wanted to test the true limits of my melee skill, which I had been neglecting due to my recent focus on magical abilities. It hadn't been the worst of ideas as I had been discovering a new magical ability every single day, but with my leveling stalling —hopefully only a temporary setback— I needed to make sure I was using every single skill to their utmost limit.

Still, it didn't change the fact that charging toward thousands of monsters, armed with only a knife —albeit a custom-designed magical one— didn't look like a glorious suicide.

Rather than using arcana to sharpen the knife, this time, I decided to use the elemental mana, air in particular, using it to extend the cutting edge of my daggers. Running at full speed, I burst into a crowded mess of low-class monsters, only for them to turn into a neatly-sliced meat pile before they could react.

I was about to rush forward when I felt a shift in the wind, my reflexes allowing me to dodge the attack of a diving dire falcon before I could even process its presence. "Not bad," I murmured as I analyzed my own reaction, trying to understand the reason. Yes, I had strong senses, but for some reason, it felt different.

I realized the reason after I dodged a few more assaults in the same manner. It was the airflow.

To use air elemental on my daggers, I was constantly circulating the same type of mana in my body, and it seemed that it was granting me an instinctual connection with the airflow around me. It was such a nice surprise, as on the books I had never read something close to that, though, on second thought, it shouldn't be a surprise. After all, how many elemental mages there were strong enough to connect with their surroundings in such an instinctual manner, yet had the physical capabilities and reflexes to leverage such a minuscule input.

“Come on, you bastards,” I murmured even as I dashed forward with a renewed enthusiasm, each slash taking the life of multiple creatures, leaving a deadly trail of blood behind. I received a wound here and there, but time was more important than staying untouched, and luckily, I had HP to spare.

[-196 HP]

I could feel the small nuggets of energy splitting from their presence, floating to nothingness as they failed to find purchase in my connection. What a waste, I thought before a wild thought entered my mind. I had a permanent connection with the girls, and maybe, I could use the connection as a conduit to transfer experience. It wasn't particularly critical for Helga, as I could still use my own mana to boost her further, but Cornelia was about to hit the transfer limit.

I pulled my mana, once again guiding these nuggets of energy like I had done earlier, while hunting with Cornelia, but this time, pushing them through our connection rather than shoving them in her soul space.

“Perfect,” I murmured as I saw Cornelia's experience counter stirring as I pushed the transfer. It wasn't a perfect transfer. I could feel the nuggets losing a significant amount of power as they traveled through the connection, but it was significantly better than wasting all those kills — particularly so since I lacked the time to properly harvest anything.

With that done, I turned my attention toward the horde, dashing forward. However, as I moved deeper, facing against stronger monsters, I was glad that a monster horde was nothing more than a mindless crowd held together by hunger and madness, rather than a coherent strategic unit, because even with all my abilities, I wouldn't have liked my chances if they were trying to anticipate my moves or surround me like the wild monsters usually did, their animal cunning enough to create a very dangerous threat.

I cut and sliced, driving toward the center of the horde, falling into a weird monotony as I did so in seconds, following the instincts provided by my melee skill. My body moved almost

automatically at first, while I carefully observed the reactions of my own body, trying to learn from my own movements no matter how paradoxical and weird it felt.

As I moved forward, the sound of my own slices, the sprays of blood, cries of monsters all mixed together, creating a confusing blanket that prevented me from using sound as a source of alert despite my perception. Luckily, I had my new trick with elemental magic to help me cut through the mess.

I moved forward, like the calm center of the storm, displaying perfect control in a radius of two yards centered around me, killing any monster that dared to step in that distance with a calculated slash. With every blow, I could feel my movements getting noticeably smoother, something that was only possible through a combination of my agility and intelligence, creating a dangerous learning curve. In a minute filled with murder and danger, I could feel learning enough to surpass months of effort from the others.

The deeper I pushed, the faster I started to move, turning into a scythe of death despite having the form of a simple dagger. Identifying the location of the leading monster wasn't too difficult, as the closer to the center, the more rabid the monsters become.

Even with my increasing skills, getting closer was not without its cost. I had to buy every step with gallons of blood, mostly belonging to monsters, though occasionally my own joined the crimson carpet that covered the ground. It had been barely a minute, but I was starting to feel like I had been fighting for an hour.

[-329 HP]

Then I finally found what I had been looking for in the form of a giant Elephant, one that looked remarkably like a normal one supposed to look like, though the way ground cracked under its feet with every stomp suggested otherwise —or its bloodshot eyes shimmering with power, but for reason, mini earthquakes were slightly more attention-grabbing.

I had prepared to rush toward it, only to barely realize my mistake before it was too late. The elephant rushed toward me with a surprising speed, reminding me that an air gem had been used to drive it crazy, and the constant flow of nature elemental mana had managed to transform its nature correctly.

I managed to throw myself away as it charged without touching me, but even the wind it created was enough to throw me away, not unlike a hurricane, killing a huge chunk of its own monsters in the process. Still, despite the incredible friendly fire it just caused, I had to respect

the one who had selected that elephant as the target creature. Clearly, it was something around class eleven or twelve even before the transformation, and air gem not only increased that power several times, but also its elemental nature had turned the creature's biggest weakness —its speed— into its greatest weapon.

Adding its surprise nature, I wouldn't be surprised if it could break down the walls of the town before a proper response could have been mounted.

A dagger might be the worst weapon to actually challenge such a creature, bulky yet strong at the same time. Meaning, it was the perfect way to push my skills to the limit.

I decided to confront the monster directly, rushing toward it just as it managed to turn, swinging its trunk like a bludgeoning weapon, as quick as a storm. It wasn't the only one that could use the power of the air, however, as I managed to dodge at the last moment, swinging my dagger to cut through the devastating wind it created, protecting me while the attack killed many monsters behind me.

"Too slow, big boy," I said mockingly as I closed in the rest of the distance, and swung my dagger three times before it could attack again, turning its trunk into a useless, bleeding mess. It might be strong for a monster, but it was nothing against me.

The monster might have been maddened, but it maintained enough presence of mind to realize its most versatile weapon had been disabled, and tried to ram me with its tusks. It was just as quick as the previous assault, but this time, I was expecting its crazed rush. I waited until the last moment before jumping backward, using its momentum to cling into its body, and stabbing its head.

A crazed monster's bone strength was near-unbreakable, but the former part of that statement was more relevant when its supposed untouchable was being challenged by a magical dagger with almost forty points of strength behind to support its assault. For all its thickness, neither its skin nor its bones prevented my dagger from slicing them like a hot knife through butter, allowing me to slide my hand and pull the gem.

After that, a point-blank spell delivered inside its skull destroyed its life utterly, leaving the rest of the monsters to roar in confusion.

I used that confusion to create an air elemental and beat a hasty retreat, though received a couple of wounds from confused monsters as I concentrated to create the elemental. Despite my increasing practice, creating such a complicated construct still took several seconds.

[-2142 Mana]

[-132 HP]

triggering the explosion of the wards the moment I was out of the confines. The explosion was spectacular, destroying most of the creatures in one attempt, while I strained to transfer all that experience to Cornelia, with rather spectacular results. Despite the huge loss during transfer, Cornelia still gained a level, and completing most of the transfer for the next one.

[Cornelia - Level 21/25 - 92%]

Pity I didn't have time to get my reward. Even more annoying, I saw in my vision the familiar flickers of the light show that happened just before achievement, but it faded away before it was completed, indicating the lack of power.

"Fuck," I murmured, annoyed by losing the benefits of another achievement. After losing all the riches such a big horde represented, losing the potential benefits of another achievement was rather annoying. I cursed loudly as I turned my attention toward the gem, trying to assess the chaotic spell that they had used to trigger the monster horde, but like before, it dispersed before I could get a decent read of the spell.

Maybe I should try to capture the next one alive, I thought, ignoring the inherent craziness of my thoughts, mad enough for other people to lock me up. But ultimately, the only difference between madness and genius was a success, and I had enough power to attain success under the worst of circumstances.

I sighed as I dismissed that particular track for the moment, and even if I could capture such a specimen live, I lacked a place to keep it.

I directed my mount toward Silver Spires at full speed, to have another strategy talk with my favorite librarian...

And maybe to spend some quality time if the opportunity allowed...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 4912 / 5370 Mana: 4201 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [95/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter Ninety-Seven

When I arrived back at the school, I wasn't surprised to meet with utter chaos. After all, as intimidating as they were, just one monster horde was hardly enough to dent the defensive measures of Silver Spires. There was a reason for its reputation as the greatest learning center in a world where everything was determined by combat capability.

But multiple monster hordes, forcing the school to choose between dispersing most of its elite fighting force to destroy them and losing all of its supporting infrastructure, leaving it isolated for a long and costly siege.

I started searching for Titania among the chaos, but a few discreet inquires I had initiated failed to give any useful result. So, I decided to try the same trick I had applied to track Cornelia and Helga. Since Titania's progress was far from completion, getting an accurate sense of her direction was neither as effective nor as effortless, but luckily, it still worked from a close distance. I could easily feel Aviada's and Oeyne's locations.

Unfortunately, neither Titania nor Marianne was in the school. Not really the thing I had been looking for.

Paradoxically, I worried more about Titania than Marianne despite the huge gap in their strength. After all, Marianne was one of the better healers among the students even before the progress she had made thanks to my assistance. So, unless the team she was assigned was filled with complete morons, she would be protected to the best of their abilities as not everyone had my luxury of self-healing.

Titania, on the other hand, had been the target for at least one ambush, which would have been successful if it wasn't for my accidental interruption. And during such an important mobilization, she was too important to be kept hidden completely. While asking a few random soldiers yielded no result, I was operating under the assumption that our enemies had better spying capabilities, meaning, they had the ability to arrange another ambush for her.

I was afraid that, even with forewarning, Titania lacked the personality to avoid a complicated ambush. She was in a habit of preferring direct solutions. I could only hope that without the constant interference from the source of her light magic forcing her to be emotionless and aggressive, she could be more cautious.

However, since I was already at the school, I decided to pay a visit to Aviada first. Even if Titania was going to be targeted, they would only do so after she properly exhausted herself, meaning I

had at least half a day to visit her.

Visiting Aviada was important. She would probably be sent out for a mission as well, and unlike Marianne, she didn't have the implicit protection of being a healer. As a front-line fighter, she was under tremendous risk, and several extra levels would come in handy. And after my interactions with the headmistress and the upcoming danger, revealing my leveling ability to Aviada wasn't as dangerous. At this point, it was inevitable that it would be revealed sooner or later.

As another side benefit, I would be able to test whether the Companion progress was developing further.

I once again walked through the familiar corridors of the fighter section, easily slipping into the female dorm. Aviada was in her room, but she wasn't alone. A familiar face was accompanying her, Carla, the sexy redheaded archer that had become the unwitting voyeur during our first encounter, before she evolved into a shy yet willing voyeur the last time.

Hard to believe it was just a few days ago, with everything that happened in between.

"Good evening, girls," I said with a cheerful tone as I closed the door, barging in without even asking. Since it was Aviada's room, it wasn't rude, not that a little social nicety would have stopped me.

"Caesar," they said immediately, Aviada with deep enthusiasm, but Carla's tone was more shocked, no doubt remembering our last encounter, where I caught her masturbating while watching my private time with Aviada.

"So, how are you going in this fine evening?" I said even as I walked toward the bed, where Aviada was sitting, while Carla occupied a chair next to the bed.

"We're discussing the mission for tomorrow," Aviada answered. "We're tasked to patrol the perimeter tomorrow, and Carla here is the squad head," she added, just a touch

"Because you still think that direct violence is a solution for everything," Carla countered exasperatedly, suggesting it wasn't the first time Aviada had raised that exact topic. Not even close.

"Well, she's not wrong," I said, which made Aviada sent an annoyed glare at me, but Carla didn't have enough time to enjoy her small victory, too distracted by my movements as I pulled off my shirt, earning a strangled gasp rather than a smug acknowledgment.

“What are you doing!” Carla exclaimed.

“Undressing,” I said in a matter-of-fact tone. “Couldn’t your sharp ranger eyes decipher even that?” I said, then smirked. “We know that they can’t detect everything,” I added, referring to the time where I had fucked Aviada in front of her, all the while she was thinking Aviada was simply sitting on my lap, while bragging about the sharpness of her perception.

“That was-” Carla tried to argue as her face took a deep red color to match the hue of her hair, but interrupted by Aviada’s amused laughter.

“He got you there,” Aviada said simply, removing her top as well, revealing her perky breasts. Apparently, she wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

“Hey!” Carla said, her blush achieving the impossible as she watched Aviada’s uncaring nakedness. Though, since they used a communal shower, it was clearly more about the implicit action it was about to enable rather than simple nudity.

“What?” Aviada said even as I removed my pants and underwear on the background, and Carla shut her eyes.

“You’re both getting naked!” Carla answered, shocked that her objection wasn’t seemingly obvious for us.

“So,” Aviada shrugged even as I lay next to her, while she finished removing her clothes. “It isn’t like the first time you’re going to watch us having sex, is it? Or you can only handle watching while hiding in a corner like a coward, like all rangers.”

Aviada’s words were harsh, but from the way she uttered them casually, and Carla’s resulting blush and a lack of anger —except the frustrated, friendly kind— it was clear that it counted as banter to them. I might have attempted to judge them, but after watching Cornelia and Helga trying to one-up each other during a threesome that lasted hours, it wasn’t exactly extreme.

“It’s called patience and tactics, not that I expected a meathead that required her full intelligence to figure out how to swing a big sword to understand it,” Carla shot back, almost automatic, using the familiar grounds of the banter to

“Don’t judge your friend, sweetie,” I said even as I hugged Aviada’s waist. “She’s clearly feeling self-conscious, it’s not something to be mocked. We should understand that,” I said, which earned a quirked eyebrow from Aviada. Then, I grabbed the cover and pulled on us, hiding our bodies from her view. “Here, it’s done,” I said, my smirk widening even further. “You can surely

handle it like this, right?”

“I don’t think she can,” Aviada jumped in before Carla could answer.

“Of course I can,” Carla answered rapidly, her pride overcoming her common sense. “You should be more concerned. Can you focus on our mission while you moan like a slut under his cock!”

“What can I say, he has a nice cock,” Aviada countered her, but before she could continue, my fingers found her entrance, caressing aggressively to moisten her entrance. Not that I needed to spend a lot of time doing that. The possibility of having sex in front of her friend was already doing wonders for her.

“So, about the patrol route,” Aviada said after a moan escaped her mouth while I lodged my shaft to the inviting embrace of her ass, enjoying the warmth of her plump curves. “What should be the role distribution?”

Carla replied with several names and their strengths and weaknesses, but Aviada wasn’t exactly in a point to give her all to listen to those words, occupied by the way my free hand landed on her breasts, teasing her nipples. The occasional moan that burst out informed Carla that her explanation wasn’t being listened to.

Not that Carla seemed torn about that particular fact. Even as she explained, her gaze was sliding repeatedly toward the blanket on the bed, or more accurately, the movement that gave a general idea of what was going on under it. She continued speaking, but it was more droning while her earlier shock slowly melted into desire and arousal. Her legs, subtly rubbing against each other, was another sign of her growing arousal.

“It sounds-” Aviada said once Carla finished her explanation, though the latter half of her explanation was mostly gibberish. I chose that exact moment to slip inside her, which extracted a delicious moan off her lips. “- nice,” she completed after her moan subsided.

“Really?” Carla said, amused at Aviada’s attempt to act like everything was normal, though that didn’t subtract anything from her growing arousal, her beautiful green eyes shining with desire. “I’m not sure about the third rotation, what’s your opinion on that?” she asked.

“Third rotation?” Aviada flinched, though, it might be more about me pushing my shaft even deeper into her wetness rather than the question. Still, that didn’t change the fact that she had clearly missed most of Carla’s explanation. “I agree with your plan completely.”

“Really?” Carla said even as she rotated on her chair to display her side to us, which was a subtle adjustment to hide the way her legs rubbing furiously, though it wasn’t successful as she was clearly thinking. “So, you don’t have any problem taking the rear guard both for second and third rotation,” Carla said smugly, saddling Aviada with the most annoying job during such a patrol, with lots of risks, but little actual excitement, responsible for defending the group for unexpected ambushes while they dealt with monsters.

It wasn’t the worst job in general, but with her personality, it was clearly the worst job for Aviada, forcing her to stay alert for the duration of the duty, but depriving her of the excitement of combat. For a combat junkie like Aviada, it was an excellent punishment. And the best part was that all Aviada needed to get out of it was to tell her she had made a mistake, but her pride would never allow her to do so.

That small jab had elevated Carla’s position in my mind a couple of ranks. She might be quite shy and a little perverted, but even in her distracted state, she was cunning enough to squeeze a little punishment despite her passive position.

Of course, her little victory might satisfy her mentally, but it was far from satisfying her physically as she watched Aviada’s face contorting with pleasure as I pushed deeper and deeper, the blanket moving violently. She could have beaten a hasty retreat, or accept her defeat with grace, but she did neither, her womanly pride blocking both paths. Instead, she decided to push back the only way she could, by messing with Aviada.

“Another question,” she said, trying to suppress the huskiness of her tone, before asking Aviada a detailed one about the team logistic, one that was actually forcing her to talk, biting her lips toward the end of the question.

“I’m not - SURE!” Aviada tried to answer, only to explode into a cry as I sank my fingers to her plump breast, enjoying the treatment. I listened to the rest of the explanation amusedly, using that to suppress a particular frustration. There was no progress in her Companion tracker, meaning, it was being sourced from the same source, cutting the second most important source of growth for me as well.

It meant that the power I had been giving to the girls had been coming at the expense of my own personal growth, with an unknown exchange ratio, or whether the different stages of the Companion process had different costs. I almost hoped that it did, because otherwise, I had wasted quite a bit of potential by spreading it half-completed across several targets rather than focusing on a few.

At least Helga and Cornelia had completed, giving me the permanent perks in the process. My life would have been much more inconvenient without the permanent Mana Regeneration, multiplying my combat potential significantly.

It wasn't all bad, however, as the similarity between the Companion Process and the weird emotional suppressing aspect of Titania was rather similar. And since my Companions were powered with this so-called divine spark, chances were it was the same for Titania. Though, while having a strong clue was good, the destination it was pointing to was less so. After all, the headmistress already invited me to receive the 'blessing', meaning that the elusive item I was searching for was either in her possession, or she had a strong connection to someone that had it.

In either case, not the easiest target to pillage.

Aviada moaned loudly, interrupting my thoughts, which was a welcome interruption. "Sorry, I didn't get that," Carla said smugly. "Would you mind repeating it?"

"I said—" Aviada tried to say, but I squeezed her tits once more, cutting her explanation again.

"Really, Aviada," Carla said gleefully, enjoying Aviada's struggle as much as she was clearly enjoying the erotic aspects of our show. "You are almost strong enough to graduate, you should answer such a simple question easily," she added, amusement dancing behind her beautiful green eyes. "I can't even imagine the reaction of the instructors if you took this long to think during an expedition."

"You're pushing your luck—" Aviada answered, the pleasure making her needs too urgent to continue with their little challenge, but her argument got interrupted when I decided to change position, laying on my back before pulling her on, creating a delicious reverse cowgirl. Since it was time to change the pace, I let the blanket slip during the shift, revealing her delicious body, even as her weight pushed her down deeper onto my shaft. The change in the angle allowed my shaft to reach a different sensitive spot, which was the end of Aviada's —admittedly halfhearted — attempts to chastise Carla.

To be fair, Carla wasn't looked torn up about Aviada's sudden silence, her eyes locked at our midsection, where my thickness was disappearing inside Aviada again and again. Her expression of arousal was unmistakable as she abandoned any attempt to keep it hidden. She just watched, her legs rubbing against each other as she tried to solve her own arousal, too self-conscious to actually start playing with herself in front of me.

A minute passed, the room slowly filling up with moans and grunts. Carla watched the way our bodies slammed against each other repeatedly without blinking, the last scraps of her resistance slowly disappearing under the strain...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 6600 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [95/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter Ninety-Eight

I waited until Aviada was reasonably aroused until I started pumping my mana inside her, triggering a flood of experience for her.

[-915 Mana]

Her eyes widened in shock, one that would have been suspicious even as she struggled under the growing throes of pleasure, but luckily, Carla was too focused on the location where our bodies were meeting with each other repeatedly to actually pay attention to Aviada's face as she looked at me questioningly.

Luckily, she proved to be a touch wiser than I had given her a credit to, and kept her mouth shut when I sent her a warning glare. Or at least, that was what I assumed was the reason, but considering her personality, I feared that it was more about the growing pressure of her orgasm. Only a few seconds later she let out a string of moans, suggesting that her not blurting what happened might be more about the rush of pleasure than any genuine sense of trying to keep things hidden.

Just to be safe, I grabbed her discarded panties and stuffed her mouth, continuing to pump into her vigorously.

And with that, the risk carried by Aviada's mouth was effectively disarmed, allowing me to focus on the other sexy martial goddess in the room, who was absentmindedly playing with her beautiful red hair as she watched us with a shocked expression, still having trouble believing what was going on.

I expected that state to last for a while, thinking what I should do, when she opened her mouth. "You look red," she said mockingly as she looked at Aviada, earning a frustrated groan, but when Aviada tried to answer by removing her panties out of her mouth, I was quick to prevent it. But true to her personality, she tried to push her hand, making me continue to grab her hand.

"She's a bit occupied," I said calmly even as I continued to pump inside her, enjoying the way she tightened as I exerted direct physical control over her. It was interesting to see just how similar the magical star of the school, Cornelia, and one of the more infamous martial students, Aviada, was similar despite all their outward difference, creating an alliance of submission, requiring forceful suppression more than occasionally. The only thing that differed was their preferred mode, Aviada preferring direct applications of strength while Cornelia enjoyed fanciful indirect displays of casting, especially in terms of explosive spells.

“Why don’t you entertain me a bit, then,” Carla answered, looking at me directly, no matter how much her eyes stirred toward Aviada’s tits.

Her words, if taken at face value, were filled with innuendo. But at this point, I was rather good at reading women —especially when it came to the matters of intimacy— and her words lacked that kind of intent. It was just an automatic response. She was just saying what came to her mind directly. Of course, that didn’t mean I would actually let that slide. “If you wish so?” I answered in a tone laced with erotic intent. Considering I was fucking her best friend in front of her mercilessly, it wasn’t exactly hard emotion to exaggerate. “Any preferred method?”

It took a second for her to realize what I meant. “N-no,” she stammered before continuing with a sharper, panicked tone. “Not like that! How can you say that, while fucking Aviada? Have you no shame?”

“I clearly don’t,” I said with a mocking smirk. “Also do you think Aviada looks like she would mind if I buried my face between your glorious tits,” I said, letting my gaze dip down her bosom, which was rather visible thanks to her nightshirt.

“She might not, but I’m not a pervert,” Carla answered, which might have been more convincing if she hadn’t been watching me as I fucked Aviada passionately.

“Oh, really?” I asked, the mocking edge in my tone intensifying. “Is that why you have been watching us from a corner while playing with yourself like a horny little slut? Or is that why you’re still here even as I fuck poor little Aviada,” I said, using the opportunity to flood Aviada’s insides with my mana once more.

[-1318 Mana]

“N-no,” she managed to stammer, her eyes wide open, too distracted with her own arousal to react to my words, especially since she was clearly feeling quite aroused. “T-this is nonsense, I’m leaving!” she managed to exclaim a moment later, standing up to leave.

Though, after getting up to her feet, she continued to stand rather than moving toward the door, spending a couple of extra seconds watching us like she was trying to etch it to her memory. It was a fatal mistake, I decided even as I grabbed her arm and pulled her back on the bed. Though, considering her lack of panic despite the yelp that escaped, it was hard to say she didn’t want that mistake.

Her reaction was understandable. It might be a bit vain to say, but my looks were hard to match. Not only I was a spectacular physical specimen, but also I had more than fifty points of

Charisma supporting me, giving me an extraordinary aura. Dominating such a spectacular beauty like Aviada while easily immobilizing her with one hand, just added another layer of attractiveness to a martial student like Carla. "Let me go," she stammered, but her voice was lacking conviction, trembling weakly.

"Really, that's what you want?" I asked mockingly.

"Yes..." she said after taking a deep breath, but despite her preparation, what escaped her mouth was a soft tremble, lacking any kind of conviction. She clearly said that just to play hard, her eyes glazing whenever it slid down, watching my hips as they continued to slam inside Aviada again and again.

Which was why she was surprised when I loosened my grip around her wrist. She looked at me, shocked, unhappy with the sudden change. "Is there a problem? I did what you asked?"

"Nothing..." she murmured, trying to process the sudden change, which wasn't made any easier by Aviada's muffled yet enthusiastic moans.

"Is that so?" I said even as I decided to finish our little game. I slipped my hand inside her pajama bottoms, which was already straining to cover her wide hips, dipping directly into her wetness, making her moan. "It seems that your body disagrees."

"What are you doing!" she exclaimed in shock before another moan interrupted her, but the movement of her body was much more telling. Rather than trying to pull back, she slid even closer, even widening her legs to give man easier access.

"What am I doing?" I said mockingly even as I slipped my fingers deeper without the slightest issue, making her gasp in shock. "I'm fingering you, just like you want, you dirty girl. Or are you going to say that you usually hang around people having sex with no ulterior motive?"

"B-but-" she tried to stammer an answer, her gaze falling on Aviada, realizing that it was rather presumptuous for me to finger another woman next to her.

"Don't worry," I said even as I decided to move forward in a more memorable manner, and ripped off her pajamas with a rough pull along with her panties, leaving her bottom bare. "It wouldn't be the first threesome she experienced," I added even as I slapped her ass, my other hand still around her wrists, preventing her from retaliating.

She opened her mouth to argue, but when my fingers returned to her entrance, she was quick to abandon those. "You don't need to talk," I said even as I let my fingers loose inside her,

ramming furiously. “You clearly want this, you don’t have to be a coward. Just admit it.”

The first reaction came from Aviada, who finally managed to get rid of her makeshift gag. “Wait-” she tried to argue, only to be silenced by a stiff spank to her ass, even though it forced me to abandon Carla’s fingering for a moment.

“Don’t be rude! You don’t have a right to speak, not before you can free your hands,” I commented even as I let my hand return to Carla’s body, but this time, grabbing her lush red hair, pulling her into a searing kiss.

Unsurprisingly, the insult and the challenge were more than enough to silence Aviada, while my display of physical dominance tightened her even further, earning another moan. Her submissiveness was such a convenient trait.

I pushed my shaft deeper into Aviada’s tightness while my lips launched a surprise assault to Carla’s unprepared mouth, attaining victory immediately, my tongue ravaging it freely. She just obediently accepted my assault, her body aching for my touch.

With both of my hands occupied —one around Aviada’s wrists, the other wrapped around Carla’s hair— I couldn’t rip off her shirt. Luckily, with my magic, I didn’t need to. A simple air spell was enough to shred it into nothingness, earning a shocked gasp from Carla, who didn’t appreciate the rather risky display of my magical competence, unaware of the limits of my magical capabilities. But with my tongue still buried in her mouth, she didn’t have the chance to vocalize her argument, and it wasn’t clearly important enough to pull back to deliver it.

So, I continued to kiss her aggressively even as her gloriously large breasts, big enough to rival Marianne’s, pushed against my chest, the hardness of her nipples rather noticeable against my chest.

Enjoying the lips of beauty while the other one continuously tightened around my girth made it rather hard to resist my body’s desire to explode, so I did so, filling Aviada with my warm seed, triggering another climax of hers. As she collapsed, I finally pulled out of her and let her hands go, turning my full attention to Carla.

The muffled gasp she let out as my hand found her breasts, sinking into the depths of her supple flesh, was rather spectacular. Maybe it was her body type, maybe it was the advantage given by her stats, but her tits were spectacularly sexy.

Carla’s sensual moans made things even better as I continued to squeeze her breasts, enjoying their texture to my heart’s content. Said moans finally exploded without muffling when my lips

trailed down, kissing down her neck, leaving aggressive hickeys behind.

She pressed her hips against my body, capturing my half-erect shaft between her thighs, though, in their embrace, it didn't take long for it to return back to life, squeezed between her meaty embrace.

Even if I hadn't been aroused before, the delicious gyration of her hips would have solved the problem, using her best advantage to a great effect. She might be a voyeur, but she had no problems in adapting my touch. And her juices slowly coating my already glistening shaft, it wasn't hard to guess where things were going.

Then, Aviada reminded one important detail, that I had forgotten her presence. She reacted as violently as I had expected her to, replacing my hand around Carla's hair, pulling her back with an aggressiveness that made her cry in pain. I was about to react to prevent violence when I realized Aviada's aim, and relaxed.

Meanwhile, Carla found herself forced down her lips inches away from my shaft which was hardened thanks to her efforts. "Open wide, bitch," Aviada gloated smugly even as she pressed Carla's head forward. "Do you think you can mock me without a cost," she added gleefully, but weirdly enough, her anger felt rather mischievous. Apparently, it counted as a friendly move in Aviada's dictionary.

No doubt she had problems making friends, if that was the way she could treat her best friend.

Carla opened her mouth, whether trying to argue or asking for a reprieve I didn't know, because Aviada didn't miss a beat before pushing her head forward, clogging her mouth with my thickness...

Apparently, things were about to have an unexpected —but no means unwelcome— turn...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 6600 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [95/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter Ninety-Nine

Watching Aviada grab her friend's head roughly, pushing her forward without care even as Carla coughed and wheezed around my shaft was a rather great experience. I was fully in favor of Aviada paying back for Carla's earlier trick, especially Carla's already weak resistance melted rather speedily.

"Is she also going to receive-" Aviada asked without regard, only for me to silence her with a kiss.

"For the fucks sake, sweetie, keep your mouth shut about that unless I give you explicit permission," I whispered, glad that Carla was far too occupied to pay attention to our discussion.

"But-" Aviada tried to say, only for me to silence her with another kiss, this time aggressively, biting her lips in warning. She responded equally aggressively, her complaints forgotten. As we kissed, she continued to push Carla forward again and again, forcing her throat to widen despite the obvious signs of distress Carla was putting out.

"Tap my leg twice if you can't handle it," I said to Carla after pulling out of the kiss, only to receive a solitary pinch, signaling that she didn't appreciate my concern. Apparently, she didn't appreciate me intervening with her little game with Aviada.

I shrugged, returning my attention to Aviada's breasts, which, while smaller than Carla's monstrous ones, still beautiful enough to make an amazing plaything. But since Carla's tits were busy repeatedly hitting against my legs, I had to keep my hands busy somehow, right?

"Do you have any other ideas about the task allocation for the mission," Aviada said gleefully as she pushed Carla deep once more, making her gag and moan. "Maybe about the allocation of the rear guard?" she added even as she let Carla slide away.

"It's pretty much set," Carla answered immediately. Well, almost immediately, as it took a while for her to cough and wheeze as she tried to catch her breath. "I don't think there's a need for a reallocation, unless someone wants to admit she can't handle the mission assigned."

From the frustration on Aviada's face, it was clear that Carla had scored rather impressively. Rather than saying anything, Aviada pushed Carla deep once more, but the flicker of enthusiasm that flickered on her face a second before my shaft was lodged in her throat suggested that Aviada's strategy might not be as effective as she might first assume. After all,

Carla had been wanting to taste my cock for a while now as evidenced by her excessive voyeurism habits, and all Aviada was achieving was to give her an easy excuse to meet her desire.

It would have been much more effective if she had pushed Carla away to take her place, not that I would expect Aviada to think that. She wasn't stupid, that was for sure, but she had a very direct way of thinking, uncaring of the potential complications, confident to break through everything directly.

Somehow, it made her uniquely attractive, her raven hair dancing freely as she pushed Carla forth repeatedly. I leaned back to take her nipples while Carla's lips massaged the base of my cock, a considerable part of it lodged in her hot throat, her nose hitting against my stomach repeatedly.

After repeated personal attempts, Aviada had learned the proper points of a good deep-throat, and was using her knowledge to deliver maximum experience, making Carla's throat stay around my girth as she desperately gagged, her spit gurgling down. Luckily, my expertise in terms of physical affection delivery was unmatched, allowing me to give Aviada's breasts the proper attention they deserved, licking and kissing, even as Carla's throat did its best to distract me.

"Mmm, just like that," Aviada moaned in appreciation as she looked down, catching my gaze with a smug expression, no doubt enjoying her position of power just as much as she had enjoyed her earlier submissive position, proving that she enjoyed dominating just as much as she enjoyed being submissive.

Cornelia was similar to her in that aspect, and honestly, that was one of the more difficult things for me to understand. How could someone enjoy dominating and being dominated in such equal measures? For me, the best I could do was to feign weakness, but even such an act would only be enjoyable because of the subtle control I could exert on the situation. Actual submissiveness, whether sexual or political, was just abhorrent to me.

Maybe it was a female thing, I decided, shrugging as I abandoned that particular track, focusing back on Aviada's breasts, while Carla's depthroating finally gave the result it was seeking, making me cum once more, filling her mouth with my seed.

"Still no change of plans?" Aviada asked after letting Carla pull back once more.

"Of course not," Carla managed to answer between her coughs, trying to prevent my seed from

spilling out by swallowing, which was a nice surprise despite her lackluster success, spilling some of it to a humongous expanse of her pale tits.

“I don’t think your tactic is being as effective as you think,” I said with a chuckle as I looked down, catching Carla’s eyes, who managed to blush at being called.

Unsurprisingly, Aviada decided to take it a very different way. “You’re right,” she said as she sat on the bed, behind Carla, and pulled her on her lap. In the end, Aviada was sitting with her back against the bedpost, and Carla on her lap, her legs parted by Aviada’s hands on her thighs, pulling hard. “We should properly punish her,” Aviada said even as she created an inviting position.

As much as her wet lips shone invitingly, I met with Carla’s eyes first, waiting for her to nod excitedly, more than happy with how Aviada’s punishment was developing, allowing her to taste the pleasure while conveniently removing her responsibility in the process. I smirked as I crouched down, my shaft quick to return to life.

“Are you sure you’re ready?” I asked mockingly as I looked at her spectacular tits.

“Go ahead,” Carla said smugly, feeling rather confident. Since my earlier exploration revealed it wasn’t her first time, I wasn’t surprised by her confidence. Still, that didn’t mean she could handle my assault.

Of course, I would be lying if I said her confidence to handle me didn’t tickle my annoyance a bit. Luckily, she was positioned perfectly to be punished by a slight change of plan. A touch to her skin was enough for me to cast a spell to clean her backdoor entrance, and lubricating it just enough to turn a painful experience into uncomfortable, but not resolve any further.

“What are you-” she gasped in panic when she felt my shaft pressing against her puckered hole. From the way her eyes widened, I deduced that particular hole was yet to be touched by any kind of attention, be it a toy or male kind.

Aviada reacted quicker than I did. “I knew you couldn’t handle a proper fucking,” she laughed victoriously, though her grip on Carla’s legs didn’t loosen.

“Who said I can’t handle it?” Carla countered quickly, her pride proving to be stronger than her fear. Her legs sprayed even wider, and she even lifted her ass to give me better access. And what an access it was. Her tits almost rivaled Marianne’s, but her ass was a touch superior to my sweet healer, showing the advantage of her mobile lifestyle, adding just the right amount of muscle to her otherwise plump ass.

It was a unique pleasure to enjoy such a special booty, I decided even as I started pushing, her eyes closing in anticipation of pain, gasping in advance. Aviada looked frustrated at Carla's sudden acceptance, and loosened her grip on her thighs. But rather than surrendering, she decided to grab Carla's tits, twisting her nipples aggressively.

"Bitch," Carla gasped in shock, barely paying attention to the steady movement of my shaft invading her puckered hole, too distracted by the recent assault on her sensitive nipples.

Since Aviada was being such a good girl by helping me —even if it wasn't her original intention — I decided to reward her. I slid my hand under Carla's ass, finding Aviada's clit before I started to rub, earning a shocked gasp, one that was quick to turn into moans of pleasure as my fingers slipped inside her core, enjoying her wetness coating my skin once more.

Meanwhile, Carla's gasps of pained pleasure mixed with Aviada's purer moans, even as I pushed deeper and deeper into her tight hole. I turned my focus back to Carla's tight ass, grabbing her ass both as leverage, and sinking my fingers into their tight expanse. As her body adapted to my presence, I started to move faster and faster, intensifying her pained yelps as a result. Aviada's lips pressing against her neck, biting and kissing, didn't help.

It wasn't hard to see the signs of an impending climax on Carla's face, which was understandable. After all, she was struggling under quadruple assault, namely, my shaft invading her puckered hole, my hands molesting her amazing ass, Aviada's hands mauling her tits, and Aviada's lips creating a visible trail of hickeys on her neck. I decided to enhance her sources of arousal once more, and pulled my fingers out of Aviada's snatch, only to push inside hers immediately.

Therefore, after a few aggressive pumps, it wasn't a surprise when she started trembling under the effects of a spectacular orgasm. She was moaning loudly even as she moved her hips, desperately trying to increase the resulting friction. Her juices flooded desperately, drenching my fingers, while she tried to ride out the climax.

She desperately needed a break.

Too bad for her that neither Aviada nor I had the slightest inclination to actually give her the reprieve her moans were implicating. Aviada continued her dedicated assault on her tits while my hips sped up, making her moans even louder.

"Are you still sure about the plan?" Aviada said mockingly, though it was clear that she was making a point rather than expecting an answer. Which was nice, because Carla was barely

able to moan coherently let alone answering Aviada's question.

"I don't think she is in a mood to make complicated strategic decisions," I said even as I quickened my assault, enjoying her moans, which were getting louder and louder. "But you're such a good friend, helping your friend intimately."

"Aren't I?" she said mockingly.

"Oh, definitely," I said. "Why don't you help her clean up as well," I said, reminding her Carla's lips, still coated with my cum.

"I don't know," she said with a wild smirk. "I like to get it from the source."

"Oh, I know," I said. "Don't worry about that, as I don't think our little ranger would last for long. We have the rest of the night to handle that. Meanwhile, why don't you clean her lips."

Luckily, at this point, my fingers, once again returned to her wetness after Carla climaxed, mellowed her enough that she followed my suggestion without further argument, which was rather impressive considering her personality. Her lips closed over Carla's, their tongues swirling around each other while Aviada steadily cleaned up Carla's mouth and chin, getting the leftovers of my climax.

They kissed deeply for a few moments until Aviada pulled back for a moment to say, "Mmmm, it tastes so good."

"Slut," Carla managed to stammer, which was a rather uncalled, especially since she was quite enthusiastic about resuming the kiss once Aviada leaned once more, not to mention she was still being impaled mercilessly in the ass, the only thing preventing her moans from becoming deafening was Aviada's lips, suppressing her cries.

Carla was not in a position to comment when I grabbed her legs to pull them on my shoulders, allowing me to push myself to the hilt, stretching her ass properly. If she wanted to say something, that was too bad because Aviada was very effective in silencing her even as she continued to maul her tits simultaneously.

Squeezed between the combined assault, it didn't take long for Carla to climax once more, this time even more intensely. As she tightened, she earned another explosion of me, this time coating her bowels, which only intensified her climax.

Aviada pulled back, giving Carla the opportunity to declare her climax. However, she was barely

able to moan a bunch of hard-to-decipher mumbles, barely intelligible. She closed her eyes, falling unconscious.

“Well, that was fun,” I said even as pulled back, creating a popping sound, before I turned my attention to Aviada. Still, just to be safe, I cast a sleeping spell on Carla before looking at Aviada. “Now, let’s move onto your lesson, about properly keeping secrets and the consequences of loose lips.”

Aviada snarled as she slid under Carla, leaving her to sleep while readying herself for the struggle, despite knowing she would lose. But her smile suggested that she didn’t exactly mind losing...

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Master Melee [100/100]

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Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [95/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred

“Oh, really, how are you going to do that?” Aviada smirked as she looked at me, her eyes flashing with a provocative kind of anger, one that needed to be extinguished properly to remind her of the place she deserved. It seemed that the domination she employed on Carla had been enough for her to forget what she deserved.

Or, she was deliberately pushing the border to galvanize me into action. Not that any problem with it if that was the case. Fucking her into submission again was a rather pleasurable activity, after all.

“Do you still need a demonstration?” I asked mockingly, but before she could answer, I lashed forward, not as fast as I could do, but still faster than she could react, and this time, I grabbed her shirt and used that to tie her hands, reinforcing its texture with magic as I did so.

[-23 Mana]

“Do you think that’ll hold me?” Aviada snorted in confidence, only to realize no matter how much effort she put, it was impossible for her to rip it off.

“I believe that it might work,” I answered smugly even as I grabbed her shoulder, preventing her from standing up. Of course, that little play wasn’t enough to break her desire to be the dominant one. She displayed her flexibility by managing to throw a kick from her position.

I grabbed it easily.

“Is that all you can do?” I asked smugly, which caused her anger to flare. “I can understand if you change your mind and ask for a reprieve. After all, how much can you handle as a weak little girl?”

“Never,” she countered swiftly, but her anger was unable to conceal her increasing desire.

“Really,” I said as I pushed her back and put her legs together, before using Carla’s discarded top to tie them up as well, effectively leaving her helpless. “Even if I decide to torture you?”

“Do your worst!” she challenged, her excitement impossible to hide.

“Really,” I said as I hovered over her. “Are you sure you can handle my worst?”

“Of course,” she murmured, but her eyes widened as she wiggled in her place. The reason, the

little Biomancy trick I cast her moments ago, enhancing her sensitivity greatly while preventing her from climaxing. Not the first time I was employing a similar trick on her, but since Aviada was an exceptionally rebellious submissive, it wasn't shocking that she had forgotten its implications.

But despite the impression her straightforward personality might give, she wasn't stupid, her eyes widening in remembrance as I caressed her inner thigh gently, injecting her with unbelievable pleasure. "Oh, are you really sure you can handle my worst? It looks like you're having second thoughts."

"No!" she exclaimed, her tone sharp despite her expression disagreeing with the message. She might have realized her mistake, but she was far too prideful to admit defeat this early.

"As you wish," I said as I leaned forward, letting my breath fall on her neck, which was rather unbearable with her increased sensitivity, making her tremble. "Domination is such an interesting concept," I murmured gently even as my hand explored her inner thigh gently. "It's not about strength or power, but control. A touch here, a caress there, and soon, it allows to unearth the true submissive in the heart of even the most willful fighter, don't you agree?"

"I'm not submissive," she rapidly answered.

I chuckled even as I let my hand climb up to her wetness. "Oh, really? Then, why are you so wet after being tied down, helpless and under my mercy?"

That triggered her rebellion once more, making her struggle to get out of her bonds, only to fail spectacularly. At this point, even a simple spell from me couldn't be resolved with pure strength, especially without any leverage. Moreover, the more she twisted, the more her pleasure built up thanks to her enhanced sensitivity. Soon, she was helplessly moaning even as she struggled, the objective of her struggle changing, searching for the climax.

I just stood back, watching her naked body writhe, which was a spectacular view. The naked body of Carla, exhausted after the spectacular treatment she had just received, made the view even better.

It took a while for Aviada to notice my other trick. "You didn't!" she gasped in horror. I just smirked. "You're a monster," she stammered in anger, her confidence replaced with horror.

"Didn't you just tell me that you can handle my worst?" I said with a sigh. "Such an unreliable partner. Still, I'm a merciful man. You can just admit that you can't handle it, and maybe beg for a while, and I'll dispel the spell. Alright?"

“Not a chance,” she answered. “You can never take me down with magic!” Still, it was proof of our growing relationship that she was actually getting aroused by the application of magic rather than just being repulsed, despite her believing that magic was weakness. Though, maybe it was about me already proving my strength, leaving no doubt about who was stronger, therefore making her more receptive to some magical seasoning.

“As you wish,” I said, and grabbed another piece of cloth, this time using it as a blindfold, which made her gasp in panic. It was a good sound on her.

Wrapped in complete darkness, her gasps of arousal were enhanced as I dragged my hand over her body, the sensation of arousal enhanced more than she could handle.

The naked, writhing body of Aviada was a delicious sight, tempting me to skip the treatment and take her directly, but I managed to keep myself contained, no matter how much her full breasts danced as she rocked her body while I caressed her tight stomach.

“Any change of mind?” I asked even as I let my hands climb higher, caressing the underside of her perky tits.

“Never,” she gasped, but I could hear that her tone was getting weaker, more indecisive, flinching every time my breath fell on her skin.

“It’s hard to resist without seeing, is it?” I asked even as I flicked her nipple before raising my hand, only to caress her neck a second later. “Trying to resist without knowing where the hit is going to come, leaving you helpless...” This time, she didn’t even answer, just let out a desperate moan, signaling that her arousal was quickly going of control.

I maintained the assault for another minute, teasing her sensitive spots in a random order, making her moan helplessly while she writhed against her constraints, desperately trying to get rid of her blindfold, getting more and more aroused as the time went.

“Can you still handle our little game?” I whispered into her ear, enjoying the way her back arched the moment my breath fell on her neck, making her twitch helplessly. “Or are you going to surrender?”

“Surrender...” she murmured softly, barely audible.

“Sorry, it wasn’t clear, would you mind repeating it?” I asked, even as I caressed her tits gently once more, pushing her arousal even deeper.

“Please,” she uttered, louder.

“Please, what?” I countered. “Be more clear about what you want, sweetie.”

She didn’t appreciate my intentional obstinateness, but that wasn’t enough to actually change her mind, not when she was hanging on with the skin of her teeth, with her only hope to release the tension blocked magically. “Please, let me cum,” she begged.

“And, have you been a good girl, enough to deserve mercy?”

“Yes,” she gasped, only to receive a hard slap on her breast, leaving a pink mark as it exploded loudly.

“Really? Even after almost letting my secret slip several times, forcing me to intervene,” I said, like the way I had intervened was a great sacrifice and not something that amused me greatly.

“You can trust Carla-” she started, only to receive another spank.

“That doesn’t mean you can just decide it on your own,” I warned her even as I twisted her nipple, enjoying her resulting moans. “Your sin is grave, but you’re lucky that I’m feeling merciful. One little punishment, and I will be ready to forgive you.”

“Thank you,” she gasped. “Please let me cum.”

“After the punishment,” I reminded her.

“That wasn’t the punishment?” she asked, followed by a moan as I twisted her nipple.

“No, sweetie, that was just the setup,” I said even as I climbed on the bed. “The punishment is just starting. Open your pretty mouth.”

“You can’t,” she started, which was exactly the opportunity I needed to push my shaft inside her mouth, but I stayed back to tease her back even more.

“Well, if you’re saying that you can’t handle Carla’s punishment-” I said mockingly, only for her to interrupt me.

“I can handle that, of course!” she stated. Her pride might allow her to be submissive to me due to her infuriation with my abilities, but the same didn’t apply to admitting to a weakness compared to her friend, even in significantly disadvantaged circumstances.

“Excellent,” I said even as I grabbed her body and lifted her up, only to slam her against the wall, earning a moan of shocked pleasure, signaling that she was approaching the point of no return. But she had no one to but herself, paying the cost of her loose lips.

I didn't bother kissing her, just pulled back a bit, and her trembling legs failed to carry her weight. I grabbed her tied hands and lifted them over her head even as I pushed my shaft against her lips, easily passing the first line of resistance created by her lips.

Keeping her hands up with one hand, I pushed my hips forward, knocking the entrance of her throat, earning a moan simultaneously. Meanwhile, my other hand was still exploring her body even if I had to reach down a little, squeezing her tantalizing tits.

She tried to mewl obediently, her combative instincts long disappeared under the torturous dominance of pleasure. That only made me hornier though. I started pushing forward viciously, getting savage satisfaction from her drunken moans that massaged my conveniently located shaft.

It felt good to have Aviada, one of the most unruly warriors in the school, and a veritable powerhouse, moaning under the dominance of my shaft helplessly. It was not without a benefit for her, of course, as I used the opportunity to deploy more and more mana into her mouth, leveraging the mana regeneration perk that was triggered earlier to increase the active count from two to three.

[-1542 Mana]

I looked down, enjoying her otherwise pale cheeks blushing further and further while her eyes lost their focus, to a point of unable to make eye contact. She even moaned when I pulled out to allow her to breathe, only to slap her cheek with my thickness, creating a delicious thumping sound. Miraculously, Aviada just moaned in response. Signaling that my delicious ploy of dominance was getting a bit too overwhelming.

It was certainly novel for her to accept whatever I was dishing without a complaint, obediently accepting it. Not wanting to waste such an opportunity, I guided it to her lips once more, this time to be gobbled with enthusiasm. Her mouth parted wide, allowing my invasion without the slightest resistance.

A groan escaped my mouth even as I pushed harder and harder, slipping a hand behind her head to prevent her head from hitting against the wall, while pulling her hair in the process. She accepted my presence deeper as I pushed, into her throat almost immediately.

Her eyes widened as her nose pressed against my skin, pushed to the limit, tears flowing out of her eyes. Despite that, her moans continued to escape —and continued to be suppressed by my shaft lodged deep in her throat.

Soon, she was choking, gagging, and gurgling at the same time, pushing her ability to resist to the limit. Which, admittedly, rather enjoyable to watch as well as to feel. With her wrists bound, she didn't have any chance to resist, of course, but the fact that she was yet to make any move toward that was the proof of just how far she had sunk into the throes of pleasure.

All the while, I continued to use the opportunity to transfer mana, both to strengthen her soul space and to bequeath her more experience.

[-3316 Mana]

I enjoyed her warm mouth and tight throat for several more minutes before I decided to show mercy. "Punishment complete," I said, enjoying the way her eyes widened even as I brushed her cheek gently, dispelling the spells on her, her bindings falling simultaneously with the spell that prevented her from climaxing.

Not that she was in a mood to pay attention to that, not when she was too distracted by the orgasm that hit her with all the strength of a rabid dragon. In a show of mercy, I pulled my shaft out of her, choosing to spray her face and her tits rather than forcing her to swallow, all the while, she trembled helplessly, the only reason she was able to stay upright was the presence of the cold wall behind her, preventing her from collapsing.

Still, impressively, she was physically capable enough not to collapse, though it was a near miss. I decided to give her an opportunity to catch her breath before starting another round, to help her level up with no ulterior motives.

We still had quite a bit of time until morning...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

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Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 3123 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [95/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred One

It was almost dawn when I left Avaida's room, leaving her exhausted in her bed, her arm wrapped around Carla, who had joined us later in the night, only to collapse earlier than Avaida, her experience and her lack of endurance showing themselves.

Aviada was rather competitive, after all.

She had a faint smile on her face as I closed the door, leaving her alone, not that it was a shocking thing. After all, not only she had experienced a spectacularly enjoyable evening, but also she had managed to gain four levels in one evening, which was a rather considerable boost to her strength, helping her to progress her swordsmanship potential significantly.

Unfortunately, I didn't have the luxury of sleeping for half a day, as I still had two girls to visit, Marianne and Titania, not to mention I still wanted to go and check up with Helga and Cornelia just in case.

Infiltrating the faculty to discover their mission location hadn't been particularly difficult. A simple disguise, assisted by a couple of illusion spells, and the domineering attitude of a commander, I was able to learn their location as well as some of the latest reports about the monster horde movements. Luckily, it turned out that they were in the same location, reducing my travel obligations by one, which, at this point, I appreciated quite a bit.

However, not all was well, because according to the reports, Titania had just managed to destroy a horde while they had discovered a second horde that was traveling toward her location. It didn't take a genius to understand their plan, trying to tire her before ambushing. However, despite being such a transparent ploy, it was likely to work due to her direct approach to combat.

With the air elemental mount, it didn't take long for me to arrive at the city Titania was posted in. When I came near the town, the sun was just rising, but it wasn't the only bright thing on the horizon. Occasional bursts of bright explosions littered the horizon as well, familiar applications of light magic.

The reason for it got clear the closer to the walls. The town was surrounded by a monster horde, one that was several times bigger than the one I had to deal with. Still, it wasn't enough to take down Titania when she had the advantage of a well-fortified location, not even if she had already handled a previous horde.

As I got even closer to get a better idea about the composition of the horde, however, I realized the enemies using a smarter approach than I had expected. The horde that was facing the city carried a mixture of elemental natures, but a great number of them were bulky animals, thick-hide elephants and rock rhinos in particular. I wasn't able to detect the leading monster, but the skewed nature of the horde suggested that it was planned. Very few of those animals had the ability to climb over the walls or take down the defenders, which made their initial assault less dangerous, but also, meant that exterminating them required a great deal of magical power.

It wasn't like ignoring them an option as well. Ultimately, those monsters could breach city walls —despite all the enchantments that protected it— in less than half a day, forcing the defenders to expand their full capabilities.

They were trying to tire Titania rather than trying to take her down, which meant they had already planned a tertiary assault to take her down, and just waiting until she was exhausted. A nice tactic, strong in its simplicity, because even if Titania noticed that, there was little she could do against it. She couldn't just abandon the town to her fate, as without her, there was no chance for the defenses to hold, and while calling reinforcements was an option, considering the distance between the town and the school, it would have been too late for the reinforcements to arrive.

Curious about a possible undead assault, I used biomancy to check the immediate surroundings of the town, only to find no sign of an undead presence. Unfortunately, that was far from conclusive. There was a limit to my biomancy detection, especially since I want to stay hidden, meaning I had to limit the impact. Also, the defensive wards of the town were fully activated, interfering with my spell greatly. If there were any undead inside the town, it would have been hard to detect.

Since there was no immediate follow-up assault waiting for the defenders, I was tempted to rush forward, a dagger in hand, calling infernos with every breath, but that would make our mysterious opponents abandon the last leg of their plans. Plans that I was yet to discover.

However, I couldn't just slip inside the town easily this time. While the defenses might be weaker than Silver Spires, it was rather hard to sneak into a city when the walls were filled with citizen-militia, armed with bows, javelins, and the occasional siege weapons, while the wards were currently at full activation.

Not impossible, though. Just hard.

A simple earth spell pushed me fifty feet below the ground, and I started traversing toward the

city —and destroying the tunnel behind me, as there was no need to alert my opponents— slowly and steadily, making no crack.

The walls were not the only protection of the city, of course, the defensive wards spread below the city as well, to protect it from the underground threats of giant worms and other underground threats. Luckily, while those defenses were strong, they were not exactly elegantly crafted, allowing me to bypass them after a minute of fiddling —and that was only because those wards were in full alert state, forcing me to expand more focus than necessary, mostly not to alert any mage that might be observing the performance of the wards.

[+1 Arcana]

The resulting improvement was rather welcome, confirming that the skill improvements were still not affected by the snag I had been dealing with. I didn't have a whole lot of skills to maximize at this point, but still, every single bit counted on the road to supremacy.

A couple of minutes later, I burst out in one of the basements after using biomancy to make sure it was empty. Most citizens were on the walls, doing their best against the horde, and the people with limited combat capabilities were in the emergency shelters, leaving most buildings empty.

The streets were similarly empty, allowing me to walk toward Titania with no issues.

As I moved closer to her, I was simultaneously using my biomancy to detect any possible undead presence. A hidden assault from inside the walls just as the defenders were on the peak of the exhaustion would have given the best result, but surprisingly, I could detect no undead presence.

However, they wouldn't waste a second monster horde to exhaust Titania if they didn't have any ulterior motive. The question was, what was their aim. Maybe they were trying to force me to come out, as after killing several death knights of Zokras the Eternal, I likely earned an important position in their list of people to get rid of. People who became lichs were not usually known for their saint-like patience and forgiveness, and I doubted that after staying in that state long enough to be titled Eternal, Zokras' mentality had developed in a positive direction.

The lack of undead was not a proof against their involvement either, as they clearly have more than one spy in the faculty, and the recent betrayal of the ranger I had watched was another evidence of their long reach. It was hard to guess their exact plan this time without knowing the

full extent of their tools.

However, as I walked closer, I started to feel the familiar presence of chaotic mana, giving me a familiar feeling, coming from a nearby building, even stronger than the one carried by the ranger that had been tragically killed by the monsters he had been summoning. I assumed that it was stronger because they wanted it to be effective through the walls.

As I paid attention, I could feel several subtle alert wards layered on every door and window of the building, even the ceiling, suggesting that they would be able to react if that was discovered. The wards they used were significantly more complicated than ones around the town, revealing the presence of at least one master arcanist among them.

Interestingly, the wards themselves were quite unfamiliar, most of them not matching anything I had discovered in the library. It might be a creative innovation, like Helga creating completely new work immediately, but that didn't seem to be the case. The more I examined it, the more structured it felt. It was hard to pinpoint the exact reason, but I could feel my brain itch, like a painter taking the first glance at a counterfeit painting.

"Hmm," I murmured even as I continued to examine the structure. A minute later, I realized the exact reason for my suspicions. While the individual nodes were built to perfection, all the flaws were concentrated on the merger points, suggesting that the mage failed to perfectly assess the environmental details of the building perfectly. It wasn't a huge flaw by any means, but compared to the perfection of the individual pieces, it was very noticeable.

The problem came from my utter inability to recognize the theoretical basis of the nodes. It didn't resemble anything I had seen in the library, or around the school even the slightest bit. And it wasn't just a slight difference. Some of the fundamental mana principles were completely different, to a level that I wasn't able to deduce their implications with a glance. I actually had to sit down and work for hours to decipher the structure if I wanted to slip inside those wards.

Considering my stats, it was rather impressive.

Moreover, none of the defensive wards in the necromancer base had anything that matched it, suggesting that whoever constructed it might not be directly related to Zokras and his ilk. After all, if they had access to better defensive structures, they would have used them in their base, at least to defend their most sensitive locations. If their ritual to destroy the dragon had relied on those arcana wards, I doubted that I could have broken them with the ease I had displayed.

I felt that I finally had the tail of the mysterious third party that gifted the necromancers with their monster hordes.

Since it was such a big issue, I decided to infiltrate the location. I moved a bit, sinking underground as I did so, a smile on my lips. While the defensive wards they had established were spectacular, it seemed that they stopped after touching the city's defensive structure, relying on it to defend the basement. A defense that I had bypassed with absolutely no challenge earlier.

I was more than willing to abuse their oversight...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 3123 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [95/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Two

As I slipped into the basement —which was thankfully empty other than a magically-reinforced cage, currently empty— the first thing I noticed was the suppressive aura of magic that somehow wanted me to throw up. There was a sense of wrongness in the air, one I had never felt before, not even I was facing against the necromancers.

Somehow, whatever was the source, it managed to feel more disgusting than the combined aura of an army of necromancers.

My first suspect was the cage and the unusual magical runes that surrounded it. But, as I walked closer toward the cage, I realized it wasn't the source. Like the wards that covered the building, the runic structure of the ward was completely unfamiliar yet complete in a way that suggested a great body of supporting research and practice. But despite the mystery it contained, it wasn't the source of my discomfort.

No, the source was radiating from upstairs.

I was rather glad for my great agility as I silently walked toward the stairs that led to the upstairs, doing my best to hide my presence. Luckily, the door to the upstairs was open, allowing me to peek inside.

Inside, I noticed three people, sitting silently around a table with faces of stone. One of them had a staff leaning against himself, while the other two were dressed like ordinary peasants — but my eyes were sharp enough to identify an impressive number of hidden weapons under their clothes. They looked ready to act. On the table lay another gem, driving the crazed monsters to attack the town.

However, I was more interested in the passive aura that was spreading out of them that made me queasy rather than their selection of the weapon.

They were dangerous, dangerous enough to trigger my instincts to the limit.

Almost an hour passed in silence as I watched them, trusting my instincts about the danger they represented. I was sure that they represented the danger against Titania, and I decided to wait until they decided to act, allowing me to ambush them. The way they were dressed suggested that the mage would stay behind.

Then, my prediction turned to be true as the assassin-looking types suddenly stood up without

talking and walked toward the door. Watching the way they moved, I was glad that I didn't try to attack them, because the grace they displayed suggested that they had a significantly high stat spread. I was lucky that I didn't attack them. Not because I was afraid of failing to take them down, but I was sure that I couldn't take them down without making a huge commotion, especially if the mage had the opportunity to trigger the wards.

Luckily, the assassins have left using the main door, leaving the mage alone.

I used the shadows of the room to close into the mage, grabbing a dagger reverse. The mage stayed focused on the wards, until I was behind him. The closer I got, the more disgusted I was getting. Something was wrong with the mage, though I didn't know what.

Then, without a warning, I slammed the dagger to his temple, trying to deal a blow that would take him down without killing him.

Unfortunately, after slamming, the response I received was not the one I was looking for. He stumbled a bit, then a flare of magic started to gather. His Constitution was much stronger than I had been expecting, especially for a mage. I slammed the dagger again, this time hard enough to slam him against the wall, and he responded with a flood of arcana magic missiles, traveling toward me in a scary manner.

I erected a shield to block it as I dashed forward once more, still determined to take him down without killing.

[-195 Mana]

Despite the hurried manner he let out of his magic, the resulting spells were much stronger than I had been expecting. His physical stats were strong, but his magical stats were much stronger. Not to the point of eclipsing me, but the simple fact that they were comparable carried many dangerous implications.

So, I used my speed to the limit, arriving in front of him before he could finish casting his next spell, and slammed my dagger to his heart, stretching my magic to the limit as I did so. The blow itself was strong enough to kill. The impact of the blow slammed him against the wall, a spray of blood spilling from his wound, while a second one spilled out of his mouth, suggesting a deadly blow.

I jumped forward as I raised my weapon again, ready to lash out. "Don't make a move, and you might just live," I said. I put my hand on his body, flooding his body with biomancy energy, but not the healing kind. Instead, I was forcing his body to stop, preventing him from reacting,

barely conscious.

[-912 Mana]

He collapsed. Then, I used my mana to slip inside his soul space, curious about his exact strength.

Only to meet with the most disgusting sight I had ever witnessed.

Soul space was an abstract concept, therefore hard to explain in terms of physical terms, but the easiest way to describe my target was food. A soul space was supposed to be like a lean steak, whole, pristine, colored with occasional marbling of skills and achievement that nonetheless looked natural.

The soul space of my target could be best described as a poorly-mixed vegetable meatball. It was a cacophony of pieces coming from different sources, barely clamped together with ominously throbbing magical links, crawling as disgusting as an insect nest trying to finish a carcass before hyenas could take their turn.

There were three things that I noticed immediately. First, the soul space was clearly artificial, and created by a sick mind. Second, despite its disgusting and unstable nature, it was clearly strong. With a glance, I could identify many skills and stats, definitely over level thirty, maybe even over forty.

However, the third point was more important. The moment my target noticed my intrusion, he triggered a complicated seal in the center of his soul space, and the whole thing started collapsing.

“Fuck,” I murmured as I took a step back, creating another, even stronger shield around the target to contain the inevitable explosion. He turned into a fine mist of blood mixed with mana, expanding outward while my arcana shield wrapped around, the second layer of earth shield to support. It started cracking, and I started pushing a lot of mana to keep it contained.

[-1614 Mana]

[+2 Arcana]

The explosion finally stopped, and I collapsed, breathing hard. That was closer than I had been hoping. Unfortunately, I didn't have a lot of time to waste. I had no idea whether the assassins could feel the demise of their teammate, and if they did, whether it would change their

strategy. They might try to escape, or even worse, they might decide to take Titania down permanently rather than imprisoning her. And, I wasn't willing to let her test herself against two assassins of unknown strength when she already exhausted herself against two different monster hordes.

On the positive side, it wasn't exactly difficult to follow the assassins. I just needed to follow the disgusting metaphorical sensation spreading from their mutilated soul space.

After taking the magical gem and dispelling the spell that was driving the monsters to attack the city furiously, of course. Not that it would change a lot of things at this point, every little bit helped.

As I followed the trail of the assassins, my mind was on the newest mystery I faced. What I had just seen in the soul space of the mage before his death was another huge mystery, one that I suspected that would have been rewarded with achievement if I hadn't already depleted the power of my unique system without meaning to.

Still, even without a clue, it wasn't hard to guess that it was a momentous discovery. There was a group present that was rather capable in terms of manipulating soul spaces. They were not exactly smooth, but considering they were able to send three people for a mission, each strong enough to be a mover and shaker even in the important places like the Capital, or Silver Spires.

And if they were sending three of them to a mission, combined with their artificial nature, it implied that they might have many more people in matching capabilities. Combine that with their dubious alliance with the necromancers and their courage to openly target both the princess of a royal family and Silver Spires at the same time...

The implications were not nice...

I managed to find the assassins as they were skulking in a corner near the walls, watching Titania as she used her light spells against the last few monsters that remained. Apparently, the battle was about to come to an end. No doubt they had moved.

Under different circumstances, I would have let them take action, but I was afraid of them having collaborators that might attack Titania while I dealt with them. Instead, I decided to be decisive, and once again tapped the city wards, extending the defensive structure around them.

A minute later, one of the assassins was suddenly alerted, but it was too late. I used a burst of elemental mana to fill the magical moat I created around them with flames, dumping as much mana as I could manage, the plume climbing to the sky.

[-2612 Mana]

The cries rose around from the defenders, shocked by the sudden burst of magic. Titania turned toward me as well, so I sent her a magical message. "Don't worry about the flames. I'll visit you after you go to your room," I told her.

"Focus on the outer defenses, the flame is from the wards," she cried, following my suggestion despite her shock at my presence, and pulling the focus of the defenders to the walls once again. Meanwhile, I turned my attention back to the assassins, who were having trouble handling the sudden ambush as they tried to get out of the trap created by the wards.

Unfortunately, it was too late as they were burned by the wards. I used Tantric to slip into the soul space of one of them, only to find a disgusting mess. And once again, it triggered another self-destruct, showing their commitment to keeping their nature hidden.

Luckily, unlike the previous explosion, I didn't need to contain it completely. Just channeling it toward the sky to mix the inferno that was already going on had been enough...

With the assassins dealt in, I left Titania alone on the walls and returned to the safe house, hoping to find some clue from the wards they left around the house...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 4213 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Three

I stayed at the safe house for an hour, searching the place from top to bottom, but unfortunately, failed to find anything other than the cage itself and the unique nature of the wards. So, I dismantled them while taking notes about the way they came together, and destroyed the cage after taking some pieces as the sample. It was the only clue about their origin.

As a bonus, it finally completed my arcana skill.

[+3 Arcana]

Also, Helga would appreciate the gift of another magical project, especially it was based on a completely novel theoretical base.

Slipping the defensive guards Titania posted around the inn she had chosen as the temporary base for herself was completely trivial, making me shook my head at their incompetence. One of those days, I really needed to develop a solution to that, to defend the girls, if for nothing else.

When I arrived at Titania's room, I met with a pleasant surprise. She wasn't alone, but being tended by a healer for her wounds, her shirt removed for the ease of access. And to make things even more fun, the healer was extremely familiar as well.

"Hello, girls," I said as I slipped in from a window and established a ward behind myself.

"Caesar," Titania said stiffly while Marianne looked just shocked at my sudden presence. Then, she turned to Marianne. "You can go," she said as she reached for her shirt, trying to hide her blush while trying to make it look like my intrusion was normal.

I turned to Titania. "Don't worry, we're good friends with Marianne. Aren't we, sweetie?"

"Y-yes," Marianne stammered, shocked by the way I had been speaking to Titania, while Titania's face twisted with a sudden surge of jealousy, smart enough to realize the implications of my words, especially since I had previously taken Helga in front of her when she was still struggling with her emotional blocking. Now that she was free from it, she was struggling with the emotional aspects of it.

"Why are you here?" Titania said testily, her distaste clear as she struggled with the unfamiliar tinge of jealousy.

I walked closer, amused by her reaction. “To help you recover from the great exertion you displayed before you left for another battle, of course,” I said even as I leaned forward and captured her lips. Despite her frustration, she lacked the willpower to reject my lips, moaning as I slipped my tongue into her mouth, moaning as I let my mana fill her mouth.

[-381 Mana]

Lost in the kiss, she realized too late that I used her distraction to sit next to her and pull her on my lap. Only when our lips were separated, she realized the trick I had pulled, and looked at me with a cute frustration that would have left others in disbelief, that the famous librarian of Silver Spires could display an expression fit to a teenager.

Marianne was definitely one of those shocked ones, her blue eyes wide.

“So,” I said even as I hugged Titania’s naked waist. “What do you think about the sudden change of strategy?”

“Caesar,” she gasped as one of my hands slipped down. “What are you doing!”

“Hugging you, of course,” I said with a smirk as I turned my gaze to Marianne, who was watching us in shock, though a small smile was also worming itself on her face. She was too meek to feel jealous, especially after everything we had done together, giving me the chance

“Not in front of her,” Titania gasped.

“Well, you didn’t mind a lot when I was ...hugging... my other blonde friend in your room,” I said, reminding her of the time I took Helga together. “And we don’t have a lot of time to waste. Marianne, please continue healing her.”

“Of course,” Marianne said, managing to speak without a stammer, though that didn’t prevent her from blushing. She didn’t argue the slightest, which wasn’t surprising. She was the most submissive of my growing group of intimate friends by far, and the fact that she was in front of Titania, one of the scariest figures she had ever known —especially after watching her decimating two monster armies— made it much easier for her to accept it without the slightest complaint. She pressed her hands on Titania’s arm, flooding her body with the healing energies. Titania was mostly cured, with only a couple of bruises remaining, and even they were disappearing rather rapidly.

“So,” I whispered to Titania’s ear even as my hand slipped under her skirt, making her shuffle in discomfort, and with no little amount of arousal. “What’s your opinion about the sudden

increase in monster attacks.”

“Clearly planned, and if your sudden appearance is any indicator, they are targeting us directly. But I don’t know who. Maybe me, maybe you through me.”

“Not a bad assumption,” I said. Targeting Titania through me was the only viable strategy if they were after me. “However, even if that was the case, I’m a target of opportunity at best. After all, my presence is nothing more than a last-minute addition ruining their well-prepared plan. There’s still the question of what they want.”

“Any clues from the attackers?” Titania asked even as Marianne finished curing her.

“A few, but they raise more questions than they answered,” I said before turning to Marianne. “By the way, do you mind rubbing my shoulders, I’m feeling exhausted,” I said. Marianne said nothing, but she was quick to follow my request, her hands landing on my shoulders.

“Excellent,” I murmured even as I felt Marianne’s mana infusing my shoulders, forcing the tension off. Meanwhile, my hands climbed upward as Titania’s hips tilted upwards, accepting my intrusion in good humor.

My hand slid along her inner thigh, climbing upward, fingers massaging sensually. Without watching, my hand crept upward slowly, closer and closer to the hip crease until my little finger found her panties. At that point, I slid my hand up, trailing my little finger along the hem until I discovered her wetness, making her moan. Her own reaction made her blush, especially when she turned and saw a knowing smile on Marianne’s face. “About the attackers?” she reminded me in an effort to distract us from her reaction.

“That’s a bit complicated,” I said even as my hands continued their dance. “They are a complete unknown, and considering their strength, it’s really surprising. Three people over level twenty, with no clue about their identity,” I said. I undersold their strength a bit, not wanting to alarm them too much before I could discover the identity of the attackers. More importantly, I didn’t mention anything about the true nature of their power, keeping it silent until I could discover more. I trusted Titania, but I didn’t trust the headmistress.

“Who has the strength to deploy that kind of force,” Titania murmured.

“That’s the question, sweetheart,” I said. “It’s clearly a part of a much bigger organization. Not only they have clearly had the manpower to throw around, but also their coffers are quite full. Mana gems are not something to throw around the way they had been doing,” I said.

“Not to mention their ability to manipulate monsters,” Titania commented, though her tone was strained as my erection buried in her ass. And my fingers, dancing over her slit made it even more difficult to keep her voice down. “They are displaying a worrying power trend. It’s intimidating.”

“No doubt,” I said. “Does your boss have any idea about their identity?”

“She has some suspicions, but she’s yet to mention them to me. Apparently, their involvement is only incidental,” Titania said.

“I see,” I murmured. What Titania had mentioned seemed unimportant, but it suggested some stuff. First of all, it meant that our mysterious organization didn’t appear from nowhere. The headmistress was clearly aware of their presence enough to assume she was successfully predicting their objectives.

Well, considering they were targeting Titania, she clearly misread their objective, but that in itself was another clue. It was clear, I needed a detailed talk with the headmistress, to learn what she had in mind.

After I finish helping Titania and Marianne recover their mana, of course.

Titania continued to share her assumptions about the possible identity of the organization, and I listened, but I was more interested in the way my hands were exploring the surface of her panties, while her voice got strained. She blushed as I hiked her skirt around her hips, revealing her hips to my gaze.

She shivered as I dragged down her panties. “Marianne, do you mind helping me get rid of my shirt,” I said even as I removed Titania’s bra after letting her panties fall on the floor.

“We can’t,” Titania murmured gently, throwing a panicked glare to Marianne, acting even shyer. “Not with her in place.”

“You’re not thinking of the advantages,” I whispered even as I gestured Marianne to stop what she had been doing. Instead, I grabbed Titania’s legs and parted them, giving Marianne the perfect angle to show the abilities she had developed during the heated evenings she had spent playing with Cornelia.

“But-” Titania started, panicking as Marianne positioned between her legs, only to be interrupted as I caught her lips with another searing kiss, flooding her with another flash of mana.

[-284 Mana]

Even after I stopped kissing her, Titania failed to say anything, though it was more about Marianne's finger disappearing into her wetness while her tongue dashed out, caressing her clit. Titania let out a shocking moan.

Meanwhile, I allowed my hands to move, landing on her breasts, massaging them gently to push her arousal further.

"It feels..." Titania murmured, only to let herself fade halfway. Meanwhile, she missed one very important detail. One of Marianne's hands was busy with her entrance, but the other one was working aggressively to free my shaft from its confines. Then, after freeing my shaft and giving one long lick, she pulled back.

"You're overdressed," I said to Marianne even as I grabbed Titania's hips once more, and lifted her directly to my shaft. She gasped in shock as my shaft disappeared inside her.

Meanwhile, Marianne took a step back, shrugging off her clothes in a rapid manner. Since she was here for a mission, neither her clothes nor her underwear was particularly attractive, so she was quick to shed them. The same, however, didn't apply to the amazing curvy body that was hidden underneath, once again tempting me to take a bite to leave another mark.

Marianne smiled with pride as my eyes were inexorably drawn to her tits. "Anything you like?" she murmured as she took a step to dwindle the distance between us while she pressed her tits together. Meanwhile, I was moving Titania repeatedly, making her moan. Dumping a lot of mana in the process as well.

[-513 Mana]

"Definitely," I answered, kissing enthusiastically as she leaned forward to offer them to my hungry lips. I suckled her plump, juicy nipples between my lips, relishing every delicious second of it.

I continued to work Titania toward the climax, while I reached Marianne's poor, neglected pussy. I slipped a couple of fingers inside, and her walls clamped around aggressively, suggesting that she had missed my touch since our last adventure. "Someone is enthusiastic," I murmured.

"That's what happens when someone is neglected," Marianne murmured with a cute pout even as she continued to squirm around my fingers. Still, she was feeling adventurous enough to put

her hands on Titania's tits, her earlier fear disappearing quickly. The sight of her naked body, jumping up and down on my shaft, was hardly intimidating.

Meanwhile, Titania continued to clench around my shaft, doing her best to bring me to a climax. Luckily, I had more than enough willpower to delay my explosion. The same didn't apply to Titania, who was busy crying with ecstasy.

Things were warming up...

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Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Four

Impaling Titania until she climaxed while I prepared to caress the naked curves of Marianne was a spectacular feeling, but one particular fact made that moment much better.

It was just a short preview of the amazing break I had prepared.

While the sudden appearance of a dangerous mysterious organization who managed to create such formidable warriors and mages through an unknown method —not to mention a surprisingly strong reserve of knowledge considering their amazing spells— had forced me to adjust my time plan yet again, it actually forced me to stay here longer than I planned. I wanted Titania to be safe, and the best way to achieve that was to strengthen Marianne as much as possible.

Not that I was unhappy with the process, of course.

Based on my delicious experiments with Cornelia, I already knew that I could only help to push them to the edge of level twenty, which was my limit based on my level, which required a scary amount of mana from me. Luckily, before visiting Marianne, I had visited Aviada, which activated the third instance of my mana regeneration perk. After a quick romp with Marianne, I would have four instances of it active, which would cut down the required time considerably.

And with the mana I needed to spend on Marianne, the amount required to top up Titania was negligible. Though, just because her presence wasn't necessary didn't mean that I would kick her out. Tasting her brunette beauty was always a fun activity.

Unfortunately, despite her immense reputation, Titania was temporarily out of the game, collapsing against my chest listlessly after her spectacular climax. She might be an expert in facing hardship and resisting pain, but the same clearly didn't apply when it came to pleasure.

"Someone is a bit exhausted," I said with a chuckle even as I gently lay her on the bed, enjoying her murmur which was filled with shy acknowledgment. I turned to Marianne —after propping up Titania so that she would have a direct view of the show without straining herself— and said, "It seems that you need to take up the slack for a while. Do you think you can handle it?" I asked.

Despite her naked state, or the fact that she had been playing with Titania moments ago, Marianne was too shy to answer such a question. She just stood there, suddenly aware of her nakedness, blushing cutely. I couldn't help but chuckle, which helped her to gather her courage.

“I can,” she managed to whisper even as she blushed.

“Excellent,” I said even as I took a seat on the couch, making sure to pick the position that would provide Titania with the best view possible. Then, I curled my finger, calling Marianne closer.

The silent order worked much better than the question earlier. Her blush remained, but her body was invigorated as she walked closer, her plump hips dancing with each step like a barmaid trying to earn a fat tip from the adventurer with a full wallet.

Well, she definitely wanted a fat something.

Once she arrived at the front of the couch, she didn't try sitting. Instead, she fell on her knees without the slightest prompting, her blue eyes shining with enthusiasm as she looked at my cock, still glistening with Titania's juices. “I know, it's a bit dirty. Why don't you help me clean it?”

“As you wish,” she murmured, but despite what her words might imply, her tone lacked even the slightest hint of hesitation. For her, it might as well be a delicious meal after long fasting.

In her defense, it had been a while since I was able to pay her a proper visit, and even then, she had to share attention with Cornelia. She leaned down, her tongue darting out with enthusiasm as she gave a slow, lingering lick to the side of my shaft, while I enjoyed the way her huge tits negated the call of the gravity no matter the angle or the position.

I groaned in pleasure, though the sensation created by her tongue wasn't the only reason — though it was amazing. No, her enthusiasm to lower herself in front of me in a way a servant might feel degraded to follow without the slightest hesitation, instead of replacing with enjoyment, was the clear response.

Maybe it was the impressive power I had displayed, maybe it was the benefits I had offered, or maybe the impressive achievement of breaking Cornelia's pride without breaking her, an achievement Marianne was very aware of its difficulty. Regardless of the reason, however, I was more than ready to enjoy the fruits of my own achievement.

And what a naughty fruit it was. She enthusiastically licked every single bit of my shaft, moaning in appreciation as she did so like she was gobbling a gourmet meal. And as she did so, her fat tits pressed against my thighs, which was another delicious experience.

It was a beautiful sight, but after a while, I raised my head to check the condition of the other

beauty in the room, only to see her looking at the scene with a shocked expression. Her eyes widened even further when our eyes met, but then she flattened her expression, trying to act like she wasn't enthusiastically watching the show that was going in front of her.

I had to admit, her noble and uncaring expression was a thing of beauty. I might have even believed it, if it wasn't for her carelessly parted legs. Or more accurately, what her carelessly parted legs revealed. I sent her a mocking smile before letting my eyes drop down pointedly, enjoying the sight of her glistening arousal.

She said nothing, but by shamefully pulling the cover on herself and burying her face between her hands, she answered my question much better than anything she could actually say. I turned my attention back to Marianne, giving Titania space to calm down and get used to her new reality.

My appreciation for Marianne enhanced further when she pulled back to grab a nearby fruit, only to use her healing spells in a surprisingly flexible manner to convert the organic matter into massage oil, all while still staying on her knees. It wasn't a perfect transformation. Not only it happened very slowly, but it was also wasteful in terms of mana.

However, it was not something she could have done with her healing abilities.

"Someone is studying hard," I said in appreciation even as I put my hands on her naked shoulders, caressing gently. My words were not just precautionary words of congratulations. I was impressed because she had shown an improvement I hadn't been expecting in mimicking the wider abilities of Biomancy, all because I had coached her through a very different application of life energy. She wasn't very skillful in using such an ability, but that wasn't important.

The important part was she challenged her limits in a different way without my prompting. Such creativity was a pleasant surprise for me.

"It's just a little trick," she murmured shyly as she raised her hand, showing the massage oil she had created shyly.

"It might be a little trick, but you came up with it by pushing your limits. It's much more important than yet another ability given by your skills or taught by me," I corrected her thinking. Then, I smirked naughtily. "However, we can talk about your magical studies later. Now, why don't you show me what you have in mind with that pocket of oil? Should I lie down?"

"No need," she whispered shyly even as she raised her hands, but she surprised me by using the

oil she prepared on her breasts rather than applying it on my body. Though, when she put her hands on the sides of her breasts and hovered above my crotch, I understood what she was going for.

Understood and approved...

“An excellent show of initiative,” I said in appreciation as she wrapped her tits around my shaft. “You’re learning.”

She moaned at my words, either ignoring or accepting the hidden implications that positioned her as a servant. Admittedly, it was not a bad deal. Her family wasn’t especially eye-catching among the noble families, essentially serving other families. I didn’t doubt that I could take down every single combatant her family could field alone —without even receiving a wound if I could arrange the battlefield beforehand. For her, being my servant was a much better deal than taking control of her own family.

Especially since even if I failed to recover from my setback, I could easily level up to level twenty by bequeathing experience, and even help her level up further by the boring way by increasing her level limit and hunting together.

I neither knew nor cared whether she considered those details before submitting to me wholeheartedly, because I was far too interested in the way her tits stretched to cover my cock with the hot massage oil she had conjured, a moan of appreciation escaping my lips.

And apparently, her acceptance of her new role was also helping her to discover the truth about herself, because there was no sign of hesitancy in her movements as she leaned forward, drowning my shaft between her soft tits, moving up and down, her every move earning a soft gasp from me.

I didn’t stay idle as I received the massage. After throwing another glance at Titania —who was watching the proceedings with an enthusiasm she tried to keep hidden only to fail spectacularly — I turned my attention on the sexy blonde that was doing her best to suffocate my cock the best way possible, and let my hand fall on her shoulder.

She gasped beautifully, but didn’t disobey as my hand slid into her soft hair and pulled her lips closer to my shaft once more. She didn’t waste even a second before capturing my shaft between her lips obediently, her head bobbing back and forth as she tried to take me as deep as possible while keeping her tits on the base of my shaft, not depriving me of the gentle caress of her slippery, oil-covered breasts.

Still, just because her lips were restricted to a limited area didn't mean that Marianne couldn't deliver an amazing performance. Her tongue danced aggressively in her mouth, assisting her lips to a great degree. Her moans of enjoyment, making my shaft rumble beautifully, didn't hurt my pleasure as well.

After her earlier display, her submissive tendencies weren't surprising, though that didn't mean they weren't pleasurable. I was already a good distance into my climax after the short yet intense play with Titania. And with Marianne treating my shaft like a newfound treasure, I consumed the rest of the distance rather quickly.

I checked Titania once again, but this time, I did so through a fleeting glare without alerting her at my gaze, only to find her watching the show with a mesmerized expression. Her body was still covered with the blanket, but it wasn't enough to hide the suspicious movement underneath from my glare.

Even with the cover, it was obvious that her legs were parted, and the subtle movement of her shoulder left no doubt about what her fingers were currently busy with. Surprisingly, as I grabbed Marianne's hair and pushed my shaft deeper into her throat in the preparation of a climax, Titania's excitement intensified further than I had expected.

Delicious little detail, I noted before I turned my full attention to Marianne. I could have pulled Titania's covers magically, forcing her to face her own naughtiness, but why bother, when I could do so in a much more involved manner after she properly recovered from the previous time.

Marianne continued her task enthusiastically, uncaring of the little show that was going behind her. She gasped and gagged and heaved, but that didn't prevent her from swallowing the full length of my shaft.

"Excellent work, sweetie," I said even as I let my hand slip down to her oil-covered breasts, squeezing and grasping to my heart's content. It was an amazing sensation, one that I easily lost myself in for several minutes, while she continued to work on my shaft.

She let out occasional moans and whimpers, which were conveniently suppressed by my shaft lodged in her mouth. I continued to caress her body, reaching toward her stomach before climbing back and working on her shoulders, effectively covering her torso with massage oil even as I worked on her. As the time progressed, her moans were getting more and more enthusiastic.

However, the first climax came from an unexpected source. Titania, who was temporarily abandoned to give her time to recover, exploded in a sudden moan, surprising both of us. I even let Marianne pull back to look while I examined Titania, who was blushing furiously as she trembled with the aftershocks of her self-inflicted climax, doing her best to bury herself into the bed, clearly hoping to be invisible.

Marianne was about to say something, but I put my finger to her lips to silence her, not wanting to take the risk of her saying something that would tick Titania. I didn't want her to feel a grudge, which would be easy to resolve after my inevitable leaving. "Sorry honey. I was waiting for you to recover, and you clearly did. Give me a minute to reward Marianne for her amazing massage."

With that, I grabbed her head and pulled her once more, but this time, fucking her mouth furiously. Marianne's moans of appreciation showed that she was clearly enjoying the aggressive treatment.

I was already primed, and with the help of Titania's surprise show, it didn't take long for me to explode into Marianne's mouth, my seed accompanied by a spectacular gush of mana.

[-4258 Mana]

Her eyes widened as she did her best to swallow the deluge I created, surprisingly managing to swallow all of it without wasting any. Which was well, as every drop was drenched in mana, allowing her to take a huge leap toward her new level. I gave her a moment to catch her breath before speaking. "So, are you ready to attend our glorious head librarian, my dear little Marianne?"

Her enthusiastic smile was truly a beautiful sight...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 2315 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Five

“So, Titania,” I said lazily as I crossed my legs and caught Titania’s eyes, who was split between looking at the door like she wanted to escape the room despite her very noticeable nakedness and hiding under the covers, hoping that pulling the covers on her would somehow make her invisible. “You seem a little tense? Is there a reason for it?”

“T-the battle was difficult,” she managed to stammer, her shyness making her even cuter. In moments like that, it was hard to remember she was actually strong enough to eviscerate the whole town if given a reason. “Not the mention these mysterious hunters. It’s stressful.”

“Of course,” I nodded in understanding, but she shivered upon seeing my smile. Understandable, considering that my smile implied a lot of stuff, with every single one of them ending in with her collapsing into a quivering mess of sweat and ecstasy. “Actually, it’s my fault. I should have considered the impact of this horrible ordeal on you. You need to relax. Maybe I should let you rest.”

Her sudden panic suggested that despite her earlier panic, she was very much against me leaving this quickly. Luckily for her, I had no intention to do so even temporarily. I gestured to Marianne. “Marianne, sweetie, why don’t you help the most important pillar of our school to relax through a massage. She deserves a little pampering after the amazing achievement of defeating two monster hordes in a row perfectly.”

Marianne showed her cute obedience and nodded even as she jumped up to her feet—a move that had a spectacular impact on her curves, especially her delicious breasts. Her expression was calm, though it contrasted greatly with the shine behind her eyes. She was no less enthusiastic than me to properly help Titania get acclaimed with the real meaning of pleasure, it seemed.

Then, she pushed the envelope even more. The short walk between the couch and the bed extended into a short show that nonetheless felt like an eternity, every swing of her beautiful hips enough to inspire a poet for a lifetime. Every time her foot touched the floor, her body trembled lightly, starting from her legs until it reached her most attention-grabbing part, her oil-covered tits.

And if Titania’s shocked gaze was any indicator, I wasn’t the only one that was enjoying the sight. Though, unlike her, I didn’t have a growing panic as the said pair of tits got closer. “I-is this really necessary?” Titania stammered cutely, while Marianne took the last step and dwindled the distance between their naked bodies into nothing. “I can simply catch a short nap.

It would be enough to feel refreshed. I don't want to be a bother."

"Nonsense," I said, not waiting for Marianne to interject. Not that I needed to hurry, as she seemed to be perfectly happy as she perched on the edge of the bed, waiting for our talk to finish. "Marianne is a sweetheart, and she would enjoy helping you relax. Wouldn't you, sweetie?"

"It's a privilege," Marianne answered while she smiled demurely—at least, demurely on the surface, as she wasn't trying her hardest to hide her hungry smile. Though, her lack of effort was understandable. It didn't matter how perfect her expression was, when her hands were already betraying her true thoughts by grabbing Titania's blanket and pulling it off enthusiastically. Titania tried to hold her cover in place, but it slipped off her fingers.

"I don't..." Titania murmured, but when our eyes met, her complaint, which was already lacking in conviction, faded into nothingness. The cover fell to the floor, and Marianne grabbed another fruit to prepare more massage oil.

"Lie down, and let Marianne show her amazing skills on your tense shoulders. And believe me when I say she has great skills. I taught her myself."

That reminder broke through Marianne's confidence, making her blush as she no doubt remembered the initial parts of our relationship, filled with delicious tricks that were enjoyable in a whole different way. Meanwhile, Titania was too busy trying to minimize her exposure as she lay on her back. She even telekinetically pulled a towel to cover her ass as she lay on her face, but Marianne just chuckled as she threw the towel. "We won't need that," she said with surprising confidence, taking Titania's hesitation as a sign to exert her opportunity.

Luckily, she was smart enough to know her limits despite the extraordinary situation and didn't let her pretty mouth spill any statement that could be construed as a taunt. Titania might be shy enough to act like a chambermaid who found herself in the wrong bedroom, but that didn't change the fact that she had both the individual ability and the political position to make Marianne's life a living hell if she wished so.

Marianne pressed her oil-covered hands gently, only for Titania to gasp. "Wow, you really need this massage," Marianne commented offhandedly as she gave Titania's shoulders a squeeze and tested her tenseness.

I leaned back on my seat as I waited for my mana to recover, determined to enjoy the show. With Marianne's torso already glistening with a lot of oil and Titania's body slowly getting

drenched to catch up with her, it was a rather nice show, enough for me to enjoy until my mana recovered completely.

It started rather tame as Marianne gently rubbed Titania's shoulders in circles, though after a few repeats, she decided to cover her fingers a respectable amount of mana to help her. Healing wasn't my strongest forte, but it was easy to recognize the simple cantrip that healers used as a training tool, allowing them to manipulate the muscles. Seeing Marianne using that as a massage tool, my positive impressions got even stronger. She was really taking my half-hearted lesson about creativity to heart.

"How's this?" she asked as her hands slid down, enjoying the wild expanse of Titania's back freely as she worked to demolish the knots created by the siege they had suffered.

"Not ... bad..." Titania managed to murmur before she closed her lips hastily, almost quick enough to successfully confine the moan that escaped its confines.

Almost, but not quite.

It was a familiar moan, one that Titania let out whenever we started our little games. Only at the start, though, because as the time progressed, her moans would lose their hesitance, and become more honest. Still, the sight of her pressing her legs desperately to hide her wetness was a delicious sight.

"Happy to hear," Marianne murmured as she moved down, bypassing her ass to focus on her calves and thighs with the help of a generous slap of oil. Just like I expected, Titania's voice started to lose its shy quality as Marianne's fingers resolved the tenseness of her thighs. Instead, her voice was tainted with the familiar tone of arousal.

While I wasn't surprised by the ultimate result, I was surprised by the speed she was folding under Marianne's touch. Marianne was getting really skilled with her massage technique.

"How do you feel?" I asked after another cute moan escaped her mouth, barely thirty seconds after the first one. "Do you still think that the massage idea was a waste of time?"

"I feel - good!" she answered, her calm answer turning into a shocked cry as Marianne used the opportunity to caress her wet lips, using Titania's distraction to a maximum benefit. With that cry, her already-poor attempts to hide her arousal fallen apart, leaving only naked arousal behind.

Titania tried to keep her legs pinned, but that proved to be unnecessary as Marianne didn't

spend any more time on that sensitive area after her gentle caress, instead of climbing up to focus on the small of her back, drawing large, rhythmic circles.

As Marianne continued to deliver her teasing massage, Titania wasn't the only one that was getting frustrated under the insistent tickling of arousal. I was already sporting a full erection throbbing with enthusiasm as Titania moaned, and the sight of Marianne's naked body, wiggling and jiggling invitingly whenever she made a sharp move didn't hurt the sight any.

My eyebrows rose surprisingly when Marianne suddenly stood straight as she created another generous portion of oil, and this time, applied that on her body rather than drenching Titania's body. I was surprised, not that I was unhappy watching as Marianne covered her whole body with a fresh coat of oil, this time applying that on her thighs as well. However, I wondered what she had in mind.

Luckily, I hadn't needed to wait for long as Marianne climbed on the bed —and displaying her large ass spectacularly as she did so— and trapped Titania's body between the bed and her amazing tits. Titania gasped in shock, but Marianne didn't care as she moved up and down. It was a justified response. If Titania had any complaints about Marianne's touch, she should have complained when we started. Or at least, she should have said something while I was playing with Marianne.

Admittedly, after a brief gasp of shock, Titania's purrs of satisfaction mixed with Marianne, showing that she was too relaxed thanks to massage even deliver a fake complaint.

Those purrs were quick to transform into moans of pleasure under Marianne's repeated actions, her hips rocking reflexively under Marianne's attention, inviting a penetrating presence. Unfortunately for her, I found the show they were putting too spectacular to cut short. I decided to let Marianne play until my mana reserves were replenished.

Still, the desire to bury my face between her thick thighs was hard to suppress. Luckily, Marianne was distracted by Titania's intensifying moans to pay attention to me. I doubted that I could have maintained my determination to stay away if she turned her beautiful blue eyes on me, begging for my touch...

Titania said nothing, but the way her legs parted wider and wider as she abandoned her feeble attempts to ignore the sexuality of her experience. That addition made the desire to reject the call even harder.

Then, Marianne proved her enthusiasm as she suddenly pulled back, only to flip Titania. "W-

what-” Titania stammered, which was cut short as her face was buried in the amazing expanse of Marianne’s tits. A shocking yet interesting move. It didn’t last long, but even after Marianne moved, because her tits were replaced by her lips, silencing her with a searing kiss.

After a slight hesitation, Titania started kissing, adding enthusiastic moans to the mix, especially after Marianne’s hand slipped low and found the treasure between her legs. Her fingers disappeared through Titania’s entrance as their tongues fought against each other, creating an erotic sight.

Soon, Titania’s hands joined the fray, her fingers disappearing into Marianne’s generous bosom, much to Marianne’s appreciation. And Marianne wasn’t the only one happy about the sudden initiative Titania was showing. My heartbeat picked up speed as their dance turned into an oily wrestling match, spreading the glistening liquid even more.

“Amazing,” I whispered to myself, too soft to pull the girls out of their distraction. Understandable, considering Marianne had dedicated her full attention to make Titania squirm, and Titania was busy with moaning with an ever-increasing loudness. She accepted Marianne’s assault passively, enjoying the string of kisses Marianne had left on her body.

Then, I decided to check my status.

[Mana: 5421 / 6600]

With a sigh, I stood up. I had been enjoying watching the show, and I would have loved to watch them until Titania got used to her new reality and start retaliating, but unfortunately, I was being pushed by some external concerns. Still, since my mana hadn’t recovered completely, there was no harm in walking slowly, enjoying the show for a little while more.

As I closed in, Marianne’s hands were exploring Titania’s body aggressively. However, that was just a distraction to hide her general downward movement. Titania kept her eyes closed, moaning repetitively even as Marianne journeyed through her stomach, leaving a kiss for every step.

She only realized what was going on when Marianne’s breath fell on her wet core. Even then, she was far too gone to say anything but a simple word. “Please,” she whispered, her need for a release overwhelming her tone.

Marianne was far too excited to ignore Titania’s heartfelt request and pushed her head between her thighs, her tongue already out to caress her puffed lips. Titania moaned loudly, while Marianne’s tongue delved into her core. And just to make things better, her oil-covered

bottom rose up invitingly, almost intentional, though I could see that Marianne was far too distracted by Titania's delicious taste to remember my presence.

Luckily for her, I was more than ready to remind her of my presence...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 5583 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Six

I had been considering whether Marianne had actually forgotten my presence as I closed in the distance. I received the answer when I spanked her ass, only for her to flinch in surprise. Apparently, Titania's pussy was enchanting enough to make her forget my presence.

That earned a small punishment for her.

"Don't stop," I said even as I climbed on the bed, and pushed my fingers through her gloriously golden hair, keeping her pinned up to her task. Since it wasn't exactly a chore for Marianne, she continued her task with the same enthusiasm after a small break.

Titania looked at me, her expression reminding me of a cute bunny caught in a trap. I couldn't help but chuckle at her shocked expression. "Is there anything you want to say?" I said.

"No, nothing," she answered rapidly before avoiding my gaze even as she crossed her arms over her chest, trying to make the situation less revealing. Well, technically she succeeded, but in the same vein, chipping a couple of cubes from a huge iceberg would make it smaller.

Still, Titania was lucky that I needed to deal with Marianne first. Not only her oiled ass was still pointing upward, waiting for my attention, but also I needed to help her level up more. "So lovely," I murmured in appreciation as I used my empty hand to caress her ass while the other stayed firmly between her blonde locks, enjoying the sensation as her soft flesh swallowed my touch. "So big and soft, yet so shapely. You're a treasure, honey," I murmured in appreciation.

She had an amazing ass, almost rivaling her beautiful tits.

Marianne murmured an answer, though considering I was pushing her head against Titania's crotch, only an indecipherable murmur reached my ears. Still, the sight of her nether lips getting wetter gave me all the answers I needed. Apparently, receiving open compliments was able to trigger a deeper level of arousal even with everything that was going on. I noted that as a happy discovery before starting to act aggressively.

Still, I savored the softness of her ass for a while before moved to the next step. When I aligned my shaft against her wet entrance, she gasped softly, but that was nothing compared to one that she let out when I suddenly shifted my target and pressed against her puckered hole.

"Yes," she moaned in appreciation, this time barely audible even with the sexy barrier that silenced her, showing the effects of our extended anal relationship. Her ass quivered in

anticipation, showing just how much she had missed my thick girth in her ass.

I just chuckled, not bothering to comment. After all the times we had been together, her anal fascination was barely a surprise. I prepared myself to cast a spell to clean her entrance, but to my pleasant surprise, Marianne was faster, flaring her magic to cast a healing spell, both lubricating and cleaning at the same time.

She was getting very proficient in conjuring sex-related organic material, I noted with amusement.

“Excellent initiative,” I said as I leaned in, slipping the head of my shaft into her puckered hole, earning a sharp gasp in response. I didn’t push forward immediately, letting her get used to my presence, but I didn’t exactly waste my time. I used the opportunity to transfer some mana into her, using some to bequeath her some experience, and the rest to reinforce her soul space, therefore increasing her level cap.

[-1639 Mana]

Despite her loud moan, she continued to lick Titania’s sopping entrance. Titania bit her lips, her eyes closed, her arms crossed over her chest, desperate to keep her moans inside, like doing so would have convinced me that she was just an accidental party to our threesome and not enjoying it even more than I was. Not surprising, considering I was still pushing Marianne’s face against her entrance to make her provide an amazing oral service.

Since one of my hands was empty, I decided to reward Marianne with that. I first caressed her ass gently, surprising her with the sudden intimacy, then shifting into a sharp spank that exploded on her ass, making it jiggle attractively. The muffled cry she let out was a thing of beauty.

Then, her kiss quickened further as one of my hands slid down over her ass and arrived at the treasure between her legs, caressing softly. I could have teased her, but considering the impressive effort she was displaying despite the intimidating presence of Titania—well, at least in the beginning, as the shortish brunette under Marianne, moaning helplessly under the assault of her tongue wasn’t exactly the most authoritative presence possible.

I pushed my fingers deep into her entrance aggressively, drenching them with her wetness even as I slowly pushed my hips forward, forcing her tight hole to widen slowly. As a side effect, her assault on Titania’s crotch intensified even further, making her let out a delicious string of moans.

Even as my fingers quickened, I didn't neglect to push my hips forward steadily, making her ass swallow an ever-increasing portion of my shaft, with rather great results. And Marianne channeled that passion to her tongue, until Titania suddenly let out a loud moan, once again trembling in a familiar manner, signaling yet another orgasm.

"She's still getting used to it," I said as I loosened my grip on Marianne's head, finally allowing her to stop licking Titania's wetness. Still, Marianne only pulled after another minute, clearly enjoying the way Titania was gushing.

"It's obvious," Marianne said after she pulled back, smirking at the trembling figure of Titania, no doubt replacing the supposed impenetrable pillar in her mind with a horny yet hesitant cutie with an extra-sensitive body. "I guess-" she tried to continue, but I interrupted her with a sudden push, making her moan. Partially because I didn't want her to say something to anger Titania, but mostly because I wanted her to focus on solely me.

The warm-up was over, and the real thing about to begin.

I could have pulled her to the couch to let Titania recover while I dealt with Marianne. It would have been a nice thing to do. Instead, I pushed her on top of Titania, their tits pressing against each other, creating an uneven yet spectacular view. Marianne sent me a smug look, proud of her curves, but that didn't last long, immediately replaced by a pained gasp as I pushed deeper inside.

"Damn, girl. You're tight," I gasped as I watched her plump ass hide my considerable length with nothing more than an occasional gasp, proving her amazing ability. Things got even better as she threw her head back and let out a delicious cry before she pushed her hips, quickening her delicious magic trick.

I couldn't help but watch transfixed as she slowly devoured my length, an involuntary gasp escaping the confines of my mouth as I watched the wondrous sight. Her back arched as she managed to swallow my whole length, putting all pressure on Titania. Luckily, Titania might be on the shorter side, but her supernatural strength meant the weight on top of her was nothing more than a horny blanket.

I pushed forth aggressively, enjoying Marianne's uncontrollable shivers while Titania slowly realized what was going on on top of her, her eyes widening in shock as I broke yet another milestone for her with Marianne's assistance.

She was jaw-droppingly marvelous, a state that was only enhanced as her hips started gyrating

as I moved back and forth, like she was delivering a dance show. It was a good show, but it could get better.

I caught Titania's eyes, which were busy radiating a shocked expression. "She's a bit loud. Why don't you silence her?" I asked, only to receive a stupefied look. I sighed. Normally, Titania was one of the smartest people I had ever met, but after three orgasms back to back, especially without her emotional dampener, it was getting difficult for her to process innuendo quickly.

Or maybe, she was just feeling hesitant to take initiative.

Regardless of the reason, I had no problems explaining myself further. "With your lips, sweetheart," I said. A brand new blush covered her body as she processed my order, but the final result was never in doubt. She just leaned forward and captured Marianne's lips, initiating a hesitant kiss.

That sight only made me pump more aggressively, enjoying Marianne's tightness. Meanwhile, each slam made her body shake, making her tits dangle beautifully. I used the opportunity to flood her body with more mana, even as I grabbed her hips tightly, stabilizing her before I intensified my assault even further.

[-2391 Mana]

She just moaned repeatedly —which were successfully muffled thanks to Titania's shy kiss— uncaring of the liberties my hands were taking. Though, admittedly, compared to everything else, what my hands were up to didn't really register on the scale of naughtiness. Even when my fingers slipped into her wetness, pumping furiously once more, her moans only intensified marginally.

Still, the sight of her sharing a kiss with Titania while their tits pressed together was an amazing sight...

Just like that, several minutes passed as we fell into a beautiful monotony, with me pumping her with a hypnotic rhythm while their tongues battled with a slowly increasing intensity. Marianne's back arched occasionally as the pleasure flooded her body, while I continued to stay behind her, happy with my entrenched position.

Titania's face carried the occasional hints of confusion, like she was trying to understand how things had devolved into a pit of depravity, but never longer than a fleeting moment. A caress of Marianne's tongue or a slip of my fingers were always more than enough to pull her out of such pointless pondering, and after each distraction, the distraction between her ponderings

extended further.

What we shared was pure, unadulterated fucking...

“For all that’s holy, fuck me harder!” Marianne cried the moment Titania left them unattended, her earlier controlling attitude long shattered under the pleasure brought by my aggressive impaling.

“As you wish, sweetie,” I said as I spanked her ass, and increased my speed even further, reacting to a pace that would have triggered a heart attack in a lesser man. She grunted as she suffered under my renewed assault —for a very special value of suffering— before I pulled out and ordered. “On your back, bitch, I want to see your slutty face as I cum.”

The sudden change in the nicknames didn’t stop her even for a second as she rolled, laying next to Titania, who was too shocked to adapt to the sudden change, her lips slapping each other like she was still searching for the delicious presence of Marianne’s lips.

Marianne parted her legs, creating an amazing sight as she did so. I slipped into her gaping hole while I pulled her hips toward me, the new angle allowing me to stretch her asshole even further. Her back arched, her amazing tits pointing toward the ceiling, vigorous enough to resist the call of gravity even from her current position. Instead, they swayed like ocean waves with every slam.

I couldn’t help but grunt in appreciation as I felt her legs wrapping around my waist, wordlessly asking me to fill her. I was a hero, meaning I could never reject the kind request of a damsel. With a loud grunt, I exploded, filling her bowels with both my seed and my mana.

[-4825 Mana]

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 4. Duration, 8 hours]

I only pulled out after making sure I had dumped every last drop into her. Meanwhile, I could feel my mana reserves refreshing even faster with the assistance of my refreshed perk, the courtesy of my curvy blonde beauty.

With that additional bonus, I decided to skip rest. Instead, I pulled out, cast a convenient spell to clean my shaft and get rid of my sweat at the same time before sliding half a step on the side, essentially recreating the earlier position with two major differences. First, the beauty under me was thin and brunette instead of blonde and curvy. Second, I was pressing against her wet core rather than her backdoor.

“I hope you’re ready for the second round,” I said with a charming smile before sliding into her, enjoying the way her earth-shattering moan slammed to my ear, just like I slammed into her...

Seconds turned into minutes, which gathered a crowd big enough to create hours as I helped Marianne to level up and Titania to recover...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 1394 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Seven

Almost six hours after I had walked into the room, I had long collapsed on the bed next to Marianne's sleeping figure —as Titania had left a couple of hours ago to measure the defensive efforts— trying to push back temptation to sleep next to her, exhausted by the constant exertion, though not the physical side. It was not to say that the physical side of it was not exhausting, but my stats were more than enough to compensate for the particulars.

However, the mental challenge constantly enhancing Marianne's soul space and converting my mana into experience again and again for six hours. And the strain from constantly depleting and refreshing my mana reserves was not inconsiderable.

Pity that with everything going on, I didn't have the time to enjoy some after-sex cuddling.

I had a feeling that, if I dared to do something like that with a lower endurance, I wouldn't have walked out alive. Still, what a way to go.

After throwing one last glance at Marianne, deliciously naked except copious amount of cum covering her tits as well seeping out of her every orifice, still wearing a silly smile even as she slept, I pulled the covers on her and left the room.

Since I had already discussed a strategy with Titania —basically advising her to act like she over-exhausted her mana while staying in a warded location to prevent ambushes— I didn't waste much time in the town. I just walked around once to check the unique chaotic resonance the mysterious organization was using to create artificial monster hordes. Luckily, there didn't seem to be any, suggesting that, at least for the short term, they had reached the end of their little bag of tricks. Then, I conjured another trusty fake elemental steed, and left the town through the same tunnel I had created earlier.

[-1163 Mana]

As I traveled back to Silver Spires, enjoying the wind on my face while I considered the next steps.

The discovery of an organization of mysterious assassins just hours ago put a rather unwelcome twist to the challenge I was facing. First of all, it suggested that I was not the only one with the ability to manipulate the leveling system, but remembering the disgusting sight of their soul spaces, it was clear that they had a wildly different technique than mine. Whether it was the limit of their abilities, or I was facing just the tip of the iceberg, I didn't know.

But I had a feeling that I would learn.

However, their inclusion meant I needed to develop a better strategy to protect myself than just handling whatever they were throwing at me.

The simplest thing to do that would be to talk to the headmistress about the plot, including the existence of the mysterious organization to see whether she would prepare any insights about them. Considering that she was a crone that had been alive for centuries, her knowledge did seem likely. They were targeting Titania, who was one of her loyal supporters until I sunk my hooks into her —well, I did sink something into her, repeatedly, which was decidedly more effective than hooks— which meant there shouldn't be an alliance between the mysterious organization and the headmistress. As a bonus, openly talking with her would increase the defensive effectiveness of the school quite a bit.

Unfortunately, there was one very small problem with that plan. I didn't trust her.

Admittedly, I wasn't the most trusting person. Not that I had the luxury to extend my trust easily considering the challenges I had been facing, the potential worth of my unique system, not to mention the potential shady activities every single organization, official and illegal alike, might do to take someone that could actually manipulate the leveling system.

My distrust toward the headmistress was on another level.

First of all, for someone that managed the most important educational facility of the Empire, she was shockingly unknown, more of a scary ghost that perched on top of Silver Spires rather than an actual educator. And meeting with her directly didn't help any. Her mysterious ability to limit the effectiveness of the system was very scary, and the way she dressed didn't make her any more trustworthy.

Pity that I still had to collaborate with her to some degree.

I started to consider it a dangerous idea. "I need more data," I murmured even as I turned my gaze toward the spires of the school, shining silver from a distance. I needed to know more about her before I could make a decision. What she really looked like? How did she act when alone? What was her objective? Why was she hiding in Silver Spires without taking any action for centuries?

Something resembling a smile crossed my lips as I considered the best way to do so. It had been a while since I sneaked around when being caught meant mortal danger. It was hard to feel the same exhilaration lately, because the worst thing that would happen was to waste a bit more

time to get what I wanted more directly.

Sneaking into the personal tower of the headmistress was the opposite. Sneaking in through those expertly crafted magical defenses was hard enough, and the fact she lived in a self-enforced solitude meant that there was no convenient servant I could disguise myself to create an easy way to sneak in.

More importantly, getting caught had scary consequences, and just to make things better, I had no idea what those consequences would be. I didn't know how strong she was —though considering she had to use Titania as a regent, I had to hope that there were some limits to it. However, even if that assumption was correct, she clearly had a range of mysterious abilities, as implied by her ability to empower Titania and hamper my connection with the system just by walking in her room.

When I arrived at the school, I met with a total cacophony, squads of students leaving the school, led by the faculty members, while the others returned with obvious signs of battle damage, their highly varying numbers and haunted expressions implying casualties.

The strategy to weaken the school through the monster hordes was clearly ramping up.

However, I didn't choose to leave Silver Spires to hunt the hordes, because the number of students and faculty members that were preparing to leave the school was suspicious, as if almost someone was trying to leave the school defenseless. Considering the number of mana gems in the possession of the necromancers had to have a limit, it made sense from their perspective to launch all of them together to deplete the reserves before launching a final assault. Not to mention it was questionable whatever process they had to employ to trigger monster hordes had no other cost.

Of course, I might be completely wrong and they might be just using that to badger all those squads under endless monster hordes before easily marching against the school, but I doubted that. If they had that capability, why would they bother to actually gather a huge undead army?

The commencement of the attack would have given me an excellent opportunity to sneak into the headmistress' room. Unfortunately, I actually had to talk to her before the attack commenced. The involvement of an organization that could send three people over level thirty to a mission together wasn't an entity I wanted to ignore, even at the cost of violating the headmistress privacy despite potential violent consequences. Hopefully, she would be out, discussing some war matters with the rest of the faculty.

For my disguise, I chose a boring gray cloak with a hood, just enough to hide my identity without giving a clue about my affiliations. I doubted that it would be too effective if I got caught, but it at least soothed me mentally.

My real method to keep myself concealed was a complicated arcana array around myself, blocking any hint of presence. It wasn't a mana-intensive spell, but the same way juggling a dozen knives was not a strength-intensive task. It was a complicated mana structure that needed to be maintained and shuffled at all times to catch any scrap mana I radiated. It was only possible through my finally completed Master Arcana skill, and even then, barely.

[-45 Mana]

I could feel sweat dripping down my face as I stood at the entrance of her tunnel, shuffling my own personal ward to prevent any kind of mana or life energy from radiating out as I tangled with the defensive wards of the entrance. It took me twenty minutes even to bypass the outer wards, and another ten minutes to take the first step on the imposing stairs. I climbed them slowly as I constantly used little slivers of mana to assess the ward structure, taking the most challenging walk of my life.

Then, I arrived at her office, only to hear people talking from the other side. Apparently, she was actually having a meeting, quite an important one considering no one had walked in or out while I studied the wards.

Luckily, her office wasn't the only place I could enter using the stairs. One floor up, I could see another door, probably to her living quarters. I took a deep breath as I carefully climbed upward, afraid of what to find in her personal quarters.

When I opened the door, however, I met with a sight even more shocking than I had expected. Not because it was the scariest thing I had ever seen, but because it might have been the poorest personal quarter.

The room itself was quite large, however, other than a weird crystal in the middle of the room, and a huge shelf filled with books, I could easily convince myself that I walked into the servants' quarter. The bed was small and uncomfortable looking, there was a long pole with five hangers, one empty, the other four with dark colored misshapen cloaks, just like the one that she had been wearing during our meeting. Though, despite their misshapen nature, their inner lining was covered with an impressive number of runes, some familiar, some utterly foreign, suggesting they were not simple utilitarian garments.

There was no bed, but just a cot was thrown in. Other than that, there was a small desk in front of the shelf along with a chair, both looking supremely uncomfortable. On a corner, there was a small pitcher of water and a washbasin. The floor was bare stone, absent of any kind of carpeting.

Even my room when I was the mule was supremely better than this horrible prison place.

My attention turned into the crystal in the middle. Essentially, it was a platform, about a foot in height and four heights in diameter. It looked like a solid diamond, which was a ridiculous contrast to the poorness of the rest of the room.

The crystal was perfectly circular, and its surface, other than an impressive number of rune carvings that I no idea what it meant. However, they were written in the same script I had found in the book I had acquired from Titania's library when I started scouting her. Ultimately, the crystal was the main suspect for limiting my contact with the System.

Pity that I had forgotten to check about Helga's progress on that, or even bother to question Titania about it.

The shelf was equally impressive. Like everything else in the room, it was crafted horribly, but the number of leather-covered books, actively radiating mana stronger than most magic items, which I didn't think was possible. However, since their names on their spines were written on the same confusing script, I decided to examine the crystal first.

I walked closer, and touched it with my mana ... and suddenly, my mana calmed. The difference was like a calm lake and a typhoon. I had no doubt that, if I cast a spell-like this, the effects would be much more precise than I ever thought possible.

My mind flew through the possibilities, sharper than I ever thought possible. With every passing second, I was reaching a new understanding of magic regardless of the topic. My perception of the different topics started to merge...

It was a beautiful moment of enlightenment, so much that I felt very annoyed when the annoying click of the door distracted me from my musings.

Then, I remembered where I actually was! "Fuck," I murmured as I did the only thing I could do. I dashed toward the only thing I could hide behind, the bookshelf, even as I cast a weird spell that perfectly merged the concepts of air element and arcana simultaneously, creating an illusion to hide me from the sight. It granted me near-perfect invisibility as long as I didn't move.

Ironically, casting such an intricate spell was only possible due to the extreme calmness of my mana, given to me by the same item that caused me to be caught in my current circumstances. I watched with no little amount of trepidation as the hunched figure of the headmistress walked toward the middle of the room, my heart beating like crazy.

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Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Eight

I had to admit, as I watched the headmistress walking toward the middle of the room after closing the door, I was afraid for the first time for a long while, though fear wasn't alone for long. Because, as the headmistress walked toward the hangers that held her spare cloaks, her back turned against me to display her horrifying hunch, I realized that in a few seconds, I would meet with the horribly-misshapen old crone that was hiding under the cloak, too horrible to be shown even her closest supporters.

I bit my lips to suppress the inevitable gasp of horror that would escape my lips as her arms moved toward the front of her body and started to unbutton her robe, glad that I was looking at her back, therefore freed from the disgusting sight of her body...

Then, with one rapid move, she freed her body from her robe and I witnessed her naked body. Shock invaded my body, like an absentminded part of my mind was glad that I was biting my lips to prevent a shocked gasp. Partially because of an unbelievable aura spreading out of her, thick enough to be suffocating, but mostly because of the visuals that resulted from the removal of her robe.

The sight that I met was as unbelievable as I expected, not just the direction I had expected. I was expecting nothing more than a horribly misshapen old crone, but instead, my eyes met with perfection itself.

The only thing that conformed with my expectation was the silver hair, and even then, it wasn't the murky light gray hair of an old person that was called silver just to soften the blow, but the actual color of the freshly-polished silver, together with the shine.

Her hair was the least impressive part of her. I just focused there, because it gave me a chance to adapt to changes. Then, I moved onto the other important details, her body, and ignoring the most striking part for the moment.

Her body was literally perfect. Her skin was utterly flawless. I knew that, because under her robe, she wore absolutely nothing, providing me an extended chance to examine her flawless body. She stood in perfect posture, which gave me the perfect angle to examine the perfection that was her ass. It was shaped perfectly, firm and tight, yet suggesting an amazing softness if I could be lucky enough to touch. Meanwhile, her inner thighs begged to be nibbled endlessly...

She turned and walked toward the crystal in the middle of the room, unknowingly bequeathing me with the privilege of seeing her beauty from the front. Her smooth, perfectly toned stomach

beautiful, and her collarbones and her elegant neck were flawless enough to make an army of poets commit suicide due to their inability to describe her perfection through words. And that was before arriving at her face, as flawless as the dawn of a cloudless day peeking over the most beautiful mountain range.

She was beautiful, but it was not a beauty that belonged to this plane of existence, disguised in an unnatural calm. The absolute stillness of her face, lacking even a hint of emotion, was a part of that perfection, yet it somehow made her less attractive at the same time.

Then, there were her breasts. Two globes of perfection begged to be licked again and again to break her smooth expression, to force the imperfection of arousal into her flawless face that looked like that was carved out of marble.

Of course, her unnatural beauty wasn't the most shocking thing about her. No, that honor went to a pair of silver wings on her back, matching the color of her hair, only even shinier. Even when gathered on her back, they looked holy, worthy of reverence.

She was a freaking angel!

It was certainly a surprise, because the general consensus had been that angels were just a mythological story, with no evidence of their existence. They were supposed to be the servants of the gods, carrying their wills and orders, but just like the existence of the gods, they were supposed to be completely fictional.

And, I watched excitedly as she took a step toward the washbasin, making my excitement peak even higher. From my hidden angle, I had a perfect view of her back, flawless with a pair of silver wings pointing out, stretching after a day being stuffed under her cloak, faking to be a hunch. I was guessing that it was an uncomfortable feeling.

I should be considering the best way to escape my circumstances, because I could feel the supernatural control of my mana was slowly fading back. Not quickly enough to make it a problem for the next few minutes, or maybe even the next hour, but just enough to tell me that whatever advantage that crystal bestowed was only temporary. However, I felt it was impossible to pay attention to the amazing sight of a naked angel, about to have a bath in front of me.

I watched as she filled the basin completely before casting a very intense light magic on the water, suggesting that it was more of a ritual than a casual bath. A set of previously invisible runes suddenly radiating on the washbasin suggested that it was a regular occurrence.

The risk of getting caught was considerable, and the consequences were hard to imagine. It wasn't impossible for her to try to take me down to hide her secret, which she had gone a long way to keeping hidden. Still, a part of me missed that. After all, ironically enough, hiding in a corner and watching as a woman that was much stronger than me, with a mistake enough to bring all crashing down.

Unsurprisingly, a certain part of my anatomy joined the game with great enthusiasm as I watched her finish infusing the water with her light magic before grabbing a tankard and used it to wash her body, her hand dancing on her body, and the water pooled around her feet before evaporating with a flash of magic. For a moment, I focused on the magical implications, because while the water was visually clean, from a mana perspective, it was dirtied with darkness and shadows.

It didn't take long to realize it was the aura of darkness that filled her room and surrounded the tower. It was clearly having dangerous side effects on her if it managed to infuse her body to such a degree. Which brought up the most important question again. Who the hell she was hiding from?

However, as she turned a bit and her breasts came into view again —large, firm, and tipped with rosy red nipples, this time being caressed by her soft hands as they were covered with a thin layer of shimmering water— my attention was fully commanded by them, and the question momentarily faded into the background. A fireball could have exploded in front of me and I would have paid it scant attention as I enjoyed the sight of their perfection. She was truly an angel, pure and perfect.

And very arousing.

Her hands continued to sweep over her breasts, lathering them with more and more magically infused water. With her every repeat, the trace amounts of darkness that infused into her body pulled away, enhancing her beauty even further. It was extremely erotic.

I wondered if she would caress her breasts with that tenderly if she knew she was being watched? When her hands moved south, caressing her stomach tenderly, it looked even more beautiful. Unfortunately, rather than playing with herself, she focused on cleaning herself tenderly yet calmly.

As a benefit, as she continued to caress her stomach, she turned toward me even more, displaying her beautiful breasts in full view. She leaned forward, creating an amazing cleavage while proving that her wings weren't the only way she was defying gravity.

Then, things got even better as she focused on her legs. At first, I felt a bit disappointed that her movement made her turn her back toward me, as while her ass looked amazing, her full-frontal beauty was even more overwhelming. Then, she leaned forward, forcing me to adjust that view. Because as she bent forward, she displayed her ass in the best manner possible, making my shaft harden even more.

Unfortunately, I was too afraid of actually pulling my shaft out to get a handle of my arousal, and suffered the tightness in my pants instead.

Instead, I watched silently as she used her magic to slowly dry herself, bending forward for a few times more as she did so, enjoying the tenseness of her lovely legs, as well as the little, peek into her smooth core. My shaft got harder and harder as I watched, almost reaching to a torturous hardness, especially with a part of my instincts begging me to stain that purity.

Then, she started walking, this time toward the crystal. When she headmistress stepped onto the crystal and a white bright light covered her body, making it look like she was behind a sheet of rainy glass, obscuring the view —yet somehow making her even sexier in the process, her eyes closed. Then, she sat, her eyes closed, and her wings opened.

I finally had the opportunity to move, but instead, I continued to observe her. The aura that covered her body was too familiar. It gave the same tranquil sensation Titania's little knot of light had been providing, just a thousand times stronger. If it wasn't for the layers of wards around her office, it couldn't have been felt from miles away by even the weakest mage.

Even more interestingly, it wasn't the crystal that was radiating the aura, but the headmistress. Instead, just like how it impacted my mana by calming it down, as the time passed, it was suppressing the domineering aura inside her. Whatever was the source of the aura, the headmistress was clearly having trouble containing it.

Then, before I could even consider the implications of such a thing, I had an unexpected help identifying the source of the aura.

[Divine Spark Identified! Please absorb it to continue to support the operations of the System]

The identification of the source of the headmistress certainly added another complexion to the already-complicated situation..

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Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Nine

As I watched the enticing angelic figure of the headmistress wrestling with an ever-growing pure aura of light as if she was trying to prevent herself from burning up. As the light aura grew stronger and stronger, I was able to detect the pull of an unfamiliar radiance that I actually sensed through my soul. It didn't take a genius to realize it was the call of the Divine Spark, something I was finally able to detect without the assistance of the system as the intensity of the power increased.

A potential power source was here, and the headmistress was clearly at her weakest, giving me the perfect opportunity to make a move.

Unfortunately, I was quick to abandon that tactic, even as a possibility, because as I absorbed a sliver of aura, it burned inside my soul space ceaselessly like it met with an enemy, forcing me to push it out, creating a mana flare as a result. Luckily, her out-of-control aura was enough to drown the small flare of mana that exploded.

The effect of the divine spark, even a sliver of it, was much more violent than I had expected, enough for me to abandon any hasty attempt trying to absorb that. I needed to get a better understanding of the nature of the Divine Spark as well as how to contain that.

However, that was a task for a later time. The brightness around the headmistress got stronger and stronger, to a point that I could barely see a silhouette of her.

It was the best opportunity to leave the room, and since she was clearly had other priorities, it also meant a small opportunity to visit her office. With the additional control given by the weird crystal—even though its effects already started to fade noticeably—I was able to break through the defenses of the office quickly. One interesting thing was that the moment I stepped out of the confines of her room, I lost my ability to detect the aura of light she was spreading despite the intensity.

The magical isolation in her room was impressive if it could keep that explosive aura completely contained. With that isolated, it was going to be an easy job...

... at least, that was what I had been hoping for, but the fates decided to give a different gift to me. The moment I cracked open the door, I came face to face with another hooded figure with absolutely no visible location. Her clothes and the cloak covered her body perfectly, not revealing even a hair. Despite that, however, it was very clear that she was a female.

A skin-tight leather suit was not particularly efficient in terms of hiding the delicious curves of the body.

The more important detail was her reaction. Even if the way she dressed hadn't been enough to reveal that she didn't have any more right to actually be in this place rather, her panic at seeing me revealed that she didn't have any more right to be here than I did.

Unfortunately, she moved even quicker than I could react—at least, not without summoning enough mana to risk being caught in the first place. So, I watched as the thief threw herself back, breaking through the window, triggering every single ward in the office in her hurry.

“Fuck my luck,” I murmured as I used the stairs to dash out before the headmistress could react. I had no idea how long it would take to suppress the Divine Spark and join the chase, but I certainly didn't want to get caught. Still, I didn't want to get away empty-handed, so before leaving, I arrived at the bookshelf, used my cloak as a bag to shove everything on the desk before treating the books on the shelf the same.

Then, I dashed away, undecided about whether I should be happy or sad about the sudden intrusion. While the surprise thievery prevented me from examining the office carefully, it also gave me a convenient scapegoat to steal everything from her desk. While the thief was being chased by the guards after her very noticeable escape through the window, I dashed to my room and put the cloak in a corner—warded it carefully to prevent detection in case the headmistress decided to rely on magical investigation methods—before leaving the room to join the hunt for the thief.

Whether to thank her for making my life easier or ruining my plan, I would only know after examining my accidental loot.

The moment I stepped outside, I was met with total chaos, with people running around like a headless chicken. Apparently, the extensive defensive preparations they deployed against a possible invading army weren't enough to catch a thief. I wondered whether it was because of the monster hordes forcing the school to deploy the elites out, or the effectiveness of the spies inside the school sabotaging the defense efforts.

Regardless of the reason, however, it didn't bid well for the survival chances of the school, even with the magical defenses updated. I really needed to come back and pay some attention to it.

But before that, I needed to catch a naughty thief and teach her a lesson. After sneaking out of the school, I was quick to cast a spell that was quickly becoming my most favorite one, and

summoned another elemental mount.

[-1183 Mana]

With the speed advantage it granted, it hadn't been difficult to catch up with the thief and a large group of guards following her. The headmistress was absent. Unfortunately, I didn't know whether it was because she didn't want to have the risk to act and get ambushed like Titania had been ambushed earlier, or the stuff I managed to steal wasn't important for her to bother acting.

Also, pity that she had used her cloak to wrap her body completely, not giving me another glimpse of her curvy body wrapped in a leather bodysuit.

I watched from a distance —with an illusion to cover my presence— as the guards attacked the thief again and again with a dangerous mixture of ranged weapons and spell attacks, only for our thief to dance between the attacks. It was an impressive combination of skills, stats, and endless practice, and even more impressive because I could see that she wasn't stretching herself to her limits.

I was wondering the benefits of intervening to look like I took her down to get some brownie points from the headmistress —but not actually catch her, as doing so would remove my convenient scapegoat. I didn't hurry up, because, despite the relentless attack, she was yet to attack back.

However, as she ducked and weaved between the attack with beautiful grace, I noticed a pattern in a particular direction the thief was driving the guards. I prepared myself to intervene. While my sense of belonging to the school was shaky, it wasn't shaky enough to actually let them be killed by a bunch of random people. I gathered my mana, ready to cast an inferno that would turn the thief and everything fifty feet around her to remove the even slightest hope of escaping —and also conveniently giving me an excuse about the lack of books and other trinkets in the possession of her body— when her dark figure delved through overgrowth and dashed out at the other side...

Or more accurately, a dark figure dashed through the other side of the overgrowth. It wasn't a disguise in the first place despite the advantages given by her cloaked body. The new figure was taller by a couple of inches, for example, not to mention lacking her natural grace when she displayed during her endless dodging.

But there was no hope for them to trick me, because, from the difference in their movement, it

was clear that the new figure was a man. Just the way he stepped was enough to reveal that.

The new figure dashed forward furiously, using pure speed to open the distance between him and the group, luring them away from the outgrowth. A rather impressive switch, I noted as I watched them disappear, satisfied with their lack of actual violence.

From what I could read from her abilities, the thief herself was alone to take a significant portion of the group down, and the man that took her place as decoy didn't look any weaker. They could have taken down the guards if the man had ambushed them, but instead, they were being really careful to handle things without violence.

So, I stayed back with a clean conscience, hiding myself —rather easily, as I was still under the effect of the weird buff I received from the crystal platform— while I waited for my sexy thief to step out of the outgrowth.

And she did so after five minutes, dashing forward at a decent pace. I followed her with a wide smile, because without the absence of a respectable horde of guards, she had finally loosened the cloak around herself, giving me a better view of her body, wrapped in tight leather, her strong legs tightening with every step deliciously, tempting me to unwrap her from that leather outfit like a gift, curious what I would find underneath.

I just needed to find her destination.

I hadn't had to wait for long, as barely twenty minutes of desperate dash later, she finally arrived at a caravan, and sneaked into it. It was a large caravan, surrounded with a well-armored guard regiment, clearly proficient. The first layer of the guards hadn't even noticed her presence, but I saw a guard defending one of the inner carts move slightly to allow her to pass easily. She clearly belonged to that caravan. I didn't follow her, because the guards surrounded the inner coaches looked too strong to trick easily. And if the damaged state of the carts and the guards were any indicator, things were clearly not

Unfortunately, it wasn't convenient for me to attack the group, because of one important detail. The caravan was flying the personal standard of the Royal family, which meant only one thing.

The crown princess had finally arrived.

I couldn't help but sigh as I decided to return to the school. The current situation was complicated enough with the necromancers, their spies, a mysterious organization with the ability to control monsters and create artificial warriors, the surprising twist about the true nature of the headmistress... Things were hard to navigate enough before adding a royal family

member who was supposed to be in the school just to craft a weapon, but turned out to be daring enough to steal stuff from the most secure room from the

And while technically it was possible that it wasn't the crown princess that sent the thief, that wasn't good news if that was the case. Because if there was someone in the royal caravan that could not only send such a capable thief out but also arrange a guard to ignore her presence but with a differing goal from the princess herself, that wouldn't help any in terms of a complicated situation. So, I really hoped the princess was responsible for the thievery.

I started traveling the same route, my mind occupied by the possible ramifications of the latest revelations, and whether I could turn them to my own benefit...

[Level: 30 Experience: 447193 / 465000

Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 6219 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Ten

After the frustrating discovery that not only the Princess's party was larger and stronger than I expected, but also their willingness to get involved in the chaos that surrounded the school in such a direct manner was much sharper than I expected, I wanted to nothing but a curse.

I was trying to deal with too many agents of carnage with only a few allies, and things were already difficult to handle before adding another layer of chaos to the game, especially since that supposed addition potentially brought a huge mess of possible Royal involvement.

It wouldn't have been that horrifying if the crown princess wasn't on the edge of being deposed—which meant I could actually try to ally with her without fear— or she had just come with a few bodyguards to get Oeyne to forge her a weapon and leave—instead of a group that was large enough to classify as a small army, with an unknown number of spies and enemy agents.

An annoying realization started to pickle my mind, that I probably should have pushed for a closer relationship with the headmistress, using Titania as the connection. At least, that way, I could generate a better understanding of her true objectives. The reveal that she possessed the same resource that was preventing me from getting stronger made that annoyance even stronger.

Admittedly, seeing what lay under her robes went a long way to make me revisit my initial decision to keep her at arm's length.

What could I say? I was just a poor man with a slightly overactive libido.

Luckily, I wasn't too late. The items I had 'borrowed' from her room would no doubt help me to get a better understanding of her mind. More importantly, I had the perfect gift to give her.

[-619 Mana]

I pumped some mana to my elemental steed to push myself higher in the air, using an illusion to hide me from the view. I stopped climbing only when I was almost two miles high, giving me a perfect view of the plains that surrounded the school, while being too high to notice the individual monsters even if they weren't trying to escape.

Luckily, the monster hordes were much easier to detect. Just follow the piles of dust that were struggling to reach the sky. Despite slow encroachment of the night, the plains were still bright enough not to miss such an impressive spectacle—and a pair of sharp eyes, enough to

challenge an eagle, helped.

Hitting the first horde was almost trivial, but before I delved into them, I hit a trio of robed figures observing the horde, one of them radiating the same chaotic magic that I had felt many times before about the mana gems.

“I’m going to be rich,” I murmured even as I jumped off my mount, diving directly down, not wanting them to notice the mana fluctuations of my mount. I didn’t want to waste my time, and more importantly, I didn’t want them warning others magically.

And admittedly, with my connection with the element of air was enhanced, falling down the sky with nothing to cut the sensation down, nothing but a sword in my hand, was quite fun. I closed my eye for a moment, enjoying the sensation as the distance between me and the ground — and more importantly, the distance between the people that were directing the horde and my sword— was getting smaller and smaller. Only when there were twenty feet between me and the ground I used magic to cushion my fall.

Draining all that momentum turned out to be an unpleasant sensation.

[-81 HP]

[-64 Mana]

“Fuck, I should have started earlier I murmured even as my feet slammed on the floor, while an expression of shock appeared on the face of the trio. Being ambushed was unpleasant, but being ambushed by someone dropping from the sky was doubtlessly worse. Unfortunately, I couldn’t have asked for a first-hand account, because a slash of my sword, followed by a rain of arcana bolts was enough to evaporate them.

“Weak,” I murmured in disappointment as I pulled my sword. They were barely level ten, maybe even lower, not that I bothered to check their soul spaces carefully. Instead, I quickly went through their possessions to find something unusual, either as a clue or for my own usage —but my findings turned out to be disappointing.

The horde itself wasn’t too challenging as well. A few surges of mana turning into fire and earth was enough to cut through the initial mass of the monster to leave the leading monster alone, and another surge was enough to remove the gem from it.

[-593 Mana]

The horde was weak. Suspiciously so, enough that Cornelia could have handled that alone — though not without exhausting herself to the limit, and certainly not strong enough to breach into a fortified settlement— which made me assume some interesting conjectures about their sudden change of plan.

Maybe, the organization that was supporting the undead horde with the magical items decided to achieve their aims without causing so much civilian death. Technically, it made sense, but after everything, I doubted that they were being held back by that.

Then, I noticed another horde spilling out of a nearby canyon, so I decided to handle that as well before continuing with my assessment. As I got closer, however, I noticed three shadows slipping back to the canyon, no doubt noticed the destruction of the other horde.

Wide-area fire spells weren't exactly inconspicuous, especially in the red dimness of the dusk.

Fortunately, while my martial expertise was limited to melee, I was more than happy to use magic to handle them, I extended my mana, and three jagged rocks jumped out of the ground, skewering them.

[-310 Mana]

Admittedly, it was a wasteful manner of casting, wasting a nice chunk of mana to kill three people on the range. I needed to develop better-ranged spells that couldn't be countered easily. A trip to their side netted me another mana gem, then, I started working on the horde.

[-483 Mana]

It turned out to be even weaker than the previous horde, allowing me to cut through them with great ease. Their weakness despite being so close to the towns revealed that it was not just an accident, but a real strategy. The question was, why?

A weird fluctuation from the gems pulled my attention. I turned my gaze at them, and sunk my mana, trying to examine their structure, only for a sudden mana surge to grow. "Fuck," I murmured as I threw it away, while I ordered my mount to move back as quick as possible. I had no idea why the gem was exploding, but the explosion of a mana gem should be extreme.

Then, it exploded, only to disappoint me. It was not nearly potent as I expected from a mana gem to be. Suspicious, I examined another one, but more carefully, hoping not to trigger the explosion. It eventually did explode, but not before I realized the source of their fragile nature.

They were fake.

Even better, it was impossible to use any of the usual detection magics and wards to actually discover their explosive nature, because, technically, they weren't explosives. They neither used fire to burn their surroundings, nor they used arcana to twist their surroundings in a way that was deadly to any living —or undead— being. They were simply artificial mana storages, which discharged after their outer layer was breached.

It was not an efficient explosive in terms of mana spent, not even slightly close, but that didn't matter much when their primary usage was to create monster hordes.

“Motherfucker,” I murmured as I changed my route back to the school. The plan was dangerous in its simplicity, because if they sent those weak hordes to the towns who had just successfully conclude their defense mission, only to discover a mana gem in the leading monster precious enough to make the defenders fight for it.

An explosion at that point would be the perfect device to remove a high-level combatant from the battle.

My lethargy had disappeared as I changed my direction toward the school once more, to have a proper meeting with the headmistress. She was the only one that could send the news about the plan to every defender simultaneously.

And maybe a chance to breach the topic of 'helping' the headmistress handle the weight of the divine spark...

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Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 5491 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Eleven

After rushing back to school, I wasn't surprised to find the courtyard as a confusing mess, the guards and students running around to establish a secondary defensive line to prevent anyone else from escaping, but the lack of surprise didn't equal a lack of disappointment.

"It's supposed to be the strongest bastion of humanity," I murmured in disappointment as I watched the ineptness of the defensive force as they tried to establish a defensive force. Even the existence of the spies on the higher ranks wasn't enough to excuse this incompetence.

A sigh escaped my mouth, considering the relative merits of actually asking the headmistress to take control of the defenses. Making myself a target—even more than I already was—ranked quite low on the list of my priorities, but it was still ranked above losing my only effective power base.

Not to mention, the headmistress was important for more than one reason. Not only she was currently my only clue about the Divine Spark, she most likely knew much more about what a Divine Spark in the first place. I highly doubted that her true identity as a mystical angel and her possession of a Divine Spark was a coincidence.

And it would be a lie to say that I wasn't imagining bending her over against the window of the highest tower, pulling back her wings, and impale her repeatedly as I interrogated her...

I cut through the crowd, directly to her tower, cutting through the wards she had established around her tower. It was a nice change to casually cut through them rather than fiddling with them for several minutes while trying to stay concealed. I wanted her to know I was coming.

I found the headmistress in her office, sitting behind her desk, once again concealed with her dark robe, her wings gathered behind her to create an impression of a hunched crone. However, knowing what lay underneath—and the fact she wore nothing under that robe—I felt excited. The room looked pristine at first glance, but both her desk and her shelf were considerably poorer thanks to my restless fingers.

"What are you doing here?" she asked in a crooked voice, perfected to make her look like she was a woman that was battling the ailments of aging unsuccessfully, but now that I knew what to look for, it was easy to identify the artificial nature of her sound. The fact that she wasn't focusing on her acting made that even easier.

She wasn't paying attention to her act, because her attention was on her magic. As she spoke, a

wave of magic slammed against me, dark enough to suffocate me. She trembled as the threatening waves slammed against me, giving the impression that she was barely holding herself back.

Amazing performance, I noted in my mind. If I hadn't known the magic she was using wasn't the opposite to her true nature, making her even less threatening than her usual state, I might have actually felt scared. But considering her light-based magic, she was actually making herself weaker as she tried to intimidate me. Otherwise, she wouldn't have to cleanse herself from darkness through that ritual.

Of course, I could have acted like a craven visitor, like I was scared of her display of power, but I decided against it. I had enough leverage to push her buttons without courting death, unless she wanted to reveal her true nature to everyone on the edge of a crisis. "Hello to you as well," I droned calmly.

Her shadow magic staggered for a moment as she moved. It wasn't hard to imagine her cute face frowning under the shadows of her cloak as she tried to understand the implications of my casual response. "Speak," she ordered a second later, once again leaning on her mysterious headmistress persona.

"If you want to be a bitch about it," I whispered to myself, with the full knowledge that she would hear. But before she could even process that calculated disrespect, I pulled the remaining two fake mana gems and passed one to her. "Look what I had found," I said to her as I passed them.

She cast darkness magic to cover the gem completely before pulling it telekinetically. "Careful," I warned her, not because I expected it to hurt her to a significant degree, but I didn't want to be blamed for an inept assassination attempt.

She established a shield around the gem to protect herself before filling the said sphere with darkness. I acted nonchalantly as I examined the flood of magic, only to notice the distinct flare of light magic under the concealment of the darkness. She clearly didn't trust her darkness magic enough to cast detection through it.

Then, a few seconds later, the gem exploded —rather harmlessly thanks to her shield. I was happy to see the gem explode, because it implied that her magical detection capabilities weren't too much above mine, at least not when she was multitasking by duel-wielding magic of opposite natures.

Her posture stiffened as the explosion faded. "What's this?" she asked.

"It's the second wave of the monster hordes I managed to intercept. I managed to intercept two of them in twenty minutes. I'm willing to bet that they are sending them to every single location. You better warn the teams there that the gems they extract from the monsters might be trapped."

"All of them?" she asked, for once the crackling artificial nature of her voice disappearing as she pronounced the first word, instead of starting with a smooth, melodic tone, more beautiful than every single piece of music I had the pleasure to listen. "Explain."

"Your Highness," I said, adding just enough mocking edge to leave no doubt that I was mocking her. I wanted to remind her that I was not a subordinate of hers. "Whoever was behind the attacks, they seem to be determined to weaken your loyal forces further using the opportunity."

"Don't you think that it's the necromancers?" she said, her tone cracking once more, but despite that, she had made a big mistake as she tried to process the surprise. It was the first time she was asking my opinion rather than giving an order, which made an obvious attempt to distract me from the truth. Unfortunately for her, that deviation strongly suggested that she was aware of the mysterious organization's presence, and that awareness stretched back quite a while. Otherwise, she would have revealed their presence.

"Not really. If that power belonged to them, they would have used that before," I answered before smiling, with a slightly mocking edge to anger her further. Knowing that she wouldn't dare to reveal her true power gave me an edge in our discussions that I wanted to push to the limit. "However, wouldn't it better to continue this discussion after you alert the defenders about trapped gems. Unless you have too many soldiers and you want to use the opportunity to get rid of some of them, of course."

She took an audible breath, reflecting her frustration in a visceral manner. She clearly didn't appreciate my mocking an hour after her office was broken in. Despite her cloak, I could see that she had to struggle to keep her temper down.

"It's better to avoid jumping to conclusions," she murmured before she pulled a crystal from the depths of her desk, and used that as a focus to cast a spell, no doubt sending a magical message using one of the contingencies they had set up.

While she was busy with communication, I pulled a chair and sat across her without her permission, even crossing my legs and leaned back to show my relaxation. Even as she spoke, I

could feel the weight of her gaze. I managed to properly anger her.

As she spoke, I spent my time imagining the flawless body underneath her body —though I also set up a fake soul space to trick her once more just in case she started to feel jealous. The effect of the crystal was still working —through to a reduced degree— which meant the fake space was much more believable.

[-23 Mana]

It took five minutes for her to put down the crystal once more. I spoke before she could take the control of the discussion. “So, you were going explain this new organization supporting the necromancers,” I said despite being well-aware that not only she hadn’t slipped up enough to admit her knowledge, but also she was —or at least, should have been— smart enough to know that she hadn’t made a mistake of that extent. I was pushing my luck, which also suggested I had come across them during one of the missions.

It was a strategic move, both pushing her to give me information, but also simultaneously giving her the opportunity to strengthen the alliance between us. I was hoping that my arrogance would sell the idea that the imaginary organization behind me was strong enough for her to make such a move worthwhile.

She came to a quick decision. “There is a group called the Knights of the Eternal Vigil, or Eternals for short,” she started, and I put my whole effort to push a fake expression, like I tried to suppress my shocked expression, keeping my face calm except one subtle twitch, trying to sell the idea that I knew about them. If she thought that I was testing her by asking something I already knew, she would give me more information, thinking that she was converting a useless chip into goodwill.

It was a tricky line to walk.

“Their root goes back to ancient times, a time before the Cleansing,” she said, and I took a note of the term she had used. Cleansing was no doubt referring to the catastrophic event that changed the world, but there was not a lot of information about the nature of the event. But the term she was using for that was really specific, meaning, she likely knew what happened those days.

Maybe she was alive those days. After all, I had no idea how long an Angel could live, or whether they even have a natural lifecycle.

“They had been established by a group of Divine-touched, led by seven demigods, on the city of

Akhenaten, to protect people from the excess of the storm god,” she said, giving me another shock. Yes, the presence of an angel in front of me—in addition to the rather suggestive name of Divine Spark— suggested the legends about the old gods might not be as artificial as I had first assumed, but to be confirmed by her with such casualness was a different thing. I tried to process the blow while she gave a breakdown of the names of the demigods and some notable Divine-touched, without actually explaining what a Divine-touched was.

I couldn’t even guess from their abilities, as none of the events she mentioned meant anything for me. Smart, I thought. She was clearly testing the limits of my knowledge, maybe even slipping some fake information as insurance. So, I decided to act like I hadn’t recognized anything other than major references to the concept, like the nature of the demigods and divine-touched—hiding them behind the appropriate fake expression to make her work for that information, of course.

“A lofty goal,” I murmured, cutting her history expression short. “I’m going to guess that their nobility didn’t extent forever.”

“Not particularly, no,” she continued. “Their daring to stand against him enraged the Storm God, and he sent his own forces to destroy the city of Akhenaten. The battle lasted for a century, but much to the surprise of everyone, the battle ended with the Storm Avatar being slain, damaging the very soul of the Storm God.”

“Impressive,” I murmured, aware that the true fun was just about to start. “What happened after that?”

“Then, they got arrogant...” the headmistress said with her raspy tone, the darkness around her tightening. This time, the darkness felt less like magic, and more like a natural reaction. Much to my surprise, it didn’t even felt connected to Headmistress, but as a part of the aura of the room, independent of her control.

[Divine Spark Identified! Please absorb it to continue to support the operations of the System]

The presence of a second Divine Spark surprised me immensely. My little angel was naughtier than I expected...

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SKILLS

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Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twelve

“So, what was the cost of their arrogance,” I asked, trying to ignore the fact that I had detected another Divine spark in the room, though I had no idea about the exact location. The confirmation about the existence of the gods —not to mention a tale of war between the mortals and immortals— was revolutionary enough to earn my full attention.

“Yeah, humans got arrogant, big surprise,” she murmured, giving a statement that would have surprised me if I hadn’t already discovered her true identity. “The Eternals decided that since they were able to banish one of the strongest demonic gods from the material plane, they thought that they could replicate the feat. They started to target the other gods...”

“And I’m going to take a wild guess and say that gods didn’t appreciate that,” I said mockingly.

“No, they did not, especially when they decided to weaponize the leftover divinity from the destruction of the Avatar and the Divine war began,” she continued, struggling to keep her tone even, but unable to keep a small hint of emotion infecting her tone, a certain wistfulness, leading me to take a wild guess that she wasn’t actually lived through the war. It was more of an instinctual guess than anything concrete, but at this point, I had learned to trust my instincts on the subject of female emotions.

The more important topic, however, was to decide how much I needed to fake. I could have acted as I knew about her historical facts like I knew about the mysterious organization, but there was one big problem in that. There were too many opportunities for her to slip an inaccurate statement to test me. One wrong nod would be enough to unravel my utter lack of historical knowledge.

“Interesting, and how does the System link to that,” I asked, not hiding my curiosity, basically admitting that I knew little about history. Also, I knew that doing so would have lessened the weight of my own organization greatly, but that was not all bad. If she reduced the threat level of my imaginary organization, she might push harder to recruit me. And as much as I was against being under her control, there was also some perks to it.

“You don’t know?” she asked, though, at this point, I was familiar enough with her fake voice to recognize the fakeness of her surprise. Apparently, she was already suspecting the limited nature of my knowledge.

“Not particularly, no,” I answered. “My organization is not really keen on the history, more focused on protecting our little corner of the world from meddling busybodies like the Eternals,

and a few other small groups,” I said. Technically, it was the truth. We, as in me and the girls, were trying to protect our little corner, Silver Spires, from the busybodies that fell under the flag of Eternals and Necromancers.

“I see,” she said, but this time, her voice smoothed out a bit. “And have you thought about my offer? I can give you power.”

I decided to accept, and started adding another small detail to my fake soul space. A copy of the Companion Node that I gifted to the girls, but one that was around twenty percent completion. My words, however, differed. “I have, but unfortunately, I need to say no?”

“What, why?” she gasped, this time, her shock completely genuine. Apparently, she was thinking that after all the effort I had put in, it was a done deal.

“Don’t get me wrong, I’m willing to fight at the same side with you. Between undead hordes and monster hordes, the enemy is clearly evil,” I said, but then, I paused as I gestured my surroundings. “But I’m not sure just how better are you, soaked in darkness. We both know that the nature of magic usage is not a one-way road. Being soaked in darkness for who knows how long, how could I be sure that you’re any better than the liches that sieging the school. How can I be sure that there’s not another lich under your robes.”

She said nothing for a moment, thinking my words, while I committed fully on my bluff. I made a show of gathering my mana, purest I could manage, fire elemental mashed with a generous serving of life magic, essentially the bane of undead, not only selling my hatred against undead, but it was also the most similar magic I could cast similar to light magic, at least in terms of the sensation.

Of course, the whole point of my fake standoff relied on the fact that I had learned about her true identity, something even Titania wasn’t aware of. I was essentially positioning myself as everything that stood against the undead and the fake personality she had created to hide her true identity. I had one objective.

To force her to reveal her true face to gain my alliance.

It wasn’t that I wanted to see her beautiful face rather than her cloaked body. While that would have been fun, the knowledge that what lay underneath those robes, while she thought that I knew nothing about the truth of it, had its own warped thrill.

She had been hiding her face for almost two centuries—at least—from everyone—possibly except a few select people, but even that was not a certainty. I wanted her to reveal her true

nature before speaking, because it would break a comfortable layer of subterfuge she had been relying on for centuries, making it much easier to take at least partial control of our discussions.

“Are you sure you want to make that decision just because of my darkness,” she said, the darkness suddenly intensifying, the aura slamming against me like a rabid monster, enough to scare me if I hadn’t known that she was pushing her limits to handle the darkness just to intimidate me.

My face stiffened as I flared my purest life energy against her aura, actively burning mana rather than just yielding it.

[-315 Mana]

If she had been an undead like her cover was alluding to, she might have reacted to that as an actual attack. Instead, she stood motionless as I pushed back the darkness to a degree that I started stirring the Divine Spark of Darkness once more. It was angry.

She must have realized that reaction as well, because the pressure disappeared immediately, and the life energy filled the room, her body as the only exception as her robes created an impenetrable barrier for it. It was easy to assume that her robe was reinforced against pure energies to protect her. Luckily, I knew that it was just to hide her true nature.

I slowly let my implied attack go, relaxing once more as she stood motionless, no doubt thinking how to handle my sudden hard stance. Just to push her even more out of balance, I once again leaned back and crossed my legs. “Do you have any tea?” I suddenly asked.

“What?” she gasped in shock, not even using her raspy fake tone properly, but I didn’t act like I noticed that.

“A cup of tea? At least a glass of water? Offering refreshments is a part of being a good hostess, you know. You might not feel the need to consume anything, but it doesn’t apply to us poor living.”

“I ... see,” she murmured, this time, her voice properly fake-scary. “If I’m understanding correctly, your whole objection comes from my nature as undead.”

“Well, either that, or a mage seeped in darkness,” I quickly jumped, like I was trying to plug a loophole. “Your status as technically alive wouldn’t change a lot, a living mind clouded with darkness is not too different from the rotten brain of an undead.”

The silence stretched once more. Then, she stood up as the room filled with the anticipation of power, hovering like a dark shadow as she walked around her desk, standing in front of me, but this time, it was not the suffocating sense of darkness. It wasn't the pure light I had watched her use either. The most accurate description would be the sensation just before the storm, thick and suffocating, replicating the calm before the storm, like she was giving me one last chance before evaporating me from the face of the earth.

I had to admit, it was an amazing ploy, one that would have made me retreat under any other circumstances. Instead, I raised my fist, and started gathering life energy, confident that it wouldn't trigger a panic reaction from her.

What kind of angel would be scared of pure mana of life, after all.

She confirmed that decision by stretching our standoff, trying to unbalance me as much as possible before the big reveal. "One last chance," she said with a nightmare-fuel voice.

I just smirked, but it wasn't my flirty smile. No, that smirk conveyed my desire to live, but also my determination to never bow to anyone else. Unlike my previous expressions, it wasn't a fake one. Since the first taste of power, I strived for my independence, and no amount of fake necromancer tricks could convince me to abandon my freedom.

Not even a sexy angel could... I was free, now and forever.

My dark smirk seemed to convince her about my determination, because she reached to her hood, and with a flick, she threw it back. Two beautiful wings burst open behind at the same time, shining with a thick wave of pure energy, similar to Titania's light magic, yet at the same time, utterly different.

Her pure magic filled the room, even infusing my magic, but surprisingly, not invading my soul space, not even the fake one.

"How about now?" she asked, the fake raspy tone abandoned in favor of her beautiful melodic voice, one that would have left me in awe and trigger my desire to worship...

"Wow," I murmured like I was dazed, and she stood confident, assuming that her amazing reveal was enough to guarantee my surrender. I smirked at her once more, but it wasn't the previous one that declared my undying will. No, it was my best flirty smirk, enhanced by the full weight of my charisma. "You're so cute."

I would forever cherish the memory of her expression sliding from perfect confidence into a

stammering mess, a sudden blush covering her cheeks. On the range of expressions she had expected, being flirted was clearly not a part of it. “W-what?” she stammered as her beautiful eyes widened, displaying their beautiful yet ethereal silver color, matching her wings.

Though, with her face blushing like a schoolgirl, she looked significantly less ethereal, even compared to her naked state.

I stood up, slowly reached and caressed her chin softly, and pulled back while she flinched in shock. “Well, you’re cute,” I repeated, not bothering the amused warmth in my voice. I wasn’t planning to push her that much, but also, I wasn’t expecting my flirting to work that effectively. The best I expected was a momentary flush which I could convert into a small advantage, not a complete collapse like an innocent girl kept away from people by an over-protective family. “I wasn’t expecting to find such a cute angel underneath those robes, color me surprised.”

“I...” she started, only to fade into silence, too flustered to say anything.

“You, what?” I said as I stood just a foot away from her, enjoying her moment of shy silence far more than I should have. After days of trying to get a handle on her, breaking her through flirting definitely wasn’t what I had been expecting. I decided to push her even more. “So, why don’t you get rid of that ugly robe and we can continue our discussion,” I said as I took a step back and took a seat.

“W-what?” she stammered once more, trying to process my words.

“Well, since you’re an angel, I expect you have more thematically appropriate clothes under that ugly black robe. Just finish your reveal and we can continue our very important discussion,” I said. “Unless you’re going commando and have nothing under that robe,” I added, making sure that it came across as a dismissive joke.

She said nothing, or more accurately, she couldn’t say anything, too busy trying to replicate a ripening apple as a blush covered her face while her shocking magical display came to a stop suddenly. She took a step back and stumbled over her desk. She didn’t fall, but not because of her legs. She actually flapped her wings gently to prevent herself from falling. She just looked at me, shocked.

“Okay, I wasn’t expecting you to be going commando, how naughty of you?” I said while she sat on her desk, a dazed expression on her face. “So, since we solved the issue of you being a necromancer, should we continue to discuss the terms of an alliance.” My smirk widened even further. “I vote for a close one...”

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Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirteen

Watching a mythical —yet innocently sexy— angel blush as I flirted with her was a unique pleasure, especially considering the said angel was the legendary headmistress of Silver Spires. I would have loved to spend the next half an hour teasing her.

Pity that her expression soon recovered into a smooth calm, showing the benefits of her centuries of experience.

“About the alliance,” she spoke with an inflectionless voice, without the slightest stirring of emotion. However, that actually entertained me more, because that specific way of speaking was very familiar to me. Titania had been speaking like that before I had suppressed the emotional suppression from her ability.

The difference, it seemed, our resident angel could clearly use that as she wished rather than constantly staying under it.

“I can’t speak for the rest of my organization, but we’re not a close-knit group in the first place,” I explained. “As long as we continue to fight against the destruction of the society, we’re free to work with other groups,” I said, basically selling her the opportunity to eventually pulling the rest of my group into her alliance despite poaching one of their members. It was a tight rope to walk, but hopefully, she was desperate enough to grab the opportunity despite the slight inconsistencies in my story.

She said nothing for a while, lost in her thoughts, before she finally spoke. “I need to examine your power in detail,” she suddenly said as she raised her hand, not even asking for my permission as her mana invaded my body.

I could have fought back. While her mana was potent and her control was strong, I wasn’t exactly a weakling. But why would I, when I could use my focus to reinforce my fake soul space, including the dummy Companion Node that I created based on the mark my power had left on the girls?

I had put a Companion Node despite the risk of making her more suspicious, because I had no doubt that, eventually, she would either check Titania or start spying on the girls around me. Either way, she would discover the Companion Node, and through that, my involvement. With that, I would at least have an excuse. So, as her mana explored my fake soul space, I put my whole attention on maintaining the facade... While I considered the opportunity to push back and explore her soul space, but after sending a couple of mana strings, I failed to discover even

the general location of her soul space, so I pulled back.

Then, she pulled her mana back without a warning!

I stiffened, fearing that she had discovered the fake, and decided to act. The last thing I expected was her to pull back with a disgusted expression before speaking. "You carry the mark of the Degenerate."

I didn't need to fake the expression of surprise on my face. When she pulled back like that, the last thing I had been expecting was an insult. "I'm carrying the mark of what, now?" I asked.

She explored my face for a moment, like trying to assess whether my expression was fake or real. "You don't know the source of your extra power?" she asked.

"Hey, I think we have already mentioned the limited historical information my organization carries," I said. Combining with her earlier explanations about the history of the world, it wasn't hard to guess the Degenerate was a historical figure. "What exactly is this Degenerate, and how does it links to my abilities?"

"It's about the rest of the explanation," she said, her tone once again attaining her earlier calmness. "We were talking about how the Eternals was using the remains of the Divine Avatars as a weapon."

"Yeah, and I'm assuming that's significant," I said.

"Very," she said. "In their own domains, every god is essentially untouchable," she murmured, though a twitch in her face as she said so made me suspicious about the accuracy of that particular detail. My instincts were telling me that she was hiding something about that, but it wasn't time to push her about it, so I let her continue. "However, to affect the material world, every Divine being needed to use their own essence, their Spark, to create a body for themselves."

"And therefore making them vulnerable," I commented, and she nodded.

"Yes, and not only that, losing the avatar is no simple matter. Depending on the power they had invested in their avatar, the consequences of losing the avatar ranged from a slight inconvenience to injuries that would take centuries to heal," she explained seriously. "And that's assuming they could recover their essence."

"And with the Eternals weaponizing that essence, I'm guessing that things had changed quite a

bit...”

“Yes, it did,” she murmured, the slight trembling in her tone despite her best attempts making me doubt that whether she had just read that in a history book, or had a more direct knowledge... Maybe even living through it... “It wasn’t something Gods had expected to work so well, so the initial attempts to punish them was limited to sending a few lower-level battle gods and loyal demigods. No one expected them to actually succeed in using the Divine Spark in a few months, so the attempts to punish them only strengthened them.”

“Still, the gods seemed to have such a strong advantage, how did they lost, assuming they have lost of course,” I added, though considering their absence, their loss was a given.

“At that point, the Eternals counter-attacked,” she explained. “Many gods had their avatars across dimensions, especially the weaker gods trying to establish their power bases, not to mention hundreds of demigods and an untold number of Divine-touched serving as priests and servants for the gods. No one expected the Eternals to hunt them aggressively. Before the gods’ counter-attack, many minor gods’ avatars had been slain and their divine essence pilfered, weakening them significantly.”

“How about the normal humans?” I asked. “I’m sure the gods and divine-touched were really strong, but I don’t want to believe that a group of high-leveled mage couldn’t actually counter at least some of it.”

“That’s the crux of the issue,” she sighed. “During the war, there was no system.” My eyes widened at her words. No matter what, it was hard to imagine a world without the system. Then, she said something even more interesting. “At least, during the first half of the war,” she added.

“Gods or the Eternals?” I asked.

“The Eternals, of course,” she said. “At first, the gods made their plans with the assumption that absorbing the Divine Spark of the gods was a difficult and time-consuming ritual, requiring impossible-to-replicate high-quality materials to initiate. It was too late when they had realized the Eternals had developed a special way of absorbing the Divine Spark from the slain Avatars, and that they were strengthening it as the war continued.”

“And that ultimately become the System?” I asked, frowning as I asked. The artificial nature of the System was surprising, but if that was true, it left the question of why the world wasn’t being ruled by the Eternals. I had examined the soul space of the assassins, and they certainly

didn't feel like created by someone with a good handle on their abilities.

"Not until the end of the war," the headmistress said, her wings twitching. "There's not much known about the actual war, only that at one point it was so heated that continents shattered and new mountains created while the old ones turned to dust. But I know that after the years of warfare, the gods were on the losing end."

"Isn't it weird," I asked. "I can understand that the system is a game-changer, but I expected the gods to be stronger."

"Certainly," the headmistress said. "Unfortunately, after their counter-attack, the Eternals had gathered just enough to Divine Spark to activate the most decisive feature of the System, and the System started absorbing Divine Energy from the material plane. The established avatars were strong enough to resist the pull, but the effect was strong enough to prevent the other gods from descending into the material plane. Before the gods could realize that, many attempted avatar had been absorbed, their powers stolen."

"However, it was only when the remaining gods and demigods had launched a desperate attack after discovering the to the headquarters of the Eternals, damaging the heart of the ritual that maintained the system."

"And I'm guessing that it didn't destroy them completely," I commented.

"No, but it destroyed their ability to control the system. Instead, it started running chaotically, empowering both the animals and the people in a completely random manner, pushing the continent to chaos even worse than before. And since the absorption effect continued, no gods can come down to fix it. The only hope for the survival of the world that before it was too late, we need to discover the location of the system, and destroy it, once again allowing the gods to descend and fix the world."

"Such a noble cause," I said, doing my best to sound enthusiastic about the return of a bunch of uber-powerful beings with a nebulous range of personal attitudes, and probably a grudge after being kicked out of the material plane for hundreds of years. However, there was no benefit in saying that to an angel who clearly belonged to the team of one of those gods. Instead, I chose to distract her. "And who is this Degenerate you have mentioned, and how does it links to my own status."

"She was one of the minor demonic goddesses," she said with an obvious distaste, surprising me with the details. I wasn't surprised to hear a possible divine link between my own unique System

and a possible Divine entity. Nor I was entirely surprised by the nature of it being called demonic by an angel, as their fame for purity would no doubt classify the sexual nature of my powers as demonic even though it clearly helped both parties —at least in my case.

However, the fact that it was linked to a goddess instead of a god surprised me.

“And does she have anything to do with the war?” I asked, curious about her distaste.

“Not to my knowledge, no,” the headmistress said with a dismissive attitude. “She was cowardly enough to disappear before the war, one of the first Divine to do so, not that she would have been a big help even if she had been around,” she continued, though I was interested to note a hint of jealousy in her tone along with dismissal, both too sharp to be anything but personal.

How interesting, I thought. Apparently, the —possible— source of my powers had a history with my headmistress. What a small world...

“So, how about the power-up,” I asked her. “Are we still going to do that, because a war is coming, and I won’t say no to some extra power?”

“It’s not a free power gift,” the headmistress immediately countered. “I’m going to mark you as the one of the Divine-touched, one carrying the power of a proper goddess rather than a useless wallflower, and in return, you are going to become a hero that would fight against the darkness. It’s not a game.”

“Whatever you say, boss,” I said, not bothering to act too submissive. After all, she needed me more than I needed her, at least in her mind, which gave me an opportunity to show a touch of arrogance. “So, when are we going to do that?”

“Tomorrow, at the first light of dawn,” she said even as she magically opened her door. “Now, go, I need to prepare.”

I left the room, my mind already churning about the interesting history lesson I had just received...

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Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

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SKILLS

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Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Fourteen

After the informative discussion with the headmistress, I was feeling overwhelmed. A system developed to counter the gods who had been locked out of the dimension for hundreds of years, The Eternals who had somehow lost control of the system they had developed, the possible source for my power as a goddess low-rank enough to easily dismissed by an angel who was clearly weaker than most gods, upcoming ritual to inject me with the light energy...

So, when, rather than doing the reasonable thing and visit Oeyne to strategize about the upcoming meeting with the crown princess before starting to work on her mysterious weapon, I started walking around aimlessly, I felt justified. I needed to calm down.

I sneaked out of the school once more, and started walking around the forests aimlessly, occasionally hunting the beasts too weak to detect the threat I had been posing to them. After talking about the source of the system and everyone's power, I couldn't help but examine the concept of level-up from a fresh perspective.

It was hard to imagine how the society would look without high-leveled individuals, restricted by the mortal limits of their deficiencies, limited. Likely not as limited as my own past status, of course, but still, extremely limited. Of course, while we haven't discussed that explicitly, it was not hard to guess that uncontrolled monster hordes didn't exist before the system —or more likely, after the gods' supposed the last stand that broke the control of the system.

However, it would be a lie to say that I didn't understand the motivation of the Eternals. After all, I had already lived through the torture of being an insignificant bug, living under the mercy of the people stronger than me. Living under the yoke of the gods with no chance to resist their power couldn't have been any easier.

"It's all so complicated," I murmured as I pulled my hair hard in frustration. All I wanted was to live comfortably with my girls without being threatened by the presence of the mysterious organizations, undead hordes, and other mysterious creatures... Was that too much to ask?

Since I had been already out, I created another elemental, and quickly searched for the girls. Finding Aviada was the easiest, as she was close to the school, still patrolling with her team. I quickly moved through their patrol route to make sure there was no undead ambush or other dangerous events, before replicated the same thing for Titania and Marianne.

Their state was a bit different. They were defending against one of the fake monster hordes, easily cutting through the mass, the corpses around the town indicating that the current horde

was far from the first one. Even when she was acting like she was tired, Titania was far too strong to even Luckily, they were following my suggestion —delivered through the headmistress — and avoided the temptation to loot the fake gems, preventing the potential disaster. Yes, defending against the weakened monster hordes was easy, but only when the walls were intact, and high-leveled defenders were healthy enough to contribute to defense.

The quick trip to the town Cornelia and Helga were garrisoning didn't reveal anything different —except the number of monster corpses under the town border, indicating that their priority didn't match the importance of Titania's defensive location.

Not a surprising find after the attempt to capture Titania by the mysterious organization —The Eternals, if the headmistress had been truthful in her explanation— which was supporting the necromancer invasion. I wouldn't be surprised if they made another attempt in a few days.

Or at least, I hoped that killing three members over level thirty would at least delay them would slow them a bit. To be fair, it was most likely the case. There was no reason for an organization that could treat such high-leveled characters as disposable cannon fodder not to be already ruling the world. Even if that wasn't their ambition, they wouldn't have been bothering to ally with the necromancers to distract the headmistress, or bother working together with the other princes to weaken the Crown Princess.

Of course, there was a chance that I was misreading their level of strength, and they were actually treating people stronger than me as cannon fodder, and in that case, I was utterly and truly fucked.

Still, that was a thought for another day, I thought even as I returned to the school, just to see the royal procession passing through the gates. I stayed on the walls, watching them as the members of her party slowly stepped out of their carts.

Then, the bodyguards gathered around the fanciest carriage before the door opened, and a woman stepped out, one that shared almost exact body size with the thief —almost, because her puffy skirt and shirt were making it hard to make a conclusive decision from that distance.

“I might have just found my thief...” I started with excitement, only for another, almost identical, woman to step out. Their faces were somewhat different, so were their eye color and other identifying details, but their body size and type were almost the same. Even their hair color-matched, a shining blonde, with a smoothness that suggested several maids had been working on the style for hours.

“Okay, it might not be that easy to identify her,” I murmured to myself as a third one stepped out... Then a fourth...

Only then the princess stepped out, distinguishing herself with the crown on her head—which was radiating magic thick enough for me to detect from the walls—and her even fancier dress. However, other than that, her bodily sizes were almost similar to her handmaidens. Their hair was color-matched, though the style was wildly different, their hair wasn't too different in size, making any possible disguise even stronger.

Smart, I thought even as I watched five of them—four handmaidens plus the princess—walk toward the guest house, each of them walking with impressive grace. It was clear that not a single one of them was below level ten, but the thief I had watched was clearly over level twenty, and maybe even closing in level thirty, with a decent physical stat spread to support her power.

Unfortunately, it was hard to get a more accurate assessment of their strength just by watching from a distance. “Smart,” I said with a nod. With five of them almost identical, it would be almost impossible to identify the thief from the body type and presence even when one tracked her identity to the group.

Even better, they couldn't just go and test the princess and her handmaidens easily, as without a doubt those five girls belonged to various noble families, which might take that as a political attack and retaliate.

It was genius whether it was the princess that arranged that, or it was a natural consequence of having handmaidens of similar builds to be used as decoys in case of assassination attempts.

Still, that answered one question. The princess was almost certainly aware of the movements of the thief—if she wasn't the thief in the first place. However, that didn't mean I could just pressure the princess to reveal the identity of the thief, because there was a likely chance that the thief wasn't a part of her official retinue but someone from a different organization, assigned to defend the princess in exchange of accessing politically sensitive locations.

Such as, Silver Spires.

As the princess and the handmaidens disappeared into the guest residence—a large, bulky building with its own defensive wards, only given to politically important guests. However, its own independent warding system wasn't the biggest defense the building had, as since a member of the royal family was occupying the building, for the duration of the visit, that

building was effectively an embassy. The princess could simply execute any unexpected visitor, no question asked, which made the risk of getting caught pretty high.

I certainly didn't want to infiltrate the building unless I was forced. It was different than trying to sneak around Silver Spires. Silver Spires' high population, thanks to the mixture of a high number of servants, rotating students, and visitors from the distant kingdoms made walking around in disguise a low-risk affair.

Unfortunately, the same thing wasn't applicable to the party of the princess, not when the number of the servants were a fraction of the number of the guards, and said guards were all extremely alert—which was understandable if even half of the information Oeyne had given me about their continuous defeats.

Of course, I wasn't afraid of death in case of capture. I trusted my abilities to perform a better escape than their little thief. Not only my agility could match hers, but also I had a range of magical abilities she could only imagine. Still, the news about an assassin—which they would naturally assume—walking around targeting the princess would make an already complicated situation even worse.

No, I needed an opportunity to delve into their secrets.

With that concluded—for better or worse—I turned my attention to the guards around the cargo carts, helping the servants to carry some of the heavier loads. I had to admit, they had an impressive number of guards, almost a hundred, and every single one of them was elites in soldier terms. Just like the handmaidens, even the lowest-leveled one was over level ten, though clearly on the lower end, as, unlike the girls, I could identify their levels easily. There were several guards that managed to hide their strength from me, however, making the situation slightly more challenging. And to make things even more impressive, every single one of them was carrying magical weapons along with their regular ones.

I would have been impressed with the number of the guards if I hadn't noticed one important detail. The amount of cargo they brought along was extremely excessive for a trip, even a long-term one. Thanks to a combination of my crafting and my magical abilities, I could make a general appraisal of their cargo, and the content of the crates made it even more impressive. Every single crate and chest was filled with magically active ingredients, but there was little rhythm or rhyme between them, except one important part.

Every single one of them was valuable, extremely valuable.

Combined with the impressively large elite force she had brought along and the size of her procession, I was confident to guess that she had essentially uprooted her power base completely from the royal palace and her own personal lands, committing everything she had owned to one last best.

I was starting to wonder about the nature of the weapon we were supposed to repair.

Luckily, I had the perfect person to talk about it, I thought even as I changed my direction toward the Hall of Crafting, to have a talk with my caramel-skinned blacksmith...

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SKILLS

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Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Expert Speech [70/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Fifteen

When I arrived at Oeyne's room, I wasn't surprised to find her wearing her most formal clothing, walking around her forge panickedly. I would be panicked too if I was a blacksmith in a politically divisive situation, and a royal person came to my visit with a regiment that could be rightfully classified as a small, yet very competent, army.

It made failure a distinctly more dangerous situation, especially for someone like Oeyne with an already shaky political position. She was already enemies with the guilds, and while the school was willing to retain her services despite that, Oeyne was smart enough to realize that even her services weren't good enough to resist the combined pressure of the guilds, and a princess that conveniently brought along an army while the school was being sieged from multiple locations.

So, when she realized I had once again sneaked into her workshop without even bothering to knock, her first response wasn't anger or annoyance, but pure relief. "Caesar," she yelled as she dashed forward frantically. "I don't know what to do, they are here with an army and if I can't repair-" she started, only to be cut off by a kiss.

"Calm down," I murmured, keeping the kiss short, yet heated enough to steal her breath and distract her from her growing panic. "Flailing will not help you dealing with a royal or whomever they assigned to handle the communication with you."

"But whatever they are bringing is surely a difficult weapon to repair. What if I can't do it, even with your help? I can barely able to get a basement to myself using all the favors and connections during my career as an adventurer. There's no way they will weigh heavier than the order of a princess with her own army waiting at the back. They'll kick me out, then the guilds will be free to take their revenge-" she said, spiraling in panic. I could have slapped her, which was a recommended response to hysteria, but why would I do that, when I could use that as an excuse to steal another kiss.

"There's no point of discussing that before we even see the weapon they want us to repair," I said even as I caressed her cheek gently. "And I'm sure, between two of us, there's no weapon we can't repair."

[+1 Speech]

"You're right," Oeyne murmured as she snuggled against my chest, enjoying the safety of my arms, while I enjoyed the sight of my improving skill. It had been getting annoying that my skills hadn't improved in the presence of the headmistress no matter how challenging the situation

—though, after her explanation about the nature of the System, it turned out to be obvious that she was intentionally preventing the connection between the target and the System, probably a side-effect of her attempts to protect the Divine Sparks in her possession from being absorbed by the system.

However, that was a thought for another time. I focused on the sexy blacksmith in front of me, using me as a source of comfort. “We need to focus on what we can affect. Such as, how are you going to present yourself to them,” I said.

She pulled back with a frown and gestured her body. “What do you mean. I’m dressed in my best clothes, prepared the best refreshments I could afford, and cleaned my workshop to perfection, with my best works on display,” she said, pointing at a wall that was previously empty, but now holding a range of impressively delicate magical weapons.

“It’s your best, and that’s the problem,” I said.

“What do you mean?” she asked, confused. “It’s going to be a royal visit, of course, I’m going to do my best.”

“Under more usual circumstances, that would have been true. You would only gain from displaying such an honest reaction. But things are different now. The crown princess already lost a lot of power, which meant that she would have no problem pushing your willingness to give to the limit, then more, uncaring of her own long-term reputation.”

“Are you sure?” Oeyne countered. “I have seen her retinue with my own eyes. Maybe her situation is much better than we expect, bringing such a large army with her.”

Oeyne’s deduction wasn’t bad, considering she was working from a faulty set of assumptions. She was a skilled adventurer, but she didn’t have my unique advantages and a ridiculous Perception stat to accurately assess the strength of her team. For Oeyne, it was just a large regiment of bodyguards, showing off her strength, not every single elite under her control.

“No, it’s literally everything she has left,” I said as I gave a general explanation of the status of her party without going too much into detail, careful to frame it as something I had learned from someone else. I liked Oeyne, but we weren’t at the point of sharing my secrets, yet.

“That changes things,” Oeyne murmured, her fear intensifying further. It was one thing to support a royal in a disadvantageous position, but it was completely different to support one that had lost any chance of making a comeback. “Should I reject her?”

“No,” I answered immediately. “She might have lost her power in terms of the wider empire, but that means very little considering the difficulties of different cities working together. For all intents of purposes, except the small area surrounding the Empire, we’re a loose connection of the city-states, and the princess has collected her power base here. As long as she can maintain a good relationship with the headmistress, she would be in a very important position in Silver Spires. You can’t anger her.”

“I don’t understand,” she murmured. “If she’s still important, I should still respect her, right.”

“In a way, but in a much lesser degree. We’re going to sell her the idea that you’re working closely with the headmistress’s agents, meaning she couldn’t just force you to work for her carelessly, or threaten you without risking the headmistress.”

“But I can’t lie about that!” she said angrily.

“Who said it would be a lie?” I countered, and upon her shocked state, I brought my magical pressure to the fore, much stronger than she had ever assumed I was capable. After our last meeting, I was free to flaunt my identity as an agent of the headmistress, and there was no point in wasting such an easy political asset.

[+1 Subterfuge]

“You,” she gasped.

“Me,” I answered with a smug smile, enjoying her shock. “I’m an agent of the headmistress, one of the ones she keeps in the shadow,” I said before pausing. “Well, kept until the latest crisis forced me to take a more direct role, forcing me to reveal my identity,” I said, subtly lying about the extent of my tenure. After all, it wasn’t like she was going to have a discussion with the headmistress about the length of my service.

Also, it was far more believable than the truth, that I was working in the school for years, but gained phenomenal power during last month.

The last reveal likely would have been enough for Oeyne in her desperation even before our previous relationship. She just nodded with a growing smile, more than happy that her mysterious assistant came with such an important background. “What should we do?” she asked.

“There’s still sometime before the meeting, right?” I asked, and she nodded. “Good. First, let’s get you out of that dress and put in on something more functional,” I whispered even as I put

my hand on her shoulder.

I was surprised when she pushed me away, but that surprise proved to be short-lived when, instead of taking a step back, she grabbed her shirt in a great hurry, aggressive enough to send more than one button flying.

The arousal quickly clouded her beautiful brown eyes as she took a step forward, her fancy corset struggling under the weight of her huge breasts. Apparently, saving her at the last minute, combined with the simultaneous reveal of magical and political power, triggered her arousal in a way I hadn't seen on her before —at least, not without an extended foreplay session.

I was more than happy to let her take the lead as she ripped my shirt with even more aggression, destroying it so thoroughly that even with magic, repairing it would have been challenging. She threw it negligently as she smashed her lips against mine, her hands caressing my naked chest, tracing the contours of my muscles even as she pushed me toward her forge.

I let her do so. Fucking her in her forge, the center of her identity, was more appealing than another escapade in her bed. It felt symbolic.

She had proved that while her strength was her primary stat, her agility was nothing to dismiss when she somehow managed to slip out of all of her clothes excluding her corset, presenting her body in a very sexy yet accessible manner.

I was more than happy to follow her lead and kicked my pants and underwear, leaving myself naked. I didn't bother to remove her corset, just squeezed her amazing breasts over it, the soft texture of her corset making it even more delicious as their amazing proportions filled my palms in excess.

A moan escaped her mouth, pushing through my lips' ability to silence her, loud enough to fill the forge completely. I was glad to see that a few days without some close attention left her panting with desire.

Too much desire, even, I realized when I felt her biting my shoulder enthusiastically. Not enough to actually draw blood, just hurt, but considering my HP and constitution, even that was excessive.

"So, you want to play rough," I whispered, which earned an enthusiastic moan. "As you wish, you dirty whore," I whispered said as I grabbed her hair before pulling hard, enough to remind her that while she was strong, she was not my match when it came to physical domination.

“Take a deep breath,” I suggested in amusement even as I painfully pulled her hair, making her reveal her neck before I marked her with a bite mark, using a biomancy trick to make sure the hickey wouldn’t disappear easily through her natural regeneration.

Simultaneously, I pushed her until her chest was pressing against the table she used to do finishing work, covered with soot even after her attempts to clean it, immediately ruining her fancy corset. Paradoxically, its dirtiness made her even sexier.

I didn’t even bother asking her whether she was ready, as her wetness, thick enough to drip down her leg as she bent over gave me an answer much more accurately than her words. She moaned as I pulled her hair harder. I could have pushed inside her to enjoy that wetness, but I decided to take things slowly instead.

I walked to the other side of the table, aligning my shaft with her meaty lips. “Open wide,” I ordered, and she followed that easily, making it trivial for my girth to disappear into her mouth, forcing my presence into her throat.

She started gasping and gagging, but it only enhanced the enthusiasm shining in her eyes. I pushed my full presence into her throat repeated with no hint of mercy, knowing that she was more than tough enough to handle that. And she didn’t disappoint me by actually grabbing my hips to pull me even deeper into her throat...

There were certain perks of revealing the true extent of my power, it seemed, I thought even as I filled her throat with my seed, ready to do much more before the meeting with the princess’ envoys...

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Master Subterfuge [98/100]

Expert Speech [71/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Sixteen

As I pushed into Oeyne's enthusiastic throat as she lay on her forge, wearing nothing but a sexy corset that was getting dirtier and dirtier with each passing moment, I couldn't help but feel that despite all the bullshit I had gone through with the repeated battles and upcoming political crisis, it was worth it.

The way she clamped around my throat tightened as I pushed repeatedly was legendary, something that could never be achieved by the other girls due to the difference in their physical stats. Not even Aviada was enough to compete, at least, not yet.

Even as I was pushing into her delicious throat, however, I let my mana invade her soul space, examining her abilities. However, this time, I wasn't trying to quantify or assess her abilities. I was trying to examine her power from a fresh perspective after my lengthy discussion with the headmistress.

Even knowing the artificial nature of the System, it was hard to find actual evidence through actual examination. Maybe my abilities weren't truly developed yet —or maybe I shouldn't be trying to multitask between pulling her hair and ravaging her throat while trying to do such a delicate experiment— but I failed to notice anything that would truly support the headmistress' explanation.

It didn't mean she was lying to me, of course, just as it didn't mean she was being completely honest. In the end, it was a complicated issue, not something that could be validated immediately —and even validating meant very little unless I could start acquiring more details. So, I decided to turn my full attention back to Oeyne, who had been deliciously gasping as I invaded her throat repeatedly.

The way her arousal was increasing as I invaded her throat aggressively was a thing of beauty, her tendencies toward bondage showing itself. I decided to tease her a bit more, and grabbed a silver ingot, infusing it with my mana to soften before I started shaping it into a delicate state through my magic. I wasn't using my fire mana, however, but earth mana, forcing the metal to reshape directly without softening.

A costly trick that exchanged an excess of mana and structural integrity for showmanship and speed, but I reinforced the metal with the second flood of my mana to reinforce the metal to make sure it wouldn't just shatter with Oeyne's strength.

[-691 Mana]

After all, it wouldn't be proper bondage if she could just shatter her bonds with a pull.

Since her mouth was still blocked, she wasn't able to comment on my tricky blacksmithing display, but I was familiar enough with her expression to realize she was impressed by my progress once again. After all, while she could easily do a similar trick with better quality, she was a focused blacksmith with years of experience, and I was a hobbyist at best.

Distracted by my display, she didn't pay much attention to the trajectory of the floating handcuffs until they locked around her wrists, locking her arms behind her, rendering her helpless. She wasn't unhappy about it, however, easily displayed by the way her moans gained another layer of enthusiasm, her arousal flaring.

I decided to make things even more entertaining. Another flare of mana —this time much smaller— later, a cube of ice was slowly floating down, but she had only noticed it when it touched her neck, gently gliding down to caress her naked shoulders.

She flinched in surprise at the first contact, but her eyes grew as she understood the source. Pity that she couldn't comment on that as I slowly added a second one, this time dancing around her lips, the same lips that were tightly wrapped around my shaft to contain its girth.

"Is there something wrong," I said even as I grabbed her hair and pulled it hard enough to be painful. "You seem a bit tense." She couldn't stammer an answer, but her moans were sufficiently revealing. She was on the edge of an explosion.

Pity I had no intention of actually stopping there, not when it was just a beginning.

I pulled out without a warning. She opened her mouth to question, only to cry in shock as I moved my hands under her shoulder and pulled her over the surface, until she was on her knees in front of me, her corset ruined completely in the process. And since it was ruined, it was no great waste when I ripped it off from her body. However, rather than ripping it off completely, I let the ruined scraps pool around her waist, the stained white of the corset contrasting beautifully with her skin. The shine of the silver handcuffs just added to the moment.

She definitely looked like a desperate damsel, fallen under the lacking mercy of a warlord. I wasted no time before slipping inside her mouth, while another two ice cubes joined the fray, circling around her breasts to enhance her pleasure even further.

As much as I enjoyed repeatedly sliding inside her mouth, her beautiful mouth wasn't her only worthy quality, not when her caramel tits were waiting for my attention. I pulled out, only to

bring my hands around her tits, pressing them against each other to create a delicious valley for myself before I launched a merciless assault.

“Fuck my tits,” she gasped even before her wheezing subsided, showing that the pain and restrictions that had been applied on her were only making her hornier. After spending her life in a forge, her definition of rough certainly differed compared to other people.

“Oh, who are you to give me orders?” I said mockingly even as I twisted her nipple painfully enough to hurt even her. I didn’t waste much time before freeing my foot from my shoe before using my soles to gently caress her thighs, contrasting with my otherwise rough treatment.

She definitely noticed when her foot started to climb toward her core while teasing her inner thigh. It didn’t take a genius to read my intention, but she only moaned in appreciation before leaning down and capturing the crown of my shaft, the base still sliding up and down between her beautiful tits.

Not that I would have really cared if she was not on board. At this point, it was too late for her to stop me or change the balance. Until we call an end to it, she was my toy -unless she could get out of her bindings. Her strength was not sufficient, not that it prevented her from stretching to test that occasionally. She even tried to use her mana to manipulate the handcuffs just like I had done earlier. She could have easily removed them if it wasn’t for my intervention.

Her crafting skills might be much stronger than mine, but the same didn’t apply to mana potency. She had to spend all of her mana in a burst just to have a chance of success, but that wouldn’t mean anything when I could always craft another handcuff right after.

It was that sense of dominance that was making her obedient enough to accept the relatively demeaning position of licking my cock while I teased her wetness with my foot. Triggering the submissiveness of such an imposing beauty was not a simple task.

She still tightened her legs in an attempt to slow down the inevitable move of my foot, but she was shaking under the strain of an overwhelming build-up, not to mention distracted by the teasing random travel of the ice cubes and occasional twisting of her nipples. It was like her own impressive strength was starting to betray her, refusing to put their power behind her move.

What she didn’t know was her impending orgasm wasn’t the only reason for her feebleness. Even as I continued to enjoy the merits of her caramel body, I didn’t stop exploring her soul space. She was an interesting specimen, strong yet almost entirely unaffected with my

companion process.

Perfect for a little experimenting. My current trick was creating a magical cage around her strength stat, limiting the connection between her soul space and the stat. To my surprise, it was relatively easy to cut the connection between her stat, which had immediate adverse effects on her strength.

Pity that such a trick was practically useless in combat. If I could slip that much mana to someone's soul space, directly killing them was the much easier option. Of course, that didn't mean it was useless in other conditions. I could imagine it being used in many different ways.

Thanks to her enhanced weakness, Oeyne was helpless to resist my combined assault, and soon, she was trembling as the orgasm hit her, robbing even more of her strength.

"Please," she gasped as she tried to stand upright, only to lean against her forge. She was being extremely affected by the aftermath of her orgasm —which was because I had significantly reduced her endurance as well, and used biomancy to increase her sensitiveness for good measure. As I continued to rub against her wetness, it was nothing less than delicious torture.

"Yes, Oeyne," I said, amused by the begging edge in her tone, which didn't fit her usual characteristics even slightly. "How can I help you?" I added mockingly as my hand landed on her breast, squeezing absentmindedly like she was nothing more than my tone. My shaft started throbbing in protest as it was deprived of the delicious hug of her breasts, but I ignored that. A little denial was nothing much compared to the torture she was going through.

"Please—" she begged, trying to ask for a reprieve, but I didn't let her finish her sentence, by twisting her nipple without a warning, sending fresh waves of pain into her body, which triggered another wave of pleasure.

"Please, what?" I said as my fingers sank into her firm tits, her flesh reacting beautifully. The rhythmic movement of my foot making things even worse.

I caught her eyes, her brown eyes filled with pleasure, showing that despite her begging, she was enjoying the show immensely. I was considering how to progress when I heard a knock on the door, realizing that I had been wasting too much time in the process.

"Is it the meeting time already," I asked, only for her to nod sadly, no less enthusiastic about the need to stop? "Do you want me to handle the meeting completely, or do you want to be present?"

“Can you handle it alone?” she whispered, only to get punished with a slap to her tits.

“You shouldn’t doubt your own apprentice,” I said, which was a mocking reminder of how our relationship started, which long turned meaningless thanks to a combination of my strength and her submissive tendencies, even before I had earned a place in the inner circle of the headmistress.

“However, you should still listen to the meeting,” I said, and before she could even react, I grabbed another ingot of silver, this time using that to create chains for her feet, elegant yet strong, before showing her to a large cabinet under the forge. Then, I had put a complicated — yet useless— enchantment on the chains to hide the nature of my manipulations as I quickly blocked the connection between several of her stats to prevent her from using magic and her strength.

Her eyes widened in shock as she realized her helplessness was not just a ploy, but before she could even speak, a ball-gag appeared in her mouth, preventing her from speaking. Simultaneously, I pushed a magical dildo in her wetness, buzzing incessantly.

“You should make sure to keep your voice down, we don’t want to alert the envoy of the princess,” I said before I pushed the lid close and walked to the door to meet with the princess’ envoy, leaving her in the darkness, constantly teased, yet being forced to keep her voice down.

And most importantly, weak for the first time...

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Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 6600 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [98/100]

Expert Speech [71/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Seventeen

When I opened the door, I was surprised to notice that there was only one visitor, a blonde girl whose body was hidden under a practical thick linen shirt and loose leather pants combo, like she was another craftsman. A figure I had seen from the distance as they were leaving the princess' cart, though that time, she was wearing a fancy dress.

One of the handmaidens.

A moment of silence stretched as we both processed the unexpected scene. She was clearly expecting to meet with Oeyne, and I was expecting to find a bigger procession than just one of the handmaidens, carrying a wrapped bundle. "I'm here for a meeting," she said, trying to look unperturbed.

"She's out for an emergency, but she should be back in a few minutes," I said even as I stepped to the side, allowing her to pass uninterrupted. "And I can help if it's an emergency."

"No, it can wait," she said. She stepped inside, her eyes examining the room in a systematic manner, but she managed to hide that behind a casual glance. That glance alone was enough to tell me that I was dealing with another infiltration expert. Her choice of clothing, clearly prepared to impress Oeyne at first glance, showing they had done their homework.

Too bad for them that my presence was not something they could have prepared for, which meant that they were playing from a significantly disadvantageous position. Just by sending an agent with such extensive preparation, they had given me one critical piece of information. Whatever they want Oeyne repairing was not just an excuse for them to bring an army to the school, but something they genuinely wanted to achieve.

It was critical information for me to determine my next steps.

Well, considering they came with a small army, and my attention was split between two other critical projects, the game board was already weighing toward their side, so I was happy to get every scrap of advantage I could.

While she prioritized examining the room first, I decided on a temporary personality to pick up, so, when she turned to face me once more, she caught me looking at her ass, only to jump back to her face with a blush, giving the impression that I could be easily manipulated through seduction.

It was intentional. I wanted to enjoy passively as a sexy blonde tried to manipulate me through seduction. It would be a nice change of pace.

She proved that she was a professional when it came to the game when she looked deeply into my eyes even as her posture shifted. It wasn't a major shift, but she leaned forward a bit more, her neck tilted vulnerably, one of her hands on her hips to accentuate the curves of her otherwise lithe body. With her blonde hair beautifully circling her innocent yet beautiful face, she was truly a perfect weapon.

"So, who exactly are you?" she said with a tingly tone even as she took a step forward, cutting the distance just a bit.

"I'm one of the special blacksmiths of the headmistress," I said even as I puffed my chest proudly, giving the impression that I was trying to impress her. "She had decided that a task assigned by the princess deserves the best attention."

"Oh, really?" she said, failing to hide a calculative flash going through her expression, and a slight amount of panic. They clearly didn't appreciate the headmistress knowing about the task, which was why I decided to steal another shy glance of her tits, selling the idea that I was easy to manipulate.

[+1 Subterfuge]

She might be good, but I was better, so it wasn't entirely surprising when, after sending a thoughtful glance toward the door, she decided to stay inside. "Of course," I said proudly, puffing my chest. "I'm the strongest mage when it comes to magical analysis and mana capacity."

"How impressive," she murmured, even as she relaxed even more. She wasn't completely convinced yet, but my excessive mana capability and magical analysis not only served their needs perfectly—their own capabilities in the area were clearly a mess—but also reduced the chance of having other abilities to trick her.

Too bad for her that I was playing in a completely different class.

"Thanks," I murmured even as I looked shyly. "And may I learn the name of such a beautiful lady?"

"It's Delia," she said, then continued without taking a break. "I have been fascinated by forging since I was a child. Would you mind showing me an example of your skills?"

“It would be my pleasure,” I said with an enthusiastic smile as I walked toward the other side of the forge, where Oeyne was still trapped in a cabinet, suffering under the tyrannical grasp of the buzzing spell. “Any preference?”

“Maybe a dagger,” she said.

“As you wish, milady,” I said even as I grabbed an ingot, a magically-treated steel block that represented a small fortune, showing that just how my poor decision-making had become as I was grasped by the desire to impress her. Then, I flared my mana, saturating the steel with my magic, the excess enough to blanket the room.

[-698 Mana]

Her eyes widened as the mana filled the room. The mana I had just burst out was enough to make someone a valuable mage, and I was clearly not near my limits. My hammer danced on the surface of the forge for the next few minutes, giving an impression that I was stretching both my mana manipulation and forging abilities to the limit.

Of course, it was impossible for her to know that my expression was less about the dagger I was forging, and more about the little game I was playing with Oeyne.

I had flipped open the cabinet door, and slipped my foot between Oeyne’s chained legs, drenching the top of my foot with her wetness as I caressed, turning her already difficult ordeal into the torture of pleasure. She groaned and moaned despite the gag, forcing me to establish a subtle silencing ward —which also confirmed that my current opponent might have some interesting subterfuge skills, but her magical abilities were clearly lacking.

Which meant the chances of her being the thief was very low.

With that, I split my attention between sending her lovesick glares and teasing Oeyne under the cabinet, sometimes directly through my foot, sometimes using a mage hand to caress her tits, turning her into a volcano ready to explode.

Five minutes later, I raised the dagger with a proud yet exhausted expression, having spent almost as much as mana I had spent in the beginning, giving her an idea about my mana capacity —a false one, of course.

[+1 Subterfuge]

From her expression, carrying a subtle tone of smugness, I was sure that she was completely

sold on my personality, just as I desired. “Such an impressive work,” she said as she walked to my side of the forge, forcing me to cast a quick spell to erase any possible smell. She grabbed the dagger —an elegant piece that would be perfect for a lady like her to carry— dragging her finger over its edge suggestively. “It will be a true masterpiece after it’s sharpened and polished,” she said. Her fascinated gaze dancing on the dagger was clearly begging me to offer to her —exaggerated to make sure I understood her intent.

“Oh, yes,” I said pridefully. “Just let me catch my breath for a moment, and your gift will be ready.”

“A gift, for me!” she said, her eyes far too wide to be a natural reaction as she put her hand on my forearm, squeezing my muscles. “You’re amazing!”

“It’s nothing much,” I said, shyly rubbing my head as I moved toward the large couch on the corner, far away from the forge. She walked along with me, keeping her hand around my arm, even after I had sat down.

“You must have a lot of stories about forging,” she suggested enthusiastically.

“Of course, like the time I was repairing a magical spear that was about to explode due to an unstable matrix...” I said before spinning a completely imaginary story that presented myself as an obsessive blacksmith whose attention split between his work and making sure he looked heroic, with a weak spot for beauties —though the last part was only implied to make it believable.

Thirty minutes, and two stories later, she was confident enough that she had deciphered my personality as an easy-to-manipulate blacksmith whose connection to the headmistress was through his production capabilities rather than any sensitive stuff. As a nice bonus, stretching my abilities in front of a diplomacy expert finally allowed me to completely mature my last remaining skill.

[+4 Speech]

“You’re so impressive,” she said as she continued to caress my arm, clearly not intending to do anything other than that. “Since you’re the magical expert, would you mind examining it first,” she said, before adding hurriedly. “Unless it would be a problem with Oeyne, of course. She’s the owner of the forge, after all.”

“Not at all,” I said quickly, too quickly even, showing that I didn’t appreciate Oeyne’s implied authority, giving the princess’ side an illusionary chance to play us against each other while we

worked on their mysterious artifact.

“If you’re sure,” she said. “I wouldn’t want such a handsome man like you to get into trouble, after all,” she said, easily removing the sting of her earlier doubt.

With my control over my body, fake-blushing was a trivial achievement. She passed me the bundle, which had a broken spear, one that was clearly ancient. While she continued to caress my arm, I flared my mana, examining the structure of the spear.

However, before the spear, I used the flare of magic to disguise a small slip of mana, exploring her soul space to make sure her magical capabilities were indeed limited. My earlier assumptions turned out to be true. She completely lacked any kind of magical capability. Even her combat-related skills were extremely limited. Other than a dagger skill, her stats were split between observational skills and speech skills, creating a truly impressive mixture of diplomat and spy. If our stats were equal, she probably could run circles around my attempts to be clever. Overall, she was slightly below level twenty, making her a dangerous powerhouse in the general standards of the world, especially with her interesting focus.

Too bad for her that even my lowest stat doubled her highest stat, making her hopelessly outmatched.

With the shadow of being noticed resolved, I finally turned my attention to the broken remains of the rusty spear, curious about its value...

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Expert Speech [75/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Eighteen

The spear she had passed to me was an interesting artifact, nothing more than a simple ruin at the first glance. Its wooden handle was broken halfway, turning the long weapon into something below two feet in length, the cracks of its head filled with rust even after all the dirt was cleaned carefully. The delicate decorations that were supposed to cover both the handle and head were ruined during the time it had spent underground, dust and dirt seeped deep into its texture so deep that it was impossible to clean it without ruining what was left of it.

Altogether, it was an easy tool to dismiss for anyone without magical sensitivity.

It wasn't that the enchantments that were embedded on the nature of the spear were in any better condition than its outward appearance. The magical matrix that was supposed to be in one cohesive structure on the core to power its magical functions had fragmented into many smaller pieces, yet, it was as beautiful as a shattered diamond shining under the sunlight, creating rainbows.

The individual pieces of enchantments weren't as fiddly as I first imagined. Oeyne could easily etch something more complicated, for example, but the sheer number of different parts and how they layered over each other was the real challenge. It was like a mathematical problem that only used first and second-order equations rather than more difficult equations, but with thousands of them at the same time.

And even from the aged fragments, I could see that the spear was created by multiple people, likely through a complicated ritual. Another interesting detail about its creation.

Ultimately, as I examined it, likening it to a diamond made sense. Like a diamond, the function of the main enchantment was deceptively simple despite its impressive potential. I couldn't exactly identify what it was supposed to store. I had my suspicions, of course, but nothing I could conclusively prove before working on it with Oeyne.

Their desire to use Oeyne to repair it became clear, however. Clearly, the enchantments were not added later to the spear, but forged into its core during the crafting process, a trick that Oeyne was famous for. Interestingly, its nature reminded me of the designs we had created for my weapons —but much more matured than our quick drafts— which were designed for durability and maximum capacity over simple surface enchantments.

"How is it?" Delia asked, pulling me out of my musings. Luckily, the personality I was selling to her was a genius yet socially inept expert, making my focused examination an acceptable part

of my disguise. "Do you think you can repair it?"

"Oh, definitely, but it'll take a lot of time," I said even as I summoned a piece of paper. "The first problem is the alignment of the fragments..." I started, quickly bursting into a complicated babble of magical terms that I deliberately made even more impenetrable by referring to a bunch of complicated magical theories and other stuff.

"Wow, really," she exclaimed, looking appropriately fascinated at my explanation, even as she slid closer, brushing her leg against mine. "You're such a genius? Can you repair it singlehandedly?" she asked.

"P-probably," I suddenly stammered evasively. "It's a bit tricky to handle the more menial parts," I clarified hurriedly. "I'm more involved in the magical aspects and the conceptual design. The actual forging is a more pedestrian part of it, not really my area of interest," I quickly added. That babble was not pointless. I was essentially telling her that I was overly proud of my own work despite my limited forging skills, and I was feeling self-conscious about that part, using bluster to suppress that sense of inferiority.

Essentially, I was selling the idea that my pride was another great lever to be used to manipulate me against both the headmistress and Oeyne, along with my lust.

"You're amazing," Delia said passionately, losing no time before grabbing the exact point of weakness I had presented to her. "I don't know how many experts we have talked about it, and you're the only one that could understand its nature in such detail in such a short time," she said, giving me a pointless compliment. Because I was absolutely sure that she lacked the capability to understand even a tenth of my explanation even if I hadn't been trying to make it intentionally impenetrable.

"It's my honor to serve the royal family," I said, pushing my chest proudly.

"So, how much time do you need to finish repairing the spear?"

"A few days, a week at most," I started, and her eyes shone with shocked excitement. She suppressed that quickly, but not quickly enough to avoid my notice. "That should be enough to finish the preliminary analysis phase, so that I could start designing the repair procedure. Optimistically, we should be able to start reforging the spear in less than a month."

"A month," she murmured, unable to hide the panic in her eyes. I was happy to take a note of it, because it meant that they actually needed the spear for something, and they needed that relatively urgently.

“Yes, a month, unless there’s something unexpected of course,” I added, with a matter-of-fact tone that was very natural.

“Isn’t there a way to quicken the process, maybe using the research we previously conducted on the spear,” she questioned.

This time, I didn’t need to fake the derisive snort I let out. “Yeah, I read those notes, they are not worthy to be used as kindling. I don’t know who was responsible for those, but I would be surprised if they can actually enchant something more complicated than a light crystal.” Not that I needed to work much to break their confidence to their own experts, after all, if they had any hope of actually repairing the spear with their own skill, they wouldn’t have bothered to arrange it with Oeyne in such a complicated manner.

“Is there really no way to make it shorter?” she murmured, her eyes widened in a way that enhanced her vulnerability, her lower lip trembling just the correct amount, creating a paradoxical combination of pitiful and sexy, enough to make a lesser man fall in love at that instant.

“Well, maybe...” I murmured, as I tried to decide the best way to leverage their need.

“Really?” she said enthusiastically as she grabbed my arm, pulling it enough to accidentally push it to her modest bosom. “As you said, you’re a true genius,” she said, essentially forcing myself to back my earlier statement to impress her.

“Yeah, but it’s tough to work, I need to cancel or delay a few more projects, not to mention I need to build a dedicated room to study it, which will be really expensive. Also, I need to keep the spear in my possession for the next weeks. Then, maybe I could do that.”

“Unfortunately, we can’t give the spear, not when there’s a war going on,” she quickly refuted, which was something I expected. “Who knows when a breach might occur.”

“You’re correct, but I need almost unlimited access to it to handle that any quicker,” I answered with a helpless expression, waiting for her to offer what I wanted in the first place.

“How about building the laboratory in our residence,” she offered, unaware that was what I wanted in the first place.

“That might work,” I murmured reluctantly. “But it’ll be really expensive if you want quick results, more than I could afford my own.”

“How much?” she asked hesitantly, smart enough not to sign to an open check.

“Well...” I murmured as I pulled another piece of paper and drafted a few quick plans, each with a list of materials underneath. “Essentially, we have multiple options, each with its own cost structure,” I said as I quickly explained to her, while her eyes widened as she processed the small fortune that was required for even the worst room I designed.

“Are you sure all of those is necessary,” she said.

“The most critical part of it is to isolate the resonance of the different fragments so that we can avoid a cascading overload...” I started, drowning any possible argument she could put in another pointlessly complicated theory debate. And, the best part, since she was faking her own capabilities in order to sell the idea that she was more capable than she seemed, she couldn’t just admit that she didn’t understand even a bit.

“I need to discuss that with the princess,” she murmured. “But is this the cheapest possible,” she said, pointing at the least complicated part of it.

“Well, not necessarily, but there are other drawbacks to building something cheaper, like the need to add too many wards, which would have the risk of interference with the protective wards,” I said, and seeing her panic, I quickly followed. “Nothing catastrophic, but it might slightly impair the detection capabilities,” I added.

Actually, the analysis phase before the repair wasn’t that long, nor it required a dedicated magical laboratory to successfully achieve. But since I wanted to have an excuse to visit the temporary royal quarters limitlessly, it was an excellent excuse. I was betting on their desperation.

The type of laboratory they would ultimately choose didn’t matter to me even a bit. All I needed was an excuse to establish a set of independent wards in their quarters, which could be used in a variety of ways depending on what I discovered about the objective of the princess, from infiltration to sabotage — even assassination if necessary.

“I see,” Delia murmured as she examined the paper I had filled with the schematics. “It’s not something I can decide on my own, I need to talk with the princess,” she said as she stood up.

“Aren’t you going to wait Oeyne,” I said, deliberately adding a tone of distaste as I pronounced Oeyne’s name, like I resented the necessity of her help in the first place. The existence of such easy leverage put a huge smile on Delia’s lips.

“I appreciate the help. I’m sure the princess would appreciate your help as well. How about if you host a private lunch tomorrow in our quarter, after we finish moving in,” she added.

“It would be my pleasure,” I said as I smiled excessively, following her to the door. I opened the door, only to see a pair of bodyguards on the far end of the corridor, waiting for her to reappear. They were clearly paying proper attention to the security of the spear.

I watched her walk toward the end of the corridor with an excessive sway of her hips, closing the door only when they disappeared at the end of the corridor.

Then, I dispelled the silencing wards that were blocking Oeyne’s voice, only to hear her helpless moans, suppressed by her ballgag.

I started walking toward the forge with a purpose. After that tease Delia, I was in the mood for a proper embrace...

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PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Nineteen

“So, where were we?” I asked even as I opened the cabinet. The sight that my eyes met was spectacular. Oeyne’s delicious caramel skin was covered with sweat, adding a nice shine to her already impressive beauty, while her chest was heaving helplessly.

But that was nothing compared to the amazing sight of her face, a mixture of pleasure, joy, desperation, and helplessness, to a level of perfection I had never seen before. She was reacting to her loss of strength after I blocked her connection with the specific nodes in her soul space.

Admittedly, it had some interesting implications, such as destroying the nodes to permanently depowering someone, but only under certain circumstances. Killing someone was still easier than depowering them, and that was before going into any possible backlash from the system for doing so.

The more interesting possibility was permanently enhancing someone’s power directly. The disgusting patchwork of power I had observed from the soul space of the assassins that were targeting Titania already suggested it was possible, not that I was interested in it other than possible academic implications.

I was more than happy with the way I was helping the others level up, thank you very much.

However, the theoretical applications of soul space manipulations were just a fleeting line of thought that occurred on the back of my head while I pulled Oeyne out of the stuffy cabinet and pushed against the work surface. After repeated orgasms thanks to the vibrator I added to the ensemble —and without the endurance to resist— she had already enjoyed several climaxes, forcing me to lower the suppression of her endurance to prevent her from fainting from overwhelming pleasure as I started caressing her wet lips.

“So,” I started lazily even as I freed her from her gag, allowing her moans to rise unimpeded while my other hand was still busy caressing her entrance. “Have you found my talk with the princess’s handmaiden useful?” Rather than a proper answer, I received a moan that was roughly positive. “Use your words, master, your apprentice can’t understand you,” I said mockingly even as I slapped her ass softly.

Even that was enough to trigger another helpless climax in her overcharged state. She tried to give a proper answer, but it failed quickly as her voice was flooded with endless moans. The treatment from my hands, alternating between caresses and spanks, didn’t exactly help her

contain her tone as well. It took almost a minute for her to utter a few words. "It was ... very good."

"Really," I said with a mocking enthusiasm. "Do you think I deserve a reward for my expert diplomacy," I said even as I slipped two fingers into her wetness, earning another desperate moan, this time even louder.

"Yes," she answered helplessly.

"Such a good master," I said even as I pulled out my fingers, and without a warning, impaled her wetness aggressively. It was a pity that I was temporarily unable to progress the companion process, because Oeyne was at the perfect point to leverage it. And the stat bonus he would have received from that would have come very usefully while repairing the staff.

It was a pity, but instead of lamenting the loss of opportunity, I focused on the amazing sight in front of me, her arms still handcuffed, her legs wrapped in silver chains, turning her into an amazing gift. A gift that I continued to ram mercilessly while she moaned, not giving her even a moment to recover.

Still, I occasionally loosened the restrictions on her physical stats to prevent her from collapsing, even occasionally relying on my healing to reduce her exhaustion. Otherwise, it was impossible for her to stay conscious under the flood of pleasure.

Her moans intensified when I slipped one hand between the work surface and her chest, squeezing her breasts aggressively. Her nipples were so hard that I was surprised they weren't scratching the work surface as she slid back and forth.

"So, you have a lot of time to think about the discussion. What's your opinion?" I asked, well aware anything more than a few simple words were impossible to create for her.

"What?" was all she could utter, confused at the sudden question, my repeated squeezing of her spectacular breasts not making it any easier. "I-" she tried to add, only to fade into a cry when I spanked her hard once more, making her huge ass jiggle.

"Try to be more articulate, master. It doesn't fit your esteemed self," I mocked her, only to continue to spank her whenever she opened her mouth, trying to answer, drowning her words in another moan.

Despite the rough treatment, however, when I pulled out of her, the only reaction she let out was a desperate plea. "No, please, don't stop," she gasped, impressing me with her articulation.

“Don’t worry,” I said with a chuckle as I cast a spell, conjuring another set of chains even as the handcuffs I created were flicked open. An arcana spell allowed the chains to move freely, wrapping her arms, forcing her upright. I walked around her a full circle, enjoying the sight of her voluptuous body that rejected the domain of time.

[-43 Mana]

“Such a slutty master,” I said as I spanked her softly, enjoying the way she gushed at the slightest touch. “The guilds were idiots to use threats and financial incentives to censure you. All they needed was a well-crafted dildo for you to fold,” I mocked her as I caressed her body softly, which, despite the great contrast with the earlier rough treatment, still worked wonders.

“Please,” she gasped desperately, ignoring my mocking remarks as she focused on my touch. It was just one word, but it perfectly conveyed her desperation.

“Such a desperate master,” I mocked her, which made her gushing even more intense. “You’re lucky that you have a merciful apprentice.”

“Thank you-” she tried to start, only for her words to fade when my hand landed on her perfect breast to leave a dark mark, turning into another harsh moan. Her pain tolerance was really impressive even with her limited stats.

I decided to reward her. “So, which way you want. Throat, pussy, or ass?” I asked.

Her answer came quicker than lightning. “Fuck me in the ass,” she spat out desperately, like she was afraid I would remove her chance to choose if I delayed even a second.

“As you wish,” I said as I added the required spells to clean, but deliberately kept the lubrication very limited, nor helped her to loosen magically. Despite the poor preparation, I impaled her with one sharp stab, making her moan desperately, her pleasure easily overwhelming the hints of pain.

“Harder,” she moaned as I impaled her rapidly, so I grabbed her hair and pulled back roughly, adding another layer of pain, one that she appreciated greatly if her tightening was any indicator. I continued to drill her mercilessly while my other hand danced over her curves, mercilessly exploring her sensitive spots.

Her ass tightened under my treatment, doubling the already significant pleasure I was getting from our fun adventure. I didn’t say anything, just continued to enjoy her helpless tightness. Her back arching beautifully as I steadily pushed her toward another climax, struggling to stay on

the bright side of the line that separated consciousness from fainting,

It wasn't just the amazing tightness of her ass that was giving me pleasure —not that it was anything less than amazing. The true joy came from turning another strong and beautiful woman into a member of my growing harem. Without her strength and achievements, the pleasure I would have gotten from her total surrender would have been significantly less.

“Look at yourself,” I ordered as I conjured a mirror in front of her, forcing her to confront her own slutty face.

She caught the sight of her body. Her eyes widened in shock as her mind registered the intenseness of her arousal, clear as a day on her beautiful face. Still, despite the initial shock, she embraced it easily. She started pushing her ass back to match my pacing, her tits jiggling in an amazing manner whenever our bodies hit together.

As the hold of the pleasure got even stronger, her breathing started to get out of control. She was nearing another climax, but this time, I wasn't too far away from an explosion as well. She was burning with a desire that was impossible to suppress. I considered suddenly pulling out to leave her on the edge, but I decided against it for two reasons. First, she had already gone through delicious torture locked in the cabinet while I was flirting with Delia.

Second, I was also about to explode.

“I'm going to fill you,” I whispered, which she replied with a delicious moan, not saying a word. Not that she needed any words at this point. Her desperate moans, combined with her body language, told her story much better than any word could convey. She closed her eyes as she focused on the sensation while I slammed with a renewed fervor.

Then, I exploded, flooding her bowels with my seed, which triggered a desperate moan in her as well. I unraveled the chains with a wave of my hands and dispelling the enchantments —the useless ones that I cast to trick her about the source of her suppression— and removed the restrictions from her stats.

Her phenomenal power returned completely, but that only helped her to stay conscious. She still collapsed against me, her body limp enough to force me to grab her waist to prevent her from collapsing. I chuckled even as I dragged her toward the nearest chair.

I sat down and pulled her to my lap, my shaft still in her ass, every throbbing making her moan softly.

I needed a toy to distract myself while I waited for her to recover. Luckily, I had a very convenient one. I grabbed her breasts and started kneading them gently while I waited for her to recover...

After all, we still have a lot of things to discuss...

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Strength: 41 Charisma: 53

Precision: 35 Perception: 37

Agility: 35 Manipulation: 40

Speed: 34 Intelligence: 44

Endurance: 34 Wisdom: 46

HP: 5370 / 5370 Mana: 6600 / 6600]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty

I was planning to start discussing the details of the spear and the best approach to repair it after Oeyne recovered from her most recent orgasm, expecting her recovery to be rather quick after freeing her from her stat restrictions, her impressive Endurance working again.

Unfortunately, I miscalculated. As she recovered, she shifted in her seat, ready for a second round. Who could have imagined continuously caressing her breasts as she recovered —or keeping my fully-erect cock in her ass, pumping lazily to stretch her ass even further— could make her aroused.

She grabbed my wrists, her hold once again strong enough to crack stone now that she was free of both the physical and magical restraints. “Fuck me,” she growled, drunk arousal dancing in the depths of her beautiful brown eyes.

“Such a needy whore,” I murmured, trying to sound playfully dissatisfied, which was harder than the entirety of the acting I had pulled against Delia. Sounding negative was particularly difficult with a sexy caramel beauty in my lap, grinding repeatedly to take my cock even deeper into her ass, pressing hard enough to shatter the pelvis of a weaker man.

“I’ll show you needy,” she grunted, feeling the need to show dominance after her earlier humiliation —a state that she clearly enjoyed immensely, but humiliation nonetheless.

I had no intention of catering to her particular wish to switch roles. Twisting my wrists, I freed myself from her grip, only to latch around her arms to mirror the earlier situation. With a grab established, it was trivial to stand up and dash toward the nearest wall, trusting her legs to wrap around my waist reflexively to maintain the balance. Not to avoid the fall — as something like that would even register to her as painful— but because she didn’t want to lose my presence in her bowels.

With my speed, it took only a moment for me to slam her against the smooth surface of the wall —which didn’t crack only because of the extensive magic that went to reinforce it during its construction, designed to contain magical explosions— using one hand to keep her both hands together despite her earnest struggle to free them. My strength, combined with the leverage of the position, allowed me to occupy both of her hands with just one, highlighting that despite all my magical talent, I was stronger than her.

She reacted beautifully to her new imprisonment, my flesh replacing the chains.

Her reaction wasn't shocking. After all, due to her political position, she was living under a metaphorical siege for the last several years, one woman against a horde of guilds that maintained a stranglehold on the economy. Yes, she was incomparably stronger than any single one of them maybe except some guild leaders and other high levels —or maybe not even them, as it was very rare for someone with a high-level cap to actually follow the path of crafting rather than combat— but with their numbers came to the political weight, so much that she was only able to hide away as she worked in her works.

At first, my presence was nothing more than an easy source of money for her to fulfill her material needs for experimentation —and to pay the sizable debt she accumulated through gambling. Even when I first revealed some magical talent, it barely enhanced my utility without changing the nature of the relationship, just adding mana to the things she wanted to extract from me.

But as slowly revealed the extent of my power —both physical and magical— her perception started to shift, starting to see me as an equal at first, then even more. However, even then, she didn't truly surrender until today, where I truly displayed everything she needed.

I had displayed my strength before by dominating her directly, but the ability to take her abilities to a point of turning her into a weakling —though she assumed the enchantments on the chain was responsible— was on a different level in terms of power differentiation, proving that not only I could defeat, but completely destroy her.

After effectively living under political siege for a decade, that fact was clearly a comfort for her. After all, if I could destroy her easily, I wouldn't be trying to seduce her just to sell her out later. I was fucking her, because I wanted to fuck her. Nothing less, nothing more.

It wasn't just my direct strength that impressed her, though. My connection with the headmistress —even though it was established quite a bit later than she might have assumed— was another reason for her surrender. Political power was not something she desired, or could manage due to her excessively direct personality, but that didn't prevent her from suffering under the political weight of the others. With my connections, I represented an umbrella to protect her from all kinds of inconvenient little political machinations that might target her in her comfortable little nest.

The show I put in with Delia just pushed that point further. Even though she couldn't truly understand the subtleties of my actions —she lacked the ability to do so even under the best of circumstances, and being locked in a cabinet while suffering from chain orgasms was certainly not the optimal mental state to appreciate the details of a counter-seduction operation— she

appreciated me taking control of a situation she had no chance of successfully managing.

She appreciated it in a very visceral manner, if the furious rocking of her hips was any indicator.

As I responded with an enraged slam, she moaned, testing the limits of the sound isolation of her workshop. She was enthusiastic about my roughness, and even if she hadn't been, she had no one to blame but herself. She was the one to tempt me to restart despite my intention to discuss the technical topics relating to the spear.

Still, as much as I enjoyed her moans, I enjoyed forcibly cutting them off even more. I slammed my lips against hers, invasion of my tongue cutting her cries.

With my body on hers, she was pushed against the wall with no hope of escaping, but that didn't prevent her from trying to reverse the situation, using her recently-restored strength to the limit. Of course, just because she occasionally tried to turn the tables, only to lose, didn't mean that she was unhappy with the position. After all, losing brought its own rewards. Her hips continued to rock but still maintained the perfect angle for me to invade her ass properly.

So, when I suddenly yanked her by her luscious dark hair and threw her on the couch, face first—the same one I used to entertain Delia— she barely resisted. I latched her from behind, but this time, I slipped into her wet pussy.

Neglecting such a wet welcome wouldn't have been gentlemanly.

She just moaned as I inserted into her from behind, leveraging the fact that her lips were free once again. With no ability or desire to contain the noise coming out of her throat, her howls and shrieks filled the room as my presence stretched her soft lips to the limit.

I delivered a relentless assault into her wetness, something she rewarded me with her dazed, pleasure-filled moans. I grabbed her hair once more, this time pulling hard to turn it into a makeshift ponytail, using that to yank her head back with every thrust.

With the addition of a layer of pain, her enjoyment multiplied, her moans once again without the slightest hint of control, just sheer pleasure. Her eyes were closed, her tongue slipping out of her mouth as the pleasure reached a completely new level, the battle of ecstasy and euphoria clear on her face.

Then, she cried even louder as she tried to say something, but it turned into an unintelligible mess between her wanton moans. It seemed that, even with her endurance renewed, she was quick to reach her limit.

It wasn't surprising considering the significant strain she had gone through, unfortunately for her, I had no intention of showing mercy just because of that reason. I continued to thrust without even skipping a beat, curious whether I could make her climax again before she could recover.

"Do you think I can make you cum again in less than a minute?" I asked mockingly even as I slapped her ass, watching her bountiful flesh create endless ripples.

"I-impossible," she stammered, barely able to speak as she tried to ride her latest climax, which was rather difficult with my continuous slams.

"Oh, really?" I countered, more than ready to take the challenge. I slipped two fingers into her ass, pumping furiously.

She opened her mouth, no doubt argue against that in our sudden bet, but before she could say anything, I added another finger, shattering her words into another moan, letting out a savage grunt to match her tone. It took several seconds for her to reassert control over her body, and even then, it was barely enough to utter two words. "That's cheating!"

"You should have put the conditions beforehand," I said mockingly as my fingers quickened their assault to match the furious speed of my hips, both pushing my physical capabilities to the limit. I used my other hand to grab the couch, using the leverage to move even faster.

Under the strength of my assault, the couch started to crack ominously, warning me to slow down. However, winning the bet was more important than the continued existence of a couch, so I pushed even harder.

My furious last-minute push paid dividends, as her body started trembling with a fresh wave of overwhelming pleasure before the aftershocks of the previous one could disappear. Unfortunately, as I pushed for the final time before her tightening triggered my climax, I managed to overwhelm the hardness of the couch, and its back shattered with a loud sound, forcing me to cast a spell to prevent its splinters from hurting us.

[-4 Mana]

Not that it would have been dangerous in any way, but I didn't like the idea of Oeyne feeling pain if I wasn't the one directly responsible for it.

We lay among the shattered remains of her couch as we caught our breath. "That was a gift," she murmured petulantly as she recovered enough to string together more than two words.

“Then they should have given a more robust gift,” I countered mockingly, aware that she was just reflecting her frustration of losing the bet. Though, considering we didn’t actually put a stake for the bet, and she got another amazing climax in the process, it was hard to point out how exactly she had lost. She grumbled a bit, one that immediately disappeared as I started caressing her breasts.

“So, what is my reward for winning the bet,” I said as I continued to enjoy the softness of her skin.

“That doesn’t count,” she countered immediately, her tone implying she was far more interested in repeating the process of the bet more than getting the eventual victory, not that I could blame her for it. It had been rather entertaining to cut loose physically to such a degree.

“Maybe we can repeat the bet later,” I sighed with regret as I raised my hand, creating a complicated pattern of magical formulas floating like stars of the midnight sky. “It’s time to work. We need to talk about the spear...”

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Advanced Craft [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-One

My discussion with Oeyne about the spear consumed the rest of the day, as well as the majority of the night —though we did take several fun breaks that left us pleasantly exhausted in the process of studying.

All work and no play would make me a dull boy, after all. Not a particularly fun outcome.

Ultimately, our extensive study left us with even more questions than we had started with. Or, at least, in terms of the exact way to repair the spear in a way that would function its original function, storage, which sounded rather lame considering the weight assigned by the Royal Family.

Naturally, it was more complicated than that.

After that much studying, we were certain that the spear was designed to capture and contain some kind of energy source, and not let it out until certain stringent conditions were met. The requirements to contain the mysterious energy source left Oeyne scratching her head, as it was many times more intense than even the strongest theoretical mana construct.

I had my own suspicions about the storage target. Divine Spark seemed to be a perfect fit for it.

Though, the fact that I started to find much evidence of the existence of the Divine Spark the moment I started looking for it suggested something very important. They were clearly much more available than I had first assumed. The headmistress, the mysterious organization, and now, the royal family...

Still, the relative availability of it, along with the seemingly widespread knowledge, made sense under the light of the story told by the headmistress.

Since the Eternals were not currently ruling the world with an adamantium fist, there must be others possessing Divine Sparks as well —though, hopefully, not controlling them fully. Otherwise, even with their control over the system lost, the Eternals would have been able to dominate the other powers. And I certainly hoped that the control the Headmistress was displaying as a mythical angel was on the upper range of the scale of competence.

Of course, that raised even more questions about the princess' ultimate aim to be there, especially with the combination of the visit of her thief, whether she was aware of the identity of the headmistress and the fact that she was possessing two Divine Sparks, or that she was just

trying to do conduct and opportunistic fact-finding mission in a time it would be blamed to other enemies. Hopefully, after I establish my new research laboratory, I would get a better idea of the situation.

Still, almost every information I had was assumptions and suppositions, strung together from my limited experiences and a few scraps of information I unearthed from the stories. I needed more evidence before I could make a conclusion.

Conveniently, I was going to the Headmistress's tower once more, to finally receive the mark to turn me one of those Divine-Touched of the Light, not that I had any intention of turning into an emotionless, logic-driven little knight for her. Even if the worst happened and she established an overwhelmingly strong node that eclipsed the one Titania possessed, I just could suppress the emotional aspect of it, and that was only an issue if I couldn't trick her to establish the node in my fake soul space, with no connection to my real power.

I was enthusiastic about the opportunity, with the control she had displayed during the earlier ritual, my conversion wouldn't be a simple affair, certainly more complicated than my technique.

Unfortunately, it was likely not going to be as fun as mine as well.

When I arrived at her tower, a minute before the prearranged time, I found the door firmly closed. I waited silently, waiting for the door to open at the exact moment she promised. It did so, unlocking with a dramatic effect. I sighed at her subtle show of power and started walking.

The moment I stepped inside her tower, inside the protective wrap of darkness wards, pure, calming light filled my being, getting stronger as I climbed up the stairs. The walls, normally unadorned with any kind of mark, were filled with silver runes, visually supporting the holy feeling.

Then, a soft melody, one that reminded me of a choir, reached my ears, confirming my suspicions. I barely hid a smirk. She was clearly putting a show to impress me about the significance of the moment. Though the show might have some utilitarian purpose behind it just like my own Companion Process progressing only when a certain amount of trust and reliance developed between me and my beautiful friends, it still didn't change its nature. It was a show to impress.

So, I acted suitably awed, displaying proper amazement on my face. However, when I finally arrived at her room, I hadn't had to fake that expression, though not for the reasons she was

hoping.

Both the room and the headmistress had transformed completely from their usual understated manner. I was clearly more interested in the second part. Rather than her usual black robe, she was wearing white and gold armor that encased her torso. Even though the flatness of her plate armor hid the amazing lines of her body, it wasn't too much a deal-breaker, not when I had the perfect memory of her naked body in my memories to refer to. The fact that her armor was limited to a chest plate, but unfortunately she also wore a pristine white robe, hiding her arms and legs from the hungry gaze.

Her wings were fully raised, wide enough to almost touch the walls, shining softly with a silver light, the same color of her beautiful silver hair and eyes. Unlike their previous bare appearance, they had something resembling a weird mixture of armor and weapon loosely wrapped around, gold and silver, adding a sense of danger without hurting their holy appearance. Someone else might have fallen onto their knees and declared their undying worship at the amazing sight.

I imagined the magnificent sight it would create as I grabbed her wings from behind as I bent her over on top of the tallest tower of the school, her hands chained behind, being impaled repeatedly, her pure voice strained to shout as loud as she could manage. What a magnificent sight it would have been...

Compared to her striking appearance, the changes in the room took the backseat. Everything else in the room except the crystal runic platform was gone, replaced by more items made from the same crystal, covered in runes. Still, despite the wondrous sight they created, glowing with an inner light and reflecting the glow of the others at the same time, they faded against the awe of the angelic beauty that stood in the middle of the room, exuding an even brighter glow.

Though, the crystal platform grabbed my attention. Realizing that she was more focused on controlling her own mana, I decided to take the risk of touching the platform once more with a mana probe. However, after the previous time, I didn't let the platform connect with my mana completely, just examining its outer structure instead.

A cursory examination revealed that its nature was not too different from the spear. It was a very complicated artifact that would require days of effort to understand its proper functioning principles of course, but ascertaining its basic nature was simple after studying the spear in much detail.

It was like identifying a sword easily after getting familiar with a dinner knife. Not only was the strength and usage potential of the platform eclipsed the spear, but also its principles of design were much tighter. But ultimately, they were the equipment of the same nature, designed to contain and channel the Divine Spark.

As she looked at me, I expected her to launch an extensive, complicated ritual to sell the overwhelming holy expression further, but she chose a different part. “Kneel before the platform,” she simply said as she stepped on the platform, the glow filling her body.

[Divine Spark Identified! Please absorb it to continue to support the operations of the System]

The familiar notification popped again asking me to devour the source. Too bad that my earlier attempt almost resulted in my destruction, preventing me from acting hastily. After examining the design of the broken spear for a while, I had realized that I had underestimated the complexity of the process far too much. Divine Spark was far too volatile just to be controlled like mana.

“Are you ready?” the headmistress asked as she put her hand on my head.

I tensed my body, grabbing my mana tightly, my muscles tensed, ready to lash out in case she noticed my deception and decided to react violently. “I’m ready,” I said, not exactly needing to fake a worshipful expression, though she probably wouldn’t have appreciated knowing that it was not directed to the holy ritual she was conducting but to her beauty. Her serious expression hid the cuteness she otherwise would have displayed, but that just tempted me to make her moan cutely.

Unfortunately, it wasn’t the time for that.

Yet.

Then, her power slammed against my body, forcing me to focus on the moment to prevent a crisis. Her power outlined my body first, furious as a flood, threatening to drown me. If it wasn’t for my overwhelming strength, the power would have eviscerated me in less than a second, not even leaving a sliver of ash.

The nature of the power was interesting. It wasn’t pure Divine Spark like I had been expecting, but instead it was mostly her own mana, mixed with a dash of Divine Spark, though that sliver was enough to turn her calm mana into a furious river threatening to destroy everything in its path. More interestingly, she wasn’t actually spending the mana, but pushing out of her body to rotate in my body, only to pull back again, making it a repeated activity, grueling to resist.

Luckily, I wasn't weak, so that I could grit my teeth and ignore the painful sensation as her power invaded my body mercilessly, as if it was cleansing my body by fires, painfully sharp. Every inch of my skin burned as the fire slowly infused deeper, pain intensifying.

But it wasn't without its benefit. My sharp senses, working in conjunction with my Biomancy and Tantric abilities, gave me the ability to monitor my own physical condition unfailingly, and I could feel that despite the pain, my body was getting stronger. It was a subtle thing, but also it wasn't something that could be just copied by Biomancy. Mana was not something that could be used as that trick. The improvement was subtle, but permanent.

And, it was completely unrelated to my stats.

Then, before I could consider the extent and the implications of that transformation, the power finally reached the fake soul space. The power of her mana mixed with a sliver of Divine Spark, effective despite its small amount, filled my fake soul space to the brim almost instantly, cracking its borders dangerously before she could exert enough control to gather it into one glowing vortex, forcing me to spend a lot of mana to repair my fake soul space.

[-2186 Mana]

The intensity of her power was wilder I had expected, making it more destructive, but paradoxically, it made me feel safer. After all, I had more than enough mana to maintain the soul space and repair it continuously, and even if the worst had happened, its destruction would mean nothing more than a temporary inconvenience.

The implication of the aggressive power flow was much more interesting. The uncontrolled flow of power revealed just how little control she had over Divine Spark, so much that even the small portion she was trying to control rebelled against her touch. The best she could do was to act like a riverbed, allowing the power to flood into my body, and gather it into a self-contained entity once it arrived at its direction.

It was important, because it meant that she couldn't notice the tricks I might pull on it. I carefully extended a line of mana, creating an alternate route for the power to flow in, and several other mana constructs to separate her mana from the Divine Spark, and infusing the same spark into mine before rerouting her mana back into the main flow.

It was a complicated mana structure, inspired by the design of the spear I was tasked to repair, refined further by the way she manipulated the Divine Spark to tame it by her own mana, but it worked. It even worked more successfully than I expected, not getting the slightest reaction

from her.

[-316 Mana]

I started to feel my true soul space filling with the Divine Spark...

[Divine Spark Absorption Started! Please absorb it completely to continue to support the operations of the System]

My lips quirked with anticipation as I read the notification. Finally, my improvement could continue after the initial break...

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PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Two

The sensation of absorbing the divine spark was an interesting feeling, somehow a mixture of taking a soft, lingering sip from an excellent wine, and drinking a sip of water desperately after a week's journey through a desert, displaying both the soft comfort of the first and the desperation of the second simultaneously.

Still, it was an amazing sensation, overwhelming even without the fact that I would be able to level up again, and even progress the Companion Process as an excellent bonus. It was slowly absorbed being into my soul space. The system probably would have liked to absorb it immediately, but that part failed due to the interference of her wards, the same wards that prevented the proficiency increase for the skills and gaining experience... Still, as long as the amount of Divine Spark became too overwhelming in my soul space, it was not a big problem.

The process to steal some of the Divine Spark from her was complicated, but once established, it was mostly self-reinforcing, allowing me to focus on other things. I turned my attention on the headmistress, her beautiful face strained with the weight of the action she was doing, her focus impeccable.

It was the perfect time to examine her status. I carefully constructed a mana probe, weak yet stable, before pushing it into her body. Her own body was chaotic enough with her throbbing mana, making it impossible for her to detect my little trick.

It also made it difficult for my mana probe to survive, forcing me to recreate probe after probe to search for her soul space, only to fail repeatedly despite my intensive effort. She might be hiding her soul space, of course, but she was clearly straining her own ability to the limit to channel the divine spark. Why should she bother to hide her soul space so thoroughly? Even if she suspected tricks from me, reinforcing its defenses was much easier than hiding it completely.

I created another probe, this time much stronger, taking the risk of getting caught, pushing even deeper into her body to find the connection point with the system. Then, I plunged that probe into her mana flow, tracing it toward the source, the only location I hadn't checked.

Initially, I wasn't expecting to find anything, because I had assumed the flow was coming from the crystal platform rather than her, because I assumed the platform was holding the divine spark, and she was just channeling it. It certainly made sense when considering the ability of the platform. As the mana probe traveled deeper into the mana flow, deeper into her body rather than the platform, however, I was forced to rethink that assumption.

When I finally found a metaphorical space, reinforced by layers and layers of mana, my eyes widened in surprise for two reasons. First, it was clearly not a soul space, and combined with my fruitless search that checked every other possible location, it wasn't hard to conclude that she lacked a soul space altogether.

Shocking, but not as shocking as it would have been before listening to her story about the root of the system. Knowing that it was an artificial construct of relatively recent origins, developed by the enemies of her faction, her lack of a system was interesting, but not exactly enough to shake my worldview. Combined with her ability to block the system in her tower, it was something I should have guessed.

The second discovery was much more interesting. Inside her reinforced containment unit, I had found an energy source that was getting more familiar with each passing minute. She was holding the Divine Spark inside her body. Which was an interesting choice, considering she had a perfectly viable container in the form of the platform. I was yet to decipher the platform's full range of functions, but based on my work on the broken remains of the spear, I was absolutely sure that it could contain the divine spark inside her infinitely with no side effect.

Which left the question, why she was carrying it inside her despite the obvious disadvantages.

Unfortunately, before I could deepen my probe, the strain on her face started to strengthen, and her mana flow started to decrease. I dispersed my mana probe hurriedly before she could notice it.

Once the mana flow slowed down, she stopped mixing Divine Spark, and instead focused on absorbing her mana. The moment it stopped, however, her mana rushed inside me once more, no less intense, but with much better control. If she maintained that intensity while examining my body, I had no chance of hiding my real soul space if she used that to search for it, but luckily, she was panting in exhaustion already.

Not the best mood to do something that was completely unnecessary —from her perspective— just to be on the safe side.

Instead, she focused that mana on my fake soul space, examining the small core of transformed divine spark, much smaller than what Titania had been carrying. It was a difference that couldn't be explained by the small amount of Divine Spark I managed to steal.

"You'll visit me for the rest of the week, just before the dawn every time," she said, trying to sound impervious to hide her exhausted state. Since my own Companion node also required

repeated attempts to fully form, I wasn't too surprised by her words.

"As you wish, headmistress," I said as I stood up, trying to ignore the way her sweaty robe stuck to her body. The robe was too thick to make it an erotic sight, but the hints of curves were just enough to trigger the memories of her beautiful nakedness, making my mouth water.

Even then, I wasn't particularly broken as I left the headmistress behind, too interested in the amount of divine spark that filled my real soul space, still moving, unlike the Node that was created in my soul space. I could have still destroyed that node to recover the divine spark it went to its construction, but since it would make the headmistress very suspicious, I didn't follow up with that.

Luckily, it was too weak to affect me even if it hadn't been housed in a fake soul space.

With that done, I turned my attention back to the flowing Divine Spark, still waiting for the connection with the system to occur, relatively calm as it stayed mixed with my mana.

However, the moment I stepped out of the tower —and out of the concealment of the tower— I lost all hints of control over the Divine Spark, which was devoured by the system in an instant. Not expecting such a reaction, I was barely able to maintain my own soul space as the pain hit, forcing me to grit my teeth. It was a pain that transcended physical, hurting my whole existence as it shredded an escape route through my soul space.

"Okay, no letting it absorb all of it immediately," I murmured to myself even as I struggled to stand up, trembling badly. There was no HP loss warning, but that didn't change the fact that I had never been that close to death, not even I had been in the necromancer base, dashing away from the scary lich and his death knights.

Luckily, repairing my soul space was something I had significant expertise on. After spending all the time using tantric to reinforce the soul space of the girls to increase their level cap, repairing my own was a simple activity.

[-5491 Mana]

A simple, yet costly activity, I corrected in my mind as I dumped more and more mana into my soul space. Not that it annoyed me much. After all, if was one thing I didn't lack, it was mana.

I could have waited around in my room, and linger until my mana was completely recovered, reinforcing my soul space even further before the next ritual, allowing me to safely store more Divine Spark, but I received a notification that eased the process of recovery significantly.

The kind that I had been missing for a whole.

[Achievement: Devouring Divinity. Take the first step into recovering your divine power. +5 to all stats. +20000 Experience]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Grandmaster Tantric, Expert Craft, Master Speech]

Despite the significant increase in power it represented, I couldn't help but frown as I read the notifications. Still, before pondering on the implications, I first focused on the simpler part, namely, skill selection.

Selecting Tantric was tempting. Tantric was the only reason I was able to devour Divine Spark successfully, thanks to the extraordinary flexibility it granted while synchronizing with others, not to mention, stronger my Tantric abilities, easier I could level up my companions, and likely to a higher level. Extra firepower was never something negative.

The problem, it would block my skill selection for the next five levels, a loss of flexibility I couldn't afford, especially not before I could ascertain how much experience the Divine Spark would generate. So, I turned to the other options.

Speech was an inferior option, even with all the advantages it would grant me against the headmistress and the princess. Craft was the vital thing I needed before I repaired the spear properly. After selecting, I started thinking about the complicated structure of the spear even as I pulled a spare dagger, using my mana to reshape it.

[+9 Craft]

[-341]

A smile appeared on my lips as I saw the result. The current complexity I was dealing with was far above the skill accounted for, easily allowing me to gain more points —or more accurately, assimilating the skill node I had received from the system.

The significant improvement in the ease I was handling my mana was another beneficial perk, but even that wasn't enough to suppress the frown that appeared on my face as I read my latest achievement again and again, my gloom deepening.

If my assumptions were correct, the System had just told me a lie, a big one.

My information about the Divine, both in terms of the gods and their lesser counterparts were extremely limited, but even my limited interaction with the Divine Spark suggested that leveling up had little to do with becoming a divine. Ultimately, the System was an external source of power that could be cut off, manipulated, or destroyed.

More importantly, I started examining the remaining scraps of power in my body, the ones that were yet to be absorbed into my body. My soul space, rather than allowing them to settle and empower my body, started to devour them as well, running contrary to the claims of resurrecting my divinity.

It was even trying to devour the node that was created in my fake soul space, forcing me to reinforce its walls to prevent the System from succeeding. Explaining its disappearance to the headmistress wouldn't have been fun.

Also, the direct claim in the achievement, about being the resurrection of a god was another suspicious point. It wasn't the first time the System implied something in that direction, but it was the first time it confirmed it in such a direct manner. I had no idea whether it was true or not. The existence of the gods was something I had just learned just a couple of days ago, with absolutely no idea about their nature and their life cycle.

Technically, there was a possibility that it was the truth, that I was the resurrection of a god, and my System was something I had created before my temporary destruction to enable my rise to power.

The problem, it sounded too good to be true, especially in conjunction with the existence of the widespread System, designed to devour the Divine Spark of the gods. And suddenly, my own system was asking me to do the same, baiting me with more power, and the possibility of becoming a Divine being.

It sounded too good to be true...

Funny enough, the sudden burst of suspicion didn't change anything in my immediate plans. Whether the outlandish claim of my System was actually the truth, or it was just an excuse to force me to gather more Divine Spark, I would still visit Titania to push my level even more.

I needed more strength to survive the looming disaster first..

[Level: 31 Experience: 467193 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 1321 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [59/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Three

Another elemental conjuration later, I was freely flying on the sky, ready to visit Titania to test the limits of the Divine Spark injection. The repair of my soul space was already completed thanks to the latest stat increase from the —likely misleading— an achievement I had received earlier, which increased my capabilities significantly. Even in my current extreme stat spread, five points of stats across the board was not something to snuff at. Most people failed to gather that much in their whole life.

Since I didn't want to waste the traveling time, I decided to experiment with the divine light node resting in my fake soul space. Integrating it into my own soul space was out of the question, naturally. Even if my System wouldn't have devoured it immediately, it still didn't remove the requirement of tricking the headmistress.

Instead, I decided to use it as a focus, similar to an external magical item. A simple push of featureless mana later, created a bright explosion of light, even sharper than I expected.

“Not bad,” I murmured as I repeated it a couple of times, to understand the effect. Essentially, it worked as a static converter, adding an overwhelming light element to mana, though devouring some of the mana in the process. It took a while to get a better understanding of how to arrange the portions.

Then, I focused on testing natured mana. The elemental mana resulted in some rather volatile results, forcing me to stop that track rather early. It wasn't impossible, but it required a more suitable location —and maybe a few wards to prevent dangerous accidents. Still, I wanted to experiment on that, excited about just how much damage a light-infused fireball could inflict on a pack of bone dragons.

Arcana worked better. It didn't create any synergy in terms of damage like infusing it with other elements, but it allowed me to use the light element in a more nimble way. It wasn't as cost-effective as casting it directly, of course, but if there was one thing I wasn't currently lacking, that was mana.

Things started to get interesting when I started to use it in conjunction with Biomancy. It didn't work with healing magic, on the contrary, turning it into an unstable mess, too sharp to heal, but too soft to hurt anyone. The energy I termed as life energy, the kind I used to detect and destroy undead, however, mashed with the light magic perfectly.

To lack of a better term, the life energy was as soft as healing energy, making it difficult to

deliver it in range, both in terms of detection and damaging undead. I had circumvented the first part by dumping an ungodly amount of mana to it, and the second application was viable because of the excessive weakness of the undead. Still, life energy wasn't the most viable energy for weaponizing.

Mixing it with light mana worked perfectly. The light worked as a delivery mechanism, carrying the light energy to the distance without losing its shape and energy, increasing its ranged viability several times, both in terms of damage delivery and detection.

Enough to make me tempted to find Zokras the Eternal and his death knights, to see whether I could turn his title to an obsolete piece of history.

As I continued to play with the life magic and light magic, trying to find the best mixture for different purposes, I suddenly felt a muffled reaction, barely noticeable even to my sharp senses. With a frown, I repeated the detection magic, but this time as an actual spell rather than idle experimentation.

[-641 Mana]

With the increase of power, several dark presences popped into my detection range, making my eyes widen in surprise by the sheer amount. None of the groups I had detected was particularly strong, but the sheer number of small pockets I had detected in the range surprised me. Their presence was muffled, indicating that they were behind some innovative wards to hide their presence. Not to mention, they were quite deep in the ground, likely reached their position from an underground tunnel.

I would have been surprised, but considering the huge underground roads that connected the necromancer base with the various access points, established without anyone being aware of, establishing some small undead pockets wasn't too challenging.

After quickly destroying the detected ones, I started circling the school, creating huge circles, destroying every detected one immediately. As I destroyed them, I started cataloging the result.

The first important detail was their strength, or more accurately, a lack of it. None of them were particularly strong. Most of the pockets had an average of Class Five power or lower, with the occasional stronger one barely reaching Class 8. Still, considering there were hundreds of those little pockets, they were still a dangerous threat.

There were far too many to be placed around during the last month, not without being detected even with the assistance of their spies in the faculty. Most likely, even a year wasn't enough,

proving that the plan to take down the school had been going on for a long time.

I continued to destroy those pockets, despite the fact that I wasn't expecting them to attack the school immediately.

Their strategy clearly changed from an overwhelming ambush to an extended siege, forcing Silver Spires to either lose the surrounding towns to weaken it permanently —both in terms of logistics and reputation— before they launched a final attack from all directions, using the undead packets they had created.

Still, destroying them was the better idea. Since my latest assault on their base, they were aware of my presence, so enhancing my reputation wouldn't hurt, even though destroying them wasn't particularly difficult. And that was only the case if the necromancers had detected their destruction. There was a good chance that they wouldn't be aware of their disappearance until they tried to summon them.

Their concealment wards were that good, and there was no warning flare occurring after their distraction —no doubt to prevent their detection when the underground monsters discovered their presence and destroyed them.

I had a calm smile on my face as I destroyed the dormant zombies and other abominations, using earth magic to grind them into pieces with a leisure pace before injecting a dash of life energy to purify the remains.

As I continued my search to clean up a wide area around the school, I couldn't help but pity Zokras, or whoever was behind the complicated plan to take down Silver Spires. They went all that effort and came up with an amazing strategy. Even the last part was an amazing stroke of genius.

With disposable monsters hidden under an area that was assumed to be safe, they could have waited until the reinforcements that were sent to the surrounding towns started to return, attacking them with their main forces to threaten those forces to retreat faster, before suddenly launching the attacks of hundreds of small undead groups from the rear, utterly shredding the defenders in a deadly ambush.

Pity that my unique combination of skills destroyed yet another deadly plan. From an intellectual perspective, I couldn't help but pity them. After years of planning and effort, their contingencies were being destroyed by me one by one.

And to make things worse, it wasn't the first time I had ruined one of their plans. Even before

my latest achievement, three of their dangerous strategic ploys —surprise undead assault before the school could establish defenses, artificial beast hordes, and fake hordes with exploding gems— had been ruined through my involvement, a count that didn't even include many smaller tactical operations I had prevented, from saving the Dragon they had been trying to corrupt to saving Titania from two deadly ambushes, as well as finding their plans to break the defensive wards of the school and repairing them...

I was the sole reason for the current stalemate wasn't a devastating defeat.

At the first glance, a stalemate looked to their benefit. After all, due to their nature, necromancers could reinforce their armies endlessly while we could only lose ours in battle, but that didn't factor in the overwhelming advantage of our current defensive position.

As the many citizens, as well as some of the weaker students, took the walls to defend the towns against the endless monster assaults, a significant number of them would level up in the process. Hunting in the wilderness was significantly harder than shooting arrows from the walls, and a lucky hit to an already dying Class Ten beast could give enough experience to level up a peasant a couple of levels immediately, maybe even an achievement or two for overwhelming power difference if they were lucky. As a result, the more the cities survived against the monster hordes, the stronger the defenses would get. And if they dared to attack one with enough strength to raze the towns, they would open themselves to counterattack.

I doubted Zokras was enthusiastic about taking the field after losing five precious death knights in his own base, along with an impressive number of liches a huge chunk of the army. Combined with my mysterious identity, I was literally a weapon of mass destruction tailored to take down the undead, and to make things even worse, I could sneak attack. They still didn't know who I was, no one really did. Even if they identified me correctly, my previous reputation was so horrible that it looked like a badly arranged cover job.

I wondered how the headmistress would have reacted if she knew that a horny midnight adventure of two salacious students was the only thing that saved Silver Spires from a certain doom...

With a sigh, I continued to destroy all the undead pockets I could discover. It was a boring, grueling task despite my recently enhanced abilities, making me waste several hours in the process. It would have been faster if I could have burned mana freely to detect them, but that would have alerted others to my presence. Light-infused life energy wasn't exactly the subtlest magic one could cast, after all. On the positive side, it gave me enough time to completely repair my soul scape, ready to level up once again.

I started traveling in Titania's direction...

[Level: 31 Experience: 467193 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 7595 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [59/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Four

It was past midday when I arrived at the town defended by Titania, delayed by destroying a few monster hordes I had come across. Therefore, I wasn't particularly surprised to find the town surrounded by an impressive number of weaker monsters, assaulting the walls without a break.

None of these monsters were particularly strong, meaning that after their latest explosive ploy was destroyed, the enemy was relying on the constant attacks to keep the pressure up, hoping to exhaust the defenders, both in terms of endurance and equipment.

And it seemed to be working. Even with weaker students and citizens showing a much greater combat ability compared to my last visit thanks to their level increase and the stat boosts from the achievements they triggered, the stronger fighters were getting significantly lesser benefit from the continuous assault of the weaker monsters. However, they were still unable to rest because they needed to respond to the breaches, preventing the monsters from cutting a swathe through the weaker defenders.

Titania was the one that best exemplified that exhaustion, standing on the most visible location on the walls, only using her magic when absolutely necessary, and even then, it was a use soft, the flickering blast of light that lacked her usual domineering vigor.

I might have even worried if I couldn't feel her current through our connection, much stronger than her weak blasts might suggest. Good, I thought. She was following my suggestion about faking exhaustion, meaning she was ready for an ambush.

The same applied to Marianne, who was healing only the deadly cases at the back of the line, keeping most of her mana in reserve. It wasn't the most efficient way for a healer to work, but after getting proficient with the life energy trick I had taught her, she wasn't just a healer. She represented a deadly hidden card against an undead assault.

I was tempted to pull her along to my time with Titania once again, helping her recover her mana while I once again enjoyed their combined attention, but unfortunately, pulling both of them from the siege would affect the defenses negatively.

After a magical message to Titania, I sneaked into her room, waiting for her to appear. Since she needed to organize the defenses before taking a break, it took a while for her to arrive, and I spent that time using magic to check the surroundings, both by checking the wards to get any hint of the agents of the Eternals, and using my new detection capabilities to detect undead presence.

[-482 Mana]

The security of my lovers was an important thing, especially with such a complicated siege going on.

When the checks resulted in no outcome, I turned my attention to the wards of the room. Just because I detected no enemy presence didn't mean that there was no enemy presence, or that they couldn't pay me another visit. Though, in the interest of multitasking, I started to reconstruct the furniture in the room by adding some magical resistance, both making the room safer and improving my craft skill. With my mana and stats, maximizing an expert-tier skill was trivial.

[-5981 Mana]

[+16 Craft]

It took fifteen minutes for Titania to arrive, a time enough to turn her room into a temporary fortress. Then she arrived, making me abandon those attempts in the interest of more interesting things.

"Hi-" she started, only to let out a cute little cry when I grabbed her wrist and pulled her on my lap. A cute expression appeared on her face as I leaned, ready to capture her lips, something that would have made people gasp in shock if they had seen her blushing like an innocent young maiden.

I started kissing her, and she melted under my touch immediately, her domineering attitude nonexistent under my touch. Technically, the aim of the kiss was to transfer mana, but at this point, even for her, it was a poorly constructed excuse for her passion.

[-319 Mana]

[+100 Experience]

A brief yet heated kiss later, I pulled back, caressing her cheek gently, happy about the kiss as much as I was happy about the experience gain. I had missed the addictive sensation of slowly growing stronger. Even with my suspicions toward the source of my unique system, more power wasn't something to be discarded.

"So, how were things?" I asked.

“Nothing unexpected, just continuous siege,” she answered before launching a summary of the highlights, none of them triggering suspicion. “Anything on your side?”

“A few,” I answered with a quirked smile even as my hands started to work on her robe, unbuttoning it with a teasing slowness even as I kissed her neck, rather than explaining.

“Caesar!” she warned petulantly, once again cute enough to irrevocably destroy her scary persona if there was an observer, earning a bright smile from me. “Don’t dawdle.”

“Oh,” I said even as I unlocked another button before slipping my hand inside, slipping under her blouse to caress her stomach softly, teasing a particularly sensitive spot. “I was under the impression that you enjoyed my dawdling, should I change my approach and make it a more serious meeting.”

“Caesar...” she repeated, but under the focused attention of my skilled fingers, her earlier teasing tone had long disappeared, replaced by a needy gasp. She said nothing else as my lips on her neck and my fingers under her blouse launched a dedicated assault, and when I made a show of pulling my hand away, she grabbed my wrist, keeping it in place.

[+300 Experience]

Even as the main instigator of her transformation, I was finding it hard to believe the things I was getting away with in terms of teasing her, from naughty threesomes to extended foreplays. It was so difficult to believe she was the same person that had scared me witless for so many years.

It was incredible.

I chuckled at her silent surrender before starting to explain. “The biggest difference is the arrival of the royal procession. The crown princess arrived with a literal army, either determined to link her fate to our school, or willing to invade.”

“Yeah, like something like that is possible with the headmistress’s presence,” Titania answered dismissively, utterly convinced with the headmistress’s power. Considering that she had also seen her angelic visage while receiving her own light node, her fascination was understandable. The headmistress displayed an invincible figure, even though I was starting to suspect that it might not exactly reflect reality. It wasn’t that the headmistress was weak, but she was housing the Divine Core inside her body rather than the platform. And considering the lack of ease she was showing in manipulating the divine energy, it significantly reduced her combat capability.

Unless she was willing to use it as an uncontrollable explosive, destroying both the target and the several miles of the landscape around the target. Not exactly the most useful to defend against a sneak attack unless she wanted to destroy the school along with the princess.

Still, just because I managed to dupe her about my origins and power didn't mean that she was actually gullible. If that was the case, she couldn't have maintained her position for a couple of centuries while a huge spread of enemies targeted her position. Even my trickery was through a unique combination of several outlandish abilities and circumstances, allowing me to escape her cursory examination, while the war prevented her from doing a deeper assessment and possibly alienating the imaginary force behind me.

Since Titania didn't seem to know much about the princess, I decided to skip the topic after mentioning that I was helping Oeyne with the spear, giving some details I had discovered, but ultimately underselling it both in terms of the effort it required and the eventual usefulness. I trusted Titania, but not to a point of forgetting she still trusted the headmistress completely. Until I could take the top place without a doubt or turn the headmistress to a trusted ally, revealing every single thing to her was not an option.

As I explained, I continued to caress her soft skin while slowly stripping her, making it even harder for her to focus on my words. Her robe was first to go, followed by her blouse and corset, allowing me to lean down to capture her nipples, teasing them by alternating kisses and bites.

[+500 Experience]

This time, she wasn't bothered by the cessation of my explanation. I slid my hands down to get rid of her long skirt, leaving only her panties to protect her delicious cheeks. I cupped them, and she moaned gently, happy with the treatment she was receiving.

A moan escaped her mouth as my fingers found the source of her dampness once more, teasing gently. A significant contrast to my lips, which was busy teasing her nipples with a surprising aggressiveness, making her gasp and cry repeatedly, destroying any chance of her asking me to continue with my explanation.

[+500 Experience]

As I enjoyed treating her, I examined the reaction of the system, in particular, trying to find any hints of weakening that might signal to stop receiving the experience. I wanted to be able to get a good sense of the link between the amount of Divine Spark and the potential experience.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to detect anything. I was starting to suspect that there might not be a link, but even if there was one, it was certainly not happening in my soul space, but at the other end of the mysterious connection that made something like the System possible.

With that determination, I turned my focus on Titania, ripping off her panties aggressively with a pull, then freed my shaft. But when she tried to impale herself impatiently, I stopped with a smug smile on my lips, just enough to convey without a doubt that I was delaying it intentionally.

"Do you have any news from the other towns?" I asked. "Any explicit move from the stronger liches?"

"Nothing yet," she answered, trying to keep her tone even, trying to counter my assault by feigning a lack of caring, but failing spectacularly. "Still, t-things are getting dangerous," she stammered, unable to prevent herself from moaning in between words despite the seriousness of the topic. "They are sending more and more monsters to stress the defenses, but they are yet to make a move to capitalize it."

"Yeah, the enemy has more cards than we were expecting," I said. "Only thanks to the new light-magic capabilities that were bestowed by the headmistress that I was able to discover hidden zombie army near the school, positioned for a deadly ambush."

Titania froze, displaying a shock that was significantly stronger than a group of undead deserved. After all, that ambush didn't even get a top-three status, even if we were limiting it to the events we were together. Certainly not when compared to the ambush that almost killed her, or the sudden appearance of the death knights that almost turned our ambush into a grave—or a lack of one, considering the enemy.

"T-the headmistress bestowed you the power of light!" Titania said, a huge smile blossoming on her face despite her sudden seriousness. "Then, you know her identity as well!"

"Oh, did I forget to mention that," I said with a mocking tone, acting like it was deliberate teasing from my end rather than genuinely forgetting to bring it up with everything that was going on...

[Level: 31 Experience: 468593 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 7595 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Five

“H-how can you forget to mention that after seeing her identity!” Titania growled, her eyes wide with shock.

“Calm down, she’s just an angel,” I said with a considerably less amazed tone, which Titania clearly didn’t appreciate if her angry glare was any indicator. Though, it was important to note that her anger certainly wasn’t enough to make her leave my lap despite our nakedness, or stopping the gentle yet beautiful movement of her hips.

I didn’t find her anger at my dismissal surprising. After all, she had lived under the emotional suppression as a Divine-Touched of the Light for at least a couple of years, maybe more. While that suppressed her emotions, since the headmistress was a being of light, it might even work as an amplifier. And, even without that, the headmistress provided an amazing sight, with her golden armor and her impassive wings.

My case was different, especially after my first real glance was on her naked body.

“She’s an angel!” Titania repeated, even angrier, and I just chuckled, pulling her tighter on my lap. Since it wasn’t a direction I wanted to waste a lot of time, I decided to distract her with a shinier approach. I raised my finger, conjuring a small globe of light. At first glance, it didn’t look too different from a simple arcana trick, but with her own expertise in light magic, it was trivial for Titania to understand its true source.

“You can already cast it! It’s an amazing achievement considering you received it just hours ago,” she gasped in shock as she raised her finger, touching at the small globe. Light magic, despite its simple look, was extremely destructive. If someone else tried what she was trying, the smallest thing they would receive was a nasty burn, maybe even lose their finger completely if their level wasn’t particularly high.

With her own spectacular expertise, however, Titania had no such risk. Her smile brightened as her fingertip disappeared into the ball, before I felt her mana flooding, stealing control of the globe from me, changing shapes repeatedly.

“Show off,” I said with a chuckle, spanking her ass playfully as I said so, making her flinch cutely as she moved forward, a movement that left her entrance perfectly aligned with my shaft. And since I was already trying to distract her from the earlier topic, I didn’t miss the opportunity and plunged into her wetness.

The moan she let out in response was a thing of beauty.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 70%]

[+1000 Experience]

Ideally, considering my interest in understanding the assistance of my newly-acquired sliver of Divine spark, I shouldn't have been trying to enhance Titania's companion process, but the immediate benefits of such a thing were more critical than possible drawbacks. The experience burst was always welcome after each stage completion, but now, about to face a legendary lich that earned the nickname of eternal, skill share was a much better benefit.

Not to mention the stat boost Titania would receive, which would increase her power significantly. Two points increase for every mental stat was certainly nothing to scoff at, both in terms of extra mana it would give her, and the extra potency it would add to her skills.

"Since you're willing to show off, why don't you teach me a few of your skills," I suggested even as I grabbed her hips, pulling her even deeper.

"Caesar, not now," she gasped as the pleasure hit her.

"Not now, what?" I asked. "The teaching, or the fun?"

Despite everything, she was far too shy to actually answer such a question instantly. She dipped her head down, her raven hair hiding her blushing face, but the way her hips moved repeatedly was a better answer, so I didn't force her to speak. Instead, I leaned forward, capturing her lips in a lingering kiss.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 71%]

[+500 Experience]

I let her determine the pace, her head dipped down but her hips picking up speed. That didn't prevent me from leaning down to petter her neck with kisses, of course, which assisted greatly to destroy her hesitancy. I knew just how naughty she would get once her initial shyness was broken.

So, I continued to caress her body steadily as she danced on my lap, her movements getting sharper and sharper while I was once again felt shocked by the potential hidden in her tiny body, enough to destroy the town we were in bare minutes if she chose so.

“You’re so beautiful,” I whispered into her ear, making her tremble in excitement under the softness of my tone. She looked up, and I captured her lips in a searing kiss that made her moan helplessly, which helped quite a bit for her to get rid of her hesitancy. When I finally pulled back, her expression was firmly on the territory of desire, destroying the hint of shyness.

“You’re an evil man,” she stated even as she put her hands on my shoulder, her hips moving even more furiously thanks to the additional leverage. I moaned, enjoying the way she clenched tighter around my girth. Happy with the way she was taking control, I had no problem temporarily taking a passive position, especially since, unlike Oeyne, I knew she wouldn’t try to push her newfound opportunity to the limits.

I wrapped my arm around her waist, pulling her tight to enjoy the feeling of her hard nipples against my chest, my hands occasionally slipping down to cup her deliciously tight lithe hips. She buried her face to my neck. A minute passed, then two, then five, while she steadily closed toward a climax, her hips getting more and more furious.

Then, she finally tightened around my girth, signaling that she had passed through the finish line.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 73%]

[+500 Experience]

“It’s my turn,” I whispered into her ear even as she trembled in my lap, adding a layer of anticipation to her rush of pleasure.

Before she could recover, I had already grabbed her and pushed her against the wall, her breasts pressing against the smooth stone. With me skewering her, she was just short enough to barely tiptoe. But if the beautiful moan she let out as I used the advantages of the angle to push even deeper into her was any indicator, she wasn’t particularly caring of her helpless position.

She closed her eyes to enjoy the merciless assault I launched, her thin frame shaking with joy with every push. Her beautiful lips pursed, leaving me in a dangerous dilemma. Should I lean down and kiss, enjoying their warmth, or stay away, listening to her moans without interruption, getting louder and louder and louder.

After a torturous decision process, I decided to choose the latter, enjoying the way she clamped around me as I pushed deeper and deeper, her moans cheering for my success. Her silky smoothness enveloped me fully, renewing my decision to steal her completely from the headmistress’ sphere of influence, and not just because she was the only one that could

currently allow me to get some mana.

It was so tempting to steal her away and escape to a mountain, staying in a cave for the next week, away from everything else as I tested just how passionately I could make her moan under my control. Pity that, with everything that was going on, a week of holiday was not something we could afford.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 74%]

[+1000 Experience]

She managed to distract me from my thoughts rather effectively. She pressed her hands against the wall for leverage before she started rocking her hips wildly, managing to add her own movement to the pushes despite the limited angle. "Someone is feeling enthusiastic," I whispered into her ear, a sentence that would have sent her stammering away any other time. But now, in the throes of passion, she just moaned in agreement.

Happy with her ever-growing enthusiasm, I sank deeper into heaven, the pace of my hips best described as a merciless drilling, her silky wetness more than happy to envelop my presence deeper and deeper.

"You're a masterpiece," I whispered sincerely even as I grabbed her hips once more, moving even faster. She was far too gone to use her words to answer, but the change of tone in her moans worked just as well. Though this time, the temptation to feel the tremble of her voice on my lips felt more tempting than hearing them, so I closed her mouth with my lips, muffling her moans the best way possible.

Then, she started to tighten in a final manner, suggesting that she was experiencing another delicious climax. This time, I was sufficiently gone that her extra tightening put every single nerve ending in my body to high alert, signaling an eruption.

I exploded into her, which matched perfectly for the third stage of the companion process, along with a flood of other notifications.

[+2000 Experience]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 75% - Third Stage Completed +15000 Exp]

[Companion Acquisition: Relationship not sufficient for the fourth stage]

I had to admit, while the completion notification of another stage of the Companion Process was always welcome, the same didn't apply for the following one. Even though, I wasn't really surprised. Not with the reverence, she was feeling toward the headmistress.

I didn't expect to progress into the fourth stage unless I replaced the importance of the headmistress in her mind, becoming the most important person in her life. That was what I learned from Cornelia and Helga.

Luckily, the notifications I had received were not limited to that. I had also received a nice batch of perk-related notifications.

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 3. Duration, 8 hours]

[New Perk: Skill Share]

[Skill Share perk activated. Target Skill: Grandmaster Light Magic. Copied: Duration, 24 hours]

[Temporary Skill: Master Light Magic (100/100)]

I was happy to see skill share was working as intended, and even happier to see that just like fire magic, it was actually based on elemental magic, allowing me to start from such a high location. As long as I spent the rest of the day with Titania, being taught how to use the light magic offensively, I could get a qualitative improvement.

Or at least, that was what I thought until I heard a knock on the door, and a furious shout from the other end. "There's an incoming undead army!" an unknown voice shouted, destroying my plans of a day filled with leisure learning and leveling up...

Well, I thought spitefully as I gathered my mana. Teaching the undead army a lesson they couldn't forget through the light magic wasn't exactly a terrible alternative.

And maybe this time, I could teach them to stay away...

[Level: 31 Experience: 488593 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 7595 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Six

“Such an inconvenient timing,” Titania murmured in frustration even as she grabbed my shoulder and stood up, her legs trembling despite her impressive physical capabilities, which wasn’t negligible despite her magical specialization.

“Why exactly is inconvenient,” I asked with a teasing grin. “I’m here, and your mana is full, that’s literally the best time for them to attack.” Then, I paused slightly, then my eyes widened in fake shock. “Unless you’re talking about something else!”

“I- you-” she stammered, her naked body blushing spectacularly. How she could feel self-conscious about desiring more after the rather spectacular moment we shared —not to mention the spectacular threesome that happened just a few days ago— I had no idea, but that didn’t prevent me from teasing her. “You!” she gasped in a surprisingly innocent fit of anger after she noticed the meaning of my ever-growing grin, and slapped my naked shoulder.

“You want to play rough,” I whispered gutturally even as I grabbed her wrist while standing up, and pushed her toward the nearest wall while locking her lips in a searing kiss. My tongue slipped inside her lips even as my shaft slipped inside her wet entrance, pumping furiously.

[+1000 Experience]

Despite the upcoming battle, she was no less enthusiastic responding to my aggressive touch. With her breasts pressing against my chest and my shaft invading her repeatedly, she was quick to react. “You’re so thick...” she moaned. “It feels so good.”

She hooked her legs around my waist to maintain balance as I leaned back slightly before leaning down and sucked on her nipples hard, making her wiggle and squiggle in seconds. I propped myself by putting my hands on the wall, allowing her torso to move as I pumped, her tits bouncing as I pounded into her. I wasn’t sweet about it.

I didn’t have time to be sweet.

It turned out that even that level of aggressiveness was not enough to make her shriek hard enough to shatter windows despite the way her slit was tight around me like a vice. Her muffled moans were tempting, but unfortunately, they didn’t have the priority compared to the furious knock on the door. “The army is about to arrive in two minutes!” the warning came with a desperate tone.

“Pity,” I murmured even as I pulled back, leaving her panting and moaning, leaning against the wall. I caressed her cheek even as I cast a water spell, a bubble of water appearing around our bodies to clean before evaporating.

[-21 Mana]

Even with my previous displays of magic, her eyes still widened, because while the spell wasn't power-intensive, the intensive control I had displayed suggested a lot of things about my power, especially since it was an element I hadn't used when I was with her, mostly leaning on earth and fire to deal with the undead.

“You're evil,” Titania murmured a moment later, her fascination about the display of yet another magical ability unable to match the frustration created by my latest move.

“It's good to be tense,” I whispered as I caressed her naked hip while she was busy putting on her underwear. “It'll help to finish the battle quicker and come back to visit me.”

She tried to act coy, but a playful step toward her was enough for her to abort that. “I need to leave before they panic and start to desert the walls,” she said, her distaste clear. Her attitude was understandable. Despite her power, she still forced herself to develop new skills constantly, and faced death on a regular basis. Most of the students, however, lacked the same attitude due to their sheltered forced growth, facing no risk, protected by the stronger groups.

Titania, as someone over level thirty, lacked that luxury. She had to battle for her experience, for every single measly point.

At least, she did before my appearance. I represented a much more interesting source of power for her as well.

Despite its reputation, the number of faculty over level twenty wasn't all that impressive, and most of them linked to the noble families one way or another, more interested in protecting the students of their own clique rather than improving further even if their level cap hadn't been reached.

I stood behind, examining her beautiful body as she hid it behind layers of clothing, slowly transforming from a sexy yet innocent brunette to the deadly head librarian of Silver Spires, her existence enough the enemies to modify their invasion plans several times just to make sure she was taken out.

I couldn't help but be nostalgic as I stared at her, remembering the times where I first

discovered my leveling ability, scared to be discovered by her. Just a month ago, I could have never believed I would stand in a superior position, standing in the same room, watching her beautiful body contort as she hurriedly dressed up after a spectacular sharing of joy.

I leaned against the wall and folded my arms across my chest, enjoying the show. That finally allowed her to realize unlike her, I wasn't getting dressed frantically. Her gaze met mine. I watched as her cheeks blushed yet again.

[+300 Experience]

The woman standing in front of me might have been the scariest mage they would ever see for most people, but for me, she was meant much more.

"Aren't you getting ready?" she asked with a small, cute voice.

"No need," I said, which made her freeze for a moment. "The same thing with the previous attack," I said. "Clearly, they are attacking for one of two reasons. They are either betting that I'm still here with you after dealing with the assassins, but wanting to confirm my existence through the attack before attacking somewhere else, or they are assuming I'm not here, and want to take you down while you're exhausted. Regardless of the case, if I reveal myself, it'll be of their advantage," I explained in detail. If there was one thing she lacked, it was thinking strategically, thanks to a combination of her divine-touched status making her act more straightforward, and the impressive power that allowed her to bulldoze most challenges directly.

"I see," she murmured. "How exhausted I should act?" she asked. "Maybe I should stumble in exhaustion.

"Try to look fresh, but don't use anything too mana intensive," I corrected.

"Why, isn't it better if they see me look exhausted?"

"Not necessarily," I corrected her thinking. "If you look too exhausted, it'll make them suspect there might be something amiss."

"But what if they think that we realized their plan and trying to counter it?" she asked. "Then, wouldn't it be better to look exhausted."

I shook my head, smiling in amusement even as Titania buttoned her robe, getting ready to go out. "There's no need to complicate it. After all, even if there wasn't a ploy, you would try to

look fresh to make the defenders maintain their morale. Sometimes, the best way to deceive the enemies is to do nothing. The more cards we hold in our hand, the stronger our position will be. There's no harm forcing them to make the first move when we hold all the advantages."

"I see," she murmured, no small amount of distaste in her tone. Still, it was proof of her respect toward my abilities that rather than trying to argue, she just nodded and accepted my recommendation.

"Just make sure to keep your eyes open for a sudden ambush from behind," I said to her before leaning in for one last kiss. I would be next to her, defending her from the shadows, but there was no harm in her being alert.

After the talk with the headmistress, I was even more vigilant about the mysterious assassins of the Eternals, especially since they didn't attack Titania immediately. They had two assassins that could deliver a surprise attack, and a mage that, while not as strong as Titania, was strong enough to counter her spells while the other two delivered their attacks. There was no one in the town that could prevent the assassination if they wanted to escape.

The fact that they didn't prove that they wanted to kidnap her, and my talk with the headmistress revealed a lot of reasons for such an activity. They might be just trying to get the Divine Spark that gave her her light magic abilities, of course. Or maybe, they just wanted her to use it as evidence to make sure the headmistress had a Divine Spark.

After all, the headmistress went a long way to hide the Divine Spark behind the wards infused with darkness, and I doubted it was just to prevent the System from devouring it. It would make sense for the Eternals to use Titania to investigate rather than invading the school directly. Even that was an assumption, however. Maybe they were already aware that the headmistress was in possession of the Divine Spark of light, but needed Titania's node as a sample to develop counter-measures.

I ignored these thoughts as Titania leaned in for one last kiss. There was no benefit to the spiral of assumptions I was forcing myself to make. In the end, their reason didn't matter, and not just because of my lack of reliable information.

Their reason didn't matter, because I had no intention of letting Titania be captured by a nebulous —and possibly nefarious— organization.

As she leaned my body to extend the kiss, I felt her body pressing against mine, her beautiful tits firm enough to make their presence known despite the layers of clothing in between. Her

bosom may be lacking in size, but it was certainly not inferior to anyone else.

The desire to rip her robe off was strong. It would leave the defense to the others, which probably fold under the aggressive offense of the undead army without Titania there to stabilize the morale, but was it really important compared to the feeling of caressing her beautiful breasts squeezing her nipples.

Pity that it was far too selfish, even for me, so I watched as she left the room, her hips with a sway that she didn't have just days ago.

After all, there was always a post-battle celebration.

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SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

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Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Seven

I left the room barely a minute later, the occasion far too important to neglect despite my desire to laze around after such a spectacular occasion of physical exertion. My power might have increased even further with the extra level and the additional divine light tricks, especially against the undead, but the enemy was still strong enough to deserve my full attention.

The delay we suffered as I teased Titania was already pushing the limits.

The first thing that got my attention was the chaos that filled the area in the walls. The town was understandably filled with existential fear, enough to overwhelm their courage developed by their rapidly-increasing levels. Understandable, as while the endless waves of monsters hitting the town were nothing more than a natural disaster.

The undead army that surrounded the town represented a planned action to erase the town. And the undead didn't get their scary reputation by failing such extermination missions often. Citizens run around in panic, hoping to find a route to escape, fear dominating their minds to understand such implications. It was weird...

Or not, I corrected my thought even as I extended my senses to feel the thin aura of death covering the city. I subconsciously ignored it for a while, because it was not an active spell, but a natural side effect of being surrounded by an army of necromantic constructs, their death energy radiating naturally.

After several times I had invaded their base, I barely registered it. But I was forgetting one thing. I was level thirty-one, most of the citizens were barely level five, and which meant the aura of death was much more domineering.

And the fact that people around Titania didn't show the same symptoms, her light-natured mana suppressing the effects of the death aura handily in a large circle. I quickly cast a couple of spells to destroy the miasma, radiating from Titania to make it look like she was responsible for casting it.

The more exhausted they assumed Titania to be, the sooner they would react.

When I finally stepped the walls, disguised as a common militia, keeping Titania in my field of vision in case of an emergency. However, she wasn't my only target to protect. I sneaked through the guards, my Subterfuge combined with my Arcana turning me into a ghost on the battlefield.

It was trivial to sneak into the room that was arranged as a temporary field hospital, piled with medicine and other supplies to help her healing efforts, but empty other than a few civilians wearing white robes, and a familiar curvy blonde with a tense expression.

I cast a spell to distract the civilians as I sneaked behind Marianne —making sure I could still watch Titania from a window through careful positioning, before hugging her waist. She flinched, but her tenseness was short-lived as I whispered into her ear. “How are you doing, my sweet bunny?” I whispered.

“Caesar,” she gasped in a relaxed tone. “You scared me.”

“Sorry, sweet cheeks,” I added with a chuckle even as I kissed her neck, though still watching Titania as she rained orders to the defense team. “I wanted to surprise you.”

“Well, you did,” she answered, trying to sound stern, but with my arms around her waist, she had a markedly difficult time maintaining her angry tone with her body melting against mine. Hugging her from behind, once again feeling her generous curves, was certainly a treat.

“How do you feel about the upcoming battle?”

“I ... I don’t know,” Marianne murmured even as her gaze danced in the room. “I’ll probably stay here, healing the more dangerous candidates.”

“I see,” I murmured even as I gently nibbled her ear. “How about joining the battle?” I asked even as I nibbled her ear. “Your new ability would make you shine against the undead?”

“D-do I have to?” she suddenly stammered, tensing despite the hug.

“It’s your call,” I countered after kissing her neck to calm her down. I understood where she was coming from. “You don’t have to put yourself forward unless you don’t want to be famous,” I said. “It’s an opportunity for you to show off, but it’ll also bring a lot of responsibility,” I whispered. Ultimately, I didn’t really care about the limited assistance she would provide. I didn’t teach her to have an additional combatant, but to make sure she could defend herself against a surprise assault.

“I ...” she murmured before falling silent for a moment. “I better stay hidden,” she decided even as the explosive flares started to happen outside. “I had watched Cornelia suffer under the expectations of the others, and it certainly didn’t help any. It’s better if I stay hidden.”

“As you wish, love,” I said even as I tightened my hold around her waist, punctuating that with a

kiss. “Just don’t risk yourself trying to keep your abilities concealed. I was tempted to slide inside her to help her power up even more, but two things kept me back. First, empowering her wasn’t the smartest thing I could do under the circumstances, when I might need my mana for whatever ploy they had in mind. It was similar for the Divine Spark as well. Unlike Titania’s light magic, the temporary skill she would provide me was not critical enough.

And since she was not a combatant, her achievement wasn’t really critical as well. It could wait a couple of days.

The second reason, the wounded finally started to flow to the infirmary, meaning she was busy trying to heal everyone efficiently.

“I’m going outside,” I said to her before leaving. Slipping out without being noticed was trivial, so was climbing the walls to examine the attacking army.

I scanned the plains that surrounded the city —and the army that blackened the grassy fields that were already drenched in endless monster blood. I examined carefully to notice anything out of order, but even with my perception, I failed to notice anything other than endless low-level zombies and skeletons, and the occasional necromancers to direct them. Using my light detection abilities were out as well, not unless I risked being noticed.

I was confident in hiding the detection trick from weaker necromancers, but not from the higher level lichs. Certainly not from Zokras the Eternal.

So, I watched as the endless weak monsters crashed against the walls, again and again, my frown deepening. They were wasting too many zombies, too many even to flush out Titania unless they had a very dangerous plan in mind. The more undead got destroyed, the more I started to worry...

“Honey, start showing your abilities,” I whispered to Titania, using a simple Arcana spell to transfer my voice.

“Shouldn’t I wait for more, they won’t expect me to actually intervene yet.”

“I know, but I have a bad feeling. Let’s make them think that you’re trying to intimidate them with your magic. I’m curious how they would react,” I explained.

It was a credit just how much she started to trust me when she followed my request without any additional question despite the fact that the defense of the town was in line. She started glowing as she raised her hand, and large streaks of light started to rain from the sky,

demolishing large swathes of undead whenever her magic touched.

She was a sight to behold when she wasn't already impaired by a deadly trap, even when she barely committed a quarter of her mana reserves.

Her spell had decimated large swathes of the skeleton army, reducing them from a real threat to target practice, achieving something in minutes where the rest of the army might have failed completely. She was a true undead killer.

Despite the impressive showing, the remaining dregs of the undead army gathering for another attack, proving that they had many other trump cards as I suspected. They simply wanted to extend more of their abilities.

Titania prepared to wait after that spell, but I sent her another message. "Repeat the same spell, and finish the army," I suggested. She followed my suggestion, and actually did so. It wasn't a logical thing that I asked her to, essentially removing a card to force them to act earlier. Now, they just need to reveal their next card a touch earlier to force us to reveal a secret. So, we would either reveal that Titania had more mana than we were trying to convince them, or I had to reveal myself.

But with the sudden worry gnawing my heart, I decided to trust my instincts.

It didn't take long for the next attack to occur, from a direction I wasn't expecting. Sudden darkness covered the skies. I looked up, only to see a veritable regiment of bone dragons falling from the sky, previously using a cloud to stay concealed.

Smart, much smarter than I expected them to, coming from the sky rather than the underground, which was their whole defensive structure.

So, I stretched my mana into the earth, not exactly caring about being caught at this point. My detection magic cut through the wards, only to notice a wild amount of earth mana being used, no doubt to rapidly create a tunnel where they could use to enter the town.

A pincer attack from both up and down. It was a good plan. The sky ambush to distract the defenders, while the land attack presented the real threat. Combined with the zombie attack outside, it would have been absolutely deadly. Of course, committing that many resources to a single town were absolute madness.

Unless they were launching their final assault, and throwing all they had desperately. But I had seen their armies, and what was assaulting us was around half of their whole remaining forces.

With the remaining half of the army, it was impossible to actually take down the Silver Spires before the reinforcements arrived unless the Princess betrayed the school... Certainly not impossible... Maybe it was what my worry was about...

Or maybe not, I suddenly realized when a sharp flare of panic bloomed in my soul, coming from the soul space. I turned inward, only to realize that sheer panic was coming from my permanent connections.

Cornelia and Helga!

“Fuck you, you moldy bag of bones,” I murmured even as I realized the problem. With both Helga and Cornelia defending the town —one an expert of destructive area spells, the other expert on warding, both with impressive stats after my latest assistance, along with a whole town to help them— they were almost impossible to be threatened.

Unless the rest of the undead army was there, or a dangerously high-level combatant was involved. And considering I could feel their panic from miles away, it was urgent... The kind of urgent that would force me to dump half of my mana to an elemental mount just to be on time.

But doing so would leave Titania alone for the danger that was coming. I trusted her to handle the pincer attack safely, but I had no idea what they had planned the next. She might take down one of Zokras' death knights from her advantageous position, but certainly not Zokras himself, nor any assassin from Eternals.

My strength had made me too arrogant, I realized with sudden bitterness, even as I tried to make a decision, my thoughts flying with the speed of light...

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SKILLS

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Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Eight

I needed to make a decision, and I needed to make it fast, because the panic I could feel from Cornelia and Helga was getting more and more intense with each second. The problem, I didn't even know whether they were being targeted intentionally to pull me away, or that it was just another part of the undead strategy trying to shatter the towns around Silver Spires, and they were being targeted accidentally.

Ultimately, however, it didn't matter much. I could either summon an air elemental and dash away, hoping to arrive in time, but leaving Titania alone and vulnerable, or I would sacrifice the girls. Each option was worse than the other...

Or do I, I thought, suddenly remembering a particular unique perk I had received, the one I hadn't dared to experiment with because of the side effects of the Empowerment perk I had observed when trying to enhance Cornelia's power.

Teleportation.

I couldn't help but touch that perk, testing yet not activating. The presence of Helga and Cornelia intensified, like they were just a step away, but it was a dangerous step.

What was a touch of danger to face when it came to protecting my lovers?

That still left one problem, however. The defense of the town with Titania. "Stop acting, and retreat next to Marianne, and be ready to protect yourself," I ordered Titania immediately as I started putting together a strategy that I hoped would be useful, at least enough to delay them a moment. "There's an emergency and I'll be going away in seconds."

With a flick of my hand, a pair of wings appeared on my back, the kind that I based on the looks of the headmistress, but made from air, but surrounded by a thick layer of light. Another layer of light appeared above my skin, radiating as bright as the sun.

[-149 Mana]

"Enough!" I commanded, the full weight of my charisma behind my words, sufficient even to stagger the actual mindless undead for a moment.

That moment was all I needed for me to mold enough mana to meld my biomancy-based life energy with light magic, essentially creating the same unique energy I had used to detect the presence of the undead, only different in intensity, the same way candlelight would compare to

a roaring forest fire, threatening to devour everything in its path.

[-4293 Mana]

I breathed hard even as the spell left my hands as a cone, one targeting the sky, toward the large division of bone dragons, the other aiming down, decimating the hidden undead army underground, trying to reach the town in a surprise attack, both decimated completely, though not without leaving me breathing in exhaustion. Even with my reserves, spending over four thousand mana in one spell was not a simple thing.

The posturing wasn't completely useless, however, as I immediately connected the soul pieces that occurred after the destruction, funneling them toward Titania. Each barely gave her a few points of experience at maximum, but with the numbers, the army was displaying, they still helped her to cover a significant distance toward the next level.

Sometimes, it was easier to catch the opportunities than trying to hunt them.

"Zokras, I'm getting bored of your pathetic attempts. You're barely fit to fight against my minions, but I'll give you more respect more than you deserve and kill you with my own hands!" I shouted, my magically-enhanced voice echoing toward the plains.

That posturing was not pointless. Even as I shouted, I cast another spell, connecting the light wings and armor I was using to disguise myself so that it continued to glow in the sky even without my presence.

[-93 Mana]

"I'll be leaving now, be careful," I said to Titania through another magical message, before taking a deep breath and activating my teleport perk...

[-319 Mana]

And just like that, the world disappeared completely.

More accurately, I found myself out of the world, swimming in some kind of endless aether ocean, which was what mana was in its natural state. Or more accurately, the energy that we converted into mana through processing with our soul space.

Unfortunately, it wasn't something that could be described as safe. Not even close.

[-251 HP]

The pain radiated as the surface of my skin tried to disintegrate, something that was forcibly arrested with my power, despite my own impressive power trying to push the aether away. I had no doubt that, if I tried to do that ten levels ago, I would have disintegrated in an instant...

Even now, I barely had seconds with aether flowing wilder than the worst ocean storm, trying to disintegrate my being completely, both in body and in the soul.

[-217 HP]

I tried to heal myself reflexively, only for my mana to flew away hopelessly, dragged by the aether flow. With the chaotic flow, it was impossible to properly shape the mana outside my body.

[-192 Mana]

[-288 HP]

Luckily, the teleportation perk was buried safely into my soul space, allowing me to still operate that safely, without the interference of the aether storm. Without that factor, I would have died completely.

I ignored the pain —which was certainly not a simple achievement with all of my skin trying to disintegrate simultaneously— as I tried to focus on the direction. My stomach started to churn, because the distance wasn't exactly a linear vector in aether space I found myself in. I could feel the distance getting shorter and longer with each second, and not by small percentages. No, what might be inches away one second might get a thousand miles away the next...

[-319 HP]

I did notice one interesting thing, however. The chaotic distance was only happening in a limited area, which was surrounded by a complicated energy shield that was hard even to properly understand. It was pushing back and forth, fluctuating, but I was sure that one touch was enough to earn a deadly backlash from it.

[-217 HP]

No matter how fascinating such a structure was, however, I didn't have time to focus on that. Literally, not when I had less than ten seconds to save myself from the dangerous situation I found myself in. And to do that, I needed to find my way.

Luckily, even from the chaotic dimension I found myself in, I could feel the Companion nodes of the girls, Cornelia's and Helga's nodes particularly bright, both due to their strength and the distress that was radiating from them.

[-241 HP]

However, detecting them was one thing, aiming toward them without overshooting was another thing. Even knowing that the distance between in the material world was limited, actually targeting them was difficult. Because, the distance between the different points wasn't just shuffling in terms of linear distance, but also in terms of angular combination.

A second passed, my mind filled with formula after formula, trying to make sense of the chaos.

[-273 HP]

Then another...

[-216 HP]

And another...

[-230 HP]

And another...

Then, either I managed to make a subconscious connection about the formula thanks to my monumental intelligence, or I happened to be extremely lucky, and I managed to get a momentary understanding of the distance between me and the girls.

I pushed myself toward it hopelessly. I didn't know whether it would work, or whether I would somehow find myself merged with a wall or something else. But considering my life was literally counted in seconds if I stayed in the aether dimension, it wasn't a hard choice to make.

Covering the great distance between me and the girls took less than a blink, but the same didn't apply to the physical cost of actually traveling through the aether. Even as I was standing still — or at least, what I could describe as standing still, which didn't have a direct equivalent in the surreal location I was occupying— was sufficiently damaging, and it was even worse when moving —for a warped definition of it— toward the unintentional beacon created by Cornelia and Helga.

[-1893 HP]

[-1395 Mana]

The two notification that popped in my sight wasn't exactly helping me to feel more confident, but as I pushed through the barrier that separated Aether dimension and the material plane, it was a cost that I paid willingly.

Even if it left me very drained.

[HP: 2179 / 6324]

[Mana: 1294 / 7595]

My status was rather accurate, considering I was completely naked if one discounted the deadly glow of the chaotic energy still trying to worm into what remained from my skin, the touch of the wind enough to trigger agonizing pain on nerves, exposed into the air. The complete loss of my weapons, auxiliary items, and clothes was another problem.

Still, my status didn't scare me. After all, I barely needed several minutes to actually put myself together.

But, then, I managed to get a glimpse of my surroundings. The first thing that caught my attention was the huge fireball that surrounded us, radiating from the familiar figure of Cornelia, her robe in tethers. I looked around to find Helga, only to find her collapsed on the floor, several feet behind me, unconscious and bleeding, not too away from actual death.

Around us, there were only smoldering ruins, but it wasn't dangerous.

Certainly not compared to the familiar figure of the death knight, trying to push through the flames, forcing Cornelia to retreat despite her aggressive casting, forcing her to deplete the last of her mana. Through our connection, I could feel her inches away from collapsing.

Apparently, I arrived just in time.

Now, all I needed was to survive a death knight —maybe even more, as I was yet to use detection— with no weapons, a lot of wounds, and barely a sixth of my mana, while trying to keep two girls, one unconscious, the other inches away from the same state.

Definitely trivial.

Right?

[Level: 31 Experience: 489893 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 2179 / 6324 Mana: 1342 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Nine

At times like these, I was glad for my intelligence and perception more than anything, allowing me to assess and process the situation with an unmatched speed. I let a thin layer of my mana spread, reinforced by the light elemental, allowing me to detect everything around.

[-23 Mana]

As the results of the spell reached me a fraction of a second later, my frown did the impossible and got even deeper. The situation was even direr than I had expected. The death knight wasn't the only one that was attacking. No, he had two of his buddies hiding in a distance, hidden behind several layers of wards —boy, wasn't I glad for my enhanced detection capabilities— while an impressive number of undead was currently moving away from the city, chasing a huge group of people.

Interestingly, however, the stronger undead, bone dragons, enhanced skeleton warriors, and the majority of the necromancers, still stuck around, despite the fact that, if they had followed the escaping horde of civilians, they could have easily destroyed them. And even more interesting, their positioning and their even distribution suggested that they were ready for an attack from outside.

That answered one question. It was a trap for me. A trap that was designed to take me at my best, with a healthy margin of error.

It was a good trap, I had to admit. With the frequency I had been using my elemental mount, it wasn't entirely shocking for them to discover that trick. With that, the plan was clear. Have the girls captured, on the edge of death, forcing me to act immediately. I doubted that they were aware that I would feel the attack on the girls —as even for me, that was a surprise— but with the number of spies, it wasn't difficult to convey.

And with most of the necromancers hurriedly setting up a complicated ward to defend the city from the attackers, half-completed, suggested that they expected me to attack from the outside. It was comparable to the trick they had used against Titania.

Necromancers were not a particularly creative sort.

Unfortunately, lacking in creativity didn't mean lacking in deadliness, especially when I was far too close to death than I was supposed to.

The only thing that worked in my favor was that they were expecting me to arrive from outside, not to be already inside, an advantage I needed to use to my benefit if I had any chance of surviving.

Luckily, Cornelia's latest hopeless flame wall gave me the excuse I needed. Just as the death knight pushed through the flaming wall, I cast another spell, this time creating a thick wall of flame behind the death knight, to prevent it from escaping, and to prevent others from peering inside.

[-319 Mana]

Spending a huge chunk of my precious mana to keep a death knight together with me, rather than trying to push him away wasn't exactly the safest move, but I needed him to be on the same side. Then, just as it could swing its sword to Cornelia, I dashed forward, sliding next to her —and stealing a dagger from her belt as I passed her— before using it to parry the attack of the death knight. My fingers were fast enough to hide that move from both Cornelia, and the opposing death knight.

I parried the attack successfully, and even my weapon stayed intact, but only because the swing of the death knight was much weaker, confirming my earlier assumption. They were trying to capture the girls alive as bait.

"Caesar," gasped Cornelia even as I pushed forward, leveraging the unbalanced swing of the death knight, charging the dagger with the flame energy as I did so, punishing him with a debilitating wound on its right arm, cutting several tendons, and leaving a smoldering wound behind that started to spread to the rest of the body, though it affected its fighting capability only marginally.

High-level undead wasn't particularly affected by the condition of their body, as long as the spell that animated them was stable. They weren't particularly resistant to fire, but not being resistant and being vulnerable were two different deals. If I delivered the same attack with life energy or light energy, I would have probably wounded it significantly, if not outright killed it.

Pity that I couldn't use anything but fire magic to enhance the attack.

"Take care of Helga," I said to Cornelia even as I swung the dagger, hoping to deliver another deadly wound before it could react. Unfortunately, it reacted faster than I expected. I still left another wound, but unfortunately, it was weaker than I expected.

Facing a death knight was a difficult task. I had previously slain five of them together, of course,

not to mention that I had done that when I was weaker, but only with exploding an impressive number of magical traps that were initially designed to destroy a large swathe of the undead army.

Currently, I didn't even have underwear.

I swung my dagger again even as the flame forced into its structure, threatening to destroy it completely. The death knight dodged, but surprisingly, rather than attacking me directly, it pulled back, even it put it dangerously close to the wall of flame.

I realized the reason a second later, barely holding back a burst of laughter. It was scared of the pieces of aether that were still stuck on my skin, evaporating slowly —though not damaging, as, without the dangerous flow, I was able to use just a simple arcana spell to push them away.

Death knights were excellent warriors, but they were not experts of magic.

And that fact was underlined further by a tendril of arcana that appeared through it, mixed with necrotic energy, but still carrying the basic structure of a communication spell. Interfering with it without him being aware was almost trivial. It pulled to a defensive stance as it waited for an answer.

Pity that giving a fake response was much harder than actually blocking it. Giving it false information would

[-7 Mana]

Since each second meant more mana for me, I decided to allow its defensive stance. "So, how does it feel to fight someone in your own size," I commented lazily even as I swung my dagger once more. He parried, putting my dagger dangerously close to shattering.

The death knight didn't answer, lacking the personality to actually enter into a debate. They were sapient and acted independently from their creator, but their personality was completely erased.

I continued to attack it, but allowed it to dodge. Even as it did so, I started infusing a subtle structure of life energy into the dagger, mixing it with the fire energy, enchanting the dagger in real-time.

Craft was turning out to be more useful than I expected.

[-149 Mana]

It wasn't a perfect dagger, of course. It would be a miracle if it could reach double-digit hits, but that was more than enough to kill the death knight, as long as I channeled life energy through it generously.

However, doing so would drain my already limited reserves even further. Moreover, hiding the destruction of a death knight wasn't the same as blocking a simple message spell. Not only I had to block the flare of necrotic energy freed from keeping it mobile, which required an investment of mana I wasn't prepared to invest, but also I needed to copy the connection with Zokras to fake it.

So, I let the death knight stay defensive as I made a few casual attacks, weak enough not to hurt the integrity of my newly-crafted weapon, but strong enough not to make the death knight realize I was the one playing for time.

I liked that, especially with every second helping me regenerate mana. With three instances of the mana regeneration active, my regeneration was very significant.

"So, where is your boss," I said. "I'm really bored to wait for him to appear," I commented even as I waved my hand, sending a line of healing energy toward Helga, too weak to be noticed through the interference of the flame wall, but enough to stabilize her and wake her up.

[-45 Mana]

The girls started talking heatedly behind me, but I focused on the death knights, stretching my subterfuge to the limits to give the impression that I was very comfortable with the current balance of the situation. With all the mana I spent to create the defensive wall and other tricks, my mana was even lower than when I appeared. And since I appeared, barely fifteen seconds had passed.

[Mana: 1083 / 7595]

Each second was precious.

Unfortunately, while the death knights lacked emotions, that didn't make them stupid. They still had an impressive combat intelligence, and the only reason I was able to fool it into inactivity for about fifteen seconds was my extremely complicated set of abilities, forcing him to think that they were currently suffering through a counter-ambush.

Unfortunately, that assumption didn't mean it would stay obediently defensive and wait for me to recover. It soon realized that its magical communication efforts didn't reach their target, and rushed toward me with a furious assault.

It was a feint, of course. Despite its skills, I was able to read it, and with some decent effort, I could have prevented it from pulling back. But why should I stop it when he was willing to push through a wall of crackling magical flame to warn his allies, especially when they were probably already getting suspicious.

The death knight attacked me, forcing me to raise my dagger to parry, though I made sure to react a touch too slow when he suddenly threw himself back into the fire, pushing through despite the damage it would receive.

Admittedly, the wall of fire looked more impressive compared to its damage, allowing the death knight to retreat through the fire with little damage.

Or, more accurately, it would have been the case, if I hadn't chosen that moment to inject some light-natured mana into the flames, letting out a chaotic explosion.

[-419 Mana]

The flames turned white, their height rose several times, expanding both inward and outward dangerously. I could still feel the death knight escaping through the fires, though not without significant damage. And more importantly, perfectly primed to deliver some misleading information to the rest of the army.

The flames expanded both inward and outward as the additional light forced it to consume all the infused mana immediately, forcing me to dash back next to Cornelia and Helga, establishing a strong shield to protect them from the backlash of the flames, but I get signed during the retreat, depleting my already limited HP even further.

[-281 HP]

[-243 Mana]

"So, how are you girls since our last meeting?" I said with an intentional levity, hoping to prevent them from panicking, even as my mind was on how to save myself from the growing undead base around me, my only advantage being the orientation of the defenses, facing outward rather than inward. Considering my mana was almost completely depleted, it wasn't exactly a huge advantage.

And I still didn't know the location of Zokras the Eternal, whether he was hoping to use the trap to kill me, or hoping to take down Titania in my absence...

[Level: 31 Experience: 489893 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 1898 / 6324 Mana: 513 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty

“What exactly happened?” I repeated the question again as I looked at Cornelia, this time with a much stronger tone, even as I put my hand on Helga’s body to send another wave of healing magic, the healing efficiency much stronger thanks to our physical contact. Not enough to actually cure her, of course, but enough to awaken her in a few seconds.

[-94 Mana]

Meanwhile, Cornelia managed to gather her wits enough to start speaking, enough to give a stammering report. “It was just another wave of monster attack,” Cornelia started even as she trembled, struggling to stay conscious, too exhausted by the latest spell she cast against the death knight before I managed to intervene. “Then, some of the experimental early-warning wards Helga had prepared triggered, alerting us for the undead assault, so we had a couple of minutes to erect some additional wards to keep them away.” She took a shaky breath.

“It was the only thing that saved the lives of the citizens. Iomene managed to create an elite force to cut through the undead defense, and most of the students defended the rears. I took command of the rear, with the strongest students supporting us. We knew that it would have been difficult to defend the rear, but...”

“But we didn’t expect a death knight waiting for us to commit on our strategy before launching,” Helga cut in, awake enough to take the discussion. Cornelia sent her an appreciative nod, and focused on her breathing, trying to stay conscious.

“Well, at least, there are some advantages,” I said.

“Like what?” Helga said, confused. Cornelia didn’t say anything, but her expression suggested that Helga was reflecting her emotions as well.

“Well, at least you girls stopped fighting,” I said with a wide smile. “Our next threesome is going to be so interesting.”

“Caesar,” they gasped simultaneously. “It’s not the time,” Helga continued even as she slapped my shoulder, but their resigned expression brightened. Not because it was an amazing joke, but the fact that I was confident enough to joke meant that I was confident in getting away safely.

I wasn’t really confident, but there was no harm in making them believe it.

“Their strategy doesn’t make sense,” Helga murmured even as she struggled to stand up. “With

the forces they committed, they could have taken down every single man in the town much easier. All they needed was to use the death knight against the Iomene's forces before they could create a breach."

"Their strategy makes sense, you just need to know their true objective," I said.

"True objective?" Cornelia interjected, shocked, like she was having trouble understanding the magnitude of the event. "You're saying that the lives of tens of thousands of people are just bait for their true objective."

"Not tens of thousands of people, just two people," I said even as I pointed at them.

Helga gasped. "You're the target."

"Right in one," I said even as I cast a subtle detection spell, expecting to be attacked immediately, wasting some more of my precious mana. Luckily, they didn't attack immediately, giving me some time to recover. Barely half a minute, something they didn't even factor in as useful, but my regeneration, even with what the last healing spell consumed, allowed me to more than double my available mana.

[-21 Mana]

[Mana: 1086 / 7595]

"But that doesn't make sense," Cornelia stammered. "A whole army, with a death knight," she uttered even as she looked at me with widening eyes, a sense of worship dancing behind them as she reassessed my strength again, going up even more.

"Three death knights, actually," I corrected her even as I used another detection spell, trying to understand their strategy based on the way their movements.

[-16 Mana]

The results of the second detection put a wide smile on my face. The hidden death knights still held their position, while the army was slowly shuffling, changing their direction inward, while the wounded one pulled back to join the rest of the army. The more interesting part was the rest of the army, surrounding us completely, which made me smile.

They were trying to use their cannon fodder first to weaken me before launching their deadly attack, unaware that each second that took to reorganize the hulking hordes of zombies was

making it harder for them to succeed in their objective. I also considered healing myself, but ultimately, I decided against it. With the army I was about to face, area effect spells would help me much more than a few extra points of HP. Missing skin was painful, but preferable to death.

“Three death knights,” Cornelia gasped in shock, well aware how she compared even one of them, spending all of her mana just to delay one for a few seconds.

“Would I be an evil person if I said I’m glad that the rest of the army is chasing the survivors of the city?” Helga gasped.

“No, you wouldn’t,” I said. “Unfortunately, however, you’re wrong about their target,” I said. A second later, the last embers of the flames finally died, finally revealing the rest of the city. The buildings in our immediate surroundings had been destroyed as a result of the spell, giving the girls a good view of the rest of the city.

Which included a huge army of low-level zombies, closing in like a dark wave, slowly but steadily.

“Maybe I can distract them for a moment,” Cornelia offered with a resigned tone. To her credit, her tone wasn’t filled with fear, making me respect her even more. She might be an annoying noble heiress in the safety of the school, but she was a true battle mage facing an unbeatable enemy.

Well, what looked like an unbeatable enemy.

“No need,” I said to Cornelia even as I raised my hand, to see whether I could bluff another undead army in the same day. Pity that I lacked the overwhelming force option, but that didn’t mean that I was completely out of option, especially since a previous trap of mine had managed to get rid of five death knights in the process.

“Is this all the army you can gather to face me, Zokras,” I shouted smugly, enhancing my voice magically even as I simultaneously cast a variant of the earth element, forcing lines and lines of complicated runes to appear from the ground, shining brightly? “Last time, we were in your base, and you lost five death knights in the process. Are you brave enough to face me mine?”

[-54 Mana]

It was pure bluff, of course. The complicated runes that appeared were just shining brightly, representing many dangerous explosions, but they lacked the proper investment of mana to actually work as advertised. They were just pretty lights.

Helga looked at me weirdly, realizing that it was just a bluff, but smart enough actually not to say anything. Cornelia examined them with a shocked expression, failing to understand it was just a trick due to her own overspecialized magical knowledge.

Their response gave me an accurate gauge of the response of the undead army. Cornelia was lacking in terms of wards when compared to Helga, but only because Helga was overspecialized in theory in a way few actually was, and could catch the inconsistencies between runes at a glance.

On the side of the undead, I doubted anyone other than Zokras could replicate her expertise. Meaning, if they called my bluff and sent the whole army, Zokras was there, directing the assault. If they believed it, he was not.

Then, a small group of zombies —well, small in terms of an endless undead army, easily in high hundreds— pulled away from the main group, but rather than targeting us, spread around, clearly aiming to erase the runes, forcing the trap to discharge early. “No!” I gasped in an exaggerated shock, stretching my acting abilities to the limit, like a staggering assault was the worst thing that could happen.

“Stay back, and defend each other, do nothing else,” I said the girls with a message, then dashed forward.

[-2 Mana]

Even as I rushed forward, I cast another spell, pulling large pieces of metal from around myself, fashioning myself a huge axe, larger than myself, glowing furiously. Though, rather than forcing it in the air, I pulled it from the ground, making it more mysterious.

[-85 Mana]

It wasn't a good weapon, both in terms of size, and in terms of the magic I invested in stabilizing its structure, but its huge surface was filled with glowing runes that radiated life energy. Despite its uselessness, from a distance, it looked amazing. “Come and taste the edge of the Undead Bane,” I shouted showily as I dashed.

The more I could delay them through my physical capabilities, the better...

[Level: 31 Experience: 489893 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 1898 / 6324 Mana: 1629 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-One

“For the all that is holy!” I shouted as I dashed at a speed near my full limits while trying to look heroic —still leaving something in the tank in case the death knights decided to use the opportunity to intervene, whether targeting me or the girls with the hopes of distracting me— and brought down my impressive looking axe to the head of the nearest zombie.

And I cast an undead bane —which I decided to call the useful mixture of light magic and life energy I generated through the biomancy— as I slammed my axe on the nearest zombie, while the explosion killed several more, clearing out a small opening for me.

[-9 Mana]

After that, I started cleaving through the horde of zombies as they barely bothered to attack me, determined to reach the glowing lines of the wards I had created. I responded with another undead bane, forcing the zombies to spread further to avoid the explosions, but ultimately slowing their journey.

[-8 Mana]

I did my best to look disappointed in their strategy journey as I cleaved through the zombies, the axe swinging desperately with its momentum, leaving several zombies in its wake with every swing, their limited mobility making them an easy target.

My desperate defense confirmed the hopelessness of the situation for the necromancers that were responsible for the assault, it seemed, because it didn’t take long for them to add another large group of zombies to the attack, committing further to their strategy.

From the start of the attack addition of the second group, barely thirty seconds had passed, but for me, every second was gold. As my mana refilled, I started to feel more confident. At least, I felt like I had a fighting chance even if they realized my subterfuge.

[Mana: 2141 / 7595]

That didn’t mean that I abandoned my ploy, of course. On the contrary, I decided to commit even further in my desperate defense, feeling comfortable in investing some mana for better returns. I cast a fancy arcana spell on the axe before throwing it on to the army that stood between me and the wounded death knight, and cast another undead bane at the impact point, clearing a large group of undead in the process, and leaving several stronger ones hopelessly

wounded.

[-241 Mana]

Then, I dashed forward, grabbing the axe halfway, and reducing the glow of the fake runes that covered its surface, but leaving enough glow to convince them that it still had a few charges left.

For the observers, it looked like I had just spent an expandable ability to force a fight between me and the death knight. Technically, it was a risky move. If the two death knights had pulled out from their hiding place and ambushed me, but I was betting on the fact that Zokras cared more about the death knights than the rest of his army.

Just as I expected, rather than facing me, the wounded death knight pulled deeper into the army, leaving me to face against an impressive number of stronger undead minions, including skeleton knights, monstrous creatures made from disgusting flesh, and occasional bone dragons swooping from the sky, each destroyed with a swing of my axe —which might not be a good weapon, forty-six points of strength that were behind it, swinging it with a merciless speed, was no joke.

I didn't bother channeling the impact of my kills to Cornelia, as currently, my mana was far too precious trying to do something I could easily replicate with my mana later on thanks to my newest level up.

Just like that, another forty seconds passed as I cut through an impressive number of undead, but not without a cost, mostly in the form of an impressive number of wounds I had collected as I tried to push through the horde with apparent desperation.

[-193 Mana]

[-421 HP]

[Mana: 2716 / 7595]

Unfortunately, as beneficial as my ploy was, it was hard to continue indefinitely. Ultimately, necromancers might be evil, selfish, and reprehensible, but that didn't mean that they were completely idiotic. Even with their attention on my reckless assault toward the death knights, they soon noticed that the distraction of the runes had little effect.

Luckily, their hesitancy meant that rather than attacking with full force, they decided to send a

couple of low-level necromancers to test them from a closer distance —and having a small argument in the process— giving me even more time. Which was welcome, because as I cast another detection spell, I noticed the two death knights finally leaving their hiding spot.

[-14 Mana]

One advantage of having a huge army was that it created a convenient hiding spot for any high-level undead that wanted to reach their target without being noticed. Well, against anyone without a conveniently superior detection spell.

Ambushes were a curious thing. Delivered correctly, they were a strategic miracle, enabling the delivery of extreme destruction, far above the potential the attackers might carry. But paradoxically, once detected, the supposed multiplier turned into a deadly rug around their feet, waiting to be pulled.

And two death knights, hidden inside a huge horde of zombies to conceal their presence fitted perfectly to the situation. If they had been successful in their sneaking attempt, even if I was under the perfect condition, I doubted I could handle them without significant cost.

At least, when they had a perfectly disposable army to back them up.

Unfortunately for Zokras' precious death knight, the hypothetical was different than the reality. I waited until they were in the middle of the army, both away from any cover that they could use to blunt the damage, and the army around themselves crowded enough to actually prevent them moving efficiently.

“About time,” I cried in exultation even as I threw the axe once more, this time without bothering to charge the axe. More importantly, I started channeling a devastating, overcharged another undead bane spell, much stronger, but didn't let go immediately, because the wounded death knight stopped escaping, and stood its ground.

The army around itself pulled away, bestowing it with a movement range to dodge. From my previous experience with them, I was well aware that death knights were deceptively fast enough to dodge any ranged attempt from my part without obstruction, and it was preparing to dodge.

I raised my axe, letting the axe shatter as I pointed the remains toward the third one, giving every indication that I was going to aim at him as I used the majority of my mana, once again, at the risk of depleting myself.

[-1492 Mana]

But the spell went the opposite direction.

To their credit, the ambushing death knights reacted the reversal even better than I expected. Rather than trying to push away through the horde of zombies—which was something certainly in their power, but the fraction of a second they would lose in the process made dodging impossible—they got even tighter in a defensive pose, trying to maximize their defense.

Still, even with the defensive effort, their fate would have been sealed if it wasn't for the intervention of the other necromancers. They were smart enough to wait in preparation, and my sudden spell forced most of them to shield the death knights from the sudden rush of light energy. Due to the nature of their mana, it wasn't the most effective way of spending mana, especially in a hurry, but considering the number I was facing, it was still enough for the death knights to get away from my spell relatively unscathed.

I would have loved to take both of them with one spell, of course, but failing that wasn't the end of the game for me. Not even close. Ignoring the flare of mana behind as the necromancers tried to form an offensive spell to prevent me from attacking the two death knights as they recovered, I pushed forward toward the third one, alone and wounded, exposed deliberately to enable an ambush that was conveniently disabled. More than happy to educate my enemies against the perils of strategic commitment. The damaged death knight tried to retreat, but with the extensive damage it suffered earlier, it was noticeably slower.

I caught him before it could disappear into the rest of the army. Its sword whipped fast like the deadly threat it was, streaking toward me, leaving a dark afterimage, but I met it with a glowing sword of light forcing it to solidify.

[-154 Mana]

It was an expensive way of creating a weapon, certainly, enough to drain me in less than a minute even if I was fresh. Luckily, I didn't need a minute.

I didn't even need a second.

After parrying its sword, its momentum reversed uselessly, I plunged the sword of light through its armor, into where its heart had been when it was alive, but now, housed the core of the necrotic array that sustained its unnatural unlife. I forced the sword to explode, finishing the death knight in the process.

[-219 Mana]

I would have loved to watch as the death knight disintegrated slowly. Unfortunately, I didn't have time to do so, not when I could feel two other death knights rushing toward me, the damage they received relatively small, both still very much a threat.

Rather than facing them directly, I cast an earth spell, raising a huge wall between us.

[-21 Mana]

It was a pointlessly weak spell, one that could barely resist the assault of a zombie, but after an attack that delivered great damage despite their impeccable defense, they were naturally wary of my tricks.

I continued to retreat back, creating a dozen earthen walls between, but just as they started breaking through them, I injected the fifth wall with some light magic as well, forcing it to destabilize, making them retreat. Therefore, I managed to safely arrive next to the girls, most of my mana depleted once more, but most importantly, the undead army in total chaos.

They played their trump card, only to fail spectacularly.

"That was amazing," Cornelia gushed with a worshipful expression, impressed by the widespread destruction I committed with almost no visible cost. "Should we help as well," she offered despite her depleted status.

"Nope," I said even as I grabbed their waists and jumped with them, before spending most of my remaining mana to conjure a faux air elemental, forcing it to move as fast as possible before their spellcasters were too distracted with checking whether my earth constructs were trapped or not, too occupied to dispel it.

[-1229 Mana]

"I'm out of bluffs, it's time to retreat..."

[Level: 31 Experience: 489893 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 1477 / 6324 Mana: 312 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Two

I wished that the necromancers didn't wear hooded cloaks, because I would have loved to see their expression of shock as we started to levitate with a great speed. "Be ready to cast a shield, even if it makes you feel unconscious," I advised the girls, even as I started gathering my remaining mana for the next step of our little adventure.

I only now tried to use an air-elemental to escape, because it was only through the necromancer's strategic mistake that it was possible. Most of them committed themselves to defend the remaining two death knights after I easily got rid of the third, unaware that I had depleted my reserves just to have that opportunity.

It was not something I could replicate, and even if some of them suspected it, I doubt it would help their determination to protect the remaining two death knights. With that, Zokras already lost six death knights that represented years —maybe decades— of work. Naturally, his henchmen tried to protect the remaining two.

Pity that it gave me the second I needed to work undisturbed to stretch my capabilities to the limit as I created a ward-breaker, slamming it into the wards, depleting my mana back to single digits in the process.

[-330 Mana]

Under normal conditions, the mana I had spent was far from enough to destroy a ward comprehensive enough to cover a city, not even close. But I had several advantages. The first was the distraction of their spellcasters as they hurried to protect the death knights.

The second was the fluid state of the wards. They were initially designed to defend an attack coming from the outside, only to try and forcefully change after my surprise appearance. And, considering barely two minutes passed since my arrival, they were barely halfway done, allowing me to cut through the wards.

We were barely out of the wards when an impressive number of ranged attacks started following us, from easily ignored arrows of skeletons to death bolts throbbing with necrotic energy. "Try to keep your shields closer to the elemental, I'm going to try to dodge the most," I said even as I tried my best to avoid their assault.

Thanks to the mobility of the air elemental, we managed to avoid the majority of the attacks in the first salvo, while the rest peppered against the shields of the girls. But before we could

leave the range, the second salvo followed, with even more impressive numbers.

And this time, things didn't go as smoothly. Some of the attacks were as easy to dodge as the first —skeleton archers seldom had the intelligence to position their attacks strategically to cut off my path— but for the second salvo, the necromancers relied on a different approach. Their attacks got bigger, and some targeted possible escape routes rather than targeting us directly.

I could have avoided them as well, of course, but only by significantly extending my escape route. “Try to hold on, it's going to be rough,” I said to Helga. Cornelia, unfortunately, was on the edge of the collapse after the first salvo. Funnily enough, Helga's earlier collapse under the assault was working for her benefit.

I grabbed Cornelia and pulled her behind as I turned to face the salvo, watching as every hit exhausted Helga visibly. When the third death bolt made contact with her shield, it flickered before disappearing, just as Helga collapsed. She would have fallen off the elemental if it wasn't for my reflexes, pushing her next to Cornelia.

And I was far too close to collapse than I wanted to count.

[HP: 1477 / 6324]

[Mana: 83 / 7595]

Despite my dodging attempts, the second salvo continued, forcing me to defend without any mana. A crackling black bolt came nearer and nearer, three others chasing it from a close distance, but moving the elemental would keep us in range for the third salvo, so I had no option but to take it to the chest. Unlike the girls, it wouldn't kill me.

Hopefully.

But when the first one made contact with my chest, it reminded me once again why the necromancers were scary enough to be hunted.

[-541 HP]

The damage was certainly significant, and that was with my vitality limiting the damage. I couldn't survive three others...

“Idiot,” I suddenly murmured as I raised my hands. I would have slapped myself if it wouldn't have cost me the precious second I needed to keep all of us alive.

[-14 Mana]

I transformed my mana into life energy before letting it coat my hands like a glove, just in time as the second bolt arrived in front of me. Then, I punched the bolt to the side, hopefully not about to receive another jolt of necrotic energy that might as well kill me.

[-119 HP]

[-21 Mana]

“Excellent,” I murmured even as I thickened the mana glove around my hands based on the feedback, just in time to bat the next two bolts, receiving even lesser damage.

[-61 HP]

Then, we were out of their range, and flying toward the school. I would have loved to go back to the town Titania was defending, but I wasn't convinced that the plan to hunt me was anywhere near its completion. But regardless of the time, I still had around fifteen minutes to arrive at the destination.

Just enough to refill my reserves, ready to meet any nasty surprise they might have hidden. However, before I could relax on my elemental mount, I noticed several bone dragons falling down the sky, ready to chase me down. It wasn't the domineering flying army I had defeated earlier when they tried to ambush Titania, but a dozen bone dragons, carrying necromancers on their backs was certainly not the easiest opponent to deal with.

Especially not when their aim was to slow me down before the rest of the army caught up with me.

The weirdest race of my life had begun as I tried to resist the combined assault of twelve necromancers with close to no mana, my hands moving faster and faster as I slowly get used to the technique, limiting the contact, so that each touch only consumed a few points of mana, and nothing else. Of course, the ease I was parrying their attacks helped greatly by the difference in stats.

I certainly couldn't replicate it against Zokras with such ease, for example.

The next minute passed in relative comfort as I easily batted down their attacks without suffering from any damage, allowing my mana to recover significantly.

[HP: 1477 / 6324]

[Mana: 683 / 7595]

So, I cast a detection spell just to be on the safe side, only to notice a lot more enemies than I was expecting. In addition to the bone dragon squad, the whole undead army left the city, charging toward my direction, though with a great distance between each element as they prioritized speed. The presence of the death knights surrounded by necromancers, was at the front, while endless skeleton armies were creating a long line, their maximum speed varying based on their bodily structure. Meanwhile, another, the smaller army was spreading in front of me, ready to cut my path.

It was the army that was chasing the refugees that managed to avoid their massacre, I noticed, happy that the problem was solved before I bothered to make a move.

“Impatient idiots,” I murmured even as I changed my plans. The only reason I escaped them was that I couldn’t deal with their cannon fodder and their elite combatants together in my current status. And they were not only giving me time to recover, but also an opportunity to retaliate.

Who was I to reject such a nice gift?

The first thing I did was to slow my elemental mount, which looked like I was out of mana, meaning it took me three whole minutes to actually arrive at the first ambush point, giving me around two thousand points of mana.

[Mana: 2542 / 7595]

I could have used that mana as an anvil to smash the army, of course, but where was the fun in that. Instead, I leaned forward and caught Cornelia’s lips, helping her recover just enough mana to defend herself in an emergency before repeating the same action for Helga, bringing them back to the land of consciousness. It took three-quarters of my mana, but it was a necessary investment to split the undead army further without.

[-1793 Mana]

“We’re alive,” Helga gasped in fascination.

“You girls did well, defending us against the attack,” I said. “We managed to get away.”

“We recovered quite a bit,” Cornelia commented, but rather than happiness, I could feel the desire for battle in her tone. She clearly understood that if I managed to get enough mana to help them recover, I had to have an offensive reason, and she was more than happy to join that battle.

“Are you girls up to play bait in another trap, but this time to flash-fry some undead?” I offered. Their matching grins left no doubt about their response. “Excellent,” I said. “You don’t need to do much, just stay out of the range of these nuisances for about five minutes,” I said, making a sweeping gesture toward the bone dragons that was trying to do their best to catch up, unaware that they were only able to close in the distance because I allowed them, “and after I give the signal, turn back and eviscerate them.”

“I like that plan,” Cornelia grunted, her eyes burning with a passionate fire as she looked for a way to make someone pay for her earlier defeat, even that was against a superior opponent with an actual army behind.

Looking at her passionate expression, her red hair wild with the wind, I was sorely tempted to stop the plan for a fun interlude, but after a second thought, I decided against it.

A fun celebratory fivesome was a better idea anyway.

[Level: 31 Experience: 489893 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 1477 / 6324 Mana: 847 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Three

“Can you handle directing the elemental and maintaining an illusion of me at the same time convincingly while maintaining the distance?” I asked Helga. “It’s better if Cornelia focuses fully on defending in case the necromancers get too close,” I asked Helga. When she nodded, I transferred the control of the elemental to her.

“Now, drive through the ambush,” I said, pointing toward the small forest the bone dragons trying to direct toward without being too visible, then turned to Cornelia. “Cast a huge fireball, but don’t waste your mana. I just need the bright light and some smoke. I’ll do the rest.”

Before the undead hidden in the forest could lash out, the air elemental dipped low and the fireball exploded, followed by a light spell from me, creating a convenient corridor for the girls to escape.

I used biomancy to hide my life signature even as I created an illusion of myself, and when Helga took the responsibility of maintaining it, I jumped off to the ground.

[-63 Mana]

Another flare of mana allowed me to control the ground before I could touch it, turning it into a quicksand, no different than water. Before the smoke cloud of Cornelia’s spell had disappeared, I had already disappeared underground. Once I moved several feet down, I let out a relaxed sigh, aware that I was safe momentarily.

I started moving in reverse, glad for my connection with the girls allowed me to feel their status in great detail from the current distance once I properly focused on that.

Luckily, the girls were capable enough to drag the necromancers farther and farther without risking themselves, giving me a leisure opportunity to slowly move back underground, passing the necromancers and death knights and finding myself in the middle of the fodder army.

Meanwhile, my mana recovered significantly, and I even managed to heal myself significantly. All the while, the undead army was willing to play our game, because from their perspective, defending against their attack while maintaining an air elemental was a desperate last stand that had given the victory to them.

Ten minutes passed just like that...

[HP: 3141 / 6324]

[Mana: 5412 / 7595]

Not only I had recovered, but also their army had stretched further and further helplessly as they chased me. I let both the necromancers and death knights get away as much as possible, because under the circumstances, targeting the fodder army was the better idea.

I cast the first spell, another undead bane, focused on maximizing the area effect rather than direct damage, perfect in decimating hundreds of zombies at once.

[-128 Mana]

Light magic was making it very cost-efficient to get rid of weaker zombies. No wonder their first move was trying to get rid of Titania.

I repeated the spell twice as I ran toward the death knights and the necromancers, acting like I was trying to intimidate them once again. If I had done that the first time, they might have retreated, but after getting bluffed twice by the same tactic, they believed that it was just another trick from my end.

The army started to disperse, trying to avoid my area attacks, while the death knights and the necromancers changed their direction sharply, trying to catch up with me, or at least, forcing me to retreat and protect their army.

Pity that more than half of the army had been already decimated before they could get into range, but the rest were dispersed. More importantly, their approach took more than two minutes, more than enough for me to actually set up a field of explosive runes underground and charge them.

[-1421 Mana]

Trying to face a high-level mage with just an army was truly a suicidal affair, especially with the force multiplier of my ridiculous regeneration. "Come on, boys, let's finish this little game," I shouted gleefully, no different than a barbarian warrior, mostly just to confuse them.

Unlike the army, the death knights and the necromancers approached me in a modified diamond formation. Death knights were on the tip, necromancers stayed behind, fully focused to counter my spells to give enough time for their invincible warriors — or what was supposed to be invincible warriors — to close the distance and prevent me from casting. Some necromancers spread to the wings, ready to lash out with death bolts to provide cover fire. Overall, it was a simple yet effective strategy.

Too bad that I was much better at setting ambushes. Once again I cast an undead bane, focused on the range, forcing the necromancers to counter it. They did so, and the spell melted before it could reach the death knights. However, as they did so, they committed their focus to the threats from the sky.

[-613 Mana]

Then, the runes exploded.

Most of the necromancers evaporated in an instant, undead bane burning through their existence as efficiently as death bolts damaged living creatures. Some tried to defend themselves, but without collaborating with the others, they lacked the power to actually succeed thanks to their low level and weak stats — to be fair, compared to me, not many people could brag about their stats.

Realizing that they were once again played for the fool, the death knights tried to retreat. Unfortunately for them, while they were strong enough to resist the explosives — though not without further damage — their bone dragon mounts weren't as lucky, turning into dust under the explosions.

And without their mounts, they had no chance of escaping. Don't get me wrong, I would have loved them to actually try it, because picking them after demolishing the rest of the necromancers would have been much easier. Death knights might be strong opponents, but ultimately, they were designed to be the perfect swords and shields for an even stronger spellcaster, or at worst, to work as an overwhelming assassin from the shadows.

Facing me in an open field while their supporting necromancers struggled to stay alive — or maintain their unlife state — wielding a combination of light and life magic that cut through their spell resistance like a hot knife through butter, they were out of their depth.

If they weren't horrific constructs of unlife that probably spilled enough blood to fill a lake, I would have pitied them.

Instead, I raised my hand, and threw three consecutive undead bane, area effect spells centered on the death knights. Some of the necromancers managed to show an impressive ability and actually managed to dispel my first spell, but they were helpless against the second and the third, exploding among them.

Nor they managed to counter the sudden rain of light arrows, reaping them helplessly, burning their undead energy, and evaporating them completely.

And just like that, two death knights lost all their coverage.

I expected them to escape, trying to make contact with their master. Or, at least, launch one desperate defense to take me down.

I didn't expect them to fall into a defensive state, to limit the effects of my spells. If it was done by a living person, I might have assumed that they were doing one last irrational desperate attempt to stay alive, hoping to outlast me, but that didn't work for death knights. For all their power, they were little more than sentient weapons, working for their master.

A bad feeling rose in my heart. I had taken too much time dealing with the army. I was expecting Zokras to come back, trying to save his remaining death knights before retreating. After all, he was a centuries-old lich, so I would have expected him to pull back before things had become too bad.

The desperate attack of disposable armies was understandable. Using the death knights at an ambush was also understandable. It was risky, but it could have allowed him to hit a soft spot, at least weakening the school significantly before retreating.

Using the death knights on a chase made little sense, and using them just to deplete me made even less.

Unless he didn't want me to be anywhere else.

I decided to take them down as quickly as possible, without wasting any more of my mana. It was not the time to hide something, I decided, as I rushed toward them with full speed, and before they could properly change their formation, I was in front of them, with a glowing sword of light in my hand.

[-121 Mana]

The light sword trick might consume a decent amount of mana with every passing second, but it was certainly better than trying to pin them from a distance when they were trying to

Still, I was extremely glad for deciding to improve Titania's Companion process during our last time. The light magic had provided me with the distinction between victory and death.

The death knights realized that their formation against spell damage left them vulnerable for melee attack, but it was already too late. I swung the sword with a speed that surpassed the flaming eyes of the death knight's ability to follow it. It spun, avoiding a vital blow to its chest,

but it cost it an arm.

In the distance, I could see the squad of necromancers that was trying to pin the air elemental turning back, but it was already too late. The second death knight managed to move forward before launching a hastily coordinated attack. I ducked between them, avoiding their lightning-fast attack that would have decapitated a lesser warrior.

I swung the sword again, this time costing the second death knight an arm.

[-93 Mana]

They tried to counter-attack, but they swung above me as I ducked, missing my head by inches. The sword of light flashed again, this time costing the first one a leg, and as a bonus, its balance.

With the first one struggling not to topple, and the second one barely able to swing properly with one arm, the battle was almost over. I didn't even bother finishing them before wrenching the control of the air elemental from Helga and making them move toward me with full speed.

Then, I conjured a second sword before spinning mercilessly, and half a second later, two death knights collapsed in pieces, the unholy magic that was holding them together. The swords evaporated.

[-183 Mana]

It was ironic that their attempt to waste my mana enabled me to take them down much easier.

Before the elemental could arrive, I used another undead bane, destroying the flying necromancers with a volley of light arrows.

[-294 Mana]

"Is everything okay?" Helga asked even as I jumped on the elemental, forcing it full speed toward Titania's town, hoping that I had misread Zokras' intentions wrongly.

Or if not, I would be able to reach there in time...

[Level: 31 Experience: 489893 / 496000]

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 1477 / 6324 Mana: 847 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Four

I was worried about the fate of Titania, but not as much as daring to replicate my earlier teleportation feat. I had barely survived when my health was full, and I wasn't ready to risk it again, especially without at least two complete Companion Nodes to guide me.

Luckily, I had made sure that Titania had her full mana, not to mention Marianne next to her, a hidden weapon ready to be unleashed against the weaker undead. I might have been still worried if Zokras had his death knights with him, but the last of them lost in the ambush, I wasn't too worried for them.

I still moved the maximum speed my air elemental allowed me to travel, covering the distance in less than twenty minutes — short enough for Titania to resist an attack from an overwhelming force as long as she was being careful, long enough for me to recover my mana completely, and even heal myself and let the girls recover their mana completely.

[HP: 2945 / 6324]

[Mana: 7231 / 7595]

I wasn't at my best of condition, but rather than delaying a bit more to heal fully, I would have preferred to arrive at the destination earlier, just in case.

"Are you sure that they have another ambush planned?" Cornelia asked worriedly as she looked at the horizon, feeling desperate. "It's so hard to believe that they still have more forces after that attack," she added, shivering.

"Unfortunately, building a huge army is not a difficult task for necromancers, nor it's too hard to raise lower-level necromancers," I answered with a sigh, which truly was the case. Unlimited availability of defenseless small towns and the huge number of monster corpses meant that they would never run out of material, and the long lives of the liches meant that they had the freedom to plan for decades and centuries while the other planned for days and months. "The only surefire way of dealing them is destroying the leadership, which is harder than it looks. The moment we destroy it, the lich's essence would escape away, to construct another body."

"Can't we just trap the essence?" Helga asked.

"It's definitely possible for weaker ones, but Zokras is certainly not one of those. I'm confident in destroying his physical shell, but catching his essence is much more difficult. I have no doubt

that he has many plans to secure his essence. Otherwise, he wouldn't have dared to attack himself," I said. At this point, I had no doubt about Zokras' plan, because I could feel the corruption of death energy spreading from the city, getting stronger as we got nearer.

Luckily, I could feel Titania's light magic flaring against the oppressive darkness, clearly weaker, but still resisting Zokras' oppression. Moreover, as we got closer, I started to feel Marianne's presence stronger the closer we got. If she was yet to join, the battle couldn't have reached a dangerous level yet.

"What if you have been prepared against him, and manage to ambush him?" Cornelia joined the discussion.

I was interested in the ease Cornelia rejoined the discussion, and the lack of reaction from Helga. It seemed that after the dangerous adventure they had lived through, they managed to overcome their enmity.

"That's a pretty different deal. If I had some preparation time, and if I could estimate his path accurately enough... But that's a difficult thing to do. I don't expect him to be gullible."

Before the girls could answer, the town finally rolled into our field of view. A pair of simultaneous gasps reached my ears, which was a justified response to the abhorrent sight in front of us.

The town was covered by dark clouds. Not just the sky, but also the walls, rolling repeatedly like a typhoon, threatening to break through the glowing walls, each second eroding the inner walls. The outer walls of the city had already fallen, along with most of the civilian buildings. Only the inner keep survived, and even that was alive because of Titania's light magic, infusing into the walls to resist the overwhelming dark magic, threatening to devour every living person and raise them as undead.

Still, even from a distance, I could notice there were scarcely few corpses in the city under the effects of the spell, showing that both the soldiers and citizens managed to retreat safely — though I had no doubt that Zokras let it be successful, as it was better for him that Titania exhausted herself defending the citizens rather than trying to escape his attack.

"What if we distract him," Cornelia offered, looking angry at the sight, no doubt remembering her recent defeat.

I said nothing, just turned to look at Helga. "It might work," Helga commented. "We might not have your explosive power, but as long as we burn our mana aggressively while attacking from

the air. And if the defenders join the attack as well, you will have some time to set up a defense.”

“Might work,” I said even as I looked to the city, the view getting clearer as the distance slowly dwindled. “I doubt I could completely destroy his essence, but wounding it enough to permanently damage his power shouldn’t be too much of a problem. But it’s going to be risky for you girls to distract him, even for a minute. Zokras is definitely not to be underestimated. Are you sure you want to take such a risk?”

“We can’t avoid danger,” Cornelia commented. “It’s war.” Helga said nothing, but her nod conveyed agreement.

I didn’t try to dissuade them, as, despite everything else, I shouldn’t ignore the fact that after the latest improvements, they were strong, not just in Silver Spires, but also in the wider standards of the Empire. Also, letting Zokras get away would put them in more danger if he decided to take revenge.

I waited until we were close enough to the city before casting a message spell to Marianne, asking her to coordinate with Titania and attack with their full power the moment we started our battle. An invisibility spell later, I jumped down the elemental, stepping onto the outer walls of the city, already starting to build a comprehensive ward.

I might not take Zokras down completely, but after everything, I had no intention of letting him go without my pound of flesh. And the best way to do so — due to an absence of actual flesh — was damaging his abilities permanently, meaning I needed to attack his soul space.

“Let’s try it like this,” I murmured as I conjured an earthen spear and started to etch it with runes. This time, however, I wasn’t relying on my Undead Bane spell. I wasn’t even using my biomancy or light magic, because while their deadliness against the undead was not in doubt, they were not exactly stealthy spells, especially against a master necromancer. And the number of times I had used these two types of spells only made sure that Zokras would be ready to their presence, ready to retreat.

And the only chance of doing something before he could destroy his own physical form and retreat — perks of being a lich — for me to ambush him with something stealthy.

Something new.

So, I decided to be exotic, and started to cover the spear with runes that would replicate my Tantric mana transfer trick, but in a much wilder, and much more destructive manner. Physical

damage might be easy to shrug off, but damaging the center of his power would have been much better.

[-1832 Mana]

However, as I continued to work on enchanting the improvised throwing spear, I moved deeper into the city, paying careful attention to the diving elemental, carrying Cornelia and Helga, casting a huge inferno as they did so, trying to envelop Zokras.

Unfortunately, a swipe of his hand was enough to create a dark shield to protect Zokras, though when Helga followed the attack with a rain of arcana arrows, trying attack from multiple directions. Another wave of his hand expanded the shield, only for the arcana spells to drill through the shield with a surprising ease thanks to her spell structure, showing the advantages of her academic capabilities. Through the breaks she had created, Cornelia's flames flowed in, aiming Zokras.

It was a clever strategy. Too bad that they lacked the power to make it successful. Zokras waved his hand once again, this time creating a wave of dark energy going back, swallowing everything in its path, be it his own shield or Cornelia's flames, forcing the girls to pull up to avoid, turning them into free target practice, especially with a good chunk of their mana already spent in their first assault.

If Zokras attacked them again, I would have been forced to abandon my plan and forced to intervene. Luckily, light magic and life energy came from the town in the form of two deadly waves, threatening to drown Zokras, forcing him to shield against it.

A complicated shield went up, one that was uniquely designed to deal with my Undead Bane, too complicated to be cast instantly. Apparently, I wasn't the only one that could innovate in a hurry to adapt to new conditions. It was a perfect design, more than ready to completely neutralize my Undead Bane. If I had tried to kill him with a deadly overwhelming spell, it wouldn't have ended well.

Luckily, Marianne's usage of life energy, combined with Titania's light magic, was enough to trick him about the root of my assault.

Too bad that all his preparation was wasted because of a perception mistake, allowing me to throw my spear from my hidden spot. I wasn't exactly a ranged expert, but hitting an immobile target from a few hundred feet was hardly a challenge with someone with my physical capabilities.

It was a pity Zokras was looking the other way as the spear buried itself to his back, because I would have loved to see whether its dead face would be enough to show an expression of surprise as my mana flooded his body through the connection.

[-3112 Mana]

Though, as the spear made the connection, and I forced my mana to invade his soul, trying to find his soul space to destroy, he wasn't the only one that was feeling surprised. He had no soul space, something that would have been completely shocking if it wasn't for the discovery of the morning with the headmistress.

Luckily, even without a way to directly destroying a soul space, having a flood of mana invading one's soul was hardly a healthy activity. I forced the mana to explode from inside. Still, with Zokras' skill, I had no doubt that he could have defended himself from that.

But he failed to do so, utterly. I was ready to assume that it was because he was distracted that he was that easy to take down, but unfortunately, that didn't seem to be the case. Just as its soul started to burn, I realized one very important thing, a connection with a distant entity running through the Aether dimension, far too thick to be his phylactery.

He was a fucking decoy....

The connection recreated as the soul sliver that was controlling its current body exploded, creating a perfect death scenario for Zokras the Eternal. Just like that, the question that was confusing me about his unnecessarily desperate assault was revealed. He was trying to hide his identity.

To make things much more fun, with the power shown by a mere decoy, I was absolutely sure that it wasn't me or the headmistress that drove him to this desperate show.

No, I had a horrible sinking feeling that it was about convincing his allies about his death, allies that threw our three thirty-plus level combatants just for a trick. Allies that, if headmistress' tales were even half-accurate, was busy waging a war against the full-fledged divine beings...

Allies that was inevitably my enemy considering we were competing for the same precious Divine Sparks...

But that was a problem for another day. Today, I had an amazing celebration to distract me from the weight of future problems...

[Level: 31 Experience: 489893 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 2945 / 6324 Mana: 2131 / 7595]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Five

I hid myself behind a veil of illusion once again as I followed Cornelia and Helga into the inner keep, amused by the gaping mouths of the defenders as they looked at Helga and Cornelia in shock, trying to understand how two students could make such a difference — unaware that so-called lich was just a decoy, and even then, it was only destroyed due to my efforts.

I was more than happy to let the girls take the credit, of course. The stronger they were assumed, the less suspicious their eventual growth would become.

Most of the shocked gazes turned toward Helga, of course. Cornelia, with her explosive growth and reputation for an even more explosive temper, wasn't too much of a shock. Well, at least compared to Helga, who had been infamous for her chosen magical expertise, her lack of combat ability, and her commoner status.

As they walked through the gate, Helga's name had been whispered again and again until it turned to a soft buzz, but no one dared to walk toward her. How could they, when they created such an intimidating visage moments earlier. Cornelia just threw a dismissive glance toward the discussion, too used to such treatment even before her latest power-up.

Helga's walk turned stiff with shock despite her attempts to appear nonchalant, too unfamiliar with the spotlight to feel comfortable about it. Though, her observers were too distracted to care about such things, lost in their elation about the sudden end of what they thought to be a desperate last stand.

As we got nearer toward where Titania and the other teachers responsible for the defense efforts were, however, the direction of the gaze started to split, half of it gazing toward Marianne, who had just revealed an equally shocking power by delivering an overwhelming assault toward the attacking lich, revealing that she was much more than a healer.

As Cornelia walked closer to Titania, the rest of the teachers looked at their three students with shock, unable to believe their display of power, outclassing the threat they could output even if they had been working together. Some of them looked anxious to question them, but when Titania took a step forward, they stayed silent, aware of the hierarchy between them.

"Good work," Titania simply said as she looked at Helga, aware of her connection with me thanks to our earlier discussions about the school defenses, before turning back to other teachers and continued discussing the next steps of action. However, as she returned to circle, she made sure to leave enough place for two people to join, wordlessly elevating their position

from students to leadership.

With her silent acceptance about their place, the rest of the teachers were unable to say anything. After all, among them, only Titania had direct access to the mysterious Headmistress, meaning her decisions couldn't be questioned by the other teachers.

Not to mention, by apparently saving them from almost certain death, it was hard to argue that it was not an unearned victory.

With a chuckle, I disappeared toward deeper into the city, leaving Cornelia and Helga to deal with the fallout of their sudden power reveal on their own. After everything that happened, they deserved to have my trust about handling such a situation without me being ready to intervene, especially with Titania there as insurance.

I went deeper into the city, finally ready to cure myself of the annoying wounds I had received in the process of punching through the reality while teleporting, which continued to annoy me even after curing the surface layer of the wound I had received. Combined with the remnants of the decaying energy of the necrotic bolts I had faced against, it was truly a bother.

With that, I once again went to Titania's room, easily passing through the wards, most of it already established by me in the first place.

With a sigh, I quickly prepared myself a bath and jumped in, even as I filled the water with healing energies. A rather extravagant spending of mana all things considered, but with Zokras' attack failing spectacularly, I didn't expect the Eternals to attack. With everything I could detect about their strength, if they had any intention of actually doing so, they could have easily done without Zokras, or could have supported his attack with more than just a few tricks about monster hordes or a few assassins — though, admittedly, quite high-level ones.

[-649 Mana]

As the healing energies slowly infused into my body, I dozed off in the bath, waking up only when the healing energies starting to deplete, only to refill it again, repeatedly until I was once again back to my perfect condition, then I started napping.

Only the opening of the door awakened me from my nap. From the darkness of the room, it was clear that it was already evening. I sighed as I stepped out of the tub, using a simple spell to dry off completely. Meanwhile, I could hear the footsteps of four people walking inside, each familiar in their own way. Cornelia's sharp yet elegant steps were reminiscent of a dagger, Helga's soft, almost hesitant walk, Marianne's soft and elegant stride, and Titania's steady steps

are confident enough to lift the weight of the heavens.

The fun was about to start, I thought with a big smile even as I opened the door, not bothering to put anything. At this point, I had nothing to hide from any single one of them, nor I wanted to hide any single relationship from another.

I wanted my magical girls to know each other.

Properly.

As I walked inside, naked, four identical shocked gazes turned toward me, immediately destroying the ethereal and confident aura they had been wearing outside, their blush climbing upward as their gazes bounced between each other. The shyness remained in their gazes, but a competitive expression was added to it.

“I hope everything is in order with the rest of the faculty,” I said even as I walked toward the nearest chair, acting like my nakedness was nothing out of ordinary.

“As expected,” Titania said with a shrug, her attitude showing that during the tribulation we had just faced, it was definitely not one of her priorities, her abilities to intimidate the rest of the teachers a given even without her political strength in the school.

“We have just become professors,” Helga interjected, unable to prevent a hint of disbelief from infecting her tone, unable to believe the small miracle that had just happened. Her reaction was understandable, as while her power had risen significantly in a short period to allow her not only to match but surpass most of the faculty, before the latest battle, she had no opportunity to compare her strength with the other members of the faculty before the battle, and during the battle, she had more important priorities than trying to understand her own proper place in school’s power structure.

Well, with the crisis resolved, she had all the time she needed to understand the proper pecking order, and her own superior place in it.

“All of you?” I asked as I looked at Marianne and Cornelia.

Marianne just nodded, agreeing with it. Cornelia, on the other hand, shook her head. “It’s only an honorary position for me, I still need to go back to take my place as the head of the family,” she said, her anger apparent even discounting the ball of fire that appeared in her palm almost immediately the moment she spoke.

“Oh, yes,” I said, letting my smirk take a vicious edge. “We need to go have a talk with your uncle about how to handle the transfer of power,” I added, reminding her that I was ready to assist her in solving that particular problem. It shouldn’t take more than a day even under the best of circumstances with my current abilities.

I didn’t really care about the additional power Cornelia would receive in the process. At some point, her position as the head of a noble family, even one of the stronger ones, lost its importance between the necromancers, angels, and mysterious organizations determined to fight against the gods.

With everything, the power and the assets of a noble family were nothing. I was helping simply because Cornelia wanted it, and at this point, it was easy enough for me to ensure to keep one of my girls happy.

I turned to Marianne. “Any thoughts about your own position?” I asked.

“Not really,” she whispered back in her cute shy tone. It seemed that even after having a threesome with Titania wasn’t enough to break through her regular shyness, even when she was putting on an extremely amazing show once the fun properly started. “Being a professor in Silver Spires is a better role than leading my family,” she added.

“It certainly is,” I said, not bothering to highlight one important fact. It was not actually better for a regular professor, but Marianne suddenly found herself as a part of the most influential political clique with a lot of battle merit, which changed the equation completely.

Moreover, for anything except undead, her combat capabilities were utterly lacking, and as a healer, the stronger the combatants around her, the safer she was. At least Cornelia could defend herself against most of the threats — at least enough for me to arrive if I could find a better way to use the Teleportation perk, without nearly killing myself in the process.

I pondered about whether to tell the ultimate fate of Zokras, escaping successfully while paying a great cost in the process, but ultimately, I decided against it for two reasons. First, after making such a big show about his own fake death, I didn’t expect Zokras to act, as we weren’t his only enemy, not after disappointing the organization as well.

Second, I still didn’t want to reveal the full extent of my abilities when it came to soul manipulation, and if I revealed it here, there was a high chance it would find its way back to the headmistress. Titania’s loyalties were still on that side, at least for now.

I had asked a few more questions about the role Marianne and Helga would take in the

operations of the school, while they answered.

Then, there was a lull in conversation as the girls shuffled their seats, their gaze dancing worriedly between the different surfaces. The room was large, but not enough to comfortably house five people, not when girls tried to stay distant from each other, each feeling self-conscious with the implied promise of our situation, which was enhanced by my naked state.

It was time to stop with the trivial stuff, and focus on the important things. "So, girls," I said with a wide smirk as I leaned back, displaying my shaft for them. "How about we play a little game, to relax after such an exhausting battle?"

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Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

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SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Six

Cornelia was first to speak, which didn't surprise me the slightest. "What kind of game?"

"Nothing intense or exhausting," I said even as I conjured a piece of ice. "We just push the rock toward each other using arcana mana, and if the ice touches someone, or if someone breaks it, they lose the round." Essentially, it was a modified mana control exercise, too little power, and the ice touches you, too much power, and the ice would crumble.

It was a tricky play due to the competitive nature, but simple enough that everyone would have more or less equal playing field in terms of ability. Tactics was a different issue, of course. "And what happens when we lose a point?" Cornelia asked.

"Good point, we need to find something for point loss to make it more fun," I said with an exaggerated focus like I had no idea, my overacting enough to earn four matching smiles from the audience. "How about losing a piece of clothing?"

"Such an unexpected forfeit," Helga said in a deadpan voice, while a giggle escaped into the room, surprisingly from Titania.

"What about you?" Cornelia said, pointing at my naked state. "It doesn't look like you have a lot of clothing to lose."

"That's simple. For every loss, I would follow one order from the one that's responsible for my loss." That put a different shine on their eyes, though Marianne and Helga were less enthusiastic compared to Cornelia and Titania, who were less used to the submissive role in our weird little coven.

"Excellent," Cornelia murmured while Titania looked enthusiastic.

"Okay, some more ground rules to make it more fun before we start, then," I said. "No spells other than arcana energy pushing and pulling, and no direct casting on others, but blocking and interfering with the other's pushes are allowed." The rules earned a bunch of nods.

"Let's start, then," I said with a smirk, even as I flicked the ice toward the Cornelia the moment she nodded, scoring an early score.

"That's cheating," she gasped, her red hair flying as she shook her head in shock, though her gasp was buried in the matching giggles of the other three girls, even Titania.

“Really, he said we were starting, and you nodded. How’s that cheating,” Helga asked, her smirk still wide. The fact that Cornelia sighed in defeat rather than flaring in anger proved just how much their friendship had grown during the struggle. Before that, a mocking comment from a commoner would have sent Cornelia into a fit of fury, rather than earning a friendly surrender.

With a sigh, she stood up from her seat, removing her robe quickly, revealing a blouse and a skirt underneath. Not the sexiest, but considering they changed whatever they were able to find after a long battle, it wasn’t as bad as it could have been.

Not to mention, the beauty of the tight body underneath went a long way to display even the inferior clothing the best way possible, not extreme like a warrior, but just soft enough to leave no doubt about her exclusive magic focus, her terrific ass still visible through her ill-fitting skirt.

She threw her robe to the side, but before her ass made contact with her chair, the ice cube was already flying toward me, a victorious smirk on her lips.

Too bad for her that I was ready for the ploy, and gave a counter push. Not directly, trying to push back to her, instead of deflecting it, and it hit Marianne instead. “Good luck next time,” I said to Cornelia even as Marianne frowned, but the speed she jumped to her feet, and the erotic slowness of her removal, suggested that she was not really unhappy about suffering the crossfire.

I whistled at the show. Marianne had one advantage over Cornelia, that the city she was holding was still upright, meaning her personal items were safe and sound. And current blouse she was wearing was clearly there for a special occasion — and likely acquired after the amazing threesome, to make sure the next adventure was sufficiently fun.

I assumed she bought that later on, because it was not one of those expensive silk ones. Instead, it was a simple linen one, though simple didn’t mean ugly. After all, it was Marianne we were talking about, a slightly low cut that would have been looked modest on anyone else was enough to turn her looks into an erotic masterpiece, with an attractive cleavage.

So much, that I decided to double down. Before Marianne could ever sit down, I flared my mana, and the ice cube slipped down her top, into her cleavage, earning a shocked gasp. “Caesar!” she gasped.

“What? You need to be careful about the ambushes,” I said while Helga chuckled on the side.

Marianne frowned playfully, but that didn’t stop her hips from starting to dance as she grabbed her skirt. Unfortunately, rather than pushing it, she flicked her feet, removing one of her shoes.

“Stingy,” I said in mock disappointment, while Marianne flared her mana, and it hit Helga. “Hey!” she gasped as she flicked it back to Marianne, but she was ready to defend that.

And just like that, their supposed alliance shattered, and they started throwing at each other. The rest of us leaned back, enjoying two blonde sexy beauties attacking each other with a small ice cube. They managed to hit each other a couple of times, and accidentally shattered the cube a couple of times as well.

Their spontaneous battle lasted for a minute, and when their heated battle came to a lull, both parties had already paid a significant cost. Both parties had lost every single accessory they had on, no shoes, no socks, no other stuff. Helga was reduced to her corset at the top, though she still had her skirt. Marianne lacked that as well, limited to her panties and corset, both struggling to contain her assets.

And I wasn’t the only one that was examining her cleavage in fascination, though the girls’ gazes were split between arousal and jealousy.

I had a feeling that they were going to ignore Marianne for a while.

It was not to say the other girls weren’t as beautiful as Marianne, but the sight of her only in a corset, her assets struggling desperately against the prison for freedom, was rather striking.

Enough to make the other three rather jealous.

Cornelia didn’t surprise me, and attacked Helga, freeing her from the domineering confines of her skirt after three aggressive attempts, but costing her her robe and shoes in the process as she notoriously didn’t care about the defense.

Almost like she didn’t care about revealing her naked body! How wondrous.

However, Titania stood on the side with a slight frown. With her power and achievements, she clearly stood apart from the other girls, which was normally an advantage for her, but during the current playful state, it was enough for her to feel left out, with a slight frown on her face.

I decided to help her. However, just throwing a piece of ice toward her wouldn’t solve the issue, reducing the game between me and Titania. No, I wanted her to mix properly with the girls.

So, I waited until Helga counter-attacked Cornelia once again, who was already freed from all of her accessories, relying on her skirt and blouse to cover her body. Helga was aiming to remove one of those as well, which Cornelia didn’t seem very concerned about.

However, a subtle touch of my mana, sneaky enough to avoid the limited attention of the girls, was enough to strengthen Cornelia's half-hearted defense, not only bouncing the ice cube successfully, but also managing to hit Titania. For the others, of course. As the one whose spell was interfered, Cornelia noticed my intervention despite the subtleness of my touch.

Cornelia's gaze found mine before the cube even touched Titania. I nodded. It was a subtle message, but Cornelia was smart enough to understand that I wanted Titania to be included in their erotic game.

After all, it was hard to have a proper orgy if one of the participants was fully clothed.

Titania reacted just as I hoped. "You dare," she gasped, but her gasp was just too cute to be intimidating as the ice cube touched her skin. She flicked the ice cube back to Cornelia, which easily scored a hit.

"Don't forget to get rid of an item of clothing first," I said to Titania, giving Cornelia and Helga enough time to share a nod without Titania noticing. Cornelia removed her blouse in the process as well, but when the game started once more, Helga and Cornelia suddenly targeted Titania together.

Titania tried to defend, but her attempts were a bit too zealous, shattering the ice in the process by applying too much pressure.

"You need to be more careful, sweetie," I said mockingly to Titania, earning the target of the ire she generated through her failure. It might be a simple game, but Titania was famously perfectionist when it came to magic, and even a trivial loss was enough to frustrate her.

Unfortunately for her, by trying to attack me, she left herself vulnerable to a counter-attack. I deflected the cube in the middle, Helga and Cornelia immediately using the opportunity to score another hit on Titania, depriving her of another piece of coverage, bringing her closer to nakedness.

"Good luck for the next time," I said to Titania, but stayed fully defensive while the battle turned into Cornelia and Helga against Titania, with Marianne watching from the side smugly, happy with their jealous glances at her amazing cleavage.

Titania tried to attack me a couple of times, but after failing twice with dangerous cost, she temporarily abandoned that, focusing on Cornelia and Helga.

It was a heated battle, beautiful not only in terms of magical achievement, but also in terms of

the results of their beautiful battle. When they finally came to stop, even the most dressed, Titania, only had a skirt in addition to their corset and panties. Helga even lost another piece despite her defensive strategy, leaving her only in her panties, her beautiful breasts perkily standing out. Cornelia and Marianne still had their panties and corset.

[+500 Experience]

I even gained some experience from Titania's conservative stripping, as she was the only one with the level to do so.

"Maybe we should have a different target," one of them suddenly murmured, pointing at me. Interestingly, it was the last one I would have expected.

Marianne.

"It was always the quiet ones," I chuckled with an excited smirk even as I barely deflected the ice cube sent by the four of them.

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Strength: 46 Charisma: 58

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Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Seven

Defending against the combined assault of four competent mages was hard.

Defending against the combined assault of four competent mages, when the objective was to handle the floating ice cube gently enough to prevent it from shattering, was considerably harder.

Defending against the combined assault of four competent mages, when the objective was to handle the floating ice cube gently enough to prevent it from shattering, when said four mages were the incarnation of sexiness in the various states of undressing, providing an incredible distraction as I tried to go gather my mana, was possibly the hardest challenge I had ever faced.

And something really important was at stake. Every time I let that ice cube touch my skin, I had to follow one of their orders, a scary proposition, especially with four girls facing each other as well, each wanting to prove themselves to others in the twisted relationship they were dragged by me.

Still, it was a challenge I was more than happy to face.

It wasn't shocking that Cornelia took the lead of attacking, her fiery personality perfect for charging. It was easy to deflect her reckless attack, but before it could move forward even an inch, it was deflected back by Helga, ready for my reaction.

Meanwhile, Titania gave a push from the side, making it even harder to deflect, while Marianne stayed on the back, ready to provide a last line of defense if needed.

The formation was not a bad idea, allowing everyone to use their skills the way they were most comfortable, but also put Marianne, who was the least skilled one in terms of manipulating mana, to a defensive position, easy to be protected.

Unfortunately for them, their impromptu formation was less solid than they might have expected.

I could have scored a point through brute force — as the creator of the ice cube, I could assess its breaking point much more effectively — but while that would earn me a delicious naked show, it would only highlight my superior skills, not their limited tactical competency.

Considering the dangers we were facing, injecting a small lesson into our sexy times was not

exactly a bad thing. So, I let their counter-attack come very close to success, waiting to feel the radiating cold of the ice cube before deflecting it away.

Emboldened by their near-victory, they pushed even harder. Helga put her whole focus on helping Cornelia, but when I deflected it toward Titania, she was perfectly ready to deflect it, even if it came much faster this time.

Too bad for Marianne that it moved toward her. To her credit, Marianne was ready to defend herself. Unfortunately, at that speed, her attempts shattered the ice cube once more.

“Too bad, sweetheart,” I said with a wide smirk, very enthusiastic about the next part. Yes, I had seen Marianne naked before, but it was one of the things that never got stale. She was always beautiful, and the way her breasts jiggled as she unbuttoned her corset added a lot to her attractiveness.

“You girls need to work harder on your strategies, factoring everyone in properly,” I said with a smug smile, perfectly designed to trigger their anger. It was good advice, of course, but a patronizing delivery was enough to taint the goodwill of even the best advice.

And while they were busy trying to suppress their anger, I delivered a sneak attack, once again targeting Marianne. “Don’t bother sitting down, sweetie,” I said, gesturing for her to drop her panties as well. “And that’s why you need to be more careful about sneak attacks no matter the circumstances. High hit points could help you to survive an ambush from a weaker attacker, but every advantage is important on the path to survival,” I added.

As I said that, I let my gaze stay on Titania. After all, our first proper meeting had been born from those circumstances, where she recklessly pushed forward to recover a book, only to fall into a deadly trap of the necromancers.

Titania was unable to refute that point, which hardly helped her anger, especially since she was still relatively new to suppressing the touch of her emotions.

Unfortunately for her, her anger gave me the exact opportunity I needed to send an attack through the area she was supposed to defend. She was an excellent mage, enough to defend herself even distracted. But it was different when I wasn’t targeting her.

I sent a curved attack around her, and before she could react, and before Helga could realize my ploy, the cube already touched Marianne’s milky skin despite her nakedness.

“It’s time for play,” I said with a grin even as I let my gaze dance over all four girls, their

expressions flickering between different emotions. I first looked at Marianne, who had to follow one of my orders after being eliminated first.

I curled my finger, calling her close, amused by her frustrated puff as she stood up. Her frustration didn't come from needing to follow my next order, as our relationship had well past that point. No, the way her gaze danced on the other three girls suggested that she was concerned that she was the first one that was 'defeated' in our little magic game.

Before our relationship taught her about taking initiative, she might have just slunk down and accepted the defeat, but after some memorable times, she was much more expressive.

More importantly, she had the weapons to strike back from a very unexpected angle.

When she started walking toward me, following my order, her steps were slow, almost crawling. However, it wasn't hesitancy that was slowing her steps. If that had been the case, her hips wouldn't have displayed a sensual dance with every step, hardening my already impressive erection to a new level.

It was already an amazing show that deserved a great deal of my attention, but I made sure to keep my gaze on the way her hips were dancing like I was hypnotized, playing for the audience, earning a few jealous glances in return.

Cornelia didn't surprise me by acting in anger, sending the cube toward me, hoping to use my distraction to score a point, for it would have been no doubt a humiliating forfeit.

I bounced off the cube with a simple wave of my hand toward the other side of the room, not even bothering to counter-attack, which made their jealousy even thicker. For the moment, their own sexiness, like Cornelia's toned, sexy legs, or Helga's her own beautiful tits dangling freely was forgotten, dazed by Marianne's dance.

Halfway in, she bent forward, which enhanced the sight of her beautiful breasts — full and firm, big and juicy, topped with amazing pink nipples.

In other words, a total masterpiece.

I made a show of letting out an impressed sigh, which invited another ice cube attack, this time from Titania. I once again deflected that, quite easily as the girls were too distracted and frustrated to properly cooperate. Though none of them appreciated the effortless way I was dismissing their attacks.

When Marianne's slow walk finished, standing in front of me proudly, her hands running over my chest and arms. "What's my order?" she asked in a beautiful, throaty tone.

"Well, I'm feeling rather uncomfortable," I said, my gaze dipping down to my crotch to show what I was talking about. Marianne lowered herself without asking the question, but far too slow to be classified as immediate. Though, considering she spent that time peppering my chest with gentle kisses, I was willing to forgive her dalliance.

"Should we pause the game?" Helga asked, excited and frustrated.

"No need," I said, not bothering to hide my gasp as Marianne's hot lips touched my shaft. "You clearly need all the advantage you could afford," I added smugly, once again fueling their jealousy and competitiveness at the same time.

However, as they did so, I was already using our connection to transfer my mana to Marianne, not to recover her mana but to help her level up. I was still undecided between prioritizing her companion process and my own leveling —challenged by the restricted nature of the Divine Spark I stole from the headmistress — but increasing her level was an obvious target.

[-1239 Mana]

Marianne murmured in appreciation as the mana flooded into her body, showing her happiness by going deeper along the length, swallowing it greatly. Despite the great struggle it created for her little delicate mouth, she stuffed my whole length into her mouth, a considerable part slipping into her throat.

"Such a nice bet," I said mockingly even as I looked other three girls, all alternating between frustration and jealousy while they tried to attack me with the ice cube, trying to leverage my distraction. Admittedly, Marianne's lips combined with the challenge of converting my mana into experience points for her was considerable. If they cooperated properly at that point, they could have scored a point...

Luckily, I wasn't the only one distracted by the sight of Marianne's joyful fulfillment of the bet.

A gasp went through the room as Marianne grabbed my thighs before moving her head back and forth aggressively, helped by my fingers passing through her golden hair.

The gasp came from Titania, whose recent memories of a threesome with Marianne awakened by the sight, which caused her to be just distracted enough to receive another hit from the ice cube, getting rid of her skirt as well, making her the last person to be limited to her underwear

or less.

I could have leveraged the opportunity to bounce the attack to Helga to achieve another hit, but teasing them indirectly while giving them a great show in the process was much more attractive. So, for the next minute, I focused on defense while Marianne's enthusiastic moans got louder and louder despite the obstruction on the way.

I even helped her by bringing my foot between her legs, gently caressing her wetness while she shivered.

That lasted until Marianne, already on the edge thanks to the excitement of the situation, climaxed hard. She shivered and moaned helplessly, but I kept my hands on her head, still using her throat for a masturbation aid while she slackened under the rush of pleasure.

Then a surprising thing popped into my field of vision.

[Achievement: Sensational Show. Hold the attention of an invested crowd through careful measurement of activities. +2000 Experience, +5 Charisma]

It had been a while since I had received a proper achievement, not that it was not wanted. Especially charisma, which impacted the maximum potency of the offensive spells greatly.

Good, I thought even as I let Marianne go, and she collapsed on the floor, breathing hard. "Marianne doesn't seem to be ready to join back immediately," I said even as I called the ice cube, letting it float around my finger threateningly. "Shall we continue?"

[Level: 31 Experience: 492393 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 63

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 6932 / 7750]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Eight

Three matching frustrated expressions told me that they were very unhappy about their failure to score a hit despite the amazing distraction Marianne had provided. They shared a glance, then shared a nod of alliance.

“Give us a moment,” Titania said, and they pulled at the other side of the room, whispering. Even Marianne joined them, though her legs were still trembling as she walked toward the other end of the room, her earlier seductive walk nowhere to be seen — not that it damaged her sexiness in any way.

They even set up a noise-blocking ward to keep their discussion hidden, something I was more than happy about it. Their sudden cooperation exceeded my expectations in a very positive way, so I let them break the rules of our little game, turning their implicit cooperation into an actual alliance.

I didn’t even break through their silencing ward to listen to their discussion.

Though, I watched them, enjoying the great show. In their various states of undress — Helga in her panties, Marianne naked, and the other two to their corset and panties — their heated discussion was a delicious show, their bodies stretching and shaking excellently whenever they shook their arms to make a point.

I licked my lips, enjoying the amazing sight despite the silence. About a minute later, they dispelled the ward, and walked back to their seats, Helga helping Marianne to walk without stumbling. “Are you ready?” I asked.

“Bring it on,” Cornelia growled, her competitive spirit renewed through the discussion, her passion as fiery as her preferred magic.

“As you wish,” I said, sending a probing attack to her.

She bounced that immediately, but, to my surprise, it hit Helga, too smoothly not to be intentional. Maybe their friendship wasn’t as solid as I assumed, I thought even as I looked at Helga, expecting to find frustration or anger.

I was surprised by her calm acceptance, so much that I barely managed to deflect when Helga immediately followed by an attack of her own, targeting my chest.

“Nice trick,” I murmured, impressed by their ingenuity. It was smart for them to lean on my

preconception about their rocky relationship, providing me just enough information to reinforce my expectations before going for the kill. "Too bad that it didn't work. Do you have any other tricks, or should we just call it a game?"

"Of course not, we're just starting," Helga said even as she dropped her panties, revealing her beautiful body completely. However, rather than taking her seat, she let Cornelia attack her once more, scoring another hit, meaning she was temporarily out, waiting for an order.

"Go and entertain Caesar," Cornelia ordered before I could even think of an order. I quirked my eyebrow at her, but she just smirked. "The rules say the one that makes the hit gives the order," Cornelia said, while Helga started walking toward me.

Her walk was different than Marianne's, moving with a determined intent rather than an extended, leisure walk. No less sexy, of course, but sexy in a different way. One that was more aggressive, the kind that I hardly saw her applying.

The friendship with Cornelia was helping her more than I expected, it seemed.

The room fell into rapt silence, broken only by the whisper of her naked footsteps. The girls stopped attacking for a moment, letting me focus on Helga's beauty. They were doing that to weaken my vigilance, of course, but it was a deal I was more than happy to take.

And I wasn't the only one that was enjoying it, their gaze following Helga's hips as they closed in the distance. I could have easily scored another point, but why ruin the enjoyment of the moment.

Then, Helga stood in front of me, her bosom flushed with desire, her breathing pushing it in a delicious manner, her wetness growing rapidly between her legs.

Winning the game was means for an end in any case.

"Enjoying the show?" she gasped as she leaned forward, her tits pressing against my shoulder, her hands immediately finding my balls, gently massaging. Her body was positioned perfectly to limit my field of view, so I started checking my surroundings with mana, expecting an immediate attack.

Surprisingly, there was no attack yet.

"Why so tense?" Helga whispered, pausing mid-sentence to bring her fingers along my shaft while licking my neck, perfectly following Cornelia's order to be a distraction for me.

Admittedly, she was filling that role excellently.

When she moved, I could see Marianne across the room, her fingers already between her legs, her heavy breasts swaying with the rhythm of her fingers. I would have assumed that it was the after-effects of our latest fun adventure, but the positioning of her body disproved that. The angle of her body was arranged perfectly to maximize the impact of her show.

Her moans were still genuine, though.

“Isn’t your task to make me relax?” I answered Helga as I leaned back, ready for the service. If she was going to distract me from the victory, I had no intention of doing her job for her. She had to work properly for it.

To her credit, she didn’t show even the slightest hesitation before leaning forward, capturing my lips in a searing kiss, her breasts crushing against my chest, her tongue doing wonders. I let her have unrestricted access, enjoying passively. And I used the opportunity to transfer some more mana to her, helping her to take a generous distance to the next level.

[-3192 Mana]

Her hands were all over me, caressing every inch of my back, arms, and shoulders, enflaming my desire further. Her fingers settled around my stomach before she pulled away from the kiss, but that hardly meant she stopped, or even took a break. Instead, she stood up straighter, and I found myself unable to breathe, when she pulled my head to her breasts.

Well, there were limits to my determination to stay passive. When her pink nipple slipped into my mouth, I bit it gently, just enough pressure to trigger a delicious moan.

Cornelia picked that moment to attack me, a timing that was almost succeeded as it approached from the right. I was about to deflect away, but I could already feel two other magic builds, one at the right, the other at the left, ready to counterattack.

So, I threw it toward the ceiling, away from those. Helga pulled back, her pleasure marred with the frustration of failure.

“Good attempt, both in terms of timing and tactics,” I said as I leaned to the side and caught Titania’s eyes. Then, I turned to Helga. “It might have even worked if I had been properly distracted,” I added with a chuckle even as I patted her ass, earning a frustrated moan.

“As you wish,” Helga growled, accepting the challenge as she started her assault once more.

This time, she started by kissing my collarbone, then started moving down slowly but steadily, each kiss timed perfectly with my breathing.

As she kissed, the rest of the team wasn't idle, however. They were attacking repeatedly with the cube, but it was a repetitive, one-dimensional assault, clearly trying to put me into a false sense of security.

Admittedly, under the circumstances, it wasn't a bad strategy, especially as Helga's kisses moved lower and lower, her soft body generously rubbing against mine, her perky breasts leaving the memories of their touch all over my skin.

When she finally settled to her place, she took a slightly different position than I was expecting. Her lips were still wrapped around my shaft, of course, but I wasn't expecting her to wrap her breasts around the base, subjecting me to double-pronged assault. Meanwhile, Titania used the opportunity to launch another attack, and when I bounced it away, Cornelia took control of the attack, but even Helga's beautiful breasts weren't enough for me to taste the defeat.

"Good attempt," I murmured as Helga's twin peaks injected warmth to my shaft while she covered the crown with her generous saliva, her moans of approval entirely honest, a statement that worked for both of them. "A little more creativity, and you might even be successful."

Titania didn't appreciate the subtle sting of my words, and reacted in a furious assault. If it was a part of a proper battle, I would have been scared. Unfortunately for her, her furious assault immediately shattered the ice cube. "Damn it!" she gasped in anger.

"Come on, sweetie, less haste, more speed," I said mockingly even as I flared my magic. "Let me help you on that," I added, ripping her corset off her body with telekinesis, leaving her naked. I watched her corset ripped into pieces, revealing her modest yet beautiful curves as her raven hair moved freely.

[+500 Experience]

"Hey, that's not a part of the rules," Titania murmured in frustration.

"Sorry, sweetie, I couldn't help myself," I said even as I flared my magic, caressing her breast telekinetically while creating the ice cube, earning another furious hiss. Cornelia stalled for a moment, clearly enjoying the way I was teasing Titania. Helga was far too focused on the delicious combination of blowjob and titjob she was delivering.

And Marianne was just playing with herself behind the two, her calculated attempt to provide a distraction quickly turning into a source of joy enough to make her forget completely...

[Level: 31 Experience: 492893 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 63

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 5742 / 7750]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 17/21]

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Nine

With her anger properly stoked, Titania didn't even waste a second before launching another attack, though this time, she managed to keep her strength contained enough not to make it shatter. Unfortunately for her, deflecting it was still within my abilities, even with my attention split between many interesting activities that were going on in the room.

Despite her amusement at Titania's loss of control, Cornelia was quick to join the assault, even poking Marianne to remind her about her task, though her wandering eyes suggested that Marianne's distraction was working on her as much as it did on me. Though, Marianne looked a bit too distracted for Cornelia to be successful, she still made an effort.

A telekinetic field flared around to prevent their attacks from succeeding before I turned my attention back to Helga. My fingers dug through her hair, giving a tug hard enough to be slightly painful, much to Helga's moaning appreciation. Her torso started to move up and down with a renewed fervor, her lips working overtime.

Before I turned my attention fully to Helga, I delivered a few counter attacks, until both Cornelia and Titania lost all their remaining clothing, using their aggressive focus excellently.

"Aggression does not work without a smidgen of defense to prevent deadly counter-attacks," I said with an elegant manner, one that would have been fitting to a classroom, though Helga's enthusiastic moans as she rubbed her beautiful naked body against my shaft turned that statement into teasing rather than a serious comment.

"I'll show you aggression," Titania growled before she cast another spell, this time letting her spell touch Helga directly. Helga suddenly rose from her knees, no doubt following a prearranged strategy, though, if her sudden enthusiasm was any indicator, it was clearly not something she was having any problem with.

As Helga stood in front of me, I sent one last glance to the other three before turning my full focus on them. Titania was preparing for a renewed assault, while Cornelia was poking Marianne again, trying to bring her attention back to the game, but not attaining success at the moment.

Then, my full attention turned to Helga as she slid on my lap, her wetness rubbing against my erection. Her back arched, presenting her tits deliciously for my attention as she pushed her chest out at me.

Since I was a gentleman, I didn't leave them unattended, grabbing them aggressively, their presence heavy yet soft in my palms as my fingers teased her nipples. Her moans rose, far too genuine to be a part of their little plan to score a hit.

Titania continued to attack, but since Cornelia and Marianne were yet to join, I kept my attention on Helga. I leaned forward and put my lips on her neck, where one of her most sensitive spots lay, and started kissing and nibbling, the pleasure hitting her aggressively, particularly effective after a day filled with danger and adrenaline. Her hips started to move even more aggressively. It was yet to slip inside, but each moan echoed beautifully regardless.

I wanted to tease her a bit more before moving to the next step, but her urgent moans quickly built up to a degree that was quite arduous for me to bear. So, I let my hands slide down from her bountiful breasts to her thick hips, raising her up, only to slam her down mercilessly to my erection, her delicious puffy lips wrapped around my shaft desperately, enveloping me with her wetness.

"Harder," she gasped, showing that she had no problem with my aggressive intrusion. I tightened my grip around her hips to raise her up, only to slam her down even harder, the sound echoing in the room beautifully. For that moment, I ignored the defenses, focusing on the way I was invading Helga's beautiful core, her tits rubbing against my chest with each push while her face buried into my neck, desperately trying to add a modicum of suppression to her moans, yet failing spectacularly.

Though, as I invaded her beautiful body, the attacks I received lessened. I started ignoring my defenses. It was likely a ploy to defeat me, of course, but at some point, it was impossible to keep my focus up.

Also, fulfilling a sexy request from four beautiful naked ladies was hardly the worst chore one could imagine.

"Mmm!" Helga moaned as she grabbed my hair painfully, losing her muscle control as the pleasure invaded her body. I tightened my grip around her glorious ass in response, squeezing until her moans got even louder. A minute passed just like that.

Such a magical sensation.

Only when Helga's back arched once again while orgasm hit, I focused back again the game when the ice cube had a sudden trajectory change. It was surprising that they weren't able to score a hit during my distracted state despite their alliance, I thought even as I prepared to

defend...

Only to realize it was completely unnecessary, because I wasn't the target of the ice cube, Cornelia was.

And Marianne was responsible.

She was quite merciless, delivering a few hits in quick succession before Cornelia could even realize the sudden shift. The poor girl was still trying to convince Marianne to join back the game. The cube landed on Cornelia's body in quick succession, not only obligating her to remove all of her clothing, but also forcing Cornelia to follow her orders.

"Betrayal," Cornelia gasped in shock, though it was more playful kind, which showed her character development more than anything. Before she got involved in my tender mercies, even playful aggression like that would have been enough to trigger her dangerously.

"Lie down," Marianne ordered as she finally stood up. Cornelia followed her request, only for Marianne to sit on her face. "It's time to work," she ordered.

Poor Cornelia. She succeeded in her mission to pull Marianne away from her masturbation, just not the way she had been expecting.

As Cornelia's tongue started massaging her from under, Marianne was still having some fun on her own, her fingers dancing around her beautiful nipples.

I put my hands around Helga's waist, dipping her back so that I had an excellent view of the show of Marianne and Cornelia while simultaneously ramming Helga furiously. Meanwhile, poor Titania just stood there, lost, trying to process the sudden destruction of their plan. Her shock was understandable, as she was by far the least experienced one when it came to having fun.

Marianne started to moan, begging for my attention. I flicked my gaze in her direction, enjoying the decision immensely. One of her hands was still on her breasts, teasing their perfect surface while Cornelia's tongue labored aggressively to tease her. However, her other hand was slowly sliding down Cornelia's stomach, teasing and playing, but steadily moving toward its target.

Soon, they were touching Cornelia's wet heat.

Cornelia moaned under the touch. It was no doubt not the first time Marianne was touching her like that — as I had been a party to more than one myself in the near past — but it was the first

time Marianne was dominating Cornelia so aggressively in the process.

And Cornelia's obvious enjoyment once again suggested that her earlier demeanor as an aggressive dominatrix was not a facet of her true personality, but her way of dealing with the desperate pressure of her life. Ironically, the stronger she got, the more mellow and submissive she was getting.

Marianne certainly looked happy with the change of pace as her fingers curled inside Cornelia, provoking a long, stuttering gasp.

Unreal.

Admittedly, the show was distracting me successfully, but neither Titania — who was supposed to attack me with the cube — nor Helga — who was simultaneously enjoying the show as she bent herself back with my assistance — who was being repeatedly rammed inside.

My monotonous yet aggressive pumping didn't seem to be a problem for Helga, as her thighs soon tightened as she started trembling, her panting frantic. "Oh, yes," she gasped, cumming explosively, drenching my lap. I rewarded her with a generous dash of mana, helping her to gain another level, the euphoria of power mixing into pleasure.

[-4291 Mana]

I put my hands on Helga's back, caressing her spine gently to make her tremble even more beautifully while I deflected another attack from Titania, who was still focusing on the game, trying to get a victory, even though it was a bit too late to make a point.

Though, defining her level of focus as intense would be misleading, as her gaze was equally split between Marianne, who was fingering Cornelia mercilessly even as she forced her to lick, Helga who was desperately trembling on my lap, and the flight of the ice cube.

Cornelia was trying to stave off orgasm as Marianne added another finger into her snatch, forcing her to let out a muffled moan, while Marianne pushed deeper and deeper. Her tongue picked up speed to match the attack she was receiving, and soon, Marianne's free moans joined her muffled ones, her tits trembling beautifully.

"See anything you like?" Marianne suddenly asked as she squeezed her breasts with her free hands, catching Titania's gaze.

Titania's flinch of shame was simply too perfect to miss. I prepared to deliver a hit, but before I

could do so, the ice cube flew toward her, delivering a couple of hits.

Titania turned toward us, only for Helga to give a smug look at her shocked face. Titania's shock was understandable, as even I was shocked at her initiative.

Our game was starting to get even more interesting than I was expecting.

[Level: 31 Experience: 492893 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 63

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 2913 / 7750]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 18/21]

Chapter One Hundred Forty

Helga's sudden betrayal added an unexpected twist to the game, enough for Marianne to stall her aggressive treatment of her redheaded friend and share a smirk with Helga, reflecting camaraderie. A deserved one, as between them, it was clear that they were the meeker duo.

It was a testament to their incredible development since our first time.

I just sat lazily as Helga pulled out of my lap and walked to Titania, who was watching her like a cute deer facing a sudden fireball. Her shock was clear, so much that, if it wasn't for the arousal that was rapidly rising underneath, I would have intervened to stop her.

"Impress me," I whispered to Helga, a simple spell ensuring she was the only one that heard the whisper. The slight skip of her step was the only indicator she had registered my comment as she continued toward Titania, the head librarian, the scariest mage of Silver Spires.

Though, naked and shivering in arousal, she was having trouble radiating the field of intimidation she was famous for.

Helga stood in front of her, took a deep breath. "Don't move," she whispered, filling me with anticipation as she leaned forward...

Only to grab the ice cube that had been our focus for the last several minutes. My eyes widened as I felt Helga's magic wrapping around the cube, increasing the intensity of the cold, just enough to feel uncomfortable even with their supernatural resistance.

Titania gasped beautifully when Helga brought the cube around her nipple, tracing the lines of her rosy nipple. Unfortunately, I didn't enjoy the sight as much as I should have been, because it came with an annoying warning.

[+317 Experience]

[Warning! Divine Spark is depleted. Connect with more Divine Sparks to continue supporting the System of — — —]

It was frustrating, because I managed to get only get one level in the process, rather underwhelming compared to my expectations. It wasn't all bad, as I also received a few critical Achievements and progressed Titania's companion progress further, and almost completed a second level. Even if the Achievements and the Companion Process took less power than I assumed, a sliver of Divine Spark was enough to give me two levels.

Rather useful, considering the headmistress arranged approximately a week of sessions.

More importantly, the beautiful sight of Helga bending over Titania, her beautiful ass on display, went a long way to take the sting out of the unwelcome warning, suggesting the depletion of my energy, once again suspiciously close to another level up, like it was trying to tempt me to hurry up.

It was not impossible for it to be just a coincidence, of course, but after learning the history of the System and the abnormality of my own variant, a little paranoia might actually help me immensely.

Then, Helga brought the ice cube over Titania's nipple, earning another gasp, pulling my attention to the present violently. Helga was making a beautiful spectacle of herself even as she forced Titania to moan sexy, deliberately positioning so that I could see the way her beautiful ass shook repeatedly. She achieved the impossible, and somehow made my arousal enhance even further.

And that was before she leaned forward, pressing her lips over Titania's neck, kissing, licking, and sucking. Combined with the other show Marianne was providing, it was the proof of my patience that I managed to sit and watch rather than jump to join.

But that would be rude, ruining the heartfelt effort of my sexy blonde friends. I just sat, stroking my shaft gently while Titania's free moans mixed into Cornelia's muffled ones.

Whether it was the game, or her arousal, but Titania accepted Helga's overreach passively, without the slightest disagreement, even when Helga's kisses climbed up slowly, first to the edge of her chin, leaving small, hesitant touches, then to her lips...

Her hands picked a different direction. The hand that was holding the ice cube stayed around her breasts, teasing her skin with the direct touch of the ice cube, no doubt leaving swathes of cold on her otherwise burning skin. Her other hand traveled down, moving between Titania's legs, invading her core, defenseless after the forfeits of our little game.

As Helga's fingers disappeared into Titania, bringing the pleasure she was feeling to the next level, started to moan helplessly. It was soft, gentle, but above all else, deliciously aggressive. And it wasn't just her moans that turned aggressive. Her lips started to devour Helga's with a shocking passion, surprising Helga in the process.

Though, Helga didn't seem to be too concerned about the horny, desperate kiss she was receiving, immediately responding in kind. Lost in a fugue of pleasure, Helga tongue-wrestled

the domineering head librarian, all the while bouncing up and down, her assets shaking amazingly, tempting me to join them.

I managed to resist the temptation, preferring to watch their show to completion, but it was a difficult call, especially when Titania finally ignored Helga's order for her to stay still, only to grab her bountiful tits, her small hands overflowing with their presence even as she frantically kneaded them.

A glistening appreciation started to appear between Helga's legs, her wetness getting even more intense.

Soon, they changed position. Titania directed Helga to lay on the bed, next to Cornelia, while she knelt beside her. I felt the anticipation as she pulled the ice cube between Helga's fingers, dragging it over Helga's stomach, earning a beautiful gasp in the process.

It was a scene of intense sensuality, especially when the ice cube started to move down, teasing Helga's sensitive inner thighs, much to her aroused chagrin.

Still, her eyes closed under the rush of pleasure, and her legs widened invitingly.

Titania had been quite shy when it came to the matters of the flesh, but it was magical just how much one could change under a crash course on eroticism delivered by me. After all, it wasn't even the first girl-on-girl action Titania had lived through, and after pushing through the shock of losing, she was quick to adapt.

She leaned down further and pressed her lips to Helga's quivering core, her tongue already out to tease her knob. Meanwhile, her fingers still clenched around the ice cube, using it to deliver the occasional caresses of teasing to jolt Helga in shock.

The combination worked excellently, and soon, Helga was moaning deliciously, getting particularly intense whenever the cube touched one of her deliciously sensitive nipples.

However, Titania's domineering position didn't last long. Lost in her task, she didn't notice Marianne leaving her enjoyable seat. She slowly rose from her comfortable source of joy, her pale breasts swinging beautifully as she sauntered across the short divide between her earlier seat and Titania, her posture filling me with anticipation. She was like a beautiful song, echoing endlessly.

She sent me an alluring glare, adding another temptation for me to abandon my observer spot and join the main event. Somehow, I managed to suppress that, licking my lips to suppress the

desire even as she bent over behind Titania.

Titania didn't notice the movement behind her, too focused on her task. Well, not until a single finger slipped inside her, at least. It occurred gently, yet smoothly, her wetness already reached a crazy degree, reducing the resistance to zero, but that didn't prevent Titania from moaning in shocked pleasure.

Titania looked back, only to meet with Marianne's mocking grin. "You looked like you needed help," she said with a delicious shrug that made her huge breasts jiggle invitingly, but that detail was missed by Titania when Marianne quickly added a second and third finger to her initial invasion, pushing Titania's arousal to the next level. "Don't let me keep you from your task," she added even as she moved closer, grabbing Titania's beautiful raven hair, pushing it between Helga's legs.

I was seriously liking this new aggressive Marianne.

"Good work," Helga managed to say before Titania's tongue started working on her entrance, pushing her cries to a new level. However, her passionate dance didn't prevent Titania's hips from gyrating around Marianne's aggressive fingers.

It was a beautiful sight even before Cornelia managed to catch her breath and join the beautiful dance, sitting on Helga's face. Helga's tongue jumped out immediately, replicating the service she was receiving from Titania, creating the most beautiful chain I had ever seen...

My heart was pumping viciously as I drank the delicious view, struggling to stay in my place. I did my best to resist the temptation of the siren's call. Not permanently, of course, but just a while, giving them a chance to properly deliver their show. Watching them as they put a wholehearted show for me was the least I could do to pay for their great effort.

My hand clenched around my shaft, moving up and down lazily, hoping to provide some relief from the arousal the show provided. Which got considerably harder as Marianne leaned over Titania, pressing her beautiful tits to her back even as her fingers lashed in aggressively.

And her ass, her bountiful, inviting ass, shook with every pump of her fingers, inviting me to be a part of that beautiful chain, turning resistance into an overwhelming challenge.

Maybe resistance was overrated.

[Level: 31 Experience: 493210 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 63

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 5932 / 7750]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 18/21]

Chapter One Hundred Forty-One

Watching the development of a beautiful chain of orgasm, starting with a voluptuous blonde and ending with a fiery redhead, temptation given form, was impossible to resist.

Luckily, there was no reason for me to actually do so. I was only delaying to watch the group dynamic between the girls — while enjoying the spectacular show developing in the process — and what I saw gave me hope that, even if I had to leave for a reason — reasons relating to the mysterious organization trying to save the world from the divine and dominate the world at the same time, mysterious angelic headmistress and her even more mysterious aims, or surprisingly sneaky lich Zokras that managed to escape with his unlife.

But with that concern laid to rest, there was nothing preventing me to walk to Marianne, positioning behind her shaking ass. Unlike Titania, she was very much aware of the sneaking presence behind her, but her only response was to raise her ass a bit more, presenting her puckered hole for me.

“Such a surprising request,” I chuckled as I dragged my finger along her tight entrance, casting the spell to prepare her entrance, only to earn a giggle that was suppressed by the endless moans of the other girls. When I pressed my shaft against her lubricated entrance, throbbing with anticipation after the lengthy show, her beautiful ass rose even further, allowing me to perfect angle to push inside.

And push inside, I did, sharply and mercilessly, only to earn a moan of strained joy as my invasion helped her to suppress her anal fixation. She didn't try to hide her reaction the slightest, as, by that point, we had nothing left to hide from one another. Everything was out in the open.

Literally.

I started pumping, slowly, but deeply, while my gaze bounced between Marianne's bountiful ass that was making my shaft disappear, and the panorama view of naked, busty females doing their best to bring each other pleasure, lost in their own little world. I decided to alert them to my presence, and my hand landed on Marianne's ass in a loud spank, echoing in the room, enough to stop everyone for a fleeting second, making them notice my presence.

They continued their own acts of pleasure, of course, but their gaze stayed on the show I was providing. Since I had been enjoying their show for a long while, I decided that they deserved a proper, amazing show as well.

I reached and grabbed Marianne's beautiful blonde hair, pulling back hard enough for her to gasp in pain, her spectacular breasts jiggling with the sudden movement. She had to put her hands on the floor to balance herself. It left Titania's beautiful folds unattended, but she didn't seem to care as she twisted her neck to get a better view of the show, replacing her tongue on Helga's entrance with her fingers.

Marianne opened her mouth, trying to say something, but that was quick to die when my hand landed on her ass once more, leaving a faint pink mark in the creation process of another cracking sound. However, the jolt of pain only made her push her ass back, increasing the speed of collusion between our bodies.

At that moment, I wished that I had a third hand to grab her swaying breasts, squeezing them until my fingers left their marks to match her ass, but with one around her hair, the other busy spanking her ass, it was impossible.

Cornelia came to my help at that moment, unbidden. She left her comfortable seat — and allowing Helga to watch the show without obstruction in the process — and knelt next to Marianne, her hands landing on her breasts, filled to the brim with the presence of Marianne's bosom as they sank into their heavenly softness.

Her expression of ecstasy was understandable. Marianne's tits were simply magical.

Marianne's moans gained another layer of beauty as Cornelia's fingers dug into her flesh, while I continued to drill her backdoor mercilessly. Her back arched beautifully as she angled herself to give me better access to her depths, tightening around me to milk me.

"Beautiful," I murmured. And she truly was, her body shining with an inner aura as she got nearer to a climax. It hadn't been long since we started, but she wasn't too far away from a climax in the first place, with Cornelia's tongue treatment followed by the joy of dominating Titania with her fingers.

And the pleasure I provided could not be easily ignored.

I spanked her ass, again, hard, earning another beautiful moan in the process. This time, it was enough to make Titania stop playing with Helga, giving her full attention to the show.

Helga went a step further and stood up, closing the distance in a couple of smoldering, erotic steps that managed to jiggle all of her assets simultaneously. She stood next to me while my shaft disappeared completely into Marianne's tight hole, grabbed my head, and buried my face into her beautiful bosom.

My tongue jumped out immediately, assisting my lips to capture and torture her nipple, making her moans melt into Marianne's. She just moaned, showing no desire to hide her arousal at this point. She just closed her eyes, and accepted the invasion of pleasure while my tongue reoriented itself to the contrast between the softness of her breasts and the hardness of her nipples.

Meanwhile, Titania decided to join the new situation in an indirect way. She climbed on the bed, opened her legs wide, and her fingers disappeared into her wet folds, giving me an amazing solo show to complete the set. Her other hand landed on her breasts, kneading them with an aggressiveness that overwhelmed Cornelia's. Her eyes stayed locked on the amazing show we were providing, however.

My hand landed on Marianne's ass again, but this time, gently caressing the curves of her ass, glowing red with my repeated slaps, rather than spanking her once more. The sudden contrast was more than enough to trigger the climax she was courting. Her ass tightened to a spectacular degree, which pushed me to climax as well.

I decided to give her another reward along with my seed filling her bowels, helping her gain another level in the process.

[-3965 Mana]

The combined pleasure of climaxing and leveling up was enough to sap her arms' ability to keep her upright. Luckily for her, I was quick to cast a levitation spell, floating her to the bed. She collapsed, her eyes fluttering as she battled the overwhelming desire to collapse unconscious.

At this moment, I had a difficult choice to make. Which girl to assist next. Helga, who was still trying to suffocate me with her beautiful tits. Cornelia, who was getting in the mood after assisting me in assaulting Marianne.

Or Titania, who was still playing with herself, watching from a distance, I added in my mind. The decision made, I dashed toward the raven-haired beauty. I put my arms around her waist, and a few quick steps later, she found herself smashed against the wall, pinned in place with my body pressing hard against hers.

"What-" she tried to say, shocked by the sudden change of pace, but her lips were already silenced by mine, muffling the following moan as I slipped inside her wet tightness. She clamped around, her hips responding automatically.

“Someone missed me, after our long break,” I said mockingly, considering it hadn’t even been a day since our last time together. She tried to give me a frustrated look at my teasing, but she soon learned that it was a difficult expression to achieve with my shaft repeatedly invading her beautiful core.

“Asshole,” she murmured a while later, though her intended insult wasn’t as effective with her legs wrapping around my waist tightly and her voice tinged with pleasure.

“We can do that as well if that’s what you want,” I said mockingly as I pulled out, pressing my shaft against her puckered hole, only for her eyes to widen in panic. “Just joking,” I said as I delved back into her wetness mercilessly, earning a beautiful cry in the process.

“I’ll make you pay,” she gasped, but once again, unable to gather even a playful amount of anger, drowned in moans of pleasure.

I chuckled as I continued to pump inside her, invading her whole being with pleasure once more. It was a pity that the Divine spark was depleted, preventing me from earning another level, though that hardly impacted the pleasure I was gaining from her beautiful tightness.

A glance behind showed that Cornelia and Helga decided not to waste any time waiting for me, and melted into a beautiful hug, exploring each other’s bodies intensely, showing just how far their acrimonious enmity had developed into a carnal friendship.

I turned my attention back to Titania, my hands landing on her hips before I cut loose, ramming repeatedly until her moans filled the room. Her legs, shaking and trembling, signaling an incoming orgasm, tightened around my waist further and further, imprisoning me in place.

Not that I had any intention of escaping, I thought even as I erupted inside. I was not strong enough to help her level up further — at least, not yet — but that didn’t prevent me from helping her recover the mana she had exhausted trying to defend the town against Zokras.

[-1318 Mana]

“Yes!” she moaned, my mana-laced seed working as a stimulant, making her legs tighten around me once more and her hips danced.

Luckily, with my supernatural constitution was more than ready to fight against her second wind.

[Level: 31 Experience: 493210 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 63

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 2931 / 7750]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 18/21]

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Two

I had been planning to move onto the beautiful dance of red and gold, but Titania's legs, tightening even further as she climaxed, showed that she had no intention of letting me go.

As far as impediments went, it was far from being unwelcome. I enjoyed the way she showed her passion, despite the overwhelming tremble that filled her whole being. I couldn't wait to test the limits of her renewed passion, still feeling the frustration of her loss.

My Endurance made sure that my shaft awakened back to life in quick order, so I didn't bother pulling out before letting my hands land on her alabaster skin, slipping under her to cup her bottom hungrily. She moaned in joy, though that was quick to be replaced with a flare of anger as I probed her puckered hole with my little finger.

"Don't you dare-" she gasped in a palpable aura of anger, but that was quick to fade as I pushed my hips forward, once again making her enjoy the invasion of my full length. Her hands landed on my chest, but rather than trying to push me away, scratched angrily.

Too bad that, even with her recent improvements, her physical strength wasn't enough to leave anything but a pink line. With a chuckle, I grabbed her hand and kissed her palm, the gentle touch working wonders to drain her anger.

"Don't dare, what?" I said with a chuckle even as I pulled my finger out, only to put my hands on her waist and raise her. Unprepared for the sudden move, she didn't react until she found herself in my embrace, my shaft still lodged inside, her answer cut short with a searing kiss on her lips, destroying her answer prematurely.

Not that she had any concerns about that, if her legs around my waist were any indicator, getting tighter as our tongues battled, her body moving up and down repeatedly in the process, her presence tight around my shaft.

However, it didn't take long for her to stiffen in shock once more, because I used the perfect opportunity to slip a finger into her tight entrance once more, already cleaned and lubricated thanks to a quick spell.

Magic was such a beautiful tool, both in terms of bedroom utility, and throwing deadly meteors to the heads of my enemies.

Titania, however, didn't seem to be appreciating that utility at the same level. She gasped in

shock as my finger slipped inside, even deeper — though, noticeably, having no effect on the way her body moved up and down to maximize the impact of our position. She tried to pull back, though it took a while for her to escape my domineering kiss. “Caesar!” she gasped in shock.

“Yes, honey, that’s my name, don’t wear it out,” I said mockingly before leaning forward, capturing them in another kiss. While silencing her, I took a couple of steps toward the wall, until she was locked between my body and the wall, cutting her escape route completely. There, I pulled back, but my hips moved with a vengeance, invading her core with pleasure. “You were saying?”

Under the rush of pleasure, and being squeezed, her words failed Titania for a moment. She just looked at me blankly, trying to overcome the rush of pleasure. It took several seconds for her to utter her first word, and my merciless slamming didn’t make it any easier. “I was saying-” she started, only to fall short with a shocked gasp.

The reason, the sudden betrayal from my fingers, two more joining the first, invading her tight hole to assist pumping. Her eyes widened in shock as she gasped, but this time, it wasn’t just pain that made her lose her words, but also pleasure. Already closing to the edge, the invasion worked wonders to help her topple over the edge.

“I decided to treat my favorite brunette to some fun,” I said, then pouted comically. “Am I wrong?”

“You - maybe,” she managed to stammer, her recent climax working wonders to soften her stance even more. I smirked cutely, to a level its artificial nature was obvious. Titania just rolled her eyes, giggling for a fleeting moment.

Yet another facet of the intimidating head librarian, I thought with a smirk.

However, since she was already in the mood for the next step, I saw no reason to waste any more time. I pulled out and twirled her. After her latest climax, she was barely able to stand up with the help of the wall, facing it as well. My fingers, trailing down to caress her wetness, hardly helped her to stand straighter.

She started shivering furiously under my fingers, and my lips, caressing her neck, hardly helped her to control her shivers. I pressed my chest against her back, listening to the furious thumping of her heart with my body. “Someone feels enthusiastic,” I murmured even as my fingers slipped into her wetness.

She let out a frustrated growl at my mocking, but her body relaxed under my touch, her ass pushing out in an effort to devour my finger deeper. Her frustrated growl was quick to turn into a moan, even when my other hand landed on her ass hard in a spank.

However, her response was to freeze, because she felt my shaft pressing against her puckered hole, startling her with the suddenness of my invasion. I stood still, letting her process what was about to happen.

Invading her tightness was an amazing feeling, tempting me to push with a sudden aggressiveness, knowing she would adapt to my presence in a few seconds. But I managed to hold myself back. I wanted her to take more action. “Why don’t you show me your determination, sweetie?” I whispered into her ear even as I stayed buried lightly in her tight hole, my fingers caressing her core.

“What do you mean?” she managed to stammer between her moans.

“Well, after your abject resistance, I’m afraid of hurting you, so it’s for the best if you take the lead,” I whispered, which earned a furious glare from her. Because as I said so, my body was still pinning her against the wall, imprisoning deliciously.

“Really?” she murmured in abject annoyance, but that annoyance hardly affected her actions. Her head turned back, catching my lips in a heated kiss. Her actions were heated, still carrying a tinge of resentment, powering the kiss even more. Her tongue slipped in, dancing with an aggressive passion.

I enjoyed the assault of her tongue, appreciating the contrast from her usual passive attitude in the bedroom — and many other fun locations we had some fun. The rest of her body didn’t take long to join the dance of pleasure. Her hips started it, moving up and down with a delicious subtleness.

At first, I assumed it was just a reflexive reaction, because she stopped instantly when that motion brought her hips back a bit, pushing my shaft an inch into her precious tightness. Despite her desperate pull, however, the motion repeated itself soon after, leaning back after a few rocking movements.

She pulled back once more, but this time, the delay was a breath longer.

After the same dance repeated a few times, her push getting slightly deeper, and her delay getting slightly longer, I realized that I had made a mistake. I thought I could have easily teased her, but I hadn’t factored in one very important detail. She had already climaxed several times,

which went a long way to blunt the edge of torture she was feeling, while mine continued to build up.

Of course, I could have just stopped the game and pushed forward, but that would mean accepting the defeat, even if only implicitly. Even worse, the way Titania's eyes shone as she pulled back from the kiss for a breather suggested she was very much aware of that particular detail.

"Oh, it's on," I murmured. Unlike Titania's expectations, however, my response wasn't to slam my hips forward and invade her bowels. No, I put my finger on her spine, laced with just enough mana to enhance the sensation of touch, dragging down gently, triggering her sensitive spots on the way down.

"No fair," she murmured even as a helpless moan forced itself out, but with her body imprisoned, she didn't have many ways of retaliating. I had no doubt that, if it was earlier in our relationship, she would have stubbornly tried to resist until the pleasure reached a furious degree.

Now, however, it took seconds for her to fold under the renewed teasing, abandoning her trick the moment it had been discovered. Her hips pushed back almost immediately.

I could have pulled myself back and foiled her plan, twisting the game, but she deserved some mercy for her quick surrender. Not to mention, my shaft was throbbing anticipation. I let her tight hole devour my shaft while she let out her moans.

Her lips found mine in another kiss, but the real surprise came with the movement of her hips, pushing herself back much faster than I had been anticipating, her tightness enveloping me. It was a small miracle that I didn't explode at that moment, especially with her pain-filled moans straining against my lips.

But the pain she was feeling didn't delay her ever-deepening pushes, soon swallowing my full length into her tightness. At that moment, I decided that she had earned her reward.

I pushed forward, meeting her push with a sudden aggressiveness. The resulting cry was beautiful and explosive, filling the room, enough to distract Cornelia and Helga from their embrace and look at us. I sent a smirk to their way before turning my attention back to the raven-haired beauty whose moans were echoing in the room, each push stretching her more.

It would be rude to ignore such enthusiasm, I decided, moving faster and faster, the sound of our flesh hitting exploding loud enough to suppress her voice. Each push was an amazing

experience, enjoying her tightness. And when my pleasure finally reached its peak, exploding inside her, she was already trembling with her own climax, and the explosion only added another layer.

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 4. Duration, 8 hours]

[-1843 Mana]

When I pulled out, she would have collapsed if it wasn't for my arms wrapping around her waist. "Have a nice rest," I said with a chuckle as I lifted her with a bridal hold, carrying her next to Marianne, joining her comfortable sleep.

Then, I turned to Helga and Cornelia, a smile already on my lips.

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Strength: 46 Charisma: 63

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Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 2693 / 7750]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 18/21]

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Three

Our little game was developing amazingly. With two beauties collapsed, I only had two more to handle.

And seeing Cornelia and Helga wrapped around each other, their moans equally mixed as their fingers explored each other, was the perfect stimulation for me to ignore the opportunity to take a breather, and continue with my self-appointed yet glorious mission.

As I walked closer, I couldn't help but appreciate the show they were providing. Their beautiful moans, the way their fingers danced over each other's hard nipples, their back arching as their bodies rubbed together.

It wasn't purely the pleasure that drove them to provide such a beautiful show. It wasn't that they weren't enjoying each other's treatment — which was clear from the intensity of their moans — but it was clearly a secondary benefit. No, the way they positioned their bodies, angled perfectly toward me to maximize the visual impact showed that it was a deliberate ploy to entice me.

And the smile on their face was far too naughty for it to have an innocent reason. — though, in the context of an orgy, the word innocent was quite nebulous to define properly. And their deliberate attempt to keep that edge concealed — a desperate attempt against my Subterfuge abilities — made it certain that they had a different aim.

“Won't you join us, Caesar?” Helga said as she turned to face me properly, lying on her side as she did so, a move that had a spectacular effect on her beautiful tits, especially when they were not resting on the bed, but Cornelia's tight body, their hair mixing into delicious copper color. Her legs parted open, her wetness inviting me forward.

“Mm, how can I reject such a beautiful invite?” I said as I started examining their bodies. I took a step forward, only to feel the faint presence of a ward around me, being established very slowly.

I recognized Helga's handiwork, even as she was doing her best to lean forward and nibble Cornelia's earlobe to distract me. Cornelia's wiggling body and loud moans were excellent ways of distracting me, of course. If it wasn't for the great gulf between our stats, she would have succeeded in her task.

Good, I thought happily. They were learning.

I felt like a dominant lion, happy to see the females of his pack becoming stronger hunters. Even the rationale was not too different. Just like a male lion was equipped to fight against other predators at the expense of his hunting prowess, leaving the important task of hunting to the females, I had to trust the girls to hold their own against the ordinary political machinations of the faculty, nobles, and other threats that could be classified as ordinary.

The trick pulled by the Zokras had spooked me greatly. The stronger they got, the less likely a similar event would happen, especially if they could stay in Silver Spires, where the headmistress was a proper deterrent now that the undead threat had been resolved, providing security.

For a given value of security, of course. In a collapsing world, security was always a rare commodity. Though, knowing that the said world was under siege of literal gods while being manipulated by a shadowy organization, the collapsing state made so much sense.

Unfortunately, Cornelia was about to leave for her family, which worried me greatly, even with her strength boost. Yes, she was supposed to be strong enough to take down her uncle, but ultimately, she was a mage, weak against close-range combat. A home under the control of her opponent provided too many opportunities for pulling such tricks.

Cornelia's straightforward personality made it even worse.

I was planning to go with her, to protect her, but with the situation back in Silver Spires wildly evolving with the nature of the headmistress and the inclusion of the Crown Princess, there was no guarantee that I could actually go with her.

It was why I took another step, letting Helga wordlessly direct Cornelia to subtly summon the ice cube once more, ready to launch while she continued to set the ward. I had been impressed by the way they worked together against the undead invasion, but collaboration under immense danger was easy, while cold planning required much better alignment.

Their little ploy got my interest exactly for that reason. Not only the low stakes and the playful nature were the perfect way of showing their collaboration smoothness, but also Helga was the one leading their little ploy, while Cornelia was listening to her obediently.

Exactly the thing that Cornelia needed back in her family. Cornelia's initial plan, before their lives were inevitably interlinked by mine, was clearly taking Marianne along with her to support, both politically and magically. Even then, Marianne wasn't a weak caster, and healing talents could make the difference.

Unfortunately, Marianne had two big drawbacks to that role. First, her magical skill set was extremely limited, restricted to healing, a situation that barely changed even at the moment. More importantly, however, she lacked the strength of personality to blunt Cornelia's headstrong approach, making her an easy target for any kind of ploy her uncle might pull.

I took yet another step, curious of seeing the impact of their little operational duo.

Helga leaned to nibble Cornelia's ear, making a show of their closeness while using that to whisper directives to Cornelia. Cornelia followed her directives, the movement of the ice cube hidden behind the ward Helga had created.

Cornelia's legs parted open while Helga's fingers slipped inside, perfectly timed to the last part of the ice cube's trajectory.

I decided to encourage them a bit, and let the cube come almost within touching range before reacting, confirming the effectiveness of their team play. However, I didn't let it touch, because I didn't want them to be overconfident. Instead, I made a show of being shocked before deflecting the cube away. "That was close," I murmured, my Subterfuge helping to sell the idea I barely escaped their attack.

They pouted at their failure, but still, the glint in their eyes told me that it was a moral victory for them. Exactly what I had intended.

"So close," Helga murmured as she pulled away from Cornelia, though that was not a stop to their affairs. No, it was just to allow me to squeeze between their delicious bodies.

"Not bad," I said with a chuckle even as I put my hands on their bodies, enjoying the way they shivered under my touch. "You're getting better, Cornelia. You might even handle the challenge in your House without dying."

Helga looked at us, confused. Her reaction was normal. We have talked before about Cornelia going back to her family, but that didn't mean that she had known the full gravity of the situation. Especially since her commoner background isolated her from the gossip that might have informed her of that.

Cornelia looked at my eyes for a moment, asking for permission to explain, and I nodded, indicating that there was no problem sharing the details Helga. "It's my uncle," she said. "I'm the heir of my house, but my uncle is the regent, and also, the one that would take the reins of the house if something happens to me."

“But that’s horrible,” Helga cut in. “He’s your family.”

“That doesn’t mean much when it comes to noble families,” Cornelia answered sadly. “At least, not when rewards are easy pickings.”

“So, that’s why you didn’t graduate years ago, despite your power,” Helga said. “You don’t trust the members of your own house.”

“My uncle had years bribing or marginalizing anyone that’s remotely loyal to my late father, and the ones that didn’t obey his wishes disappeared mysterious,” Cornelia answered. “I have the legal right, but if I go back without overwhelming power, things won’t end well for me.”

Helga said nothing, shocked by the revelation. I was willing to bet that until now, even with their growing relationship, Helga had just assumed Cornelia was a privileged heiress, wasting time to enjoy her privileges before the reins of her family, unlike her, who was struggling to carve a place for herself in a school that was dangerous for her.

To her defense, Cornelia was far too aggressive and prickly to actually tell someone about her problems, leaving her isolated, making her uncle’s job much easier. It was no wonder Helga didn’t understand the implications.

“Thanks,” Cornelia muttered, appreciating Helga’s simple gesture. I didn’t know her reaction would have been the same before everything had happened, but I suspected otherwise. Despite the changes she had been gone through, Cornelia was still a girl who had been shaped by the narration of nobles being superior to common blood —admittedly, due to quirks of the system, it was more than an illusion. She was accepting Helga’s consolation, not because she had gained a new appreciation of the commoners, but in her eyes, Helga had elevated herself up through her skills and power, carving an exception for herself.

Not to mention, the help Helga’s position received from my status. I had established myself as Cornelia’s superior to such a degree that she internalized her forced identity as a maid. And she accepted that position smoothly, due to my overwhelming display of strength putting me above the other nobles, rather than lowering her position into a commoner.

Of course, none of those meant Cornelia’s and Helga’s relationship would be perfectly smooth, especially when Helga tried to limit her actions. Clashes between them were inevitable. Luckily, Helga was smart enough to handle the implications of a position.

All that was needed was for me to explain my plans about the next steps about Cornelia’s ascension. Plans that would no doubt make Cornelia bristle in annoyance, thinking she was

being treated like an unreliable hothead — even though she was certainly one.

Luckily, I had some interesting ways to smooth that message, a particularly fun version popping out immediately. One that would work wonders to strengthen them before pushing excellently with the need to strengthen them before a dangerous situation.

And I had all day to make sure they were properly equipped to face danger.

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Strength: 46 Charisma: 63

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HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 2931 / 7750]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 18/21]

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Four

I didn't waste too much time before I moved on to the main topic. I looked at Helga. "I want you to accompany Cornelia on her journey."

Cornelia threw a glance at me, one that was unable to settle to a decision between annoyed and happy. She didn't appreciate the implication that she needed help, but she didn't reject that idea either. Her reaction would have been more explosive before her close call with the death knights.

"What about my new role at the faculty?" Helga asked.

I looked at Titania, who was gently sleeping while her face was buried in Marianne's comfortable breasts. "That might not be that hard to arrange," I said with a chuckle, earning a similar response from Helga, making her bosom jiggle.

I pulled the girls closer to my body, enjoying the warmth of their naked bodies. "I thought you were going to come yourself," Cornelia asked, reminding me of our previous deal. To her credit, her tone wasn't angry, simply questioning. "Why the change?"

"Things are moving too fast. There's no guarantee that I could get away from Silver Spires for such a long time without letting a very important thing slide," I answered with a frown even as I let my fingers travel down, caressing their breasts, while giving a high-level explanation about the Crown Princess' visit.

Just because we were discussing a serious topic didn't mean we couldn't have fun in the process.

"I see," Cornelia murmured, carrying echoes of a moan, my fingers still caressing her skin. "And how should we act."

I was tempted to say Cornelia just followed Helga's every order, but even with her mellowing personality, that was a recipe for disaster. Luckily, Helga was calm and crafty enough to handle Silver Spires as a commoner, and she could handle Cornelia without triggering her completely. "The problem is the utter lack of information you're currently facing," I said.

"It's not too bad," Cornelia answered. "I still have some loyal servants back in the house, and they are keeping tabs at my uncle."

"And you know they haven't already been subverted by your uncle and feeding you false

information, how?” That was enough to silence Cornelia for a moment, her head dipping in disappointment. She clearly wanted to argue, but her position wasn’t the best. More importantly, she knew that.

“The first objective is to set up a defensible position. When you arrive at your house, find an excuse to stay in your quarters no matter what your uncle gives. Even if he claims that there’s a deadly emergency, say that you got ambushed on the road and exhausted yourself magically. Then, go to your private wing, take down every single ward, no matter how small, and establish brand new ones.”

“Wouldn’t that tell my uncle that I was lying about being exhausted?”

“That’s actually a part of the plan. Unless he actually tries to set an ambush himself, he would assume you’re not exhausted in the first place. By setting the wards, you’ll give the impression that you were exhausted in the aftermath.”

“I see,” Helga cut in. “And I’m assuming that we shouldn’t waste more than half of our mana while setting the wards.”

“Try to spend no more than a quarter,” I said, even as I grabbed Cornelia’s hair and pulled her down aggressively, until her lips were pressing against my shaft. Her gasp of pain was laced with pleasure, and her lips opened immediately, licking and sucking. Still, even as she enjoyed the fullness of her mouth, her eyes stayed on Helga and me, showing her attention to the topic of discussion.

What a good way to handle a strategy meeting, I thought.

“But it’s hard to set up a reliable defense with only a quarter of our mana,” Helga said.

“It’ll not be the case once I finish with you two,” I said, flaring my mana at the same time to fill Cornelia’s mouth with energy noticeably, turning that to experience. Cornelia was near the limit of my empowerment, but luckily, there was still a margin to strengthen Helga. Four levels is not exactly a simple power-up, especially when it brought the target from eighteen to twenty-two.

[-1493 Mana]

Interestingly, the jump between twenty-one to twenty-two wasn’t something that was directly enabled by the system. If I stayed limited to that, twenty-one was my limit at my current level, due to the so-called fifty percent level difference, requiring me to be level thirty-three to power them to twenty-two.

Only thanks to some of the tricks I developed by examining Titania's level structure and the headmistress' tricks to contain the divine energy, I managed to push the barrier a bit more.

Trying to make my girls even stronger wasn't the only reason for my experimentation, however. The more I learned about the system, the more my suspicions were growing, both about the system in general, and my own variant in particular, so learning to override some of its restrictions and developing some tricks wasn't the stupidest strategy.

"So, what's the next part of the plan?" Helga asked even as her fingers traveled down to wrap around my balls, massaging gently.

"If my guess about his personality is correct, he'll find some reasons to tire you out, either some kind of hunt, or otherwise, some dangerous activity. First, you need to make sure you never split up, no matter the reason he gives. Second, try to argue against his reasons to exhaust you, but ultimately give your reluctant acceptance."

"Why?" Cornelia asked, surprised at the direction.

"The same reason I asked you not to spend more than a quarter of your mana while setting up the wards. You want to sell the impression of weakness. He'll try to overestimate your mana reserves, but there's no chance that even his optimistic assumptions could gauge your true potential. Not after the enchantments, you two have worked so hard for," I added, the last part with a smirk even as I grabbed Cornelia's hair, sinking her back to my shaft, her throat wrapping around aggressively, working enthusiastically for some more enchantments.

"Right," Helga said with a chuckle even as she pressed her lips on my neck for a fleeting kiss. "We worked so hard for our power." After a few more kisses, she continued. "What's next."

"Actually, there's no more to it. I want you two to stay on the defensive all the time. I don't know what kind of challenge awaited me during this horrible mess, but I should be able to find an opportunity to visit you two in a week or two at the worst. You'll be far away, but with a full-power air elemental, I can still handle the travel in several hours, half a day at worst. Once I'm there, I'll investigate everything properly and resolve the issue."

Cornelia said nothing, but the speed of her throat swallowing my girth was more than enough to show her appreciation.

I intentionally neglected to mention one possibility. That I could teleport to them instead of using a magical mount. But the results of the first attempt were still clear in my mind, pushing me even closer to death than I had ever imagined it to be possible.

Another attempt was definitely out of question without some serious magical experimentation unless it was another life-and-death situation.

“Seems simple enough,” Helga murmured before leaning forward, capturing my lips in a searing kiss, and while I was distracted by her kiss, she pushed me back and climbed on me. Cornelia pulled back, allowing her to slide in easily.

I couldn't help but smirk remembering the last private time three of us shared, each second filled with their attempts to make each other pay. The last time, when Helga was able to take the first turn, she was busy sending smug looks at Cornelia, but this time, she was busy delivering a kiss to Cornelia.

I was really proud of their developing friendship.

Under different circumstances, I might have teased them together, trying to stress-test their developing friendship before they left for their dangerous mission, but after their latest display of cooperation, I decided to let it slide.

Cornelia's enthusiasm told me that she was more than happy with that decision, though her enthusiasm jumped a considerable degree when my fingers landed on her body, showing the happiness awakened by my attention as I explored her beautiful curves.

Helga was not to be ignored, however. Her hips rose, before falling down with a renewed passion, the sound of flesh hitting flesh echoing in the room, mixing into my grunt, enough to make Marianne shuffle in her bed. She continued to sleep, however, while I rewarded Helga with another flood of mana, while paying attention to her soul space to transform it.

[-1973 Mana]

[Helga - Level 19/21 - 1%]

“Congratulations on your new level,” I said with a chuckle even as I grabbed her hips and lifted her. A second later, she was on the floor, on her hands and knees, ready for my invasion.

She wanted rough, I thought with a chuckle. Cornelia recognized the nature of my expression, being a subject of it more than once herself, and chuckled in amusement.

I had no problems giving her exactly what she wanted.

[Level: 31 Experience: 493210 / 496000

Strength: 46 Charisma: 63

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 2931 / 7750]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 19/21]

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Five

My throaty warning didn't make Helga tremble in fear. She did tremble, but it was a display of passion rather than fear. Her widening smile was the distinction. The way she pushed her hips up, giving me the perfect angle to slip inside, just underlined the beautiful impression she was giving.

I pushed, her wet lips enveloping my shaft. A loud grunt escaped my mouth, which earned a reaction from Cornelia. But unlike before, rather than awakening her frustrated jealousy, it stroked her arousal further.

Luckily for her, dealing with her arousal was not impossible, especially not when she positioned herself in front of Helga, her legs widened in preparation before grabbing Helga's hair and pulled her down, inviting her to service.

Helga seemed more than happy to service Cornelia, though her efforts often interrupted by the moans as I pushed inside her, her body easily swallowing my shaft. And my hands weren't exactly waiting idle as I pushed repeatedly inside her. One of my hands landed on her bottom, making her plump ass giggle, while the other landed on her inner thigh, climbing upward slowly, almost tenderly, contrasting the aggressiveness of my hips with the sensual massage of my fingers.

My eyes met with Cornelia, whose beautiful green eyes were burning with desire and joy as Helga licked her. And I could see that it wasn't just the pleasure she was feeling — though it was definitely having a part on it. No, she was feeling happy because of the speed Helga had agreed to help her face, a challenge that could easily cost her life.

I smiled back to her while casting a little arcana trick to caress her nipples, adding another layer of pleasure to the tongue-heavy treatment she was already receiving from Helga, trying to make her climax even deeper.

My smirk widened as the nature of the shine in her eyes changed, gratitude replaced by pure ecstasy. Emotional catharsis was nice, but not for our current moment.

After making sure Cornelia was properly occupied by her moans, I turned my attention back to Helga. My hand on her thighs crept upward slowly, closer and closer to entrance, the softness of the sensation to contrast greatly with my merciless ramming. Her moans, even in their muffled quality as Cornelia forced her head down, loud enough to rattle the windows, making the silencing wards to work to their limit.

Under attack from both ends, it wasn't surprising for Helga to tremble helplessly a while later as the climax hit, making her collapse. Luckily for her, Cornelia was ready next to her, preventing her from hitting on the floor painfully.

"You're exhausted rather quickly," I said with a chuckle as Helga desperately tried to catch her breath. "Don't tell me you're out already."

Cornelia chuckled even as she stole a quick kiss of Helga, helping her to sit down. Then she stood up, her body tense in preparation. "Oh, I'm sure she'll catch her breath soon enough. Why don't I tag in for a moment."

"If you say so," I responded mockingly. I looked at Helga, matching her euphoria-filled exhaustion with a big smirk. "However, from the looks of her, you're going to take up the slack for a long while. Do you feel confident enough to handle it?" I asked.

I remember making a similar comment to Marianne not too long before, when we were having a threesome with her and Titania, though she was too shy to answer. Cornelia's response was equally silent, but the source of it was different.

Cornelia didn't answer, because she let her confident stance to answer. She stood up, her lithe body tense in preparation, each step bringing her closer to the monumental challenge she was about to face. Even after everything that happened, I couldn't help but feel impressed by the way Cornelia owned her nakedness, as if she was being radiated by the inner light of her fire magic, equally fiery.

I couldn't help but lick my lips, which widened her smile considerably. "I think I can," she finally answered even as she put her hand on my shoulder, and pushed me to a sitting position.

I allowed her to do so, more than happy with the change of pace after dominating three beauties, one after another — two into exhaustion, the other to near-collapse. After that direct aggression, it would be fun to be on the defense for a moment.

And Cornelia was the perfect one to deliver such an assault. She might be developing a submissive side, but that didn't mean that her aggressive edge had evaporated completely.

"Excellent," I murmured as I shuffled in my seat, enjoying the way her tight hips swaying with each step. Around her, there was a soft red halo, her mana moving with excitement, adding a flickering flame aura to the mixture.

Her magical capabilities had truly reached to a new, very impressive, degree.

Cornelia arrived in front of me soon after, looking down with desire burning in her eyes. For a moment, I thought she was going to extend her vantage point to tease me, as it had been a rarity for her to enjoy a dominant position over me — even if I was the one allowing that to happen in the first place.

But Cornelia surprised me by collapsing on her knees immediately, her eyes locked to my erection, still glistening with Helga's juices. Apparently, I had significantly underestimated the high her arousal reached watching me dominate her compatriots.

"Such an enthusiasm for cleaning," I said mockingly as her lips wrapped around my shaft, her moans displaying her joy. Her tongue darted out with great enthusiasm after she pulled back for a moment to give a naughty smile, following with a slow, lingering lick to the side of my shaft.

A groan of pleasure escaped my lips, but the distraction it provided wasn't enough for me to miss another ice cube flying toward me. "Naughty," I murmured, catching Cornelia's amused gaze, not diminished even when her attack surprise attack diverted completely. "Good attempt, but you need to have a follow-up plan no matter the viability of the success."

Cornelia showed her appreciation toward my lesson by swallowing my shaft once again, pushing her as hard as she could manage, her throat tightening around my girth spectacularly. I leaned back, enjoying her service as she struggled to take me deeper and deeper, her beautiful lips around the base of my shaft, her perky tits pressing against my legs. The flexible dance of her tongue in her mouth, creating additional shivers of pleasure, just added another layer to my enjoyment.

She was amazing, especially with her impressive display of enthusiasm. As she sank deeper, her magic flared even more to match her enthusiasm. The aura of flame reaching to a point that would have scared me if it wasn't for my own abilities to intervene if needed.

However, I said nothing, because the sight of a sexy redhead wrapped with an equally impressive flame aura even as she did her best to completely swallow me was too attractive to stop. I much preferred to stop an accidental fire to stop her halfway.

Cornelia continued her task enthusiastically, uncaring of the fire hazard she was creating, or the mana she was wasting. Though, why should she care about the mana she wasted when her lips were already clamped around a hose of endless mana, the best magical item she ever used.

She gasped and gagged and heaved, swallowing the full length of my shaft repeatedly.

I was considering how to properly finish the day, when I felt a delicious softness around my neck, one that I recognized easily.

Marianne was awake.

And she wasn't alone, Titania reminded, when she burst into the scene, grabbing Cornelia's head to push her down, her smirk suggesting that it was not just an erotic moment, but making her pay back for the failure of their earlier combined tactics.

I wasn't able to say anything, because Helga came back, pulling me in for a hungry kiss, her hands happily employed, rubbing my chest while her tits mashed me.

It was quite a show, I thought even as I flared my magic, curing my exhaustion.

Something told me that I would need it..

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Strength: 46 Charisma: 63

Precision: 40 Perception: 42

Agility: 40 Manipulation: 45

Speed: 39 Intelligence: 49

Endurance: 39 Wisdom: 51

HP: 6324 / 6324 Mana: 4671 / 7750]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 21/25]

[Helga - Level 19/21]

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Six

When I finally woke up, half an hour before the dawn, I was exhausted, and my mouth was dry as a desert.

Though, considering four naked women was snuggling against my body, spent after a very long night where we had gone through all the interesting permutations five people achieve without any scrap of clothing between us.

The perfect way to relax after a close call with the disaster, and certainly well-earned.

Though, I decided even as I stretched my agility to the limits as I tried to slide out of their delicious hug without waking them up, they certainly earned their rest.

Admittedly, I earned my rest even more, not only making sure that I satisfied four beauties burning with desire — though, to be fair, I did have their assistance in more than one combination — but also leveling them up to the limit.

Titania was exempt from that benefit, as her level was still higher than mine, though only two levels remained between us.

Which also meant I was about to lose my most convenient direct experience source, but that was unfortunately inevitable.

I had made sure to elevate Helga and Cornelia to Level twenty-two, though Marianne was only able to reach Level nineteen, an unfortunate consequence of her incomplete Companion Process. It wasn't as urgent considering she was going to stay at the school, while Helga and Cornelia would leave for her family estate at the first opportunity, but still...

Treating my girls as equally as I could manage was only fair.

I dressed quickly and left the room, no matter how much I wanted to stay with them.

I had an important meeting with the headmistress.

Slipping out of the city to create an elemental mount had been trivial at this point. As I felt the chilly touch of the morning weather on my face — I hadn't blocked it intentionally, to properly wake up — my mind shifted into more important issues.

Namely, the threat provided by the mysterious Eternals. Until I discovered Zokras' final trick, I

had assumed that their presence had been an incidental part of this siege, trying to score some easy victories for whatever they had in mind by supporting Zokras.

But Zokras' latest decoy had put a different spin on the things, especially since I had no idea just how committed Zokras had been to the siege in the first place.

He was obviously trying to destroy the school, of course, as some of his plans were perfect until they were unraveled by me, a factor that he could not have planned for in any shape or form. However, that didn't actually mean his main focus was against the school. Maybe it was a decoy from the beginning.

Which meant that I had never met with his real body, not even in his base — though, the real body was a complicated concept for a lich in the first place. When I first met him, I wasn't strong enough to properly assess his capabilities, nor my focus was on there.

I was too busy trying to escape his death knights.

The anger he displayed as I destroyed his death knights was certainly genuine, though that wasn't very surprising. Even if the attack was a decoy against the organization, he had to commit a majority of his assets — at least, the known ones — for his sacrifice to be convincing. He, without a doubt, hoped to save at least some of those Death Knights for future use.

The same was true for the magical ability he had displayed. His actual strength was definitely higher than his revealed strength.

Though, it was complicated. If I was approximating the organization's abilities correctly, it was difficult to hide things from them.

Which meant one good news and one bad news for me. Good news, even if Zokras had been using a decoy from the beginning, I had seen enough to get a good understanding of his power. Enough that I shouldn't be worried about him trying to target me directly.

And considering he was trying to hide his survival, he wouldn't have bothered with a pointless act like targeting Cornelia and Helga, shouting his survival.

Bad news that, even with everything I had discovered about the Eternals, I might have been underestimating their power and their reach. Zokras spending a decade of effort just to frame his death — albeit while achieving some other objectives, most likely stealing that dark Divine Spark the headmistress using for an extremely expensive concealment source, maybe even taking down the headmistress at the same time — told a lot about their strength.

Once again I was facing an enemy that over-classed me significantly.

“Damn,” I murmured, letting the wild winds devour my annoyed gasp. With the undead threat resolved, I was hoping that my desperate need to get even stronger would have disappeared.

It wasn't even that I was hoping for a holiday. The presence of the Crown Princess was a mess big enough to keep my attention even without the looming shadow of a huge organization that could make my life hell if they ever properly noticed my presence.

“I was lucky,” I murmured as I realized another critical detail. Almost every mass-destruction spell I had used during the battle had been light magic in some shape or form. It had some generous life magic mixed in to make it much more explosive, of course, but ultimately, for an outside observer, it wasn't nothing that couldn't have been applied by a secret mage raised by the Headmistress and kept in reserve for emergencies, acting in shadows while Titania played the more visible face.

That wasn't the case, of course. I was an accidental acquisition for the headmistress rather than a carefully-developed weapon, but it was the only reasonable conclusion a spy could make based on the data. Amusingly, the real truth was too absurd to be a part of the report for any competent spy.

Which meant, I still had a layer of anonymity to act around.

Unfortunately, that anonymity didn't come without its cost. To sell the impression that I was working for the headmistress, even on the surface, meaning I had to sacrifice a considerable amount of freedom, to reinforce the impression for any possible spy.

I didn't make the job any easier by introducing myself to different parties by different identities. For the possible spies of the Eternals, I was a mysterious spy with great competency in light magic, almost raised intentionally to fight against the darkness, his visage always hidden.

And, from the perspective of the princess and her party, I was an expert in crafting, focusing on esoteric wards and enchantment, yet with weak social skills. The overlap between the two identities was considerably low that any spy might think of these two identities as two different people.

Or not, considering their appearance in timing. It depended on the abilities and the connections of the spy.

Of course, whether the spies could guess I was the one that 'destroyed' Zokras or not, I had to

be careful in my interaction with the princess' retinue. It wasn't about me trusting her — and I certainly didn't — but something more fundamental. Her brothers had used the same monster horde trick the undead army suddenly added to their arsenal when they faced with a problem.

Meaning the enemies of the princess were in contact with the Eternals.

I didn't know about the level of connection between them. It might a straight transaction of services between the princes and the organization, or it could be a total surrender in terms of some of the royal family.

Regardless, one thing was clear. My involvement with the princess would make me a person of interest to the organization, meaning, I had to be very careful revealing my skills and abilities, especially when it came to forging weapons capable of storing Divine Spark.

One thing the Organization clearly hunting for.

If I had known Zokras was just a shell, using such a deadly siege that expanded most of the forces he gathered for decades just to fake his death, I wouldn't have gotten involved with the princess. Unfortunately, the die was already cast, and trying to pull back would just bring more unwelcome attention to my identity.

But I didn't have much more time to consider the political weight of my actions, not when I arrived at the school, even as the first lights of the morning smashed against the walls.

As I closed in, I noticed that the walls had suffered some damage, indicating that the surrounding towns were not the only ones that suffered the attention of the undead.

However, while the attack itself was not surprising, the damage itself was. Ironically, not because it was too much, but because it was too little. Other than a few spell damages on the walls, there was hardly a sign.

Which raised some dangerous issues.

The attack wasn't surprising, because even with most of his forces committed to the towns, Zokras needed to add another variable to the battle, enough to prevent the school from sending some rapid reinforcements. However, such a diversionary force needed to be convincing, more than able to leave a few broken walls.

The lightness of the attack was not the problem, however. That could have been easily explained by Zokras trying to hasten his death.

The problem was the lack of reinforcement from the school. It was impossible for such a light diversionary attack to convince the school not to send any reinforcement.

Unless someone high up enough was able to interfere enough to send reinforcements. Maybe it was the same spies that tried to take down Titania earlier. Unfortunately, despite it being the likeliest conclusion, I couldn't take that as an outcome. There was a chance the spies from a different organization — maybe the Eternals, or maybe completely unrelated groups.

There was even a chance that the Crown Princess was the one that interfered, hoping to get rid of the headmistress' most loyal assistant to increase her bargaining value. It sounded counter-intuitive to cripple a critical ally, but unfortunately, that was how politics worked.

Regardless of everything, one thing was clear. The higher management was still infiltrated with spies, fully able to interfere with critical decisions without revealing themselves as the culprit.

Which definitely didn't make my job any easier.

Still, the deeper I delved into politics, the more I was realizing that keeping myself hidden was the smartest decision.

With a shrug, I dispelled the elemental mount and sneaked into the school. I had more important things than theorizing about the definite existence of the spies and their possible intentions.

Like, another meeting with the headmistress.

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SKILLS

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Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Arcana [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [100/100]

Expert Speech [75/75]

Expert Craft [75/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 22/26]

[Helga - Level 22/26]