

[Adam C. POV]

As soon as Porlyusica's cottage came into view, nestled amidst the tall whispering trees of East Forest, I felt both relief and apprehension, one more than the other.

For more than obvious reasons.

There was something about that woman... that scared me on a fundamental level.

I was almost considering going full pirate with my eye instead of dealing with her.

But I would not let such thoughts cloud my head!

Pushing the creaky wooden door open, the smell of herbs and potions wafted out. My voice barely above a whisper, I called out, "Long time no see, Porly."

"Porly?!" At this, Porlyusica, emerged from the back. Her piercing red eyes fixed on me with a glare that could curdle milk. "You dare to waltz into my abode like a wounded pup?! What fool's errand did you engage in this time?"

"Wizard Saint business," I replied, smiling at her. "Believe me when I say I didn't let this happen just to annoy you."

Her eyes softened for a fraction of a second before they narrowed again. "I swear, you youngsters are too reckless! Let me see the extent of your foolishness, and be prepared for extra pain, I'm not using any pain killers."

Without another word, she dragged me to a chair and began examining my wounds, her touch surprisingly gentle at first, but soon becoming like something akin to hammers on the head. "You lost an eye..."

"Not exactly," I replied, removing my bandages. "Most of it is damaged, but I know it can be salvaged, with your help, of course."

Porlyusica growled under her breath, hitting me in the back of the head, "Who said you could talk?! You'd better shut up and let me work!"

Ah, the old tsundere, scary but caring.

She began rummaging through her shelves, grabbing jars and vials, while muttering curses and threats. "I ought to let you go blind, so you'll learn your lesson, you idiotic brat. But if I do, you'll probably just crash into trees and disturb my peace."

I love you to grandma.

Her muttering continued as she brewed a potion, the air thickening with the scent of herbs. Finally, she walked over to me and handed me a steaming cup. "Drink this."

I hesitated, catching the whiff of something putrid. She slapped the back of my head again. "Drink or I'll pour it down your throat and add some toadstools in for good measure."

Nodding, I gulped down the potion, trying not to gag. My insides felt like they were rearranging, and my eye felt like it was on fire.

"What was that?" I asked, wiping the sweat off my forehead.

"A little something I whipped up," Porlyusica replied with a smirk. "It will boost your natural healing factor, allowing me to work."

"I see," I replied, feeling as the feeling of burning up intensified.

"Now let me see that eye," Porlyusica commanded, positioning a bright light to shine directly on my face. "Hmph, it's worse than I thought. But about what I expected from a moron like you."

Well, that's just rude. I do many stupid things, but this one wasn't one of them... on purpose.

"But I can fix it, and the good news are that the process is not going to be pleasant at all for you," Porlyusica added, moving the light away.

"How... how is that good news for me?" I asked, feeling a bit uneasy at how delighted she sounded.

"Because it means you get to feel the pain of being an idiot," Porlyusica replied with a wicked grin.

This woman is evil. I love her, but she's evil, pure unadulterated evil.

"Hurray..." I muttered under my breath, bracing myself for what was to come.

After all, when Porlyusica says it will hurt, it WILL fucking hurt, and this applied to me as well, she had a good grasp of how my pain tolerance, so she knew what I actually considered painful.

Cracking her knuckles, Porlyusica picked up a long needle from the table and approached me with a glint in her eye. "Hold still," she said, jabbing the needle into my eyelid.

FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK-

After eight hours of torturous treatment, where I was subjected to things that would make the slavers in the Tower of Heaven pee their pants, Porlyusica stopped.

"Is it over?" I asked, as she turned around to one of her cabinets.

"Not yet," Porlyusica replied, bringing forth a small box from one of the drawers.

"What now?" I muttered, half dreading what would come out of that box.

Grunting, she opened the box, and, to my astonishment, what seemed like an eyepatch floated out. This was no ordinary eyepatch, though.

It was squirming and wriggling, as if alive.

"Why is that eyepatch wriggling like a worm?" I asked, pointing at the item.

"Because it made out of a very special kind of worm, a parasitic one, that from today on, will be your new best friend," Porlyusica replied, with an uncharacteristic glimmer of pride in her eyes. "Its name is Drom-drom, and it's a symbiotic parasite. In nature, it heals its host in exchange for nutrients, in this case, magic power, this little thing has the

power to restore your eye, but it won't be a pleasant process, at least for you. It will attach itself to your damaged socket and bite into it with all its might in order to facilitate healing process, of course."

The last thing I needed was something biting into my eye socket, but fuck it, she knows what she's doing. "Very well."

Porlyusica raised the wriggling eyepatch toward my injured eye. I could feel it pulsating, almost as if it had a heartbeat of its own.

Then, as soon as it made contact with my skin, I felt a jolt of pain that made me flinch a bit, it was as if my whole body was being assaulted, with tiny little knives.

I gritted my teeth so hard I thought they would shatter, my fists clenched tightly as I tried to remain seated.

After what felt like an eternity, the pain started to subside and the... worm seemed to calm down, taking the shape of a normal eyepatch, un-wriggling eyepatch on my face.

"This feels weird," I muttered, it felt as if I had a tiny leak on my magic reserves, not enough to worry about, but still noticeable enough.

"It should, now listen well brat, your eye will take some time to completely heal, you were lucky most of the damage was

salvageable," Porlyusica said, her voice softer now. "But you must keep the eyepatch on at all times. The parasite generates organic matter at a very slow rate, but is very successful, so all you have to do is keep your little friend on for two months, and you'll have your eye back, am I clear?"

I nodded. "Two months, keep worm in my eye, got it."

Porlyusica scowled but then, surprisingly, patted my shoulder. "You reckless fool. At least try to make sure you don't lose the other eye."

"I promise," I replied with a grin.

I guess I will have a worm in my eye for the foreseeable future.