

Chapter Forty-Four

The journey back to the school was surprisingly uneventful. I had been attacked by a few monsters, but there was no sign of any kind of undead. I wasn't surprised by their decision, as after the last battle, not only had their losses become untenable, but they had also lost their leader. Also, it might be vain of me to say, but I believed that I had thoroughly intimidated them, hitting them with surprise after surprise.

Of course, they weren't the only ones that experienced earth-shattering surprises. My encounter with the librarian had a fair number of surprises, from her enthusiastic carnal involvement to her mind-altering Light Magic, from my surprisingly effective new Tantric skill to the incomprehensible revelation I had received in my achievement. Things were even more complicated than I had expected, and the fact that I somehow positioned myself as a stalwart defender against a very dangerous Necromancer plot didn't help the situation any.

I slipped through the guards with familiar ease, and as much as I wanted to take a long bath, I didn't have the time for it. I still had my meeting with Cornelia —by some miracle, I hadn't missed it— and before that, I wanted to check in with Aviada and Helga, just to tell them that I returned safely.

I disguised myself as a servant before starting to look for Aviada, which turned out to be a good choice as I found her in the arena, battling against two men —one fighter, one mage-- at the same time, destroying them easily. It was easy to see the incredible development she had shown since our last meeting. I felt pride when I easily recognized some tricks I had used when I was fighting against her and Helga.

Unfortunately, the place was too crowded for me to actually talk to her, so I quickly scribbled a note for her, obscurely mentioning my return and giving her a meeting date for tomorrow early in the morning, then waited until her victory, then made eye contact with her. I gave her a small wave as I slipped the note between her items. The relieved smile on her face told me that she recognized me, though it was immediately followed by anger.

I was going to pay for my disappearance tomorrow.

With Aviada handled, I changed once more, this time into my library assistant outfit, then I went to where I would find Helga. The library.

It didn't take long for me to locate her, huddled in an obscure corner, a tower of books piled in front of her as usual. Unlike the other times, I could see that her mind was on something other

than reading, her gaze blank on the page, not bothering to flip it as I watched. She was truly worried.

I couldn't help but feel a stab of guilt as I saw her worried. It was the right choice to force them to leave, as I doubted any of us would have got away with our lives if we were together. They were definitely not ready for that level of combat. Still, seeing her scared gave me a little ping, so I decided to reward her for her obedient waiting.

I sneaked behind her until I wrapped my arms around her, and whispered gently. "Guess who?" It was a testament of our closeness that despite not detecting me before, she wasn't panicked by a pair of arms suddenly around her. Instead, she turned her head and caught my lips in a desperate kiss, one that conveyed fear, longing, and relief.

It was a beautiful kiss that lasted for a couple of minutes, which was still too short in my opinion, especially when it was followed by a hard slap.

[-1 HP]

I could have avoided it, of course, but I let her succeed, knowing it was a way to express her fear. "Where were you?" she gasped. "I was worried sick."

I briefly considered lying to her, but then I remembered the book in my possession. She was the best person to help me solve its mystery before I gave it back to Titania. "Things were more dangerous than I had expected," I whispered, letting my expression reflect the full seriousness of the situation. "Really dangerous. But we can't talk about it here, let's go to my room," I said. She nodded, but I was amused to see the slight blush on her face. "Don't expect much from my room, though," I warned her. "It's a real dump."

"It's okay," she answered as she stood up. After leaving the library, I once again changed into a servant outfit and guided her through the corridors, helping her to avoid attention as we walked down, something easy to achieve as we walked down the corridor.

To her credit, Helga managed to keep her curiosity in until we arrived at my room, which was then replaced by an unimpressed gaze. "I told you it's a dump," I said with a shrug.

"It's not that bad," she murmured with a blush, which was very unconvincing. I smiled widely to tell her that I wasn't offended. "So, what happened?" she asked, immediately delving into more important topics.

"A lot," I answered even as I turned toward the wall, started drawing several runic nodes, tracks

of mana burning brightly. “Too much to talk about without making sure we aren’t overheard,” I added, and after finishing the most basic layer of defense, I passed the book to her.

[-53 Mana]

“Meanwhile, can you please examine this, maybe you can get a better idea about it,” I added. Setting up the defenses was going to take a lot of time, so Helga working on the mysterious book was a good opportunity.

“What’s this?” she asked, intrigued. “I’ve never even seen this alphabet, let alone the language.”

“I don’t know either, but it’s valuable enough that two dozen necromancers used it as the bait for a trap.”

“Trap! Two dozen!” she exclaimed, the book lay forgotten at her concern. “And you were involved in-” she tried to continue, but I silenced her with a kiss. It was a slight miscalculation, as when I tried to pull back, Helga’s arms wrapped around my torso, pinning me in place, preventing my attempts of pulling back.

[Level Difference of at least 50%! No Experience]

[Companion Acquisition: Relationship not sufficient for the third stage]

The notifications were annoying, but I ignored them as I focused on the kiss. Helga was too delicious to rebuff just because the System decided to act like an asshole.

I moaned in appreciation as she slipped a tongue in my mouth, her hands caressing my body like she was trying to make sure that I was still alive, scared of the danger I had gone through earlier. And since she insisted on a break, I decided to give her a break to remember.

My hands danced over her robe’s buttons and ties with a striking familiarity, quickly getting rid of her outer clothes, revealing her unappealing blouse and skirt, and a body that still managed to be sexy despite everything. I was about to undress her further when she surprised me by hiking up her skirt and pushing her panties down, following that by frantically pulling my shaft out.

Then, she pulled away from my kisses, and leaned against the wall, her ass raised, angle perfect for my entry. I was surprised by her initiative, but not as much as her next words. “Fuck me hard!” she moaned. “I need to make sure that you’re still here.”

It was a request impossible to deny, so I stood behind her, quickly fingering her entrance a few times to make sure she was loose enough before impaling her. She moaned loudly as she turned her head, her lips seeking for a kiss, her hips pushing out to meet my frantic pounding. The sound of flesh hitting flesh mixed with desire. With Helga showing such impressive enthusiasm, it didn't take long for her to reach climax, dragging me along with her. She tightened around me, and I filled her.

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Duration, 8 hours]

The notification came as a surprise. Under the excitement of the moment, I had forgotten that I was edging depletion after pumping Titania full with my mana as well as my seed.

"Mmm, that was what I needed," Helga gasped as she tried to control her breathing, but she cried in surprise when I pushed her on the bed and ripped off her clothes, their resistance nothing against my enhanced strength. Soon, she was lying on my bed completely naked, her nipples deliciously erect and her entrance stained with my mark.

"You're delusional if you expect me to stop after that," I said even as I hovered above her in missionary position before sheathing myself inside her again. "We were supposed to work-" she started only for me to silence her with yet another kiss. I impaled her once again, but this time, it was a long, patient slide that contrasted greatly with my earlier frantic assault. The one before was to remind her that I was still alive, this one was about reminding her of the meaning of pleasure.

With my lips alternating between her lips and her neck, and with my fingers triggering every sensitive spot in her body, it didn't take long for her to fall under the daze of pleasure. With her usual caution burned into cinders with desire, she looked spectacular, almost making me explode prematurely. Luckily, I had excellent control over my body.

"Oh, yes," she moaned. "This is the peak of pleasure."

It was good to see her losing her mind from pleasure, but I wanted to teach her that what she had said was not entirely true. The test run of my new skill had worked wonders on Titania, so I was curious about how it would work on Helga.

[-5 Mana]

I started slow, using my kiss to slip a flicker of mana to her, while maintaining control. The first thing I noticed was the ease I could control that flicker of energy. In Titania, it would have disappeared in moments, but Helga's mana space was a calm sea compared to Titania's

tornado.

I easily reached Helga's core, using my flicker of mana to examine her skills. The view I got from her was much clearer. I still couldn't identify exact points, but I had a much more accurate view of her abilities. I wondered about the reason for it. Maybe it was the level difference, or maybe it was the increased exposure. I didn't spend a lot of time on that, however, and focused on the concrete information it provided. I could theorize about its drivers later on.

The most important difference between Helga and Titania was the quality of the core itself. Titania's was much stronger, and much more concrete, though it was probably the effect of the level difference. Other things caught my attention as well. Such as the deficiency in her physical stats, her strength in particular. She really needed to bring them up. Her mental stats were much stronger, with her intelligence shining well above her other stats.

To make things even better, I could also read her skills as well. Though I wasn't able to recognize all of them, I could easily identify that they were either about magic, or mental aptitude, both working excellently with her designation as a magical researcher, with Arcana as the only actual applicable skill. No wonder she had never been taken seriously in combat parties.

I was lucky that the rest of the school was stupid enough to miss her true value.

With that cursory examination finished, I pumped more mana inside her, curious on whether I could make any changes.

[-250 Mana]

I targeted her strength, poking and caressing it with my mana, but failed to achieve anything other than a sudden intensifying in Helga's moans. So, I wrapped my mana around her strength, trying to reinforce it. That came with an interesting result, as I felt her hand around my biceps gripping me much stronger. With sudden inspiration, I solidified the reinforcement before pulling back.

"What! How!" Helga gasped between my long, even pushes.

"What happened, sweetie?" I asked.

"I just received a temporary strength bonus," she murmured, shocked. I just smirked in satisfaction. "How-" she tried to ask, but when I quickened my assault, her cry of pleasure took priority. I decided to experiment a bit more. I pushed another generous dash of mana into her,

but this time, just let her absorb it.

[-100 Mana]

[Achievement: Boosted Blast. Discover an alternative way of helping your ladies level up. +2 Intelligence. +500 Experience]

The achievement was a surprise, though definitely appreciated. "Impossible!" she cried even as she suddenly tightened around me as she climaxed. "I just gained experience!" Interesting, I thought, even as I let myself climax as well, filling her with my seed and mana.

[-500 Mana]

Her trembling just intensified further, experiencing a second climax before the first one even subsided. She was gasping and moaning helplessly, unable to control her trembling. I lay next to her, pulling her into a gentle spooning while I waited for her to calm down. It took awhile for her to recover from that spectacular high, while I just lay there, enjoying the moment of calm.

Then, she decided to speak, her tone still trembling and weak. "I just gained experience," she murmured as she twisted until she was looking at my eyes. "Twice."

"Before explaining, can you tell me how much experience you gained," I asked.

"Not a bad amount," she answered. "Two points the first time, which was nothing, but the second time I gained almost fifty points." Not bad, I realized, though there was a great difference between the methods of delivery, the more intimate version had almost ten percent efficiency. Not a great amount, but considering the skill was not yet fully evolved, it still showed promise. "Stop thinking," she cut me off. "You owe me an explanation."

I could have tried to argue against that, or maybe try to convince her that it was an illusion, but I didn't bother. I believed that our relationship was strong enough to handle the truth. Not to mention, after the latest reveal, I decided that I needed to understand the origins of my powers. Helga needed to know about it to actually help me.

"It all started one night in the library," I started, before giving her a quick breakdown of my unique status. I didn't reveal all of my secrets of course, and slanted the events in a way that made me look better. Still, some of them were shocking even when softened.

"I can't believe you're Orlin," Helga murmured in shock, slapping my chest again and again in anger. Luckily, it was quick-burning anger rather than true rage. "Did you take that shape to

seduce me?"

I smirked. "Believe it or not, I was just trying to read books without arousing suspicion, when I saw you needed help. Since I had a soft spot for you, I decided to help, and you can't blame me for falling for you," I explained. "And once I had to retire that disguise, I did my best to reconnect with you." Luckily, rather than a punch, I earned an extended kiss. I once again thanked my charisma. Without it, I doubted I could have avoided a nasty castration attempt. Not to mention, explaining that after two spectacular, back to back orgasms made it even easier.

I still avoided giving details about the rest of the girls, and completely skipped Cornelia for the moment just to avoid triggering her. I had other ideas to handle that particular revelation. Then, the explanation reached today.

"I can't believe you saved her life," Helga murmured as fascination, shock, and hero worship were battling in her eyes when I explained to her what happened with Titania. Considering Helga practically lived in the library, her hero-worship for the strongest female in the school was very understandable.

I wondered how she would react if I could manage to arrange a threesome with her.

"It was a surprise for me as well," I explained. "But it was mostly luck, the necromancers were so focused on keeping her contained that it gave me the perfect opportunity to destroy their traps. From there, even though it was a tough and exhausting battle," I said. "Maybe I deserve a reward," I said cutely while I blasted her with my charisma.

"Maybe," she murmured, and I hit her with a biomancy spell, curing her exhaustion. Before she could say anything else, I had already slid inside her.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 52%]

The sudden notification put a smile on my face as I started pumping into her once more, enjoying the way she climbed onto my lap with a renewed fervor. Revealing my secrets made us closer, allowing the companion tracker to progress once more. But as she rode me wildly, my attention was firmly on her beauty rather than the implications of another power boost or the strategies to handle new challenges.

Those, we could handle tomorrow. For now, I had a blonde bookworm to enjoy.

[Level: 19 Experience: 181050 / 190000

Strength: 20 Charisma: 32

Precision: 15 Perception: 19

Agility: 19 Manipulation: 24

Speed: 17 Intelligence: 24

Endurance: 16 Wisdom: 26

HP: 1653 / 1653 Mana: 1359 / 2375]

SKILLS

[Master Melee [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Elemental [75/75]

Expert Biomancy [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Advanced Tantric [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Chapter Forty-Five

I left my room three hours later, leaving Helga behind, sleeping. For three hours, we leveraged my mana regeneration to extract the most utility while enjoying our intimate embrace. Helga gained almost five hundred experience points in the process while I spent over five thousand mana points, almost completing her companion progress for the third stage as well. It was not the most efficient way of farming experience for her, but it was the most enjoyable way.

The fact that it was repeatable and free of danger was just another bonus.

I made sure to cover the room with a thick layer of defense before I left, including an impressive number of life-energy traps in case of a necromancer intrusion. It wasn't supposed to be likely, but after the last two encounters with them, I decided to play it safer. Helga was too important for me to risk. Her skillset was vital, and she knew a lot of my secrets.

If I was less wise, I might even convince myself otherwise, but with great wisdom came an annoying level of self-awareness, forcing me to admit to myself that I didn't want any harm to come to Helga, because she was important to me emotionally. She was mine; mind, body, and soul, and I was willing to go to very scary lengths to keep it that way.

A very dangerous thing considering my skill set. For anyone that was stupid enough to target her, of course.

I focused on more immediate concerns as I neared Cornelia's room, this time not even bothering to disguise myself as a servant but using arcana to hide. I didn't want to reveal my disguise trick in case Cornelia was watching. I was two hours late, not that I cared much. I made my position in her life very clear, which also implied that she was the one that needed to be on time then wait obediently for my arrival. I knew that she was smart enough to realize that.

The question was whether she could control her pride in the application of it. The answer laid behind the door I was standing against, so, after a brief stop to make sure there was no trap, I unlocked the magical lock and stepped inside, and passed the foyer in smooth steps before I arrived in Cornelia's living room.

I was glad to see she was there, waiting for me, and I was even more glad to see her wearing a maid costume. Or more accurately, a naughty approximation of a maid costume, one that fit her perfectly, revealing a lot of skin while managing to keep what was the important secret. "Where-" she started the moment she saw me, her face contorted by anger, only to be interrupted by a spell.

My spell, to be exact. The moment she started speaking, I conjured a ball gag in her mouth, preventing her from speaking. "Careful, firecracker. I almost thought that you were going to lash out at me, but I must be wrong," I said even as I dispelled the ball gag, but she stayed shocked. Understandable, considering the difficulty of being able to conjure anything in another magician's personal space, even if that mage was distracted like Cornelia. I doubted that I would have been able to before my recent level-ups and stat increases.

Cornelia might be a collection of anger and pride, but she was smart enough to realize she was truly outmatched. "I'm sorry sir, I forgot myself," she murmured as her eyes fell to the floor demurely. Since she was such a good sport, I decided to ignore the way her fist tightened.

"You're catching on, it's good," I said, then added in a stage whisper. "A bit slow, though."

The way her chin clenched was almost as satisfying as the way her dress revealed most of her naughty body for my viewing pleasure. "Thank you, sir," she managed to say, even keeping her tone relatively even, impressing me with her control. I would have never expected her to resist such a casual insult. "Is there anything I can help you with?"

The question reminded me that I was yet to take a bath after two very long carnal sessions, limiting myself to cleaning spells. "Draw me a bath, firecracker, I'm feeling exhausted," I said, enjoying the way her eyes brightened in anger whenever I used her new nickname.

"Yes, sir," she still managed to say through her squeezed teeth, making me smile in amusement. She turned to talk away into the bathroom, but before she could take a step, I was next to her, and slapped her ass hard enough for it to ring in the room.

[+100 Experience] 50% Penalty!

She stiffened, but still walked away without trying to turn back, her steps stiff. I watched her walk away, sad that she was walking away without swaying her hips, wasting the potential of her short skirt. She was thoughtful enough to leave a glass of wine already filled for me, and I sipped it, but only after I checked it for poison, just in case she had a nasty surprise.

She stepped out five minutes later, her face redder, and her clothes slightly more transparent thanks to the humidity, giving me a beautiful show. "The bath is ready, sir," she said.

"Thanks, firecracker," I answered as I walked in, only to stop and turn after a few steps in. "What are you waiting for there, come in," I ordered.

"In-inside," she stammered, but when she received a stiff glare, she obeyed immediately. Still,

when she arrived next to me, she received another spank to her barely-covered bottom. It wasn't painful, but humiliating. I had no doubt that she would have preferred to be chained to the wall and whipped rather than playing the servant.

Which was the whole point of the deal. Even without the Tantric, I was sure that I could help her, but I needed her ready to follow orders before I did so. I said nothing, just raised my arms and turned my back to her, no doubt tempting her to stab me in the back. Instead, she removed my clothes in a surprisingly gentle manner. I was expecting her to at least slip and accidentally scratch me or something like that.

She failed to hide her blush as she pulled down my boxers, revealing my shaft. And considering she was providing an amazing view of her cleavage as she did so, she met with the full mast version, though I had to admit that the only reason it was still alive was because of my biomancy skill. Even with my endurance, exhausting both Titania and Helga on the same day had been a challenging affair.

"Are you ready for your bath, sir," she murmured, doing her best to suppress her blush as she tried not to gaze at my erection, which was a difficult affair for her.

"I am, firecracker, but are you?" I asked. She looked at me with mild panic. I gave the explanation she didn't ask for. "You're going to properly wash me, of course," I said, then turned my back, ignoring the sudden mana build up behind me, recognizing the bluff. The mana build-up was too obvious to actually be an attack. The frustrated growl she let out confirmed it.

I set myself in the water, but in a way I faced Cornelia, enjoying the impromptu strip show she was about to provide. She reached for the straps of her dress, hard enough to rip it off. I was tempted to ask her to dance, but after consideration, I decided not to, mostly because I wanted to see her natural reaction.

She undressed rapidly, but didn't bother to hide her body, giving me a glimpse of her beauty before she wrapped a small towel around herself. Smart, but only tactically, I decided. She realized that acting shy would have made it more fun for me, and acted to remove that. Tactically a sound move, but strategically horrible, because it forced me to act in a way to satisfy my need for entertainment.

[+200 Experience] 50% Penalty!

I said nothing as she crouched next to me, using a small cup to rinse the parts of my body out of the water, followed by soap. Despite her gentle touch, I could sense her anger from the way her

fingers stiffened at each touch. However, considering the way she had been acting when she had the power, it didn't arouse any sympathy from me.

She was reaping what she sowed.

I pulled out of the water, and sat on the corner of the large tub —or more accurately, a small pool— once again giving her full access to my naked body. I grunted in appreciation as she slowly soaped and rinsed my back, her touch soft and gentle.

I opened my eyes when she started working on my legs, because her towel was straining to contain her body as she acted. I wanted to enjoy the full show. When she started on my torso, however, she was struggling to keep her blush down once again, her tiny towel not enough to hide the signs of arousal. I didn't know whether it was my muscles or the fact that I was forcing her to serve me, but I was happy with the result either way.

She even washed my erect shaft without a complaint, though I suspected the sudden lingering touches were not from her obedience, but her desire instead. My senses were sharp enough to smell her arousal after our extended contact.

[+250 Experience] 50% Penalty!

It was the reason I changed my mind about asking for a blowjob. I was planning to until she started showing signs of actually anticipating it. "Towel," I called as I stood up, enjoying the momentary flash of shock that passed across her face, soon replaced by a dull disappointment. Damn, educating her was going to be even more fun than I had expected.

She was quick when she dried me off, and even better, she followed me obediently as I walked back to her living room first, then directly to her bedroom. "It's time for a massage," I said, and she quickly reached for a drawer, pulling out several oil bottles. She was truly prepared.

However, I stopped her when she was about to pour some oil on her hand. "It's not me who's going to receive the massage, but you," I said.

"M-me," she stammered, my statement once again managing to break her bubble of calm. This time, she was angry. "Couldn't you find a better excuse to fuck me?" she said scathingly, her frustration from denial and her frustration from being ordered around finally bubbling out. Of course, when she realized the potential harm of her statement, she blanched.

I ignored her reaction as I walked closer, and when I was just a step away, I pulled off her towel violently, leaving her naked. She didn't even bother to hide her body. "Do you think I need an

excuse to take you however I wish, bitch,” I said, my tone not playful.

“N-no, sir,” she stammered.

“Good that you still have a sliver of common sense,” I said scathingly, though my anger was completely artificial, once again tapping into my Subterfuge skill. “The massage is a part of the treatment I promised, but since you know much better than me, maybe I should just follow your lead,” I continued, threatening her with the thing she wanted the most.

“No, sir,” she gasped in shock, her panic completely genuine. I was planning to make her sweat a bit more when she surprised me by kneeling in front of me, like an obedient slave trying to earn the favor of her master. “I’m sorry, sir. You’re my only hope. Please forgive my impudence.”

“You’re lucky that I have a soft heart, firecracker,” I said, my tone once again soft. She raised her head, her eyes shining with hope. It seemed that she was even more fragile from her lack of leveling than I had been expecting, which was suspicious. “Tell me what happened,” I said in a sudden bout of inspiration.

“I have received a message from my uncle, setting up a challenge between me and my cousin, or more accurately, his champion,” she said. “My only chance is for you to be my champion, but even then, it’ll be for survival only. They’ll know that I’m not strong enough to challenge my uncle, and it’ll be game over,” she said.

It was definitely an inconvenient development. I was hoping for more time. “It’s bad, but at least you’ll be alive,” I said, confident of defeating whatever champion her family could put in front of me, though not appreciating the necessity of revealing myself. “When is the challenge?” I asked.

“In a month,” she answered despondently, followed by a shocked gaze when I laughed out loud. “Is my suffering amusing to you, sir?” she said, which made me laugh even harder, especially since she still added the honorific.

“Quite a bit,” I admitted without shame. “But it’s not why I’m laughing, firecracker. Believe me, a month is more than enough to solve your little level problem,” I said in confidence. A month might as well be an eternity with all the options I had in front of me.

“Really, sir?” she asked, this time hope coloring her tone.

“Yes, but don’t forget the price. If you take my help, I’m going to make you my toy, mind, body,

and soul.”

“As long as it’s behind closed doors, I accept the bargain, sir,” she answered rapidly, showing more determination than I had expected. Or maybe it was the impression I made on her.

“Good, then go lay on the bed on your face, and we’re going to start the first phase of the treatment,” I ordered, she threw herself on the bed. It was interesting to watch a prideful woman like her folding into an enthusiastic maid because of a threat to her position, especially since she was so proud of her dominance.

When I stood above her, I spent a moment enjoying the splendor of her naked figure before putting my hands on her body. First, I checked the spell that I made to detect whether she followed my order about playing with herself, and much to my surprise, it seemed that she followed it.

I put my hands on her back, and started delivering a top tier massage that applied the full range of my abilities, even using the occasional Biomancy trick. Soon, she was biting the pillow to contain her moans, and that was without me touching any sensitive locations. She was backed up for too long, it seemed.

[+500 Experience] 50% Penalty!

She let out a surprised gasp when I put a finger in her mouth without a warning and ordered her to suck. “I need to use my mana to check your status,” I explained, and slipped my mana in her, only to meet a very stiff obstruction. Despite my increased skill, analyzing her was harder than doing it to Titania. I barely got a glimpse of her core, with virtually no detail. I couldn’t even identify her fire skill.

It might be the effect of the level cap, I decided. But more likely, it was the Companion System that allowed me to access their core. I didn’t have enough evidence to decide one way or another at the moment.

Luckily, it could be solved easily. I could have slipped inside her, finally taking her virginity to trigger the Companion counter, but it wouldn’t be amusing enough. Instead, I cast a spell on her to prevent her from climaxing, then I continued to massage her, driving her crazier and crazier.

Soon, even biting the pillow failed to prevent her from crying in pleasure, turning into putty in my hands. “Please,” she murmured.

“Please, what, firecracker?” I asked her, and got a shy moan. I leaned into her ear, whispering

throatily. "I'm going to give you two choices. If you want me to keep away, just say so, and I'll never touch you again, no matter what, but still help you. Or, you can ask me to fuck you, and I can give you the best, most delicious orgasm of your life. Choose, firecracker."

"I want you to..." she murmured, her voice dwindling into a moan as I continued to massage her.

"Clearer, sweetie," I said. "I can't hear you."

"I want you to ... do me," she murmured once again.

"Use the exact words, sweetie, or I will assume that you don't want to do it," I threatened.

The way she froze under my fingers triggered a primal part in me, begging me to take her, make her mine. Still, I waited for her answer. "Please, fuck me, sir," she moaned deliriously, trying to flip over, only to be prevented by my arms.

[Achievement: Delicious and Delirious. Seduce a stubborn vixen through an extended denial of pleasure, teaching her the place she deserves. +2 Strength, +500 Experience]

The achievement was a nice thing, but it had fallen wayside at the anticipation of finally getting really familiar with the Flame Queen.

[Level: 19 Experience: 182600 / 190000

Strength: 22 Charisma: 32

Precision: 15 Perception: 19

Agility: 19 Manipulation: 24

Speed: 17 Intelligence: 24

Endurance: 16 Wisdom: 26

HP: 1691 / 1691 Mana: 1359 / 2375]

SKILLS

[Master Melee [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Elemental [75/75]

Expert Biomancy [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Advanced Tantric [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Chapter Forty-Six

Cornelia's helpless moan, begging me to fuck her, put a prideful smirk on my face. I couldn't help but feel proud, considering less than a week ago, I was skittering like a rat around her, fearing her attention. Now, she was lying in front of me, wet and naked, begging for my cock even after I assured that she would still receive the help she needed even if she chose otherwise.

I could have just slid inside her, of course, invited by the way her hips rose deliciously, giving me access to her entrance, but that would have been a relief she didn't deserve yet, especially with Helga in the mix. I needed to stretch a bit more, so once the situation was revealed to Helga, I could spin it off as an act of preliminary revenge I took on her behalf.

With that in mind, I waved my hand, and Cornelia's bag of goodies flew toward me. Another flick, and ribbons flew out and wrapped around her wrists, forcing her spread-eagle. She twisted her neck in an effort to glare at me, but the blindfold that wrapped over her eyes prevented her from doing so. "What are you-" she started, only to receive a spank to her ass.

"Don't speak without prompting," I ordered to her, my tone sharp and unyielding. The moan that escaped her lips, as a result, was positively delicious. She was getting wetter after she was completely immobilized, proving once and for all that she didn't just have a dominance but also a submission fetish.

A fetish that I was going to use for my benefit in the future. However, for now, I had a much more important task than planning for the future. Her entrance was glistening beautifully, waiting for my presence.

I pushed forward mercilessly, enough to make her cry in pain despite her wetness, the unfamiliar presence stretching her untouched walls. But that cry was followed by a string of moans, showing her enjoyment of pain.

[+1500 Experience] 50% Penalty!

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 2%]

I started hammering her mercilessly, the sound of colliding flesh filling the room. She tried to clench her legs, but the ribbons around her limbs prevented her from moving, keeping her in place. She gasped and moaned, intensifying whenever I slapped her ass to further enhance her desires.

“Do you like it?” I asked even as I slapped her ass once more, turning it into a glowing mess, but she just moaned further.

“Yes, sir!” she shouted in response. “You’re filling me completely. I never felt anything like this before.”

“That’s what you get for denying your true nature, firecracker,” I said even as I changed my pace, impaling her even harder, but instead of spanking her, caressing her ass. “You tried to overreach by trying to dominate others, trying to rail against your fate of being stuck at your level, not knowing that you needed to accept your true nature before you can break the barriers.”

“I understand-” she started only to be silenced as a sudden wave of pleasure hit her, silencing her much better than any other method.

[+1000 Experience] 50% Penalty!

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 7%]

I didn’t stop, of course. Tonight wasn’t about teaching her the tender meaning of pleasure. No, tonight, she was going to be used until she turned into a helpless blob, unable to move in her own power. However, as much as I wanted to put my full attention on ramming her repeatedly, I had more important things to focus on, namely, measuring the effect of the Companion process on my Tantric capabilities.

With that in mind, I put my finger on her mouth, and she sucked greedily, too far gone to even notice the generous dash of mana I had slipped inside her.

[-100 Mana]

This time, the connection was much stronger, giving me a perfect view of her soul space, confirming my guess that it was the companion system that was allowing the smooth interaction. Pity, as otherwise, it would have been a really broken ability. With a sigh, I focused on examining her power, examining her soul space.

The first thing I noticed was the sensation of the area itself. Both Helga’s and Titania’s power felt, for the lack of a better term, more flexible, while Cornelia’s was stretched out to the capacity, preventing it from growing further. Though it had a scary implication. Titania was yet to hit her level cap. Just how strong was her potential!

“Fuck me harder, sir,” Cornelia cried, pulling me back to the present.

“What did I tell you about speaking without being asked first, slut?” I said, my tone harsher. I was about to slap her ass as a warning once more, when my eyes caught something more interesting. A small biomancy spell later, I forced my finger into her asshole without warning, making her cry in pain. “That’s what you deserve, slut,” I called even as I added a second finger, intensifying her moans.

“Yes, sir. I’m a worthless slut, and that’s what I deserve,” she moaned.

[+1000 Experience] 50% Penalty!

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 13%]

She once again spoke without permission, but seeing the great jump in the companion acquisition process, I decided to let it slide, once again focusing on her powers. It wasn’t a surprise to see her mental stats much higher than the physical ones, though her physical ones were still decent, probably averaging around five. Not bad for a dedicated mage. In her mental stats, however, her charisma and manipulation were really high, understandable considering her explosive power and ability to shape her flames.

The surprising part is her skills. I was only able to detect three skills, Arcana which was either advanced or expert level, something related to mana I failed to pin down, and flame magic. Flame magic, however, dominated all others, probably reaching the Grandmaster level.

Suddenly, I understood the reason for Cornelia’s reputation. She probably received Grandmaster Flame skill quite early in her career, allowing her to build a reputation early on. However, I doubted that she expected herself to stop at level fifteen, because Grandmaster skills had one big drawback. They consumed five skill slots to fully mature, meaning, after taking it, the next four levels offered no new skills, each raising skill cap by ten until it reached a hundred and fifty maximum in its maturity.

In my personal opinion, it was a bit of waste. Yes, it allowed casting extraordinary spells, but with the cost of extreme specialization.

I didn’t spend much time over Cornelia’s misguided skill selection, but continued to examine the edges of her soul space, trying to get a better feel of the reason for her unable to gain more experience, but ultimately, I failed to understand it, though from Cornelia’s intensifying moans, it easy to see her enjoyment.

[+1000 Experience] 50% Penalty!

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 19%]

In the end, I decided to stop my examination for the moment, waiting for the completion of the first tier of the Companion process. Whether she would get an achievement, and the changes in the process, would give me important information. Not that I needed the excuse to continue fucking her body, mind, and soul.

When she tightened around me yet another time, I decided to mix things up a bit. I pulled out of her, and she opened her mouth to say something, only to replace it with a gasp when she felt the familiar presence of my shaft pressing against her puckered hole.

I impaled her without a warning, making her cry in pain, taking her anal virginity in the process as well. She belonged to me, after all. My little noble fucktoy.

“Tell me what you feel, slut,” I said, once again using a spank as punctuation.

“I feel dirty, sir,” she moaned in reply. “I feel used, I feel worthless, and I feel like I’m just a little toy. I have never felt this good in my life!”

“Good,” I said in amusement as I pushed even deeper into her bowels, enjoying her untouched tightness. “And tell me what are you going to do to make it continue?”

“Whatever you want, sir,” she moaned. I decided to reward her with a unique gift. A flicker of mana was enough to make the ribbons disappear, and she collapsed on the bed. I wrapped my arms to her waist and pulled her on my lap, her back pressing against my chest, her eyes still blindfolded.

I lifted her and took a few steps, until we were standing in front of her huge mirror. Her legs were parted open, creating a perfect view of my shaft repeatedly disappearing in her asshole.

“Do you want to see your own slutty face?” I whispered into her ear. She didn’t say anything, but I decided to take her sudden tightening around my shaft as a positive response, and pulled down her blindfold.

“Oh my god!” she cried in shock as she saw her own slack-jawed face, broken with pleasure, which proved to be the last thing she needed to trigger yet another orgasm. With her almost-virgin asshole clenching around my shaft, I exploded as well, filling her bowels with my seed, not to mention a lot of mana, enough to make her pass out with pleasure.

[-500 Mana]

[+1000 Experience] 50% Penalty!

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 25%]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 25% - First Stage Completed +5000 Exp]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Master Elemental, Expert Subterfuge, Expert Tantric]

Once again I selected Tantric before I quickly followed the stream of mana I deployed, analyzing her soul space. Thanks to my increased closeness, the view was even clearer, but it wasn't the only change. I could see a familiar sliver of energy floating in her soul space, trying to merge with her stats, but no matter how many times it smashed against, it failed to merge.

It was the achievement she just received, or more accurately, supposed to receive, I decided, and decided to help. Luckily, I had deployed enough mana to overwhelm her capacity, so I wrapped it around her stats, softening the surrounding space —for lack of a better term— to allow the new achievement to merge.

[+3 Tantric]

However, as the minutes ticked, I realized that I might have bitten a bit more than I could chew. No matter how much I played with her stats, I failed to merge the achievement with her.

I had no intention of surrendering. I caught her lips in a searing kiss, dumping as much mana as I could manage, feeling glad about my mana regeneration perk. It would have been a waste if I hadn't had my full mana here.

[-750 Mana]

[+6 Tantric]

With the addition of my new mana, I started my battle anew. I pressed and squeezed mentally and physically, forcing the borders of her soul space to soften. And suddenly, it started drinking my mana. I let it do that, because I realized that the more mana it drank, the softer it became. When it drank over a thousand points of mana, it finally softened enough for the achievement to slid inside its place.

[+8 Tantric]

[Achievement: Enforced Error. Create a forced glitch in the system while using only your own abilities, achieving a first since the Calamity. +2 to All Stats +10000 Experience]

I stumbled back to the bed, with Cornelia still on my lap, murmuring softly. I wanted to laugh and relax, as I had achieved the impossible. Even better, I achieved the impossible while filling the backdoor of one of the most eligible young nobles in the school, and once again received a spectacular reward in return.

However, once again, the description of the achievement threw me off. The reference for something called the Calamity was intriguing enough, but my attention was grabbed by the part that mentioned that forcing a glitch by my own power, achieving a first.

It implied that there were others capable of forcing a glitch, even if they were forced to use some external support.

That wasn't good, I thought even as I pulled Cornelia tighter against my body, cuddling her even as my thoughts run wild with the possibilities. I hated the feeling. I finally hit Level 20, an achievement that was supposed to ensure a safe and comfortable life for me, but instead, I was desperately trying to deduce whether I had an enemy behind the scenes, pointing a dagger behind.

I would have liked to believe that it had nothing to do with me, but a sinking feeling in my heart was telling me that it wasn't the truth.

"Perfect, just what I needed. More challenge," I murmured even as I lazily squeezed Cornelia's breasts, treating them like toys, exquisite ones, but toys nonetheless. It might have sounded ridiculous to someone else, but I had the full intention to take my sixth sense seriously.

I was tempted to lean down and fuck Cornelia mercilessly after waking her up with a slap, but a soft touch with my Tantric ability showed that her soul space was, in a sense, strained. I decided to refrain from fucking her before she got used to the new presence. I continued to lay next to her, my mind on the possible implications of the latest reveal while I also lazily observed the changes in her soul space, which gave me several interesting insights about it. The next time, it was going to be even smoother.

Cornelia's eyes flickered open an hour later, an astonished expression on her face. "Impossible," she stammered as she looked across the room unfocused, like she was reading a sentence that didn't exist. "I received an achievement!"

“Keep it down,” I ordered her, but unlike the other times, my tone was soft. I understood her elation more than anyone else, and I didn’t begrudge for enjoying it. I just didn’t want her to shout it. Intellectually, I acknowledged that there wasn’t a risk, but I was still feeling skittish. “This is the evidence that I can help you increase your power,” I said, and she nodded enthusiastically. “You’re smart enough to realize that you shouldn’t reveal it under any circumstances.” This earned another enthusiastic nod, and she leaned forward to kiss me.

I allowed her lips to connect, enjoying being the receiving end of her tender touch. I was still going to dominate her mercilessly the next time, but for now, I was happy to share that flicker of intimacy. But when she tried to climb on my lap, I stopped her. She looked at me, her expression between shocked and wounded.

“What I had to use to give you that achievement has some impact you can’t feel, but you need to rest to avoid side effects,” I said. I had no doubt how the increase of the companion core would affect the process, and I had no intention of actually testing it. “I want you to take a sick leave tomorrow and stay on the bed, doing absolutely nothing. I’m going to visit you in the evening after that, maybe even with a guest. Be prepared to serve two.”

“Understood, sir,” she moaned as she shivered, making me wonder whether it was my kindness or the following orders that triggered her enjoyment.

“Now, sleep,” I said, even as I put my hand on her body, using Biomancy to cure some of the worst damages, but leaving enough to be visible.

Then, I leaned forward just like I was about to give her a midnight kiss, but instead, I bit her shoulder hard, enough to leave a mark, which I made permanent with a unique application of Biomancy. “Just to remind you who owns you.” I whispered throatily, and from the way she pressed her legs together, it seemed that she enjoyed the idea immensely.

I quickly dressed, and when I left, exhaustion once again had conquered her, leaving her unconscious. I left the room, my mind on my next steps.

[Level: 20 Experience: 203100 / 210000

Strength: 24 Charisma: 34

Precision: 17 Perception: 21

Agility: 21 Manipulation: 26

Speed: 19 Intelligence: 26

Endurance: 18 Wisdom: 28

HP: 1980 / 1980 Mana: 920 / 2700]

SKILLS

[Master Melee [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Elemental [75/75]

Expert Biomancy [75/75]

Expert Tantric [67/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Chapter Forty-Seven

After a brief consideration, rather than returning to Helga, I decided to leave the school for a midnight hunt, something only a madman would do.

A madman, or an extraordinarily-strong level twenty with a wide range of expertise that was suddenly feeling trapped after his latest realization that there was a mysterious threat out there. I felt trapped, and with my strength, I didn't appreciate the feeling, and I was willing to risk a violent death to get rid of it.

During the day, the surroundings were usually safe enough that even low-level students could go hunting without too big of a risk as long as they had a minder. The same wasn't applicable for the night, however. There were a lot of creatures that preferred the darkness to move around in, easily avoiding the culling efforts. The shadow wolf that almost killed me when I was in the protected forest was a good example of it.

So, when I actually heard the footsteps barely louder than a whisper, a smile appeared on my face. When I felt the presence closing in, I did nothing until the last second, then slashed expertly four times before my attacker could react. The shadow wolf collapsed on the ground, bleeding, quickly driving toward its death despite its impressive vitality. Just a sign of how far I had come.

However, I decided to experiment. I let my mana seep into its head, trying to force it into the creature's soul space, or whatever its equivalent was.

I received a stab of pain as a reward.

[-53 Mana]

[-266 HP]

"That was a stupid move," I murmured even as I rubbed my head, trying to ignore the sudden stab of pain. I hadn't expected its core to be filled with violent energies, immediately attacking toward me the moment I touched it. The smart thing would be just to let it slide, but I decided to do the stupid thing, and kept my mana around its core, just not letting it connect again. When the creature died, the core dissipated except for a sliver of energy, and that sliver of energy tried to connect with me, but failed to find a purchase before dissipating. It was nothing I had read about, but I had a feeling that I had discovered how normal people gained experience.

It was a barely noticeable process, the only reason I was able to detect it was because of my ridiculous stats and specialized Mana manipulation skill. Even then, I had a question. Did I discover something new, or did I discover something that others knew but kept under wraps. I had a feeling that it was the second part.

With a sigh, I continued my deadly hunt, killing several creatures in rapid succession, the most dangerous one being a Class Fifteen Blood Owl, but even that didn't survive for more than a minute against me. For every creature I tested, I observed the same pattern. Violent core, linking with its killer, but only to fail to find a purchase in my case. Maybe I should observe them being killed by another person. It would give me a better idea of what was going on during a level up, maybe even to a point that I might enhance the effectiveness of my newly-discovered leveling methodology.

It was a pity I didn't have anyone I could wake up in the middle of the night to ask me to accompany for a bit of killing.

Or did I?

With a smirk I returned back to the school, once again avoiding the guards with contemptuous ease. I knew that they were geared against monsters rather than human infiltrators, but it was still shameful. Rather dangerous as well, considering my encounters with the necromancers. Slipping into the Fighter quarters had been a bit more difficult. Unlike the outer walls, this section was protected by the students, and some rangers had rather sharp eyes.

Luckily, I was well past the point of being scared of their attention, not with my stats. Disguised as a servant, it required only a few low-powered spells before I arrived at the female section.

At a glance, I could see that the living principles in this area were very different. The mage section allowed expensive rooms with opulent furnishings, while this section was much more spartan. Noble students had a small room for themselves, while the others lived in bunk beds, a necessity considering there were a lot more warrior classes than mage classes, especially from the less fortunate with no perceived potential for high levels.

With a low-level cap, warriors were a much better choice than mage classes.

As I walked through the rooms, concealed in the shadows, I saw many beautiful students in various states of undress. Unfortunately, it was invariably followed by that infernal notification.

[Level Difference of at least 50%! No Experience]

At level twenty, I was well-past the limits of this school. I believed that I was strong enough to defeat the majority of the teaching staff, even, even if that was more about my unorthodox style and overwhelming stats than a dominating level advantage. Other than the very rare exceptions like Cornelia, students couldn't help me enhance my strength.

When I arrived at Aviada's room, I did my best to silently unlock the simple lock that was keeping her door closed, and slid inside before alerting anyone.

I wasn't expecting to meet with the naked figure of Aviada, who, apparently, preferred to sleep in the buff. I decided to mess with her a bit, and quickly undressed before sliding in next to her, curious just how long I could mess with her without waking her up.

First, I gently caressed her arm, making her turn restlessly until she was laying on her back, her legs parted enough to reveal the beautiful treasure between them. However, I had other priorities. I leaned in for a kiss, and with the opportunity, I even slipped a small stream of mana in, examining her soul space.

[-5 Mana]

[+1 Tantric]

With our strong bond and the increase in my Tantric abilities, the impression I received was the clearest yet. I could easily sense her stat distribution, heavily leaning toward the physical side, with strength shining above and beyond others. Her mental stats were low, but relatively well-distributed.

Her skills, on the other hand, were extremely specialized. She only had two skills, a fully evolved Grandmaster Sword, and Basic Observation. She was amazing with her sword, which was shining on the hook above her bed, but without that, she was dangerously vulnerable.

Luckily for her, I was making great strides in understanding the System. Who knows, maybe when I attain Master Tantric, I might actually do something about that. After a brief examination, I carefully dissipated the mana, not letting it get absorbed by her. I didn't want to give her experience yet. Not because I didn't trust her, but because I was afraid that she wouldn't get the dangers associated with a wider reveal. She was too straightforward to be a part of this discussion.

Instead, I started caressing her breasts, enjoying the way they stiffened and she moaned, but still not waking up. I decided to up the ante, and let my fingers cross the smooth expanse of her stomach before arriving between her legs, caressing gently. Once again, she just moaned, but

still stayed asleep, even when I gently fingered her for five whole minutes.

It was likely because unconsciously, she identified me as a familiar presence, preventing her from waking up in alarm, as there was no other explanation for her sleepiness. Maybe I should teach her a lesson before we went out for training.

I climbed on top of her, and grabbed both of her arms, ready to pin her in place the moment she woke up. Then, I aligned myself at her entrance, and leaned down for a kiss. "Good morning, princess," I whispered before kissing her softly, and her eyes popped open in shock.

"Caesar-" she started, only to be silenced as I slid inside her, enjoying her tightness. She was wet thanks to the foreplay she received when she was sleeping. She moaned at the sudden intrusion, but before she could cry, I stole another kiss.

"I didn't put any up any silencing wards, so you need to be silent," I warned her with a playful smile.

"You're seeking death," she murmured as she tried to raise her arm, only to find herself unable to move. "You got stronger," she whispered in shock, which was very understandable. The last time we wrestled, she was stronger than me by a small margin, and I only managed to defeat her through my recent boost.

This time, she was barely able to move, not shocking considering I had several points more strength, and a superior position. "I did," I answered simply before leaning on for a lingering kiss.

"How?" she asked followed by a moan considering I was still moving deep inside her.

"It all started after I left you girls behind and went to the canyon, only to find a deadly necromancer ambush. A horde, several bone dragons, and two dozen necromancers," I explained, and her eyes widened in shock. Understandable, as that group could have easily destroyed a town, and even against a mid-sized city, they wouldn't have necessarily lost.

"How did you survive that?" she asked in shock, though from the way she tightened, she was clearly enjoying the story.

"The ambush was not for me, so I managed to hit them from behind, breaking their magical trap and killing a couple of necromancers as a start," I explained, before launching into a detailed breakdown of the battle, making sure to avoid any references that would reveal Titania's identity. Once again, I didn't trust her capacity to hold secrets in the areas she

wouldn't understand its importance. Even convincing her not to brag about my part was a challenge.

Still, I was glad that I told the tale for a few reasons. She was my ally as well as my girlfriend — or something like that, at least, the titles were rather confusing at the moment— and she deserved to know of the growing threat of the necromancers. Also, if I could resolve my challenges, I would be able to boost her combat capabilities a great deal, enough to make her a deadly combatant, especially with her unique sword. Also, unlike the more mysterious details, she fully understood the sensitivity of the combat information, and would keep her mouth closed.

Of course, the benefits were not limited to that. When I pushed deep inside her once more after finishing my tale, I was met with a welcome notification.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 51%]

Apparently, impressing her with the tales of my heroic battle made our relationship even stronger, making the discussion worthwhile. “So,” I said with a smirk as I lowered myself down until I started looking at her eyes from very close proximity. “Do I get a reward for my impressive performance,” I asked even as I sped up my pacing, impaling her again and again, enjoying the way she tried to suppress her moans, but with limited success.

I decided to have mercy as her orgasm hit her. I quickly established a silencing ward to cover the wall, but I didn't inform her of that, watching as she bit her lips desperately, trying to contain the moans of her orgasm, only to fail spectacularly. The panic in her eyes was just beautiful.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 54%]

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 2. Duration, 8 hours]

“Don't worry, I silenced the room just before you lost control,” I whispered into her ear throatily, and earned a painful bite on my shoulder as a result, one that hurt despite my ridiculous endurance.

[-10 HP]

“That's your punishment for daring to play with me like that,” she explained even as she tried to get away from my grip. I let her slide away, but when she tried to push me out of the bed, I chose to roll out and started dressing instead. “You're leaving?” she murmured, her tone

uncharacteristically vulnerable.

“No, we’re going,” I answered. “I’m in the mood for a midnight hunt,” I added, before letting my smirk widen salaciously. “And maybe more if the way you dress impresses me,” I added.

“Is that so?” she murmured, her smile equally wide as she walked toward her closet. “Turn your back,” she ordered mischievously.

I did so, curious about her surprise. When she called me to turn back, I couldn’t help but frown as she revealed herself in a thick travel cape, tied up to cover her whole body. A frown appeared on my face, and she smiled wider before letting it widen just enough to give a glimpse of her armor underneath, one that covered significantly less area than I had been expecting. “Much better,” I said with a smirk, gesturing for her to follow me, while I once again cast a spell to conceal our presence and let us fade into the shadows.

[-15 Mana]

“I have to admit, magic can be useful occasionally,” she admitted with a sigh, which was a great thing considering her usual antagonistic approach. It was good to see her finally getting softer on the issue. We stayed silent until we reached the walls, and she spoke in shock. “We’re going outside?” she gasped.

“Of course,” I answered. “I’m not in the mood for hunting rabbits.” She looked unsure, so I put my hand on her shoulder, squeezing softly. It was enough to renew her courage.

She finally let her cape open when we were a couple of miles away from the school, revealing the ensemble underneath, making me harden immediately. She was wearing a set of completely useless armor. Well, useless in terms of combat, as I could easily imagine different usages. Her top was covered with no more area than a bra —a particularly salacious one, even — while the bottom part was literally a piece of metal kept upright with strings. Under the moonlight, she looked delectable enough to eat.

“That seems useful for combat,” I said mockingly, but I let my gaze devour her body to convey the impact of it on me. Also, I was touched. The fact that she walked outside with absolutely no protection highlighted her trust in me, conveying that, with my skills, she needed no armor.

Not a functional one instead.

I was tempted to push her down and take her on the grass, but we were interrupted by a band of golden lions. Scary creatures, class fourteen power, strong cooperation, and a vicious

mentality. Moreover, they were famous for their magic resistance, making them true pests. The attacking pride contained six members, definitely a scary combination. “Keep on defensive,” I ordered her even as I drew my sword, and dashed forward —after coating it with magic because its steel wouldn’t have resisted my strength otherwise.

[-96 Mana]

I was in need of a better weapon, as constantly wasting mana to reinforce my sword wasn’t the best option. Luckily, with two instances of my regeneration perk active, I wasn’t exactly straining for mana.

Golden lions were vicious predators with a unique blend of strength, grace, and vitality, but against me, they were helpless. I ducked under one of their claws, cutting its throat in return. I still rolled away, because even a cut to the throat was barely an inconvenience.

When I noticed two of them charging toward Aviada, however, I decided to act quickly. I raised my hand, and a thick earthen cage appeared around them, pinning them in place.

[-140 Mana]

They raged against the walls, trying to break it, while I delivered another bleeding wound to the one that attacked me first. I wanted to remove at least one of them as soon as possible. After receiving two more wounds in the next second, it pulled away rather than waiting for its pride mates. I used the opportunity to strengthen their cages, but didn’t bother to cast an offensive spell. Their skin was too strong to actually be affected by an elemental spell, at least not in a way that would be worth the mana expenditure.

[-430 Mana]

“Kill the wounded one,” I ordered even as I dashed forward and cut two of its tendons, but not without a cost. It landed a vicious blow to my shoulder. Luckily, I had HP to spare.

[-130 HP]

I stood in front of the wounded one, protecting Aviada as she approached, even casting a few lightning bolts to distract them. They might be resistant to magic, but nonetheless, the bright crackling of lightning cutting through the darkness was scary enough to trick their primitive minds.

I let my mana senses expand and wrapped them around Aviada and her victim, carefully

watching the changes as Aviada delivered the killing blow. Like before, the creature's energy dispersed into the air, with only a small sliver of it flying toward the soul space of its killer, in this case, Aviada, and merging with its boundaries, strengthening it slightly.

[+2 Tantric]

Interesting, I thought even as I turned toward the rest of the lions, ready to make quick work of them.

Even as I charged once more, I couldn't help but smile elatedly. The experiment I was running was a true joy, beautiful weather, danger enough to make me appreciate life, and a sexy brunette with a body to die for dressed in bikini armor.

Sometimes, being a nerd paid off...

[Level: 20 Experience: 203100 / 210000

Strength: 24 Charisma: 34

Precision: 17 Perception: 21

Agility: 21 Manipulation: 26

Speed: 19 Intelligence: 26

Endurance: 18 Wisdom: 28

HP: 1840 / 1980 Mana: 1920 / 2700]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Elemental [75/75]

Expert Biomancy [75/75]

Expert Tantric [70/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Chapter Forty-Eight

A laugh escaped my mouth as I swung my sword —shining with the magic I dumped into it, so much man that it was a miracle it didn't melt— once more, this time costing the attacking golden lion a tendon, then, rather than following up with a deadlier attack, I once again rolled in front of Aviada, preventing the second one from taking her down.

Meanwhile, the remaining three were still locked in their earthen cages, smashing into them, again and again, to get free despite impaling themselves on the spikes I had created. If they were any stupider, they would have stopped long ago, afraid of the pain. Unfortunately, they were smart enough to understand the implications, forcing me to expend even more mana to keep them away from the battle.

[-260 Mana]

“Come on, little guy,” I called in satisfaction as I suddenly charged forward, meeting its charge halfway, enough to shock the creature. I doubted that it ever experienced a smaller creature trying to wrestle it down. Normally, even with my phenomenal strength, trying to meet a monster in a contest of pure strength was not the smartest move, but the creature's astonishment was enough that it failed to react appropriately until I was on its back, grabbing its head and forcing it backward.

Aviada's combat senses were good enough that I didn't need to order her to charge for her to step forward and cut the monster's throat with a precise swing, making it bleed painfully. Even as I jumped down and turned the other way, readying myself for the assault of the wounded one, I let my mana wrap around Aviada once more, so when she stabbed the head of the lion, I was able to observe the changes that happened in her soul space perfectly.

The sliver of power once again merged into her soul space, strengthening it further.

Taking down the wounded one was trivial. With its rushed ambush failed, it was wide open, allowing me to cut off its front leg, and Aviada easily delivered the killing blow, her soul space expanding even further.

The remaining three monsters revitalized their assault towards the cage, but with a big difference, they were attacking at the other side of the cage, trying to escape rather than attack after their hunting attempt cost the life of half of their pride. Unfortunately for them, I had enough mana to keep them locked in, easily dealing with them one after another, while Aviada delivered the last hit.

[-620 Mana]

I watched her soul space carefully, observing the changes that happened. When she absorbed the experience from the last one, however, a large change happened in her soul space. It suddenly started to expand, widening significantly but also gaining an elastic quality. I was finally able to get a better understanding of the leveling process.

[+2 Tantric]

I didn't try to mess with it, of course, not even when her sword-fighting ability was strengthened even further, signaling that she had once again chosen to overemphasize her already strong abilities. I didn't have a problem with it, not when it made her even more dependent on me. Though considering the small change that happened, it was clear that her skill had reached the point of diminishing returns.

I let the process complete, watching carefully as her soul space solidified once more, covering a wider area, but also, for the lack of a better term, less elastic. Combining that with the findings from Helga and Cornelia, I had a preliminary hypothesis that the softness of the space was about the level cap. At one point, hardening enough to be unable to accept new inputs, whether it was from experience or achievements.

Experimenting on Aviada was definitely not an option, however. The risk of permanent damage was too high.

"Another level up, I'm level twelve now," she exclaimed happily before she dashed forward and caught my lips. I responded immediately, happy that she trusted me enough to reveal her level without me prompting her. I had long deduced it, of course, but the fact that she trusted me enough to reveal it counted for a lot.

I let my hands wander over her mostly naked body, enjoying the way her chainmail bikini smashed against my body. And as much as I was tempted to continue it by pushing her down, we needed to move before even more dangerous creatures were drawn to the smell of the golden lion corpses.

So, I reluctantly pulled back and instead started processing the carcasses of the creatures. As level fifteen creatures, they were very precious in making new magical items such as weapons, armors, and disposable items. Unfortunately, the low success rate of the crafting process, as well as the fragility of most of the resulting items, made such items pretty rare.

Aviada's sword was a very rare item in that sense, especially in the hands of a student. The only

reason Aviada had that because she was the only one in her family able to use it, and the only reason she was able to keep possession of it was due to other people's lack of knowledge about its full range of capabilities. I doubted that even her ex-fiancee who was willing to kill her to acquire the sword, was aware of the full range of its capabilities.

The fact that she was able to use that sword to kill a golden lion with a couple of swings—even if they were hurt and immobilized— was a significant improvement. Normal swords wouldn't even cut through their skin, and most magical swords would require several swings even with her impressive strength.

There was no hope that I could use the remains of the golden lions to make an item of a similar caliber—or even at the same class— but still, having a backup option might help. And since I finally made the decision to reinforce my room, storage was not a problem.

We were silent as we processed the lions, as even with magic, it was grueling work, but in the end, I was carrying a large bundle of precious magical ingredients—some I could even use to establish more permanent wards around my room... All around, a very profitable night.

“So, are you finally going to get something better than the garbage you’ve been using,” she said, pointing at my sword, which effectively turned into brittle scrap metal after the mana bath it received while I was fighting.

“Maybe, but I need someone to make a good weapon for me.”

She chuckled. “Finally, something you can’t do!”

“Hey,” I exclaimed as I slapped her ass, which was easy to do as most of her ass was naked thanks to the minimal coverage of her bikini armor. She gasped and tried to retaliate, but I dodged her and stepped forward, locking her in with a bear hug before leaning down and biting her neck near the collarbone, on a point that I knew she enjoyed immensely. She moaned...

And I pulled back, a smirk on my face. “That’s what you get for messing with me,” I said, enjoying the way she panted in arousal.

“Leaving a lady hanging like this is extremely rude,” she answered, but we continued to walk, exhausted and desiring to go back to the protection of the school. A pride of golden lions was far above my expectations. Even in the night, I wasn’t expecting the surroundings of the Silver Spires to be that dangerous.

“About your weapon,” she repeated after a couple of minutes of comfortable silence.

“I’m guessing you have an idea,” I said, which was a good guess considering she mentioned it again.

“Yeah, one of the enchanters is my mentor, and she does good work,” she said, missing the way my eyes brightened at the mention of a female enchanter. The discussion had immediately turned more interesting at that point. “She might be interested in crafting a new weapon for you.”

“Crafting a weapon from scratch is very exhausting work, would she really be willing?” I asked.

“Well, she is in a bit of debt,” Aviada murmured. “She might be willing to try if the payment is good enough, especially since she owes me one for allowing her to examine my sword.”

I almost slapped my head, unable to believe Aviada’s silliness. Trusting an enchanter with that sword was like trusting a shark with a piece of bloody meat. Though luckily, it also answered the questions about whether we could trust her or not. If she didn’t steal Aviada’s sword after examining it, she should be trustworthy enough to talk to. Not to a point of revealing any of my secrets, of course... “Sounds interesting, I’ll visit her if you can arrange a private meeting with her. I don’t want anyone else to see us,” I explained, and she nodded.

Our return was not without incident, of course. An impressive number of monsters had attacked us, though none of them worthy enough to take notice of —other than a lazy sword swing from Aviada —or a simple magic missile from me if they were too weak to even register for their experience.

Of course, I was gaining no benefit from the experience reward that they tried to give, I decided to experiment even more. Using the tricks I learned from my Tantric skill, I tried to redirect the nugget of energy that resulted in the experience gain, only to fail spectacularly several times, sometimes failing to affect it, sometimes pushing hard enough to evaporate it completely, wasting enough mana to leave me dry if it wasn’t for my enhanced regeneration.

[-673 Mana]

[+3 Tantric]

Then, one of my attempts was actually successful, and I managed to drag the experience nugget toward Aviada, and once connected, her soul space devoured it hungrily. She turned to me, questioningly. “Why did I just gain experience?” she asked.

[-1 Mana]

“I just figured out another trick, I can guide the reward for the last hit,” I explained. Unlike my ability to give experience through sex, it wasn’t exactly groundbreaking. And paradoxically, since it was related to combat, I expected her to hold that as a secret easier.

“Huh, that’s handy,” she answered, which was something I agreed with wholeheartedly. Aviada had no area-effect ability, and Helga was not much better at farming experience. This discovery would no doubt come in handy. More importantly, I could use this to help people with no companion bond if I ever expanded my circle more than the people I enjoyed spending naked time together.

I was about to answer, but then I noticed several dire rabbits escaping under the ground. A combination of earth magic and arcana enabled me to detect thousands of rabbits underground. Another earth elemental spell, although costly, turned their hive into a coffin, resulting in a rain of tiny experience droplets, as thick as the resulting cloud of dust.

[-420 Mana]

I tried to form a web to redirect the droplets toward Aviada. I wasn’t able to catch all of them, but enough to make her smile widely at what I achieved. “You’re the best,” she said with a wide smile, happy to receive her reward.

“Well, you better think about the payment,” I answered. She said nothing, but the sway of her almost-naked hips was sufficient for me. I took a step back and watched the way her hips swayed for the rest of the way. Only when we were about to sneak back into the school did she put her thick cloak on once more, not wanting to be seen in such a revealing state in the school.

“To the bedroom?” she asked when we finally arrived back at the communal section for female warriors.

“No, we need a shower,” I answered.

“I don’t have a private shower, we only have the communal ones,” she answered.

“And this is a problem, how?” I answered, earning a slap on my shoulder and a playful chuckle in response. She changed direction, and soon, we were in a room covered with rough stone, lacking the grandeur of the baths I had seen in Cornelia’s and Marianne’s rooms.

She closed the door, but since it was a shared one, locking the door was not an option. I put a detection ward up just in case even as I watched Aviada undress quickly. I would have preferred an extended show, but at times like these, she was definitely quicker.

Still, I watched her undressing with rapt attention. It wasn't the first time I was seeing her naked, but that didn't change the fact that her body deserved my undivided attention, tight and toned through countless hours of training, but deliciously curvy nonetheless.

I watched in silence as she walked toward the shower on the uttermost end, the towel in her hand rather than wrapped around her body. Then, just as she turned on the water, hot enough to raise a steamy cloud, I joined her.

"Do you mind washing my back," she gasped even as she stood close enough for my shaft to disappear between her meaty ass cheeks.

"Sure," I answered and started washing her slowly, tracing her muscles, making her moan softly.

I was tempted to push her against the wall and take her mercilessly, especially when she giggled playfully and started moving her hips up and down in a manner that was against her personality, but I held back, enjoying her elated mood after the great gains we made during the night. Of course, even as I caressed her body, I carefully examined her soul space, examining the way it slowly stabilized after the level up.

I was about to change the pattern when I felt the ward triggering. I didn't want to get caught in the middle of the showers with Aviada, not wanting to deal with the resulting scandal. The simplest solution was to cast an illusion spell to hide as another girl and act unnoticed, but that would mean leaving without tasting Aviada while she was in the perfect mood.

Luckily, my magic was versatile enough to give me another solution. A simple application of fire magic made an even thicker steam cloud, one that made it hard to see anything other than a shadow. Using an illusion spell to erase my own silhouette was trivial at that point.

"Keep your voice down," I whispered into Aviada's ear even as I slid inside her simultaneously. She gave me a scandalized look, trying to look like she did not appreciate my initiative, but her body disagreed as I easily slid into her wetness, forcing out a small moan.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 56%]

The thick cloud of steam might be preventing our uninvited guest from seeing me, but the same didn't apply for the reverse. Moments after my ward was triggered, a redhead that was even bustier than Aviada walked into the showers, and turned on the nearest one. I couldn't help but examine her breasts, miraculously defying gravity despite their impressive size, though her hips were no different. She didn't have Aviada's perfectly toned body, but she was beautiful enough

to make that thicker look work with her perfect hourglass shape.

[Level Difference of at least 50%! No Experience]

Pity there was no reward from seeing her, as I would have loved to make her a priority.

“Hi, Aviada,” she said cheerfully, indicating that they were good friends. I panicked momentarily when she easily recognized Aviada despite the cloud of steam, then I realized Aviada’s sword — a very distinctive piece of equipment— was just a few feet away. “You’re early again, another all-nighter hunting rabbits?”

“Same old, same old,” Aviada answered evenly, which annoyed me a bit. I didn’t like just how easily she was speaking with my shaft inside her, so I grabbed her breasts, my fingers sinking into her flesh to make it much harder. The gasp she let out was simply beautiful.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 58%]

“Hey, are you okay,” she asked in a concerned tone as she tried to peer through the cloud, her green eyes shining with concern. It was clear that she was a good friend of Aviada.

“Y-yeah,” she stammered, her response made even more difficult as I started pumping into her with long, even strokes, enjoying her warm tightness.

“You don’t sound okay?” she answered even as she stopped soaping up, and turned to face Aviada. The sight of her spectacular breasts, covered with a rapidly-thinning layer of bubbles made the sight even more delicious. I picked up speed, though still careful not to make any noise.

“I just p-pulled a muscle, not a big deal,” Aviada answered, but then she gasped painfully as a result of the surprise intrusion of my finger slipping into her puckered hole. I pushed Aviada even more, because our mystery visitor was clearly a good friend, and I was feeling adventurous enough to take the risk.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 63%]

And if the sudden jump in the Companion Progress was any indicator, despite her angry glare, Aviada also enjoyed my domineering action.

“It doesn’t sound like no big deal,” she said as she closed in. “I’m going to take a look!”

I could have easily hidden with a mid-level illusion spell under the circumstances, but since she

wanted to take a look, I decided to give her what she wanted, and let the cloud of steam dissipate, just as she was a step away from Aviada.

Their eyes widened simultaneously as they found themselves face to face without anything to cover their bodies. Our mystery guest's gaze fell down for a moment, to the point where my shaft repeatedly disappeared into Aviada's entrance, frozen in shock.

"So, Aviada, won't you introduce your friend," I said even as I increased the pacing, and suddenly the sound of flesh hitting flesh filled the room.

"Carla," was all she was able to say before her climax hit her mercilessly as she collapsed to the floor, shuddering. Normally, I would have held her upright and continued fucking, but the alternative was just too amusing not to take.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 65%]

I presented my hand to Carla. "Since Aviada is rude enough not to continue, let me introduce myself. Caesar," I said, and even grabbed her hand to place a soft kiss on her knuckles with such a perfect mannerism that it wouldn't be amiss at a high-class party.

Of course, the fact that I was naked, and making my rock hard shaft still coated with her friend's juices very visible might have changed the impact slightly. "Nice to meet you," she managed to stammer, mostly in shock as her gaze bounced around the room, including Aviada's naked figure, and my erect shaft. "I need to go..." she continued, still dazed in shock. "I have a thing..."

"You certainly do," I said even as I looked at her breasts very pointedly, which was finally enough to trigger her to escape, her ass jiggling with each hurried step.

"You're an evil man," Aviada said, but she made the mistake of saying that while she was still naked and on all fours in front of me, so I decided to teach her a lesson. A quick spell was enough to clean her puckered hole, and I slid inside for an even tighter second round.

When we finally finished almost half an hour later, Aviada was barely able to stumble into her bed, yet utterly satisfied...

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 72%]

As I snuck back to my room, a wide smile was on my face, my mind already on how to arrange another meeting with Aviada's interesting friend...

[Level: 20 Experience: 203100 / 210000

Strength: 24 Charisma: 34

Precision: 17 Perception: 21

Agility: 21 Manipulation: 26

Speed: 19 Intelligence: 26

Endurance: 18 Wisdom: 28

HP: 1980 / 1980 Mana: 2700 / 2700]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Elemental [75/75]

Expert Biomancy [75/75]

Expert Tantric [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Chapter Forty-Nine

When I finally arrived back to my room, the corridors were burning golden with the golden rays of dusk. I carefully sneaked into my room, not wanting to wake Helga up.

I was exhausted, and as much as I was tempted to slide next to Helga and bury myself to her bosom —very inviting in its naked state, barely covered by the blanket— but I had a lot of things to do.

With a sigh, I pulled some of the materials from the golden lions, and after a brief period of refining to make sure they lost their organic properties and condensed into magic crystals —my way of doing that was very inefficient, but finding an expert was unfortunately not an option— and started waving a complicated web of magic around them, connecting four corners of the room.

I didn't use any attack spells, or other dangerous tricks. At this point, hiding from or delaying any possible attacker was much more important than actually killing them. There were two options that would go enough effort to break through all the stealth and shielding charms I had integrated into the structure, either it was the faculty itself that tried to enter my room, in that case killing one of them would have no benefit other than ensuring their enmity, or it might be the necromancers trying to deal with me silently, and in that case, a simple alarm would be enough to get the attention of the faculty to deal with them.

Either way, a passive scheme was much more important than an active one, so I continued working on that. And one instance of mana regeneration perk still active, I didn't really care about wasting mana. Focused on the construction, I was startled when I heard Helga speak. "Impressive work," she gasped in amazement.

"Yeah, after screwing up plans of several necromancers, I think that there's merit in making sure I have adequate protection."

"Without a doubt," she answered before she started examining the structure itself. "Did you make these yourself?" she asked, pointing at the ward keystones at the corners.

"Yes, from golden lion bones, freshly hunted," I said, shamelessly bragging. To be fair, killing six of them was definitely worthy of a brag.

Helga chose to focus on a different aspect of it. "And you hunted them alone or..." she said, letting her words trail off.

“Nope, Aviada was with me,” I said shamelessly, meeting her jealous gaze with a glare of my own even though my hands were busy trying to layer another anti-screaming spell.

“You could have woken me up,” she said, pouting. I didn’t know the impression she wanted to generate, but considering she was completely naked, relying a blanket to cover her bottom half while her breasts stood in front of me deliciously visible, it worked like a playful call for sex.

I leaned down and kissed her, not neglecting to inject a lot of mana in the process, which returned her as some extra experience. “I could have, but it’s not like you actually need to hunt anymore, do you?”

[-104 Mana]

“I guess so,” she answered, her breath lost after the heated kiss. “But doesn’t it also apply for that slut?” she added, unable to resist the temptation to insult Aviada, but her tone lacked any real animosity.

“Not exactly,” I answered. “She’s too much of a hothead to actually trust with that secret, especially since I doubt she would understand its full significance. She’s not as bright as you.” I made sure to compliment her in the end, which put a smile on her face. Despite her impressive abilities and amazing intellect, she still suffered from a lack of confidence, so reinforcing her position through compliments was a good idea.

She said nothing for a while I continued to establish layer after layer of protection, watching intently. Considering her nakedness, it made good watching. “How about if you use a seven-point structure to connect the lower layers?” she asked a while later.

I briefly considered it, and unsurprisingly, I realized that she was correct. Not only she was smart, but also she wasn’t confident enough to offer opinion until she was sure that it was correct, so I wasn’t really surprised at her accuracy. “Amazing idea, as usual,” I answered, and she blushed. “By the way, how many experience you have received from the latest mana rush?”

“Sixty-three,” she answered. “You shouldn’t waste that much mana in the middle of setting wards,” she added.

“Nope, it was just eighty mana,” I answered, watching her eyes widen in shock as she understood the implications.

“How?” she asked.

“You didn’t think I went hunting for the fun of it, right?” I asked with a smirk. “I have a much better idea what I’m doing after watching Aviada gain a level.”

“You did that to surprise me?” she asked with a gasp, excitement back on her face. I nodded, as while she wasn’t entirely correct, she was mostly correct. Without saying anything, she jumped up to her feet and kissed me heatedly, her hands immediately around my pants, freeing my shaft even as she continued to kiss me.

I was tempted to respond, but my hands were busy layering magic around the room. “You deserve a reward,” she said as she lowered herself, and wrapped her lips around my shaft without prompting. As she bobbed her head, pleasure spread through my body, making it difficult to concentrate on the ward scheme.

Luckily, after slowing down my construction speed, I was more than capable of enjoying Helga’s enthusiastic treatment and working at the same time. After a couple of minutes, I even started to inject mana to our little game, allowing Helga to grind level in a way that we both enjoyed. I spent thousands of mana, but luckily, one instance of my regeneration was still active.

[-3620 Mana]

“I’m coming,” I whispered, warning her about the impending explosion. She pulled herself back a bit, but kept the crown in her mouth, so when I exploded, she managed to swallow almost all of my mana-laden seed, triggering an expansion of her soul space in the process.

[-1370 Mana]

[Mana: 160 / 2700]

However I didn’t care that I almost emptied my mana pool, because the following notification was more than worth it, once again rewarding me greatly for actually discovering the abilities related to my original way of leveling. Yet another mystery I need to solve, but I was more than happy with the quality of the clues I was receiving.

[Achievement: Alternative Advancement. Make love, not war! Just like you have done for centuries. +2 to All, +10000 Experience]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Grandmaster Melee (Requires 5 Points), Master Elemental, Master Tantric]

I couldn't help but frown at the points required for Grandmaster level improvement. If I chose that, it would mean no new skill points for the next four levels while that skill fully matured. What a waste. It was the main reason why I believed a wider expertise was the more rational choice, even though the Grandmaster improvement gave a total of fifty points rather than usual twenty-five. Of course, considering it required five levels, it meant a measly ten points each level.

Naturally, I chose Tantric once more. Master Elemental was tempting as well, but Tantric gave me the key to discover more about the System itself, and the benefits from that was impossible to overstate.

Helga, on the other hand, had just finished swallowing my seed and stood up, enthusiastic for more. She turned her back to me, and looked at my construct. "What do you think about building connection points in layers," she asked as she examined my construct in more detail, followed by a gasp.

She gasped, because as she examined the structure of the matrix, she took a step back, aligning her entrance perfectly with my shaft. Feeling her warmth around my length, I pushed my hips forward, enjoying her moans. "Do you think it might cause an interference?" I asked, enjoying the way she tightened further. She was really enjoying the opportunity to have sex and discuss magical theory simultaneously.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 73%]

[+1 Tantric]

[-26 Mana]

"No, they will be stabilized by overlapping effect, invalidating the possibility of interference," she explained, though her explanation was interrupted by rapid moans as I started rocking my lips recklessly. For once, I was pushing for a quick explosion, because I wanted to activate the second instance of mana regeneration, which would help increasing her leveling speed. Grinding with such a speed with no risk was not an opportunity to be wasted.

"Good point, and if we set up an additional connection between node five and nine, we can stabilize the structure thirty percent," I added, even as I carefully stopped casting from my right hand, continuing with one hand. I did so, because I wanted my right hand free to enjoy her naked body. Not digging into her beautiful breasts was a great loss, so I fixed that.

"It might work, especially if we add an amplifier in between to leverage the connection

further,” she answered even as she trembled, stumbling hard enough to fall if it wasn’t for my grabbing.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 75% - Third Stage Completed +15000 Exp]

[New Perk: Skill Share]

[Companion Acquisition: Relationship not sufficient for the Fourth Stage]

She gasped as she lost her concentration for a bit, understandable, as I could feel her soul space changing as she received yet another achievement —a big one with significant boost to her mental stats if I was feeling the changes correctly. I let her enjoy the experience while I focused on the joy of receiving a brand new perk, feeling curious what exactly it was.

Well, I was about to find out if it activated the same way my mana regeneration perk did.

I sped up, pushing recklessly as I searched for release, which didn’t take long to finally attain. I exploded in joy, filling her with mana along with the usual liquid, losing every scrap I managed to regenerate in the process, dropping my remaining mana to single digits.

[-265 Mana]

[Mana Regeneration perk activated. Count 2. Duration, 8 hours]

[+1 Tantric]

Then, I felt myself almost forcibly being pulled into her soul space, until I touched one of her skills, with corresponding changes happening in my soul space. Or more accurately, just outside my soul space, creating a vessel similar to the skill I had just touched. It was the same skill she had chosen to improve.

[Skill Share perk activated. Target Skill: Expert Magical Theory. Copied: Duration, 24 hours]

[Temporary Skill: Basic Magical Theory (25/25)]

A sudden clarity appeared in my mind, allowing me to make previously-impossible connection between different schools of magic, even leveraging my other abilities like Melee and Subterfuge. Helga probably had advanced level if it completed, with expert track just started. Her prodigious instincts toward the areas of magic she didn’t even use herself suddenly made more sense.

With the connections made, I turned my attention back to the ward scheme, and started making rapid changes, making the structure several times stronger.

“It seems that I wasn’t the only one that just received some interesting benefits,” Helga murmured as she tried to catch her breath, still leaning against me, my right arm wrapped around her waist to keep her from falling.

“Yeah, I just received a new perk that allows me to temporarily copy a skill of yours, and I just got Basic Magical Theory. I have to say, it helps a great deal,” I said before leaning and giving her a long, drawn out, thank you kiss.

“Happy to hear,” she murmured she answered before extending the kiss, and we enjoyed an extended moment.

“So,” I murmured after we disconnected for a long breath. “Do you have anything urgent for today?”

“Nothing I can’t do tomorrow,” she answered. “You?”

“Not until the evening, where I will meet with the Head Librarian,” I answered even as I squeezed her harder. “So, there’s nothing that prevent us staying here all day long, working on ... warding the room?”

She didn’t answer. More accurately, she didn’t answer verbally. Pushing me to my bed and straddling my lap was answer enough. We spent rest of the way wrapped around each other, sometimes working on the warding scheme, sometimes focusing my mana on leveling her further. I had drained my mana pool an staggering number of times, only for it to be refilled back again thanks to my active regeneration perk, though toward the end, the part I received from Aviada expired, slowing down the process a bit. But with great result, as Helga gained another level in the process, while I maximized my new skill.

[+23 Tantric]

When the sun finally set, the only reason we were still able to move was the generous amount of healing spells I had used, keeping our bodies on top shape. Even then, Helga was mentally exhausted. And two levels she had received during the day surely didn’t help her exhaustion. It was why I stopped using Tantric toward the end, just to give her soul space a chance to settle before she received another level.

For me, endless sex made my thoughts even sharper, though it wasn’t that surprising

considering the source of my powers.

“I just received another achievement,” Helga murmured lazily as I collapsed next to her.

“Really?” I asked.

“Yeah, I just received three more endurance points, basically doubling it,” she answered, underlining just how poor her physical stats were. Luckily, system took our extended activities as an opportunity to boost her physical aspects.

“Good news, maybe you can last all day without healing spells on two digits,” I quipped, only to receive a playful slap to my chest. She sighed as we cuddled, enjoying the euphoria of a day filled with supernaturally-enhanced sex.

“Do you have a plan for your meeting,” she asked, dispelling the question I had in mind.

“I have some ideas, but it all depends on Titania’s reaction. I don’t know just how strong her emotions will be affected after a day of rest. If she returns to her previous mood, I doubt that anything other than cold logic will affect her.”

“Maybe you should find another ambush,” Helga said with a chuckle. I was amused by the ease she had accepted Titania’s presence, contrasting with the constant needling about Aviada — even though at this point it was pretty low-key. Maybe it was the hero worship she had toward Titania. I shrugged, as regardless of the reason, I was happy with the output.

“Yeah, they are at every corner,” I quipped.

“Aren’t they?” Helga answered with a chuckle. I laughed as well, despite the danger her words implied. After all, we went out for extended hunting trips two times, coming across necromancers on both of them. Either we were supremely unlucky, or there was a big danger about to happen.

“Maybe,” I answered with a sigh. “I’m sure Titania has a better idea about the risk. You finished copying the book, right?”

“I did, which was a very grueling work. Quite few of the letters had magical imprints that encrypted further information. I copied them to the best of my ability, but I can’t guarantee that they are correct.”

“That’s a trade-off we have to take,” I answered even as I stood up, and used a water spell to

imitate a shower. Not the most pleasurable thing, but markedly better than going to see Titania while still smelling sweat and sex. I kissed her one last time and whispered.

“Wish me luck...”

[Level: 21 Experience: 228100 / 231000

Strength: 26 Charisma: 36

Precision: 19 Perception: 23

Agility: 23 Manipulation: 28

Speed: 21 Intelligence: 28

Endurance: 20 Wisdom: 30

HP: 2289 / 2289 Mana: 3045 / 3045]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Elemental [75/75]

Expert Biomancy [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty

I took a deep breath as I stood in front of Titania's private office, trying to still my nerves. Instead of wearing my library costume, I chose a simple rugged shirt and pants, the kind the menial servants wore. At this point, I didn't want to emphasize the fact that I had been hiding under her nose for the last few years, though I wouldn't hide it if she noticed as well. It was a weird balance to maintain.

"Come in," called Titania, but she used the quintessential head librarian, sharp, cold, and unyielding. Not a good start.

For a moment, I considered whether disappearing was the smarter option. My subterfuge was high enough —especially with the assistance of the most recent stat upgrades— to make me disappear in any city other than the school itself, so much that even her network couldn't find me.

Ultimately, it was just an errant thought. The necromancer threat was one thing, and the mysteries my achievements were continuously alluding to was another thing I needed to solve; and soon, if instincts were correct. So, I took a deep breath to gather my courage, and opened the door.

Only to find Titania sitting behind an impressive desk, its surface covered with books, ranging from destruction to warding. She stood impervious behind the desk, her eyes cold in their steely look, a thick robe wrapped around her, hiding her body perfectly. "Sit down," she said in a tone that was devoid of any emotion.

An ordinary person might have felt the stirrings of despair at her impervious action, but I felt the stirrings of excitement as I sat on the chair she had pointed, which was considerably lower and flimsier than her own. I was excited, because she was too calculated in trying to be intimidating, which ran contrary to her usual demeanor. Normally, she was scary, just because of her overwhelming presence.

She was overcompensating, and there was only one probable reason for it. Even under the emotionally-oppressive effects of her Light Magic, she was still somehow affected by the memories we shared in that particular cave while I helped her to relax.

I decided to test it. "Before we start, there's something I had forgotten to give you," I said as I pulled the book from my sack, the book that she had went all the trouble to find, only end up in a deadly ambush.

“You got it,” she gasped in shock, reaching forward without a thought and grabbed it. I made sure to shift my touch at the last moment, making our fingers brush. The fleeting blush that appeared on her face before she pulled the book was all the confirmation I needed that the memories of the event was still alive and effective. Then, she continued in a more even tone. “I appreciate your efforts.”

“Sure thing,” I answered, repressing my desire to ask for a special reward. It wasn’t the time yet. “So, necromancers?” I asked.

“They are the pests of the earth that we need to exterminate with extreme prejudice,” she said, her anger flaring for a moment before her emotionless state asserted itself once more. She continued in a more even tone. “For the last few years, they are getting more and more daring, mostly trying to ambush me during my missions. During my last mission, they managed to interfere when I was fighting against a monster horde attacking a town, managing to damage me with a cursed dagger. Even with the best healers, it took a while for me to get well.”

It was probably the reason for her disappearance. But the sight of her fighting against a monster horde, covering the landscape with light blasts to drown crowds of creatures again and again, was an image sexy enough to turn me on. I didn’t give any sign of my thoughts, and answered professionally. “It’s a dangerous prospect, getting stabbed in the back while defending against such a formidable danger. It was just like the necromancers to broke that taboo.”

Monster hordes were the single most dangerous phenomenon humanity had been facing against. The reason for their occurrence varied. Sometimes, it was a particularly effective monster leading or controlling the horde, sometimes they were escaping the territory of a Titan level monster, only to lash out something on their way. Sometimes, they even popped in existence without no rhyme or reason—at least not one humanity could discover—and destroyed everything on their path until they finally came across one they couldn’t destroy, still struggling until they were smashed into pieces. Sabotaging the defense efforts was a taboo with the harshest punishment possible.

Though, considering Necromancers had earned that same punishment just by existing, it was easy to understand why they weren’t bothered taking action under such circumstances.

“That’s not good news,” I said. “Do you think it was a target of opportunity, or it was planned?” I asked, despite having confidence in my guess that it was the latter.

“It was planned,” she answered. “The skeleton knight was buried at the center of the defensive

formation, and covered with multiple wards to hide its presence. Without accessing the defense schematics, it was impossible to do. I had been wondering how they did, then you discovered a mysterious figure controlling a necrotic shade in the Faculty building.”

“Yeah, that is not good news. Any idea about the identity?”

“No, and I don’t have anyone to help either. What if I tried to talk to someone, and they were the contact?”

I paused for a moment. I was happy with her discussing her concerns with me openly, though I was probably the only one that she could trust on the issue. After all, I was the one that saved her from a certain death in the hands of necromancers, which made me the only option for her to discuss the next steps. Of course, the fact that she had barely survived an assassination attempt in another mission probably had some effect on her decision as well.

Not to mention my unique ability to transfer mana!

“How about the headmistress?” I asked, referring to the enigmatic figure I had seen only once, during a graduation speech. “If she is on their side, we had already lost.”

“I don’t think that she’s on their side, but the same doesn’t apply to the people around her,” she explained. “If I contact her, I need to do that in a way that doesn’t evoke any suspicion, and she rarely meets the faculty privately.”

“Maybe I can try to reach her?” I offered, despite not wanting to do so. Revealing myself to yet another person was the last thing I needed, but the more I learned about the necromancers, the more I was getting apprehensive, to a point that I was willing to expand the number of people that knew about me.

Though luckily, the headmistress didn’t have to know anything true about me, other than I was a strong warrior or mage —or maybe I could present myself as an assassin— saved the life of one of her teachers and trusted by her. I just needed to sneak into her room and manage to have a talk with her without being blasted into smithereens.

Easy task.

“Maybe,” she answered noncommittally. “I need to consider it more thoroughly before deciding on an action.”

“Is there anything else I can help you?” I asked.

She paused for a moment. “Not for now, but I’ll make sure to leave you a note if we need to talk,” she added. “When I get a new mission, I will need a backup.”

I nodded. It was a sensible request. With the agreement in place, we talked for a couple more minutes, agreeing on several signals and locations to drop discreet messages in case we didn’t have the opportunity to talk face to face on an emergency.

I bid her a good night and left, surprised by the mundanity of the meeting. I was tempted to suggest testing my mana transfer skill, but I held back for two reasons. First, under all of her stiffness, she was still skittish. Second, and more importantly, I had no idea how I would measure against her Light Magic while she still had all of her mana, and didn’t want to risk it. Sooner or later, we were going to fight together, and she would need some extra mana to support...

Still, the night was young, and since I had left Helga enjoying a very deserved sleep. Luckily, I had another busy blonde friend that I hadn’t visited for the last few days.

I changed my path toward the Marianne’s room, intent on delivering a surprise visit. I even stopped in front of Cornelia’s room, sliding a note of invitation before moving forward. The note asked her to visit Marianne’s room, but dress normally rather than in her maid costume. I was tempted to humiliate her, but after a brief consideration, I decided against. Not only humiliating Cornelia next to her girlfriend —though my presence had muddied that term a lot — was not the best strategy to endear myself to either of them, but also that particular part of the training would be better under different circumstances.

After that brief detour, I arrived at Marianne’s door. As usual, neither the mundane nor the magical locks on her door helped as I opened the door, easily hiding myself from the view, even in a corridor filled with students of magic.

When I sneaked inside, I saw that Marianne was alone, on her desk, focused intently on a book in front of her. I carefully sneaked forward, careful not to alert her, and slipped to her dining room. Since I had already been there, I knew where the important things were, such as the wine bottles, glasses, and the cheese to accompany. I quickly prepared a small feast for us to enjoy in her bedroom, while she was still in her study, focused on her book, unaware of my presence.

I could have called for her, but I decided to make a flashier transition. I quickly dressed down to my birthday suit —as my musclebound body made a much better view than my ugly servant clothes— and slipped under her covers. Then I waved my hand, lighting several candles to

create a romantic atmosphere before slowly dimming the lights in her study, until the shining candles were the only light available, creating an intriguing trail for her to follow.

Her tenseness was visible when she stepped into her bedroom, an arcana spell twisting in her hand, ready to be launched, but it dissipated the moment she noticed my enticing presence, my naked torso glistening with the flickering candlelight, with her covers strategically pulled to the beginning of my abs, showing my muscles to the best effect while hiding the most critical part of my anatomy, leaving the responsibility of uncovering it had fallen to her.

“Caesar,” she gasped, excitement easily replacing her earlier trepidation. “Such a welcome surprise, but I wish you have notified me about your arrival, I would have prepared for you.” She gestured herself, her face without makeup, her hair casually gathered into a ponytail, wearing a casual thick nightie that made a good attempt to hide her body. It still failed, of course, as her curves were not so ordinary to yield her nightie’s mundane attempts, but the attempt was good enough to make her uncomfortable.

“Don’t worry, princess, you’re beautiful even when you’re dressed casually.” It was not the most impressive compliment, but with my charisma, it made her blush prettily.

“Still,” she murmured shyly, before she raised her head, a surprising level of assertiveness shining in her blue eyes. “Give me fifteen minutes,” she said. Without waiting for an answer, she ran to her wardrobe, pulled several items —and hiding them behind her body to conceal their nature— before she dashed away without waiting for a response.

I watched her surprising display of initiative with an amused smile, then lay on my back, enjoying the softness of her bed. Maybe I should ask her to buy another one. My room was in a desperate need for a better mattress.

I was enjoying the warm touch of quality red wine when I felt the ward I had left at the door triggering, but a follow up mirror spell showed that it was Cornelia, following my invitation. I cast a simple arcana spell, and glowing letters appeared in her field of view, asking her to come to the bedroom, but make sure to stay silent. I even added a couple of arrows to create a path for her to follow. I even silenced the bedroom, keeping Marianne unaware, wanting to surprise her further.

Then, Cornelia appeared in the bedroom, wearing an oversized robe that covered her whole body, her arms tight around as if she was trying to hide herself in case of accidental reveal, making me curious about what lay underneath. I gestured her to undress, and she did so without complaint, revealing that she was wearing a black lace set, designed in the same shape

with a corset, but soft enough to wrap her body perfectly. It wasn't like her body needed the support. Even more beautiful was the bite mark I had left on her shoulder the last time, suggesting my dominance. Surprisingly, she didn't try to hide, nor she flinched when my gaze found it. She was showing a surprising ability to accept her new circumstances.

Still, despite the amazing view, it took everything to prevent a frown from appearing on my face.

[More than 5 levels of difference! No Experience]

It was a completely new notification, and considering I was banking on the experience I would receive from her to push for a new level, rather untimely as well. I didn't know it was a feature that always existed or it was a consequence of passing level twenty barrier, but nonetheless, it was unwelcome.

Luckily, I was already planning to solve her leveling problem, which in turn would help me help me increase mine. And there was no point in delaying that.

I patted the bed, inviting her in. She walked forward without the slightest reluctance. Finally receiving an achievement must have broke most of her concerns. And compared to making her work as a maid, inviting her for a romantic evening was a much better option.

"Why the sudden change?" she whispered, unable to help herself as she closed in, making sure to walk seductively.

"You have been a good girl yesterday, and good girls get rewarded," I said to her, and she blushed, easily accepting the power imbalance inherit in my words. She was surprising me with the ease she had been showing. "Not to mention we have distressed our mutual blonde friend during our little scuffle."

"You're right," she murmured enthusiastically as she slid next to me, her body heat tempting me to ignore my earlier words and taste the fruits of her offerings. From the way her eyes were trailing my muscles hungrily, she clearly shared the same opinion.

"Good," I said even as I wrapped one arm around her waist, pulling her tight against my naked body, enjoying the sensation of her body pressing against mine. "So, are you happy with your new achievement?" I asked.

Her response was a lingering kiss, with a level of enthusiasm I would never expect from her a day ago, giving me insights about her personality much more than her fake dominant bluster.

She wanted to be taken care of, and by solving her biggest problem, I proved myself as the best candidate.

I was going to test that, to see just how much I could push my newfound dominance, but not today. No, today was a reward for them. For Cornelia, her surrender. For Marianne, enabling it to happen. Not to mention, they deserved a reward for starting everything. If it wasn't for their horniness, I would be still struggling to as a pathetic weakling stuck in level one.

Marianne signaled her arrival with a gasp. I turned to look at her, who was watching the scene with wide eyes —and a clear arousal— while Cornelia chose to speak. “Nice dress, honey,” she said.

I agreed. Marianne was wearing a white corset —a proper one unlike Cornelia. However, hers had one major modification. It ended just under her breasts, leaving her nipples naked while still supporting her already-perky breasts to the perfection, presenting them like a shelf. Her soft make up and new hairdo just enhanced the effect.

“Thanks,” Marianne murmured to answer Cornelia’s question, while I patted my other side, inviting her to the bed, and to an amazing show.

It was going to be a long, beautiful night...

[Level: 21 Experience: 228100 / 231000

Strength: 26 Charisma: 36

Precision: 19 Perception: 23

Agility: 23 Manipulation: 28

Speed: 21 Intelligence: 28

Endurance: 20 Wisdom: 30

HP: 2289 / 2289 Mana: 3045 / 3045]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Elemental [75/75]

Expert Biomancy [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty-One

Marianne was silent as she slid into the right side of the bed, her gaze bouncing between me and Cornelia, no doubt trying to understand the sudden change. Her surprise was understandable, as during our last encounter, things were rather heated, to a point that she actually cast spells indoors, triggering a battle, only to stop when I tricked her to believe that I was overwhelmingly strong.

At that point, I was several levels lower than her, so I had tricked her through excessive preparation and several tricks. Luckily, since then, my power grew so much that she was not intimidating toward me anymore. It was the reason I was not afraid of poking fun of her. “Cornelia, before we start, you have an apology to make to Marianne, for scaring her that badly.”

Marianne looked panicked, no doubt afraid of her reaction, but rather than pulling back, she slid next to me, her tight hug showing her trust. Cornelia, on the other hand, looked like she had swallowed a lemon, but she didn’t dally much before opening her mouth, no doubt aware that it was the much better option compared to the treatment of the previous night.

“I’m sorry, Mary,” she murmured. “I was shocked by Caesar’s surprise presence, and lashed out. I hope you can forgive me,” she said, as sincere as she could manage. Anger was still present in her tone, but I let it slide. I wanted to teach her obedience, but I didn’t want to extinguish the fire that was making her unique. I liked her passion, it just needed to be under my control...

“I understand,” Marianne said with a soft smile, though still a bit hesitant. She was skittish enough to be badly affected by Cornelia’s surprise lashing out. “It was a rather difficult situation.”

“Good,” I said, cutting in to dispel the sudden seriousness. I didn’t want to waste time when they have a lot of interesting things they could do to have fun. “Now, kiss and seal the apology,” I ordered.

Marianne blushed, while Cornelia smirked, though when their lips met directly in front of me as they leaned in from either side, neither was unenthusiastic. After all, my presence might have put a damper in their relationships, but they were lovers for a long time, and with that background came closeness.

[More than 5 levels of difference! No Experience]

The notification of no experience appeared once more, like the System was telling me that I was wasting time. It wasn't right, of course. Watching them kiss slowly and sensuously might not help me gain experience or progress my companion system, but watching them was a reward of its own.

As I watched, my blanket rose, lifted by my rock hard erection. I sighed in contentment as I felt a hand wrapping around the base, gently moving up and down. Surprisingly, it was Marianne that took the initiative. Cornelia noticed it when my breath hitched for a moment. She pulled back from the kiss for a second. "Someone is enthusiastic," she murmured before kissing her once again, this time sharp and passionate. Her hand joined the little game that was going under the blanket, taking the responsibility of the topside.

I put my hands on their bodies, softly caressing their sensitive spots. I avoided the obviously-sensitive areas, but after all the times we had spent together, I knew how to play their bodies like a flute. Even the most casual touches carried the ability to make them pant and moan helplessly.

I started slow, wanting to warm them up properly. I had big objectives for the evening. Cornelia had access to one of my biggest secrets, and at this point with their relationship repaired, it was inevitable that Marianne would learn it sooner and later. She had neither the personality nor the ambition to betray my secret, but giving her an even better reason to keep my secrets was a good idea.

Especially since there were no drawbacks for doing so.

With that in mind, I decided to start the proceedings with my shy blonde. I leaned down and pressed my lips against her neck, making her moan gently. Her back arched, and she would have broken off the kiss she was sharing with Cornelia if it wasn't for Cornelia's initiative to grab her hair to force maintain her kiss. I couldn't help but smirk in amusement as I watched Cornelia's rougher habits immediately showed itself. I didn't say anything though, as Marianne was obviously enjoying it.

Marianne's moans intensified as I moved down. First, I nibbled her collarbone to make her gasp loudly. Meanwhile, Cornelia moved until she was on top of me. At first, I had assumed that she was looking for easier access to Marianne, so, she surprised me greatly when she pushed her panties to the side sank herself onto my shaft, making me moan, all without interrupting her kiss with Marianne.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 27%]

It would be a lie if I said I wasn't surprised. Combined with her unconscious acceptance of my mark, it suggested that I had misread Cornelia's personality. I had thought that she was either a sadist or a naturally domineering person, who I had to force and break before remaking her as a better person. But the ease she adapted to my presence and my position over her suggested that maybe the situation was different. Maybe she was looking to connect with people, but her need to protect herself due to her family's complicated situation had been forcing her to always hold the upper hand.

Now that she found herself linked to me —she was smart enough to realize that my revealing such a big secret, I was staking a claim, and there was no retreat for her— she was slowly shedding herself of her earlier behaviors. Of course, the pleasure I provided had a rather big impact on the process as well.

In simpler terms, I managed to fuck the bitch out of her.

However, as Cornelia started rocking on my lap, my thoughts shifted back to the present. It was unfair for me not to pay attention to the beautiful girls that were doing their best to make me enjoy life. I grabbed Cornelia's lacy lingerie, and ripped it off just enough to reveal her breasts, but leaving the ripped fabric to hand on her body, partially covering her. Dressed like that, her red hair waving freely with her every move, she was even sexier than her naked state.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 31%]

As I enjoyed Cornelia's tightness, however, I used my Tantric abilities to carefully observe her soul space, checking to see if there was any side effect from her forced achievement. The view of her soul space was much clearer than the last time, understandable considering my Tantric skills had almost doubled since yesterday. Increasing the progress of the companion feature helped as well.

Seeing that the achievement integrated itself without an issue, I shifted my attention to the borders of her soul space, the reason for her inability to level up. Observing Aviada while she leveled naturally taught me a lot, and Helga's assisted leveling taught me even more about it. Ultimately, it was a lack of potential, reflected itself as the absence of elasticity. The solution was simple. I just needed to strengthen her soul space to ensure the barrier could expand.

Of course, simple didn't mean easy. I dumped a great amount of mana inside her, carefully directing it so that it was absorbed by the borders of her soul space rather than anything else.

[-723 Mana]

Despite the mana expenditure that would leave a weaker mage unconscious, her soul space barely reacted. Of course, I wasn't exactly hurting for mana with my regeneration perk active—especially when I was about to receive a new one from Cornelia soon—so a barely noticeable improvement was more than okay for me.

I was about to continue my enjoyable treatment, when Marianne decided to pull away from Cornelia's kiss. "You already started?" Marianne gasped in shock as she looked at where Cornelia was trying to melt into my body. "It's not fair! You were with him yesterday as well! It's my turn!"

I couldn't help but laugh at the point she had suddenly decided to push through her shyness and defend what she saw as her right. I wanted to shift, but two things prevented me. First, I was making progress with Cornelia's soul space, and didn't want to risk it.

Second, I didn't want to pull out of Cornelia's warm grasp until I could paint her insides, especially when she decided to show initiative.

"Well, you should have acted faster," I said to Marianne even as I slapped her ass. Her tight, beautiful ass jiggled beautifully under my touch while Marianne moaned helplessly.

"Not fair," she moaned playfully.

"I'm sure I can come up with some kind of compensation," I countered before I dived down to her bosom, leveraging the revealing corset she was wearing by clamping on her nipple, biting softly. Marianne moaned loudly. "How's this as an alternative?"

"Well," she murmured, "I might indeed deign to wait for a few minutes if you were to continue to pamper me like that," she answered, but before she could say anything else, Cornelia stole her lips again.

Cornelia was in deep arousal. Her hips were grinding mercilessly back and forth like she was trying to break my bones, her moans rising despite Marianne's lips.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 31%]

"I have a better idea," I suddenly said even as I wrapped my arms around Cornelia's waist and pulled her off, and threw her on the bed, her back hitting the soft mattress hard enough to make a sound. Both girls froze at the sudden change, but before they could react, I was already between Cornelia's legs, once again sliding inside her warmth. "Sit on her face," I ordered Marianne as I started impaling Cornelia repeatedly in a merciless rhythm, our flesh clapping

mixing with her cries of joy.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 35%]

Marianne followed my orders immediately, pulling down her panties to reveal her delicious entrance, shining with arousal. She reached for her corset as well, but I gestured her to keep it on. Since the corset was low enough to reveal her beautiful breasts, I wanted to keep it. Also, its contrast with Cornelia's black lingerie —though mostly scraps at this point— added a touch of color to our embrace as well.

Cornelia responded immediately as Marianne sat on her face, her tongue darting out in a furious dance. I grabbed Marianne's hair and pulled her close into a searing kiss, tasting Cornelia from her lips. Under a concentrated assault, Marianne started gasping and moaning, some suppressed by my lips, some overcoming the barrier they presented. And when I put one of my hands on her breast and sank my fingers into her inviting flesh, her cries got even louder.

With Marianne properly distracted, I turned my attention back to Cornelia, and not just the way she was tightening around my shaft. I pushed another dose of mana inside her, once again strengthening her soul space. At the same time, I put my other hand on her chest, squeezing her smaller, but also firmer, breasts.

[-357 Mana]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 39%]

This time, despite spending less mana, the impact was clearer. Ultimately, it might be the pleasure she was feeling. Trying to deal with all different aspects, her control over her power was weaker, helping me to manipulate her soul space easier.

That, or it was simply because of the progress of the companion acquisition —which was also progressing quite a bit faster than the previous times, but I had a feeling that it had a link with my increased level or heightened charisma.

Whatever it was, it was working perfectly, so I continued ramming inside her, each push making her moan louder. However, I had a simple and fun way of testing that. A brief moment of concentration allowed me to solidify air into an accurate replica of my shaft. I pulled away from kissing Marianne for a moment, only to jam that in her mouth. She gagged and wheezed, but when I pulled back, the magical dildo was shining with her spit.

“Couldn't you use a spell to lubricate it?” Marianne asked exasperatedly.

“I could have, but that’s more fun,” I answered. I cast another spell, this time to prepare Cornelia’s backdoor to surprise intrusion. Biomancy was not just useful for destroying the undead. I slowly pushed the dildo in her backdoor without breaking a stride. Cornelia tried to cry, but Marianne was in place to silence her perfectly.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 42%]

[-235 Mana]

Despite the overwhelming increase in pleasure, I only detected a small improvement at the ease I was able to strengthen Cornelia’s soul space, which could be accounted for increased companion interaction. Not exactly a drawback, but good to know, though I was a bit sad to lose the excuse to have a spectacular orgy.

On second thought, nothing was preventing me to have one.

As I continued to impale Cornelia from multiple angles, Marianne started to have a jealous look on her face whenever she pulled away from the kiss we shared, especially as Cornelia started to lose control of her tongue as she experienced yet another climax, trembling and gasping, but still taking it like a champion. However, despite the pleasure, it was starting to make Marianne a bit neglected.

A change in position was in order, I decided. Another spell ensured that the toy in Cornelia’s backdoor continued to pump while I pulled out. Marianne pulled back, reading the situation correctly. I lay on my back, and Cornelia immediately climbed up on my lap, her hands on my chest to balance herself as she tried to ride me while she was trembling with the after-effects of the orgasms she had experienced.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 46%]

[-467 Mana]

“Are you going to wait there, or are you going to give me a taste as well,” I asked Marianne, and she sat on my face, though she was watching Cornelia jumping up and down with a not-inconsiderable amount of jealousy.

My tongue darted out, circling around her clit and brushed against her sensitive spots. “Yesss!” Marianne cried loudly, suddenly much happier about getting an oral treatment. Luckily, Cornelia was far too gone to notice the reason, or even if she did, feel jealous. She was too busy enjoying the moment.

Of course, it wasn't just my —rather phenomenal— lovemaking that was making her climax common and effective at the same time. No, she was being extra sensitive, because the treatment she was receiving in her soul space was affecting her mood and amplifying her pleasure.

With Marianne sitting on my face, I couldn't see anything, but the sound of their kissing was rather clear. I let it continue, but as Cornelia tightened once more, I felt climax knocking on my door as well. I could have hold myself back, but the idea of filling Cornelia to the brim was simply too tempting. Finally, I exploded, and sent a wide mana rush along with it.

[-1210 Mana]

[Achievement: Border Breaker. Limits might be set in stone, but no stone is unbreakable. +2 to All, +10000 Experience]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Master Arcana, Master Elemental, Master Biomancy]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 49%]

“Yes, yes, YESSS!” Cornelia cried as I filled her, climbing steadily toward yet another orgasm while I enjoyed the beautiful feeling of getting yet another level. I barely had enough time to select my new skill —Biomancy, as the necromancers were still the biggest threat, and I needed to be ready for them— before Cornelia tightened, signaling her own climax.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 50% - Second Stage Completed +10000 Exp]

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 2. Duration, 8 hours]

“Finally!” Cornelia cried deliriously as the earthquake hit her. “Another achievement!” she whispered, her tone drunken. I was happy as well, because unlike Cornelia, I could feel that the achievement sinking into her soul space without my intervention. It wasn't a surprise though, as the earlier achievement had already confirmed it.

Her level limit was finally raised.

It was yet another impossible thing I had achieved. But before I could consider its implications, Cornelia collapsed against my chest, the strain from a combination of her transformation, a new achievement, and several orgasms finally overcoming her willpower.

It wouldn't have prevented me from having some deep thoughts, of course, but Marianne pushed Cornelia to the side in an instant. "My turn!" she growled as she took Cornelia's place. She impaled herself to my shaft, which was already erect thanks to my ridiculously high endurance.

It seemed that I had a jealous blonde to placate...

[Level: 22 Experience: 248100 / 253000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 25

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 32

HP: 2618 / 2618 Mana: 1820 / 3410]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [75/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Elemental [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty-Two

“Somebody is impatient,” I said even as I looked up to catch her beautiful blue eyes, enjoying the impatience and arousal dancing behind them. Marianne was normally so passive, but apparently, watching —relatively— passively as Cornelia got fucked into exhaustion managed to break her endless patience.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 19%]

“You made me wait too much,” she answered with a moan even as she started jumping up and down on my lap, her tits dangling sexily. “That was rude, you come here and make me excited, only to spend all your time with Cornelia.”

“Sorry,” I said, but my smirk showing my insincerity, which earned a playful slap even as she continued to ride me without missing a beat. “But we had been working hard with her to solve her leveling problem, and now that I have solved it, she deserved a bit of celebration, doesn’t she?”

This time, Marianne’s determined ride stopped, her expression twisted in shock. “You solved her leveling problem?” she gasped. “Impossible!”

“Is it, though?” I answered even as I used the opportunity to switch positions, with her lying under me, but instead of taking a mild missionary position, I put her legs to my shoulder, locking her in a sexy prison. As I impaled her as deep as I could manage, she gasped loudly. Delicious, I decided.

“It was supposed to-” she started, only to be interrupted by her own moan as my shaft filled her completely. “It was supposed to be impossible,” she completed. “That’s what everyone says. It’ll make you a hero!” she said excitedly.

“No!” I warned in a dark tone. “That’s going to stay a secret, unless you want all of us to suddenly get locked in a cell and get experimented again and again.” To be fair, with my power and my ability to elevate others, I wasn’t entirely sure that would be my fate. They might decide not to risk it and decide to cooperate with me instead, but even that best case was not a good option for me. I was doing pretty well without any oversight, and I had no intention of changing it.

“I understand,” Marianne gasped fearfully, and I could see the realization in her eyes. She stiffened with fear, and I realized I might have overdone with the intimidation.

“Good girl,” I answered even as I leaned down to capture her lips in a searing kiss, one that I stretched until her stiffness disappeared, once again moaning as I slammed repeatedly inside her.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 21%]

For a moment, silence ruled the room —discounting the clap of our bodies slamming together, my grunts, and her moans— while I appreciated the rapid increase of the companion process. With that, I remembered that I was yet to examine her soul space, and sent a tendril inside.

The results of my findings didn’t surprise me. Like my other magically-inclined partners, her physical stats were simply abysmal while mental ones were at least workable. Only her wisdom was a step above the rest, and even that was below twenty. Like the others, she had one primary skill, one I easily recognized as a more specialized version of my biomancy —likely healing— so I started examining it more carefully. It was at Grandmaster level, I recognized, but unlike the others, it was yet to fully mature, probably requiring one or two levels before it completed its evolution and she was free to select another skill.

However, I received another surprise as I examined her skill in detail.

[+13 Biomancy]

The sudden jump was completely unexpected, and it occurred when our skills touched for a moment. Even more surprisingly, I could feel her skill evolving as well, though not to the same extent. “Why did I just gain three points of healing?” she asked, shocked.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 24%]

“A little gift for you,” I answered even as I impaled her even deeper. “Did you assume that Cornelia was going to be the only one that gets some benefits?” I asked. She didn’t answer, but the astonished expression on her face was answer enough. I shrugged. Since she had already received an important clue, there was no harm pushing it even more.

“What would you do if I tell you I have another gift in mind?” I asked, and her expression turned into shock and elation. It was understandable, as not everyone shared my ridiculous growth potential. Just gaining a few extra points to a high-level skill was not something she expected to happen in one day, and here I was, offering her even more.

“Whatever you want!” she exclaimed without even thinking, something I had all the intention of taking seriously. Luckily for her, my objectives didn’t run contrary to hers.

“Excellent,” I said as I leaned for a kiss while I continued to slam, until the companion process clicked again.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 25% - First Stage Completed +5000 Exp]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Grandmaster Biomancy (Requires 5 Points), Master Arcana, Master Elemental]

“An achievement!” Marianne stammered in shock, unable to believe what had just happened. While she enjoyed her fascination, I turned my attention to my skill selection, and after brief consideration, chose Elemental, despite the temptation of selecting Biomancy. An even stronger life-based ability would have been useful against the necromancers, but I wasn’t willing to make the commitment for the next five levels.

Ultimately, my versatility was the reason for my great success, and I had no reason to change that after the incredible boosts I had received to my skills, allowing me to progress more on my path without making big sacrifices.

Marianne sat on the edge of the bed, and I sat next to her, close enough for our shoulders to touch. She put her head on my shoulder, and murmured. “How?”

“It’s a secret ability of mine,” I told her, though I didn’t give more detail. After she had already received her first achievement, that part wasn’t exactly a secret, after all. However, I didn’t explain more, as I still needed to make sure I could trust her. “It’s just the tip of the iceberg,” I explained. “You’ll receive more benefits as we continue,” she explained.

“Why me? Why Cornelia?” she asked. “Is it because of our families?” she added, this time her voice trembling just a bit, like she was afraid she was just a tool to be discarded.

“No, on the contrary, your noble identities make things unnecessarily complicated for me,” I answered, which had the benefit of being completely true. Of course, the real answer was because of luck, then my stubbornness, but I doubt she would have liked to hear that particular answer.

“Then, why?” she asked.

“Because you are beautiful, kind, and very very sexy,” I answered as I gently grabbed her chin and stole a tender, lingering kiss, one that eroded her fears immediately. Charisma was such a

useful trait. “Not to mention you’re very skilled in your area, meaning with my assistance, you have the potential to become an overwhelming powerhouse.”

“Really? That’s it?” she asked, her smile blossoming. Apparently, the fact that I chose her for her beauty and skills rather than her family name was a great relief to her. Then, she frowned a bit. “But I’m just a healer, nothing impressive like Cornelia. She’s majestic, and with the potential to gain levels once more, she’ll just become even more magnificent. What if you get bored with me.”

I couldn’t help but chuckle. Even before I had gained a deeper understanding of their relationship, it was clear that Marianne had a star-struck attitude toward Cornelia, so her fears of being left behind where another woman might feel jealous were very much understandable.

“First of all, a healer is definitely not worthless, no matter the situation,” I stated, which was completely correct. A healer was always a strategic asset that increased the combat effectiveness of any group by several orders of magnitude. I could heal, of course, but due to my generalist skill, not as effectively —my stats and my huge mana pool compensated for that, but I had many roles in a combat situation, so a proper healer was always welcome.

Then, I briefly considered the biggest challenge I was facing, and decided to test her. “Secondly, you don’t have to be only a healer,” I said even as I raised my hand, gathering a glowing ball of life energy, the same one I was using to fight against the undead with incredible efficiency.

[-2 Mana]

“What’s this,” Marianne murmured, fascinated as she poked her finger, enjoying the sensation.

“It’s a variant of healing spell that I had been using against the undead with incredible efficiency,” I explained. “If you can learn that, you’ll be several times more efficient against the undead.

“Really?” she asked, her enthusiasm shining. “But I can’t take a new skill for the next two levels, and even then, who knows when I’ll have the opportunity to select the correct one,” she added, her enthusiasm wilting instantly.

“Doesn’t matter, I don’t want you to learn a new skill, I want you to figure out how to replicate this by leveraging your healing abilities, it’s not that different.”

“But that’s impossible...” she started, only to drift out. “It’s not impossible, is it?” she said. I smiled positively, and she beamed before raising her hand, and her mana rose, trying to

replicate it.

It wasn't a simple thing to even with an example in front of her. But she didn't feel discouraged as she spent the next half an hour trying to work that out, only to get the slightest success even with all my recommendations. I was glad that I still had the temporary skill I gained from Helga active, allowing me to make theoretical leaps that would have been otherwise impossible even with my abilities.

In the end, when her mana pool was emptied, we only have a fleeting success, something that wouldn't hurt even the weakest skeleton. "Sorry," she murmured. "I failed."

Unlike her, I was smiling widely. I kissed her to cheer her. "Don't worry about it, it's not something you can succeed in a session, and from what I saw, I can confidently state success is possible. You just need to work more," I said.

"I won't disappoint you," she said resolutely, and I rewarded her with another kiss, hugging her comfortingly.

"I know you won't. Just continue working on it tomorrow," I answered. I could have injected more mana into her and make her continue practicing, but we have stopped enough. I grabbed her corset, and ripping it off with one simple pull, earning a shocked yet excited cry for her. "We can return to our fun, then," I said.

"Y-" she tried to start, only for her to get silenced by another kiss, this time with a lot of tongue. I let my hands dance over her body while she managed to take a seat on my lap, once again engulfing my shaft with her warmth. To make things more exciting, I stood up and started walking around the room, cutting her feet off the ground, impaling her deep with every step.

She moaned loudly with each step, enjoying her joyride as I patrolled the bedroom repeatedly.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 29%]

"Fill me up," she moaned. I want to feel your warmth inside me, spoiling me, covering me..." she repeated dazedly. Who was I to disappoint the wishes of such a beautiful lady?

I moved to the closest wall and pressed until her back was straight against its cold surface, allowing me to cut loose mercilessly as I slammed inside her repeatedly. Her fat breasts pressed against my chest, wobbling with each beat like they were waves threatening to drown me. It was nothing, however, compared to her hungry kiss, trying to devour my lips, once again confirming the fact that it was the quiet ones you needed to watch out for.

However, realizing that there was still a bit until I cum, I decided to pull another trick on her, one that as a healer, she would easily understand the difficulty. I pulled out even as I flared my mana, and when I put my hand on my shaft, it grew three more inches and thickened considerably.

[-246 Mana]

[+4 Biomancy]

It was a costly spell that took a lot of expertise, but for me, it was as easy as breathing — partially thanks to my magical theory skill still active, allowing me to draw correct lessons and insights from the earlier practice attempts.

The results were worth it. Her eyes grew in shock. “How,” she murmured fascinatingly, but it was immediately replaced with fear as I pressed it against her entrance, threatening to tear her apart. “I can’t take it!” she gasped, but that didn’t prevent her from moaning as I slowly but steadily pushed her inside her, enjoying a whole new level of tightness.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 36%]

The sudden jump in the companion process, however, showed her rather impressive appreciation. I pushed even deeper, and she moaned, helpless but in ecstasy, her earlier fears discarded under the new sensation. She started trembling, signaling an instant climax.

I knew that she was very appreciative of my already-impressive size, but the fact that she turned out to be a true size queen was a surprise. A pleasant surprise that I was willing to use to the limit, though I made sure to maintain an active observation with my healing just in case.

I pushed, and she moaned deliciously, moving steadily toward another orgasm before the aftershocks of the first one had subsumed. And since I was actively maintaining a Biomancy observation, I decided to apply another trick, and prepared her back entrance for an intrusion.

The way her eyes widened in shock and arousal as I pressed my engorged shaft against her puckered hole was beautiful. “Im-impossible,” she muttered, but the crown was already in her puckered hole when she uttered the last syllable, too busy crying in pain and pleasure. I slammed deep, pumped a couple of times, then pulled out and repeated the action on her proper entrance.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 42%]

She was like a precious toy under my control, helpless to resist my perverse merciless assault. Of course, her face, contorted with a thick pleasure, provided an alternative narrative to that dark tale.

She was mine, I decided. Just like Helga, Marianne was mine, and I had no intention of letting her go.

“Tell me who you are,” I asked.

“I’m your slut,” she slurred, pleasure threatening to drown her completely. “You own me as long as you fuck me like this,” she added, once again managing to surprise me with her transformation.

“Good girl,” I said even as exploded inside her, filling her to the brim.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 46%]

She looked like she was about to fall unconscious, which was not acceptable, not when we were about to complete the second stage of the companion process. A simple healing spell prevented me from going soft, while another spell provided her with a jolt of energy, enough to keep her from falling unconscious.

“Ready for another round,” I said even as I wrapped my arms around her waist and started walking once more, this time directly to the bed, and I laid her on top of Cornelia. Marianne twisted until she was on all fours, her knees and hands on both sides of Cornelia while her tits dangled just inches above Cornelia’s.

Another delicious view, I thought for a second even as I plunged into Marianne’s tight hole, enjoying the way her moans echoed, but Cornelia was too exhausted to actually wake up, even when my seed and Marianne’s juices spilled over her body, covering her legs and stomach.

Enjoying the enhanced tightness of her body, this time, it didn’t take long for me to near another climax. Before I exploded, however, Marianne’s progress finally reached the critical point, and triggered a welcome notification.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 50% - Second Stage Completed +10000 Exp]

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 3. Duration, 8 hours]

Another load was a good reward for her diligence, I decided, even as she slurred with joy, trying

to celebrate her second achievement, but too far gone to mutter a coherent word. I impaled my shaft into her tight hole and exploded, filling a second hole with my seed.

This time, when she fell on top of Cornelia, exhausted, I let her be after pulling the cover on her, leaving them wrapped in a dirty hug. They both had enough excitement for the night and deserved their rest.

I also gained some incredible benefits. Levels were always welcome, and I managed to bring possible mana regeneration perks to four, and from the current speed of regeneration, I assumed that my mana pool would be regenerated fully every fifteen minutes when all instances were active.

Meaning, I could the girls allow over fifteen thousand experience points every hour. Once I decided it was safe enough to reveal that secret, the leveling process of the girls would get a lot faster...

And a lot more fun, together...

[Level: 23 Experience: 263100 / 276000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 25

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 32

HP: 2737 / 2737 Mana: 3265 / 3565]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [92/100]

Master Elemental [75/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty-Three

It was barely after midnight when I left Marianne's room, and was exploding with energy. Helga was exhausted, and Aviada was not much better after our morning adventure. Titania was unfortunately inaccessible, and the less it was said about Marianne and Cornelia, the better.

I was hit by the surprising realization that I needed to expand my circle of ... let's call it 'close friends', the best I could do without being extremely crass.

However, that realization didn't help me in the middle of the night. I could have gone to sleep, of course, but I didn't want to waste the three instances of mana regeneration. Maybe I should go for another hunting trip, this time without Aviada, to properly test my new limits.

Even with that decision, however, I started walking toward the wing that housed the female warriors. I wanted to go out alone, and I trusted my magical abilities, especially with three instances of regeneration active, but a little extra insurance in the form of a masterpiece magical sword wouldn't be amiss.

Sneaking through the empty corridors was trivial, but when I arrived at Aviada's door, I hit a little snag. I could hear Aviada's tone, speaking with someone. A small arcana spell allowed me to peek through the keyhole, and revealed that Aviada sitting on her bed across a redheaded figure whom I could only see her back.

My eyes were sharp enough to recognize her impressive curves. It was Aviada's redheaded friend that I met in the showers —if I could classify that as a meeting. Regardless, considering the compromising conditions of our first encounter, barging in was not exactly a problem.

I managed to sneak inside without alerting them, amusing considering they were supposed to be sharp-eyed warriors. Feeling mischievous, I cast a silencing ward to make sure we didn't alert the whole ward, then spoke. "Hi girls, having a nice evening?" I asked.

The redheaded friend, Carla if I was remembering correctly, jumped to her feet, her hands reaching to her back to get a weapon that was absent while her hand dipped to the side. Just from that move, I could see that she was an archer, trying to get her bow and arrow at the same time. It was an impressive move, too bad that she was only equipped by a long conservative nightie.

Correction, wearing a nightie that would have been conservative if it was being worn by someone less endowed, because both her hips and her breasts were stretching the thick fabric

to the limit temptingly.

Before I could enjoy the sight to my heart's content, Aviada spoke. "Honey," she murmured with an exaggerated tone even as she pushed her chest out, her nightie struggling to contain her assets as well, just not at Carla's level. But Aviada was a smart warrior, and discreetly popped a couple of buttons to equalize the situation. "What a nice surprise!"

Her out of character response was amusing. Not the enthusiasm itself, as Aviada could act with a burning need whenever she desired something, but actually using her words to express her emotions. When Carla turned to give her an incredulous look, and Aviada responded with a smugly satisfied one, I understood the reason. Aviada was using me to brag to her friend, who no doubt had been grilling Aviada about our morning encounter.

"So, he just comes and goes whenever he wants," Carla said exasperatedly. "Who is he, exactly?"

Before Aviada could speak, I sneaked behind her, and whispered. "He could speak for himself," I said, and she jumped in shock, unable to catch my movement.

"How?" she stammered, her eyes wide. "I'm a ranger! No one can sneak up to me, especially not when I'm aware of their presence."

"If you say so," I answered with a soft smile, fully aware it was a more devastating brag than actually bragging openly. Carla blushed, but her eyes flickered with anger, but she didn't say anything before I sat down.

"So, what brings you here, sweetie," Aviada said as she put her hand on my shoulder, caressing softly. Well, if she wanted to play, I was going to play. I grabbed her waist and pulled her on my lap, nibbling her neck. "Stop," she giggled, another surprising reaction. "Don't do in front of Carla, she gets jealous."

I smirked at her words. Combined with Carla's flush of frustration, it was easy to understand the reason for Aviada's shift. They were clearly good friends, likely with a long-standing argument about boys and boyfriends. "Sorry," I said to Carla, not bothering to hide my smirk as I wrapped my arms around Aviada, pulling her tight.

"Okay," Carla stammered, trying to look unaffected but failing badly. "I should go, you're clearly going to be busy."

"Actually, you can stay. I'm just here to borrow something and then I'm going to leave," I said.

Aviada turned to look at me questioningly, and I nodded. It was only one thing that could borrow from her that would make a significant impact on my prowess.

“Sure,” she said as she stood up and reached for her sword, but when she returned, she gave me a flirty wink. I understood exactly what she was asking, when she carefully pulled the backside of her ass, giving me a glimpse of her naked bottom. Just as she was about to sit, I cast a spell to pull down my zipper and free my shaft, only to push it directly into her slit.

If she wanted a sneaky quickie in front of her friend in exchange, who was I to argue.

“I can’t believe you’re giving him your sword,” Carla said, shocked.

Aviada shrugged, which was a good excuse to hide her movement as she tried to fit the entirety of my shaft into her unprepared entrance. To her credit, she managed to struggle without an outward signal. “I trust him,” she simply said.

“I can’t believe you! You trust him! What do you even know about him? I have never seen him in any of our incursions or classes,” Carla said angrily.

“It’s expected,” Aviada answered.

“Why?”

“Because he’s a mage,” Aviada simply said. I couldn’t help but feel amused at her words more than Carla’s shocked reaction. A few days ago, Aviada would have never willingly admitted that I was a mage, thinking it as a shameful detail that needed to be hidden. Instead, she was using that as a humorous detail to mess with her friend to the point that she was underselling my warrior capabilities.

It was an amusing change.

“He’s a mage?” Carla countered as her gaze danced on my body, namely my thick arms and my broad shoulders that suggested a lot of explosive power. “Bullshit,” she countered. “Mages does not like this, and a mage could never sneak upon to me,” she said heatedly, in her anger, missing the fact that Aviada started moving up and down on my lap, struggling to keep her face straight. “And if he’s a mage, why does he need your sword?”

“Well, he dabbles with it a bit, and I see no problem letting him borrow my sword,” Aviada said, still hiding the fact that it was my ‘sword’ that she was currently borrowing.

“I don’t believe it,” Carla said resolutely, the stubborn expression on her face giving me insights about why these two were friends.

“Well, if you need proof,” I said. I raised my hand, and cast a small, glowing ball of fire, dancing freely before it turned into water, then pulled the dust particles around to turn into a small but tight piece of glistening rock, only to disappear into the air. It was a simple, but impressive display of elemental abilities.

“Impossible,” she murmured as she closed her eyes. “How did you sneak in, then?” she said. “A mage could never beat a ranger when it comes to concealment and observation.”

“Never? Are you sure?” I said. “Do you want to bet?”

“Yes, whatever you want!” she answered.

“If you’re sure,” I said even as I grabbed Aviada’s shoulders and pressed her down while I let myself explode into Aviada, making her moan loudly. It was a bit premature, but I wanted to make a point. Then, I raised Aviada’s skirt, and showing my presence lodged inside her, making Carla’s chin drop in shock, immediately followed by a blush that left her rooted in place.

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 4. Duration, 8 hours]

I was expecting Aviada to be a bit dissatisfied, but the sudden shift from sneaky sex to voyeurism had managed to trigger her as well, leaving her gasping and trembling.

“Thanks for the sword, sweetie,” I said as I kissed her lips, then pulled out of her and left her trembling on the bed, but with satisfaction on the bed. Normally, she would be asking for the second round, but she was still sated by our morning activities. I fixed my pants, grabbed the sword, and started walking toward the door, only to stop next to Carla.

“So, when do you want to handle the results of our bet?” I asked her, leaning forward just a bit like I was about to kiss her, but stopped before making contact.

“N-no, it doesn’t count,” she tried to stammer.

“Oh, honey, believe me, it does,” I answered even as I put my hand on her thigh, and slowly let it climb up, and she stayed frozen. But just as it was about to touch her wet lips, I pulled back. “I’ll send you a message I feel like taking the forfeit,” I said and started walking once again, aware that both pairs of eyes were fixed on me, a pair shining with pride, the other with shock.

Then, just as I was about to leave the room, I gave her one last look. “Or maybe, I’ll drop by one evening,” I said, enjoying her gasp just as I left the room. I dispelled the silencing ward, only for Aviada’s laughter to reach into my ears.

Amused by the unexpectedly productive visit, I left the school as quickly as possible. I wanted to be back before the sunrise, and more importantly, I want to use my four active mana regeneration perks to the limit, lowering my complete regeneration time to fifteen minutes.

Sneaking out of school was getting easier and easier as I got stronger. After getting away from the walls, I started running with a mad dash, using my enhanced speed and endurance to a great effect, running faster than a magically-enhanced horse.

That was not without cost, of course, as it drained my stamina quite quickly. Luckily, I had the solution for it as well.

[-120 Mana]

[+1 Biomancy]

Recovering stamina was supposed to be a simple spell, but with a simple caveat. The stronger the target, the higher the stamina, harder to recover. And considering my stats were averaging around thirty, my recovery required a lot of mana, not that I cared about the expense, when that amount recovered in less than thirty seconds.

As I moved, detection spells came quite useful. Without Aviada to protect, I was free to sneak around. Especially with the assistance from some arcana spells to erase my smell and suppress my sound, I managed to ambush several dangerous creatures with very valuable ingredients on the way, my pack getting bigger and bigger even if I just took the lightest and most precious pieces.

However, it was a delight to sneak to a Shadow Wolf, and cut their head with a blast of wind blade, turning the table on the sneaky hunters. For the next hour, I never came across a creature stronger than Class twelve, which was a bit unfortunate. Still, the hunt was plenty, and after the first hour, the items I had picked managed to overwhelm my carrying capacity —if I still wanted to be able to sneak, of course.

[-7530 Mana]

[+11 Elemental]

[+7 Biomancy]

So, I found a cave, killed the thunder bear that staked its claim, preparing to set up several defenses. At first, I was going to create a temporary spot just to hold for the evening, allowing me to store my items, but then I remembered my last encounter against the necromancers, how I had struggled to hide while I waited for my mana to regenerate.

I needed better hideouts, I suddenly decided. There's no guarantee that I wouldn't have another encounter with the necromancers or another group. Also, having such a spot near the school would be useful I needed to run away. At this point, it wasn't very likely, but still, I would be more relaxed if I addressed it.

So, I changed my plan just a bit. Rather than reinforcing the cave itself, I used my earth elemental to dig a tunnel, and once I reached the target depth, I dug myself a large room, enough to host several people for a couple of days without a problem while also storing the desired items.

After setting up the defenses of my room, the ones in the cave was almost trivial, because unlike the school, I didn't need to hide it from hundreds of mage that was in close proximity, nor I was afraid of someone accidentally triggering something, allowing me to set up stronger and more aggressive defenses with less effort. I engraved flame traps, quicksands, water bolts, explosions of life energies —in case they try to use undead to trigger— and even tracking arcana missiles...

[-5420 Mana]

[+2 Elemental]

After adding several wards to hide the magical signature of the defenses and any possible occupants, the hideout was ready. I added another hidden exit just in case —a tunnel that traveled even deeper into the earth, rigged with explosives— my new hideout was ready. It was supremely uncomfortable of course, lacking any furniture, but it was safe. I was happy with the result even if it had used almost all the reagents I had collected.

Safety was important.

When I moved above ground, my mind was already made up about setting up several more outposts in all directions, but not tonight. Tonight I wanted to hunt... So, I decided to get away from the school even more, as even during the night, the surrounding area wasn't exactly dangerous. Running was nice, but I wanted to use a new trick.

So, I spent a great deal of power to create an imitation of a wind elemental —a real one was simply too dangerous, nor I had the time or ability to summon one— and mounted that. It flew close to the earth, easily moving several times my speed, but with a corresponding mana expenditure. In ten minutes, I traveled more than a hundred miles, but also it drained my mana pool almost completely despite the regeneration.

[-6211 Mana]

[Mana: 1211 / 3565]

[+4 Elemental]

I stopped in a concealed spot and dispelled the pseudo-elemental, taking deep breaths. I needed a more convenient method of fast travel, I decided. Pity that I lacked the ability to construct it. Maybe I should meet with the Enchanter Aviada recommended sooner than later.

After I rested for five minutes, I started casting wide-area detection spells. I was looking for a big target to test my abilities, maybe something like a Lunar Ursa or even a Goliath that would push me to my limits, when one of my detection spells gave me a result.

A biomancy-based detection spell... Suddenly, I had more interesting prey to hunt...

[Level: 23 Experience: 263100 / 276000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 25

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 32

HP: 2737 / 2737 Mana: 3265 / 3565]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [92/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty-Four

The moment I detected a group of undead, a smile appeared on my face, cold enough to chill a necromancer if one had been unlucky enough to observe it. Discounting the encounter with the shade, I had faced against necromancers twice, and both times, they had the initiative, forcing me to face dangerous odds.

This time, I had all the control, and I was more than willing to teach them just how big of a difference it would make.

One little drawback about my increased biomancy skills was the increased detection range. I had to travel a couple of miles before I saw the group that triggered my senses. It was a small group, one necromancer, and around a hundred assorted skeletons and other low-level raised creatures. Destroying them would barely take a minute, but one detail prevented me from doing so.

They were dragging several creature corpses toward them. It wasn't the corpses themselves that dissuaded me of course, but the fact that they were traveling toward a certain direction. I decided to follow them, hoping to discover their base of operation. After all, it was unlikely that I was the only one who was able to set up a hard-to-detect defensive bastion.

Following them was not a fun affair, not because of danger —as not only it was impossible for the undead to detect me, but also most creatures didn't come too close to the undead, a combination of their negative energy and their smell enough to dissuade the lower-level creatures. This meant that I had a pretty boring trek following them.

Not one to waste time, I started practicing a new trick with Biomancy. Since Biomancy allowed me to use life energy in a variety of ways, maybe it could also allow me to fake the death energy the undead was spreading around. I closed my eyes for a moment, extending my sense to examine the effect in detail, trying to understand the death energy.

Just from a glance, it was obvious that death energy was a corrupted variant of life energy, one that wasn't that hard to create. After examining it for five minutes, I realized that I could easily master its usage after a couple of repeats. It wasn't even that difficult.

The problem was avoiding the effects. I could see the effects of corruption and degradation on the necromancers pretty easily, but that didn't give me an idea about just how easily such effects had started. I wasn't really willing to test it, however. For some reason, a part of my mind was repulsed by the idea. I decided to follow my instincts.

However, that still left me with the challenge of avoiding their detection. Maybe I could reverse the effect, I suddenly decided, enjoying the sudden insight generated by the magical theory — that new perk was definitely proving its worth. I used my biomancy skill not to radiate life energy, but slowly drain it from my surroundings. It was a soft effect, not harming even a bug since it lacked the death energy's persistence, but from a distance, it looked like an undead's death energy.

It would never trick a careful examiner, or even a casual glance from a proficient one, but it gave me enough confidence to try to slip into the skeleton horde after casting an illusion to hide as a zombie. I cast the required spells, and then moved forward.

My hand was tight around my sword, but I wasn't feeling afraid. Why would I, when I could incinerate the whole horde with just a spell? The worst thing that would happen was losing the chance of infiltration. A pity, but definitely not something to be afraid of.

I moved another twenty minutes as a part of the skeleton horde, until it came to a sudden stop. The necromancers moved forward until it stopped in front of a stone, then activated a spell, making a detection wave spread, filled with death energy, enough to break through my poor concealment.

"Damn," I murmured even as I noticed the necromancer dashing forward, with a necrotic bolt already in hand, shining purple and black. I needed a distraction. Then, my eyes fell on the nearest creature corpse, and I cast a healing spell on it. The creature was dead, so it wouldn't resurrect, but it still repaired the body a bit, just enough that when I cast a weak lightning spell, it flinched wildly.

Necromancer's mad dash slowed when he noticed the wildly flailing creature. "Fucking mindless undead," he murmured, threw the death bolt to the creature to make it stop, and turned his back. When he arrived at the stone, luckily, he didn't activate the detection ward once more. Instead, he cast a couple of spells, and the ground suddenly parted, showing a tunnel, much wider than I had created.

If it wasn't for my elemental abilities, I would never dare to step into an underground facility filled with undead, but I decided to take the risk with it. No matter how crowded it was, and how strong the defensive abilities, defensive structures were not impenetrable, especially from inside. That didn't mean it was completely risk-free of course, but the temptation of finally getting some intelligence on the activities of the necromancers was simply too tempting.

With that in mind, I stayed mixed with the horde as we stepped inside a dark tunnel layered

with runes after runes, the magical energy getting thicker the further we moved. It was a work of years, maybe even decades. I couldn't help but feel alarmed at such an impressive construction project going unnoticed that close to the school.

The alternative was even scarier, that it was noticed, but their allies inside were able to suppress it. It shouldn't be possible, but considering that they were feeling confident enough to ambush one of the strongest faculty members—and gather the necessary intelligence to do so successfully— maybe they were entrenched enough to actually succeed with that.

Maybe some of the dissident voices were right about the fate of the Empire, and the need for action. If the Empire's most important education organization, responsible for churning its key officials, generals, and mages was lax enough to be infiltrated by the necromancers, what hope was there for the rest. Luckily, it was a problem well-above my paygrade, so I abandoned that track of thought, instead carefully examining my surroundings. No matter how deep we moved, the tunnel hadn't lost its downward slope, so when we finally stopped at a huge cave filled with a veritable army of undead, we were at least half a mile deep underground.

And it was an army. Countless zombies, skeletons, and other low-level monsters were abound, but it wasn't as scary as some huge creatures that interrupted their monotony, goliaths, giants, and dragons. I felt a chill as I looked at the endless piles. One mistake, and I had no chance of escape.

The members of the group I was hiding split. The ones that were pulling the dead creatures continued deeper into the cave, while the others joined the army. The necromancer, after giving the orders, took a side corridor.

I stayed with the mass army for the moment, examining the cave. The scariest part of the army was not just the size itself, but the fact that I could see undead creatures moving back and forth through several tunnels, suggesting that this might not be the only cavern.

It was an army that I had no hope denting. Even worse, I didn't even know the school could resist a full-powered assault from them. Ideally, it should be able to, as there was a reason the Silver Spires stood tall for centuries, despite every type of danger. However, their allies inside were a cause of concern.

What if they were high up in the chain to be able to sabotage the defenses?

I wish that I could solve the problem directly, but even with everything I had, I couldn't make a dent in the army in front of me. But I had to be at least ten levels higher to make a meaningful

impact before I heroically died. Winning against such a huge army was an impossible wish.

Luckily, however, a direct intervention was not the only option. Currently, I was in the middle of their base, and they were unaware of my presence. I might not destroy their huge army, and while killing the necromancers leading them was tempting, I couldn't kill enough of them to make a difference.

That still left an excellent way of damaging their effort. Intelligence.

The more information I could bring to Titania, the better response she could organize. Even better if I could get some strong evidence to convince the Headmistress about the danger we were facing, allowing me to make a credible first contact.

Of course, none of them was as important as me getting away from here alive...

As I moved forward, I couldn't help but feel glad to have Aviada's sword with me. If things devolved worse, it might give me the edge I needed to stay alive until I cut myself an escape. I moved into the same tunnel the necromancer had gone, and found a long, deep corridor, conveniently empty.

And more importantly, conveniently bereft of magical protection.

I decided to create a pocket of action. I quickly draw a temporary rune in the air to hide my magical presence before I put my hand on the wall and carved a small room, only to immediately erase the wall behind me. Then I tunneled deeper, hoping that their construction was sufficiently shady.

[-420 Mana]

[+2 Elemental]

After moving almost three hundred meters deep into the earth, and drawing several more permanent magic-concealing runes and wards —expanding even more of my dwindling stack of reagents— I found out my guess was only half-correct. They did have defenses underneath the base, but it was sloppy enough that I was easily able to penetrate it without raising an alarm.

[-1637 Mana]

Okay, I had to admit, spending twenty minutes and wasting enough mana to destroy a squad of bone dragons didn't exactly count as easy, but I was annoyed, and wanted to mock them a bit.

After competing for that, I started moving to the north in a direct line, digging a tunnel of three miles —layering with anti-detection runes and other protective measures— to ensure I avoided tangling with anything important. Only then I created a tunnel upward, careful to avoid entanglement with their wider tunnels. When I finally created an exit to the fresh air, I couldn't help but smirk in satisfaction. They might have worked for years to create an impenetrable base, but it took me only a night to break it.

[-2320 Mana]

[+6 Elemental]

Now that I had an escape route, I felt more confident. I reinforced the exit point with another trap before taking the tunnel down once again, returning to the base.

About fifty feet before the base entrance, I created a larger room, piling it with traps filled with life energy, ready to explode the moment an undead stepped through the gate. I stayed there for almost half an hour, filling the room with traps twice, enough to eviscerate anyone who dared to step through. If I got caught, I needed to scare them, and an apocalyptic explosion of life energy would doubtlessly do the trick.

[-6750 Mana]

I moved only after my mana was full once again —though I was a bit sad that the first instance of my mana regeneration, the one I received from Helga, had expired— just to make sure I was prepared in case something went wrong. I once again started pulling life energy to fake their necrotic energy, and soon, I arrived at the entrance and took a deep breath, steeling my nerves.

Even with all the preparation I had made, a mistake, and I was a lifeless undead... Still, I continued forward...

[Level: 23 Experience: 263100 / 276000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 25

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 32

HP: 2737 / 2737 Mana: 3265 / 3565]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty-Five

For once, I was glad of the necromancer's predilection toward using mindless undead as guards rather than living troops. It was the only reason I even risked going into the base once more. Undead were stupid. As long as I pulled a cloak to my head, and hid my life signature with a simple biomancy trick —simple in terms of mana costs, as it was complicated enough to strain my newly-expanded capabilities to the limit. Though the existence of the escape tunnel helped me to relax as well. As long as I stepped out of the base, I was confident of escaping. After all, it wouldn't be the first time I avoided the search of an undead horde.

Still, even with those advantages, my heart was beating like crazy as I walked deeper into the base, feeling the oppressive death energy getting thick enough to instantly kill a low-leveled person. Even with my resistance, I could feel my lifeforce getting damaged. Worse, I was afraid of using a healing spell, as such a pure flare might pull the exact attention I was trying to avoid.

[-13 HP]

Since I didn't have a map, I decided to follow the unusually-thick death energy toward its source, which, despite the inherent risk, was better than walking around without a direction in the huge expanse of the base. There must be something interesting at the source, maybe evidence strong enough to convince the Headmistress about the seriousness of the subject.

The sooner I find something convincing, the sooner I could leave this oppressive place.

With that in mind, I walked forward, doing my best to stay in the shadows. It was a pity that I didn't have a skill to enhance my sneaking abilities, but luckily, my extreme agility was enough to compensate for its lack, at least when they were not actively looking for me. Still, all the while, I continued to get damaged by the aura of the place.

[-39 HP]

I hid in the shadow of an open door, helped by the fact that the lighting conditions of the base were rather horrendous, to a point that I suspected it was an ecstatic choice, to make the place seem even more dramatic. Regardless, it helped me to avoid the attention of two necromancers that walked just a foot away from me, their attention on each other as they argued about the best way to reanimate a goblin.

I let them disappear around the corner before I started following the sound of their footsteps. They came from the same direction as the first necromancer, which meant that they were out

patrolling, and likely was about to report.

My carefulness turned out to be a good idea, because soon, another set of footsteps joined them, and they came to a stop in a large room. I stayed away as I could see they weren't the only occupants of the room, but even from the distance, I could see that the room was special.

First, the rest of the rooms and tunnels were barely more than natural caves. They had been clearly created in a hurry, with no care about the quality or details. That room was different. It was chiseled much more carefully, walls covered with dark gray marble, with several obsidian pillars to add some gravitas.

It was interesting to see that even in their half-dead state, necromancers were not free from the grasp of the vanity.

Unfortunately, vanity wasn't the only reason for the obsidian pillars. Even from a distance, I could feel the thick magical presence of several wards dancing around the room. At first glance, I could see that none of the wards were related to combat, instead of focusing on secrecy.

I would have preferred offensive wards. The current anti-spy setup prevented me from using magic to hear them. To make it funnier, I doubted I was the target. Considering the lack of security in the rest of the compound, they clearly didn't expect a hostile force to slip in, meaning the security measures were targeted to each other. I was a victim of circumstances.

If the room was less crowded, I might have tried to avoid the wards, as most of the spells were geared in for preventing remote spying attempts. However, while my acting abilities were fine, they were certainly not enough to bluff a group of necromancers in a dangerous secret mission that I was a surprise addition to their mission, sent by higher-ups, or something equally ridiculous. I doubted I would try that anything less than Grandmaster Speech, and even then, it would have probably been crazy dangerous, rather than plain impossible.

In the end, skills were not infallible.

With a sigh, I decided to continue toward the source of death energy that covered the corridors. Finding their operational headquarters was nice, but ultimately pointless without any physical evidence. If me being an eyewitness was enough to earn the trust of the Headmistress, I wouldn't have taken the risk of infiltrating the base this deep.

I moved toward the source of the death energy, the closer I got, the more painful the passive assault of the death energy became.

[-61 HP]

Even then, I smiled viciously when I arrived at the source. My destination turned out to be another huge cave, not as big as the one that kept the undead army, but still rather huge. There were exactly a hundred obsidian pillars around the room, each radiating death energy, but they weren't as interesting as the seven cages in the middle of the room, holding seven dragons — six corpses, and one alive.

I couldn't help but feel my eyes widen as I saw an actual living dragon, its emerald scales gleaming under the flickering lights of the cave. The bone dragons I had faced during my battles were nothing, mostly because they were raised from the corpses of the dragons that had died ages ago, and their powers were limited. As a faction, necromancers were a threat because they had managed to discover several historic dragon graveyards, using these millennia-old corpses to create the backbone of their armies.

An actual live dragon was something completely different.

One reason for the difference was their strength. Unlike most of the creatures, it was hard to guess a dragon's strength from the surface. They did not have the telltale signs of power, so battling against one was always a gamble. And just to make things worse, even the weakest one could probably contend against my current strength and could get away alive, if not victorious.

The strongest ones, according to the legends, were able to destroy whole armies and ruin cities.

Another reason was their mysteriousness. It was a relatively well-known fact that dragons provided no experience when killed —bone dragons did, but since they were necromantic constructs, it wasn't surprising. Of course, that didn't mean that a relatively weak dragon wasn't a good target for hunting. They might not provide any experience, but their bodies were arguably the best magical material in existence, easily worth a fortune.

With their intelligence, however, it was really hard to catch them. That part, there was no real agreement. Some claimed that they were even more intelligent than humans but held back by their aggressive nature, the others claimed that they were just very intelligent animals, with a particular leaning for low-cunning, but regardless, it didn't change the fact that the dragons were hard to find, and even harder to capture alive.

The fact that necromancers had managed to capture one alive was rather scary.

It was obvious the whole cave was designed to force its conversion to undead, but it didn't look like a regular reanimation —which only created bone dragons, which, while dangerous, nothing

really groundbreaking. Since they were going through that much effort, wasting enough mana to create a deadly miasma just as a side-effect, there was no doubt that they had other ideas.

[-163 HP]

The dragon was the only thing that was alive in the room, but not the only one that had a consciousness. There were eleven liches in the room, seven of them were wearing white robes and carrying bone staffs, their empty eye sockets glowing with an eerie blue. Each was sitting on top of a cage, and channeling the energies of the ritual they were conducting, the death energies invading the body of the dragon more and more.

The remaining four were wearing black robes, and carrying huge, ceremonial staffs from mahogany, watching the perimeter carefully. There was no doubt that they were strong, but I didn't how much. I was willing to test, however.

After all, I just found the distraction I needed.

I stood still for a moment, carefully examining the obsidian pillars, trying to understand their connection to the ritual. Deciding to take a risk, I gathered the smallest amount of mana I could push out while still maintaining connection, and slipped it toward the nearest pillar.

[-2 Mana]

I was caught the moment my mana touched the pillar, but not by a target I expected. The dragon's eye met with mine in a subtle movement, and suddenly, I was sure of something. Dragons were definitely intelligent creatures. At least, this one was, because I could see its expression shifting slightly, one that conveyed its request for help despite its monstrous face. And it did so without alerting the liches.

That level of subtle communication was not something an animal could achieve.

I nodded, then gestured it to wait. It was partially a test to see whether my understanding was just an illusion, but when it nodded subtly, I decided to accept my plan was correct. I made a few gestures, and it responded with subtle shaking of its head or the movement of its eyes, until we had a very rudimentary sign language, enough to convey the basic ideas.

Then, I turned my attention to the obsidian pillar, and slowly pushed more and more of my mana inside it, once again, tantric skill providing its worth. Drawing my own runes on the pillars was the better method of breaking a ritual, but I didn't trust myself to that while four liches with mahogany staff watched the perimeter. It was a small miracle I wasn't already noticed.

[-70 Mana]

Of course, while my direct invasion was much harder and wasteful, it also had a certain advantage. It left no direct evidence of my intervention. Of course, a determined examination might reveal that the source of mana was different than the others, but it was much less noticeable than the presence of a glowing rune.

I stood still for twenty minutes, slowly spreading my magic while trying to ignore the effects of the death magic on my body, but in the end, I managed to infect fourteen obsidian pillars through my connection with the first one, while sweating horribly. My body was hurting all over from the stress of controlling all those different sources of magic, and the erosion effect of the death miasma that already drained more than half of my health was not helping.

[-4423 Mana]

[-1277 HP]

Still, I made sure to keep my mana pool near-full, because I was going to need that during the next part. I was confident in breaking the ritual, but the rest was total chaos. I didn't know how strong the necromancers were, and I didn't know how much energy the dragon had remaining. I hoped that it was enough to make it move.

I took one last breath, making sure my mana was distributed across the nearest pillars, still unnoticed by the necromancers.

Then, I gave the dragon the signal to act.

The dragon was a prisoner for a long time, cramped, exhausted, and tortured by the death energy that was constantly channeled by a cabal of liches. Even then, when when it raged, I understood the reason for the legends about them. It might be exhausted, but when it smashed against the bars of the cage, the shock traveled across the room, forcing the four liches to turn inward to help their fellows suppressing it. Even then, for a moment, despite all of its disadvantages, it looked like the dragon was about to get its freedom, the cage cracking under its assault.

That impression didn't last for long, however. When the four black-robed necromancers raised their staffs and cast their spells, a complicated web of black energy fell over the dragon, wrapping its wings as it extracted a furious roar. Their staffs glowing brightly as they prepared to subdue the creature. The white-robed ones that were channeling the ritual were suitably distracted by the sudden rage of the dragon as well.

It was an excellent opportunity for me to act, one that I hadn't squandered. I flared my mana, an effect that spread through twelve of the fourteen pillars I had managed to infect with my mana.

They exploded simultaneously.

The chaotic shouts of the liches put a smile on my face, especially when their gazes danced on the remaining eighty-eight pillars. Eighty-six of them were starting to flicker, so naturally, they grabbed their attention first, not the two that maintained their stability.

A big mistake from their end, because these two still contained the majority of the mana I used to infect the ritual. A ritual that was conveniently going out of control with some pillars already destroyed and others flickering out of control. A ritual that connected me to the dragon.

I used the connection to send the mana to the dragon.

It was the trick I first used on Titania then perfected on Helga, with great benefits. So, while using the trick, helping the dragon get stronger wasn't my only objective. I also wanted to use the opportunity to probe its abilities, and maybe unravel a couple of mysteries about it. Maybe even get a peek into its soul space if I could manage.

However, the moment my mana touched its skin, I lost control of it, turning the second part of my plan impossible. Still, that was only a side benefit. The more important part was the sudden shine in the dragon's eyes as my mana touched its skin before letting out another roar, this time even louder.

The roar wasn't just sound, however. No matter how strong a roar was, it wouldn't just unravel the defensive wards around it like they were made of summer clouds. The necromancers tried to cast their spells, but they were too distracted by the sudden reversal of the ritual. They were a second too late to prevent the dragon from bursting out of the cage.

The dragon's first action in freedom was to open her mouth and spew out a flame so hot that it was bright white. Its flames spread around in a circle, hitting all six cages around it simultaneously, immolating the dragon corpses that were being used as a focus for the ritual.

Some of the liches that were sitting on top of the cages were quick enough to defend themselves, but not all of them. Two of them evaporated immediately under the raging flames. The rest managed to protect themselves from the flames, but not all of them did that flawlessly. Unfortunately, the one that was standing on top of the dragon's cage, who was clearly the leader, had survived. I had a feeling that it was the strongest one, evidenced by its survival

despite the dragon directly targeting him in its follow-up attack.

However, that retaliation cost the dragon quite a bit. The black-robed ones used the opportunity to retaliate, each letting out dangerous bolts of necrotic energy, all from close quarters. Despite the closeness, the dragon dodged two of them, showing surprising agility considering its size, but the other two connected with its bright green scales.

The attack pushed the dragon back as well, but luckily, it moved toward my side. So rather than trying to resist, actually moved with the blow, leaving the necromancers behind.

“Stop it,” called the leader, but he was unable to do so, because I had decided to leave one last gift, and used the two pillars under my control to further wreak havoc into the ritual, much easier considering I didn’t have to care about not killing the dragon accidentally.

The dragon managed to enter the tunnel as the ritual started to collapse, and all liches turned their attention to stabilize it, preventing it from exploding. As much as I wished to go and kill them, revealing my presence would be counter-productive if I couldn’t take all of them before reinforcements arrived. Even with the ritual collapsing, it was a long shot.

Then, I turned my attention to my unlikely ally.

[Level: 23 Experience: 263100 / 276000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 25

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 32

HP: 1126 / 2737 Mana: 3152 / 3565]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty-Six

I couldn't help but feel alarmed as I looked at the dragon. Yes, it acted as a nominal ally, and showed a surprising capability toward communication, enough to convince me about its intelligence, but that didn't remove the risk of a sudden betrayal. It didn't give a sign of doing so, but considering I was betting on reading the body language of a creature I first saw today, my stress was rather understandable.

However, when I stopped for a second to examine it, those concerns flew away. Even just a glance was enough to show that the dragon was near death. Most of its emerald scales had lost their luster, giving a rotten feeling instead, which was probably the effect of its extended exposure to death energy. Its claws were trembling badly enough to remove their threat. Its every breath was labored, showing its exhaustion.

Examining it carefully, my earlier fear was replaced with a new one. Just how much distraction the dragon could be in its current state. I sighed as I came to a decision, one that required me to bet on the goodwill of a mysterious creature with a sketchy reputation. In the end, I decided to trust my instincts.

"Hold still for a moment, I'm going to heal you," I said even as I put my hand on its body. It trembled under my touch, but made no move of pulling back. I gathered most of my mana together to cast a strong healing spell.

[-2329 Mana]

The dragon let out another breath, this time somehow smoother. Some of its scales regained their shine, and its trembling stopped. It was still far from the optimal condition, but that was the best I could do under the lack of time.

Pity I couldn't cast another spell even if my mana recovered. The only reason I was able to cast such a strong healing spell was the ritual that went out of control, and its effects were enough to prevent detection. However, I had to cast a protection spell to fend off the death energy when the ritual pulsed dangerously. Using the opportunity, I cast a healing spell on myself, even though it drained my mana further. With three instances of regeneration active, all I needed was to resist for twenty minutes for my mana to refill completely, making it a reasonable risk.

[-416 Mana]

[+623 HP]

“Let’s move,” I said to the dragon as I cut directly toward the nearest exit, and the dragon followed me immediately, smart enough to realize I was its only hope. I took a route opposite of the headquarters, wanting the necromancers to abandon that section as much as possible.

The first minute, we managed to avoid coming across anyone. I used a biomancy trick to hide our presence from their detection skill, which was a bit risky, but I was hoping that it would be attributed to the dragon. I was lucky that the dragon was relatively small, at least enough to silently move through the tunnels with its wings folded. It was still rather large, taller than a human even when it was all fours, but the tunnels were large enough to allow it to move.

Then, our luck turned, as I heard the shouts of necromancers, mixed with the unmistakable sounds of a bone dragon’s stomping. They weren’t too far away. “You try to get their attention, and I’ll hit them from behind,” I said as I pulled my sword and doubled back, looking for a connecting tunnel.

Dashing full speed, it took me less than half a minute to hit the ambush from behind, Aviada’s sword gleaming under the flashing lights of the spell battle. However, much to the misfortune of the four necromancers that was leading the skeleton brigade —and two bone dragons— a raging dragon was a distracting sight. Distracting enough to miss a warrior charging with a gleaming two-handed sword until it was too late.

I was so glad that I stopped by Aviada to pick up her sword, because with its assistance, one cleaving attack was enough to kill all four necromancers, though I slashed a couple of extra times to make sure before casting a flame spell and burning their remains. I didn’t want to leave blade wounds in their corpses.

[-23 Mana]

Meanwhile, the dragon was under the assault of two bone dragons, barely able to resist their assault, while the skeletons leveraged the opportunity, trying to stab its legs. I jumped up, climbing on the back of one of the bone dragons, breaking its spine as I climbed upward. It raged, trying to throw me from its back, but my twenty-five points of agility were not for show, so I easily climbed up to its head, destroying it with one mighty smash that would make a barbarian king proud.

Without the support of its mindless brethren, the other bone dragon failed to resist the raging assault of the emerald dragon. Meanwhile, I cleaved through the rest of the skeletons, which took me less than ten seconds. “Do you mind burning the remains?” I asked kindly.

The dragon sent me a gaze, and I had to suppress a laugh. I was amused because its suspicion was almost a physical thing, and receiving such a look from a monster was amusing. Still, it followed my small request, burning the remains with its breath before we started running once more.

We have dealt with three more blockades until we arrived at the entrance of the tunnel which led outside, every encounter making me more glad that I actually brought the sword with me, allowing me to save my mana. I even transferred some more mana to my unlikely ally, who was more than happy to receive the extra boost. As a result, when we managed to break through another hasty barricade and came near a tunnel that led outside, I was rather confident that it would be able to escape with its life.

“The exit is here. The rest is up to you,” I explained to the dragon, not even bothering the possibility that it wouldn’t understand me. Its actions until now had proved its communication capabilities.

I wasn’t surprised when it raised its claw, and wrote in the air with flaming letters. ‘I owe you one.’ After fighting together several times, it was clear to me that the dragon was much smarter than a regular human, but reluctant to show it for some reason. The fact that it knew how to write was not a surprise.

The only interesting part was the alphabet it had used, which belonged to one of the ancient languages, and even among the mages, only a minority used it. Unfortunately, I didn’t have time to go into the details of it with an actual army of undead trying to find us. The dragon turned and left after one last nod, and I waved after it, before turning back and moved toward my own target.

The presence of the dragon was godsend in my infiltration attempt, even though they were alarmed. Whenever I came across a large group, I let them pass first or circled around them, and whenever I found a small group, I killed them using the sword before burning their remains with a low-grade flame spell, weak enough to avoid their attention.

As the raging cries of the dragon mixed with shouts and explosions, my journey got easier and easier. I was curious about whether the dragon would be able to survive, though it didn’t slow down my steps. I had more important things to do than their survival.

When I arrived at their operational headquarters once more, there were only two necromancers there, neither of them a lich, both standing guard. Sneaking to them under the constant interference of explosions was almost trivial, especially when they were standing on

the other end of the corridor, not even paying attention to the entrance. I could have killed them easily, but I let them live. I didn't want to arouse suspicion by killing them.

Without any guard, walking into the room was a trivial activity, since the wards weren't designed to keep someone away. And once inside, all the anti-espionage wards actually worked for my benefit, preventing my spells from being noticed. I rapidly cast duplication spells to copy every document I was seeing, which detailed a number of plans. Some were clearly in cipher, but solving them was the later issue. However, for one of the documents, I stole the original while leaving back the copy.

It was the detailed breakdown of the ward scheme of Silver Spires.

I couldn't help but frown as I saw that. The presence of it put a frown on my face, because the number of people that had complete access to the defense plans should be limited. It might be that the headmistress was the only one that had access to them, or not. Regardless, I decided to talk with Titania first and discuss the documents before deciding on what to do.

There was a determined expression on my face as I escaped the headquarters, though not because of the escape itself, which, despite my earlier expectations, turned out to be rather easy. To be fair, it was easy to sneak around when there was a raging dragon loose inside. I used my escape tunnel to climb up, sighing relaxedly only after I took a deep breath of fresh air.

Still, even as the landscape blurred under my feet, I couldn't help but feel that this wasn't going to be my last encounter with that dragon..

For the first half an hour, I just run without casting a spell, doing my best to avoid attention. I healed myself and purged the remaining necrotic energy in my body once my mana was full, then summoned another pseudo-elemental as a mount. It cost a lot of mana, but the speed it provided was much more important, especially since I was a couple of hundred miles away from the school.

The journey took a while, especially since I had to take a break midway. I couldn't help but sigh relaxedly as I finally saw the walls of the school in the distance. I dispelled the pseudo-elemental I was using as a mount even as I examined rays of the morning sun coloring the impressive —but not impenetrable, especially with the help of the plans in my hand— walls of the school.

I slipped inside easily. Compared to sneaking around in a necromancer base, it was nothing.

It took me less than a minute to sneak through one of the weak spots on the walls, which once

again proved the complacency of the Silver Spires. No doubt the Necromancers were feeling confident enough to gather around. However, I had more important issues than the general overconfidence that infected one of the most important bastions of humanity. I needed to talk with Titania.

I met with a nasty surprise when arrived at the dead-drop location we agreed on non-urgent communication. There was a note from Titania, mentioning that there was an emergency, and she would be away for a day, maybe more. I bit my lips in disappointment, trying not to let out a cry of frustration. It wasn't just her absence, but the fact that she didn't bother mentioning anything about the mission, or how long it might last in the worst case.

The only happiness that I doubted the necromancers would be able to put another ambush together after my little surprise. I was able to browse through their plans on the way, and while many details were still encrypted, I was able to decipher enough to understand that the dragon I had saved to create a distraction was a crux in their plans, to be used as a ram against the weakest part of the magical defenses—which was discovered through detailed blueprints—by leveraging its magic resistance.

Running full-speed or trying to hold onto pseudo-air-elemental wasn't exactly the best environment to analyze a bunch of papers, after all. But even if I had the opportunity, it would doubtlessly take a lot of time.

Luckily, I had someone clever enough to help.

When I arrived at my room, Helga was still sleeping, so I put all the documents on the table, hung Aviada's sword on the wall, and had a quick shower in the corner of the room. Water spells were sure handy, especially when I could use some earth magic to create a drain and other amenities.

After showering, I didn't bother wrapping a towel around myself as I went and kissed Helga. "Good morning, sleepyhead," I said.

"Good morning," Helga answered with a huge smile, not bothering about the cover that slipped away, revealing her naked body underneath. After sharing an extended kiss, however, she pulled back and frowned. "You look tired. Were you out the whole night?"

"Yeah," I said, and chuckled at the flash of jealousy that passed her face, which was understandable. Just because she agreed that she wasn't going to be the only woman in my life didn't mean that she wouldn't feel any jealousy. Even if I had an actual good reason for it.

I was tempted to tease her a bit about her jealousy, but unfortunately, we had bigger problems, and not enough time. "I found the base of the necromancers last night," I said with a grave tone.

She grabbed my hand, tight enough that her fingers turned bone-white. "Explain," she said, so I gave her a five-minute summary of my adventure, not particularly bothering to disguise the risks I faced. It made her panic, but I needed her to have an accurate background before she started working on the documents, just to give her a better idea. "You're a madman, or have a martyr complex," she gasped as I explained how I freed a dragon as a distraction just so that I could raid their headquarter.

I shrugged. "Hey, I'm not exactly loving the risks as well, but it's not like we can just escape," I explained.

"Can't we?" she asked.

"Not if we still want to leverage all the benefits of the Silver Spires," I said. "And even if we're willing to give up all the benefits, do you really want to see what else they would do after the school has fallen. The Empire is already nothing more than a loose collection of cities, and the Silver Spires is one of the few places that is connecting them together. The royal family is strong, but they are barely able to stall the destruction, not reverse. I really don't want to see what would happen if we lost our most important training facility," I explained, then added with a smirk, "Even if that facility was elitist and pointlessly traditionalist one."

"You're right," she said with a sigh, but when my smirk got wider, I earned a slap on my shoulder. "But you don't have to be an ass about it."

"I know, but it's fun," I said, which earned a playful giggle that made me wish I wasn't about to collapse from exhaustion. Even worse, I only had a couple of hours to rest.

"So, you want me to decipher them, any particular priority?" she asked.

"Anything that pertains their contingency plans, I doubt that they would act immediately with their biggest weapon lost."

"Are you sure the dragon has managed to escape?"

"Not completely, but even if it failed to escape, the ritual is definitely ruined. Even if they managed to capture it, the best they could have is a huge delay, and more likely, they had to kill it and raise it as another bone-dragon. It might be a bit stronger with its skin still intact, but it

will not be anything close to their initial design.”

“Makes sense,” she said and just as she was about to turn, I grabbed her for an extended kiss, one that I used to drain my whole mana. Since I was about to regenerate it while sleeping, why not use it more efficiently. It wasn’t enough to make her Level Up again, but almost four thousand mana pushed her quite a bit in the distance. Also, I used the opportunity to examine her soul space, making sure that there was nothing wrong other than some harmless instability.

Still, a level a day should be a limit for a while, I decided, at least I could be certain about the side effects. I had managed to Level Up several times in a day, but my condition was rather unique.

“Have a nice sleep,” Helga gasped as I closed my eyes, her arousal clear. Pity that I was really exhausted, and didn’t want to abuse biomancy tricks to force myself awake.

“Wake me up in two hours,” I told her and closed my eyes. I was falling asleep when I felt a gentle kiss on my cheek.

[Level: 23 Experience: 263100 / 276000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 25

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 32

HP: 2737 / 2737 Mana: 373 / 3565]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty-Seven

I was expecting to be grumpy when Helga woke me up. After all, not only had I been up the whole night, but I had also gone through a rather harrowing and challenging evening filled with adrenaline. The total amount of mana I spent through the night had left its mark as well. If it wasn't for my incredible constitution, I would have likely received a permanent injury from having strained myself. Even with that, my body was hurting, suggesting me to take it easy for the next day or two.

However, despite all, I woke up in a good mood, solely thanks to the method Helga chose to wake me up with. She didn't poke me until I woke up, nor did she try to wake me up with a kiss. Well, technically, she was kissing me, just not my cheek or lips. No, I woke up feeling an incredible heat covering my crotch, giving me the most pleasurable alarm I had ever felt. I cracked my eyes open, only to see Helga's blonde hair pooling on my lap while her head bobbed.

"That's a beautiful alarm," I murmured, still feeling the haze of sleep, one that I was in no hurry to dispel. After last night, I had earned the right to be lazy for a while before I had to meet with Aviada and gave back her sword. Helga said nothing, her mouth occupied with a task much more important than providing me with a pointless statement, but her hand tightened on my thigh to signal she had heard my statement.

She stayed there for another minute without saying anything, before she suddenly pulled out. Before I could say anything, however, I felt her tongue on my stomach, trailing my abdominal muscles as she climbed up, leaving a delicious trail behind until her lips reached my chest muscles, only to stay there for a while. I couldn't help but snort softly. For all her explicit distaste toward warriors and their direct ways, she had no problems enjoying the benefits of the same track.

That snort earned a slap on the shoulder as she was smart enough to understand the root of that snort, but her annoyance was definitely not high enough to separate her lips from my body. Instead, she started moving back down once again toward my crotch while her hands caressed my biceps. Her tongue slathered lower and lower until it reached my shaft, which was starting to feel neglected.

Her grip around my biceps tightened suddenly, fingernails digging into my skin, but I barely felt a stinging sensation —inevitable considering the gap between my Constitution and her Strength. Still, combined with the warm sensation of her mouth engulfing my cock, it made me

moan. I could actually feel the self-satisfied smirk that tried to appear on her face on my shaft. She was enjoying being the one in control. I pushed some mana through my shaft, rewarding her much better than a pat on the head. It was a good change of pace to lay back lazily while someone else did all the work once in a while, especially when I was still feeling the exhaustion from last night.

[-120 Mana]

Still, the sense of discomfort as I channeled mana was an unwelcome reminder of my exhaustion, like a muscle feeling pain after a long exercise. I decided to keep it down a bit. I had done nothing but lay with my eyes closed while the smell of arousal slowly filled the room, her movements getting faster and faster. It was good to have confirmation that I wasn't the only one that was enjoying it.

She was clearly not in a hurry, because rather than pushing deep, her lips stayed around the head of my shaft, massaging me determinedly with the assistance of her tongue. I couldn't help but feel that she had been practicing on some lucky vegetable while I was away. She was too obsessed with perfection not to do that, and her increase in skill was too pronounced.

"Holy shit," I murmured, unable to keep my mouth closed after a particularly inventive swirl of her tongue. Her only response was to moan naughtily as she continued to tease the crown of my shaft. As much as I wanted her to quicken, I let her set the pace, not even guiding her by touch. After working hard, she deserved to deliver her show without interruption.

"You're amazing," I murmured as she moved deeper. She deserved every compliment I could give her. My cock was throbbing hard under the soft treatment of her pouty lips, beautiful enough to inspire a thousand artists. Her cheeks stretched out lewdly each time she descended on me, taking more and more of my shaft. The way her breasts softly rubbing against my thighs as she moved made it even more delicious.

She moved farther, but with torturous slowness, while my exhaustion slowly dispersed. Even the strain on my body lessened. While it didn't disappear completely, it was still an amazing development. I would have said that it didn't make any sense, but considering the rest of my leveling experience, I wasn't exactly in a position to claim that. It was certainly more reasonable than helping the girls level up through a rough fucking.

I couldn't help but feel disappointed when she pulled off of me, but her head stayed close to my crotch even as she smiled at me smugly, happy with the impact of her treatment. I smiled naughtily even as I let my impatience show, wanting to encourage her inventiveness. When she

brought her lips close again, she didn't wrap them around my girth. Instead, she started licking my length slowly, tasting and savoring the texture of every ridge and vein. Her lips occasionally wrap around the side of my shaft, delivering an interesting treatment from the side. At that moment, I couldn't help but imagine Marianne on the other side, delivering the same treatment, their lips touching each other, occasionally even sharing a kiss.

I immediately added that to my mental bucket list to be done at the earliest convenience. Having two blonde beauties, delivering a combined massage was definitely something to be arranged later. "It's becoming unbearable, honey," I moaned, signaling that I was nearing the end of my patience. Still, I let her continue at her pace rather than grabbing her head to initiate a rough deep-throating session. I liked the other girls, but Helga was my actual first, and she had a special place in my heart. Not to mention, the personality of the others didn't allow for something like this. Marianne was far too skittish to actually take the lead, while both Cornelia and Aviada were too obsessed with power and control. Allowing them to control the pacing would have lowered their opinion about me at this early stage.

"Too bad," she answered as she raised her head, giving me a naughty smile before lowering to continue the same treatment, doing her best to drive me crazy.

"You're pushing your luck, you naughty bunny," I said, but my tone stayed teasing rather than domineering.

She pointedly sucked me harder for a moment before pulling back, signaling that she had no intention of giving back control. Even when she pulled out and wrapped her fat tits around my shaft, moving up and down, her movements were pointed and deliberate, slowly moving up and down while her beautiful eyes stayed firmly fixed to mine, making the situation even more erotic. Her confidence was simply enchanting, especially when she still maintained her slow pace despite her own obvious growing arousal, signaled by her panting.

Then, without a warning, her grip tightened around my thigh before she lowered herself hard, so much that I felt her nose pressing against my skin while she devoured my full length with surprising ease, signaling that the vegetables she had used to practice with had seen some intensive usage. Not that I was dissatisfied with her assault, not when I could feel the tightness of her throat around my shaft, rapidly pushing me towards an explosion. I thought that to be the end of it, only for her to pull out at the last second.

"That's a bit rude," I said with a chuckle as she pulled out, leaving me throbbing and wanting.

"Don't be impatient," she answered as she stood up, giving me a glimpse of her body, wearing

nothing but a pair of panties, her fingers already hooked around the edges. She started removing them slowly, bit by bit revealing her delicious entrance to my gaze, already sopping wet. “We still have the second round.

She took a long time removing her panties, and even longer as she turned her back, giving me a full view of her bountiful yet still tight ass. Soon, her entrance was pressing against my crown, perfectly positioning her for some fun time in reverse cowgirl position, about to entertain me with the excellent curves of her ass while she rode me. However, once again, she was very slow as she slowly lowered herself, her pussy as tight as ever. A moan rippled off her lips as the crown slipped in, forcing her tunnel to widen to accommodate my girth.

My cock was already throbbing as she impaled herself slowly, turning it into a truly delicious torture. On the positive side, it worked excellently to remove more of the strain I had been feeling after the last part. Another moan escaped her mouth, a rather artificial, practiced one that was designed for seduction. It worked nonetheless, but I continued to lay still, liking the anticipation of being served. As she lowered herself deeper and deeper, I let my eyes feast on her naked body and its beautiful curves, from the elegant curve of her back to the delicious view of her dangling boobs, most of it hidden by her own body, only a part of it peeking out deliciously. Her smooth, long legs were parted to the side, trembling slightly under the strain of maintaining the perfect angle, all crowned by the perfect lines of her heart-shaped ass.

“You’re a goddess,” I worshiped as she moved in a circular motion, riding me slowly but determinedly, adding more to my pleasure every passing second. I crossed my hands behind my head, raising my head just a bit to enjoy the show perfectly.

“And you’re a stallion,” she answered, unable to keep her gasps contained. “And I’m going to ride you slowly until you’re tamed and begging,” she added. I just smirked at the challenge, confident in my abilities —though I doubted I would share the same confidence if I hadn’t shared the bed of four different ladies in the last twenty-four hours, which went a long way in curbing even my voracious appetite. I doubted I could resist even half of it if I had been on a mission for a few days.

I was getting rather used to my new way of entertainment, after all.

Still, I didn’t bother to resist the desire to explode as it built up. Instead, it was Helga that stopped whenever my shaft started to throb noticeably, signaling another explosion. She had long become adept at recognizing the signs, pulling out just before my explosion was about to happen. She turned back to meet my gaze, a smug smile on her face, only to meet with my comfortable position. “You need to work harder to break this stallion,” I answered lazily, which

roused her competitive spirit further.

“I’m going to show you,” she uttered in steely determination, waiting for a minute for my strain to dispel before lowering herself once more, this time slipping in much easier. Her circular motions got even slower as she brought me toward the climax. I was a bit late to my meeting with Aviada, but I wasn’t in a mood to care for being challenged explicitly.

Several minutes later, she stopped once more, but this time, I was yet to reach the edge. “Is there something wrong, sweetie?” I asked smugly.

“Shut up,” she murmured without bothering to turn, stopping for a moment, but it didn’t prevent her walls from tightening further. She wasn’t the only one that could read the other party, and considering my overwhelming stats and experience, I was able to do it much more efficiently. She was already tethering on the edge, and the small break she took was hardly a solution. When she started, she tightened even more.

When she pulled out once again, I recognized the sudden change in her mannerism, a sudden ride in aggression, mixed with some delicious anticipation. “Are you ready to-” I tried to ask, intending to ask whether she was about to surrender, only for her to silence me the fun way, by smothering me with her bosom.

“Shut up!” she repeated, even louder as she impaled herself with my erection once more and started to rock her hips, the sound of flesh hitting flesh exploding as she ramped up the aggression. Since it was impossible for me to say anything while smothered, I decided to put my mouth to better use, and started licking and sucking on her breast while traveling toward her nipple. Once I reached my destination, my teeth joined the game, gently biting her rock-hard nipple.

It proved to be the last step to push her over the edge, and she tightened around my shaft. Impressively, rather than slowing down, she picked up even more speed, her out-of-control cries making me glad for the judicious amount of silencing wards I had added to the protections of my room. “Someone is determined to break her stallion,” I commented in amusement when her back arched with pleasure, leaving my mouth free.

“Silence,” she ordered as she stuffed my mouth with her breasts —not that I was complaining— and continued riding me without giving an inch. My shaft was enveloped completely by her wetness, every push making me knock on her cervix like a particularly impatient visitor at the door. She was loud without the fear of being overheard. Really loud, enough to make my ears hurt, though I liked the feeling. It was good to see that I was able to break her even without

moving a muscle.

“Finally,” she murmured in victory as I finally exploded, filling her insides, though her victory was tainted by the fact that she climaxed at the same time, allowing me to clinch victory as strong as she clenched around me.

[Achievement: Patient Participant. Sometimes, patience is a virtue. +1 Wisdom. +200 Experience]

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Duration, 8 hours]

[Skill Share perk activated. Target Skill: Basic Mana Manipulation. Copied: Duration, 24 hours]

[Temporary Skill: Basic Mana Manipulation (25/25)]

The achievement put a smile on my face. The text was amusing, and while experience reward was completely negligible, extra stat points were always welcome. The temporary skill was also interesting. I could feel my mana getting even more flexible, which was always a benefit. However, the previous temporary skill I had received from her was lost, which, while expected, was a bit of a bummer.

She collapsed against my chest, her head snuggling into my neck. I laid under her —negligible — weight, enjoying the casual comfort of her touch as much as I enjoyed the high of a recent orgasm, proving that our relationship was evolving in an unexpected direction, not that I was unhappy about it.

“That was nice,” I murmured lazily while I gently extracted myself from under her. “Maybe next time, you can even give me a challenge.”

“Asshole,” she uttered as she slapped my naked chest, but it was impossible to erase her huge smile through fake annoyance, especially after a gentle kiss to her cheek. “What’s the plan for today,” she asked as she stretched in the bed while I used a water spell to clean myself, watching me with clear enjoyment in her eyes.

“I’m going to commission a new weapon,” I answered as I finished my quick shower and started dressing. I pointed at the sword. “Borrowing from Aviada is a temporary measure at best, not to mention it’s hardly hidden. I need something that fits better with my style.”

“Isn’t it a bit risky, you need to reveal yourself to yet another high-level person,” Helga asked as she tried to get her breath back.

“Not as risky as continuing to walk around without a weapon. Hopefully, I will be able to sell a bullshit explanation, or failing that, bribe the crafter for their silence,” I added. I lacked money, but that didn’t mean I was poor. Even after using most of them to set up the wards, I still had a decent amount of magical ingredients from last night’s encounter, especially if I added them to my existing stash. “You just stay here and focus on the wards, especially the weak areas they identified. If we know these locations, we can reinforce them in an emergency.”

After one last kiss, I left the room, dressed as a nondescript warrior, Aviada’s sword in its scabbard, an illusion on the pommel to make it look like a boring two-handed sword rather than the masterpiece it was.

I really needed a new weapon.

[Level: 23 Experience: 263300 / 276000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 25

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 33

HP: 2737 / 2737 Mana: 3588 / 3588]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Advanced Subterfuge [50/50]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty-Eight

I missed the promised meeting time with Aviada, so she wasn't in her room —once again sneaking in through the convenience of illusion spells. The ease I was having sneaking around was a bit of a bummer, highlighting yet another problem with the security. Normally, I would have been happy with it, but the looming necromancer threat made me change my opinion. After centuries of safety, the school had become arrogant.

I just hoped that wake up call wouldn't be deadly.

While Aviada was not in her room, luckily she left a note about her location, saving me from making the effort to find her. After leaving the room, I dispelled the illusion and walked around as yet another warrior student —highlighting the lack of security and ease of spying even further— toward the small arena the students used to test themselves. As I arrived, the cries and jeers got louder, with no small amount of insults mixed in.

When I arrived, I wasn't too surprised to see Aviada in the middle of the arena, holding a two-handed practice sword, trying to defend herself against three male students at the same time, each equipped with a sword and a shield, trying to flank Aviada, but failing to close in as she danced around while raining merciless attacks on their shields. I didn't even consider stepping in because Aviada had a large smile on her face as she kept three people away, avoiding them with a grace she had lacked when we first met.

The boost she received to her Agility and Speed during the second-stage Companion process was showing its worth.

I watched as Aviada played with them for a bit until one of them made the stupid mistake of calling her a whore. A bad mistake, as not only did Aviada have an explosive temper, but she also wasn't using her Strength stat to the limit intentionally. A war cry escaped her mouth as she lunged forward, swinging her sword with her full might. The first one tried to defend himself with his shield, only to find himself flying back, while his friend suffered the same fate a moment later.

"I didn't mean—" the remaining one —who was also the one stupid enough to call her a whore— stuttered, only to be silenced when Aviada's sword connected with his shin, the distinctive sound of a bone-breaking filling the opening.

"Anyone else want a challenge?" she called out angrily, only for the crowd to fall silent. Aviada threw her sword down and walked out of the arena. Aviada was by no means one of the top

warriors in the school without her magical sword—at least not yet— but the stronger ones tended to avoid her challenges, afraid of their reputations even if they managed to beat her. Unlike the magic side, people of martial pursuits were usually sexist, which was part of the reason why Aviada was rather desperate to prove herself. Not to mention she didn't have a lot of friends, hence her midnight hunting trips before we met.

I followed her as she walked towards one of the empty balconies that overlooked the arena, happy to note that it was a bit concealed. I followed her, only to realize I had a follower of my own. A familiar curvy redhead was following her. It was her friend Carla, the one that I had been acquaintanced with rather memorably. She was trying to stay concealed as she watched me, no doubt still feeling rankled after the way I had picked to prove the lack of her observational skills. She was trying to avoid my attention, and her tricks were not half-bad. It was a pity that my perception was off-the-charts.

I acted like I hadn't noticed her, and walked to the balcony Aviada was in. "You're late," Aviada said as I closed in. I would have been impressed by her perception if I hadn't known about her ability to feel the presence of her sword. It was possibly the reason she picked a concealed balcony, allowing us to talk without getting too much attention.

"Sorry about that," I answered. "But I wasn't as lucky as I had hoped."

"No prey?" she asked, surprised. Her surprise was justified considering I had been hunting alone in the night, which was a very active time period for hunting.

"The opposite actually," I answered, which earned a curious glare from her. "Undead again," I whispered, low enough to make sure Carla wouldn't hear it. She opened her mouth, but I was faster. "Later," I said, adding a warning glare to convey my seriousness. I definitely didn't want to discuss such a sensitive topic where everyone could hear us. "Thanks for the sword, it helped immensely," I said even as I passed it back to her. She visibly relaxed when her fingers wrapped around it, though I didn't take it personally. The fact that she trusted me enough to lend her sword when I went for a midnight hunting session, making it very easy to steal it, conveyed her trust completely. Still, the sword was a big part of her fighting prowess, making its absence rather uncomfortable.

"Finally," she murmured, not bothering to hide her relief.

"Do you have some free time?" I asked. "Maybe we could visit the crafter you mentioned before."

“We’re a bit early for that,” Aviada said with a chuckle.

“Does she have a class in the morning or something?” I asked, only for Aviada to chuckle.

“She doesn’t wake up before noon, and she needs at least one hour for her hangover to pass. We should wait at least until dinner.”

“Did she have a party last night?” I asked.

Aviada laughed again. “I know that they had their weekly card game last night,” she said, laughing.

“And was it a particularly fun one, or was she celebrating,” I said.

“Drowning her sorrows for losing, no doubt,” Aviada answered. “She’s a rather poor gambler. Worse, she’s an enthusiastic gambler as well, making it easy for her to lose a lot of money. She usually uses fortified wine to drown her sorrows.”

“A gambler and a drunk,” I said, unable to hide the quirk of my eyebrow. “She sounds better and better. Are you sure she’s the best one?”

“Despite her faults, she’s good at her job. And she’s always in debt, so she’ll be open to your commission without asking too many questions as long as the payment is good enough,” she explained, sending me a dissatisfied smile, not enjoying my doubt.

“Okay, okay,” I said with a chuckle, raising my hands in mock surrender. “We’ll do what you say. But we should go early so I can cure her hangover. No harm starting our partnership on a positive note.”

“Smart,” she answered, then smirked at me. “We still have an hour. Why don’t we go back to my room, and discuss the rent you owe me for borrowing my sword.”

“No need, I like it here,” I said, and she frowned, reading my response as a rejection, which faded instantly when I stepped behind her, pressing my body against hers. “Don’t you think so?” I whispered.

“Do you think you can keep me here,” she replied, pushing her hips against my crotch even as she said so. I leaned forward, grabbing her wrists even as I pressed my lips to her neck. She tried to move her hands, using her full strength, only to fail spectacularly. But rather than feeling dejected, her arousal got even stronger, enjoying her own helplessness and my display

of power.

I said nothing as she struggled, which included a lot of unnecessary repeats of her hips rubbing against my crotch. I said nothing, enjoying the treatment even as I cast a mirror spell to allow me to discreetly observe my back. Carla was standing in the shadows, her shock obvious despite her stealth, no doubt unable to process our daring. After all, all it would take was a curious glance from the crowd below to create a scandal. Neither her nor Aviada knew that I had already cast an illusion spell on the balcony to hide us from the view of the students below. I wanted Aviada to feel excited, but not at the expense of displaying her delicious body to a bunch of assholes.

It was the best of both worlds.

For a while, I kept Aviada's wrists pinned against the railings while she continued to rub herself against me, waiting for her to get into the mood, which didn't take long thanks to a combination of a rain of kisses to her neck, contrasting greatly with my rough grip around her wrists. "I'll kill you," she murmured when I forced both of her hands behind her back, but there was no hiding the desire in her tone.

"I wonder what I should do to prevent that," I stated amusedly even as I weakened my grip. "Maybe I should let you go." The angry growl she let out in response was simply beautiful. "Or maybe, I should teach you your proper place again," I whispered. "You have a tendency to forget it." She growled once again, this time impatient rather than angry.

I ignored the soft gasp that came from behind, realizing Carla was responsible for it. Her shock was understandable, as I was using my free hand to unbutton Aviada's pants, feeling pity that she wasn't wearing a skirt, which would have given me much more convenient access. Another gasp from Carla reached my ear when Aviada's panties followed the destination of her pants, giving me an excuse to caress her legs. I pulled down my own pants with a simple spell, ignoring the discomfort.

[-1 Mana]

Then, I pushed inside her hard, still keeping her hands behind her back. My shaft slid in easily, my earlier rough treatment working wonders as foreplay, turning her sopping wet. Despite her best efforts, she moaned, struggling to stay on her feet as I ravaged her insides. I could have kissed her, as a method of silencing, but watching her struggle to keep silent would be much more fun. "Try to stay silent if you don't want any observers sweetie," I said as I leaned down to her ear. "Other than Carla, who is already watching us," I added, this time using a spell to make

sure Carla wouldn't hear it.

[-2 Mana]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 73%]

"I'll kill you," Aviada answered, but there was no mistaking the arousal in her tone, not to mention the enthusiastic way she pushed her hips back whenever I slammed in, or the way her legs widened a bit to allow better access. She still struggled to get free, of course, but it only made her wetter.

Despite her best efforts, another moan escaped her mouth when my free hand slipped under her blouse, caressing her stomach slowly to contrast my furious slamming, making her moan repeatedly. "I can use a spell to silence you if you can't handle it," I helpfully offered, not bothering to hide the mocking edge in my tone, only to receive a threatening growl back. She pointedly stayed silent, amusing me with the ease I could tease her. She might have lost some of her prejudice toward magic, but that didn't mean that she wanted to use magic to solve a challenge, however trivial.

I used another mirror spell to take a glance at Carla, curious about what she was doing, only to meet with a pleasant surprise. It wasn't her shock, or the fact that her blush was deep enough to rival her beautiful red hair. However, when I noticed her legs were pressed together tightly, rubbing each other furiously, I smiled. Apparently, the concern Carla was feeling toward her friend's ambiguous relationship didn't prevent her from enjoying the show.

To her defense, it was an impressive show.

But since we once again had our familiar voyeur, there was no harm putting on a bit of a show. I let my hand climb upward under her shirt, revealing more and more of Aviada's beautiful body, enough to reveal the functional bra she had been wearing underneath. I even changed our position slightly so that Carla would be watching us from the side, getting a much better view than what she had been seeing from our back.

Then, I conjured a rope, and tied Aviada's hands behind her back. Thankfully, her dislike of magic didn't extend to indirect effects. Then, I pushed her to her knees, forcing her down, grabbing her hair to keep her from collapsing. A flick freed her beautiful breasts from the oppression of her top. I started pushing inside her long and hard, though unfortunately, not hard enough to make the sound of our flesh hitting together explode. I could have used a sound-dampening ward, but it would have ruined Aviada's challenge.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 74%]

“You like it, don’t you, slut,” I whispered into her ear, loud enough for Carla to hear. “You like it when I use you like a toy, putting you in your proper place under me.”

“You’re courting death,” Aviada answered between her squeezed teeth, which would have been scary if it wasn’t for the thick arousal coloring her every word. Staying silent was taking her full concentration.

“And what are you going to do about it other than obediently taking what I’m dishing out until you cum like a helpless slut,” I asked. “You even have your friend here to watch your humiliation,” I reminded her. Meanwhile, the friend I had mentioned was watching us with rapt attention, her fingers caressing her inner thighs over her pants. She clearly wanted to do more, but lacked the courage to do so.

“I’ll kill you-” Aviada tried to say, only for her body to betray her, climaxing explosively. Since she was such an obedient little girl, I let her get her reward, filling her up, just as a wall of notifications filled my sight.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 75% - Third Stage Completed +15000 Exp]

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 2. Duration, 8 hours]

[New Perk: Skill Share]

[Skill Share perk activated. Target Skill: Legendary Sword Mastery. Copied: Duration, 24 hours]

[Temporary Skill: Master Swordsman (100/100)]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Grandmaster Melee (Requires 5 Points), Basic Swordsman, Expert Subterfuge]

I focused on the wall of notifications even as I captured Aviada’s lips in an effort to silence her. There had been a lot going on with the notifications I had received. The first thing I focused on was my own progress, of course, as it needed an immediate response. After a brief consideration, I chose Subterfuge, considering the rapid challenges I had been facing, faking a new personality wouldn’t exactly be a hindrance. Enhancing my melee abilities was tempting of course, but not at the cost of locking myself for the next five levels. My flexibility was the only

reason I was alive, and I had no reason to change that. Specializing further by picking the Swordsman skill was definitely out, especially since I had already received such a welcome workaround.

The skill share perk was not a surprise after already experiencing it with Helga, but its application was still a bit surprising. After all, rather than getting a basic skill, I had received a master skill. I could already feel that skill connecting to my already existing Melee Mastery, suggesting that I could receive specialized skills in this manner.

Very convenient, I thought even as I considered the possibilities it presented with Elemental and Cornelia, as well as Biomancy and Marianne. It was potentially a huge power boost with seemingly no drawback. A bit inflexible as it needed planning, but considering its potential implications, very much worth it. More importantly, it had some very interesting possibilities for training. Even without swinging a sword, I could feel a flood of information filling my mind about how to be a better swordsman, some I was hoping to remember even after I lost the skill, though it needed further practice.

“I got a new-” Aviada started with a fascinated expression on her face, only to receive a warning glare from me. She was justifiably excited as she just received a new achievement. I checked her soul space, only to see it was very similar to what Helga had received during her third-stage completion, a two-point increase across all of her physical stats, to a total of ten points. Considering a lot of people would gleefully sell their mother, sister, and grandmother for ten stat points, I couldn’t fault her, but she should know better to discuss that when she was aware of the little voyeur.

There was a reason I was yet to reveal my leveling trick to her.

She visibly wilted under my warning glare despite her euphoria, which showed that despite all of her shows of resistance, she firmly accepted her position under me. I kissed her once more to bring her mood back up. I continued to kiss her, only to receive yet another notification.

[Achievement: Vivacious Voyeur. Intentionally let a little voyeur enjoy the show you’re putting on. +2 Perception. +500 Experience]

Amused, I raised my head, only to meet Carla’s gaze, whose hand had finally disappeared in her pants, and looking like she had just experienced an orgasm of her own. She froze, realizing she had been caught. “Do you want to join us for the second round, or do you want to keep watching?” I asked amusedly. Carla stood frozen for a moment, then dashed away without saying anything.

“She’s a bit shy for a peeper,” I said, and Aviada laughed. Then, I leaned in for a kiss even as I started pumping into her once more...

[Level: 24 Experience: 278800 / 300000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 27

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 33

HP: 2856 / 2856 Mana: 3792 / 3792]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Subterfuge [50/75]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Fifty-Nine

We spent another half an hour on the balcony after Carla's shocked departure, which reinvigorated me completely. We could have continued, but I was excited about finally getting a weapon of my own. Inevitably, it was going to be inferior to Aviada's, but still, it was a good trade-off for continuous access.

I followed Aviada from a distance as she moved toward a stocky building near the center of the campus, once again dressed as yet another warrior student, which worked wonders to avoid attention.

[+1 Subterfuge]

A smile popped on my face as I read the notification, feeling nostalgic. It was barely more than a month ago when I first received my Subterfuge skill, which allowed me to carve a place for myself without trying to fend off scalpels of curious experimenters. Even now, it allowed me to play a game that was above my potential. I had to admit that it was a true shock. When I was below level ten, I was sure that level twenty was an unreachable goal, one that would ensure my safety once reached. That turned out not to be the case. I was level twenty-four, with an unbelievable stat distribution to boot, and still needed to stay concealed. The stronger I got, the more threats I faced.

Apparently, there was a reason the world was teetering on the edge of a collapse despite countless heroes. Under the impressive sheen of legends and magic, lay a dangerous rot.

I focused on the present as we entered the building dedicated to the craftsmen. The first thing that got my attention was the noise. It was unbearable. The shouts of the servants, the clanking of the metal, the low hum of the wards, and even the occasional explosions. A crowd of servants was bustling around, carrying trays and cases filled with half-processed materials. The crowd occasionally parted, letting one of the core craftsmen pass through, with great variety. Enchanters, blacksmiths, wardmasters, each giving off a subtle aura of expertise.

However, I noticed something interesting. There was a great variety of experts in the building, but in no area other than the main corridor, the building was clearly separated into areas, and I could see no expert from a different discipline. Each expert clearly preferred their own group, and the others even avoided the side corridors that connected. Even more, whenever an expert came across another, the tension between them was clear. Alchemists avoided blacksmiths, engravers glared at tailors, the leather workers disdained enchanters...

Weird, I thought, doing my best to listen as Aviada guided me deeper into the building. Their distaste for each other was clear, but understanding the reason for it was a bit more difficult. Meanwhile, we walked until we reached the stairs, and used them to go down four floors, each floor showing less and less movement, as the space underground was mostly used for storage. Even so, as we moved down, I could sense the wards around the storage rooms weakening, which implied that they were using those rooms for less precious knick-knacks rather than anything precious.

We left the stairs after arriving at the fourth underground floor, the place was empty other than a few servants trying to pull some items from storage. Since there was no one around us, I started walking next to Aviada once more. "What's the deal with the craftsmen avoiding each other?" I asked.

"Something about guild budgets and the number of candidates they are allowed to host here," Aviada explained dismissively, once again showing her direct personality. I sighed. She had an excellent mentality for combat, wasn't afraid of risks, and her loyalty was certain, but still, I couldn't trust her with anything important in other areas due to her dismissive attitude. If it wasn't something she could cut down with her sword, she wasn't interested, which made her a poor assistant for anything complicated.

"Guilds?" I asked, feeling curious. I had been planning to do some research about the production facilities before I visited, which unfortunately went awry due to my repeated lack of luck. Trying to figure out my new Tantric skill, or investigating the necromancer activities took priority. If it was even two weeks ago, I would have rescheduled and done my research no matter how much I needed a weapon, but with my power, there were only a few people I still feared in the school, such as Titania, and the mysterious Headmistress.

"Yeah, the craftsmen are not a part of the student body, so they need to get permission from the school to operate here," Aviada explained carelessly.

That explanation didn't clear up my confusion. "But why are they so against each other's presence?" I asked.

"Something about limited spots and competition between the guilds," Aviada murmured with a shrug. "Oeyne explained it before, but I don't remember. You can talk to her about it."

I sighed, not bothering to hide my disappointment. True to her personality, Aviada didn't care. It was doubtful whether she even noticed. We covered the rest of the distance in silence, moving deeper into the floor, so much that even the occasional servant carrying stuff disappeared.

When Aviada mentioned that Oeyne didn't like to work with the other craftsmen, I was expecting a slight distaste, not a total social shunning. Not that I had any problem with that. As long as she was skilled, her lack of connections worked to my benefit.

"We're here," Aviada said as she stood in front of a door that stood out from the other doors on the floor, which were gray and featureless. The door was made from pure iron, and engraved with silver. It radiated magic, so it was not just a door but a magical artifact. She might be ostracized and have a gambling problem, but that didn't mean she was poor. After all, for a skilled blacksmith, it wasn't hard to get extra funds as long as they were willing to work hard.

Interestingly, however, other than the door, which was a standalone artifact, the rest of the wards weren't particularly strong. So, she either used the door as an advertisement of her skills and wasn't afraid of danger, or she didn't have any capable helper for the wards. I was quite curious about which, because the latter part gave me an in to prove myself. "Have you talked with her about me?" I asked.

"I mentioned that you're a friend who needs a weapon and willing to be very generous in terms of payment," Aviada answered.

"Good," I said. "Then, as far as she's concerned, I'm a mage that chose to branch out as a warrior just to annoy my family," I said. She looked at me questioningly. "I might need to show off some of my magical abilities, and if I also show myself as a full-fledged warrior, my magical abilities and their implications would make her suspicious," I explained. Magical abilities were different, especially if I stick to Arcana and avoid Biomancy.

"If you say so," Aviada answered with a shrug, not really interested in my tricks. Earlier in our relationship, it would have earned a more explosive reaction, but she had been farming quite a bit of reward from my sneaky approach, which went a long way to mollify her distaste for subterfuge.

She knocked on the door, only to be met with silence. She waited a minute before knocking again, this time stronger. Again, silence. "Maybe she's not in her workshop yet?" I said. "Should we try her room instead?"

"This is her room," Aviada answered with a scoff, and knocked on the door once more. However, this time, she used the pommel of her sword rather than her hand, making a truly unbearable sound, even leaving a mark on the metal door.

That earned a response. "Who the fuck is it at this forsaken hour," came a groggy voice from

the other side of the door.

“It’s already afternoon, Oeyne,” Aviada shouted back.

“It’s still early. Why are you here?” her shout came back.

“We already talked about this. I have a friend with me to commission a weapon. Do you want him to go to the Blacksmith Guild to commission one?” Aviada shouted back, but she was smiling.

“If he wants me to do anything this early, he can go fuck himself for all I care,” she answered back.

“Charming lady,” I commented, unable to keep my smirk contained.

Aviada laughed. “Even if he can cure your hangover?”

The shout that replied was different, replacing annoyance with enthusiasm. “Why didn’t you tell me that first, you silly girl,” she shouted immediately. As we waited, we heard a couple of doors being slammed, followed by more profanity.

“Do you want me to stay, or can you handle it?” Aviada asked.

“I’m sure I can handle it,” I answered. If her enthusiasm about the hangover cure was any indicator, I didn’t need Aviada to break the ice between us, and considering I was going to rely on my mage persona to further my relationship with her, she couldn’t exactly help me.

Then, the door opened, giving me the first glimpse of the mystery blacksmith, making my eyes widen slightly, along with a notification.

[+75 Experience] 25% Penalty!

The experience is nothing much at my current level, but the fact that I received any experience meant that she was level twenty-four just like me, making her a true powerhouse craftsman. I didn’t know a lot about the Blacksmith Guild and other organizations, but I was willing to bet that they weren’t filled with powerhouses like that, making her ostracization a true mystery.

But the political ramifications took the backseat as I turned my full focus to examine her, unable to keep my smirk as I did so. I received to experience the moment I saw her, because she was wearing only a dressing gown, its front loose enough to show her lack of a bra, instead of giving me a glimpse of her spectacular, caramel-colored bosom, looking delicious enough to eat.

To make things even more interesting, before I could raise my eyes to look at her face, she grabbed my wrist and pulled me inside, hard enough to break the arm of a weaker man. She was very strong. Even from a casual pull, from the ease she achieved it, I was confident that her Strength was above twenty, but I wasn't sure about the exact number. "Are you coming, girl," she said without bothering to look at Aviada, who was watching us with a mischievous smile, clever enough to realize the ultimate ending for her friend.

I was so lucky that I had fucked jealousy out of Aviada.

"I have a mission, so no," Aviada answered, and closed the door, leaving us alone.

Oeyne grunted in response as she pulled me toward a seat in the corner, and sat down, looking exhausted. "Cure, now, or I break you, boy," she grunted even as she pressed her hands to her temple.

I was curious just how much she drank last night. She was clearly strong, and as a blacksmith, I doubted that her Endurance was below fifteen. To make her feel such an explosive hangover, she must have imbibed a tub. However, rather than trying to estimate it, I pulled out a bottle that was filled with a purple fluid which I created through biomancy. It was basically a concentrated solution of minerals that would help replace the loss of energy. All she needed was to drink it, and her hangover would be gone in fifteen minutes.

However, that was the plan before I saw her. Even with her brown hair disheveled horribly, her face contorted in discomfort, and giving out a thick smell of alcohol, she was beautiful. She certainly wasn't young, probably in her forties, but like the wine she was clearly fond of, the years just made her tastier. She was almost six feet, making her just a few inches shorter than me, and her body was toned to perfection. Thanks to the supernatural nature of her strength, she wasn't overly muscular, making her tight body delicious, especially combined with her caramel skin tone. I couldn't wait until I could get a taste.

"Here it is," I said as I raised the bottle. She grabbed the bottle immediately and was about to drink it. Suddenly, I understood why Aviada liked her. They were both recklessly forward, making me wonder how the hell they managed to survive in such a dangerous world. Maybe there was a hidden luck stat, and theirs were off-the-charts?

I decided to leverage her direct personality. "If you drink it, it'll take effect in fifteen minutes, or I can apply it through your neck and use magic to activate it, and it'll work in a minute."

She said nothing, not that she needed to. She gave me the bottle before turning around, and

pulled her dressing gown enough to give me a glimpse of her shoulders, making my erection grow even after the hour I had spent with Aviada. “Hurry up,” she said.

[+150 Experience] 25% Penalty!

I quickly poured the potion on her shoulders before starting my massage, my fingers already dancing on her shoulders. Since Aviada mentioned Oeyne had some magical abilities, I couldn't be as direct as I wanted to be. Using my healing abilities directly wasn't an option, as it would raise a question about the need for the potion, not to mention I was trying to sell myself as an Arcana expert.

Thankfully, my magical abilities were more than enough to trick such an amateur. I used a large amount of Arcana-natured mana to blanket her senses, making the magical signature of the potion too chaotic to sense. Only after, I used my healing abilities to ease her hangover, while simultaneously making her body absorb the potion. However, even that part was a distraction, as if noticed, it wasn't exactly hard to explain. I wanted to reach into her soul space, getting a glimpse of her skills and abilities.

Since she wasn't relaxed enough for that, I decided to help her with that aspect first. Repeated sessions with Marianne had made me an expert on the subject, so after I let my hands free on her neck and shoulders, it didn't take long for her pained moans to be replaced by satisfied grunts. In a minute, her back was arching sexily as my fingers destroyed knot after knot in her back. She desperately needed a massage, it seemed. Not surprising considering the physical strain of being a blacksmith, combined with her drinking habits. But her sexy moans made it hard for me to keep my hands in safe places.

[+300 Experience] 25% Penalty!

[+2 Subterfuge]

Rather than trying to sleep with her, I used the opportunity to slip a small stream of mana into her body, finding her soul space. She was too strong to process without a better understanding, especially since, unlike Titania, she wasn't exhausted due to mana overuse.

The sensation of her soul space surprised me. It was significantly more defined than the girls, reminding me of Titania. Unlike her, however, Oeyne's soul space was stiff, which meant that she had reached her level cap. A glimpse of her stats showed that she was primarily physical — no surprises there— with a particular focus on Strength and Endurance. However, her mental stats surprised me, because she had three stats over ten: Intelligence, Perception, and Wisdom.

Intelligence and Perception were barely above ten, but still, it was impressive for a primarily-physical fighter, nothing I had seen before in someone else —though I couldn't say I had a large pool of examples. Combined with her Level, it made her truly formidable.

So, formidable that, rather than trying to turn the massage into something more heated, I pulled my hands back after getting a glimpse of her skills, which were mostly crafting related, a specialized melee skill, and one advanced Arcana to give her some utility. I pulled back, not wanting to risk getting caught. She was strong, beautiful, and most importantly, clearly lacking in allies, making her an excellent prospect. I didn't want to ruin it accidentally.

Also, it was always a good strategy to make a lady be left wanting...

"That's it," I said as I pulled back, cutting her moan off halfway. She looked back, her eyes widening slightly, only then realizing the inappropriateness of the situation. She fixed her dressing gown, though even as she did so, she managed to surprise me once more. Rather than pulling it on hurriedly as Marianne would, or doing her best to look impassive like Titania, Oeyne fixed her dressing gown slowly, bordering inappropriate, a curious smile on her lips.

"That was rather impressive," she said, her tone soft and silky now that she wasn't shouting angrily. "I'm going to ask you to wait while I put on something more appropriate, wait here, and don't touch anything," she said, her tone sharpening at the last part. Still, any possible sting from her words disappeared when she turned around. She did so quickly, making her dressing gown rise, giving me a glimpse of her beautiful thighs, riding high enough to reveal that her bra wasn't the only missing piece of underwear...

[+75 Experience] 25% Penalty!

I smiled as I watched her disappear into her bedroom. I liked Helga and the rest, but Oeyne's mature, confident gait was a breath of fresh air. Working with her was going to be an interesting experience...

[Level: 24 Experience: 279400 / 300000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 27

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 33

HP: 2856 / 2856 Mana: 3792 / 3792]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Subterfuge [52/75]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Sixty

I finally let my gaze wander around the room as I waited for Oeyne to get ready.

Just a glance was enough to detect that the place was a modified warehouse, but had gone through a severe renovation. Apart from her living quarters, her workshop was an open-plan space. A huge forge, clearly expensive, stood in the middle of the room, bubbling with magic even in its inactive state. It was old enough to show the signs of age, managing to survive past the standard expiration date for an ordinary magical item through maintenance. It paid to be owned by a blacksmith expert. Interestingly, the forge was clearly transported here recently, and the rest of the renovations weren't that old. Her move couldn't be any earlier than a year, and I was willing to bet for six months.

The rest of the workshop paled compared to the forge, but that didn't mean that they were of low quality. She had some alchemy tools on a corner, which was useful in processing magical reagents collected from the monsters. It was possible to process them without any equipment like I had been doing, of course, but not only it was much costlier in terms of mana consumption, but also it was quite wasteful. Other than that, a number of tools were spread around the room, giving it a messy feeling. Too messy for an expert, unless she was used to working together with assistants and apprentices to handle those things.

It made a certain kind of sense with Aviada's offhand comments about the argument between Oeyne and the craftsmen guilds. She was clearly an accomplished blacksmith, the half-completed weapons resting on the table were exquisite enough to prove that fact. I didn't know whether she was always living at Silver Spires, or moved here after her fight with the Guilds, but whichever was the case, I doubted that it was something simple if the Guilds were exerting enough pressure to actually prevent her from finding an apprentice to help her.

It also gave me an opportunity to gain her favor.

I could see a bookcase filled with books, and a soft probe made sure that there was no magical protection. Since half of the objects were warded in the workshop, I guessed that they weren't very valuable from her perspective. I walked to the shelf, and pulled a book, only to see it was the notes of a previous apprentice, focusing on basic techniques and procedures. As I read, I couldn't help but quirk my eyebrow. Whomever the apprentice was, they had excellent notetaking capabilities, not only recording their lessons but also comparing them with more common techniques, followed by a detailed breakdown of the advantages and disadvantages. I read it, because while the library had quite a number of books about blacksmithing, they were

much more focused on theory. The guide in front of me was giving me a lot of interesting insights.

Of course, since they were personal notes, the writer neglected to explain the simpler points, sometimes just abbreviating things into single letters. Most people would have been helpless against it, but it was different for me. With my Wisdom allowing me to fill the blanks and my Intelligence helping to connect the dots, I had gained a lot of insights about being a blacksmith just by reading. I wouldn't be forging my own sword anytime soon, but it was definitely a benefit.

When I heard her bathroom door open, I put the book back and moved to my seat. Instead, I pulled a valuable piece of material from my bag, and started processing it by applying my Arcana abilities, fashioning it into a keystone for a medium-powered defensive ward. It wasn't the full range of my abilities, but it was still a task that would challenge usual people that managed to attain Arcana Master skill. Not everyone had almost forty points of Charisma to power their spells.

A minute later, the bedroom door opened, and revealed Oeyne, wearing a pair of long pants and a long-sleeved shirt. Her hair was collected to a simple ponytail, and a pair of combat boots competed for the ensemble. However, despite the simple and boring description, her clothing was anything but. Her pants were made of leather, and certainly too tight to be comfortable working in a workshop unless it was enchanted. It wrapped tight around her body, displaying her beautiful legs in full display.

Her shirt was made of thick linen, and was much looser, though it still strategically tightened enough to display her hourglass figure. More interestingly, a huge gap in the middle traveled down, creating an aggressive cleavage, deep enough to reveal the continuing absence of a bra. I made no attempt to hide my gaze as I examined her figure, pausing on her cleavage for a couple of seconds before finding her face.

Even if I had failed to understand her aim earlier, her smile, supported by her enchanting gait, told the whole story. She was teasing me, and if I was reading correctly, with no intention of actually carrying me to her bed. So, she either wanted to take revenge for the massage session in kind, or she wanted to unbalance me before our negotiation. Maybe, both of them were her aim together.

Whichever was the case, I was more than happy to contend against her in her chosen battleground.

Supporting my earlier detection, she plopped herself next to me without saying anything, close enough for our arms to rub together, which was certainly not proper. She smiled at me seductively, and while it was tempting to play the simpering fool, she seemed like a gal who would enjoy pushing my buttons. It might have been an option under different circumstances, but with the pressure from the necromancers and their mysterious allies, I didn't have the time to play the lovesick teenager for a couple of weeks.

I met with her seductive smile with a confident one of my own, making her smile freeze for a moment before it widened a bit. "Sorry to keep you waiting," she said, with just a little bit of gasp that sent a tingling across my body. For a supposed blacksmith with a wild look, she was surprisingly adept at the game of seduction. Her willingness to show skin enhanced her game to the next level.

"Please. I'm the one that came early and disrupted your rest. I should be the one apologizing," I said, not keeping myself from catching another glimpse of her impressive cleavage since she was kind enough to lean forward. I raised my hand, and showed the mostly-processed reagent in my hand. "It's not like I was wasting my time," I said.

"Hmm," she murmured as she turned her attention to it, her eyes widening slightly as she took a note of my expertise. I wasn't a dedicated alchemist, but that didn't mean my work was something to be dismissed. It was certainly far above what she could manage with her skills. "Impressive work," she admitted. "It's not easy to process the tooth of a golden lion without a complete set of equipment, even for a dedicated apprentice."

"I do my best," I said with a soft smirk. "I'm glad that it's good enough not to be an eyesore to a true master of the craft like yourself," I added, and she smiled, though she wasn't impressed by it. As an expert blacksmith, she must be used to compliments and people playing nicely while trying to commission a sword.

"So, what are you going to use it for, as an offensive node for a larger ward, or something more interesting?"

"Certainly something more interesting," I answered. "The tooth is useless in defense, but it has strong attack quality. By using seven of them, I can establish an attack ward. It will be a one-time effect, but it will certainly be impressive."

"It should be, if it's going to consume seven golden lion teeth," she suggested. "It's a bit on the costly side, of course," she added.

She delivered the latter part of it without any fluctuation in her tone, perfectly flatly, which would have convinced a lot of people that it was just an offhand comment. Not me. I easily recognized it as a good attempt to assess my net worth. She was more sly than my first impression suggested, though it made me even more excited about the prospect. "It's just golden lion teeth," I said dismissively. "They are at most uncommon."

She nodded at my answer, but her smile widened at my dismissive attitude. If she was as terrible in gambling as Aviada suggested, it wasn't surprising for her to get excited about my potential wealth, especially with the guilds blacklisting her.

"I'm not familiar with the carving method," she said. "Is this a way to connect with the nearest node?"

"Actually, no," I answered. "Through that carving, I'm planning to connect it to the other six teeth directly, establishing a tighter formation. That way, it can explode spectacularly."

"As long as you can keep it until the last moment," she countered, her eyes tightening. She wasn't a magical expert, but as I expected, she had good instincts about ward establishment. In the higher levels, it probably shared many fundamental concepts with blacksmithing. So, I didn't dumb down my explanation too much as I explained to her how I was planning to stabilize the attack formation by relying on neutralizing the pressure by using the other teeth. It took ten minutes, and she listened in rapt attention, though she continuously touched my arm and shoulder, playing it as a distraction.

"I wasn't expecting a warrior student to have such a deep attainment in the magical theory," Oeyne commented after I had finished my explanation.

"I saw myself more of a mage than a warrior," I answered. "It's a bit shameful, but I have to admit I first picked the sword as a part of a childish rebellion against my family, but after realizing the potential of versatility, I continued to develop it," I said. "A stronger selection of activities is certainly useful."

"A commendable approach," she said passionately. It personally resonated with her, but it was too early to easily ascertain whether it was a candid emotion, or she was just using the opportunity to subtly make fun of the guilds without being committed to the idea herself. It was a mystery for another day. "And I'm guessing you're here to get something better than the garbage you have on your waist."

"Exactly," I answered. "Since I'm going to do something unusual, I better do it with a true

masterpiece in my hands.”

“A good approach,” she said. “It’s a pity you’re going to be disappointed though,” she added, making a show of looking sad.

She clearly had something in mind, and while I could guess where she was driving at, I decided to play oblivious. “That’s a pity,” I said with a sigh. “I was hoping to wield a sword shaped by your masterful hands.”

She sighed loudly. “It’s not that I don’t want to help, but I’m currently in the midst of a small dispute with the guilds, and I don’t have a helper to assist me. I can still make something strong by myself, but it won’t be something that deserved to be called a masterpiece.” I waited a bit, making a show of looking disappointed, wordlessly inviting her to breach the subject.

[+2 Subterfuge]

A smile appeared on her face, like she had just an idea. “Actually, you are not bad when it comes to preparing reagents. You waste quite a bit, but the final quality is more than satisfactory. As long as you’re willing to help me, we should be able to create something I would be proud of.”

“That’s a tempting offer,” I said. “I accept.” It was quicker than I would have normally liked. Despite her attempts to conceal it, she was clearly enthusiastic about having me as temporary help. I had no doubt that helping her while she was being blacklisted by the guilds had some dangerous consequences. I could have used those potential consequences to extract several concessions from her, but at the cost of revealing my true nature, which would have made her cautious. Also, I didn’t want to join a craftsmen guild, and even if I changed my mind, I could easily apply to a position through brand new identity.

It was for the best if she thought I could be manipulated by a flash of tits and promises of a better weapon. They were currencies I was more than happy to deal with as well, though the cost itself was going to be much higher. “Do you have any preferences?” she said.

“Actually, I do,” I said as I raised my steel sword, letting my Arcana energy to flow freely, giving the otherwise mundane sword a dangerous feeling.

[-57 Mana]

“Interesting,” she murmured as she watched the magic flow. “But ultimately, very wasteful.”

“That’s because steel is a terrible medium to conduct magic, and it corrodes too easily,” I answered. “If we use something more malleable like alchemical silver with several reagents added to keep the magic from radiating uselessly, it should be much more effective.”

She frowned. “Still, isn’t it strictly inferior to a traditional magical sword? While it would be cheaper, it would still be impressively expensive. On the added side, you won’t waste any mana while using it.”

I said nothing as I raised my sword, repeating the trick once again, but this time, adding some fire nature to my Arcana trick. It wasn’t a full elemental spell —which wasn’t an ability I wanted to reveal her— but it was still impressive. Best of all, it was possible to do through Arcana. She watched the trick with interest, and just to drive my point, I quickly cycled through multiple elements, using lightning, water, and wind in quick succession. It barely lasted more than five seconds, but the rapid change turned the steel sword into useless molten slag.

“That was rather interesting, and certainly hard to replicate in a magical sword,” she commented. “I can see why you want that. Follow me.”

With that, she stood up and walked toward the forge, and I followed her a step behind. Her earlier measured gait was replaced by a determined walk, too focused on what I had shown to remember her seduction game. I was a bit bummed at the temporary loss of my entertainment. Thankfully, even without her intentional seduction attempts, her ass looked great in her tight leather pants. When she reached the forge, she grabbed a leather work apron from a drawer and put it on, which unfortunately concealed her beautiful cleavage.

“About the payment,” she suddenly added, realizing that in her excitement to work on a new theory, she had forgotten to talk about such an important topic. I nodded, waiting for her to continue, leveraging her impatience. “I want to receive two times the material that has been used consumed in the process of forging your items,” she said.

It was certainly a steep price, one that she used as an aggressive negotiation opener, so, my answer surprised her quite a bit. “Sure,” I said casually. “It’s not a big deal.”

Her eyes widened, her thoughts reflected on her face. She was clearly cursing herself for being impatient. It was easy to read her emotions. If she was as open when gambling, her losing streak wasn’t simply bad luck. “Okay,” she murmured, unable to hide the sense of defeat. After all, she couldn’t raise the price above what she had offered after I accepted, not without destroying the goodwill between us, at least. “You already managed to surprise me once when it came to using magical reagents. Do you want to try again?”

“Why not,” I said as I dug into my bag, and started pulling some select items. They weren’t the most expensive materials I owned, but they certainly weren’t the cheapest as well. Still, since I was planning for another hunting trip tonight —this time hopefully without stumbling on another wild conspiracy— I wasn’t conservative dipping in my savings. Most were already gone, either to my own wards, or the escape tunnel I had set up for the necromancer base.

“Interesting,” she murmured as she looked at the materials that spread out over the table—and two piles with the same materials placed in front of Oeyne. Her pouty lips parted in excitement as she reached for the piles that were was going to be her payment, followed by a sigh. However, her happiness was a bit exaggerated considering her position and potential wealth. I couldn’t help but feel like it had something to do with her gambling problem, maybe she owed the others some money. Then, she spoke, forcing me to focus on the present. “It’s an impressive ward, but I think I’m unable to connect some of the details. Why don’t you explain it to me.”

I did so, and after some time, she interrupted. “It looks like a good idea, but it wouldn’t work on a forged item,” she offered. I needed in understanding. It was my first time working on metal, and there bound to be surprised.

“How about now?” I asked, and she countered once more, which started a rather interesting discussion. My visit was turning even more interesting than I first assumed.

We have talked for half an hour, discussing various theories until we finally agreed on a set of features. The implementation of the ideas was solely her responsibility, of course. Embedding magical abilities during the forging process was much different than enchanting them afterward, or using wards to replicate the effects. My contribution was already well-above what was expected.

“I’ll alert the girl once the dagger is ready, but it might take a few days,” she said after the discussion, not even offering me to watch the process. Understandable considering her secret techniques, but still a pity. She didn’t even ask for my help to process the reagents, as we tried to keep the requirements for the dagger considerably low, since it was still an experimental product, with no great material requirements.

“Any chance for a rush order,” I said, only to receive a deadpan look from her. I chuckled. Her response was understandable, as even the simplest magical item normally took weeks to forge, and she was going to forge an experimental one in a few days. It was enough of a miracle as it was.

“See you in three days, then,” I sighed as I left the room, but not before feeling a playful slap on

my bottom.

I couldn't wait to respond to that in kind.

[Level: 24 Experience: 279400 / 300000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 27

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 30

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 33

HP: 2856 / 2856 Mana: 3792 / 3792]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Subterfuge [54/75]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Sixty-One

After leaving Oeyne, I swung by the library to check for Titania, but her absence continued. Helga was still busy with the documents I had pilfered from the necromancer base, and the rest of the girls were supposed to be in classes. And while it was tempting to pull them from their classes, I could visit them later on. I had a bigger issue. After the payment for my dagger, I was poor once again.

I needed to gather enough materials before Oeyne finished the dagger, which might even be tomorrow. Luckily, I already had two instances of mana regeneration active with still a decent duration left. After sneaking out of the school, I once again used the faux-elemental trick, and five minutes later, I was three hundred miles away from Silver Spires, facing the outskirts of a misty mountain.

I was at Mount Dread.

I had picked my destination carefully, because this place was famous for the constant mist that caused many travelers to get lost until their death. Therefore, not a lot of people chose to hunt here despite the potential richness both in terms of valuable monsters to hunt and the variety of magically-rich herbs and minerals. Like I had done before, I picked a cave and spend half an hour covering the place with a thick layer of wards, both with passive and active defenses, making sure I had a place to hide if things had gone too badly. Only then I started my hunt.

At first, I relied on my melee skill, curious just how much it would improve thanks to my new specialized skill. The answer turned out to be a lot. I was a good swordsman before, but the difference between the two states was incredible. The difference was more than the one between Expert and Master Melee, though it wasn't as much as the difference between Advanced and Master Melee. Apparently, I had been underestimating the impact of the specialized skills, as well as just how much my stats helped to overcome the others.

Still, I was glad for my more generalized approach, as it fit my strategy perfectly.

After making sure my sword skills were up to par, I started using spells to quicken my work, which worked wonders. Creatures below Class fifteen didn't even take a second to take down, while the ones reaching Class twenty took at most thirty seconds, and only because I wasn't willing to reveal my trump cards against them. After three hours of intense hunting, I had managed to collect enough to craft my sword and pay Oeyne for her efforts, which was above my expectations.

Mount Dread was a good hunting destination, it seemed, unable to keep a proud smile from forming. It felt good, being strong enough to treat a place the others were afraid to step in as a personal hunting ground.

However, as I was returning to my cave, that smile suddenly turned into a frown. My sixth sense started tingling, suggesting that I was being watched. It wasn't an intense feeling, and I wasn't able to see anyone around, but that didn't mean that I was going to neglect the sensation. However, I changed my mind about going back to my safe house for a rest and continued hunting while underplaying my abilities, acting unaware of the foreign presence, hoping to bait them into an attack.

[+1 Subterfuge]

I barely kept back my flinch at the notification, which effectively confirmed that I had been being watched. However, as time passed, I started to discern more about my observer, including the fact that their gaze lacked the hostile intent. While that deduction was by no means foolproof, it was enough to make me relax a bit. I stayed in the mountain for another hour, relying mostly on my sword skills to hunt, supported by simpler spells with limited mana consumption. I didn't want to alert my observer about my insane mana regeneration, which was still my most important trump card.

[+7 Subterfuge]

Seeing my subterfuge skill slowly increasing was convenient, both for the sake of progress, and informing me that I was still being watched. Still, I have left Mount Dread after the mana regeneration from Helga expired. I still had around half an hour for Aviada's, which was enough insurance, but I wanted to be halfway back when that expired. Even with a full mana pool, I didn't want to stick around against my mystery observer.

The sensation of being watched had disappeared when I left the outskirts of the mountain, but I maintained a slower pace for another fifteen minutes before I finally summoned the fake air elemental and returned to the school.

"Finally," I said, feeling happy. Not just because I was carrying enough valuables to make a minor noble house jealous, but also I somehow managed to get away without finding myself embroidered in a fresh mess.

I stopped in my room to drop the loot, only to see Helga sleeping, exhausted. Pity, I thought as I checked the library, only to see that Titania is yet to be back. "Where did she disappear?" I

murmured, unable to help but worry. She was strong, yes, but that hardly meant that she was invincible. She should be alert enough to avoid another ambush, but it wasn't impossible. Regardless, if her absence continued, I would be forced to talk to the headmistress directly, which was something I wanted to avoid.

However, if avoiding that wasn't an option, I wanted my subterfuge skill to be progressed to its new limit before doing so, just as an added precaution. Luckily, I had a good target for that.

I once again dressed as a servant and went to the Hall of Crafting, doing my best to penetrate the private locations of the various Guilds. I spent four hours in the attempts, and surprisingly, made very little progress. Apparently, the Guilds defended themselves much more meticulously than the school itself. I failed to penetrate their inner sanctums, but I managed to slip into servant areas for the Blacksmiths, Alchemists, and Enchanters, enough to swipe several apprentice-level books, while maximizing my Subterfuge in the process.

[+13 Subterfuge]

However, as I did so, I was able to listen to the gossip, even managing to convince some apprentices to have some idle chat. As a result, I learned quite a bit about Oeyne's situation.

It turned out that she was originally from a famous Blacksmith family which held an important role in Blacksmiths Guild, but she belonged to one of the less important branches, so the family didn't allow her to access their unique techniques, making her leave the family and join an adventurer group, which turned out to be highly successful, which wasn't surprising as she had managed to reach level twenty-four.

The problem came when she rejected her family's request to join back and take a role. Angry, the family had used the Guild to pressure her, only for her to resign from the Guild, which happened five years ago. Normally, it would have ruined her career, but she apparently managed to get herself a spot in Silver Spires, bypassing the school completely.

That was supposed to be the end of it, but for some reason, about a year ago, Enchanters Guild decided to join Blacksmiths Guild to suppress her, which was shocking enough considering the cold relationship between them. Even more surprisingly, about six months ago, the Alchemists Guild and Herbalists Guild joined them to exert pressure, which was something even her mysterious backers were unable to handle, which resulted in her losing her workshop. She apparently bypassed that by moving to the storage unit, but it was clearly a temporary measure.

Interesting, I murmured, curious why the hell four Guilds suddenly decided to suppress one independent Blacksmith, especially when they should be more than happy about the struggle of Blacksmiths Guild. In the end, I shrugged and left the Hall of Crafting, happy with my findings. Not only I had learned quite a bit about my latest target, but also I managed to maximize my Subterfuge.

I wanted to go hunting once more, but not before I activated my mana regeneration perk. I could have made a quick stop at Aviada, but after a brief consideration, I decided to drop by Marianne, curious about her progress. Then, I could swing by Cornelia, and pick her for the hunting trip, impressing her while helping her to level up again. Showing some of my capabilities in a nighttime hunt would impress her further about my capabilities, removing the last probability of a dissent.

After all the times I had been there, sneaking into Marianne's room was not even a challenge. I found her sitting on her desk, several books open in front of her, a concentrated expression on her face. However, my attention was grabbed by the flickering dot of energy hovering above her hand. It was the anti-undead pure life energy. Impressive, I thought. The spell might be still far away from the combat applications, but she had succeeded in using it, and she did so in less than a day. No wonder she was a renowned healer despite her age.

That achievement deserved a celebration, I decided even as sneaked to her, and without a warning, pushed her on her desk. Conveniently, she was wearing a nightie, so I easily pushed it up as she cried in shock. Only then she realized the identity of her assailant. "Caesar," she gasped in shock while I was busy pulling her panties down. "You scared me!"

"Sorry sweetie," I answered even as I cast a spell to clean and lubricate her back door, pressing my shaft against her puckered hole.

"Caesar! What are you doing!" she exclaimed again when she felt my shaft, unable to process the sudden change of the situation. Not surprising, since she was really bad at processing change.

"Rewarding you for your progress," I answered even as I pushed deeper, parting her puckered hole parting to accommodate the crown of my shaft. She gasped in pain as her body tried to adapt, but she made no move to avoid the pressure, obediently laying on her desk. It had been a while since our fateful encounter in the storage room, where she had surrendered her anal virginity while suffering from delirious arousal after my massage. And she had come a long way.

That time, she had accepted my presence resentfully —not only toward me, but also toward the betrayal of her own body. This time, after the initial shock wore off, she responded to my presence with an explosive moan of acceptance, even lifting her bountiful ass to give me a better angle. Her previous shyness didn't seem to be preventing her from moaning.

“So, you managed to make great progress with the spell,” I commented absentmindedly even as I pushed my presence deeper bit by bit, using the assistance of my magic to loosen her, but not to the point of completely removing the sting of pain. Marianne clearly enjoyed a subtle jolt of pain, she wouldn't have reacted to my anal intrusion with that much enthusiasm otherwise.

“The spell?” she stammered in shock, surprised by the topic of conversation I picked while I was fucking her anally.

“Yes, the spell,” I said even as I used the opportunity to slip some mana inside her, and her eyes widened with the rush of experience, which also triggered pleasure along with it. “Unless you want to stop and talk about it,” I added, giving her a nice ultimatum. I had no intention of leaving the discussion after sex.

[-614 Mana]

“But-” she started, only to receive a warning slap to her ass. I might have thought about actually pulling out and denying her the pleasure if the target was Cornelia, but Marianne was just too cute to torture like that. “Okay,” she moaned. “I managed to isolate the pure effect you have taught me,” she started explaining as I pushed deeper, enjoying the unique tightness of her forbidden hole.

“How long you can keep a fragment stable,” I asked even as I put my hand on her body, and pulled her nightie off her body, the fabric falling into pieces under my physical strength, leaving her plump body naked.

“Almost a minute,” she gasped while my hands scaled the familiar curves of her body once more, enjoying the curves.

“Very good. Show me,” I said even as I dumped another generous dash of mana inside her, but this time, I didn't let all of it to convert to experience. Some, I maintained in her soul space to observe, while I let some in reserve, to mix with her mana as she cast the spell. I wanted to test whether I could guide her in casting directly.

[-873 Mana]

“Right now?” she asked, only to receive another spank on her bottom, which raised another cry of pleasure. She said nothing else as she raised her hand, and a small, flickering light appeared on her palm, which was less stable than the one I saw while she was on her desk. It barely survived a second.

“Again,” I said even as I slammed deeper into her, her body shivering under my touch as my fingers found her breasts. I was happy to note that rather than trying to make excuses, she just cast another spell, which managed to survive for three whole seconds. “Again,” I repeated, but this time, I let my mana to infect her spell after she cast, keeping the structure stable even as her attention wavered. “Watch carefully,” I warned as I took partial control of the spell, letting it grow while stabilizing it simultaneously, until it was as large as an orange.

“Amazing,” she murmured, which followed by a moan as I slammed even deeper. By taking the control of the spell, I had allowed her to observe my casting directly, which naturally provided her with a lot of insight. I let the spell to disperse and she raised her hand immediately, casting yet another spell. It was brighter than her previous spells, and even then it managed to stay stable for fifteen seconds before it risked dispersing. I repeated the same trick, stabilizing it as I made it grow, allowing her to observe it directly with her mana.

We repeated the process several times, and we continued to have fun in the process. Of course, in our interesting tutoring session, my hands continued to explore her body while I continued to impale her puckered hole, her moans getting louder and louder. However, despite her fraying control, her spells continued to shine brighter and survive longer, though her spell fell in pieces when I finally climaxed, bringing her along in the journey.

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Duration, 8 hours]

“Not bad, but you need to be able to maintain control in your spells,” I warned her as I pulled out.

“I’ll make a note, sir,” she murmured playfully even as she tried to break through the haze of orgasm. I held her hand and helped her to stand up, helping her to walk. She hooked her arm around mine, and we might have been mistaken for a proper noble couple if it wasn’t for her naked state, and my seed slowly dripping out of her puckered hole.

We said nothing until we arrived at the bed, and she lay down, her legs parted invitingly. Not one to miss such a kind host, I took my place between her legs. “Now, it’s time for your final test,” I murmured into her ear as I slipped into her womanhood. “Keep the spell active until I climax, and I’ll give you a reward.”

She said nothing, but her blue eyes shone with a hint of a challenge as she raised her finger, her eyes reflecting the light of the spell. I leaned down, my lips gently pressing against her slender neck, building a road from my kisses, leaving toward her impressive bosom. Seeing that the light of her spell was stable, I decided to increase the challenge. I continued to slide inside her gently, but my lips started to act aggressively, leaving hickeys and bite marks on her neck before they arrived at their final destination.

She moaned louder as I nibbled her skin, but she started to dance more enthusiastically, tempting me to pump her furiously. Instead, I took her with soft, gentle beats, increasing her moans as I explored her depths. As I did so, I filled her more of my mana, pushing her closer to Level thirteen, but didn't let her complete yet. It was the reward for her success, after all. Since we were in her room, she abandoned her sense of control, moans echoing off the walls. Still, she somehow managed to maintain control of the spell, showing the effectiveness of my new teaching method.

I licked, nibbled, and caressed her body while I maintained a steady pace of pumping. Fifteen minutes later, she turned into a delirious husk of moans and cries, barely holding the spell under control. I decided to take mercy, and when I felt I was about to explode again, I didn't bother to resist the call, exploding inside her. And since she was able to keep the spell stable, I infused my seed with a generous amount of mana, making her trigger. As I did so, a notification surprised me.

[-2164 Mana]

[Achievement: Talented Tutor. Bring a pupil to new heights through unconventional methods of teaching. +2 Intelligence, +500 Experience]

"I got a level," Marianne murmured, which was barely above a whisper. I let her lack of reaction slide, as while she was clearly excited, trying to keep the spell active for the duration of our beautiful embrace, all under a continuous rush of pleasure, took a lot from her, and she was tethering on the edge of unconsciousness. Luckily, she was already in her bed.

"I know, honey. Now, sleep," I whispered even as I placed a gentle kiss on her lips. She was already asleep before I could finish pulling the covers on her. I chuckled as I fixed my clothing, leaving her to her rest.

The next stop, Cornelia.

[Level: 24 Experience: 279400 / 300000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 21 Perception: 27

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 32

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 33

HP: 2856 / 2856 Mana: 1721 / 3840]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Subterfuge [75/75]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Sixty-Two

Cornelia wasn't in her room when I checked, so finding her took a bit of a search. On the way, I stopped by Aviada for a quickie, getting another instance for my mana regeneration and borrowing her sword again before I continued to search for Cornelia. Though Carla's absence left me disappointed. Messing with her was fun.

It didn't take long to find Cornelia, I just needed to follow the flashes of light in the training grounds, contrasting greatly against the darkness of the evening sky. I didn't make a sound as I sneaked in, not that it was difficult. After dark, not many students hung around the practice forest, and the ones that brave enough to do so had avoided Cornelia, who was throwing fire around copiously. And it was good that they avoided her, as it meant no one saw Cornelia laughing deliriously as she killed rabbits in droves.

For a moment, I stood hidden, enjoying the beautiful vision. Despite her slightly unhinged laughter, she was beautiful with her blushed face, a previously-unseen excitement dancing behind her beautiful green eyes. Her crimson hair fluttered wildly with the winds created by her flame magic, their shine lighting creating sharp shadows that highlighted the beautiful lines of her face. Her well-tailored crimson robe completed the vision, elevating her beauty to an ethereal level.

My maid was truly beautiful!

"You should leave some rabbits for the others," I said, not bothering to restrain my laughter. Cornelia immediately turned to face me, and dashed forward the moment she recognized me. If it had been in the past, that scene would have scared me to death, but now, I was calm enough to notice the uncharacteristically huge, almost delirious, smile on her face. I would have doubted her for being drugged if I hadn't known the reason.

"Caesar," she gasped gleefully as she hugged me, burying her face to my neck, trembling in excitement. "I can gain experience again. Thank you, thank you, thank you..." she murmured repeatedly, and I felt the wetness of her tears even as she laughed uncontrollably. I had thought that I understood the stress she had been under, but it seemed that I had miscalculated if her candid reaction was any indicator. I would have suspected that a shapeshifter took her place if I didn't have the ability to check her soul space.

"It's nothing more than I had promised, my sweet maid," I said with a chuckle, wanting to tease her a bit, but even the reminder of her obligation was unable to chip her cheer. She said nothing else, just kept hugging me, so I decided to enjoy the opportunity. A second was all I

needed to sweep our surroundings to ensure there were no uninvited guests around, and another second to set up a three-layered ward to ensure our privacy.

The flare of magic was enough to make Cornelia raise her head. She closed her eyes, her mana reaching and touching the ward to examine, only to blush immediately. "Privacy wards?" she murmured shyly, and when I nodded, she managed to surprise me once more. She caught my lips in a searing kiss, the aggressive dance of her tongue conveying her enthusiasm.

"Someone is feeling eager," I said with a smirk when she pulled back for a breather.

"S-shut up!" she stuttered with uncharacteristic shyness, avoiding my gaze as she blushed. Then, just to cover up her frustration, she slapped my arm hard. "I'm just paying you back for your services."

"Of course," I said, nodding sagely, feeling kind enough not to mention the way her fingers trembled with genuine excitement as she tried to unbutton my shirt, even accidentally ripping a couple of buttons in the process. I decided to follow her lead when she pushed me toward a small opening, covered with thick grass that was more comfortable than my old bed. I knew how comfortable it was, because Cornelia pushed me down until I was lying on my back, removing my shirt in the process, only to lay on top of me.

And just like that, we started a heated make-out session, her hands exploring the muscles on my chest continuously, like it was the first time we're being together. In a sense, it was. The other times we were together, because Cornelia was driven crazy by my touch and my skills, but it was strictly physical. This time, she genuinely enjoyed my presence, awed and worshipful. Apparently, decisively solving a problem that was darkening her future was enough to break through her prickly exterior.

Initially, I was planning for a quick rump to test whether she could gain any experience through my unique method before bringing her along for a hunting trip, but her enthusiasm changed my mind for a bit. If she gained any experience at this moment, her focus would go to the possibilities of the moment, which would be a pity. I wanted to see what she would do while she had the lead.

The answer turned out to be quite a bit. At first, our bodies stayed locked together, deepening her kiss further even as her body writhed over mine desperately. She even managed to remove her robe hurriedly without stopping the kiss, once again causing the loss of a few buttons. because when she pulled out of the kiss, she close to trace my chest muscles with her hands as she moved down with a purpose, her expression ravenous.

A desperate need was oozing off her when she reached to my belt, trying to remove it, only for her hands to tremble so bad that she fumbled again and again. "Enough," she growled in beautiful anger, and burned the belt buckle, which also showed her precision. Fire magic was the most destructive of the elemental magics, and the hardest to control. The fact that she was able to burn off the buckle of my belt without burning my skin was definitely a credit to her skills, proving that my efforts to recruit her into my inner circle was not a waste...

However, when she pulled down my pants, happily running her hands over my naked thighs as she leaned down, I turned my focus to the present. Her lips closed around my shaft and her head bobbed aggressively. It was a beautiful, deliberate assault, made better by the fact that her beautiful emerald eyes stayed connected with mine, reflecting her arousal. Her loose shirt giving me an amazing view of cleavage whenever she reached the top, and her eyes watered whenever she took most of my shaft into her mouth.

I wanted to see her naked, but also, I wanted to show off. So, I decided to replicate the same trick with the belt, but on a wider scale. I took a deep breath as I collected my magic, and cast two spells simultaneously, fire magic to burn off her clothes, and an Arcana Shield magic to protect her skin, so that she wouldn't even feel a flash of heat, followed by a wind spell to scatter the ashes before Cornelia could even register.

[-52 Mana]

[Achievement: Dangerous Divesting. Safely undress a sexy vixen through a dangerous method. +3 Precision, +1000 Experience]

"W-what, how!" she stuttered in shock as she rose, displaying her beautiful perky tits fully in the process, only to meet with my smug smile. "Do you know how dangerous that-," she started, only to stop halfway. "Fuck, I don't care. I'm so turned on," she corrected herself as she climbed to my lap, and skewered herself with my length, her cry echoing in the opening, only to be absorbed by the privacy spells, keeping our little play a secret.

I lay on my back, doing nothing other than enjoying the frantic ride. And frantic she was, her hips rocked hard as she moved up and down, her hair fluttering with her movement, her fingers digging into my chest. At that moment, she was a quintessential fire mage, her desire burning as bright as her spells. Just to make a beautiful moment even more perfect, a notification appeared in my sight.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 52%]

For a moment, I wondered why the latest display of strength had done something the others hadn't done yet, but it occurred a moment later. The trick I had used to undress her was definitely nothing simple, showing great strength and precision with fire magic at the same time. I had pulled some tricks that convinced her about my strength before, but it was either pure power, or I was using other elements. It was the first time I had shown such an overwhelming ability in her chosen category. No wonder it triggered the next stage.

After a minute of frantic riding, she let out a frustrated growl as she grabbed my wrists before bringing them to her tits, inviting me to touch her body. Never one to reject such a kind offer, I sank my fingers to her perky tits, enjoying their firmness. She might not have the size to rival Helga or Marianne, but she was a step above them in firmness. The harder I squeezed, the louder she cried even as she rocked back and forth.

She trembled in excitement as I suddenly pulled my hands only to caress her tits softly, followed by a soft flick to her rock-hard nipple, the sudden change in pacing pushing her even deeper into the land of arousal. She collapsed forward and hugged my body, even though her hips continued their frantic motion. "Cum in me, my lord. Mark me hard with your seed, make me mine," she whispered repeatedly, her eyes clouded with pleasure.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 57%]

"As you wish, my loyal maid," I whispered back as I exploded inside her without a warning. And as a gift for her loyalty, I filled my seed with as much as mana as I could manage, practically emptying my reserves.

[-4320 Mana]

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 3. Duration, 8 hours]

She was already on the edge of a climax, and my own explosion was enough to trigger an orgasm. The rush of mana that filled her soul space, turning into experience under my control, completely overwhelmed her. She cried frantically as she closed her eyes, trying to stay conscious under the rush of pleasure, but failing greatly. Every tremor, every jolt of pleasure pushed her closer to the land of unconsciousness, making her slur like a drunk.

"That's impossible," she managed to whisper as she registered that she had indeed received enough experience to push her one-third to the next level, a task that would require at least a week of concentrated effort even for a noble family, along with great risk.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 61%]

“Nothing is impossible for me, my maid,” I whispered into her ear even as I caressed her head softly, letting her lay collapsed against my chest, her breathing slowly calming from its earlier frantic pace. I let her to sleep until my mana was full again, occasionally infusing some more mana to her soul space to observe changes, just to make sure there was no adverse reaction. Luckily, everything was in order. I wasn’t relishing the possibility of damaging her accidentally.

Also, I was happy to see her gain experience from my treatment, as she was currently Level fifteen, the highest one between my list of paramours, it allowed me to test the limits of my rapid-leveling assistance. I was curious where was the limit. Luckily, I was in the perfect position to explore that. I woke her after twenty minutes of rest, when my mana capacity was refreshed completely.

I kissed her gently even as I used a simple healing spell to wake her up. “Wake up, sleepy,” I murmured as her eyes fluttered open.

“I had a weird dream-” she murmured as her eyes stayed closed, only for them to jolt open a moment later. “No, I really gained more than four thousand points of experience. How!?” she gasped as she grabbed my face, shouting frantically.

“It’s just another trick from my bag of surprises, sweetie,” I said lazily, amused that even as she rose frantically, my shaft was still in her, moving deeper as she moved.

“That’s impossible,” she uttered in shock, though the seriousness of her expression flickered as a moan escaped her.

“Really?” I said even as I grabbed her waist before flipping suddenly, trapping her under me in a missionary position, my shaft still inside her. “Let’s see whether it’s impossible or not.” With that, I started impaling her furiously, each push clapping loudly to fill the opening, loud enough to cause a scandal if it wasn’t for the privacy wards, each pump accompanied by a mana dump.

[-650 Mana]

“That’s impossible,” she murmured again, this time her voice colored with worship rather than disbelief. “How?”

I had no intention to admit to her that I had no fucking idea, so I played it mysterious. “There’s still some time until you can learn my important secrets,” I whispered, suggesting that not only I knew why I could do what I was doing, but also it was more earth-shattering than my unique rapid-leveling assistance or raising the level cap. The expression of devotion, mixed with pleasure, showed that it was the correct approach.

Her legs wrapped around my waist, using her full strength to pull me deeper. As a mage, even her full Strength was not impressive, but I was a gentleman, so I followed her kind wishes, ramming inside her mercilessly, each push creating a mixture of pain and pleasure, accompanied by another injection of mana. She moaned deliriously, her fingers digging into my shoulders hard enough to draw blood.

[-6 HP]

[-2416 Mana]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 66%]

"Yes! Oh, yes!" Cornelia cried as she shuddered uncontrollably, drowning in pleasure. Her back arched, thrusting out her chest, so I brought my lips to catch her nipples, adding yet another layer to her pleasure. Then, just to make things more fun, I stood up, easily lifting her along me, and walked toward the nearest tree. I cast a biomancy spell to make her body sturdier before trapping her between my body and the tree, impaling her hard enough to violently shake the tree with each push.

The harder I fucked her, the louder her cries of pleasure become, enjoying my displays of power whether it was physical or magical. She was really turned on by power. Luckily, power was something I had in spades, so it wasn't exactly a drawback. Her mouth found my shoulder, biting furiously as she shuddered with another explosive orgasm, the only reason she stayed conscious was my healing spell.

[-11 HP]

[-1328 Mana]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 71%]

I decided to change the pace and pulled out of her while simultaneously used the spells to prepare her puckered hole, only to slam mercilessly, forcing her to cry in pain, earning another merciless bite in response. However, that didn't prevent her from crying with pleasure, and when I met with her eyes, I could read her total surrender in its depths. She smiled in ecstasy, the way she shuddered only making her sexier. And I liked it as well. Fucking the Flame Queen of Silver Spires on a featureless grassy patch mercilessly was a delicious experience, especially she showed the ability to take as hard as I could give —with a bit of magical assistance, of course.

“Harder, faster!” she cried. “Take me, use me, ruin me!”

And I did so, fucking her so hard that the only thing that prevented her death was the copious amount of healing magic I was casting continuously. Foreplay was a forgotten word, and gentleness was a lost concept. A furious lust and a desire to bend her to my will guided my actions, as I rammed, impaled, spanked, and bit, every single one meeting with an obedient gasp. She didn't even argue when I tied her hands with conjured ropes made from Arcana energy, forcing her arms back, leaving her helpless against my assault. When I filled her backdoor, she just moaned obediently.

[-1721 Mana]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 75% - Third Stage Completed +15000 Exp]

[Companion Acquisition: Relationship not sufficient for the fourth stage]

[Skill Share perk activated. Target Skill: Grandmaster Fire Magic. Copied: Duration, 24 hours]

[Temporary Skill: Master Fire Magic (100/100)]

“Another achievement,” she murmured in a haze. “So many stats...”

While I was happy with another completion, not to mention having another specialized temporary skill, I couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed at hitting a wall, as I had been hoping that the progress we had made would have been enough to progress to the next stage. It turned out not to be the case. A slight disappointment, but it faded against the pride and pleasure I was feeling. A small snag like that was nothing...

The next hour was filled with a merciless pounding that tested her limits both physically and mentally, but she managed to acquit herself perfectly. Even with her every hole was leaking, and her mind was turned into mush with pleasure, she moaned in joy, taking my shaft obediently... It took a bit longer than necessary to make her level up, because I was simultaneously reinforcing her soul space to increase her cap as well. After the first time, it was much more convenient.

“I leveled up,” she murmured dazedly before losing her consciousness once more, finally overcome with pleasure. Before she lost consciousness, I noticed that she had picked Master Arcana for her skill, rather than progressing to Legendary Fire Elemental, which was a decision I approved —though I wasn't sure whether she received the option in the first place. Still, despite all the good news, I frowned because of the notification I received.

[Target Level too High! Unable to Grant Experience]

Her level was sixteen while mine was twenty-four, which meant a fifty percent difference, the same amount that prevented me from gaining a level before the level gap had grown too high and five levels of difference also started preventing me from gaining any experience. Pity, I thought, as I was hoping for a more lax limit.

Luckily, I was already planning to go hunting. A simple water spell cleaned her body, removing dirt and cum from her body while I picked up her robe, the rest of her clothes already burned to cinders. I could have stopped by to pick new clothes, but the idea of her accompanying me, wearing nothing but a robe, was too tempting to pass on, so I dressed her in her robe before leaving the school with an unconscious sexy redhead in a bridal hold. Even then, leaving the premises was as easy as breathing...

The school really needed to update its wards!

[Level: 24 Experience: 295400 / 300000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 24 Perception: 27

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 32

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 33

HP: 2899 / 2928 Mana: 926 / 3840]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Subterfuge [75/75]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Sixty-Three

Moments later, I was moving deeper into the wilderness on top of a faux air elemental, still carrying an unconscious Cornelia on my lap, trying to find some prey worthy of hunting. I wanted to test the limits of the temporary skills I had received, with both Fire Magic and Swordsmanship active, curious about the level of improvement. When my mana was halfway drained, we finally arrived at the target location, and I immediately found a small cave to set up another safe house, but only after laying Cornelia on a soft pile of leaves and kissing her on the cheek.

[-4620 Mana]

“Wake up, sleepyhead,” I said as I pulled back, only for her to grab my arm.

“Five more minutes,” she murmured as she shuffled, trying to pull me to her side. And as much as I wanted to lay next to her while resting, I had more important things to focus on, so I gently extracted myself, but let her sleep for a bit more. After all, I still needed to finish reinforcing the cave. Luckily, after setting up all those safe houses, creating one was a trivial task that didn’t deserve my full attention. Instead, I started thinking about the Companion System progress of Cornelia.

The latest improvement, reaching the third stage of the completion, surprised me. Considering our initial belligerent start, I hadn’t been expecting her to reach such an impressive point that quickly. Her level cap must have been distressing her even worse than I had expected, and power-leveling her on top of that must have gone a long way to ensure her loyalty. After all, progressing from level fifteen to sixteen usually required either weeks of concentrated dangerous solo hunting, or a large team invading a dangerous area for the sole purpose of power-leveling a young noble.

Essentially, it was a miracle not that much inferior to breaking through her level cap. No wonder she was truly impressed.

I racked my brain trying to come up with the final step of the relationship. With Helga, I had a feeling that it was about allowing her to finally get the acknowledgment of her skills, which required me to either bring Titania into the inner circle or establish a healthy connection with the faculty before I could do that, which required quite a bit of progress. Of course, that was just an assumption, and the fourth stage might have a completely different requirement. Aviada was also a mystery, as it might be about either dominating her or helping her get even stronger. Her personality was too weird to properly predict as she seemed to like dominating and being

dominated in equal measures.

As I thought about the girls, a sudden inspiration hit my mind. Cornelia was wired to power, so maybe showing overwhelming strength to her, especially on her chosen area of expertise, might do the trick. Even better, it worked my plan to help her level up perfectly. Even if it didn't work, there would be no loss, and I would still achieve my aim of testing the extent of my new fire magic abilities. As I worked, my mana reserves recovered thanks to my insane regeneration despite the expenditure, signaling me to finally start to move.

[-926 Mana]

Cornelia started to wake up as I put the finishing touches on the safe house. She stretched, which gave me a beautiful glimpse of her tight body since she was wearing a robe and nothing else, and the front of her robe was conveniently parted, allowing me to observe her beautiful peaks. "You're finally awake," I said with a chuckle as I walked to her, and offered my hand.

"Where are we?" she asked curiously even as she grabbed my hand, and I pulled her on her feet, but rather than answering, kissed her aggressively, while also using the opportunity to inject a fresh wave of mana into her soul space, reinforcing the borders to make sure she could continue to level up. Since I had already discovered the way to do that, achieving that was a trivial achievement.

[-737 Mana]

"We're about one hundred and fifty miles south of the school," I explained. "It's a good night for hunt."

"One hundred and fifty," she gasped. "How long I had been asleep?"

"Something like twenty, twenty-five minutes, why?" I said with a dismissive shrug, despite being fully aware of the reason for her shock. The ability to move that quickly was a very precious commodity, almost as impressive as my combat capabilities. And it was hard to replicate without some very precious magical items, because not many people had my mana to burn. Not only my mana reserves were bigger than even Titania at this point, but also I had an insane regeneration capacity. Hence the reason I could pull the insane trick with the imitation air elemental. Cornelia's fascination was understandable.

And it was just a small part of my plan to impress her.

"Shall we," I said even as I presented her my arm, and she put her arm on mine, ready to walk

out of the cave-like we were just about to enter a high society event. She reached to close the front of her robe to tighten, but I shook my head to prevent her. After all, we were in the middle of the wilderness, and I was the only one that could see her beautiful body. Why shouldn't I make our hunting trip more interesting visually?

"We shall, milord," she said mockingly, with a chuckle, surprising me a bit. It was impressive just how much she had mellowed after a merciless fucking.

We walked out, and I waved my hand, conjuring the faux air elemental once more. "Your chariot awaits, milady."

"W-what, how," she gasped as she watched, her panic only subsiding after realizing it was a fake conjuration rather than the real deal. A true elemental, even the weakest one, was a disaster, after all. I took my seat before pulling her on my lap. When she felt my hard-on, rather than flinching, she started wiggling sexily, intensifying my little problem even further. I was lucky that the solution was not too far away.

I sent two waves of detection, one with a shorter range to detect any type of monster but only if the creature was strong enough, the other a biomancy wave to detect the presence of undead.

I wasn't expecting positive responses to both of the spells at the same time, and from the same location. "What's wrong," Cornelia asked, positioned perfectly to feel my body stiffen suddenly.

"Nothing much, I just need to check something," I said even as I moved toward the target. After everything, the necromancers' presence wasn't exactly a surprise. And the amount I detected wasn't even a surprise, but the same couldn't be applied for the living monsters I had detected. It felt truly overwhelming.

With the overwhelming speed of the elemental, it barely took a minute for me to get close enough to observe, only to meet with another surprise. I saw a bone dragon, carrying three necromancers on top of it as it moved forward, but that wasn't the surprising part.

No, the surprise was the monster horde that was chasing after them. "Fuck," I murmured even as Cornelia trembled in fear.

I didn't begrudge her for that. After all, monster hordes were a unique phenomenon that was responsible for the majority of the lost towns and cities. It happened when a monster went through a unique transformation, getting several classes stronger in the process, and losing its sanity in the process, and started roaming the wilds, looking for an opponent. Most of the time, it was harmless, as it eventually died at the hands of the other monsters, or hunted by an

experienced team if it was too close to a city.

However, sometimes, very rarely, the transformed monster gained the ability to dominate the weaker monsters, sharing its craziness with them as well. And suddenly, a crazy but strong monster turned into a growing group of crazy monsters willing to destroy everything on their way. If undetected, it took only a few days for a horde to form, and after a certain size, even the stronger monsters started to avoid them. And after that, if they were left undetected, they grew into a tsunami, dangerous enough to destroy the towns or even the cities that they faced. This way, even a weak rabbit could turn into a threat that could engulf a town. A rabbit wasn't dangerous, but thousands of them, all in a mindless craze, could overwhelm the defenses of a small town in minutes, before reinforcements could even be organized.

Destroying a horde also took a lot of effort. Killing the regular monsters was the worst way to do that, as their numbers regularly passed tens of thousands, and sometimes, even hitting millions, with a potential to destroy even the strongest fortresses.

The most efficient way to destroy a horde was to kill the monster in the core of the horde. Killing the monster usually caused the horde to lose its cohesion, and without the mindless recklessness, they were much easier to push back. Killing the leading monster before they could reach a settlement was even better, as, without an external threat, the monsters would probably start fighting against each other, dispersing harmlessly. Too bad that the team responsible for assassinating the leading monster seldom survived.

Trying to penetrate into a mindless horde of monsters strong enough to threaten a city was hardly an activity bookies would classify as a sure bet.

Luckily, the monster horde in front of us was still in its early stages, measured in low thousands, and only a few hundreds of them class five or higher. The core monster was an earth tortoise, which looked big enough to be mature, meaning it was likely class twelve or higher. That part would have been bad news for a city, because while earth tortoises were relatively weak creatures, they had a defense that was impenetrable for anything at their own level, which would have made assassinating it a difficult task for a town.

Luckily, it didn't apply to me. I was more worried about the presence of the necromancers. Their movement speed was not even close to the maximum a bone dragon could move. Moreover, one of the trio was carrying a bright gem in hand, and that gem was radiating a thick flavor of earth-natured mana, strong enough to be felt even from a distance. Such a strong magical material was not cheap, not even close.

Mana gems true magical miracles. They were different from regular crystals or monster materials, as they could recover their own mana, making them really excellent tools for forging top-tier magical weapons, or establishing strong wards that don't require constant supervision. There wasn't a noble family that wouldn't mobilize their strongest team just to explore the rumors of their existence.

However, getting one was always a difficult and bloody affair, and not because of the rivalry between the teams. Humans weren't the only ones that battled for their ownership. Monsters fought for them even harder than humans did, because their constant radiance could strengthen them significantly through exposure, even triggering bloodline evolutions if they were lucky enough, especially if the gem and the monster shared the same nature.

No wonder the tortoise was following them recklessly. A gem of the same nature was a hard find.

The necromancers clearly using it as bait to lead the horde toward a town, but it didn't make much sense. How the fuck the necromancers had a gem in the same nature lying in their reserve free, ready to be used immediately as they discovered a horde. There was a reason using gems to pull the monster hordes away wasn't a more widely applied strategy. It only worked if the leading monster's type matched with the gem, and moreover, it was only effective when the horde was below a certain size. They had to react minutes after the monster was transformed, as communicating the news, bringing the gem, and enchanting the monster all needed to happen in a short window.

"Fuck," I murmured with a frown, unhappy with yet another mysterious ability the necromancers had revealed. The more I came across them, the more I'm starting to believe that they wanted something even more impressive than just destroying Silver Spires. I chuckled. Like destroying Silver Spires wasn't ambitious enough.

"We should go back and alert the Commander," Cornelia gasped in shock. "It's a crisis."

"What," I murmured at Cornelia's reaction.

"The horde. We need reinforcements," she spoke rapidly as she shook my shoulder, trying to goad me into action.

It took a moment for me to understand her reaction, then I chuckled. She clearly assumed my shock was about the threat the horde and the necromancers were posing immediately, and not the implications. "Honey, no need to panic, these guys are nothing more than a warm-up," I

explained.

“Nonsense, it’s a horde!” she exclaimed, forcing me to cast a silencing spell hurriedly prevent alerting necromancers. “You can’t sacrifice yourself,” she added, hugging me tightly, her naked body pressing against mine.

“Sweetie, as much as I like your hugs, this is not even a threat, trust me,” I said. “Now, just step down for a moment and watch me.”

Despite everything she had seen me doing until now, I doubted she would have believed me if I hadn’t been blasting her with the full might of my charisma. Even then, she had a doubtful expression on her face as she stepped down the elemental.

First, I needed to deal with the necromancers to prevent any nasty surprise. Luckily, without a horde of undead around them, they were even less of a threat, so I decided to test my extended melee capabilities. I charged toward them recklessly, using the full speed of the elemental, not bothering to hide.

One of the necromancers let out an alarm, followed by a rain of death rays. I could have attacked them from range, or use life energy to shield myself, but that wouldn’t test my new abilities. Instead, I pulled Aviada’s sword, slashing every single bolt of necrotic energy, dispelling them effortlessly. They reacted fast enough, every spell creating a pile of arrows rather than a singular bolt, but even that was nothing for me. I didn’t even bother changing my route, the sword moving fast enough to create a defensive orbit around me, the necrotic energy never coming nearer than several inches.

One of the necromancers pulled a talisman, no doubt to trigger some kind of an alarm or communication device, but they were too late. I was already in melee range, and a slash later, the talisman flew away, along with its bony hand. Three slashes, charged with biomancy energy, resulted in the destruction of the necromancers, and a fourth slash destroyed the bone dragon’s head alongside the unholy magics that kept it together.

The whole combat lasted less than five seconds from the first spell to the destruction of the bone dragon. “Damn,” I murmured even as I caught the earth gem in the air, impressed with the enhanced capabilities given by the specialized skill. It was definitely a notch above my usual capabilities.

With the necromancer dead —deader— the earth gem’s aura started to dim, so I injected a few points of mana to keep it active. Just two points of mana were enough to make it radiate even

brighter than the necromancer did, but it was likely about my elemental capabilities, making it much easier for me to manipulate it.

Then, I reversed my direction, sweeping up Cornelia into my arms before changing direction. “How,” she gasped in shock, trying to process the fact that I had just destroyed three necromancers and a bone dragon in less time than it would take to prepare a plate of fruit into a delicious and nutritious salad.

“Honey, you haven’t seen anything yet,” I said as I moved deeper into the wilderness, a monster horde on our heels...

[Level: 24 Experience: 295400 / 300000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 38

Precision: 24 Perception: 27

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 32

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 33

HP: 2899 / 2928 Mana: 2154 / 3840]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Subterfuge [75/75]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Sixty-Four

“Where are we going,” Cornelia cried in shock as I suddenly changed direction, tightening my grip around her waist. Then, she looked back, only to realize the whole monster horde had changed directions, and following us instead. “What’s going on!” she cried in shock.

“In simplest terms, necromancers were directing the horde with this gem, and since I have it, they are following us.”

“How!” she shouted, before suddenly stopping. “No, that’s not important. It’s good that they are following us. It’ll give us a chance to alert the Commander, and they can gather a team.” She raised her hand, and her mana flared, no doubt about to cast a noticeable flare spell to alert anyone close to us.

I grabbed her hand to interrupt her. “Sweetie, I was serious when I said that I’m going to handle it. You just need to sit back and enjoy the show,” I said, even as I looked around, trying to find a decent position to funnel the monsters. I could have tried to take them in an open field, but why bother when they were mindlessly following me. A more defensive position would turn the defense into a trivial achievement.

It didn’t take long for me to find a small valley that would slow down their initial charge, and more importantly, would prevent them from escaping even after the death of the earth turtle. As I passed through the entrance, I quickly drew several runes, but leave them inactivated. Once we were center of the valley, I dispelled the air elemental, much to Cornelia’s shock.

She watched me in shock as I used my mana to etch runes in a wide circle around us in several layers. Thanks to the speed advantage of the elemental, I had about ten minutes before the rest of the horde arrived, just enough to refill my mana while also setting a temporary defensive position. I drew three circles of defensive runes, injecting enough mana to each to hold the monsters for a small while. I could have put more, but I wasn’t trying to set up an extended defense here. I just needed a few minutes.

[-251 Mana]

“This is where we are going to put a defense together,” Cornelia asked in shock. “This is a horrible defensive location, we don’t have anything to isolate our flanks or our rear, and we need to make sure we’re not surrounded by the other creatures.” Frankly, for a team with similar strength to her, these concerns were not wrong. By putting a defense here, not only I risked being surrounded, but also the monsters would have no problem attacking in a combined

manner. Creating a fake elemental took half a minute, making it a bad choice for an emergency gateway.

I felt curious about the potential of the earth gem, so I used it as a medium while casting an earth spell to create a seat.

[-14 Mana]

The results were spectacular. Transformation of earth mana flowed in an ease that surprised even me, allowing me to effortlessly create an intimidating throne in the middle of the defensive circles, resting intimidatingly on a raised platform that was created by the same spell. Impressive, I thought. I was starting to understand why people were willing to commit crimes just for a rumor of a natural magical gem.

“Isn’t it too much-” Cornelia said as I took a seat, only to be silenced when I grabbed her wrist and pulled her closer before forcing her down her knees, also lowering my pants. “Since we have some time to kill,” I drawled lazily.

“You’re mad,” she gasped, but with the front of her robe revealingly wide, I could easily see her stiffening nipples and moistening core. She was aroused by my confidence, even though it looked awful like recklessness.

“You better start if you want to make any progress before the monsters arrive at the valley,” I said, reminding her that at best we had just minutes. Of course, I had no intention of interrupting it even as the monsters arrived, but I didn’t say that to her immediately, giving her a moment to get used to the idea.

I grabbed the back of her head and pulled her toward my enthusiastic erection, not that she was resisting much, her mouth already parted open enthusiastically. The revulsion she had shown the first time was completely absent, along with her concerns that whether serving me with her mouth like a tavern wench was fitting to a noble heiress like her. The way her tongue wrapped around my length enthusiastically showed just how far she had come in a few short days.

Normally, I would have let her attack my shaft at her own pace, but this moment was about proving my overwhelming power to her, and I wanted to start it on the right note. “Brace yourself,” I commented even as I grabbed the back of her head, and forced her to swallow most of my length in one move, no matter how loud she gagged in the process. “Don’t fight it,” I commented even as I pushed once more, pushing my remaining length into her throat, making

her gag helplessly.

Her hands tightened around my thighs, not to free herself, but seeking more strength to keep her place. She was learning. I let her rise for a moment, giving her the chance to breathe, before pushing her down once more, and started fucking her throat mercilessly, ignoring her occasional pained gasps. As she struggled, I cast a simple spell to remove her robe, but not completely. No, when she brought her arms to her back to let the robe slide away, I flicked my finger, and the robe twisted around her arms, suddenly turning into an armbinder, tight enough to hurt. With my cock lodged deep into her throat, she couldn't even react to it.

I only let her pull back when the first monsters started to enter the valley, and at that time, my mana reserves had finally recovered. I waited until the first group was close to the defenses before letting Cornelia pull out. The only reason she didn't collapse as she coughed was my tight grip on her hair, keeping her upright. With her own body's painful reminders, it took a few seconds for her to notice the monsters. "Caesar-" she gasped, but I cut it with a spell, not on her but against the monsters.

[-17 Mana]

It was a simple fireball spell, or more accurately, it was supposed to be. But it burned brighter than a deadly explosion spell that would leave a weaker caster exhausted, expelling waves of her heat thick enough to be felt over our skin despite the distance. It immolated the monsters in an instant, their low-class resistance no match for even a weak spell from me. Using Tantric, I could feel several invisible pieces of energy leaving their bodies and rushing toward me. From my earlier experimentations with Aviada, I had learned that it was the phenomenon that caused the experience gain.

I also discovered how to redirect it, removing the biggest challenge in power-leveling people, namely, the need to deliver the final hit.

Cornelia's eyes widened as she received the experience, but I cut in before she could say anything. "Don't waste time, continue sucking," I ordered even as I pushed her down, feeling her lips around my shaft once more. This time, I didn't push her for a depththroat, and satisfied with her enthusiastic bobbing, accompanied by the skillful dance of her tongue. Conveniently, it left my hands free to direct my magic, raining fireballs against the first wave of the monsters.

It was the reason I picked a hard-to-access valley for my defense. As they entered in relatively smaller groups, it gave me an excuse to pick them easily while giving myself enough time to regain the mana I spent, bequeathing Cornelia experience in the process. It wasn't much, just a

few points of experience for each monster considering the gap between Cornelia and the monsters, but considering their numbers, still very impressive.

“Uh-huh,” Cornelia moaned, her voice distorted by my shaft, her enjoyment clear. Her cheeks bulged, and her spit dripped down as she attacked my length rapidly, but I could sense that her attention was flickering. I didn’t begrudge her for that. Considering we were under attack from a monster horde, her distraction was understandable.

The next few minutes passed in a weird routine where I received a delicious —if a bit mechanical— service from Cornelia while burning the first wave of attackers into cinders. Like the Swordsmanship before, I was rather satisfied with the performance of the specialized Fire magic, not that I was regretting taking the more generalist route to elements. Still, the qualitative transformation I was experiencing in my area-effect damage was impressive, allowing me to easily fend the attacks without spending more mana than I could regenerate.

[-965 Mana]

[Mana: 3720/3840]

However, soon, things started to get heated. With a loud clatter, the entrance of the valley collapsed, finally allowing the monsters to spill inside, probably done by the earth tortoise. It was definitely strong enough to handle that.

Cornelia gasped in shock as she pulled away, turning to the walls with clear panic in her eyes. “We need to escape before you deplete your mana-” she started, but I interrupted her by grabbing her waist and forcing her to face away before I pulled her onto my lap.

“Honey, the show is just starting, watch carefully,” I whispered throatily even as I aligned my shaft with her entrance, pressing against the entrance. Meanwhile, countless monsters filled the valley, and my fireballs nothing more than a matchstick against a tornado, trying to stay alive. She shivered, but didn’t otherwise protest as I let my shaft slowly penetrate her. She was rightfully afraid, but still willing to wait when I assured her that I had a plan. The monsters rushed against the outer wall of runes, but with a wave, I created an invisible wall of air, keeping them away, giving myself the time required to charge the second circle of runes, which was my main assault, and those runes devoured mana like crazy.

[-2108 Mana]

Cornelia was far too busy watching the wave of monsters slowly chipping down our outer layer of defenses, while more and more monsters piled behind them. Meanwhile, I put my hands on

her waist, directing her movements as my shaft disappeared into her bit by bit. When the outer defenses were finally fallen, Cornelia was jumping up and down in her own accord, even though her face contorted with fear, her arms still bound behind her back. She could have easily burned it away, of course. The fact that she didn't, still trusting me despite her hesitancy showed just how far we had come.

"Do you want to see a really impressive piece of magic," I whispered even as I forced her down, fully impaling her, accompanied by her moan.

"Yes!" she moaned loudly, making me doubt whether she was answering my question or reacting to the pleasure of my invasion. However, the monsters had finally penetrated the outer wave of defenses, making it inconvenient to tease her.

"As you wish," I said as I pushed another wave of mana. First, I triggered both the innermost circle, which created another defensive layer —this time a combination of water and air elements— to protect us, and the runes I had left at the entrance, which suddenly created a hundred feet tall stone wall, cutting their way to escape. "Inferno Eternal!" I cried as I triggered the middle layer of runes, while using the rest of my mana to ignite the mana I had stored.

The result was spectacular. The valley, which was previously covered in monsters, suddenly set ablaze, turning into a veritable hellscape. Flickering flames rose higher than a hundred feet, its heat enough to penetrate the water nature, just enough to make our location deliciously crisp. Luckily, the elemental nature of the defenses was enough to both supply us with air, and to keep the smell away.

[-920 Mana]

"Impossible," Cornelia gasped as she watched the spell to cover the entirety of the valley. Her shock was understandable, as my spell didn't look like something that could be done by a single person, especially not without the assistance of an established ward. First of all, the spell cost more than three thousand mana, which was a number unthinkable for almost all mages, even if they were above thirty. The only reason I had such a high capability was because of my ridiculous stats. Moreover, the spell showed the perfect attainment of all of my mental stats. Charisma for sheer power, the intelligence and manipulation to still control, wisdom to maintain its nature, and perception shape its borders perfectly.

The spell was a true masterpiece, equivalent to a masterpiece painting, only temporary, but even more impressive.

And as an aspiring fire mage, Cornelia was the perfect person to experience the majesty of such a spell. “Incredible,” she murmured as she picked up speed, followed by a cry as she rode me in reckless abandon. Her eyes were wide open despite the brightness, tears slipping down her cheeks as she was impressed. Another gasp escaped her mouth as the monsters started to die in droves, only for her to receive every almost half of the experience it created—even for me, directing all of it was not possible— pushing her steadily toward a new level.

However, it wasn’t as important as a very welcome notification that I planned, and another welcome one I hadn’t planned.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 77%]

[Achievement: Fiery Flirting. Who said that the flames of destruction worthy of hell couldn’t be sexy. +1000 Experience, +3 Charisma]

Finally the fourth stage, I thought with glee even as I grabbed Cornelia’s hips, and a nice achievement as a bonus for my excellent performance rivaling an artwork. I slammed even harder into her, my thickness fighting against her tightening walls, her arousal off-the-charts. I was tempted to tease her a bit, but I realized the moment turned into a holy moment for her, her fascination mixing with her arousal enough to drown her higher mental functions.

I sank my hands to her ass, enjoying its firmness even as I slammed even harder, and Cornelia just moaned in response, her eyes locked on the fiery show that was going on. I said nothing, as there was nothing to do but enjoy the moment. I had designed the spell to last five minutes, and interrupting it would have actually taken more of my strength. Instead, I was sitting in the heart of the inferno comfortably, mercilessly fucking my noble maid while also recovering my mana.

“You like it, don’t you, my poor servant,” I murmured. “You like being my maid, my toy, and my slave, the knowledge that I’m strong enough to destroy you with a flick of my hand, but using that power to make you mine, both body and soul.”

“Yes,” Cornelia moaned. “I’m yours, master, both in body and soul!” And when I finally cummed, it triggered her climax, her trembling body mixing with her loud cries.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 81%]

Her words soon turned into slurring moans as she was overcome with pleasure, trembling badly. As the fires weakened, Cornelia collapsed against my chest, murmuring absentmindedly. “Another level,” she murmured dazedly as she rested against my chest, watching the flickering embers as the spell collapsed, leaving the valley filled with smoke and cinders. Another wave of

my hand, and a sudden wind picked up the smoke, while making the cinders burn brightly.

There was almost no movement in the valley, which, admittedly, wasn't as impressive as it sounded, considering only a few rare monsters were above class ten. Not that destroying it by one spell wasn't impressive, of course. However, a subtle movement caught my attention. A large mound, which a careless observer might have mistaken for a geographical feature, suddenly moved.

It was the earth tortoise.

"How the hell it's still alive," I murmured in shock even as I cast an earth spell, creating a sudden ground wave that brought it closer despite its struggles. It was a creature of earth, but the power difference between us absolute, so I was easily able to dominate it through its own element. Cornelia, lying against my chest, my shaft still inside her, barely reacted.

I could feel the hint of a peculiar energy from the body of the tortoise, one I would have dismissed as the transformative energy that turned it into a horde leader, but it felt weirdly familiar. Curious, I waved my hand, using an air blade to cut through its defensive shell before dissecting it. I didn't bother to keep the materials, because it was a mere class twelve creature even with its transformation, making it useless for my purposes. To inspire Oeyne, I needed better material.

However, when I cut through the monster in search of a source, I met with a very interesting surprise. I found another earth gem, but this one with a slightly chaotic feel. I tried to focus on the sensation, but before I could even grab it, the chaotic sensation had dispelled, leaving only a burning question behind...

[Level: 24 Experience: 296400 / 300000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 41

Precision: 24 Perception: 27

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 32

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 33

HP: 2899 / 2928 Mana: 2154 / 3912]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Subterfuge [75/75]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Sixty-Five

As much as I wanted to explore the mystery of a second earth gem I had extracted from the magical tortoise who had been busy leading a horde moments ago —and now, busy being overcooked— I needed to act. I instantly conjured another elemental mount.

“Are we leaving?” Cornelia asked, shocked. “But that was a horde. The reputation from destroying it singlehandedly would-” she tried to continue, only for me to cut her off.

“It would make sure we would die under the blade of an assassin,” I cut in even as I pulled her on the elemental, and surged forward.

“What! And why are we in such a hurry?” she asked, her voice mixing with the wind created by our speed, high enough to give her whiplash. I didn’t even bother removing the evidence, just spending a second to dispel the remaining runes. The other monsters would soon come for the cooked meat, messing up the already complicated scene more, not that the still burning inferno left a lot of evidence behind.

“Because the spell I used is hard to classify as discrete, especially in the middle of the night, sweetheart,” I explained. “The necromancers would soon discover our location either way, but only if the school doesn’t react to it first.”

“Why does it matter if the necromancers know it was you?” Cornelia asked. “It’s not like they can hunt you this close to the school.”

“You would be surprised,” I murmured, pausing for a moment to weigh in the pros and cons of telling Cornelia about the true overreach of the necromancers, and came on the side of openness. First of all, she had already seen the evidence of their presence, and her knowing the full extent of it was better than going half-assed and getting discovered. I didn’t want her to disappear in the middle of the night, not after all the effort I had put into developing her.

More importantly, she was already aware of some of my more important secrets, and after my incredible achievement of allowing her to level up and eye-catching performance of destructive fire, she both trusted me and relied on me. Add in our physical relationship and her emotional reliance, I didn’t have a reason to keep it a secret. So, for the next five minutes, I gave her a brief breakdown of the necromancer presence, including the secret army camp and possible spies.

“They can’t have spies in the school,” she gasped. “That is...”

“Impossible,” I completed in a deadpan tone. “Honey, believe me, not only it’s possible, but it’s not even that difficult. Consider just how easily we had slipped away today with our own skills. Now, add the possibility of a high-level insider, and we have a true clusterfuck in hand.”

“Are you sure we have a spy among the faculty,” she asked.

“Almost certainly,” I countered. Technically, it was possible that the shade I had destroyed after it scouted the library was an excellent example of double-bluff that was designed to seed distrust between the professors, it was not very likely, especially since it had already happened before I had started ruining their big plans, and they had chosen a night when Titania was absent.

“So, we know that we can trust the head librarian, the headmistress, and no one else?” Cornelia asked.

“Yeah, and the latter only because the school would have already fallen if she was an agent of the death cults. We’re trusting her, because if we can’t trust her, we already lost the battle before it started.”

“This is horrible,” Cornelia gasped in shock, followed by silence as she tried to process the most recent set of revelations. I didn’t begrudge her for it, considering the number of shocks she had experienced in the last couple of hours. I stopped speaking as well, not wanting to shock her again before she could process the current information.

Pity, because I was thinking of arranging a meeting between her and Helga, curious how they would react to each other with their loaded past.

As we traveled back to school, I finally turned my attention back to the latest development. Why there was a second earth gem in the earth tortoise. Earlier, I had assumed that the necromancers were using the earth gem to turn a lucky discovery of a growing horde into a weapon, but the presence of a second gem turned that assumption sideways, especially with the weird chaotic spell I had felt on it. It didn’t last for long once the creature was dead, but what I could feel at that fleeting moment was enough to unsettle me.

“Surely not,” I murmured to myself, trying to ignore the most obvious possibility, but failing spectacularly in the process. I hoped that my assumption was too wild, as the necromancers were dangerous enough without the ability to artificially triggering monster hordes. Their hordes of undead were bad enough, limited only by the relatively time-consuming and complicated process of raising dead.

However, while it was bleak, it wasn't suicidally bleak. After all, a natural magical gem was a rare treasure. A very rare one, to the point that even many mid-sized noble families didn't have one despite their desperate search. It meant that it was expensive and rare enough that they needed to be very careful while employing, and each failure cost them a lot, while enriching the defenders in the process.

So, as one of those lucky defenders, I was suddenly filthy rich. By selling these two gems, I could easily establish a new noble family if I felt so inclined—including the bribes required to get the noble title—, not that I wanted to do so. Not when I could use them to create a very beautiful weapon instead.

I dispelled the elemental only after moving more than a hundred miles, more than enough to avoid any kind of detection as long as I avoided flashy spells, which meant fire magic was out, not that it was a big issue.

"Are we going to rest for a bit before we return?" Cornelia asked.

"Why would we return?" I asked even as I draw Aviada's sword. I could see a golden lion prowling in a nearby bush, this time an old male, making it much easier to handle than the pride of lionesses I had battled before. "We still have quite a bit of time to

"But the monster horde, followed by conjuring that elemental mount?" Cornelia stammered in shock. "Aren't you exhausted?"

"I have to admit, I'm a bit low on mana," I admitted even as I charged toward the lion, turning the tables enough that I was able to get a slash before it could react, which turned an already unfair fight into a total rout. A few seconds later, the golden lion lay dead, making me richer in material, and making Cornelia richer by around a hundred and fifty experience points. "That's why I'm killing them with my sword, like a brainless warrior," I quipped with a smirk.

"You're unbelievable," she murmured in fascination as I quickly butchered the monster magically, extracting the most precious materials and leaving the rest to rot.

"Shall we," I said as I presented my arm in a move that would be perfect in a formal ball, but comically exaggerated in the middle of nowhere, earning a chuckle, though it still felt a bit hysterical. She was still trying to find her balance. We walked toward the next target, and at that point, I once again charged forward, taking down a small pack of twisted wolves with a few calculated slashes. I even activated the lure effect of the sword, making hunting much easier, as monsters started to come to us rather than the reverse.

I felt a desire to own a proper weapon as I sliced through the charging monsters, even as I started to suspect that it wouldn't rival Aviada's sword, even with the addition of the earth gem. It might be the expanded perception given by Master Swordsmanship, but I started to feel the hint of untapped potential, one that rejected my call even as I tried to reach it by mana senses. The more I used it, the more I was getting convinced that it was something more than just a simple long-lasting magical sword with some nifty magical tricks like lure effect.

However, even if my presumption was correct, I doubted that Aviada was capable of tapping into that power, or even if she was aware of it in the first place. Other families were certainly unaware of it, that was for certain, as otherwise, they would have never let Aviada's collapsing family keep it in hand. Yes, her ex-fiancee tried to take the sword, but it was equally about his pride as the sword itself. I could feel that whatever the mystery lay in the heart of the sword, the real big hitters were unaware of it.

I needed to question Aviada about the history of the sword.

Once the current crisis was resolved, of course. Whatever the mystery that lay in the sword, it was clearly not as important as the ever-growing necromancer threat.

I turned my attention back to the hunt, and decided to change my methodology a bit. And since my mana had recovered during my hunt, I decided to change my methodology a bit. Handling them in the melee was fun, but not as fun as the tricks I could pull with Cornelia next to me, wearing nothing but a robe, primed to finally complete the companion process.

Once again, I decided to impress. I activated the lure ability of the sword in its full potential, despite knowing that it would create a dangerous wave of creatures. After handling a horde single-handedly, it was simply not scary. I still established three layers of runes around me to replicate the earlier inferno trick just in case it pulls a larger group than I had first assumed, but I didn't expect to do so.

It was good, because I wanted to pay Cornelia the attention she deserved. "Now, why don't you show me just how much you have improved after gaining all those levels and achievements?" I asked her huskily, making her shiver. Before she could answer, I pulled her robe off her body once more, revealing delicious naked skin to shine under the bright moonlight.

Her melodic gasp reached into my ear even as I wrapped my arms around her waist, pressing my shaft against her entrance. "R-right now?" she stammered.

"No time like the present," I whispered into her ear even as I slapped her ass, once again

leaving a delicious handprint, my other hand freeing my shaft, which was feeling claustrophobic in the confines of my pants. "Show me just how much you have improved. There's even a reward if you can impress me. But let too many to reach the defensive line, and you'll get a punishment instead," I added, unable to keep myself from chuckling, curious whether she would enjoy the reward or the punishment more.

From what I had seen, until now, I had a feeling that it was the latter.

Before she could say anything, the first monster reached the boundary. A lone dire bear, charging fearlessly toward us, caught under the effect of the lure. While Cornelia tried to conjure a flame spear, however, I slid inside her, which caused her to botch the spell. She wasn't an amateur, so rather than dispelling the spell, she had managed to dump more mana into it and turn it into an area-effect fireball, burning the bear into cinders, even as she clamped around my shaft.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 83%]

"Not bad, but a bit wasteful," I said to her. "You could have easily killed it by spending a tenth of your mana, easily."

"Hey, not fair! You distracted-" she tried to complain, only to receive a spank to silence her.

"Yes, I did, but even your initial flame spear was excessive," I said. "Watch carefully." With that, I slowly conjured a much more compact fire arrow slowly, allowing her to watch the process. It was one of the tricks I had discovered during my studies with Helga. It was effectively three different fire spells tightly wrapped around each other, giving it a unique penetration ability. I used the spell on another creature, taking it down in one move.

[-11 Mana]

"That's too hard for me," she gasped, only to receive another spank to her ass.

"It's well within your capabilities," I countered after the small punishment, even as started pumping her rhythmically. "Watch carefully," I ordered as I built the spell again, this time much more slowly, giving her ample time to observe the trick, even as I continued to pump her mercilessly, forcing her to take my presence deeper and deeper. Her moans rose accordingly, adding to the effect of the lure we had created.

"How about this?" she asked as she created a poor copy of the spell, its structure already unraveling.

“Try aiming to that rock,” I said, pointing at a human-sized stone that was about fifty feet away. Cornelia followed by order, but the spell dispersed after flying ten feet. I grabbed her beautiful red hair, and forced her to turn to me. “Do you see where it went wrong,” I gasped.

“The structure is-” she started, only to explode into a moan as I left a bite mark on her neck. “The structure needs to be more stable.”

“Exactly,” I said as I slammed my full length inside her, forcing her to moan explosively. “Try again.”

She followed my directions for the next several minutes, while I continued reinforcing her soul space by dumping my mana. Whenever a creature appeared, she shifted back to her preferred spells like flame spears and fireballs, which didn’t help her mana pool. She tried to be more conservative in terms of spending, but that resulted in more and more creatures slipping through her defenses.

“Another miss,” I said as I spanked her ass once more, but this time, my touch was accompanied by a convenient biomancy spell, cleaning and lubricating her bowels, preparing her other hole for my invasion. I plopped a finger, making her moan, even as I continued to slam into her tightness. “You need to be more accurate on assessing the threat level,” I said even as the creature was eviscerated by my earthen fist.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 87%]

“Sorry,” she gasped, starting to slur under the rush of pleasure. “But I’m almost out of mana.”

“Not a problem, sweetheart,” I said even as I used our closeness to inject a generous portion of mana inside her, even as I increased the number of fingers from one to three in her puckered hole. Refilling her mana was almost trivial at this point, as her full capacity was about a third of mine despite the relatively small level difference, making it very easy for me to top her up completely.

[-1116 Mana]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 89%]

[Achievement: Amorous Assist. Help your paramour to stand against unbeatable odds through indirect and unconventional means. +2 Intelligence, +500 Experience]

“Is there anything you can’t do?” Cornelia gasped in shock, even as her spells picked up speed.

However, as her spells increased, so did the monstrous attention targeting us. Combined with the effect of the lure, it wasn't shocking for the stronger monsters to appear. At this point, almost half of the attackers were above class ten, making it very difficult for Cornelia to defeat them before they reached the defensive line, forcing me to get involved.

"You're slipping," I warned her, after we destroyed yet another wave of monsters, while I continued to pump her. She tried to answer, but it was a difficult task to achieve with her continuous moaning.

Instead of giving a proper answer, she started crying in joy. "Yes, yes, oh YES!" she cried, starting to shudder, but to her credit, she didn't stop her task of attacking the monsters, even when they had attacked us from multiple directions. She defended herself generously, though she required another mana injection to sustain herself.

[-983 Mana]

Then, I noticed something interesting in her soul space. A weird sensation flickered around the edges, then, for lack of a better term, the walls folded around itself by creating an independent cell, before moving to the center, and mixing into the center of power. "Another achievement," she gasped in glee. "This time, endurance and perception, two points each."

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 92%]

"I know sweetheart," I said, subtly taking responsibility for it —not that I felt guilty about it, as I clearly enabled it— even though I was pretty sure I finally watched the maturation of natural achievement.

I examined her soul space carefully even as she attacked the monster horde with a renewed enthusiasm, trying to understand the difference between the types of achievements. Surprisingly, I have realized that getting an achievement actually weakened the soul space, not enough to prevent it from a full level, but a few of them might actually reduce the level capacity by one. Yet another interesting detail I had failed to find in the library, and considering its importance, I wasn't going to write it off as me missing it. It was either unknown, or it was another secret hidden from the general public.

It made me curious, but not as much as the rapidly growing progress bar of the companion system. Considering the rewards I had received during the earlier phases, I couldn't help but feel enthusiastic about finally unwrapping that particular box of present to completion...

[Level: 24 Experience: 296900 / 300000

Strength: 28 Charisma: 41

Precision: 24 Perception: 27

Agility: 25 Manipulation: 30

Speed: 23 Intelligence: 34

Endurance: 22 Wisdom: 33

HP: 2899 / 2928 Mana: 2834 / 3960]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Expert Subterfuge [75/75]

Basic Speech [25/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Chapter Sixty-Six

There was something special in being naked in the middle of the wilderness, maintaining a defensive line while simultaneously impaling a sexy redhead, whose moans echoing against the nearby hills even as waves of flames spilling out of her hands like an angry goddess.

An angry goddess that was being defiled by a demon even as she incinerated another wave of monsters...

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 94%]

Suddenly, her moans were interrupted by another slap on her tight ass. “Try casting the flame arrow again,” I ordered as I watched the majority of the monster wave burn into cinders, along with their potential magical materials, but I didn’t care much. None of the monsters that attacked during the current wave were particularly valuable. There were a few during the previous waves, but I had carefully picked them off by using an earth spell, shielding them from Cornelia’s flames to make sure their properties weren’t ruined.

Cornelia concentrated —as much as she could while she was being fucked relentlessly while also trying to accommodate rapid invasion of four fingers anally—to make three distinct sources of flame appear, floating inches away from her face before they started wrapping each other as they grow. She bit her lips to contain a moan as I chose that moment to change the pace a bit, and pulled out of her tight tunnel, only to invade her puckered hole with my shaft.

Impressively, she managed to maintain control of the flame arrow, and even directed it toward a wounded monster about twenty feet away, killing it easily. “I did it,” she gasped in elation.

“You did it,” I approved. Technically, the spell construction was shoddy and unbalanced, making it impossible for her to target anything farther than fifty feet, but I decided to let it slide. She had just learned the spell, after all, not to mention she was trying to cast it under some really challenging conditions. “Now, it’s time for a reward-” I started, only to be interrupted by an earth-shattering roar, and the ground started to shake.

I was already summoning an air elemental as a humongous creature appeared in the sky, diving toward us. The creature was larger than an elephant, with the body shape of a lion, but with wings reminiscent of a bat and a tail filled with poisonous needles.

A manticore. How convenient.

Manticores were creatures deserving of their infamy. Technically, an adult manticore could reach up to class thirty, which turned it into a veritable danger. Even an immature one like we were facing was just below class twenty, which technically meant that it shouldn't be about as strong as a golden lion. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case. The monster classification was measured based on the experience the monster generated, which in turn was determined by the strength and stability of a soul space of a monster. Indeed, in terms of pure power or melee combat, a golden lion could easily rival a young manticore.

However, for a Manticore, there was no such thing as a fair fight for a manticore. Both its bite and its tail was covered by a deadly venom, a bite enough to kill a dire elephant in minutes. The venom in its tail spikes was weaker, but even more dangerous considering it can use them as a ranged weapon, each shake of its tail spreading eight-inch pointy bone needles, sharp enough to penetrate nonmagical steel plates, delivering their venom if the initial penetration hadn't already slain the target. Add in its great mobility due to its flying ability, and a thick mane to protect its vitals, no doubt people were scared of it.

It wasn't all bad, however. While the experience reward it bequeathed might be subpar compared to the sheer danger it presented, the value of its magical materials more than compensated for it. Killing it would make sure that I had reached the target for the day. I could have killed it easily, but why would I, when I could conveniently use it as an opportunity to finally complete the companion process. And if the bonus she received was good enough, maybe she could even take it down her own.

Cornelia gasped in shock as she tried to pull back, but I grabbed her waist and hoisted her on top of my elemental mount, keeping her on my lap, and using the opportunity to slide back in her warm tunnel. "Don't worry about defending, but killing it is your job," I whispered into her ear. "Prove to me that I didn't waste my time by leveling you up and educating you."

"I will," she gasped determinedly even as she raised her hand, conjuring a flame spear while I directed the fake air elemental to lift off. Manticores could fly, but luckily, a young one didn't have the agility of a mature one in the air. As a result, Cornelia easily nailed it with her flame spear, making it roar in pain.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 97%]

I didn't stop flying, a decision that was vindicated when the manticore appeared from the cloud of smoke, slightly singed. If it was easy to take down it by a simple fire spell, they wouldn't have their fearsome reputation, after all. Cornelia followed her initial attack by an even more impressive display, conjuring three flame spears at the same time, but the result was still the

same —except creating a bigger cloud of smoke.

The manticore responded by a rain of its deadly needles, but I conjured a tornado counter it, easily pushing them away. With over forty charisma, the strength of my spells had gone through another qualitative transformation, so much that I could actually hope to rival Titania as long as we fought in an open space, where I could leverage my superior mobility and regeneration. Not a bad improvement speed.

[-26 Mana]

However, as much as I enjoyed my own power-up, I couldn't be at the forefront always, so the girls needed to be stronger. "Think," I commanded even as I grabbed Cornelia's hips and lifted her a bit, only to pull her down and skewer her deep once again, delivering her some extra mana at the same time. "You need to bypass the magical resistance of its skin. Use the spell I had thought you."

[-436 Mana]

"But I can barely cast it," she countered.

"Luckily for you, it's the perfect opportunity to practice it," I said, which earned an incredulous glare from her. But I just smirked, and soon, she nodded in acceptance. I decided to cut her some slack, and stopped pumping inside her, though I was still inside her, enjoying her snug warmth, her wetness spilling to my lap. "Prove me just how good you are! Prove to me that you deserve to be the heiress of your family!"

"I will!" she shouted, her resolve finally solidified. She raised her hand, trying to conjure the special flame arrow I had taught her. It failed, but she didn't stop and continued to try, again and again.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 98%]

On her fifth try, she managed to stabilize it enough to touch the skin of the manticore.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 99%]

At her ninth try, her every repeat was finally hitting its skin, even though it was yet to penetrate its skin. "Good try, just a bit more," I said, declaring my trust, enhancing the impact of my words with the full impact of my charisma, which raised her morale into a fanatical frenzy.

Her eyes shone brightly. "Take this, you bastard," she cried even as she conjured another flame arrow, shining bright. It slammed at the chest of the manticore, finally penetrating its skin, making it roar in pain, its sound mixing with Cornelia's gloating cry. Not one to miss such a precious opportunity, I suddenly picked up speed, slamming inside her hard enough to trigger her climax, making her cry in pleasure, mixing with my own satisfied grunt as I painted her insides with my seed.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 100% - Final Stage Completed +20000 Exp]

[New Perk: Empowerment (1/1)]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Grandmaster Elemental (5), Grandmaster Melee (5), Advanced Speech]

I barely needed to think before picking up my next skill. Increasing my combat abilities was never bad, but with my impending meeting with the mysterious headmistress, a better verbal ability would no doubt be more convenient.

Meanwhile, Cornelia moaned in a shocking joy, but before I could examine the changes in her soul space, she raised her hand, and conjured three flame arrows at the same time, each strong enough to easily penetrate through the Manticore's skin. "Yes! Take that!" she exclaimed in joy as she conjured another trio, this time wounding one of its wings enough to force it to land.

I examined her soul space, only to meet with three big surprises at the same time. In the first place, the vision of her soul space was much clearer. It almost felt like I was meditating to examine my own power. The second surprise was her new achievement, feeling much stronger than the others. Since it was somehow linked to my power, I was easily able to understand its power. Five full points of enhancement for her every mental stat, and two stats for every physical stat. No wonder her casting abilities suddenly increased by such a wide margin. It was hard to overstate the impact of twenty-five new mental stats, especially for someone like Cornelia who already had respectable stats.

However, even that couldn't rival the sudden sensation of connection that filled my being. Cornelia was clearly unaware of it, lacking my sensitivity to the nature of her soul space, missing the sudden channel that appeared between us, establishing a connection that persisted even when after I stopped using my tantric abilities, getting stronger each passing second.

[Permanent Perk Established: Mana Regeneration]

[Permanent Perk Established: Skill Share]

The notification I received was certainly convenient. The mana regeneration, in particular, had been vital in my rapid development, but its relatively short cooldown had been limiting my ability significantly. Its permanency meant that I was finally able to roam around however I wanted —of course, that required the permanency to not to have any range restrictions, but I hoped for it to be the case.

While my attention was split between examining the still-changing nature of our connection and the potential implications of my new benefits, Cornelia continued to rain the flames of retribution on the wounded Manticore, intent on completely eviscerate it. Luckily, the Manticore was much more agile on the ground, so it avoided most of Cornelia's attacks. If all of them had connected, it would have ruined the magical value of the manticore.

However, the real surprise came from when I suddenly received another wall of notification, suddenly appearing in front of me.

[Cornelia - Level 17/21 - 46%

Skills: Legendary Fire Magic (1/10), Master Arcana, Advanced Mana Manipulation

Perks: None

Strength: 6 / Precision: 9 / Agility: 7 / Speed: 7 / Endurance: 6

Charisma: 26 / Perception 18 / Manipulation: 22 / Intelligence: 14 / Wisdom: 16

HP: 481 / 595 — Mana: 724 / 1632]

I finally had a direct connection to Cornelia's abilities, rather than inferring them from the impressions in her soul space, one that I could easily call without any effort on my part. Along with it, I could feel her current state of being, and even divine her location from a great distance. All around a very convenient upgrade.

It only left one thing to try, the last perk I had received. Empowerment.

Instinctively, I could feel that it wasn't a perk that I could use on my own. No, it was designed for an external recipient. With the ease of a mental flick, I activated it, dropping its counter from one to zero.

A mysterious light covered Cornelia in an instant, her aura transforming completely. Her spells

started to burn with the all might of a miniature sun, with a power that even I wouldn't be able to rival... Her spells, flying with a much greater speed, connected with the manticore, burning it to cinders.

[Achievement: Celestial Company. Elevate your companions to the next level give them the right to be on the same plane of existence as you. +3 to all stats. +15000 Experience]

[Select one of the following skills: Grandmaster Elemental (5), Grandmaster Tantric (5), Master Subterfuge]

Cornelia's enhanced abilities were interesting, almost as much as the incredible achievement I had received —both in terms of the strength it brought, and the implications of the text. However, I didn't pay attention to them except quickly selecting Subterfuge skill for my development.

No, my full attention was on Cornelia, doing my best to stop my new perk, because I could feel Cornelia burning up under the sudden rush of power, ravaging her soul space. It took me just seconds to do so, and the moment the power stopped, Cornelia collapsed like a puppet without strings. I dashed toward her, pushing my mana to analyze her soul space...

Only to find a scene of utter devastation, the borders weakened and damaged, her achievements and skills dislodged. Using my new connection just confirmed her status.

[Cornelia - Level 15/16 - 21%]

She had lost two levels, and her level cap had dropped. With her achievements roaming freely, even her stats had dropped.

Luckily for her, I already had the solution for her. I dragged her to the nearest cave and established a defensive parameter around before injecting my mana, starting the most complicated operation of my life. First, I reinforced the borders of her soul space to stop corruption, then stabilized her skills and achievements, preventing them from being lost. In comparison, neither her level nor her level cap was as important, not when I could boost them, a task that got even easier thanks to our permanent connection.

The next three hours passed in utter concentration, but as a result, not only her skills and achievements were completely cured, but I also reinforced her soul space to be even stronger than before, and using my spare mana to give back her levels.

[Cornelia - Level 17/25 - 83%]

Though, I have learned that increasing the level capacity also had a limit. It seemed to be one level lower than my own. Logical, if slightly inconvenient.

After the operation finished, I collapsed next to Cornelia, breathing hard. Even for me, operating continuously for three hours without a break was not a simple thing to achieve. Once again, I could feel the signs of mana overuse straining my body. Luckily, it wasn't as bad as before.

I waited a few minutes for my mana to recover before conjuring a mount and going back to the school, carrying a naked Cornelia in the bridal hold, her robe lost during the latest debacle. As I traveled, I couldn't help but think about the implications of my newest perk, which was even more mysterious than my other abilities, and its link with the word 'Celestial' was definitely suspicious. I could feel that with every achievement related to my unique abilities, I was getting closer to some big secret, but without reliable information, I was just fumbling helplessly... Maybe I should take the risk and raid Titania's special vault.

I met with another surprise when I arrived at school. The battle wards had been activated, covering the surrounding area with a dangerous spell. Before finding the defensive schematics in the necromancers' base, it would have taken me quite a while to sneak into the school with the wards in full alert, but using the weak areas Helga identified, I achieved that with disturbing ease. Disturbing, because it highlighted just how defenseless we were against a necromancer assault.

Dropping Cornelia in her room was even easier. But when I tried to clean her up with a quick shower, she finally woke up. "What happened?" she slurred. "I remember a bright power, followed by some explosions, then darkness..."

"Nothing much, sweetie. Just some backlash from excessive mana usage. Your body is not used to handle that much power, especially you haven't get used to your new achievement yet," I explained to her even as I helped her to clean up, for once not using the opportunity for some shower fun. Both of us were exhausted. "Just make sure that you don't use any magic for the next day. I'll visit again in the evening for another check-up."

"Thanks," she slurred with a cute smile, drunkenly. "You're the best master..."

"That I am," I said with a chuckle, amused with her changes. Paradoxically, the stronger she got, the more accepting she started to get about her own role... I helped her to change into a long nightgown before leaving, also dropping a note by Marianne to take care of Cornelia during the day, just in case.

After that, I was planning to get some sleep —and maybe developing my Speech and Subterfuge a bit— before trying to find the headmistress, but on the way back to my room, I realized that one of the dead drop locations had been activated.

Titania was finally back, and she was asking for an emergency meeting...

[Level: 26 Experience: 331900 / 351000

Strength: 31 Charisma: 44

Precision: 27 Perception: 30

Agility: 28 Manipulation: 33

Speed: 26 Intelligence: 37

Endurance: 25 Wisdom: 36

HP: 3513 / 3562 Mana: 3210 / 4680]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [75/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Advanced Speech [25/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

Chapter Sixty-Seven

Titania's message couldn't have come up in a more opportune time, as the artificial monster horde I had discovered last night was a rather dangerous development that needed to be discussed before I took the risk of talking with an unknown quantity like the mysterious headmistress of the school. Also, the opportunity to face Titania again was a nice opportunity, especially considering I was finally strong enough to actually contend with her with the level difference. There was no doubt that we still had a huge level cap, but at this point, my stats were high enough to compensate for it.

However, rather than directly going to her room, I first changed the destination to my own to pick up the plans, and maybe also bringing Helga along. After seeing the incredible benefits of finally completing the companion process with Cornelia —and completing with her first had been a real surprise considering the nature of our initial contact, though maybe it was fated considering her aggressive and ill-considered foray in the library had changed my destiny— so I wanted to complete the process with Helga as well.

Of course, that left the problem of unlocking the progress for the fourth stage. At first, I was planning to use Cornelia as the bait, allowing Helga to experience their old deal from the other side, hoping that giving her a sense of power against her old dominatrix opponent, though I believed it to be a long shot. I had no doubt that Helga would have enjoyed that, as she had suffered under Cornelia's sexy toys for too long not to nurse a grudge, but that didn't mean that it would unlock her fourth stage.

My amazing display of power against the monster horde had worked for Cornelia, but that was because Cornelia had a personality that worshipped power. What I had done there was the purest display of it, not to mention I had achieved that through fire magic, the purest display of power for Cornelia to understand.

The same wouldn't work directly for Helga for the last stage. She was different than Cornelia, yearning for prestige and trying to carve a place for herself through her unique perspective. She wanted to prove herself against everyone that they were wrong throwing away her innovative approach to spell-casting to favor the inefficient ancient styles critically dependent on skills.

Also, as I walked away from Cornelia's room, I noticed that I could still feel Cornelia's presence, and that sensation was not blunted by the distance. Excellent, I thought. Having real-time access to her exact position and her mood might prove vital in protecting her. I definitely didn't

want to lose her after putting all the effort to raise her.

I let my mind wander on the solution as I walked to my room and opened the door, and saw Helga stretching cutely on my bed, the towel around her body barely hiding the deliciousness underneath, her hair glistening wetly, suggesting she had freshly showered. "Morning," she murmured as she stretched further, which 'accidentally' undone her towel and it fell down, pooling around her waist, leaving her vast bosom naked. "Oops," she murmured as she raised her hand to her mouth, the other wrapping around her torso like she was trying to hide them from my view, though it would have been classified as a spectacular failure if her intention was to actually hide her beautiful peaks.

"Did you rest well?" I said as I strode toward her, and leaned for an extended kiss, our tongues dancing as I delivered a generous boost of mana, which I converted to experience for her.

[-452 Mana]

"Perfectly," she said. "I couldn't wait to return to study the wards. Despite the faults, they are so interesting. The application of Mordin's theory on triple connections alone..." she murmured, bursting into an exciting explanation, her tits dangling freely as she waved her hands excitedly. It was amusing just how easily she could lose herself in the intricacies of magical theory as easily as the pleasure of the flesh.

A light spell exploded in my mind as I watched her, illuminating an interesting path. Maybe her excitement toward the theory, along with the desire to prove herself, was the best way to finally step into the last stage. Bringing her along to the meeting with Titania would achieve both, especially since I no longer feared Titania in terms of the difference in power. Revealing the existence of Helga was no longer dangerous, especially since I was Titania's only reliable ally against the necromancers. "I'm going to meet with Titania in five minutes, do you want to come with me?"

"Titania?" she said before it clicked in her mind and she stammered. "D-do you mean the H-head librarian," she stammered in shock.

"Yes, silly. I'm talking about the head librarian. We're going to have a talk about the necromancers," I explained even as I leaned down to steal another kiss from her shocked lips. "Get ready, you only have five minutes."

[+1 Speech]

"Right!" she gasped as she jumped up, while I moved to the desk that was piled with the

defense blueprints of the school as well as the copious piles of notes Helga had created during her analysis, though I kept my attention on her. Watching her as she hurriedly dressed was fun and sexy at the same time, with a large dash of cute mixed in. “I’m ready,” she said as I chuckled.

“No, you’re not,” I countered as I took a step forward and slipped my hand under her skirt, only to rip her panties off with one pull. “Now you’re ready.”

She opened her mouth to say something, but when I leaned forward, she canceled that in favor of parting her lips excitingly, rewarded by another searing kiss. Her moans intensified further when my hand slipped under her skirt to tease her naked entrance.

“Let’s go,” I said after pulling back, leaving her primed for more. “We’re in a hurry.”

“O-okay,” she stammered and followed me out of the room.

This time, I didn’t bother disguising myself. At this point, putting a simple illusion combined with a change of posture was more than enough for me to disappear into the crowd, faking ordinary perfectly. “Try not to act too shocked when with Titania. Don’t forget that I’m going to be there to keep the heat off, and don’t reveal anything about our unique way of leveling, or about the mysterious book you’re trying to decipher,” I reminded her. At this point, I was confident to weather the storm it would bring. At absolute worst, I could easily escape into Mount Dread to hide from the people, and it wasn’t a likely outcome in the first place. Even if Titania discovered it, it wouldn’t be her benefit to reveal the secret of her only ally to outsiders until the current disaster was concluded.

[+1 Subterfuge]

I planned to be strong enough to be untouchable before the current crisis could be solved—not to mention developing a better, more intimate relationship with Titania in the process— so revealing that particular secret wasn’t exactly scary.

I knocked on her door when we arrived at the destination, and reached the final target. The door opened, and I stepped inside, only to see Titania already sitting on a large table, wearing a fresh set of robes, though she wasn’t good enough with restoration spells or makeup to hide her exhaustion from me. “Who’s this,” she asked in a scary tone when Helga walked in, making Helga freeze in fear.

“She helps me study magic,” I said as I walked forward, ignoring her tone, gesturing Helga to follow me. Titania’s expression lacked emotion, but a sudden pressure filled the room, a

mixture of charisma effect and pure mana pressure. Helga gasped in shock, too weak to handle such a rush. I sighed exaggeratedly as I brought my own pressure forward, blanketing Helga for protection effortlessly. "Are you done posturing so we can start the discussion," I said even as I gestured Helga to sit next to me.

[+2 Subterfuge]

Titania's outward reaction was so small that even with my enhanced senses, I was almost tricked that she wasn't surprised with it. Even then, I would have probably underestimated the impact if I hadn't had an excellent secret trick in form of a growing Companion System, of which I was getting a better understanding with each experiment. After the enlightenment provided by the adventure with Cornelia, it was hard for me to miss the sudden rush of anger and shock, or how they faded immediately as a side effect of her light magic. Truthfully, I wasn't sure whether she actually felt them for a moment before her unique magic erased them. No wonder she was emotionless.

Though, that made my eventual victory tastier. I still remembered this impeccable woman cumming around my shaft as she mewled innocently, her raven hair stuck to her petite body, her gray eyes widened with pleasure.

"Why is she here?" Titania asked again monotonously while Helga flinched.

I grabbed Helga's hand under the table to calm as I answered. "She's here to give her findings about these," I said even as I threw the blueprints on the desk.

"Where did you find them," she asked, once again monotonous.

"A necromancer base," I said, which earned nothing more than a raised eyebrow. Apparently, not even the secrets of the school in the hands of Necromancers was enough to break her forced calm, through my Tantric senses, I could feel her panic for a moment before it was swallowed by her light magic. Apparently, it worked for all emotions, not just positive or intense ones. I gave a quick breakdown of the base adventure.

"It's worrying," she said.

"What's worrying is that our defenses have more holes than aged cheese," I answered before turning to Helga. "Why don't you give a breakdown of your findings to our dear librarian so she understands the true weight of the issue. Use illusions to create a three-dimensional model to be through."

“I’m not sure my mana is enough,” Helga answered, though only after she sent a hesitant glare at Titania, still unable to process her position completely.

“Don’t worry, I can transfer some mana,” I answered, earning a surprised gaze from Helga, and more surprisingly, a sudden flare of jealousy from Titania —which was once again quelled immediately. I turned Titania with a questioning glare. “You don’t mind, do you?”

[+2 Speech]

“Why would I mind?” she said in the same inflectionless tone.

“Excellent,” I said as I gestured Helga to start.

First, Helga took a deep breath and cast a complicated Arcana spell, creating a lingering light-based illusion that was visible to all, though it strained her quite a bit. Despite its small size, the level of detail it contained was not simple. “To begin, I don’t think this diagram represents all of the defenses,” Helga said. “Essentially, there are two tiers of wards, one to stay active indefinitely, one to be raised to defend against a dangerous assault, but both schemes have suspicious gaps,” Helga explained.

“Like what,” Titania said monotonously.

“Like these three points,” Helga said as she cast an additional spell, and the illusion expanded. Helga dragged her finger across several locations. “For example, at these three points, the wards folds in a way that was impossible to maintain unless they were wrapped around a spell pylon, but there’s nothing on the plan.”

“Maybe the plans neglected it,” Titania said, though I felt a flare of panic.

“While it’s possible, it’s extremely unlikely,” Helga countered immediately. “Such a pylon needs to be really strong to handle such interference, and around it, there’s no ward to justify the existence of such support. It clearly exists to support another set of the dormant ward, probably quite a bit stronger than the first two layers.”

At this point, I sent a warning glare at Titania through flaring my magic, because I could feel hers bubbling like she was about to attack. It was sharp and focused, so Helga didn’t even realize just how close she was to death. “Very good discovery,” I said. “Do you think it’s likely the necromancers discovered the same?”

[+1 Speech]

“Debatable,” Helga answered. “A ward expert would have probably noticed, but it needs to be a peak expert. I have no idea undead have access to such a thing.”

“And is the existence of the third layer of wards secret?” I asked Titania.

She looked reluctant, but still answered. “Not among the key members of the faculty.”

“So, we need to assume that it’s known by the enemy from day one, but they are still making a move,” I pondered. “Is there a special meaning to the third layer of wards?”

“I don’t know, they haven’t been raised for at least three centuries, where they needed to resist against an unprecedented horde led by frost giants that destroyed most of the Northern Fortresses. The rest of the details are only known by the Headmistress.”

“Such wards are likely not without its cost,” I murmured, but rather than continuing, I gazed at Helga when her illusion flickered. “Are you getting tired?”

“A bit-” she said, only to gasp in shock when I wrapped my arm around her waist and pulled her onto my lap, and kissed her aggressively, transferring enough mana to refill her reserves. “You don’t mind, do you?” I asked lazily to Titania, amused at her sudden flare of jealousy —once again suppressed by her light magic.

[-154 Mana]

“No, it’s logical not to waste time waiting for her to recover,” Titania answered.

[+10 Experience]

“Definitely,” I answered, though the sudden experience gain surprised me for a moment. Helga was clearly too weak to actually provide any experience. Then it occurred to me. Helga was weak, but Titania wasn’t. Apparently, frolicking with the third lady in front of the others worked well as well, though significantly less than what I would have gained through kissing her. Still, every little bit counts, especially if collected in such an entertaining manner. “So, about the wards?”

“They are likely not without their cost,” Titania continued, her mannerism unflappable. “No ward with such an incredible strength is. I expect that at a minimum, it would put the Headmistress out of commission for several days through exertion. But it shouldn’t matter, as doing so, she would definitely push the attack back.”

“It matters,” I frowned even as I cast a spell to unzip my pants and slipped through Helga’s wet entrance easily, making her moan under the unexpected rush. “Even that leaves too many motivation for such

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 76%]

[+40 Experience]

“How so?” Titania asked while I enjoyed the combined rush of getting more experience and finally bringing Helga into the final stage. The gamble I took was the correct one.

“Simple,” I said even as I started pumping inside Helga, making absolutely no effort to actually hide what was going on under the desk, softly bouncing Helga on my lap. “It might be that they are trying to assassinate Headmistress during the activation, or they might actually just rely on her exhausted state to do whatever they were planning to do in Silver Spires through their secret agents and retreat, neatly avoiding her wrath. The second part works well with the shade they tried to put in the library, or your ambush. It means that they have something to do, and they either require some significant time to activate, or they require more time than your forays to the wild give them.”

[+3 Speech]

“Do you think that’s the case?” she asked.

“Maybe,” I answered. “However, it can easily be something else completely. We don’t know the identity of their ally on the inside, we don’t know who leads the necromancers. We don’t even know who is the leader of their little alliance, or if is there really one?”

“Isn’t that obvious, necromancers are the leader.”

“Not obvious enough to rule other options out,” I countered, even as I lazily pumped into Helga, enjoying the moment. “Not unless you have some ironclad evidence that you’re yet to share with me, such as the identity of their supposed underling,” I said, and she fell silent.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 77%]

[+50 Experience]

[+1 Speech]

“I don’t have such evidence,” she answered, and I smirked.

“We don’t need to waste time discussing that particular topic then,” I said. “That we can leave after talking with the Headmistress and getting a better understanding of the impact of this supposed ultimate layer of wards.” I couldn’t help but scoff, as the first two layers of wards were hardly impressive, reducing my expectations toward the third layer.

“Helga, please continue about the details of the protective structure of the wards,” I said, even as I considered just how far I could push the situation before Titania finally reacted to the jealousy she was feeling...

[Level: 26 Experience: 332000 / 351000

Strength: 31 Charisma: 44

Precision: 27 Perception: 30

Agility: 28 Manipulation: 33

Speed: 26 Intelligence: 37

Endurance: 25 Wisdom: 36

HP: 3562 / 3562 Mana: 4311 / 4680]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [78/100]

Expert Arcana [75/75]

Advanced Speech [33/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

Chapter Sixty-Eight

Even as the architect of the situation, I could scarcely believe I was getting away with ramming Helga repeatedly in front of Titania, with absolutely no effort of actually hiding what was going on. It was incredible.

“T-this point is one of the most dangerous locations,” Helga said, though unable to prevent herself from moaning in between, tightening around my shaft just to push the situation deeper.

“Do you think we can reinforce it without compromising the integrity of the whole structure?” I asked even as I slid my hands down, cupping her ass to support her graceful jumping, allowing her to focus solely on her presentation.

“Maybe—” Helga said, once again cut by a moan. “If we can establish an isolated structure with opposite nature, the whole scheme might stabilize without intervention from the other wards.”

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 79%]

[+50 Experience]

[-84 Mana]

This time, Titania actually glared at us with a slight annoyance, which I took as a win, because this time, her light magic was slightly slower in neutralizing the emotion, making her actually experience the tendrils of jealousy for a moment before it was drained.

Also, that wasn't the only interesting finding. I was constantly observing her, and I noticed that the emotional isolation of her light magic was weakening whenever it needed to remove a strong flare of emotion —such as resulted by an old partner recklessly fucking another girl in front of her without even the decency of trying to hide it. Moreover, while it slowly recovered, it didn't take any mana from her existing pool, just relying on her regeneration capabilities, which wasn't enough to completely compensate for its weakening. I wondered whether it was just due to the nature of the light magic, or it was a way of keeping Titania unaware of its existence —though the latter raised quite a few poignant questions.

Regardless, it gave me a clear way of going forward to weaken its effects. I needed to run interference, but to do that, I needed to have some mana in her soul space. “How about this location?” I suddenly interrupted as I reached toward the other side, which required me to push Helga against the table for a fleeting moment as I reached, but it allowed me to brush my

finger against Titania's before she could pull it, making me succeed, while also giving Titania a better view of what was going underneath the table for a moment.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 82%]

[+50 Experience]

[+2 Subterfuge]

[-18 Mana]

"It's a satellite node..." Helga continued after a huge moan forced due to sudden push. While she explained, I focused on my successful infiltration attempt. Maintaining control of my mana from a distance was significantly harder. I doubted that I could have succeeded if it wasn't for my enhanced mana manipulation capabilities thanks to the temporary skill from Helga. I used that mana as a scalpel to carefully block the connections between her mana and the emotion-devouring light magic structure, carefully observing its reaction. I didn't try to destroy it, because it would regenerate, and also, it risked being noticeable to Titania.

But interference was much harder to detect, avoiding the attention of both her and her little emotion-blocking parasite. The recovery of the blocker slowed significantly, making me smile widely. It was going to be fun to strain it —and her— to the limits.

To work on that aim, I let my hand crawl up under Helga's robe, groping her tits aggressively, making her gasp repeatedly to interrupt her discussion. This time, thanks to the dwindling performance of her emotion-blocker, her annoyance was obvious. "Focus," she ordered.

"Hey, she needs mana to do it," I countered. "You don't want her collapsing halfway, do you?"

[+2 Speech]

Titania didn't answer verbally, but her angry glare was answer enough. I smirked at my success. Just moments ago, it was impossible for her to maintain any emotion. Her anger drained only after several seconds, leaving a thick frustration behind.

I continued pumping even as Helga walked Titania through all the faults she had found in the ward layout, her genius innovation working wonders in underlining the mistakes of the ancient wards, to the point of distracting Titania from the fact that Helga was being impaled through her explanation —though not completely, as the annoyed jealousy slowly became a fixture on Titania's face. It shone brightly, thanks to her lacking experience when it came to handling her

emotions.

“Now, about how we can fix - IT!” Helga said it after completing her explanations, but I timed it perfectly to make her climax, allowing her to cover the last of the distance with a sudden twist of her nipple over her bra. She shuddered helplessly while Titania gasped in anger, her fingers shining with the distinctive flair of her light magic.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 86%]

[+300 Experience]

[-72 Mana]

“Give her a minute to catch her breath,” I said with a chuckle even as I decided to push it further, happy with the sharp increase in the Companion Progress. My fingers danced down across her chest, unbuttoning her robe and her shirt as it went down. Titania growled and Helga gasped, but neither stopped me as I removed Helga’s robe and shirt, leaving her wearing nothing but a bra and a skirt. “So, sweetie, tell us about what you have in mind next,” I said to Helga as I grabbed her tits once more, but unlike previously, there was no shirt to hide the dance of my fingers.

Finally, I saw the emotion I desired reflected on Titania’s face. Jealousy, tinged with arousal. Titania’s breathing quickened as she watched me maul Helga’s rather generous tits. I had to keep myself from snorting in amusement when she gave a passing glance to her own modest bust, flaring her jealousy even more.

“I - I think we can fix the scheme by...” Helga started, her explanation interrupted frequently by her moans. Titania listened, but she couldn’t fully focus on the explanation as well, too distracted by the show that was going on in front of her. I decided to intensify the show. Removing Helga’s bra was trivial at this point, giving Titania a full view of Helga’s delectable upper body, my fingers disappearing in her soft flesh, extracting a fresh set of moans in return. All the while. Helga continued to jump up and down on my lap, while explaining her notes to Titania.

Luckily, Helga was meticulous when it came to note-taking, which allowed her to make her presentation without losing her place. For Titania, however, understanding it had been significantly more difficult, especially since she was battling with an unfamiliar set of emotions, and her growing arousal didn’t make it any easier. Once again, I watched as the indomitable Head Librarian slowly fade away, her place taken by an innocent woman who was yet to learn

about her own body... The more the emotional isolation effect faded, the more hesitant she became. She tried to focus on Helga's explanation, but it was impossible for her to be successful with Helga's tits swinging like a pendulum, marking the time until her eventual defeat...

Such a delicious opportunity to be the teacher, I decided, and placed my hand on her stomach before pushing her forward. Helga gasped as her tits pressed against the cold surface of the table, her ass pointed upward, her skirt barely enough to cover it. But even that much of coverage was abhorrent to me. With my strength, ripping off her skirt was simply trivial, leaving Helga completely naked under Titania's gaze.

"W-we need to work on the wards," Titania stammered, a spectacular blush covering her face as her mouth fell open, her earlier coldness destroyed completely. I could feel her emotional-blocker trying to calm her down, but with the blocks in place, it failed to gather enough power to renew its strength, getting weaker every passing second. At this moment, Titania was nothing more than an innocent schoolgirl.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 89%]

[+500 Experience]

[Achievement: Daring Display. Take a risky position to seduce a potentially hostile target. +2 Charisma, +500 Experience]

In one smooth movement, I thrust my hips forward, sliding inside Helga once again, which had been surprisingly difficult because she had tightened significantly as her naked body was displayed in front of one of her idols, reducing her to a simple slut. Impressively, she still managed to give a broken explanation about the planned improvements. Less impressively, Titania could only stare as my hands clutched her hips as I thrust rhythmically, each push shaking the table, one of the documents on the corner toppling on the floor.

"Do you mind picking it up," I said to Titania as I gestured at the file.

[+3 Speech]

Titania did so with an absent-minded nod and left her seat, taking a couple of steps before she leaned forward to pick up the file on the floor, a string of moves that brought her much closer to Helga's body. Titania pulled back after an absent-minded second, but very slowly, her eyes firmly stuck on the location where my shaft disappeared inside Helga repeatedly.

Unconsciously, she bit her lips as she watched, no doubt remembering how her own body had

stretched under my attention just a few days ago, where she had lost her virginity under my ingenious treatment. She sat back, but her legs stayed suspiciously close, rubbing against each other in an attempt to quench her growing arousal. It would result in the opposite effect of what she desired, but from the way she watched us, hypnotized, I was willing to bet that she wasn't aware of that particular fact.

Helga's explanations slowly lost their vigor, proving that even her bookworm tendencies had their limit. She grabbed the edges of the table in an effort to handle my merciless fucking, each push making it harder for her to think... Her ass jiggled with each smash, the sound of flesh hitting flesh filled the room, loud enough to suppress the occasional word Helga could utter, finally removing all pretenses of the moment.

"Oh, yes," Helga moaned in joy. "Harder, faster, fill me!"

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 93%]

[+500 Experience]

"As you wish," I said before turning my gaze to Titania, curious of her reaction. Surprisingly, she didn't even comment on the sudden change, too fascinated at the scene, her lips covered with bite marks of her own doing. Without a warning, I spanked Helga's ass. Helga moaned, while Titania flinched at the sudden move, her eyes meeting with mine. "Mana transfer requires a lot of effort, as you remember," I reminded her, and her delicious blush intensified further, clashing with her raven black hair.

"I - I see," she stammered. "Can't we just wait for her mana to recover?" she added, finally managing to gather a wisp of will.

"Impossible, we need to finish this as soon as possible before we go and visit the Headmistress. The necromancer incursion is of vital importance. We can't delay," I said, which made her expression shift. The explanation was ridiculous, but Titania, battling against her unfamiliar rush of arousal, was not in a position to push back against it, helplessly nodding in response.

"Let's change the position a bit, to make sure we get a better mana flow, I said even as I pushed back my chair, and sat down. Helga jumped up to my lap immediately, facing at me while her ass pointed at Titania, giving her the uninterrupted view of my shaft disappearing inside her repeatedly. She was even slicker, making me groan as I slipped inside her, spreading her wide.

[+1 Speech]

After another searing kiss, I hooked my arms around her waist, and let her lean back, her tits thrusting to the ceiling, swaying sexily with my every push, giving Titania an even better show. Time lost its meaning as I slammed inside her again and again, enjoying the way she trembled against my body, while she finally shuddered under the effects of an explosive orgasm, her moans filling the room.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 98%]

[+600 Experience]

I gave a glance at Titania, who was watching us with widened eyes, trying to process a scene she never imagined let alone expecting to come across, her expression radiated a horrified fascination along with ever-increasing arousal. Her hands were clutched on her desk, her fingers pale with pressure, like she was trying to convince herself it was just a dream. Of course, that didn't prevent her legs from rubbing furiously against each other in the hope to attain an unfamiliar high.

She deserved an even better show, I decided as Helga trembled under the effects of the arousal. I whispered to Helga's ear to warn her before standing up, and her legs wrapped around my waist immediately to support herself, easily hanging on me as I started walking around in the room, providing Titania with our view from several angles. "You like it, don't you," I whispered into Helga's ear, using a small flare of mana to make sure Titania doesn't hear it. "You like it when Titania watches you, helpless, wishing to be in your place, but lacking the courage to admit it, and replace your slutty ass."

"I do," Helga answered even as she picked up even more speed, her moans rising unbidden. It was like beautiful music, aggressively rising toward its crescendo. Luckily, I was already on the edge, so I had the perfect way to accompany her beautiful music. I exploded inside her, filling her with my seed, her body responding with trembling helplessly...

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 100% - Final Stage Completed +20000 Exp]

[Permanent Perk Established: Mana Regeneration]

[Permanent Perk Established: Skill Share]

[New Perk: Teleportation]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Master Arcana, Grandmaster Elemental (5), Basic Mana Manipulation]

“Finally,” I grunted even as I selected Arcana for my next ability, because my various illusions and supporting skills were lagging behind. Helga’s mouth opened in shock, no doubt trying to process her most recent achievement gain, very similar to Cornelia had acquired, giving five points for each mental stat and two points for each physical stats. Even under my touch, I could feel her getting stronger.

“You’re finally filled to the brim,” I said mockingly as I let her step on the floor, my seed dripping down her legs.

“Yes, I am,” she answered with a matching smirk as she turned and walked toward the table, uncaring of her nakedness as she leaned down, and cast her illusion once more, gasping at her own performance. She was lucky that Titania was too distracted to actually notice the huge jump in her abilities to cast illusions.

Meanwhile, as Helga explained the rest of the possible improvement areas to Titania, I called the details of her abilities to finally examine it directly.

[Helga - Level 12/17 - 85%

Skills: Expert Arcana, Expert Magical Theory, Expert Spellcrafting, Basic Research, Basic Mana Manipulation

Perks: None

Strength: 4 / Precision: 6 / Agility: 5 / Speed: 5 / Endurance: 8

Charisma: 12 / Perception 13 / Manipulation: 14 / Intelligence: 22 / Wisdom: 17]

Overall, I was satisfied with her distribution. She was weak on combat ability, but it didn’t matter with my presence. Especially with her latest stat boost, even with her poor skills, she had sufficient ability to defend herself against an emergency. It was especially important with the new perk, Teleportation, which was supposed to be a very difficult ability. I didn’t know the exact limits, or the way it worked, but I was confident that I could figure it out.

As I considered the implications of the new perk, Helga quickly finished explaining the rest of the points, Titania yet to recover from her shock. And as much as I wanted to walk behind Helga for a second session, I decided to take pity on Titania. Also, Helga was about to finish her

explanation, and with that complete, I didn't have an excuse for a repeat.

"I hope it was helpful," I said even as I gave her robe to Helga, but left everything else on the floor. She smirked as she put the robe on, fixing it so that her nakedness underneath wasn't peeking.

"Very," Titania managed to stammer, doing her best to hide her frustration —and failing spectacularly. "Is there anything else?" she added, trying to kick me away.

"Actually, there is," I said as I pulled one of the earth gems from my pocket, testing Titania. She tried to look ignorant, but she couldn't prevent a shocked gasp —a very obvious one, thanks to her emotional control being ruined through my interference. "However, your talk with the headmistress about the wards are more important. Just let me escort my sweet assistant back to her room, and we can talk about it another day. Send another message when you have some time to discuss," I said to her, however, as I did so, destroyed the blocks I had established on her emotional blocker. I didn't want her to have that discussion with the headmistress impaired, mostly because I didn't want the Headmistress getting suspicious. After all, I could easily apply the same trick the next time.

Then, I turned and left the room without even asking for her permission.

[+3 Speech]

Helga leaned against the wall the moment I closed the door. "That was..." she murmured in a trembling voice, exhaustion and excitement battling.

I leaned in for a kiss, even as I magically monitored the room, watching as Titania let out a frustrated growl, burning the remaining clothes of Helga with one spell, followed by slamming her desk. Even more interesting, she stood up and walked away while removing her robe on the way, showing just how frustrated she was feeling. Even better, she slammed the bedroom door behind her.

"That was just a start," I whispered to Helga as I chuckled, dragging her away. As much as it was tempting to go back to her room for the main course, things would be much more delicious once she had time to experience the aftermath of our show without the clutch of her emotional isolator. "Pity that we still need some time for the main course..."

[Level: 27 Experience: 356000 / 378000

Strength: 31 Charisma: 46

Precision: 27 Perception: 30

Agility: 28 Manipulation: 33

Speed: 26 Intelligence: 37

Endurance: 25 Wisdom: 36

HP: 3699 / 3699 Mana: 4814 / 4914]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [80/100]

Master Arcana [75/100]

Advanced Speech [42/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 12/17]

Chapter Sixty-Nine

Helga barely managed to suppress her cheerful mood until we were safely behind the sound-suppressing ward in my room until she exploded in cheerful laughter. “It was ... amazing!” she exclaimed as she jumped up, her legs wrapping around my waist as she started kissing. “I can’t believe that we had sex in front of the legendary Head Librarian while I taught her warding, and she just watched us! You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me,” she exclaimed as her lips closed around.

“And you are to me, sweetheart,” I answered. Unlike her statement, mine wasn’t completely true, but it was sufficiently accurate. Regardless of everything, Helga held a special place in my heart, and her progress made me happy. “What about your recent power-up?”

“I still can’t believe it’s not a dream,” she gasped as she looked at the distance, no doubt calling her stats. “A total thirty-five stat points at once, distributed evenly across my stats. Even in the stories, I never read something like this. It should be impossible.”

I smirked. “You should have learned by now. Nothing is impossible for me.”

In response, she kissed me extendedly as we stumbled toward the bed. Since she was wearing only her robe, it was very easy to shed that halfway, so when I threw her on the bed, she was deliciously naked. “Yes, nothing is impossible for you,” she gasped, as I slid inside her.

One of the conveniences of my direct access to her stat was to have a better understanding of the current position of her level. Since she was already at eighty-five percent, it meant that just three thousand points of mana were enough to give her another level, a number I could easily generate without depleting my mana reserves even without factoring in my regeneration. With two instances of regeneration permanently active, I could easily recover it in ten minutes.

My perks were truly game-changers.

Even as I slid inside Helga once more, I couldn’t help but think about the source of my abilities. From what I could decipher from some of the most important achievements, I could understand that it was somehow linked to the past, well before the disaster that marked the beginning of the known history. I was yet to unearth anything about those supposed disasters, let alone the world before the disasters —though to be fair, recently I had much more urgent issues that took my time. I made a note to make more thorough research once the most immediate problems were resolved.

And my current most immediate problem was the sexy blonde that was laying in front of me, her legs parted, her entrance glittering invitingly. However, just as I was about to delve deep, I heard a knock on the door. How inconvenient, I thought even as I cast a spell to check the identity of my visitor, only to relax.

It was Aviada.

I walked to the door, much to Helga's annoyed glare. "Can't you just send her away?" she said even as she sat on the edge of the bed, her arms crossed under her breasts, a frown on her face. It was clear she was trying to look annoyed, but that made her look sexier.

"I can," I answered, smiling wider. "But I won't." Why would I, when watching them bicker was so fun?

I opened the door, and looked at the brunette beauty on the other side of the door. As usual, she was wearing her combat outfit, which was not exactly feminine, but with a major difference. This time, she was wearing a leather vest, and she had unbuttoned it quite deeply, creating a delicious cleavage. "I came to take back my sword," Aviada said, but her inviting smirk suggested ulterior motives in her visit.

"Perfect timing," I said as I gestured her to walk in.

Aviada did so, but her seductive smile melted when she walked into the main room. "Hmmp," she gasped as she glanced at Helga, trying to look dismissive, but failing in the process. Her jealousy was clear.

Helga just smirked as she leaned back, her hands on the bed as she gave a better pose to Aviada to make her even more jealous. "Do you have anything to say?"

"Why would I be jealous?" Aviada answered even though she looked slightly self-conscious. She was clearly being affected by Helga's radical increase in Charisma, which didn't change her looks, but changed her demeanor quite a bit. Of course, Aviada was a straightforward person, so chose to deal with her problem in a straightforward manner. Her hand reached to the already loosened string of her top that was holding it together, and pulled it free, revealing her perky body underneath. She might not have the assistance of Helga's Charisma advantage, but her amazing physical stats, combined with her endless exercising, turned her body into a masterpiece.

Helga looked at her, but her attempt to look disdainful was no more effective than Aviada's attempt to hide her jealousy.

I just stood there, trying not to laugh out loud. Despite their aggressive demeanor, they weren't exactly hating each other, it was more of a soft competition, which was a nice benefit of our time together hunting and our desperate battle against a band of necromancers. Shared danger—and shared bed— had a way of cutting down the hostilities.

Of course, seeing the potential amusement, I didn't say anything, and let them bicker. After a couple of angry words, Aviada pulled off her top, and her pants and underwear followed soon after, matching Helga in nakedness. "Jealous?" she asked gloatingly.

"Maybe a bit," Helga suddenly murmured shyly, which took the wind off Aviada's sails. She looked at Helga questioningly. "Well, you do have a very tight body. Sometimes, I feel a bit..."

"Don't be like that," Aviada answered immediately, her gaze turning soft. "You're very beautiful as well. Your soft skin, your silky hair, and your elegance..."

Helga looked like she was about to accept her explanation when I stepped behind Aviada and whispered her ear. "Why don't you go and apologize to her more intimately," I whispered, loudly enough to be heard from Helga, which made her blush intensely. Aviada was not much better. It wasn't our first threesome, but the other attempt had been driven by my aggressive control, and I played the main role. This time, I was asking them to start, while I stayed as a spectator for a while.

Aviada didn't move, frozen in sudden indecision. Helga's sudden blush was not much better. "Go on," I said as I slapped Aviada's ass without a warning. "Go and help your friend, she's feeling self-conscious."

Despite their matching blushing looks, Aviada stumbled toward Helga, slowly at first, but getting more sure-footed the nearer she got. "Why don't you lay down," she whispered even as she put her hand on Helga's forearm gently, still hesitant.

"S-sure," Helga stuttered as she looked at Aviada hesitantly before laying back, her eyes pointing at the ceiling, trembling softly. It was clear that her thoughts were wondering as much as her eyes, dancing between me and Aviada. Aviada was not much better. Still, she let her hand wander over Helga's supine body, slowly.

It was her shoulder at first, then her sides. When she arrived at her stomach, Helga trembled softly. "Is this okay?" Aviada asked, trembling.

"Yes," Helga said simply while she glanced at me, while I had unzipped my pants and revealed my raging boner, and my fingers already around it. Seeing Helga shiver, Aviada also turned and

noticed my activities, her smile suddenly turning confident. Apparently, my arousal gave them all the confidence they needed, because Aviada's touch was much more confident as her hand passed the valley between Helga's breasts, reaching to her neck for a moment before dipping back.

As Aviada's fingers delved deep into Helga's tits, Helga bit her lips, trying to contain a moan, only to fail spectacularly. Even more impressively, her legs parted open, revealing her glistening womanhood. Only for a moment though, as the next second, her legs met together, rubbing against each other mercilessly in an effort to quench her growing arousal. As seconds passed, her hesitancy melted.

Her nipples hardened with each passing second, enough to resist Aviada's touch momentarily as she squeezed them. Unlike Helga, Aviada was not gushing with arousal, but also she hadn't been just subjected to an amazing sexy encounter under the watchful eyes of her idol, so it was understandable.

Helga lay obediently as her wetness grew to a desperate point, and she tried to reach her entrance, her eyes closed. Aviada looked at me questioningly. I shook my head, asking her to stop Helga. The impact of the beautiful scene would get much lower if she were to be allowed to solve her own problems.

Aviada proved to be a sweet little soldier and grabbed Helga's wrist before her hand could reach between her legs. She whimpered helplessly, but followed Aviada's silent order without a complaint, keeping her eyes closed.

Excellent.

She gasped in disappointment when Aviada pulled her hand from her tits, but that didn't last long when her fingers landed on her tummy. Aviada explored the softness of her tummy while she busied herself with soft sighs, interrupted by occasional moans. And surprisingly, rather than delving deep, Aviada kept her movements slow, proving that she had learned quite a bit from our earlier interactions.

Our very special, very beautiful interactions.

Still, I would have been disappointed if she followed that direction forever. After all, her directness was one of the special things about her. Luckily, Aviada's instincts were alive and well, and when her fingers finally reached the treasure spot between Helga's legs, she assaulted Helga with sudden aggression. Her two fingers disappeared through Helga's entrance, hooked

to attain the maximum impact, her existing sensitivity working against her.

Helga kept her eyes firmly closed as she enjoyed the treatment, ignoring our presence blatantly to focus on her sensations, though I wasn't unhappy about it. The pure eroticism it created was much superior to other aspects. Even better, her idle hand finally landed on her own perky breasts, slowly teasing herself, letting her moans mix with Helga's.

I continued to pump myself as I watched Helga treating Aviada's touch as electric, squirming helplessly under her merciless assault.

Aviada was too distracted to notice when Helga sneaked her hand between Aviada's legs, but it was impossible for her to miss when Helga finally slipped them inside her. She opened her eyes as Aviada shared an enthusiastic gasp, their gazes meeting. Aviada looked questioningly. "It's not fair if I only get to play," Helga answered with a gasp.

Despite everything, they managed to surprise me when Aviada leaned down and they shared a searing kiss, their fingers still between each other's legs, pumping furiously. Such an enthusiastic show.

I couldn't help but walk closer, their arousal like sweet nectar on my nose, enjoying the passion they displayed as they were lost in each other, writhing in ecstasy.

It wasn't exactly a surprise to see them getting closer to a climax as the time passed. Helga even started shuddering under Aviada's merciless assault, but Aviada didn't stop. Nor did Helga, still pumping Aviada softly, methodically, with great contrast to Aviada's style. When she opened her eyes, she was startled to see I was hovering over her, watching their every single move with great attention. Our eyes locked, but it didn't slow her down after a brief stop, but only made her faster. I could hear her heartbeats easily.

I started to pump faster, desiring to cover her tits with my seed.

The sheer desire packed at the moment was simply unbearable. When Aviada started to shudder, it marked the end of my resistance as well. I exploded, covering Helga's tits with my seed, staining her aggressively as Aviada's toes curled visibly and her back arched. Her orgasm was powerful, though not as powerful as mine.

"Why don't you help Helga clean up," I offered to Aviada suggestively, and she didn't waste a second before leaning down and tracing her dirtied tits with her tongue, showing her readiness for more.

So delicious, I thought even as I waited for my erection to return, my mind already filled with ideas how to leverage the moment fully.

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Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [80/100]

Master Arcana [75/100]

Advanced Speech [42/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 12/17]

Chapter Seventy

Watching Aviada lick the last drops of cum from Helga's breasts was simply tantalizing. I watched with great interest as I climbed up to my bed, my shaft already coming back to life. Once seated, my shaft pressed against Aviada's leg, earning a seductive look as she felt my presence.

"Oh," she gasped seductively even as she gently bit Helga's breast at the same time. I smirked before shifting a bit, dragging my erection across Helga's belly.

"So tantalizing," Helga murmured, ready for a real encounter. "I can feel your hardness all over my body."

I smirked as I squeezed between two girls. Aviada moved to the side to give me some space, and I found myself squeezed between two beauties. "So, girls, any attention for me?" I asked.

"Greedy," Aviada commented, and Helga chuckled, but that didn't prevent them from grabbing my erection at the same time, Helga grabbing me along the base while Aviada grabbed the top. They started moving in tandem while I enjoyed the beauty of their supple bodies, completely exposed.

Their bodies were truly a marvel. I could waste days enjoying the expanse of their flesh, one fit and muscular, other soft and curvy, each more delicious than the other. Their fair skin was flushed with excitement, highlighting their curves even more. All the while, their enthusiastic treatment continued.

It was hard to resist the temptation of teasing them in turn. My hands found Helga's breasts while I twisted my neck to bury my head between Aviada's tits like a parched man diving into an oasis, earning a pair of synchronized moans. Occasionally, I raised my head to steal kisses from their ruby lips, while their bodies rubbed against mine.

"Does it feel good?" Aviada asked as her hand quickened, pumping me furiously. I nodded even as Helga followed her rhythm, my length being subjected to an amazing massage, giving me time to focus on their heaving —and respectably huge— breasts, occasionally teasing their pert nipples.

"It gets me so turned on when he touches me like that," Helga commented as she looked at Aviada, acting like I was invisible. Very intentionally, if her mischievous expression was any indicator. Earlier in our journey, I might have tried to quash such a behavior, self-conscious

about my positioning, but those days were in the past. Now, I just smirked confidently as Aviada giggled—an unfamiliar, yet beautiful tone.

“It can’t match at his expression when I finally wrap my lips around,” she added, earning a mirroring giggle from Helga.

“Not a bad idea,” Helga gasped as she immediately started to crawl down, her tongue pressing against my chest. Aviada matched her movement immediately, and they started traveling down, leaving a pair of parallel tingling lines, finally deciding to pay some real attention to my criminally-neglected erection.

A jolt of lightning pleasure passed through my body as Aviada grabbed the head of my shaft, while Helga focused on licking the base. So tender, yet so delicious.

I groaned in pleasure. It wasn’t just how it felt—though it felt amazing— but also the amazing view it created, their tits rubbing against my leg with each move with their every move, occasionally slapping hard enough to create a delicious echo. “Delicious,” Aviada gasped enthusiastically as she pulled away to breathe.

Unlike Aviada’s enthusiastic contributions, Helga pulled back after a brief interaction, watching us, utterly hypnotized while Aviada tasted me again and again, going deeper with every repeat. A couple of minutes later, Helga whispered. “That looks fun. How about I join?” she whispered.

“Go ahead,” Aviada whispered as she pulled back, but just a bit. When Helga lowered her head, she immediately followed her, and their heads at the opposite sides of my shaft, and started licking across my length, tasting and savoring the texture of every ridge and vein. They wrapped their wet lips around either side of my shaft, kissing the sensitive skin. Occasionally their lips would brush up against each other and they would exchange a playful kiss with my dick in the middle.

“Unbelievable,” I moaned, happy with the soft, playful service I was receiving. Their lips alternated to take the role around my shaft, bringing me more and more pleasure. As they did so, I once again gave my hands-free reign over their bodies, roaming and caressing mercilessly, until they started squirming helplessly.

“Maybe we should give you a better task,” Aviada suddenly offered as she pulled away from my shaft, taking a teasing trail up once again, her breasts caressing my stomach at first, then my chest. My breath was cut briefly as she pressed her tits on my face. But even that didn’t last long, as she continued to travel up, and soon, her muscular thighs on both sides of my head, and

her delicious smell hitting my nose strongly.

Helga let up on my blowjob to watch as her rival's hot core pressed down onto my expectant mouth. It was the perfect position to drive Aviada crazy with pleasure. All I could taste were the slippery-smooth texture of her nether lips and the sweet taste of her arousal. I lapped away at her enthusiastically, and the moans of her pleasure in response. It was intoxicating in a whole different way than just simply forcing her down and take her mercilessly.

I loved it.

The only disadvantage of the position was that I suddenly lost the pleasure of watching Helga at the same time, but I read them well enough to know that they were watching each other curiously as my tongue discovered the flavor of Aviada's pussy.

Aviada's moans intensified further when I grabbed her ass hard, my fingers testing the strength of her muscles. Meanwhile, Helga returned the task of serving my erection once more, bobbing aggressively. "Hmm, I'm still missing your presence in my mouth," Aviada commented suddenly and changed positions, so that rather than seeing her amazing tits, I was watching the curves of her ass. Luckily, it was equally delicious.

Aviada took a deep breath and went back to work, lowering herself down to inhale my cock, smushing her tits against my belly in the process, all the while I continued lapping her delicious core. I felt Helga's mouth move lower to make room, happily licking and sucking my sensitive balls.

It was stimulation overload. I groaned loudly, finding it more and more difficult to hold back my pending climax.

I could feel Aviada was getting close, too. She began rhythmically humping my face and I responded to her increased activity with powerful licks around her knob. Having two girls slurping on my shaft enthusiastically made concentrating on Aviada increasingly difficult, and I could tell from Aviada's stilted sucking that she was likewise having trouble staying focused. But we both powered through the pleasure and picked up the pace, our ecstatic moans muffled by each other's bodies. And luckily, Helga was up to the task, compensating for Aviada's loss of attention.

When she finally exploded, it was spectacular. She wrenched her lips off of my cock and howled in pleasure at the moon. Her pelvis spasmed against my mouth.

Seeing my poor desperate shaft suddenly unattended, Helga released my balls and focused at

the main even. She assaulted me with her warm mouth and sucked like a vacuum. That proved to be too much for me, as I finally exploded in Helga's sweet mouth, filling her mouth with my warm seed. Showing her improvement, she managed not to lose a drop, swallowing all.

Delirious in the grasp of her own climax, Aviada was too late to join the fun, gasping in disappointment. However, she was a decisive warrior, and before Helga could swallow the last drop, Aviada leaned forward and forced her tongue in Helga's mouth, stealing a load.

Spots danced in my vision as I breathed deeply, enjoying the aggressive battle in front of me for the last drop of cum. With my endurance, it didn't take long for my erection to come back to life.

"I win," Helga gasped a few seconds later, breathing hard, exhausted, but still, carrying a big smile.

Aviada frowned, an expression so excessive that it was clear it was fake. "Damn," she gasped in faux-despair. "What do I do?" Then, before Helga could react, Aviada jumped up to my lap, grinding her sopping wetness across my length. She smirked widely. "Maybe this?"

"Bitch!" Helga exclaimed as she tried to pull Aviada away, but it was no less fake than Aviada's earlier sadness. She barely made a perfunctory attempt to pull Aviada off —nor that she could actually do so considering the sheer difference between their physical capabilities. Instead, after a couple of attempts, she stayed hugging Aviada from her back, her hands gently caressing her stomach.

Seeing them playfully getting along made me happy. Our threesome had weirdly turned into a team-building activity, and I was happy about it. After all, we were facing a dangerous situation, and a warm relationship might assist me further. Aviada and Helga were a perfect duo, with their advantages conveniently covering the weaknesses of the other.

Of course, the comparative strategic advantages of their combat capabilities took secondary importance when Aviada slowly lowered herself along my shaft, devouring it bit by bit, while Helga kissed Aviada's neck playfully.

Her hot, sopping wet entrance wrapped tight around my girth, massaging the stiffness of my length the best possible way. "You feel amazing inside me," Aviada moaned loudly, earning a playful slap to her ass from Helga, followed by a moan when I suddenly cast a spell on them. It wasn't the same spell they had experienced during our threesome, but this time, it was Aviada's sensations that were being reflected back to Helga.

“Naughty,” Helga gasped in shock before continuing to kiss Aviada’s neck, shivering at the same time.

I lay on my back as I enjoyed Aviada pushing deeper and deeper along my length while enjoying the view as well. I drank the view of their enormous breasts, jiggling with each step, creating a delicious scene of solidarity even as I invaded Aviada’s delicate folds.

Deeper I invaded Aviada, louder Helga moaned, driven by the sensation-sharing spell. However, that didn’t prevent her from hugging Aviada tighter as her hands traveled higher, clamping around her breasts. Impaling a brunette while the said brunette was being played by a blonde created an extremely delicious sensation. Their back arched, mirroring each other, as the pleasure built up.

Soon, I exploded into Aviada, triggering yet another climax, and the echoes of her climax triggered Helga. Three distinct moans danced in the room, creating a delicious show as Aviada collapsed against my chest, while Helga lay next to me.

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 3. Duration, 8 hours]

[Skill Share perk activated. Target Skill: Legendary Sword Mastery. Copied: Duration, 24 hours]

[Temporary Skill: Master Swordsman (100/100)]

“That was something else,” Aviada murmured hazily, letting out another moan as I kissed her neck. “Too bad that I need to be in the training field in a few minutes.”

“You can always visit us in the night,” Helga unexpectedly offered even as she gently caressed the small of her back. It was surprising for two reasons. First, it showed that their friendship had grown even more than I had expected, even after our interesting threesome. Second, Helga taking initiative to invite someone to my room was unexpected, showing that she was already thinking of it as our room, like we were a pair of newlyweds.

I spent a flickering second on that thought, and found that I wasn’t disliking the idea.

“That would be excellent,” Aviada said. “Barracks sucks.” She rested her head against my chest for a moment before raising it back immediately. “Ah, I forget to tell, but Oeyne also sent a message, telling you to drop by if you have time. She says that she could finish the dagger much quicker if you can help her in the casting process.”

“Sounds interesting,” I commented. I decided to go. After all, I was free in the afternoon, and

the Hall of Craftsmen was the perfect location to improve my Subterfuge and Speech. Not to mention, Oeyne was a sexy, mature woman with a burning desire and an excellent skill-set, not to mention her importance as a source of experience.

Converting her from a remote friend into an ally was definitely an interesting prospect.

“The dagger?” Helga asked, and I realized that I was yet to explain to her about Oeyne. I gave her a brief breakdown of the meeting, though ignoring the massage part and focusing on the design part. Not that I was afraid of revealing my intentions about conquering such a delicious mature woman, but I had a feeling that if I did so, Helga would feel the need to prove herself, which, normally, a good thing, but I was a bit short on time.

Instead, I focused on the design of the dagger, also sharing some magical theories behind crafting. “That sounds interesting,” Aviada cut in as she stood up, her tone disagreeing with her words, “But I need to go training. Maybe I’ll drop by in the evening,” she suggested with a smirk. She quickly dressed, and left after stealing two kisses.

After she left, I continued to explain my plans about the dagger design with Helga, as despite our level gap, when it came to innovation, she was much better than me. She didn’t know much about crafting, but I had read quite a bit, and quickly distilled some major points to her.

However, as we walked, I slipped inside her, and she accepted my presence enthusiastically. It wasn’t the first time Helga was getting turned on by a complicated magical discussion. I also used our closeness to push some mana, giving her more experience. I wanted to level her up again.

[-925 Mana]

“The design of the dagger is magically promising, but do you really think she could craft that dagger?” Helga asked, interrupted by a moan as I pushed deeper.

“Franky, I don’t know,” I answered. “That’s why I need to experiment, and Oeyne is a skilled Blacksmith, with sufficient knowledge of magic to follow the designs.” Helga raised her eyebrow questioningly, but before she could comment on it, I suddenly shifted position and trapped her under me, mercilessly banging her as I delivered more and more mana inside her, flooding her mind with pleasure.

“More, more, more!” she cried enthusiastically as I flooded her soul space with mana to accompany the pleasure, and she squirmed beautifully, her soul space growing stronger, signaling another level up. I smiled in satisfaction at the results.

[Helga - Level 13/17

Skills: Master Arcana, Expert Magical Theory, Expert Spellcrafting, Basic Research, Basic Mana Manipulation]

[Level: 27 Experience: 356000 / 378000

Strength: 31 Charisma: 46

Precision: 27 Perception: 30

Agility: 28 Manipulation: 33

Speed: 26 Intelligence: 37

Endurance: 25 Wisdom: 36

HP: 3699 / 3699 Mana: 921 / 4914]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [80/100]

Master Arcana [75/100]

Advanced Speech [42/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Seventy-One

After a quick yet very fruitful last tumble with Helga that left her laying on the bed with the consistency of melted butter, I left my room, once again dressed as a servant, moving through the crowd invisibly. When I finally arrived at the Hall, I didn't immediately want to Oeyne's room, no matter how much I wanted to drag my hands over her caramel skin. I walked around for almost three hours, changing my disguise repeatedly as I moved from section to section, trying to ferret out some secrets.

Ultimately, it wasn't very fruitful in terms of material gain. I had managed to swipe several books across many different halls, from alchemists to enchanters, but none of the books were particularly secretive —or at least, I assumed so, considering they were laying in the middle of the room, or abandoned in a corner. The real precious stuff was hidden behind the wards, and I was guessing that the top-secret items had never been brought to Silver Spires, instead kept in their exclusive guild residences.

Still, in terms of other benefits, it was extremely beneficial. I had to change my disguise several times as I slipped from one hall to another without arousing attention, and considering the dangers —being hunted by several high-class organizations— I had made incredible gains through the process.

[Subterfuge +13]

[Speech +8]

It was very useful before I was about to launch into another deal with Oeyne. I wanted her to use the earth gem I had acquired as a part of the sword she would ultimately forge, but the previous deal of providing her two sets of material for each finished product would not work. Before, I could be extravagant because the materials I had shared was ultimately not that hard to get, requiring just one hunting trip to collect.

The earth gem was not like that. It was a true treasure with a value that significantly eclipsed everything I had managed to collect. Luckily, I had the ability to renegotiate such a deal in excess.

After wasting some more time in the Hall, I finally slipped underground, toward Oeyne's room deep in the storage section, and knocked on the door with the pattern she had suggested to me the last time.

“Coming!” shouted Oeyne with a strained voice, suggesting that the previous hangover was not extraordinary. However, unlike the last time, the door didn’t open immediately. She kept me waiting for a couple of minutes before opening the door, once again greeting me with a disheveled look, wearing only a dressing gown.

Still, I had to hold back a smirk. Someone less experienced might have missed the effort that had went to today’s disheveled look. Her hair was a mess again, but this time, the mess was somehow arranged to put her face to the best benefit. Her face lacked any indicator of sleep, instead covered with a thin layer of makeup, enough to avoid the attention of a less careful man.

The dressing gown’s messy state was equally engineered. Its front was slightly open, giving the perfect glimpse of her otherwise naked chest, and one side of the bottom had ridden high enough to reveal that she was wearing panties this time.

The dark and lacy kind...

Ultimately, combined with her request, it was clear that she was prepared to impress, while trying to hide that fact. If it wasn’t for the cold, calculating glint in her eyes that was hidden for anyone but me thanks to my sharp eyes, I would have assumed that she was attracted to me. With the glint, I was inclined to believe that she had something to discuss, and wanted me to focus on her body during that talk.

Admittedly, it was a good strategy, as her body was excellent. She might be older, but her body was still at the height of her perkiness, not to mention her outrageous curves. Her caramel skin added a delicious diversity to the mix. Combined, she could have easily distracted me if it wasn’t for the rather memorable evening I shared with Cornelia, followed by the heated morning assistance by Helga and Aviada.

“Good afternoon,” I said cheerfully as I pulled the potion bottle filled with mineral solution.

“You’re amazing,” she said immediately in an honest relief as she grabbed my arm and dragged me with strength what would have left a weaker man broken. Despite her preparations, she was still hungover.

“Maybe I should pay you in hangover potions rather than materials for the next dagger,” I suggested in amusement.

“Deal,” she immediately answered without even blinking, leaving me amused, yet slightly shocked. I hadn’t expected her to value my hangover treatment so much. Maybe I should have

offered a higher price.

I was expecting her to lay on the couch we had used the last time. Instead, she continued to drag me, and soon, I found myself in her bedroom. Unlike her rough workshop, her living space was furnished expensively, filled with purple velvet curtains and some expensive-looking paintings. However, I was more interested in the occasional spots with thicker colors, suggesting that they were holding similar paintings until not too long ago.

Her gambling problem seemed to be even worse than Aviada had mentioned. Combined with her sudden lack of income after her fight with the Guilds, she must treat me as a godsend.

A nicer man might have reacted differently, but as I watched her lay on the bed before pushing her dressing gown down, giving me access to her beautiful shoulders, I had much dirtier things in mind. I could even get a glimpse of her boobs from the side, making my shaft twitch in enthusiasm.

[+50 Experience] 50% Penalty!

Taming her was suddenly sounded like a better idea.

“Hurry up,” she ordered as she looked back, giving me a seductive gaze, convincing me that she wasn’t just driven by her pain. She was intentionally trying to seduce me.

I smirked. I couldn’t wait until I could teach her the length of her mistake.

I poured a generous amount of potion into my hands and rubbed them repeatedly to warm them. However, while doing so, I cast another spell, turning the potion into a strong aphrodisiac, but one that would only act after a significant delay, starting to effect in one hour, peaking the effect in three hours.

Only then I gently pressed my fingers to her neck, caressing gently. Her moan came immediately, sexy and arousing.

But also artificial.

I smirked coldly, knowing she couldn’t see my face. She was trying to play with me, unaware of the beast she was challenging. I decided to teach her the lesson for trying to play me, especially in this particular arena.

Her moans started to have an echo of honesty even before I moved down to her shoulder. I had

already used my healing abilities to completely cure her headache, but she made no mention of it, continuing to enjoy the massage.

I focused on her shoulders, once again unleashing the full range of my massage abilities, her moans turning more honest with each passing minute. I easily resolved the knots on her shoulders. The last time, I had stopped when I arrived at her shoulders, but this time I continued, slowly focusing on her upper back. “How does it feel?” I asked. “Any discomfort?”

“You have magical fingers,” she answered lazily as she stretched under my touch, which caused her robe to slid even lower. She looked at me carefully, though tried to disguise it as an accidental one, giving me permission to be even more aggressive. However, that didn’t tempt me, because it was still a rational decision. I wanted her to crawl in delirium, begging for me to take the next step.

[+100 Experience] 50% Penalty!

At first, she was clearly unhappy with my tame movements, trying to convince me nonverbally to go down by shrugging occasionally, which pushed her dressing gown even lower. And when that didn’t work, she muttered. “Maybe you can go a bit lower, that part is giving me trouble.”

“Understandable,” I answered lazily. “After all, blacksmithing is not an easy job, no matter how strong you are.” Still, even as I said so, I moved lower only a bit, and stayed strictly in the center, avoiding getting near her breasts. Her dissatisfaction was clear as a glacier, most of it hidden below the surface, but the visible part was more than enough to signal the inherent danger.

Like a glacier, it was impossible for her dissatisfaction to survive the warmth of my erotic massage. Soon, her moans quickened once more, and unlike the previous ones, they were completely genuine. She was finally under the effects of the wonderful sensation, captured by my skillful fingers, teasing her nerve endings to evoke her thrill. She was paradoxically relaxing and stiffening at the same time. Relaxing because her exhaustion and stress melted under my fingers, stiffening because of her growing arousal.

It was cute how she thought she could keep her sudden confused expression hidden behind her mask. She had not expected her ploy to turn into a genuine seduction, which was a big mistake. Just because I hadn’t pushed the envelope the last time due to respect for her abilities, she thought that she was good enough to play in the same league.

I was more than happy to teach her the mistake she had stumbled upon.

As I moved lower, she stopped shrugging, recognizing the danger. Unfortunately for her, I had no intention of letting her passivity stop me. I pulled down her dressing gown without warning, revealing her back fully for my fingers. Unfortunately, her ass was still covered by the gown, as doing so would have been too much.

[+250 Experience] 50% Penalty!

It turned out to be the correct choice. She opened her mouth as if she was about to argue, but stopped when she realized her bottom was still covered. A strategic mistake on her part, but she was yet to realize that. “Your back doesn’t look like I expect,” I lazily commented.

“What do you mean?” she said, interrupting a moan, alarmed.

“I expected your back to be more rough and clumpy, filled with muscles. Swinging a hammer every day couldn’t be easy. But instead, your back is shapely and curvy, with muscles hidden underneath. Much sexier than I imagined,” I explained, starting normal, but turning seductive toward the end.

My soft, throaty tone made her shiver. “T-thanks,” she stammered, interrupted when I pressed at her lower back, triggering another moan. I stayed silent, and she dedicated herself to moaning as I cut free across her back, assaulting and caressing repeatedly until her moans started to get louder and louder. She bit her lips desperately to contain them, but it only made her sexier.

Soon, she fell into a dichotomy—trying to convince herself to stop, but also desiring for me to go further. Her mind was slowly drifting into complacency while the very center of her being was so aroused that I could smell.

[+200 Experience] 50% Penalty!

She clearly realized that it was going further than she intended, in feeling if not in content. If she were of right mind, she would have stopped it, but she just moaned, even when my fingers traveling dangerously close to her ass, every pass revealing more of her back by pushing the gown. Soon, I could see the edge of her panties. At this moment, I was sure that if I pulled the gown down along with her panties and plunged my fingers inside her entrance, she would have accepted it.

Unfortunately, it would also ruin my aim to teach her a lesson, and wasting all that aphrodisiac. So, without a warning, I pulled back, but not before adding a nifty spell to prevent her from climaxing easily under her own effort. Thanks to my growing magical presence, I wasn’t afraid

of being found, especially with my unrestricted access to her body. "That's it," I said as I slapped her thigh softly and walked away.

[-14 Mana]

"W-what?" she stammered.

"That's it," I repeated as I stepped out of the room. "I'll wait for you in the forge," I said as I slammed the door close. Only then I started sniggering, imagining her ridiculous response.

Once again, I killed time by reading the old notes from the bookshelf. This time, assisted by the benefits of my scooping, I had learned quite a bit more from my adventures. Then, I felt a sound-blocking ward activate. I immediately cast a spell to tunnel a convenient access point inside, eavesdropping on her. Inside, I could hear her moan and gasps, starting enthusiastic, but soon turned desperate, tinged with frustration. She was clearly doing her best to finish it herself, only to fail spectacularly. And with me waiting outside, she didn't have enough time to waste.

Fifteen minutes later, Oeyne walked in, trying to look normal, though she could have succeeded better if it wasn't for her slightly damp hair, suggesting that she had to take a shower to quench her arousal, and the stiffness of her walk. She clearly wanted to climax after my arousing massage. Her clothing could be constituted as revenge. She was wearing a leather vest and leather pants, but both of them were considerably tighter than comfortable, revealing her curves perfectly. Especially her pants, which were tight enough to reveal the shape of her panties underneath.

She was clearly trying to get revenge by showing me such an arousing sight. I just nodded softly, acting like I missed the challenge she was proposing. "Shall we start?" I asked.

"Yes, let's start," she said, challengingly, unaware of the trap she had already fallen thanks to the aphrodisiac mixed in her massage oil...

[Level: 27 Experience: 356600 / 378000

Strength: 31 Charisma: 46

Precision: 27 Perception: 30

Agility: 28 Manipulation: 33

Speed: 26 Intelligence: 37

Endurance: 25 Wisdom: 36

HP: 3699 / 3699 Mana: 4914 / 4914]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [93/100]

Master Arcana [75/100]

Advanced Speech [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Seventy-Two

I finally let my attention shift back to the strategic issues as I followed her toward the forge. In particular, why she had suddenly changed her initial estimation about the production of the dagger. “So, the last time we talked, you mentioned that you need three days to complete the dagger. Why the sudden change?” I asked.

“Is it really important?” she countered with a lazy, dismissive tone as she walked in front of me, her leather-clad hips shaking sexily with each step. However, it was her tone that caught my attention more than the beautiful dance of her hips. It was too dismissive, too even.

She was trying to hide something.

“Not really, just curious,” I answered. I decided not to confront her about it, even though the sudden change of delivery date was suspicious. Even more suspicious was the invitation to help. Previously, her determination to keep her secrets was clear, subtly but decisively rejecting my offer. Now, only a day later, she had changed her mind completely.

How interesting.

“How strong are your mana reserves?” Oeyne asked as she stood in front of the forge, a pile of processed magical reagents and an ingot of alchemical silver already prepared. “The forging process for your design is very mana intensive, and once started, it needs to be completed, otherwise, the structural matrix of the dagger would dissolve.”

“My mana reserves are quite decent, definitely top percentile,” I answered, and she nodded in satisfaction. Of course, without a qualifying statement, she no doubt assumed I was comparing myself to the students, while I was actually comparing myself to the faculty.

“Good, then forging the dagger together will be simple,” she answered. “But before starting, let’s do a practice run with a simple dagger,” she said, before grabbing an ingot of iron, completely mundane, and put it in the forge.

In a mundane forge, no matter how hot, an ingot of iron would have taken several minutes to melt. In her high-quality magical forge, it took seconds for it to reach a nice glowing heat with a soft consistency. “Watch carefully,” she ordered as she created a complicated web of arcana energy before wrapping it around the ingot, forcibly shaping it and levitating it magically to her anvil.

Once at the anvil, she kept her magic wrapped around the soft iron as she put low-quality magical ingredients inside. Due to its nature, the magical ingredients flared, pushing against the web, but she suppressed the effect forcefully through her arcana mana. Interesting technique, I noted. The working principles were simple, and the notes I had read on her shelves while waiting for her had already taught me the working principles behind it. Essentially, she was skipping several critical steps in forging through the application of the spell in a process that normally required letting the steel absorb the magic bit by bit.

Interestingly, none of the books I had swiped from the Guilds mentioned such a technique. Most of their blacksmithing content was about measuring the ideal amount of magical material for each round of forging, and possible ways to enhance effects, while guides on how to prepare said materials were spread between Alchemists and Enchanters based on the steps required and the source material used. Of course, Oeyne's technique was not purely advantageous, actually applying it required a great deal of Blacksmithing skill and Strength, not to mention some magical aptitude.

The radical difference in their approach and Oeyne's technique was interesting, and certainly explained the fight between Oeyne and the guilds. Oeyne's technique required a combination of skills and not only did it cut through the traditional Guild boundaries, but also it was much quicker to get results. They couldn't be happy about Oeyne perfecting the technique even further.

I continued watching Oeyne beating the iron of the dagger rapidly, each push smoothing the raging magical presence of the dagger. Five minutes later, a workable dagger appeared in her hands, and she dunked it in a large barrel filled with water, creating a large cloud of steam. Just as she reached for a second ingot, I cut her off. "Do you want me to try that one?" I asked, but without waiting for her to answer, snatched the iron ingot and threw it in the flames.

"Are you ready? Already?" she asked. Her shock only survived for a second, leaving its place to a cold intent to interrogate.

"Sure, as long as you just want me to maintain the spell matrix, of course," I explained rapidly. Actually, I wouldn't have minded trying my hand on blacksmithing, as while I lacked the skill, my stats should cover the deficiency, at least enough to handle crafting a simple iron dagger. However, doing so would have revealed my hand unnecessarily, so I kept hiding my hand.

Using a levitation spell, I dragged the ingot through the flames and put it in front of her, wrapping it tightly with my magic as she infused it with the magical materials. Honestly, it was even easier than I had expected, because the technique itself was rather straightforward, only

requiring me to keep the matrix stable. And while I lack the practice with it, my magical abilities were simply superior to hers, making it an easy achievement.

[+1 Arcana]

[-15 Mana]

“Not bad,” she said, impressed as she turned. “But let’s see how you handle a real challenge.” With that, she slammed her hammer on the steel much harder than the previous times, creating a flare of magic through an intentional mistake.

The strength of the flare wouldn’t even create a flicker on my spell if I didn’t allow it, but I deliberately fumbled the matrix for a second, flooding the room with a flicker of magic, before I suppressed it again, for two reasons. First —and less importantly— I wanted to look my learning curve convincing. More importantly, I wanted to have a screen to confuse her senses as I let some of my mana stick on her body, infusing her leather top.

I wanted to play with her a bit.

[+2 Arcana]

[-24 Mana]

“Try to keep the lines more stable,” she commented as she continued to beat the glowing rod of iron, missing my little trick in her concentration. With that, our trial run continued. She made a couple more mistakes, but with lower intensity, allowing me to control them easily.

However, five minutes into our practice session, she started squirming. It was barely noticeable at first. I noticed it only because I knew what to look for, a lingering gaze here, an uncomfortable shuffle there. But as my subtle magic continued to tease her already-erect nipples softly, those little tells grew into a delicious show. Her nipples hardened enough to clearly show through the texture of her leather top like it was no harder than soft velvet.

Delicious, I thought, as she finished the dagger and we moved onto another ingot. “Let’s make sure you can handle it flawlessly before we move onto the real stuff. We shouldn’t waste the real materials,” she explained, her voice carrying the slightest hitch.

At that point, I assumed that she was going to hide her arousal as much as possible, which was why I was surprised when her fingers grasped the buttons of her top, and flicked open two in quick succession, creating a deep, delicious cleavage, more appealing than the best caramel

dessert. “Working in a forge gets hot,” she explained with a smirk when I looked at her with a quirked eyebrow, surprised by her action.

“I see,” I answered, not bothering to hide my gaze as I focused on the recently-revealed caramel valley, matching her smirk. If she was going to play off her arousal like that, why should I play stupid, after all. A brief consideration later, I decided to push her as well. “You know what, you’re right. The heat is really uncomfortable,” I explained as I pulled off my shirt, revealing my muscular torso.

She was shameless enough to match my hungry gaze as she visually explored the curves of my torso. “It’s hard to believe you’re a mage.”

“I’m a surprising man,” I answered even as created another spell matrix to stabilize the iron ingot, flexing my body slightly as I did so to give the perfect pose, stretching my Charisma to the limits. “Let’s work,” I added with another smirk when I noticed her getting absent-minded just for a moment. I was proud of my body, and with the assistance of my Charisma, it was no wonder even an experienced woman like Oeyne was being affected.

“Let’s work,” she reiterated, but before she continued, she popped open another button, turning her already impressive cleavage into something borderline obscene, showing that she wasn’t exactly hung up on turning up the heat. Her hammer slammed repeatedly, her tits jiggling with each repeat, making my shaft rock hard, so much that I would be afraid about the final score of our little game if I hadn’t already rigged the game, making her loss a certainty.

[+300 Experience] 50% Penalty!

I could see a subtle blush creeping up her neck as she continued her work, missing the significance of her growing arousal. Unfortunately, she still needed to get to the perfect temperature, so I turned my focus on the task at hand, namely, the spell matrix she had taught me. Now that I got a feeling about its objective, I started modifying it, weakening some aspects while strengthening the other parts.

[+2 Arcana]

[-65 Mana]

“You’re doing it wrong,” she commented as she looked at me, with a slight hint of disappointment coloring her looks. Apparently, she valued competency quite a bit even when it came to her pleasurable activities.

Luckily, I wasn't screwing anything up. "No, actually, I'm not," I corrected her. "Try making a big flare," I offered. "It'll hold better than your rudimentary structure. I bet that no matter what you do, you won't be able to break it through your blacksmithing skills."

"Oh, really," she murmured, the shine back in her gaze, with a considerable boost. I met with excitement instead of anger I had been expecting after I challenged her expertise. "You're willing to bet on that, huh. What do you have in mind?"

I observed her sudden change of demeanor. Apparently, Aviada undersold her gambling habits. "Well," I murmured with a wide smirk. "Since you're going to lose, it doesn't feel fair for me to make the bet. You should be the one to set the bet."

She laughed. It was a clear, crystal laugh that made her body shake repeatedly —and considering her deep cleavage, creating a delicious view. "It's nice to see the empty confidence of youth. How about if you lose, you're going to help me with a task. With your skill, it shouldn't take more than a week, maybe two," she said in a manner that could have been easily mistaken as nonchalance, but my senses were too sharp to miss the subtle tightening of her tone. She clearly wanted my help, for something important if she was willing to sacrifice extract quite a bit of wealth off me. It made sense, especially her sudden decision to teach me about her secret techniques.

"Hmm, sounds interesting," I said. "A bit soft, though. Still, if you're going to be a coward, I can only ask you to forge my sword for free. Anything more would be unfair."

As expected, my words triggered her quite a bit, enough for her to slam her hammer to the anvil, creating another flare of magic as it damaged its structure. I used the opportunity to turn the heat on the little trick that was making her more and more aroused. "Big words for a little boy. Do you really think you can handle my full effort," she said.

"Of course I can, little girl," I said, mocking her right back, though I avoided mentioning her real age despite her dig. No need to ruin the deliciously heated atmosphere that way. "How about if you lose, you give me a massage. Body to body," I offered, letting my eyes dangle down her body, cutting through the last flickering sense of professionalism.

"And if you lose, you stay in here for the night, following my every order," she said with a smirk. "Every, order," she repeated just to highlight her words.

"Deal," I said as I raised my hand, casting the spell matrix again. Outwardly, it wasn't very different from the initial form, with some cosmetic changes. However, the theoretical basis of it

was completely changed. It was harder to cast skill-wise, but much stronger. “You have five minutes, do your best,” I said to her with a challenging smile.

“I only need one hit,” she boasted as she raised her hammer. Over her head, the hammer started to shine as she gathered her strength, and she slammed it. If I was using the matrix at the same proficiency I had displayed earlier, the flare of magic would have destroyed my restraints. Instead, it didn’t even make it stretch. She frowned as she slammed twice more, only to fail both times.

“Are you finished with the warm-up yet,” I asked her even as I gestured with my other hand, and levitated a chair, and sat with my legs crossed, just to drive the message better. It was a sharper challenge, but I was willing to risk it.

“Yes,” she said with a frosty tone, though her heaving chest didn’t agree with her coldness. She pulled another magical ingredient and threw it on top of the dagger, this time much stronger. Essentially, it was cheating, as a fresh ingredient would increase the strain several times, but ultimately, I was confident in my skills, so I said nothing. Since I had already taken the step to push her further, proving my capability was the better idea.

[-126 Mana]

[+1 Arcana]

She continued beating the dagger, each hit stronger than the previous one, shaking her body beautifully. Each hit caused a flare of magic, giving me the cover to magically tease her further, softly tickling her breasts, a subtle intervention that could have been easily mistaken for the way her tits were rubbing against her leather top as she beat the anvil aggressively, trying to break my confinement structure.

Despite her attempts, every flare was successfully fed back to the dagger, strengthening it instead. Through that loop, it was even easier to contain the flares, keeping me from wasting too much mana. Her magical abilities were good enough to realize that fact, and she started alternating her rhythm in an effort to disrupt that effect, but got only partial success. More interestingly, as she did so, she forgot one important detail. Her leather top was already not optimized to hold her perky tits, and the amazing cleavage she had created didn’t help. When she delivered a particularly strong hit, one of her tits popped out of her top, creating a delicious view.

[+300 Experience] 50% Penalty!

Before she could fix it, I made sure to flicker my spell, not enough to lose the bet, but give her just enough hope that she might ultimately win the bet if she distracted me sufficiently. Her hungry smile revealed that she understood that point.

“Damn, this top is too tight,” she murmured as she pulled it off, giving me the delicious view of her naked upper body. As she smashed the anvil, again and again, her tits jumped up and down, creating a delicious view for me. My spell matrix flickered with each beat, like she was succeeding in her task, but never taking the last step, my face stiff with a fake strain. Then, five minutes finally elapsed.

“And, time,” I said with a smirk as I met her gaze before letting my eyes drop down to her spectacular tits that defied her age and the gravity at the same time proudly. I couldn’t wait to see if they had the caramel taste like their color suggested. “It seems that I’m the victor.”

“It seems the case,” she answered grudgingly, but despite her defeat, her eyes were burning with excitement, Understandable considering she was on the edge of a climax, unaware the last step was cut off by a magical chasm. “Should we continue with our task,” she murmured as she grabbed her top once again, but didn’t put it on.

“Nope,” I said even as I turned and walked toward her bedroom. “I want my massage first.” I walked away, excited about the service I was about to receive.

“As you wish,” she called from behind as she followed me...

[Level: 27 Experience: 357200 / 378000

Strength: 31 Charisma: 46

Precision: 27 Perception: 30

Agility: 28 Manipulation: 33

Speed: 26 Intelligence: 37

Endurance: 25 Wisdom: 36

HP: 3699 / 3699 Mana: 4914 / 4914]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [93/100]

Master Arcana [81/100]

Advanced Speech [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Seventy-Three

Even as I walked toward Oeyne's bedroom, I was pleasantly surprised to see that my aim of getting her in the bed was working even better than I hoped. Of course, a part of it was her intention, she was clearly trying to seduce me as I tried to do so as well.

The change of pace was very much welcome.

I knew that her attempts were not about my handsomeness —or, at least, not entirely so. Her sudden offer to share her forging secrets suggested she was in a pickle big enough that she couldn't be sure to pull me in the mix without a personal connection. And considering the amount I was willing to pay her to craft my weapons, she had considerable leverage, but clearly it was insufficient for her request if her sudden change of attitude was any indicator.

My sixth sense was telling me that whatever the issue was, it was going to be dangerous, so much that, if it was just a few days ago, I wouldn't have taken the risk. However, with the amazing benefits I received thanks to completing the companion process, as well as the last few levels, I was confident to face risks.

If I could risk fighting against the necromancers, I could handle whatever problems a blacksmith could have.

With that in mind, I once again focused on the present. In her bedroom, I did two things. First, I put my hand to my pack before casting a biomancy spell, creating a unique massage oil that would work excellently to relax and lubricate me at the same time. Second, without even turning my back, I removed all of my clothes except my underwear without looking back, and lay on her bed, my face buried on her pillow, which conveniently hid my smile after I heard Oeyne's shocked hiss.

I was proud of my muscular body, one didn't look like a mage at all. Oeyne clearly liked what she saw, even though she was surprised by it.

Still, my heartbeat got stronger when I heard the sound of leather hitting the floor, suggesting that she had got rid of her leather pants as well. Since she had already removed her top, it meant that she was standing only in her panties. But before I could even imagine that, another sound reached my ear, this time much softer, like a whisper.

Her panties hit the floor as well.

How interesting, I thought even as I listened to the sound of her applying oil to her hands. “Are you ready, big boy?” she whispered as she pressed her soft hands to my back—which was rather interesting considering her job, but considering the abilities of the System, it wasn’t completely unexpected. However, while her touch was soft, it didn’t mean that the strength behind it was delicate. Her hands wandered over my back rapidly with a pressure that would have cracked me if I was still level ten, though, despite that, it wasn’t unpleasant. Clearly, she was decently skilled in massaging.

“Of course,” I whispered back lazily. “I can handle whatever you can dish, no problem.”

“Oh, is that so?” she murmured. “Those words seem like a challenge for me.”

“Take it as a challenge if you want to taste defeat once more,” I answered smugly. She didn’t answer, though the sudden tightening of her hands was answer enough. Her pride clearly didn’t appreciate the reminder of her recent loss, nor did she like the implications about the current challenge.

I felt a momentary worry when her hands left my body, but that worry was squished when I heard the sound of oil pouring. Still, it was weird, as she was pouring far too much oil. Apparently, she decided to compensate with excessive oil, which, unfortunately, was an amateur mistake. I prepared myself for an unsatisfactory massage experience.

Only to be surprised when I felt her climb on the bed, and immediately after, sitting on my back, her oil-covered skin teasing mine. Her torso pressed against my back, with a pair of globe-shaped presences pressing against both sides of my neck, once again covered with a generous amount of massage oil.

Generous, but definitely not wasted.

[+100 Experience] 50% Penalty!

She said nothing, but her pride was apparent as her delicious body rubbed against mine as she slowly moved down, as if she was trying to map her curves on my body. I let out a satisfied moan, conveying my thoughts and encouraging her at the same time. I was surprised by her initiative, bringing the massage to such a heated level so soon. I couldn’t help but feel curious about what she had in mind the next.

For the next few minutes, she glided up and down on my back, treating me to a delicious massage through the pressure of her breasts. I lay without saying anything, enjoying the glorious, uninterrupted treatment. Then, she spoke once more. “Switch,” she ordered even as

she grabbed my arm, making me turn.

I was more than happy to turn under her control, enthusiastic about catching the sight of her glistening caramel body, but this time, my plans had been ruined. Just as I was about to catch a glimpse, she pressed a towel on my face, cutting my sight. How quaint, I thought in amusement. I could have dealt with it easily, but I decided to take the passive route.

Partially because I genuinely enjoyed the change in the pattern, being seduced rather than playing the aggressor, however, it was still mostly about watching her squirm. The spell to prevent her from climaxing was still on, ensuring that no matter how aroused she felt, she wouldn't be able to reach orgasm before I let her. I was curious just how much it would take for her to reach that point.

[+150 Experience] 50% Penalty!

"How do you feel?" she whispered into my ear even as her tits rubbed against my chest, enough to turn my underwear into hell.

"Pretty relaxed," I answered, my tone much lazier than my actual feelings to tease her, and if her stiffening was to be taken as an answer, it worked as well as I could have hoped.

"Relaxed?" she questioned as she started to lower herself, and suddenly, I felt her hand pressing against my bulge. "That doesn't feel relaxed. I better help you." Then, without waiting for a response, she dragged them down, freeing my erection. "You don't mind, do you?" she asked with a playful, exaggerated giggle.

"You're the boss," I answered, but I failed to maintain my tone of disinterest when I felt the unfamiliar yet recognizable presence of her amazing breasts wrapping around my shaft, sliding easily thanks to the thick layer of massage oil. "That's nice," I murmured.

She giggled, but said nothing as she abandoned all pretenses of a massage and focused on my erection, teasing it with her tits, occasionally assisted by her tongue, enhancing my pleasure build-up significantly.

"You're enjoying the treatment, right," she murmured as she suddenly changed position, and lay next to me, replacing her tits with her hand. She pulled the towel off, letting me enjoy the glistening caramel wonder that was her body for a while, before pinning me under her chocolate-colored irises. She hovered above me, which presented her curvy body to the best effect, tempting me to eat her.

[+250 Experience] 50% Penalty!

“It should be obvious,” I answered with a satisfied smirk.

“It is,” she answered with a matching smirk, though I could see frustration behind her gaze. I would have assumed that it was the frustration of her denied orgasm, but one important detail changed my mind. It wasn’t her unmet arousal, or at least, not only that. If it was so, she would have pushed things further rather than slowing things down.

No, she wanted something, and she decided it was the perfect time to do so.

“I’m sure you would like to make it a regular thing,” she whispered as she lay next to me, trapping my arm between her amazing tits while continuing her hand job.

“Well, to be frank, I wouldn’t mind. If this is the starter and not the main course, of course,” I said, my smirk widening even further.

The shine of interest in her eyes was impossible to fake. “That can be arranged,” she whispered. “How’s your schedule for the next few days.”

“A bit complicated,” I admitted. “But not so bad that I can’t squeeze a few short visits,” I suggested, and her expression flickered before she could recover. It was an important tell. Whatever she was trying to convince me, she needed it soon.

For a moment, she said nothing, just quickening the treatment of her hand. Then, she shifted, kissing my neck before trailing down, leaving a trail of kisses, tracing my muscles back and forth, paying particular attention to my abs. When she arrived at my crotch, she gave me a challenging smile and whispered. “Is there a way you can adjust your schedule a bit?” she whispered before giving a seductive lick across my length, her eyes firmly locked to mine as she did so.

When she swallowed my length without a warning, I was unable to contain the gasp of pleasure that escaped my mouth. The reason, the smooth way she swallowed my shaft, devouring half of its length in one move, suggesting that she hadn’t had a tame youth. I watched as she bobbed her head repeatedly, each repeat pushing her deeper and deeper, and soon, she was swallowing two-thirds of my length with each repeat.

[+250 Experience] 50% Penalty!

“And what if I need you to stay more than a few short visits, to give me a hand?” she finally

asked after five minutes of enthusiastic sucking, but I could hear the strain as she asked that.

It couldn't be easy to stay on the edge for all that time.

"Depends," I answered lazily, without bothering to change my lazy position. "What exactly you need me to do?" I asked. I was rather happy with her service, both in terms of forging and in terms of 'massage', but neither was critical enough for me to commit to a task before I knew the truth behind it, especially since she was being very careful not to reveal that particular aspect. Not when I was already beset with enemies on multiple fronts.

Rather than answering immediately, she continued to suck me, alternating between the shaft and the balls, however, that amazing service only made me more suspicious. The more she avoided, the more my sixth-sense warned me about the underlying dangers. At this point, the smartest thing to do was to ask her to stop, put on my clothes, and leave, never to return.

However, as usual, I chose the more dangerous path, and continued to lay as she devoured me.

It took five minutes for her to speak once more. "Nothing much," she murmured. "I just have a challenging forging job, and your assistance will be useful," she said. "It will be exhausting, very exhausting, and will probably require at least three days of forging, without even an opportunity to sleep. It takes a real man to handle such a grueling task."

"That seems like a tough job," I murmured, admiring her simple, yet effective trick. What she was asking for was indeed huge. For a normal mage, casting full power for three days would be indeed disastrous. The experience itself would have been exhausting enough, but the aftereffects of such effort on the body would put a normal mage out of commission for a week, maybe even more. Altogether, it was a sufficient reason for her to make that request in the bed, especially considering our mutual attraction made it an amusing challenge rather than a degrading chore.

[+250 Experience] 50% Penalty!

It was what made her offer insidiously clever. By asking it in such a distracting moment, while giving me a very convincing reason for it to be reasonable, she did her best to prevent me from digging deeper. Her dig on my manhood, while obvious, was also a nice touch, adding another layer of distraction. If it wasn't for my own mastery in deception, I would have missed the slight quickening of her tone as she explained, indicating she was trying to hide something.

[Subterfuge +2]

Something big.

“Interesting,” I murmured. “It will be tough, but I trust my mana reserves. I doubt it would take more than two days,” I said lazily, like I had already accepted it. The smile that tugged visible despite her best effort showed her elation. Of course, with my regeneration and my ability to replenish her mana, I would be surprised if it took more than a day, even less if I could make decent progress in our companion process. “What are we going to forge?”

“A shield,” she answered, her tension draining even more as she answered.

“And who’s the customer?” I asked.

That made her stiffen. It was again a subtle movement, but for me, she might as well be waving a huge flag of alarm. My digging finally hit the vein. “That’s confidential,” she murmured.

“Oh, really?” I asked even as I lifted myself on the bed for the first time, slowly and deliberately, alerting her. She raised her body as well, but before she could react, I grabbed her shoulders, and pushed her on the bed, and put my hand between her legs, reversing the situation. “Who’s the customer?” I repeated the question, slowly and deliberately, even as my fingers slipped inside her.

[+500 Experience] 50% Penalty!

Her lips pressed shut, realizing her mistake, but that only galvanized me further.

An interesting interrogation was awaiting me...

[Level: 27 Experience: 358700 / 378000

Strength: 31 Charisma: 46

Precision: 27 Perception: 30

Agility: 28 Manipulation: 33

Speed: 26 Intelligence: 37

Endurance: 25 Wisdom: 36

HP: 3699 / 3699 Mana: 4914 / 4914]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [95/100]

Master Arcana [81/100]

Advanced Speech [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Seventy-Four

For a long and glorious moment, I stopped to enjoy the looks of the busty beauty with caramel-colored skin lying under me, gasping in a mixture of anticipation and dread as she awaited my promised interrogation. From her brown eyes, I could read a hint of panic as she realized the lost control of her little game of seduction, mixed with an unwillingness to change the course.

“So, we were talking about the identity of our customer,” I whispered into her ear as I leaned over her, letting my chest press against hers.

“Is it really important,” she gasped even as she put her hand on my shoulder, dragging softly. “I can think of several more interesting things to do rather than wasting our time talking about the customers.” As she said so, she arched her back, making the sight of her body even more delicious.

“That does sound tempting,” I answered lazily, enjoying the way hope flared in her eyes, straining her willpower. After all, she was still suffering from my little trick that prevented her from cumming, while her body was covered in aphrodisiac massage oil.

It was delicious torture.

[+250 Experience] 50% Penalty!

“Doesn’t it?” she said as her hands started exploring my body.

“It does, but the identity of the customer is more important,” I countered. “After all, we’re going to spend quite a bit of time together as we forged and aligned a personalized sword,” I commented.

“Yes, but don’t worry-” she started before she cut herself, frustrated. “I mean, what are you talking about!”

I chuckled. “Come on, sweetie. It’s obvious that we’re going to spend quite a bit of time with our customer, and creating a personalized weapon is the only reason to spend extended time together.”

“But how could you know that we’re going to spend time together?” she followed up.

I sighed even as I let my hand explore the delicious curves of her body. “Simple, if it was a simple order, you could have just given me a random name, and it would be done.”

“She’s going to kill me,” Oeyne murmured, revealing the gender of the visitor, which put a smile on my face. After all, if I’m going to spend extended time together with a stranger, I would vastly prefer a woman. It had many interesting potential combinations.

“Not if I make you die with pleasure first,” I whispered as I aligned myself to her entrance and pushed my hips, like I was about to slip inside her, only to pull back when she tried to meet in the middle by pushing herself up. “Not yet,” I whispered playfully as I slipped two fingers instead, teasing her womanhood as I moved down, intending to replace it with my tongue.

[+250 Experience] 50% Penalty!

Her response, which came in the form of a helpless moan, was simply divine. “Please, just move onto the main course,” she begged, but I ignored her begging in favor of moving down, about to treat her to a delicious oral service. She moaned helplessly as I flicked her labia, already primed.

I raised my gaze to meet her helpless looks. She tried to move, but I was prepared. A simple arcana spell restricted her limbs, preventing her from moving. It wasn’t strong enough to prevent it from breaking completely, but she was in no condition to actually exert her full strength, nor she gave a sign of actually doing so. A combination of her burning desire and her urgent need to enlist my aid limited her options very much.

“You look delicious enough to eat,” I murmured as I looked at her flawless body from my unique angle, enjoying the curves of her body. Just to reinforce my statement, I softly bit her inner thighs, though still leaving a mark.

“Hurry up and eat then,” she answered quickly, so quickly that if it wasn’t for my ability to catch deception, I would have been assumed she was just submitting to avoid questioning. But her burning desire was unmistakable. I kissed her clit, making her whole body jump, straining her chains. Despite the apparent submissiveness of the act, it was a pure act of domination, signaling that she was nothing more than a toy for my amusement.

I couldn’t help but chuckle even as I dove down between her legs, nibbling and licking around her clit, teasing softly rather than searching for quick completion. When I added occasional thrusts of my tongue, her hips rose to meet my movement, her body clenching hard enough to crack the chains, forcing me to reinforce them magically.

[+500 Experience] 50% Penalty!

[-165 Mana]

[+1 Arcana]

“Please,” she moaned helplessly, begging me to stop, which was amusing. The chains I created were strong, but definitely not strong enough to resist if she strained her full strength. All she needed was to pull, and the magical chains would end up destroyed, but she chose to push her hips to my face, searching for a quick climax.

I decided to reward her obedience as I let my tongue slip inside her tunnel, giving her a preview of the activities that would follow it. She responded with a loud moan. It was a good opportunity to push the interrogation further. “Who’s the customer?” I asked.

“Not really important,” she answered. “She just wants to keep it confidential due to her family situation.”

“Family situation,” I murmured before returning to lick her nether lips, while my mind focused on the possible candidates. At first, I thought it might be one of the faculty members, but I rejected it. While Faculty members were strong, they weren’t politically strong enough that Oeyne would be afraid of saying their names. Admittedly, there were some faculty members that deserved such reputation, but they were either mages themselves, strong enough to assist Oeyne’s forging, or they had enough reputation to ask for a favor of a graduated mage.

So, it must be either an illegal organization, or a part of the nobility. “You haven’t promised it to a criminal, right?” I suddenly asked. Considering her gambling addiction, I didn’t think that asking that question was unfair. Who knew if she sold a favor in exchange of her debts.

“Of course not,” she answered in indignation, putting that particular worry to rest. “How can you ask that!”

“Well, there are two possibilities for a client considering your tight lips, and if it’s not the criminals, it must be a noble client,” I asked, and received a positive moan. Unfortunately, that hadn’t exactly solved my problem. If it was noble, it must be someone like Cornelia who was facing dangerous problems with her family, and looking for a power-up.

Of course, that left another problem. How the hell a marginalized member of a noble family could afford a personalized magical weapon. They were really expensive to produce, and worse, once their intended recipient died, they turned completely useless. I tried to come up with the identity of the client based on the intelligence I had collected on the noble families, but I came up short.

However, seeing Oeyne’s determination not to reveal the identity of her, I decided to focus on

grinding her willpower before I pushed her for an answer. I let my tongue dance wildly at her entrance, until she was mewling like a kitten, begging for a release. "Please," she gasped. "Let me cum!"

[+500 Experience] 50% Penalty!

"Not yet," I answered, ignoring the way her thighs tightened around my head along with the implied threat. Instead, I spanked her ass. "Behave," I ordered.

"You're pushing your luck," she warned, but considering she continued to lay obediently, I decided I still had quite a bit of margin to push. As my tongue continued to dance, she fell into a daze, moans escaping uninterrupted, but whenever she fell too deep, I awakened her with a tight slap on her plump ass.

Five minutes later, I decided to ask again. "Tell me," I ordered. "Who is the customer?"

"It's the youngest lady of the Stilea family," she said. Unfortunately for her, even under the best of circumstances, she wasn't good enough to slip a lie when I was careful, let alone when she was panting helplessly, desiring for an orgasm.

I pulled my head away from between her legs, and spanked her tits as a warning. "Are you sure about that?" I asked. "You wouldn't lie to me, would you," I slowly asked as I twisted her nipples, making her shiver in a mixture of pleasure and pain. As she shivered, I pressed my shaft against her entrance, but didn't slip in. "I would hate to stop here to punish you for your lie, after all," I murmured.

Her determination lasted less than half a minute under the assault of her pending orgasm. "No, I'm not," she gasped. "But, are you sure you want to learn? It's going to be really big. Big enough to risk your life if you actually let it slip," she warned me.

"Nothing I can't handle," I countered. Considering the number of secrets I was holding, what was one more.

"If you're sure," Oeyne said, surrendering to my interrogation. "Our client is Silvia. Silvia Romulus."

That name surprised me. "Silvia Romulus," I repeated in shock. "The same Silvia Romulus that is the oldest daughter of the current king. The Silvia Romulus that had just lost an intense battle with two of her brothers, losing her already slim hope of taking the throne as the Queen," I murmured.

“Yes, the same,” she admitted.

“That is a bit more than I expected,” I murmured, overwhelmed with the sudden realization. “And she’s going to come here to get a weapon in a few days,” I said. That was not good. A hidden visit from a candidate to the throne was surprising, but nothing I couldn’t handle. However, considering the circumstances with the traitors in the faculty and the necromancer presence outside the walls, ready to assault at any minute, the situation turned out significantly more complicated.

The impending assault on the school was scary enough without the disaster that would follow if the visit of the Princess was revealed, or even worse, she was actually harmed during the assault. Yes, despite their name the Royal family was nothing more than a toothless beast when it came to controlling the Empire, but they still controlled the Capital with an iron fist, with a rumored magical arsenal enough to erase any noble family easily.

[+1000 Experience] 50% Penalty!

There was a reason they were untouched despite their waning political power.

But that was something to be determined at a different time. I had a more important task. I needed to reward Oeyne for her surrender. “Thank you, sweetheart,” I murmured softly. “Tell me, what do you want as a reward?”

“I want you,” she moaned immediately. “Fuck me!”

“Are you sure?” I asked even as I slipped the crown inside her, enjoying her wet tightness. “I’m a jealous and controlling lover. Once you’re mine, you’re mine.”

“You need to be able to handle me first,” she moaned back even as she strained her strength, breaking the chains before she hugged me, pushing her hips upward. “There’s no need to talk when you collapse under me, dried after a long night.”

Rather than letting her succeed, I pulled back for a moment. “As you wish,” I warned her, declaring my intention, then slammed inside her, extracting a delicious moan off her. “I’m going to teach you just how well I can handle you.”

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 1%]

[+500 Experience] 50% Penalty!

“What do you want, slut?” I asked even as I impaled her mercilessly, again and again, starting with a rough assault rather than a playful push.

“I want you to fuck me,” she murmured through her gritted teeth. “Impale me with that big cock. Teach me the meaning of obedience, prove me your strength,” she said even as her legs wrapped around my waist, pulling me even deeper.

I chose that moment to break the spell that was preventing her from climaxing, and a surprise orgasm exploded like a geyser, leaving a devastating earthquake behind. However, since she challenged me to break her, I didn’t even slow down, continuing to drill her mercilessly.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 4%]

[+1500 Experience] 50% Penalty!

“How is it,” I asked as the minutes passed, and she gained a semblance of control, but it was barely enough to make her speak.

“It’s noth-nothing,” she stammered, trying to look brave, but after that spectacular orgasm, chased by an incoming one, her face was a mess. “Do your worst!”

“You’re daring,” I admitted with a chuckle. “Let’s see if you can handle my best,” I said even as I cast a conjuration spell, quite a bit smaller than my shaft, glistening with lubricants. Her eyes widened when she felt its presence against her puckered hole, slipping inside before she could react.

“That’s - that’s cheating,” she complained, interrupted by a moan as the plug was safely inserted into her backdoor, enhancing her pleasure further.

“You’re the one that claimed you can take my best,” I warned her, even as I cast another conjuration spell, this time a pair of ice cubes. I dragged one around her erect nipple, still red after all the twisting, and she gasped in shock. Before she could say anything, however, the contrast, assisted by the unfamiliar presence of an anal plug, triggered yet another orgasm in her.

She screamed in a desperate need as the climax hit her with all strength of a rabid elephant, leaving a shivering and moaning wreck. As she squirmed, I ran my hands down her breasts, my soft touch triggering even more pleasure from her, while she gushed helplessly around my shaft.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 7%]

[+1000 Experience] 50% Penalty!

I would have liked to enjoy her delicious body even more, but after her last orgasm, she collapsed back, murmuring before she fell unconscious. "I surrender."

Pity, I thought even as I pulled out, strangely disappointed with my early victory. On the positive side, she was conquered easier than I expected. Considering her skillset and power, it was a definite win. Now, I just needed to make sure I could trust her about keeping the achievement a secret.

After dressing, I left the room, my mind focused on the possible implications of the princess' visit, and whether it was somehow linked to the necromancer presence, or it was just a horrible coincidence.

I had a lot of work to do...

[Level: 27 Experience: 364200 / 378000

Strength: 31 Charisma: 46

Precision: 27 Perception: 30

Agility: 28 Manipulation: 33

Speed: 26 Intelligence: 37

Endurance: 25 Wisdom: 36

HP: 3699 / 3699 Mana: 4914 / 4914]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [95/100]

Master Arcana [82/100]

Advanced Speech [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Seventy-Five

Despite the entertaining and productive time I had spent with Oeyne, I found myself with a frown as I left her workshop. The sudden involvement of a princess of the Royal Family tickled my mind. With everything else that was going on, her arrival threatened to add even more to the upcoming chaos.

And I wasn't naive enough to hope that it was just a coincidence.

However, the question still remained about her involvement, whether she was aligned with the necromancers, or whether she was another target to the secret plot that was going on. Of course, there was still a small, but realistic possibility that her visit had nothing to do with the pending necromancer assault, but as I mentioned, I wasn't going to bank on that.

Unfortunately, my relationship with Oeyne was not enough to dig deeper about the princess' visit without scaring her off, nor it was bad enough that I could employ more hostile interrogation tactics.

Since I was temporarily unable to do anything about the impending visit, I needed to focus on something I could control. Namely, a beauty that I had been neglecting for a while.

Marianne.

It was hard to believe that it was just a couple of days since I last visited her. It felt much longer with everything that happened, from the discovery of the Necromancer base to the discovery of the artificial monster horde.

Of course, while I missed her voluptuous body, it wasn't the only reason for my visit. It was not even the main reason. With the possible necromancer assault, Marianne had the potential to play an important role if she could progress with the trick I had taught her, especially if I power-level her to the same point as Cornelia.

Having someone else that could deal area-effect damage to necromancers without hurting allies might prove critical, especially if the necromancers deploy a multi-pronged assault.

Luckily, it wasn't hard to find Marianne in the late afternoon. I easily sneaked into her room, which turned into a routine task after many repeats.

She was in her room, practicing the Biomancy trick I had taught her, so focused that she failed to notice me as I walked toward her, even when I didn't bother to hide my presence. It was good

to see her working seriously, every attempt to cast accompanied with a great focus.

Of course, soon, my attention slipped down from the glowing energy in her hands to the loose, half-transparent nightie she was wearing, which displayed her curves to my eye. Even more impressively, the absence of any underwear was equally obvious.

“Not bad,” I murmured as I hugged her from behind.

She flinched. “Caesar, you scared me,” she said, but that didn’t prevent her from leaning against me with a deep sigh. “I missed you,” she murmured.

“Sorry, honey,” I answered even as I gently kissed her neck. “But the last few days had been very complicated, and filled with mortal danger. It’s good that you worked diligently on the spell I taught you.”

“I still can’t cast it,” she said dejectedly. “And what happened?”

“About the spell, don’t worry. You made more progress than I had hoped. And about what happened...” I said, dragging my words as I let my hands dance over her body, tasting her curves before finding her shoulders, squeezing lightly. “We can talk about that, or we can work on your tense shoulders. Which one would you prefer?”

“The second,” she immediately answered even if she blushed thickly, her habits as a noble daughter making her feel self-conscious even after everything we had done together.

I said nothing, just chuckled as I lifted her in a bridal hold, carrying her to her bedroom. “Who am I to deny the request of such a beautiful woman,” I murmured before clasping her lips with mine, enjoying the assault of her enthusiastic tongue, to the point that I rewarded her with slipping back some mana.

[-56 Mana]

Her eyes widened in shock. “I just earned some experience,” she gasped in shock. “What’s going on!”

“It’s another reward you earned with your cute obedience,” I immediately answered. “Keep it a secret though, okay?” I added, and she nodded immediately. She was smart enough to understand the implications of such a momentous development. But following her shock, I could see the hint of worship in her eyes solidifying even further.

“Who are you?” she asked, her face full of fascination.

I responded with a quirked eyebrow. “That’s another secret, and if you be a good girl, maybe you’ll learn it as well one day,” I answered mysteriously, hiding the fact that I had no idea about who I was either. Maybe one day, I’ll learn it too.

“I can’t wait for the day,” she said with a worshipful expression, her honesty suggesting that I hadn’t wasted my time working on her.

“Let’s focus on the important things first,” I added as I lay her on the bed. “For example, the reward I had promised for you for working hard.”

She gasped in anticipation as I grabbed her nightie, only to rip it off in a primal pull, leaving her completely naked, then leaned over her. She tried to raise her body to cover the rest of the distance, trying to steal a kiss, but I pressed my finger to her lips, cutting her motion short. “Don’t worry, honey,” I murmured. “This is about rewarding you. Just lay on your back, and enjoy.”

“Mmmm,” she moaned as I traced her jawline with little fleeting kisses, her floral perfume teasing my nose, before I moved down, focusing on her neck for a fleeting moment, followed by her dainty collarbones. However, the next step on my journey, I spent quite a bit of time. Why wouldn’t I, when her amazing breasts deserved it thoroughly?

“Harder,” she ordered when I subjected her tits to a rain of fleeting kisses.

“As you wish,” I said as I dragged my hands on her tits, doing a soft pass to familiarize myself with the softness of her skin once more before sinking my fingers deep. But that was nothing compared to my clamping lips, sucking her tits hard enough to a bright red mark that signaled my ownership. “Better?” I asked.

“Much better,” she responded, surprisingly verbal, though that didn’t mean her shyness was completely gone. I could feel that she was trying to look a bit more outgoing and confident, but she was clearly trying to copy Cornelia.

I came to a sudden realization. She was feeling neglected, therefore she was trying to look more attractive to me, and she was doing so by trying to copy Cornelia’s more outgoing attitude.

How cute, I thought, but didn’t say anything. It wasn’t something that could be fixed with words. Saying something would only make things worse. Instead, I made a note to visit her more often,

before refocusing on her delicious tits. The best way to reinforce her confidence was to give her an earthshattering orgasm.

Or maybe a few.

“I missed this,” she moaned as I squeezed her tits, her nipples hardening against my palms. I enjoyed the rumble of her moans, but as much as I loved her tits, I had other ideas in mind. My lips and one of my hands stayed on the vicinity of her bosom, but a naughty hand sneaked downward, circling around her cute bellybutton before dropping down even lower, finally unearthing the treasure that was hidden between her deliciously plump thighs that made me want them wrapped around my waist whenever I saw her curvy figure.

“Oh, yes!” she moaned as my finger circled around her clit like it did around her belly button, but to a much greater impact, followed by a much louder moan once my finger slipped inside her, making me glad that I had long reinforced the silencing ward in her room. Her slickness covered my skin as I added another finger to our little game, pumping inside her rapidly. “Faster, please,” she begged.

“As my sweetheart wishes,” I answered playfully, immediately following with a bite on her soft breasts while my fingers quickened. She might have tried to answer my little quip, but my rapid assault didn’t give her a chance to speak, especially when I enhanced her pleasure by coating my finger with mana, triggering her enjoyment even further while simultaneously helping her relax.

[-449 Mana]

Who said power-leveling was a boring affair?

I only pulled my hand away when her moans started to strain, signaling she was getting closer to a climax. I had a better idea to bring her over the hill. “Mmm, delicious,” I murmured as I pulled my hand out of her entrance, only to suck them with great gusto. “Let’s see whether it tastes even better at the source.”

Marianne said nothing, just let out a deep, guttural moan that betrayed her primal need, legs parting open invitingly. When I pressed my lips against her soft, moist lips, she let out a moan that would have convinced me that she was drunk if I hadn’t seen her sober. Still, maybe she was drunk, with pleasure, at least.

When my tongue joined in, her moans exploded even louder, giving great background music to my entertaining enterprise. “I love that you keep it clean,” I murmured as I enjoyed her smooth

skin before I let my tongue free, drawing complicated shapes that drove her even crazier.

“Yes, for you,” she moaned even as her back arched with pleasure under my probing assault, occasionally slipping inside to add some penetration to our little teasing game. However, my aim wasn’t to make her moan in pleasure, or not just that. I also wanted to help her level up, using the opportunity to pass more and more mana, quickening her leveling journey even more.

[-725 Mana]

However, while focusing between her legs, I realized that my hands were quite empty, so I let them free on her skin, one of them climbing upward back to the great expanse of her tits, while the other dug into her thigh, with a roughness that contrasted with the delicate assault of my lips.

“More, please,” she begged, signaling that her climax was not too far away, but unlike the previous times, I disregarded her order. It might be her present, but everyone knew that anticipation only made the present better. “Please,” she repeated as my tongue performed a slow dance on her most sensitive spot, doing its best to drive her insane with pleasure, her moans getting louder and louder.

Unfortunately for her, her loud yelps and unrestrained howls only made it better for me. I barely paid attention to my primary aim of helping her level up, letting my enhanced Tantric skill show its benefit as I continued to deplete my mana while pushing her toward a new level. I wanted it to time it perfectly, so that she climaxed at the exact moment of leveling up, which would create a delicious memory for her, and a convenient mental association for me, just in case.

She begged, she moaned, she gyrated her hips, all in the hopes of making me move quicker, but unfortunately, it was never a symmetrical affair. At this moment, she was both the recipient of my performance and the instrument I played with. Only, she wasn’t a contributor, but a passive receptor, which, according to her moans, something she was perfectly happy with.

For a moment, I wished Cornelia was here. A performance like this would only be better as an audience, especially the said audience was my current maid and Marianne’s ex-girlfriend —and maybe still was... Regardless, I was vain enough to get off by Cornelia’s double-layered jealousy, both from never letting Marianne achieve the same heights, and not being the one to experience the said pleasure at the same time.

Maybe I should do that at the same time.

Even as a part of my attention wandered into interesting fantasies, I made sure to continue treating Marianne with my professional-quality edge-play, driving her crazy, all the while never stopping the mana flow.

[-1646 Mana]

Using my mana senses, I could feel her soul space strengthening further, another event horizon nearing, which signaled level up. Just as she was about to level up, I pulled back, but left just enough mana to enable her to level up.

“Don’t stop, please,” she begged. “I’ll do anything, just let me cum!”

“Really,” I said, several interesting scenarios that I could use that favor playing in my mind. “As you wish, Marianne,” I said, still staying away, but that didn’t mean that I stopped completely. Instead, I blew my breath against her sensitive flesh, and letting the last scraps of mana merge into her soul space at the same time.

The resulting cry of pleasure was simply a masterpiece, a transitory art piece that rivaled the best works of the grandmasters. Pity that I had no way of recording such a beautiful moment.

As she trembled with the aftershocks of her spectacular explosion, I pulled to her side, and hugged her tight, enjoying her sweaty skin against mine as it delivered every bubbly tremor directly, making me proud with the satisfaction of a job well done. Even her leveling went perfectly, and I could feel her Healing Skill get stronger, and more importantly, transitioning from fragmented to complete, signaling she had finally achieved the complete Grandmaster level.

[Achievement: Tremendous Tongue. Use your tongue to unlock the route for greater power. +500 Experience, +1 Precision, +1 Speed]

“I leveled up,” she murmured in fascination, though she only said that a minute later, where she finally pushed through the haze of her explosive orgasm.

“I’m wounded,” I said with a chuckle. “All that effort, and you simply focus on your level.”

My quip earned a playful slap. “You are a bad, bad man,” she accused, but it was hard to stick those harsh words with a dreamy giggle. Still, she tried.

“Really,” I said, as I suddenly shifted my position and trapped her under me. “Maybe I should show you just how bad I can be,” I said before I sealed her lips with a kiss...

[Level: 27 Experience: 364700 / 378000

Strength: 31 Charisma: 46

Precision: 28 Perception: 30

Agility: 28 Manipulation: 33

Speed: 27 Intelligence: 37

Endurance: 25 Wisdom: 36

HP: 3753 / 3753 Mana: 4396 / 4914]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [95/100]

Master Arcana [82/100]

Advanced Speech [50/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Seventy-Six

Sharing a kiss after a spectacular orgasm was a divine experience, especially when she was still shuddering due to the after-effects of the shock, despite the reprieve I had given her.

So, I kept the kiss gentle, at first at least. At first, she was motionless, just enjoying the weight of my body, but soon, her hands found my back, caressing softly. “You are delicious,” I murmured as I let my kiss wander from her lips to her neck, enjoying her giggly moan, her fingers digging into my shoulders in response, showing her enjoyment.

It didn’t take long for the same fierceness to mix into her kiss, when I returned to her lips, she bit mine hard, and I yelped. “Careful,” I said, slapping her thigh just to underline it.

“You deserved it,” she answered in a surprising moment of rebellion —the erotic, exciting kind — while her fingers dug even deeper into my shoulders, so much that if it wasn’t for her pathetic physical stats, it would have drawn blood. I just let my tongue attack harder, returning to her ardor in a more measured way.

[-213 Mana]

As the seconds rolled, she was started to get even more expressive, biting, scratching, clutching, even hitting, while I caressed her body with a contrasting gentleness. Apparently, the last orgasm denial left her wanting more than I had expected.

However, the real surprise came when her legs wrapped around my body, trying to pull me in, her hips gyrating already. “Do you want me inside?” I asked. She nodded. “Do you want me to slide inside you hard, slamming mercilessly?” I added.

“Yes,” she moaned, her legs tightening even more. ‘

“Do you want me to flip you over so that I let loose like you’re nothing more than a piece of meat existing for my enjoyment,” I whispered.

“Yes, please,” she begged. “I’m still burning with the sensation you created. Finish it, please,” she begged.

“Too bad,” I said mockingly as I faked standing up. “If you wanted to keep me down, you should have invested in your Strength more.”

“No! Don’t go!” she begged as her arms wrapped around my neck, keeping me in place.

I chuckled even as I pulled back a bit more, but rather than leaving the bed, I flipped her over so that I was looking at her plump ass. I pressed one hand between her shoulder blades, effectively immobilizing her while I got rid of my clothes quickly, matching her in nakedness.

“Don’t worry, I’m just messing with you. There’s nothing south of a total disaster that could pull me away from your peachy ass,” I whispered as I lowered myself over her once more, this time, my cock safely lodged between her plump cheeks.

Still, no matter how tempting it sounded, I didn’t slide inside her immediately. Instead, I once again focused on her neck, but this time, wrapping her hair around my hand slowly, once, twice, three times... Until her shining blonde hair turned into a delicious rope that gave me the leverage to pull her head back to seal her lips with a searing kiss.

Her hips started to shoo, signaling that she was more than ready for the main event, only for me to pull out of the kiss and focus on her neck once more, biting hard enough to leave my mark of ownership. “Are you ready for it?” I whispered.

“Yes-” she started, only to be interrupted as I slid inside her mercilessly, enjoying her walls, which was properly loosened thanks to the extended foreplay. Even then, she let out a delicious cry, giving me the chance to silence her with another kiss.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 52%]

[-961 Mana]

Seeing the progress in the Companion Progress was always welcome, but I was more focused on the delicious way her walls wrapped tight around my shaft, like she was trying to stop my invasion —even though her moans disagreed with that conclusion vehemently.

I could have just kept her pinned under my body as I cut loose, but then I decided to be a bit more mobile. Without even skipping a beat, I wrapped my arms around her waist and stood up, easily lifting her as well. Two steps later, I trapped her body between the wall and my burning body. And just to push the envelope, I cast a cold spell on the wall just before her body connected to it, making her experience the contrasting sensations of cold and heat, making her moan even louder.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 55%]

[-631 Mana]

Her cheek pressed against the wall, she was barely able to moan as I slammed against her ass, again and again, the sound of flesh hitting flesh accompanied by the occasional spank I delivered, unable to resist the allure of her curvaceous ass.

She just took the assault, her hands pressing against the wall like she was a victim about to get arrested, willingly taking everything that I dashed out, taking my cock inside her moist opening repeatedly.

She just groaned in satisfaction with every slam.

“Do you like it when I use you hard, like you’re nothing more than a device for my own enjoyment,” I said even as I increased the pressure, making her moan even harder?

“Yes,” she cried, just a dash of pain, but a lot more pleasure.

Seeing her submission, rather than being satisfied, I only felt a desire to dominate her more, make her mine even more. Why wouldn’t I, when I had such a perfect little obedient girl to conquer entirely?

I fucked her hard in fury. I wasn’t angry, but I doubted that if we had an observer, she would agree. Still, Marianne just moaned obediently, clearly enjoying my merciless slams, so there was no real problem. Even when I pulled back to give her a moment to rest, she just moaned in disappointment, goading me for more.

And I did so, slamming even harder, doing my best to turn her into a simpering wreck. Too bad that she lacked the Endurance to truly handle my strongest effort.

Still, the results were spectacular. “That’s right, impale me,” she moaned deliriously. “Take me, use me, make me yours!”

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 59%]

[-388 Mana]

“You really missed me in my absence, huh,” I commented, surprised by the longing and desire she was able to put to her words even when she was being flooded with pleasure.

I decided to turn up the heat even more. I pulled out and forced her to turn, only to grab her waist and lift her once more. “Grab my neck,” I ordered even as I kept her uplift with one hand under her ass, displaying my great strength, while used the other to lead her leg to my

shoulder. After repeating it with the other leg, I slipped both hands under her ass to generate leverage and enjoy the softness of her ass, essentially forcing her body to a V-shaped position.

It was a perfect position. She had no power, no leverage, and even her pace was completely under my mercy, while every time I pushed, I let her move down as well, using the gravity to create an even more spectacular stab.

And it showed. She closed her eyes as the pleasure invaded her body, her cries slowly losing their coherence. "Keep your eyes open," I ordered, keeping her pinned under my gaze. If she wanted to be dominated, I was going to dominate her, without allowing her to take shortcuts. "If you close your eyes, we stop!" I warned.

"Y-yes, sir," she moaned in the sweet-spot between fear and need, showing her understanding. And I cut loose, aggressively invading her entrance, every push making her tits jiggle wildly. Just to underline my overwhelming physical strength, I started walking around the room to room, from study to her guest room, like I owned the place.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 63%]

[-251 Mana]

I couldn't help but imagine the rush I would get from walking around the corridors like that, in front of everyone, without a care of the world. Unfortunately, it was impossible. First, I needed to be strong enough to survive such a scandal, and I doubted even the Emperor had such power. Second, I needed to turn the school into a female-only organization, because I was a jealous man, and had no intention to display my girl to the other men.

It might be a hypocritical attitude considering my own situation, but it was the best thing about being powerful. Only powerful had the right to be so.

"Tell me who you are?" I ordered even as I squeezed her ass, enjoying her immobilized body to my heart's content.

"I'm your toy," she moaned back, her eyes still pinned to mine, burning with honest desire, all the while I pierced her again and again.

She was too focused on my eyes to notice or care when I brought her against her dresses, which had a full-body mirror, not that she had a real-time view of it due to her back being turned to it. However, I split my attention between her eyes and the reflection of her beautiful back, watching in fascination as every merciless push stretched her further, filling her to the brim.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 68%]

[-391 Mana]

The view got even better as I pulled her asscheeks apart, revealing her puckered hole. Luckily, thanks to the convenience of magic, all it took was a simple dash of magic to prepare her back entrance, both cleaning and lubricating, before slipping in two fingers to loosen it.

Even as I prepared her backdoor for the impending invasion, I continued to slam her with my full weight. Her legs stiffened under the stress of the position, but she continued to moan, only to intensify when I added another finger to my next target.

A squeal escaped her beautiful lips that were swollen with my hard kisses when I pulled out, only to put it in my other target. "Yes, yes, YES!" she cried as my shaft slowly invaded her backdoor, once again showing her preference toward the forbidden hole, something I suspected that I was responsible due to the nature of our earlier relationship, when I took her repeatedly in the ass before finally claiming her virginity.

Her body shook, tears slipped down her cheeks and her cries echoed on the walls, but none of them was enough to hide the sense of completion shining in her beautiful blue eyes. She clamped on my neck with her full strength, while I continued to take both of her holes in alternating strokes.

In the same position, seconds turned into minutes, while she did her best to break the magically-reinforced glass with her voice.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 73%]

[-1308 Mana]

"Let's do a pop quiz," I suddenly ordered her, like she wasn't being challenged enough. "Show me the spell."

"But-" she started, but I cut her off with an aggressive kiss.

"I didn't ask for your opinion," I suggested to her, even as I continued to slam inside her. "I ordered."

Facing my sharp glare, she was unable to reject my order, and pulled off one of her hands from the back of my neck, and raised up between our bodies, inches above her beautiful tits that

jumped every time I impaled her mercilessly. She did her best to cast it, but her concentration was marred with pleasure and the disappointment she felt prematurely, before she even tried.

Predictably, she failed. "Sorry-" she murmured.

"Repeat!" I ordered even as I continued to pump her with my mana, and preparing to pump her up with my seed. She tried, only to fail again.

Before she could apologize again, however, I exploded, which immediately triggered a climax in her as well, along with a flood of notifications.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 75% - Third Stage Completed +15000 Exp]

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 3. Duration, 8 hours]

[New Perk: Skill Share]

[Skill Share perk activated. Target Skill: Master Healing. Copied: Duration, 24 hours]

[Temporary Skill: Master Healing (100/100)]

[Companion Acquisition: Relationship not sufficient for the fourth stage]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Grandmaster Biomancy (5), Expert Speech, Basic Craft]

The flood of notifications was truly impressive, and it was always nice to see yet another level up.

However, as much as I wanted to improve Biomancy to the next stage due to impending undead assault, but locking down for the next five levels seemed to be a dangerous investment while facing such a complicated situation. However, if it wasn't for the impending meeting with the oldest princess of the Empire, I might have chosen Craft Skill to round up my skillset, so that I could create better equipment for myself, working in combination with Oeyne.

But facing the prospect of such a critical meeting, not to mention a possible one with the Headmistress, I decided to rely on the utility of the Speech skill. Both the Princess and the Headmistress might have skills that would counter my Charisma, so the smoother my speech skills, the better.

After finalizing that, I turned my attention back to Marianne, who was enjoying her most recent achievement. “Try again,” I ordered, but this time with a smile. “Yes,” she said with enthusiasm, and after she waved her hand, the familiar warmth of the pure life energy filled the room, the gap in ability compensated by her stat increase.

However, we had another little surprise just as I was preparing to let her walk. “Another achievement, giving me two points of Agility,” she gasped in shock, and I reached for her soul space, only to feel a natural Achievement sliding into place.

I immediately focused on the process. It was a rare opportunity, especially since the great contrast I could feel with them. Naturally, it was different from the achievements that were generated by the Companion System, but to my surprise, it also felt different than my own natural achievements.

Yet another facet of mystery to my ability, I thought, even as I kissed her to congratulate her for her double achievement. Then, I received a surprise of my own.

[Achievement: Strange Source. Take a step on the discovery of the root of all abilities. +5000 Experience, +2 All]

I froze for a moment as I held Marianne tight in the same challenging position we had been sharing during our ‘adventure’ while I tried to process the implications of the achievement. Luckily, Marianne was lost in a haze of her own, distracted by a spectacular combination of a climax and two new achievements.

I walked to the bed, almost drunk, while I tried to understand the implications of the latest achievement. It confirmed two things. First, other people received their achievements from an external source —maybe the same, maybe different— but somehow, my own came from a different place.

Moreover, I was starting to have a feeling that my own System somehow wanted me to explore that difference. Whether it had some kind of sentience, or it was some kind of magical automatic response, or even whether it was a reflection of my own subconscious desires was a very difficult question.

However, when I arrived at Marianne’s bed and threw her on the bed to lay next to her, hugging her curvy figure, I decided to ignore the implications of my latest major achievement for the moment.

I had already enough to worry about in the short term.

[Level: 28 Experience: 384700 / 406000

Strength: 33 Charisma: 48

Precision: 30 Perception: 32

Agility: 30 Manipulation: 35

Speed: 29 Intelligence: 39

Endurance: 27 Wisdom: 38

HP: 4172 / 4172 Mana: 2571 / 5326]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [95/100]

Master Arcana [82/100]

Expert Speech [50/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Seventy-Seven

I had departed Marianne's room after cuddling for a bit, when she fell asleep. Initially, I had planned to bequeath her two levels, I decided to moderate it after she made considerable companion progress and received two achievements at the same time.

I still didn't know whether leveling several times in a day had any side effects, and Marianne was not a good target to test that.

Also, I had quite a few challenging things to deal with, such as digging the mystery behind the low-key visit of the princess. Unfortunately, there was only one person I could discuss with. Titania.

Unfortunate, but not because I didn't want to spend time with Titania. I genuinely enjoyed breaking through her artificial coldness to reach her innocent core —both metaphorically and literally. Nor I was really afraid of clashing incentives. While it was completely accidental at first, I positioned myself as the enemy of the necromancers, and whoever was standing behind them. Even if my aim didn't completely match with Titania's, the presence of an overwhelming enemy sufficiently ensured that neither Titania nor someone from her faction would target me directly. It wasn't a certain thing, of course, but that was the best I could get in my political position.

No, I was afraid that she would drag me into a meeting with the Headmistress.

I didn't feel ready to meet with the Headmistress, because she had a scary reputation, even more, overwhelming than the current Emperor. According to the rumors, she was alive for centuries, and even if that was an exaggeration, she was the Headmistress of Silver Spires for the last century at least, making sure she was definitely over a hundred. However, her past was hard to dig for my meager means.

Even scarier than her possible identity as an ancient crone, there was the fact that I was yet to discover anything about the faction she belonged. She didn't work directly with any of the city-states, nor she directly worked with the Royal family. Nor she gave any benefits to border armies, Guilds, or the merchant families. For all intents and purposes, she was a neutral party.

And that scared me, because she was able to maintain her independence and the independence of the school despite the shifting web of politics and power dynamics. Of course, there was also the possibility that she was a powerless puppet, put in there by an agreement of all political parties as a compromise, but I could feel in my bones that it wasn't the truth.

If she was weak, the necromancers wouldn't be holding on the side despite the army they had already collected, and used it to destroy the school directly. Even Titania wasn't enough to destroy that army, and it was a known truth that she was one of the strongest members of the faculty. Along with the traitor and the problems in the ward scheme, it should have been an easy victory.

"I hate this," I murmured. For the first time since I had discovered my ability to level up, I was feeling overwhelmed. I was in a complicated web of intrigue, with too many moving parts, each one enough to bury me if I dared to stand against them directly. The idea of running away was getting sweeter.

Pity that Silver Spires was my best bet to discover any clues about the System.

Ultimately, all it came to an important qualifier. Whether I could survive the upcoming crisis, or escape if the crisis snowballed into something impossible to handle? And while it might be arrogant, ultimately, I had trust in my own abilities enough to make staying worthwhile.

"To the library," I murmured, not even bothering to dress as the mule. My stats and abilities had reached such a point that even without explicitly changing clothes or using illusions, I could easily fade into the background. All it took was a simple change of posture, and suppressing my aura.

[+2 Subterfuge]

It was also a good opportunity to mess with Titania a bit, I decided, which put a huge smile on my face. Just a week ago, I was trembling in fear of getting her attention, and now, I was willing to tease her due to my own sheer enjoyment.

The sensation power was intoxicating.

Admittedly, it might not be the smartest idea, but after the display we put together with Helga, getting away smoothly, it wasn't exactly a suicidal attempt either. So, when I stood in front of her private door and flexed my magic subtly to make sure I wasn't detected as I unlocked her door, it wasn't because I was afraid of her, but because I wanted to surprise her with my presence.

However, disabling her lock without triggering the rest of the wards turned out to be a more difficult task than I had expected, forcing me to waste almost five minutes, and enough mana to leave a weaker mage in despair. Luckily, it had its own rewards.

[-813 Mana]

[+4 Arcana]

My smile widened as I realized the sound of running water coming from the bathroom, signaling that she was perfectly prepared for my attention. Suppressing my presence sufficiently not to alert her was not difficult as I looked at the bathroom. She was in her huge bathtub, which was covered with bubbles, as she pressed her back against the marble, relaxing.

I undressed quickly as I watched her, before stepping into the bathroom, not bothering to wear a towel. Luckily, the tub was sufficiently big, so she failed to notice my presence as I slipped in at first, only realizing when my legs touched hers when I sat across her.

She flinched in shock, her hand already gathering a blast of light magic, ready to be launched. I was ready to lash out with a shield, but kept it in reserve. When our eyes met, she didn't release her attack, instead of speaking with a dangerous voice that would have sent me running a week ago. "What are you doing here!" As she spoke, the light she was holding got even stronger.

"We have something important to talk about," I answered immediately, but my lazy tone contrasted greatly with her sharp one.

"Speak," she ordered, but keeping her hand raised, no doubt ready to lash out.

Instead of launching into an explanation, I chuckled. "Come on, after everything we had gone through, isn't it a bit illogical to draw the line here?" I asked, using the steamier memories we shared to dismiss her argument.

That managed to push through her unnatural calmness. "B-but, t-that's-" she stammered, her blush covering her face for a fleeting moment as she felt softer emotions, which once again worked excellently. Unfortunately, her calm reasserted itself back quickly. "Why did you enter without connecting me through communication."

I stopped for a second, considering whether to reveal the Princess's visit, but after a brief consideration, I decided to admit it. As much as I liked Oeyne, she wasn't as critical as Titania due to impending necromancer assault. Moreover, it might not affect Oeyne adversely as well. Ultimately, at this point, it was impossible to progress without risk.

"The oldest daughter of the Emperor is going to secretly arrive at the school in a few days," I explained.

“What!” she exclaimed immediately, once again breaking her cold calmness, this time with fear. “Are you sure? Why? When?” she asked rapidly.

“Calm down,” I said lazily even as I dipped my hands underwater, and grabbed her foot. My thumb pressed against her sole, and started caressing her skin, displaying the full extent of my massaging abilities, even using my Biomancy subtly to enhance the pleasure. “We still have a few days to react, no need to put your panties in a bunch,” I added, then smirked. “Not that you’re wearing any, of course.”

[+100 Experience]

“Focus,” she ordered, once again calm, but I still smirked in satisfaction, for two reasons. First, I was still able to earn experience without penalty from her, which was a nice win. Second, my senses were sharp enough to detect a familiar hitch in her tone, one that I had heard much louder when I was accompanying her in that cave, selflessly helping her to recover her mana. “Do you know why the princess is going to visit?”

“Yes, but I’m not going to reveal that,” I answered.

She once again raised her hand, threatening me with the glow. “I’m not in the mood to play, spill!” she ordered.

“Oh, really,” I said, entirely confident, because I wasn’t playing with her delicate foot because of my own pleasure —or not entirely. Through contact, it was easy for me to get a rough assessment of her status, and her mana pool was mostly depleted, barely a quarter remaining. Since she carried no sign of combat, she likely exhausted herself repairing the wards. “Go ahead, if you’re feeling confident to take me down,” I challenged her.

Even when she was going through the slight emotional turmoil, she was far too cold to actually take such an obvious risk when she was far from her best state. “Don’t talk nonsense,” she cut. “I need to make sure the information is correct.”

“That’s not my problem,” I said, even as I continued to massage her foot to the best of my ability, letting my fingers occasionally caress her dainty little ankles. Sometimes, it was hard to believe such a soft body belonged to one of the most intimidating figures in a school that constantly raised the powerhouses for humanity. “I’m not your servant, but your ally. I’m already doing you a favor by sharing information with you. Rather than trying to extort more, you better think about how to compensate for it,” I explained, doing my best to put the weight of my charisma in my words without alerting her to my trick.

[+2 Speech]

“How?” she asked, suddenly changing her pace, which underlined my success. I loved my Speech skill, which not only helped me to be more eloquent, but also giving me a useful sixth-sense about the direction I should take the discussion to get what I want based on the subtle clues.

“For example, you can start by telling me what you know about the recent adventures of the princess, so that I can get a better idea whether she is a problem, or an asset to the problem we are facing,” I said. “Due to some unique situation, accessing general information flow is more trouble than it’s worth,” I murmured in annoyance, doing my best to convince Titania that I was anything but a lone trickster trying to carve a place for myself, especially since the truth of my situation, gaining my power in less than a month, was completely unbelievable. It was for the best if she believed that I had a mysterious power backing me.

[+1 Speech]

“According to the latest information, seven towns in her direct sphere of influence had fallen to monster hordes in the last fifteen days, along with several others in the land of their most ardent supporters,” Titania said. “Two houses lost their head in those assaults, even.”

“Monster hordes, you say,” I repeated with a frown, receiving a knowing nod. If it wasn’t for the discovery with the earth gem, I would have discounted it by assuming it was a string of bad luck, though Titania probably would have done the same, discounting them as irrelevant. “Very unlucky.”

“Yes,” she said, her voice hitching slightly as my fingers started traveling lower on her legs, teasing her soft calves. “She is very unlucky.”

[+200 Experience]

“Any undead presence in her lands,” I asked.

“No, not even a gossip, and we did our best to search,” Titania said, blushing slightly when I gave her a mocking grin. Considering the success they had displayed searching for them in their own backyard, their information about a lack of undead wasn’t exactly conclusive. But the fact that she was reacting to my wordless teasing shyly was an even better finding, proving my constant massage was having an effect in breaking her magical coldness.

“Let’s assume there aren’t any for a moment,” I said, which earned an angry glare. “What? You

disagree?” I pushed. If she was willing to act injured, I had no problems in pushing her failure to the surface. Her anger got even more pronounced—which allowed me to easily move to her thigh without earning a comment— but she said nothing to defend herself or her faction.

[+1 Speech]

[+400 Experience]

However, rather than continuing based on her silence, I stopped, focusing on caressing her thighs. “Continue,” she spat, unable to hide neither her anger nor her growing arousal.

“If the necromancers don’t have the ability to create monster hordes, it means that they have an ally with that ability who are also against the oldest princess, and collaborating with the necromancers to take her down without revealing their hand. And I think that’s even worse than the alternative.”

“Why?” she asked.

That question was alone was enough to prove strategic thinking was not exactly her strongest suit. Admittedly, I was cheating thanks to the benefits of my Wisdom as well as my Subterfuge and Speech, which provided me some political insights. “Would you give an ally of convenience your strongest weapon?” I asked, and she shook her head. “Exactly. If they are willing to give even limited access to the necromancers, who are not the most trustworthy group of entities, it means that they have stronger things in their arsenal. That, or they somehow control the necromancer faction that was about to attack us, which is an even scarier idea.”

“You’re right,” she admitted. “We need to talk about this with the Headmistress. You’ll come with me,” she ordered, her tone stiffer than it required to hide her arousal.

“Well, I don’t have anything urgent to do, so I can help you,” I said and stood up, displaying my magnificence to her eyes. Her eyes widened in shock, unable to pull away from my raging erection no matter how much she tried to pull away. I stepped out of the tub, but stood next to her.

“What are you doing, go!” she said, blushing.

“Just a second, I just need to do one last thing before leaving,” I said and before she could respond, leaned down, capturing her lips, slipping my tongue in her mouth along with a strong rush of mana to help her recover.

[+300 Experience]

[-167 Mana]

The kiss lasted for several seconds as she froze under my touch, then she pushed me away reluctantly. It was a soft push, but I pulled back nonetheless. "What was that!" she exclaimed, but rather than threatening me with a spell, she just looked at me in shock, her body rising just enough to give me a sight of her small yet perky tits for a moment.

"I'm helping you recover your mana, of course," I said calmly, like I was commenting on the weather. "Since you're going to see the headmistress, it's for the best if you're in top shape. What if she needs help."

"That-" she stammered, trying to say something, but her wits abandoned her, leaving her mouth half-open. Never the one to such an opportunity, I leaned in for another searing kiss, this time lasting even longer. Even better, she didn't push me away.

"Makes sense, right?" I said with a smirk as I pulled back for a breather, but before she could answer, I slammed my lips against hers once more. She just stayed still at first, but toward the middle, her tongue started to respond to my caresses.

[+800 Experience]

[-939 Mana]

[+3 Speech]

After another minute, I decided to push my luck even more, and let my hands-free on her body, caressing her tits, curious whether it would provoke her anger.

As it turned out, it would. "That's enough," she cut in. "Do your hands help you transfer mana," she accused me.

"Not particularly, no," I said with a smirk as I stood up, once again showing my shaft to her completely. "It was just for my own enjoyment." That admission cut the winds off her sails, leaving her unable to answer. Still, it was a sign of our progress that she just processed it silently rather than lashing out. I continued. "So, that's all I could do through the inefficient delivery method for a short while. That's it for the moment, unless you want to try the full-performance method, of course."

“Get out!” she exclaimed as she threw a block of soap at me.

I could have dodged it, but the image of the mighty head librarian attacking me with a block of soap while accidentally displaying her bubble-covered tits was amusing enough that I let it hit. “Violent much?” I said mockingly as I walked away, still giving her the full show of my naked body. “See you in a moment,” I said before I gave her a mocking wave, and closed the door, leaving her alone with the realization of what had just happened...

[Level: 28 Experience: 386500 / 406000

Strength: 33 Charisma: 48

Precision: 30 Perception: 32

Agility: 30 Manipulation: 35

Speed: 29 Intelligence: 39

Endurance: 27 Wisdom: 38

HP: 4172 / 4172 Mana: 4106 / 5326]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [95/100]

Master Arcana [86/100]

Expert Speech [57/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Seventy-Eight

I sat on her desk while waiting for her to leave the bathroom, and started examining the books open on her desk. The books and her notes were about repairing spell structures and wards, validating my assumption about the reason for her exhaustion.

She didn't neglect to send me a frustrated look as she opened the bathroom door and stepped into her bathroom, dressed in nothing but a towel, giving me a glimpse of her glistening skin before she cast a spell to slam the door close.

[+100 Experience]

I chuckled at her impotent anger, showing that the time she spent alone did little to regain her emotionless status. It was good news, allowing me to benchmark both the power and the recovery state of her light magic's anti-emotion feature. And what I learned encouraged me further.

Pity I couldn't miss her on the way to the meeting. I had no intention of revealing such an important freebie to the vaunted headmistress. Our playing field was sufficiently unequal before I started providing her with free cards. It was the same reason I didn't bother Titania as she dressed, giving her some time to recover.

However, as I waited, I couldn't help but feel panicked. The headmistress was a legendary figure, and the students barely encountered her, each encounter turning into an urban legend. Based on what I had searched, the last known student meeting occurred two decades ago, and left the student with constant nightmares for the rest of his life.

It was an interesting tale, though it was hard to guess whether it was correct or it was just another result of the mystery that surrounded her.

The gossip and tales about her were not a surprise. She was holding one of the most important posts known to mankind for significantly more than a century, but still managing to keep anything related to herself a mystery.

Including her political stance, powers, and even her appearance —not that I expected much from a crone that measured her life in centuries.

Even the thought of it was ridiculous.

Titania left her room almost half an hour later, and when she did so, her expression once again

stiff as an iron plate. "Let's go," she said coldly, and I followed her, suppressing my desire to mess with her.

"Anything I should know about, before finally meeting the legendary headmistress?" I said.

"Just answer her questions truthfully, and don't waste time," Titania said. "And don't think you can lie to her, you can't," she underlined.

"Really?" I said, feeling intrigued at her certainty. "Then, how comes there are traitors in the school without her noticing."

"Politics," Titania answered with absolute certainty, unaware that she had revealed important information to me. They knew the identity of the traitor.

How interesting.

Still, rather than pushing her on the subject, I decided to focus on her certainty about my eventual inability to lie. She might be talking about the insights generated by living long, but I had a feeling that it wasn't something that simple. Maybe it was a skill like my Subterfuge, only about revealing the truth rather than hiding it, or maybe it was some kind of spell. Regardless, it was not something to be underestimated.

Honestly, I would have never taken the risk if I hadn't already nominally allied with her accidentally when I saved Titania from the necromancers, and while I had secrets, they were not the kind that would come up easily.

Regardless, I could feel my heartbeat climbing up as we climbed the stairs of the central tower, which was the dedicated residence of the ruler of the school.

Then, Titania knocked on the door, a door that was glowing with magical wards. I wouldn't like to try breaking it while the wards were active. "Come in," called a voice from inside, rusty and cracking. Titania did so, giving me the first glimpse of the office of the headmistress.

And the first thing I noticed was darkness. The room was entirely too dark, from furniture to the walls, everything was in tones of black and dark brown, including the thick curtains, blocking the sunlight to leave a few flickering lights as the only source of light.

The sensation of darkness didn't abate when we stepped in. Instead, it increased further. Without being blocked by the wards, her aura slammed against my magical senses immediately, which was just as dark as the decorations of her office.

Then I saw her.

She was sitting behind a huge desk, and the only reason I could tell she was a woman was her title. She was dressed in a black hooded cloak wrapped tight around her, revealing nothing but a lock of white hair peeking through. So mysterious, I thought even as I walked toward her in reluctant steps, even if something was tickling on the back of my head. To complete her looks, she had a huge hunch on her back, disfiguring her looks even further.

The dark accents of her room and her aura gave me a reason to second-think my visit. The only reason I didn't beat a hasty retreat was the fact that she controlled Silver Spires, therefore had no reason to ally with the necromancers.

"Speak," the headmistress ordered, her voice still croaky.

The situation was far too complicated for me to delve deep into the implications of her voice and her darkness, before I could get a better handle of the situation, at least. "I heard from a confidential source that the princess will be visiting the school..." I started and gave her a short yet effective explanation of the status.

As I explained, however, I was doing my best to analyze the aura that filled the room, to understand the accuracy of Titania's warning about not giving her a signal.

It proved to be an excellent tactic, because, without my full focus, I could have never identified the subtle tendril of mana that doing its best to worm itself into my body, directly toward my soul space.

I had to hide my frown of disappointment, as her action clearly signaled that I wasn't the only one aware of the secrets of the soul space. Me being the only one that discovered that secret would be a stretch, but still, I felt a bit disappointed at the loss of my advantage.

The disappointment was barely a momentarily flicker in my focus, however, as my attention was on running my own mana, stretching my Tantric and Subterfuge skills to the limit, and started designing a fake layer of soul space.

I was lucky that I was very familiar with the other people's soul space appearance, allowing me to customize it based on the impressions I had gained from the girls.

The first thing I had done was to adjust my stats lower, not wanting to alarm her. I doubted she would be as calm if she noticed only two of my stats were below thirty —and barely— while my highest stat was almost fifty. Instead, I created a much more modest stat spread, showing my

physical stats were even higher than the mental ones. I kept the likes of Perception and Manipulation extra-low, just to reduce her alertness further.

Of course, I couldn't just downgrade everything and still maintain my credibility as a fighter. I faked my level higher to mid-thirties, but very limited space for further growth, and carrying the skills dedicated for combat. Tantric and Subterfuge were gone, replaced by Legendary Biomancy and Grandmaster Melee and Elemental, everything that Titania had observed me create.

Miraculously, I managed to finish it in seconds and cast it without alerting them —helped by the fact that I was targeting my own body.

[-146 Mana]

Then, the headmistress's mana tendril invaded my fake soul space, exploring carefully. Weirdly, there was no subterfuge bonus.

Maybe I was caught already, I thought, doing my best not to reflect anything outward as I carefully examined her mana tendril exploring my soul space. It was certainly a possibility, but I had already committed to faking, and changing the tactics would only make things worse.

Instead, I decided to counter-attack —in a very limited sense— and started examining her mana, while I continued to explain the Princess's visit. I wouldn't have dared to copy her assault when I could see her magical flexibility was above mine, but her probe gave me a chance to do so.

The exploration gave me another shock. Everything in her room was dark, including her own aura, but in contrast, her mana was purer than anything else I had felt, which included Titania's light magic. The headmistress's magic was as bright as Titania, but it lacked the sensation of a crusader that was tempted to burn everything, instead of signaling a soft acceptance.

Such an interesting paradox, I noted. Especially since I didn't know whether her aura, or her mana was her true self. Maybe neither was, and her mana was another layer of fake she developed to acquire Titania's alliance.

Pity that I was not in a position to enjoy delving deeper into this particular mystery, still unable to decide whether she had discovered my own little ploy. She gave no indication of it, but I was not over the fact that my Subterfuge had not increased. Though curiously, my Arcana didn't as well, which was supposed to be more about the successful construction of the spell rather than the effectiveness of the trick aspect.

Maybe it was just about the interference of the fake soul space... I certainly hoped so...

However, I wasn't free to waste my time on alternative scenarios. "... and that's it," I said, completing my explanation as I looked at her face, hidden under her hood so that even my enhanced senses unable to see anything other than her white hair.

I expected the headmistress to speak, but Titania acted quicker. "What should we do?" Titania asked.

Rather than answering, the Headmistress looked at me. "What do you think?" she asked in the same raspy voice that reminded me of an old oak covered with mushrooms.

"I think we should attack their central base and damage them as much as possible," I answered, despite having better ideas. Attacking was not the worst idea, as it would at least reduce their cards, but it would also reveal our hands unnecessarily, and wouldn't give the initiative back. However, I suggested it for two reasons. First, I didn't even know their resources to create a more complicated plan that could steal the initiative.

Second, and more importantly, I didn't want to reveal my strategic abilities to the headmistress, certainly not before I could have a better understanding of her.

"What do you think, Titania?" the headmistress asked.

"We should have done it earlier," she sharply answered, showing her hatred toward dark magic, which only made her obvious sympathy toward the headmistress even more curious. "What about the team?" she asked.

"You two will be enough. Their forces have already started dispersing around, and we need to keep some of our forces in reserve in case they target the towns with their monsters," the headmistress said, speaking the longest sentence since I entered.

Titania didn't look satisfied with the suggestion —which was telling considering her emotion-blocker was running at full power— but she still nodded. "Is there anything else?" she asked, and the headmistress shook her head.

She stood up and I immediately followed her, curious about the lack of interrogation, but feeling even more scared of the headmistress as a result. I had expected her to ask about my origins, leveraging her power position, but she hadn't done so. So, she was either confident enough that she had got a handle of my abilities, therefore didn't feel alert, or she already discovered more than I was aware, therefore staying calm about the subject.

Regardless of the reason, when I left the room, I was even more alert about the mystery of the headmistress...

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SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [95/100]

Master Arcana [86/100]

Expert Speech [57/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Seventy-Nine

We were silent as we walked out of the headmistress's office, which lasted until we arrived at her room. If she had any problems with me following her, she didn't show it off. The walk barely allowed me to relax from the wild ride I experienced in the headmistress's office. She had surprised me with her abilities, and not in a good way. I felt truly vulnerable there.

Titania started speaking only after we arrived at her room, which was the safest place to talk tactics. "We will leave with the first lights of the day, so we can ambush them around the sunset, where they are at their weakest-" Titania started, trying to take control, but I cut her off.

"No," I simply said.

"What do you mean, no," she asked in her usual cold tone. "That's an order from the headmistress."

I shook my head, but let a smirk appear on my lips. "I didn't disagree with the attack itself," I said. "I disagree about attacking them during the day. We should attack them in the middle of the night."

"Nonsense, the sunlight-" she started, but I cut her off once again.

"Will actually hurt us, considering we're going to attack them in their underground base, where they are protected from the sun. If we attack in the night, at least most of their troops will be out, making our job even easier."

"Still, we can't wait until tomorrow night-" she tried to take control.

"I agree," I said. "That's why we should leave immediately. With magic, we can arrive there in less than an hour, and start our assault in immediately afterward. Since their spies probably reported that you're back in the school, we would catch them completely unprepared."

"Out of the question," she argued. "I'm still not recovered from my latest mission-" Titania tried to argue, but I cut her off again. However, this time, not with my words, applying my tongue and lips in a different way.

[-159 Mana]

[+100 Experience]

“Any other arguments,” I said as I pulled back from the kiss, enjoying her dumbfounded expression. I had used some of the mana to help her recover her mana, but most went to hijacking her emotional-suppressor once more. “Take your gear, and we’ll leave.”

“But-” she tried to argue, once again stammering with a blush without the insulating effect of her magic. I interrupted her with a spank to her ass.

“Let’s not waste any time. It’s the order of the headmistress, after all,” I said, using her earlier words against her. “Just take your gear and let’s leave.”

She looked dumbfounded, a thick blush covering her face. The confusion worked excellently, as she nodded obediently before walking to her bedroom. A moment later, she reappeared, this time wearing a new robe, and carrying a crystal staff, both radiating magic despite the restraining runes on them. They were clearly powerful, but it was also understandable that she didn’t carry them around daily. Most magical swords and other items for warriors had short lives, but compared to magic amplifiers, they might as well be turtles.

“Do we need to stop in your room as well,” she commented even as her grip tightened around her staff in an effort to suppress their magical presence.

“Nope,” I said, which made her look curiously. “Unfortunately, I can’t access my arsenal here,” I said, which was a blatant misdirection from the fact that I was still extremely poor when it came to disposable items.

Luckily, not for long, thanks to my growing relationship with Oeyne.

“Let’s go,” she said calmly, making a bid to regain her calm, which would have worked better if it wasn’t for her cute blush. She walked ahead of me, but this time, rather than going out, she brought me a random area in the depths of the library, and unlocked a secret passage.

“That’s going to bring us out?” I asked as I followed her, my gaze locked on her hips. She might not be as voluptuous as the other girls, and her battle robe might be too thick to hide her meager curves, but she still noticed my gaze, making her blush even thicker.

“Yes,” she simply answered before turning her attention back to us. After almost ten minutes of travel, the secret passage brought us to a warded cave, which also functioned as a stable for a Pegasi, one of the rare monsters that were tamed en masse to function as mounts. “It’s going to be difficult for her to carry both of us,” she said.

It was a critical decision point for me, which was in a case that looked deceptively simple. I

could either use the mount together with her, or could summon the fake air elemental again. The existence of the fake elemental was not the issue, but the fact that I would be able to use such a magically-intensive method to travel, and still battle at the full performance was something different.

I wouldn't have considered it if it wasn't for the mysteries I had faced against the headmistress. Her ability to analyze soul spaces blindsided me, and when combined with her weird contrast between her aura and her mana, marked her as a much more unconventional character than I had expected.

Admittedly, it was my arrogance. I knew that she was able to keep her post for centuries despite many rival factions, therefore, she should be holding many cards. I just didn't expect one of those to invalidate my greatest advantages that easily. I was afraid that once the immediate threat of necromancers had passed, she would start searching for me, easily finding the girls as well, likely discovering the Companion Mechanic as a result. Other than taking the girls and running away, it was hard to prevent it.

So, I needed an alternative approach, I thought even as I let my gaze fall on Titania. She clearly knew at least some of the secrets of the headmistress, and I could use this trip to pry them out of her mouth. The Companion Mechanic would have worked wonders in this situation as well. Yes, there was a risk that Titania would go to the headmistress and explain, but maybe, progressing in her companion system, along with the possible rewards, might help me quite a bit.

After a while, I decided to go with the riskier option. "Don't worry, I have a better option in mind," I said, once again creating an elemental mount, pumping enough mana to stabilize it perfectly.

[-2306 Mana]

Converting her to my side completely was a long shot. Luckily, that was not necessarily my only option. I could use our growing closeness to interrogate her about the headmistress —along with many other important things. If I discover something that required running away, it was a perfect time.

If not, maybe it would act as a peace offering between me and the headmistress. After all, she ruled a neutral faction, and I was very effective in helping her faction.

"But... Wasting mana..." she gasped in shock as she felt the waves of magic.

I chuckled even as I mounted the elemental before riding it to her. I leaned down to pull her gently, letting her sit in front of me, hugging her gently. I whispered. "Did you forget my advantage when it comes to regeneration," I whispered into her ear. "Did you forget my specialty already?" I asked.

"Mana regeneration," she gasped.

I chuckled. "Yes," I said even as I put my hand to her chin, gently pushing to position her lips for a perfect kiss, which I delivered even as I commanded the mount to move at the full speed. She gasped in shock, which was suppressed by our kiss. Despite the speed, however, our ride was comfortable, as I used another air spell to protect us from the winds.

[-103 Mana]

[+200 Experience]

"That, and mana transfer," I said in a low, throaty tone after I stopped the kiss, leaving her gasping in excitement.

"But..." she started, failing to continue her words under my gaze, which never stopped being funny considering the power she held in her fingertips and her lofty position. I was lucky that such a brunette beauty remained untouched, waiting for my eventual conquer.

"But, nothing," I said aggressively as I let my hands explore her body. "We're going to go into a very important battle, and you're not going to go in with a half-empty mana reserve." I waited for a moment for her argument, but it was not forthcoming.

I leaned in for another kiss, but this time, I pulled her onto my lap. Also, I had another surprise for her, as I ordered the elemental to turn the smooth ride into a bumpy ride, like a stage coach going through a poor country road. The effect, every tremble echoed in her core, arousing her even further, and she was already close to a surrender thanks to my kiss. The bumpy ride made things easier.

So easy that her hands barely found mine as they reached her robe, putting an ineffective display as I unbuttoned her battle robe. She barely resisted as her robe opened further and further, revealing a long modest skirt and a boring blouse underneath.

When I finally removed her battle robe and folded it before stuffing it in my bag, she barely let out a murmur of disagreement. When my hand slipped under her skirt and started climbing up her naked leg, however, she shivered before muttering, "Isn't it a bit ... much?"

“Is it?” I asked even as I ripped her panties with one pull, giving myself access to her wetness. “It’s the best way to transfer mana, and we’re short of time,” I explained, even as I used my other hand to free my shaft. “I’m just doing the best for the mission.”

Of course, it was a nonsense explanation, but her condition, she wasn’t searching for a reasonable explanation. As her innocent body once again felt the stirrings of arousal, she just needed a flimsy reason to silence herself for a moment.

Under different circumstances, I would have taken a different route, softly teasing her until she started begging for more. Pity that we had limited time before the attack. So rather than teasing her, I decided to move to the main event. I dangled her panties in front of her for a moment before letting them go, and they disappeared in the winds immediately.

“Hey, I need that,” she complained in a very out-of-character manner, highlighting her loss of control further as she wiggled on my lap, separated only by her skirt.

Our adventure was just getting started...

[-103 Mana]

[+600 Experience]

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Master Arcana [86/100]

Expert Speech [57/75]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Eighty

There were many interesting things going in my mind as we traveled toward the huge base of the necromancers, but coincidentally, none of them was about the undead we would have to face. Not when I had just got ridden of the panties of Titania, fingering her mercilessly. Most of my attention was on the amazing sensation that covered my fingers.

[+300 Experience]

[-256 Mana]

However, a part of it was focused on a related, but very important problem.

The Companion Acquisition Process.

Even with Cornelia, introducing the system had been a relatively simple affair, that while I didn't trust her entirely, I was relieved by the fact that she had no choice but to rely on me for the power she searched.

The same didn't apply to Titania. While my assistance was critical, it was only until the current crisis was resolved, one way or another. Even worse was the presence of the headmistress, with her unknown strength and her ability to assess soul spaces. The ancient witch was truly dangerous.

However, to make things even worse, even with the looming potential threat of the Headmistress, I had to continue. For better or worse, I had already triggered the process, and it had created its unique node in Titania, which might have been already discovered by the Headmistress. The only thing I could do under the circumstances was to push forward, and hope either Headmistress doesn't make a habit of checking Titania's soul space regularly, or, in the case of discovery, she would entertain my offer of alliance enough to ignore I boned her subordinate repeatedly...

That left only one problem. I still didn't want to alert Titania until it was too late, so I needed to hide the source of her first achievement. So, rather than pushing inside her immediately to quench my throbbing shaft, I waited until the perfect opportunity, fingering her in the process, as well as deploying enough mana to suppress her emotional blocker.

Her resulting moans were spectacular, so was her distinct lack of complaint.

[+500 Experience]

[-411 Mana]

I saw the opportunity in the form of a Darkness Wyvern, preparing to dive toward us immediately. It had a scary reputation in a similar vein to Shadow Wolf, only several times larger in scale. After all, despite its intimidating skill set, Shadow Wolf was a class nine creature, meaning its danger to real powerhouses was limited, and it culled the weak.

Darkness Wyvern was the opposite. It was a high-class creature, usually above twenty-five, some even passing thirty, and like the Shadow Wolf, it was an ambush hunter. Unlike the wolf, it had a more select palette, only hunting people with overwhelming strength, rarely attacking anyone below level twenty. Luckily, it was a rare creature.

And, even better, I wasn't afraid of it thanks to my skill set, allowing me to both detect it easily and assault it with ranged options. I even achieved something most thought as impossible, and noticed it as it prepared its dive, rather than just before its claws connected. With that, it wasn't a threat, because its explosive attacking ability wasn't matched by its defensive traits.

Just as it was about to dive, I pulled my shaft free, and plunged it in Titania, earning a loud moan as she was assaulted by the familiar presence of my invasion. "Did you miss it?" I whispered as she tightened around it.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 24%]

[+1000 Experience]

[-217 Mana]

"O-of course not," she stammered. "It's just for the mana, and nothing-" she tried to continue, but I cut her off.

"Look out," I cried as I wrapped one hand around her waist as I ordered the air elemental to move to the side, dodging the dive attack at the last second. "Attack," I ordered, while casting an earth elemental spell, summoning several pillars around the creature to pin it in place, strong enough to resist its furious thrashing.

[-651 Mana]

For her credit, Titania didn't waste a second despite the extreme situation and raised her hand, sending a ray of light that cut through the darkness of the night, filled with a scary amount of mana, even as I continued to pump in her. I could feel a huge chunk of her mana, almost half,

disappear in one spell, but not without its reward. The moment it connected with the Darkness Wyvern, the creature burned immediately, leaving a pile of ash behind. Damn, I thought, pitying the waste. Even with the strength of her spell, I wasn't expecting such a result, but maybe, Darkness Wyvern was weak against her light magic, to the point of ruining it completely, leaving no hopes of extracting any materials.

Still, the notification that popped told me that I fulfilled my primary aim, so all was well.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 25% - First Stage Completed +5000 Exp]

She made no mention of an achievement—which didn't surprise me—as she gave an order. "Let's go back, we alerted the necromancers to our presence."

"No," I said even as I started pumping inside her.

"W-what do you mean, no," she stammered as she turned to look at me, forcing her to turn at the waist as my hands were still firmly on her hips, preventing her from moving.

"It's an excellent opportunity," I explained while I directed our mount to take an alternative route to our secret entrance. "No matter what, the surprise effect of our assault will fade in a few seconds. If they increase the guards at the entrance, it's even better for us, as we're going to use a hidden entrance."

"But—" she tried to speak, only to be silenced when I ripped her top without a warning, leaving her only with her bra.

"No, the plan is solid. Now, we need to focus on recovering your mana," I explained before I silenced her with a kiss, transferring a great amount of mana in the process to fill her drained mana reserves.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 27%]

[+1000 Experience]

[-216 Mana]

[+2 Speech]

One good advantage of the changed route was that it gave me a chance to enjoy Titania as we travel. She was a spectacular sight, her alabaster skin shining under the moonlight, wearing nothing but a bra and a bunched-up skirt that revealed her delicious legs, while I continued to

pump her.

I pulled out of the kiss, pulled her on my lap more comfortably, pumping in a leisure manner. She caught flatfooted by the sudden change, but made no attempt to change her position, no doubt convincing herself that it was for the mana only, though the way she tightened around me betrayed her enjoyment. I could easily imagine her staying on my lap silently for the rest of the route, trying to act impervious as much as possible.

I had no intention of allowing that, not when I finally have it under my hand.

“So, are you comfortable with the position,” I asked even as I lazily pumped her, each push slowly filling her mana.

“W-what,” she stammered as she tried to adjust her position, feeling self-aware, but didn’t pull out. I slipped my hands underneath her skirt to rest on her hips, enjoying the way her ass clenched under my touch.

“I’m asking whether you’re feeling comfortable, or whether we should push for a change of position?” I asked. “Maybe you want to lay down and I take you in missionary, or maybe you want to ride me in cowgirl? Or maybe I take you from behind while you lay on all fours?”

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 29%]

[+600 Experience]

[-135 Mana]

“T-that’s not necessary,” she managed to stammer, even though her blush intensified with every whisper of a new position, her eyes losing focus as she fell into the imagination.

“As you wish,” I said, though that was by no means was a reason to stop my meddling. I grabbed the hem of her skirt, and after a pull, ripped most of it off, turning it into a miniskirt that would barely hide her ass, and that was only when she was standing perfectly still. It was delicious. And even better, this time, she didn’t even complain. “This is better, right?” I asked, pushing my luck enthusiastically. “This way, it’ll not get in the way.”

“Y-yeah,” she stammered and answer, doing her best not to moan, but failing spectacularly.

“Good,” I said even as I returned my hand to her hips, continuing to pump as I enjoyed her wetness gushing around. “You just need to suffer for another five minutes, and then we’ll arrive

at the secret entrance, you can handle it, right?”

“I can,” she whispered, her eyes closed, feeling more self-conscious after my questions, which was the aim in the first place. I didn’t want her to let her go dazed, I wanted her to enjoy every single detail.

For the rest of the journey, it continued at the same pace. I stayed slotted inside her, pumping gently, while she did her best to act like it wasn’t affecting her —and failing terribly.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 33%]

[+1000 Experience]

[-291 Mana]

“We’re here,” I told her as we arrived at the entrance of the cave, and dispelled the air elemental, glad that its drain was much more manageable thanks to my improved abilities. Unlike before, I still had almost half of my reserves even with all the mana I transferred.

Multiple active regeneration perks were certainly useful.

My feet touched the floor, but I didn’t let hers touch. Instead, I hooked my arms under her knees, forcing her legs to open to the limit, her body lighter than a feather thanks to my strength. “L-let me walk,” she stammered.

“No,” I simply said as we walked at the cave, and rather than continuing, I stood in the middle of the cave. “We still need to fill your reserves completely before we can act.”

“The position is weird,” she whispered, admitting.

“Sure, let me fix it,” I said as I grabbed her waist, and turned her 180 degrees, so that she was facing me, before I rammed her again. Her legs wrapped around me reflexively, and our eyes met, allowing me to read her emotions.

Frustration, because she was being betrayed by her own body as her entrance tightened around me, slippery wet.

Humiliation, because she was feeling a lack of control, turning her into a toy despite all her might.

Excitement, because of the stirrings of a way of life she had never imagined before.

Pleasure, because as I picked up speed, she was losing control of her own thoughts, overwhelmed with pleasure.

Then, I exploded, filling her insides with my seed and mana in equal amount, the torrent of liquid sweeping her conflicting emotions, leaving pure ecstasy behind as she climaxed, making her forget every single unimportant detail, from her position to impending deadly assault, making her focus on the reactions of her own body, her arms and legs tightening around.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 38%]

[+2000 Experience]

[-611 Mana]

“Not a bad way to recover, right,” I commented lazily, enjoying the way she tried to calm her expression, only to fail spectacularly. I wanted to tease her, ask her whether she liked my cock, but I had a feeling it was still slightly early to break the illusion of mana recovery assistance. She knew the truth, and I certainly knew the truth, however, speaking the truth still ruined the comfortable illusion that was established, one that was still necessary.

Pity we didn't have a bed in here, as I would have loved to enjoy an extended holiday.

However, just because we didn't have a bed, or I still needed to maintain the illusion, didn't mean that I couldn't push my luck a bit more. I finally let her go, and she stood straight, her legs trembling, my cum sliding down her inner thigh. “You're still not full, right?” I asked, despite knowing the answer.

“No, I'm at two-thirds,” she answered.

“Good,” I said as I cast a spell against the wall, turning its rough natural surface into a smooth layer that would rival the best marble. “I want you to remove your bra, then go and lean against the wall, and push your ass out.”

[-4 Mana]

The position certainly wasn't the craziest we had done together, but there was a big distinction. Until this moment, everything we had done together, she had been a passive participant, following my every whim and nothing else, like a leaf caught in the wind. This time, however, while still under my orders, she needed to take the action herself, with the full realization of what was about to follow.

Her stiff expression suggested that she was very much aware of that particular nugget. After all, she might be inexperienced in managing her emotions, but she was a very smart woman, and understood what was going on. And after several repeats, the pleasures of the flesh weren't so novel that it would blanket her decision-making process completely.

She was still in control.

Still, she walked toward the new wall I constructed, her hips dancing invitingly, her hands reaching back to remove her bra, before she tossed it on the side. She did look at me questioningly when I cast a fire spell to burn it. "It's better if we don't leave any evidence," I explained, like a sculpted wall—or a secret tunnel—wasn't evidence.

She leaned against the wall, her tits pressing against the cold surface, her hands stilted to support. "Good," I whispered as I stalked toward her, enjoying the sight of her puffed lips, her short skirt barely able to cover the upper side of her hips with the angle. "Now, bring your hand down and separate your lips, so that I can slide in."

[+3 Speech]

Once again, it was not a functional request, but a test of my control over her. Even more beautifully, she followed the order immediately, widening her slit enough to reveal her soft flesh, begging for my presence. "Beautiful," I gasped, fascinated by her obedience even more than her beauty.

Then, I pushed, my shaft disappearing inside her inch by inch, slow enough to savor it. She swallowed all without the slightest issue, almost sucking me in. Her wetness making it even easier. "Faster," she moaned, and I gasped in shock. She turned to face me, frozen by her own reaction, though she was quick to recover. "T-the sooner my mana recover, the sooner we can attack them," she gasped, even though her tone indicated that she didn't have the slightest conviction behind her latest excuse.

"As you wish, sweet cheeks," I said, spanking her ass to leave no ambiguity about which cheeks I was talking about, before I slammed hard inside her, and a cry of pleasure escaped her mouth, loud enough to make me glad the wards in the cave included silencing charms.

"Do it," she groaned as I slammed, again and again, my spear dominating the battle, leaving her no option but to surrender to pleasure. "Faster, harder."

Following her request, I started a merciless assault to her entrance, each slam making her tremble, pushing her to the limits. And unlike the other magically inclined girls, her physical

stats were quite a bit more developed, allowing me to truly ravage her.

She was doing her best to handle the assault, huffing, puffing, moaning, crying, and even begging, all for her search for a release, while I slammed her repeatedly, filling her with mana until she was filled to the brim.

It was another test, to see whether she would ask me to stop now that her mana reserves were completely full. However, from the way her moans exploded, I doubted that it was even an option in her mind. Several minutes later, I exploded inside her, triggering another orgasm in her.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 45%]

[+2500 Experience]

[-1396 Mana]

My seed was once again accompanied by a flood of mana. However, since her reserves were already full, I decided to leverage it a different way. I continued to inject mana, however, used it to envelope her emotion-blocking perk, essentially warding it up so that it would be impossible to affect her anymore. For all intents and purposes, it was destroyed.

[Achievement: Stolen Servant. Acquire the Acolyte of your rival through direct intervention, cutting his connection completely. +3 to all stats. +20000 Experience]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Grandmaster Tantric (5), Grandmaster Elemental (5), Basic Craft]

My gasp of shock mixed with Titania's moans as I received the achievement. It was a spectacular gain in terms of benefits, but also, it finally gave me a few more clues about my system. The term Acolyte seemed technical enough to give me a starting point, and the huge rewards suggested that it was pretty important to do so.

In contrast, skill selection was easier. As much as I was tempted to select Tantric, it was still sufficient for my needs. On the contrary, Craft might provide me with the edge I require, allowing me to prepare against the challenges beforehand.

I pulled out, hugging her to prevent her from collapsing, intent on taking a couple of minutes of

rest, allowing her to recover while I regenerated mana.

A dangerous battle awaited us.

[Level: 29 Experience: 421500 / 435000

Strength: 36 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 41

HP: 4756 / 4756 Mana: 2475 / 6003]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [95/100]

Master Arcana [86/100]

Expert Speech [62/75]

Basic Craft [0/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Eighty-One

“Shall we,” I said after we rested for about ten minutes, which allowed Titania to reasonably recover from the after-effects of her orgasm, while my mana had regenerated completely. She was leaning against the wall, with her delicious body still on display, wearing only the ruins of her skirt and her shoes.

“Are you recovered?” she asked. “Already?”

“Of course, sweet cheeks,” I answered. “You know that I recover quickly.”

“But this quickly?” she said, her expression split between shock and fascination.

“What can I say, tonight, I’m feeling rather ... virile,” I answered, which earned another blush.

“So, shall we?”

“Pass me my robe,” she said, once again trying to act in her commanding usual self, but that didn’t work as well with the thick blush that covered her face.

I looked at her body on display, which made her arms twitch like she wanted to cover it, no matter how unnecessary such an action would have been after our earlier mana transfer actions. I grabbed the robe from my pack and raised it, only to pull back when she reached. “Do you really need this?” I asked.

“Of course I do,” she answered. “It’s an enchanted robe, perfect for defense. I can’t assault a base without it.”

“Even if I defend you?” I asked, and she looked at me questioningly. “Your Light magic is clearly a better option against the undead, the only disadvantage is your limited mana.”

“My mana is not limited!” she answered heatedly.

“Compared to me, it is,” I countered. “What if we replicate the same trick with the air elemental, and I handle the mobility and the defense, as well as trapping the corridors in our wake, while you handle the offensive side.” A smirk popped on my face. “And don’t worry, I’m going to make sure to use an earth spell to keep a spell to keep your body hidden from the others. I am a jealous bastard, after all.”

[+2 Speech]

She blushed as I explained, but in the end, there was no other option but to accept. Which was good, because I preferred to use that approach for multiple reasons. It was tactically advantageous, but even more importantly, it would allow me to camouflage the second milestone of the Companion Process. The fact that I would be enjoying her delicious body in the process was an excellent bonus, as always.

I presented my arm to her with an exaggerated move, like we were about to walk into a ball hosted by the Royal family, blushing spectacularly as she did so. “You have an excellent poise,” I complimented her as she put her arm.

“It’s a habit of my youth,” she answered, trying to look impervious, even doing a half-decent job of it. Her adaptability was impressive. Though I chuckled, as talking about her youth while she was barely thirty —and definitely not showing it— was rather hilarious.

We walked in silence, though she examined the walls as we did so. “Impressive work, considering the environmental limitations,” she said. “Though I would be surprised if they could stand at the end of the month.”

“Two weeks is a more reasonable estimation,” I corrected her, even as I occasionally reinforced a rune or added another trap. It wasn’t a structure built to last, after all. “What do you think about the balancing structure of this part?” I asked, launching an intellectual discussion as we moved deeper underground, each step bringing us closer to the undead base.

[+3 Arcana]

As much as I enjoyed the discussion, when we stood in front of the entrance, it was the time for action. “Ready?” I asked as we stood. She nodded. “We need to be quick,” I explained. “I’m going to move us without stopping, just focus on killing the greatest number of undead possible, I’ll handle sniping the necromancers,” I said. I expected her light magic to work much better in dealing area-effect damage, even with my temporary Fire Magic skill, acquired from Cornelia.

Of course, that didn’t change the fact that at this point, I was stronger than Titania with a significant margin. Not only I could overwhelm her in terms of burst damage —fifty points of Charisma was definitely no joke— but also I was miles ahead of her in terms of utility and other abilities. That also didn’t mean she was useless, as with me properly supplying her with mana, she was a veritable weapon of area denial, especially against undead and other creatures vulnerable to her Light Magic.

“Wouldn’t it better to focus on the necromancers and the bigger creatures?” she asked.

“Not entirely,” I answered. “I can handle taking the necromancers while you focus on the mass creatures, but trying to take down the bigger creatures would require too much effort.”

“I can take them in seconds,” she argued.

“Yes, you can,” I said even as I bobbed her nose, enjoying her blush. Teasing her was fun! “However, that would drain your magic too quickly, and while my regeneration is not slow, it’s also not instantaneous. Pausing to recover would ruin our strategy. They have no reason to bring out their weaker zombies for their daily operations, and if we could cleanse the majority of them, it would help us.”

“But they wouldn’t be a threat against the school. There’s no chance they could penetrate the wards, and even if they did, our mages could easily cleanse them.”

“You’re missing something,” I reminded her. “What if they use those zombies to attack the other settlements. They could use the horde to siege every town simultaneously, forcing us to disperse our forces to defend them, or risk isolating the school forever logistically. Even worse, they could use the weaker monsters to conceal their real assault forces, and we would have no idea the true danger until we could face them properly.”

She ducked her head, blushing in shame. “I didn’t think of that,” she said, which didn’t surprise me. She might be a spectacular mage, but when it came to strategy, she lacked nuance, preferring to burn forward like her own magic.

“Ready?” I asked again, and when she nodded, I created another pseudo-elemental, however, this time it wasn’t air but earth. It would be slower, but with the added benefit of bypassing the walls and taking shortcuts at impossible locations. However, it was surrounded by a subtle air spell, to prevent the smell of the undead to reach our nose. It even had a throne-like chair on the top, which I sat on immediately before patting my lap.

[-1374 Mana]

She blushed, but followed my invitation, slowly lowering herself to my erection, gasping as her wetness wrapped my girth. “Ready,” she approved, looking ahead. Once we took a seat, walls appeared around us, sufficiently hiding us from the view while allowing us to attack with our magic. Essentially, it was an unholy mixture of a mobile fort and a love nest.

[+500 Experience]

Her high level was definitely convenient for development, I surmised, even as my arms

tightened around her. "Hold on, it's going to be a wild ride," I whispered.

Our first destination was the huge army gathering spot I had discovered at the entrance, filled with thousands upon thousands of zombies and skeletons, hundreds of bone dragons, a variety of other creatures, and a veritable necromancer sea to control them. It wasn't the safest place to hit, but the later we hit there, the harder our job would be. In terms of benefits, it was the most important area.

If we were hitting this place during the day, the necromancer's central meeting spot might have been a better location, but unlike the zombies, they had the ability to counter my spells, so I wasn't really willing to risk it.

I used my biomancy to check our surroundings, and the elemental mount moved slowly toward the meeting location, using a deserted path. "In five seconds," I warned her. "Start casting."

Since we were connected, I could feel her mana draining with an alarming speed as a rotating glow appeared in her hand, drawing complicated patterns. I could feel that it consumed about the same mana as the spell she used against the Darkness Wyvern, but the spell itself was several times more complicated.

The impact of it justified it. When we burst into the huge opening, we came across a necromancer, who looked at us with empty eyes, trying to process. He was still trying to understand it, when I lobbed his head with a ranged air spell before he could even react, the blood spraying. He was clearly a novice, as his transformation had barely started.

[-63 Mana]

I managed to take down two other necromancers the next second before they could react, one of them failed to react, and the other managed to raise a shield, but it might as well be a piece of glass against my attack.

The third one was able to raise an alarm, but it was too late. Titania's spell was complete. She sent a hand-sized orb toward the center of the room, reminding me of an overgrown firefly, beautiful yet ultimately useless. That was the impression for my eyes, of course.

For my magical senses, it was burning like a secondary sun, fascinatingly-complicated even if it was unraveling as it moved. It was one advantage of specialization, I guessed. I doubted I could cast a spell that complicated without years of training.

Luckily, I had many options to cheat.

It finally triggered, several yards before its ultimate location, when one of the larger bone dragons tried to bat it away like it was a simple toy. A bright explosion covered the area, accompanied by the cacophony of cries so loud that it forced to cast a spell to block the disgusting sound.

Titania was gasping in exhaustion. "Excellent work," I whispered to Titania as I grabbed her breasts and started pumping, also casting a healing spell to take the edge. Rest until I gave the signal, then repeat it," I asked even as I pumped her with a fresh flood of mana.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 48%]

[+1000 Experience]

[-974 Mana]

I led the earth elemental through the middle of the zombies, which was attacking us mindlessly, unaware of the significance of the explosions. The bone dragons, and the other undead with rudimentary intelligence and self-preservation, however, were pulling back in what could be termed as panic if it was shown by a living creature.

Necromancers, on the other hand, were in a full-blown rout. Protecting the great collection area was nothing more than grunt work, therefore, assigned to the lowest ones in the totem pole of hierarchy. Some tried to attack, their necrotic bolts splashing helplessly against the walls of my construct, while others run away.

"Let's add some heat to their panic," I whispered, earning a glare from Titania even as I pounded her furiously, no doubt thinking that a deadly combat was no place for one-liners.

I disagreed. "What was the point of being strong if I'm not going to posture for a sexy woman," I said to her, making her stammer. She was cute, feeling shy being called sexy when she was being impaled repeatedly. And while teasing her was fun, I had more immediate concerns to focus, such as necromancers, finally deploying a half-decent defense.

A lich stood in the middle of a circle, leading a ritual using the energy of the seven other necromancers spread around. I felt Titania stiffen, no doubt flashing back to the fateful day of our meeting, where she had almost died in a similar combination assault.

However, there was one huge difference. That day, they were the ambushers, and their ward was already charged, circumventing the biggest disadvantage. This time, they were playing catch-up.

Pity that they had no chance of succeeding. A fire dragon, mixed with a generous dash of life energy to prevent them from standing up saw to that.

[-531 Mana]

Before they could even raise a shield, the dragon slammed against them, breaking the node. The failure of their own spell was likely to destroy their bodies, and with my inferno, it was a done deal. “It’s time for a second spell,” I reminded her, and after ten seconds, another explosion of light occurred, this time spreading even larger, destroying another chunk of low-level zombies.

This time, I pushed her down until she crouched on all fours, slamming repeatedly to refill her mana, while also enjoying the way she gripped my shaft while she climbed toward her orgasm, clearly enjoying the new way of battle as much as I was enjoying, confirmed by the notification I had just received.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 50% - Second Stage Completed +10000 Exp]

[Mana regeneration perk activated. Count 4. Duration, 8 hours]

[+1500 Experience]

[-1374 Mana]

Through my connection, I could feel her getting a new achievement, giving her a major bonus to her Charisma —four or five points— and a minor yet noticeable one to her Agility.

“Unbelievable,” she murmured as she started casting the same spell without even asking me, ignoring her own exhaustion, and soon, another explosion, this time even bigger, covered the area.

Shooting the helpless undead was fun, but I could feel the wards of the main hall slowly activating, and if we chose to stay here for another minute, we would be locked. So, we burst out of the main hall, and entered one of the main corridors that led toward the surface.

“That’s it?” Titania murmured, her eyes shining with excitement despite her exhausted state.

“That’s for you to chose,” I offered, even as I stalled for a moment, drawing a biomancy rune that would explode with life energy, hidden enough to be hard to detect unless they were looking for it intentionally. “We can’t return to the main hall with the wards, but there are

several other fun things we can do. What do you think?"

Looking at her excited eyes, I didn't need her to answer to turn back, prepared for a fresh battle.

[Level: 29 Experience: 434500 / 435000

Strength: 36 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 41

HP: 4756 / 4756 Mana: 4215 / 6003]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [95/100]

Master Arcana [86/100]

Expert Speech [62/75]

Basic Craft [0/25]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Eighty-Two

Titania's face was glowing with excitement as I changed direction, and moved deeper into the base, but it lacked the manic obsessiveness I expected her to have. Just like her carnal joy, it was probably the first time she was enjoying the adrenaline rush of a battle without the effects of her emotional dampener, but she was already getting a hang of it.

I wasn't the only one that benefited from a high Wisdom score in decision-making, it seemed.

Unfortunately, we needed to avoid the gathering spot, no matter how good it felt for her to burn hordes of skeletons and zombies. A part of the reason was my mana, still regenerating, but a bigger part of it was the wards that were being activated. Ambushing a bunch of inexperienced necromancers was fun, but I didn't want to repeat it with the great wards backing them up.

So, instead of returning, I leveraged the benefits of my earth-elemental mount, and created a temporary underground tunnel. Their underground road was protected with wards, of course, but covering miles and miles of road perfectly was not an easy job. A simple application of my Arcana abilities was all it took to avoid their detection as we disappeared underground.

[+1 Arcana]

[-53 Mana]

Since it gave us a moment to rest, I let Titania sit while I stopped the movement of our mount, letting her catch her breath after her latest orgasm while I grabbed a chunk of stone, to test my newest skill. Crafting.

Crafting was a difficult skill to master, and since I was a beginner, it came with a very limited set of instinctual understanding. However, unlike my other skills, I had a great advantage. I had worked with Oeyne, a master of her craft, and it gave me a much greater understanding of the skill. Folding my mana several times around the piece of stone while using Earth Magic to sculpt it was almost trivial.

[-281 Mana]

[+4 Craft]

"Not bad," I murmured as I examined the stone dagger in my hands. From an objective assessment, it was nothing more than garbage, constructed from a material worse than

garbage and carrying only one layer of enchantment, it was a total waste of mana.

Luckily, I had more than enough to waste it.

“What are you doing?” Titania asked as she realized we stopped. “We should hit them before they could react!”

“No,” I answered even as I grabbed another piece of stone and repeated the earlier crafting activity, which worked quite a bit better due to increased familiarity. “It’s better if we don’t hit them immediately.”

[-234 Mana]

[+3 Craft]

“Why?” she asked, her voice sharp, but even that was an incredible development with her famously dominant personality. The fact that she was asking me to explain angrily rather than trying to force me to speak was a huge development. Of course, compared to fact that she was sitting in front of me, wearing only a damaged skirt that didn’t even cover her slit, her reduced aggressiveness wasn’t even worth mentioning.

“I want them to start searching the intruders,” I explained. “Once they are committed to it, they’ll have many strong necromancers, maybe even some of the liches, away from each other, making them easy pickings. Hunting their strongest members will work much better than otherwise. Even better, after your display, they are likely to assume that you’re pushed to your limits, meaning they’ll prioritize speed over safety”

[+1 Speech]

She nodded, approving my strategy, before her eyes landed on my hand. “Why are you wasting your mana like this?” she asked.

“Why? Do you want me to give you some more ‘mana’ instead?” I said with a naughty smirk.

Her blush was spectacular. “You dog,” she murmured, avoiding my gaze as she tried to process it, wrapping her arms around her chest.

I just chuckled before explaining. “I just received an inspiration on crafting, and want to try a new production method,” I explained.

“You can craft as well?” she asked, shocked. “What you can’t do?”

“I can do many things, including you,” I quipped, this time earning a slap on the shoulder rather than a shy avoidance. I just smirked as I grabbed another piece of stone, this time fashioning them into stone handcuffs, adding a simple suppression effect to them.

[-467 Mana]

[+5 Craft]

“Careful,” I warned. “Or I would tie you up to make sure you don’t get naughty while transferring mana.”

“You wouldn’t dare,” she challenged, which was all I needed to dash forward and grab her arms. Before she could even react, I pulled both of her arms behind her, and locked them with the handcuffs. “No,” she said. “Stop.”

“Do you really want me to stop?” I said as I pulled her on her feet, and slipped my fingers into her slit, which was getting wetter at a noticeable pace. “Your body doesn’t agree. Instead, it reacts like you want another dash of my ... mana. Am I wrong?”

She didn’t answer at first, so I started pumping my fingers, trying to force her to answer. When that failed, I decided to employ my new crafting abilities to the limit. I grabbed another piece of stone, and started crafting another item, a cylindrical one that resembled my shaft, only shorter and thinner. Unlike the daggers, I invested quite a bit of mana on its crafting, and made sure it had several spells integrated into its nature semi-permanently, including the ability to vanish waste and constant lubrication.

[-1139 Mana]

[+13 Craft]

For anyone else, it was nothing more than a total waste of mana, but for me, it was valuable above and beyond my improvement with the magic. It was a toy that would allow me to teach Titania a pleasurable lesson.

She gasped when I pressed the newly-crafted stone anal plug against her puckered hole. “What’s that,” she gasped.

“Your punishment for talking back to your betters,” I said, even as I used my free hand to pull one of her ass cheeks to the side, giving me a better view of her rosebud, small and tight, waiting to be broken in.

“I’ll kill you,” she said, her earlier submissiveness disappearing as the plug threatened to invade her alternative entrance. However, when I pushed my shaft against her entrance, the head dipping into her wetness, her struggling ceased quickly.

“Really,” I said, even as I pushed the plug slightly deeper, earning a hiss. “Come on, Titania. You’re a big girl,” I said as I slapped her ass with my free hand, staining her alabaster skin. “You can handle a little pain.”

She might have tried to refute my words, but when I pushed the plug even deeper, she prioritized gasping in shock, which followed by a moan of pleasure as I slipped the plug completely into her entrance, relying on the enchantments to prevent an injury, but that didn’t reduce the pain the slightest. Simultaneously, I slammed my shaft into her soft entrance, making her reaction even more spectacular. Even better, I received a very welcome notification.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 52%]

[+2000 Experience]

Level UP!

[Select one of the following skills: Grandmaster Tantric (5), Grandmaster Elemental (5), Advanced Craft]

The skill selection was a foregone decision. I quickly picked Craft once more while I spanked her ass. “Someone is enjoying being plugged in the ass,” I commented cheerfully as I grabbed her handcuffed wrists before starting impaling her mercilessly.

“N-no,” she moaned, but it was impossible to hide the pleasure echoing in her tone as her two holes were teased simultaneously.

“Really?” I said, and pulled back the plug, only for her to let out a disappointed gasp, clearly not expecting me to follow up my offer. Luckily for her, she was correct on that account. “So, you don’t want me to do this,” I said as I replaced the plug with my shaft, the tip sinking slowly into her lithe ass. She was not a rival of Marianne in the hips department, but her tight ass had its own taste.

She just moaned as I sank into her ass inch by inch, objections suspiciously absent as I forced her tightness to expand. I pulled out once I reached halfway, only to slam into her pussy once more, dumping a generous dash of mana, once again feeling the fullness of her reserves while

mine dipped down dangerously low. Luckily, with four instances active, I barely needed ten minutes to fill completely again.

[-1381 Mana]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 54%]

[+2000 Experience]

“You’re a monster,” she moaned, but when she twisted her neck to catch my gaze, anger was suspiciously absent. Instead, she nibbled her lower lip, giving me a sexy glare that shouldn’t be possible for her, but somehow working perfectly, begging me to move faster.

And I did so. I launched an assault, alternating between her holes as I wreaked havoc, pulling her arms back hard, slapping her ass repeatedly. And she was clearly enjoying the rougher treatment. “You like this, don’t you,” I murmured even as I cast an earth spell, and created chains to lock her legs, though, unlike her handcuffs, they were simple spells rather than true magical items, meaning they wouldn’t last.

She didn’t say anything else, but the way she tightened further was sufficient as an answer. What were the chances that the feared Titania enjoyed bondage? It wasn’t even like Cornelia, a submissive that bowed down to a stronger person. For Cornelia, it was about the power, but for Titania, it was clearly different.

I grabbed yet another piece of stone, quickly crafting it into a collar, connected to a chain. It was exactly what I needed to test Titania’s limits. I even etched a magic-blocking ward on it as well, one that would only hold if Titania didn’t stretch her powers, of course. With her magical abilities, truly cutting her off her magic was an almost impossible task without the help of extremely strong arrays, well-above anything I could craft on the fly.

[-559 Mana]

[+6 Craft]

She stiffened when she felt the stone collar on her neck, making me wonder whether I had finally pushed her too hard, but that concern didn’t last long, not when she suddenly started cumming, more explosive than I had ever seen her do before.

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 61%]

[+2000 Experience]

[Achievement: Spotting Secrets. Help a paramour discover their true selves. +3 Wisdom. +1000 Exp]

I held her arms to prevent her from hitting on the floor painfully, instead helped her to sit. I even opened the handcuffs, but kept the collar on, which looked extremely beautiful in combination with her ripped skirt and used appearance. While she rested her back against the stone wall, trying to recover from the extreme high she had just experienced, I stayed on my feet, occasionally using weak Biomancy pulses to check our surroundings while I recovered my mana.

About fifteen minutes later, my mana was completely full, but she was still resting against the wall, her eyes still closed. "Are you ready to act?" I asked.

"M-maybe," she stammered, cracking her eyes open. "I can still feel my legs trembling..."

"Yeah," I murmured even as I leaned for a quick kiss, and after that, tugged her chain. "You have enjoyed the collar more than I expected."

"But why?" she said, unable to hide her shame. "Isn't it wrong to enjoy something like that? Like I was some kind of slave..."

"Not necessarily," I said as I sat next to her, delaying the assault another couple of minutes. "What you enjoy during sex doesn't necessarily have to be what you do in your daily life. Maybe that was what you needed, a contrast to your strict life, where you do nothing but missions or managing the library, forcing you to be always on command. You were always so stiff before we truly met, after all."

"Do you think it's permanent?" she questioned even as she dragged her fingers over her collar.

"Maybe, maybe not?" I said, caressing her raven hair. "The important question is, why do you care. We can always stop if you stop enjoying it," I offered, then smiled mischievously. "And I promise I'll forge you a much better collar if you continue to enjoy it," I offered.

"You bastard!" she exclaimed, hitting playfully, but her wide smile was enough to tell her true feelings.

I sighed. "As much as I enjoy spending time with you, we need to move," I murmured, and cast telekinesis on her robe, bringing it to us. "Put it on, and we can move again," I suggested. She

looked at her robe with no small amount of disappointment. “I know, but unlike before, we’re going to hunt strong magic users rather than mindless hordes. Our attack-defend combo is not guaranteed to work. There’s no guarantee that they can’t split us temporarily by attacking from multiple directions, and leaving you defenseless is not a risk I’m willing to take.”

“Okay,” she murmured mulishly, but her blush signaled that she enjoyed the attention. While she got dressed with her battle gear, I made the elemental mount move again.

Destination, their meeting area...

[Level: 30 Experience: 439500 / 465000

Strength: 36 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 44

HP: 4920 / 4920 Mana: 6300 / 6300]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [95/100]

Master Arcana [87/100]

Expert Speech [63/75]

Advanced Craft [31/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Eighty-Three

Titania was silent as the earth elemental burst in one of the tunnels deep into their base before melting into nothingness. It had outlived its usefulness momentary. If the earlier assault was a hammer, the current one was a scalpel, and a clumsy earth elemental would only hurt us.

“Let’s hide us from the view,” I murmured even as I cast one of the best concealment spells I had learned, making our figures fade into the background, with shadows wrapping around us.

[+2 Arcana]

[-316 Mana]

However, as we walked, I could feel a slight stirring in connection with Titania. Curious, I followed the connection, only to realize her emotional-suppressor from her light magic stirring in discomfort, pushing against the bondage I created. It was an ineffectual thing, barely pushing back before my own Companion Core worked its magic to reinforce the bonds, making them even stronger. Still, it was an interesting reaction against an arcana spell, even the slightest component of darkness stirring against.

Such an inconvenient ability. No wonder until now, Titania was a furious hammer of destruction on the battlefield. Her powers didn’t allow it to be otherwise.

Surprisingly, her next words proved that she was already moving ahead of her earlier instincts. “We should try to steal the information from their headquarters,” she whispered.

I was glad to see her already leveraging subterfuge in her thinking, though still elementary. “Normally, it would work excellently, but under the current situation, it doesn’t work for two reasons, one tactical, and one strategic. Do you want to guess why?” I questioned, wanting to encourage her sneaky approaches. I was starting to like her more and more, above and beyond her power, so I was willing to spend the necessary time to correct her thinking.

Luckily, with her spectacular mental stats —spectacular for the rest of the world, not in comparison to me— I didn’t expect our impromptu lessons to take too much time. I had all the confidence that she would prove a quick study, and if she didn’t, there were several more interesting lessons in subterfuge we could employ back in Silver Spires.

“Umm,” she murmured as her face scrunched in concentration. “Their defenses should be activated, and that would make sneaking in too risky,” she offered.

“Good, that’s the tactical challenge we’re facing. If we wanted to sneak in, we should have done that before our initial assault. But what’s the strategic challenge?”

She thought for a bit as we closed in the distance between us and their operational headquarters, even though we had to take a few detours, whenever my Biomancy waves alerted me to a nearby undead presence. “I’m not sure,” she murmured, disappointed.

“No worries,” I said as I patted her head while she preened, a part of me still unable to believe her changes, from the indomitable head librarian to the girl eager for my approval and a liking for chains. “It doesn’t make strategic sense, because I have already raided that place and discovered their most important advantage, all without making them aware. It doesn’t make sense to risk getting caught.”

“Can’t we just burst out together if we get caught? We’re certainly strong enough,” she offered.

“Not exactly,” I explained. “First of all, I was able to sneak in the last time because I was able to engineer a distraction without implicating me, mostly due to luck. Without that, the headquarters are too crowded to sneak in, even for my abilities. More importantly, if we get caught while trying to get in, it’ll alert them about a possible breach of information, forcing them to change their plans. We want them to hit our perceived weakness,” I explained. “Sometimes, a hidden card is more valuable than ten out in the open.”

[+3 Speech]

She nodded as she tried to process my explanation, while I received a nice surprise. Apparently, teaching someone could also improve Speech —though I suspected it was mostly about it changing her general outlook to the strategy, and not just acquisition of the new knowledge. However, before we could delve any deeper into the topic, we arrived at the entrance of the secret location. “I’ll attack first, stay hidden, and wait for my order to attack, even if you think I’m struggling,” I explained, even as I gripped my dagger tight. I left her quite a bit behind, shouldering the task of handling the first response alone.

It was time to test my new weapon.

I walked toward the headquarter, using my arcana to examine the wards as I got closer. I was happy to note that the ward scheme was the same, confirming that they had no idea about the earlier breach. And since I had studied their wards intensely before, it was almost trivial to trigger an alarm, informing that there was someone in the outer wards, trying to break in. I even avoided the most obvious trigger, and instead touched one of the hidden ones, to better

sell the attempt. Otherwise, my presence inside wouldn't be convincing.

[+1 Arcana]

[+2 Subterfuge]

[-13 Mana]

There was no visible alarm, but I could feel more than a dozen presences inside moving, along with another dozen signatures patrolling the corridors suddenly changing their patterns. A much better response than I had been expecting. Apparently, without the presence of a rampaging dragon, they were much more competent.

Too bad they hadn't expected someone to be brazen enough to ambush the bulk of their army in the middle of their base.

The first assault of the necromancers was spectacular enough to take down a lesser man. Four of them appeared from behind me, launching a volley of death bolts, while six others appeared on the front, some relying on death bolts, while two of them relied on elemental spells, one casting a large fireball to obscure my vision, while the other cast earth spikes, bursting from the walls.

Even more impressively, none of those was the real attack. No, the real attack came in the form of a hidden presence, its death energy throbbing like cancer to my magical senses. I had no doubt it was a strong lich, stronger than any I had faced to date. I could feel its mana gathering, mixing with the defensive wards as it prepared to launch a devastating strike. I had no doubt that I could protect myself with my magic, but that would reveal a lot of secrets that would best be kept hidden.

Luckily, while my physical stats were lesser in comparison to my magical ones, that inferiority meant little when compared to others, not when my weakest stat, Endurance, was already at thirty, which was supposed to be an unreachable target.

I turned back and dashed toward the four on the back, straining my Speed to the limit for the first time even as I imbued my dagger with the life energy. The spikes exploded against the walls, while the fireball exploded behind ineffectively, leaving only the death bolts to contend against. They had planned their assault well, with death bolts aiming to reach me simultaneously, but their assumption neglected my speed. As I dashed, I first met with an attack wave of four, dodging them without even reducing my speed.

I was among them before they could cast another batch of spells, which was the worst thing a traditional mage, be it an elementalist or necromancer, could experience. Before they could even finish their emergency spells, my dagger flashed, cutting the neck of the first one, and stabbing the neck of the second one, all in the same movement. Both of them collapsed despite the negligible life energy I had injected into the dagger, only around fifty points of mana.

Oeyne's craftsmanship was truly excellent. Not only the dagger didn't hemorrhage mana like my earlier attempts, allowing me to use it much more effectively, but the effect was amplified as well.

Unfortunately, I didn't have enough time to admire the dagger with the other four death bolts arriving. This time, rather than dodging, I grabbed the third necromancer and pulled him in front of me, manhandling him with my strength like a toy, using him as a shield, while I stabbed the last one in the hearth. Two of the death bolts hit him, while the other two went wide, missing us altogether. He absorbed most of the energy, though a small part of it splashed over me, with an effect that would be devastating to a lesser man.

[-129 HP]

After receiving the bulk of the energy from two death bolts, the necromancer was still alive without noticeable damage, which didn't surprise me, as they were quite adept in handling death energy. He would have got stronger if he had completed his transformation to lichdom, but in his current state, reducing the impact was the best he could do. However, his wellness collapsed significantly when he received my dagger in his kidney, the life energy I converted through Biomancy wreaking havoc in his system. Rather than finishing him off directly, I pumped him with life energy, before I kicked him, launching him toward the new wave of attack I received from the other side, skewered by the earth spikes and burnt by the fireball.

Then, I turned back and dashed away, escaping the impact area of the ward before the lich could complete his spell. The angry cry of the lich as the spell exploded the area I vacated was a song to my ear, though I was still received quite a bit of impact from the splash, enough to remind me that playing with them was dangerous.

[-351 HP]

I turned a corridor, then cast another simple Biomancy spell, faking life energy getting away while I crouched in the shadows, letting the necromancers escape. Of course, the necromancers didn't chase me blindly. Even they were smart enough not to do so after my display of physical superiority. I felt their flares of death energy, and several strong signatures

walked closer, their purity of death energy more like the regular necromancers rather than pure like the lich, but much stronger. In total, there were eight of those.

I stayed stuck firmly against the wall, waiting for those figures to pass. Four of them pushed forward, while four of them stayed with the necromancers. Soon, four armored figures with glowing eyes passed me, unable to detect my presence.

Death Knights, I recognized them. Essentially, they were not exactly undead, but not exactly living as well, kind of like a necromancer going through a transformation, but unlike the necromancers, they stayed in that state. According to what I found out during my library trips, they were made from captured warriors, through a unique and very difficult method, preserved most of their stats, and even some of their skills, only without a mind to drive them, instead of following the commands of the lich that bound them. And due to the cost associated with their crafting, the liches rarely bothered to convert anyone lower than Level fifteen. They were rarely seen, because then they were precious enough that only a minority —the strongest ones — of the liches possessed one.

I doubted the lich that was directing the wards were strong enough to possess eight of them, so, either they were a combination of effort from a bunch of liches, or they belonged to a much stronger one, one that was not afraid of the others trying to steal its possessions.

Regardless of the reason, I was facing an opportunity to damage their strength much more than taking down a bunch of useless necromancers, or even a couple of low-tier liches. And it wasn't just about the battle potential. Death knights were an integral part of the lich's power, and destroying them might affect the leadership structure of the horde, as creatures that were willing to surrender their humanity for an eternal cursed existence weren't the kindest when it came to power struggles.

Still, I let four of them walk away, while sending a subtle signal to Titania, asking her to attack them once they turned their back to attack me. I gripped my dagger, tight like a spring, ready to launch forward. Then, two more death knights passed me, followed by the necromancers and the lich, and two more death knights behind them.

It was time to strike.

My dagger was shining as I escaped the cover of the shadows as I pushed it to the limit, filling it with life energy.

[-361 Mana]

Even then, however, when I stabbed the first death knight, it barely staggered, still swinging its sword. They were stronger than I expected, and much more resilient. I dodged the swing and damaged it again, this time managing to disable its arm. Behind them, I could see the necromancers preparing to attack. I didn't have a lot of time to waste, but I still didn't want to reveal my magical abilities, so I did the next best thing, and dumped even more mana to the dagger.

[-819 Mana]

It was cracking badly under the strain of mana, so, I did the best I could do, and stabbed the dagger at the mouth opening of the armor, which was pointless to exist on an undead as they didn't need to breathe, but I was more than happy to abuse the stylistic choice. Then, I dashed away, doing my best to get away before the dagger malfunctioned. It proved to be the correct choice, as the explosion was spectacular, sending pieces of death knight's armor around like a bomb, killing the nearest two necromancers, and wounding four others.

And just like that, with the high cost of a specially-crafted magical dagger, I was able to take down a death knight without revealing my magic.

Titania chose that exact moment to hit the other regiment, and her light magic filled the corridor, however, it was much more concentrated as she tried to burn down four death knights. Still, among the brightness, the death knights changed direction and charged toward her. I had the hope that she could take them down.

Then, things went horribly wrong. A cry of anger reverberated in the corridors, laced with death energy, strong enough to damage me without touching.

[-193 HP]

The damage itself was trivial, but the reaction of the death knights was the scary part. Their eyes started to burn with ethereal blue light, and the closest one swung its sword —now burning with a blue flame that radiated coldness and death— while the others started to move much faster. And like that wasn't enough, a deadly presence appeared on the depths of the base, enough to blanket my death senses.

It seemed that my earlier guess was correct. Those death knights belonged to a much stronger lich.

And by destroying one of its death knights, I managed to anger it thoroughly.

The presence was getting closer to us, and in the background, I could feel some kind of magic going haywire. Apparently, it was busy with something important, and when it decided to take revenge for the destruction of its death knight, I caused whatever magical experiment or ritual it was busy to be destroyed. Like it needed another reason to chase me down...

As much as I wanted to test myself against such a presence to understand my true limits, I decided to follow the better part of the valor, and escape. Not only I was horribly undergeared for such a confrontation, the middle of their base, while surrounded by hordes of undead and the untold number of wards was not the best time to test my limits. Instead, I decided to dash through the crowd in front of me to meet with Titania, hoping to rely on my Speed. Not the best option, as I managed to receive a bad wound from one of the remaining death knights, which hurt much worse than I had been expecting, even though it was a glancing blow.

[-792 HP]

However, it only made me dash forward faster, because I didn't want Titania to be locked between four of them. She might survive a blow. Might. She wouldn't survive four of them.

Luckily, even with the boost from their owner, they weren't as fast as me, and since the four of them were focused on them, dodging those was much easier. "It's time to go," I said to Titania as I grabbed her in a bridal hold, and dashed forward, as fast as I could.

Realizing the situation, Titania started using Arcana to cast impediments rather than trying to kill them with her light magic, but the death knights were able to shatter them with a stab, barely slowing down. "Why are they so strong," she gasped.

"I have a feeling that we stumbled upon the opponent of our dear headmistress," I quipped even as I dashed, not bothering to hide as I run through many of the weaker undead that tried to cut our path, none fast enough to even touch me at full step.

Still, a smirk appeared on my face as I slowed down slightly, just enough so that the four death knights were just a few steps behind us when we finally entered the secret passage I had prepared.

The secret passage that I filled with a great number of traps. Then, when I arrived at the middle of the passage, I cast an air-elemental, much stronger than the ones I cast before. Not the most efficient way to leverage my mana, but with a frenzied lich trying to catch up, it wasn't time to be stingy.

[-4915 Mana]

I jumped on top of the air elemental, and it dashed away faster than a tornado. The moment we left the cave, I triggered all the traps I had created the previous time, where I had spent hours and a great number of magical reagents. I would have waited a bit more, but I was afraid one of the necromancers recognizing the trap and warning the death knights.

Then, we rode into the dark of the night, with a white glow covering our escape, leaving behind four death knights which almost certainly turned into glitter in the core of the explosion...

[Level: 30 Experience: 439500 / 465000

Strength: 36 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 44

HP: 3455 / 4920 Mana: 936 / 6300]

SKILLS

Master Melee [100/100]

Master Tantric [100/100]

Master Biomancy [100/100]

Master Elemental [100/100]

Master Subterfuge [97/100]

Master Arcana [90/100]

Expert Speech [66/75]

Advanced Craft [31/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Eighty-Four

“Wow, that was exciting,” I murmured even as I hugged Titania on top of the strongest air elemental I had created on the cost of wasting quite a bit of mana, getting away from the underground base as fast as possible, which seemed like an excellent idea after I had triggered the trap with the four death knights at the epicenter, angering their owner. And based on the sheer strength and resistance those Death Knights displayed even before their owner buffed them to their maximum capacity, I managed to anger a mysterious corpse that was best left undisturbed.

For some reason, I had a feeling that after destroying five of his eight Death Knights which were strong enough to tank a full-powered strike from Titania, that mysterious lich might feel a smudge of grudge toward me.

Luckily, the two factors that ensured renown of the liches were their capacity for boundless mercy as well as their ability to take accidental setbacks in good humor!

Meanwhile, Titania was breathing wildly as she tried to process what had happened, the impact of the deadly situation hitting harder than she was used to without the protection of the emotional dampener, her breathing out of control. “Calm down,” I whispered into her ear even as I caressed her hair. “Whatever it was, we’re already moving too fast for it to catch up,” I murmured.

“What if it has a faster mount,” Titania gasped in shock. “Even his Death Knights was able to take my full-powered attack. How can an undead resist the destructive powers of the light? It’s impossible.”

It was clearly not impossible, but putting that out directly wouldn’t have helped Titania to calm down. So, rather than trying to explain, I hugged her tighter even as I used to cast a healing spell on her, to suppress her adrenaline and relax her out-of-control breathing for a while.

[-19 Mana]

“I’m sure that they had some special protections against light magic,” I murmured after she calmed down a bit more, trying to calm her down about her inability to take down Death Knights with one burst attack despite depleting her mana. “After all, you’re one of the biggest challenges for them. It makes sense for them to prepare specifically against you.” It didn’t exactly make sense, as while Titania was strong, the lich we faced shouldn’t need to work that much to take Titania down.

“You’re right,” she mumbled sleepily as she let herself relax against my chest, her eyes closed as we traveled, her tension draining without a follow-up assault. The exhaustion and the aftermath of the combat had caught up with her, and she didn’t have a monstrous Endurance to blunt the impact. “They definitely have some counters against the light magic. Otherwise, they could never take down the headmistress...”

“Right,” I said even as I caressed her hair, letting her fall asleep. I was glad that she closed her eyes, because she missed the expression of shock that doubtlessly covered my face as a reaction to the secret she had slipped from her mouth.

She was confirming that the headmistress using light magic! I barely kept myself from gasping in shock. Neither my research, nor anything I had felt during my visit indicated anything about her using light magic —other than the dubious sensation I had felt from her probe. Titania’s confirmation didn’t simplify things. Rather, it made it even more complicated considering the aura of darkness in her room being so thick that I would have suspected her being in cohorts with the undead if it wasn’t for her position invalidating such a need.

Titania’s careless reveal about her true abilities put a rather interesting spin on things. Most importantly, it removed the possibility that the sensation of lightness was a unique trait of her probing, and elevated it into one of her core abilities. So, she was either like me, with a wide range of abilities, and hiding some of those as secondary secrets, or all the darkness was there to conceal her true abilities.

How interesting...

Since I had wasted an excessive amount of mana on the air elemental, we managed to arrive at the school in several minutes, including a small break I took to cure us.

[-74 Mana]

[-559 Mana]

[+1465 HP]

Still, the journey was not nearly enough to process all implications of the headmistress’s surprise ability. Pity that the presence of that lich was too important to delay reporting, so I took Titania with a bridal hold before sneaking inside. Only when we were in an empty corner not too far away from the headmistress’s office, I woke her up with a kiss on the cheek.

[+50 Experience]

She murmured gently like a particularly cute cat before she cracked her eyes to look around, only to realize we were on the feet of the headmistress's tower. "Good morning," I said mockingly.

"Shut up," she murmured as she jumped up her feet, conjuring a mirror to check her face. Then, after making sure everything was in order, she grabbed my hand and tried to drag me toward the headmistress's tower, only for me to stay still. "What are you waiting for, we need to talk with her and explain everything," she said panickedly. "That lich is too dangerous."

"I know, that's why I brought you here," I murmured, still trying to decide whether to go with her or not. Going with her, I risked revealing my secrets, but still, I was considering it. It wasn't all negative, by being there, I could run interference between her and Titania, at least until Titania got a better handle of her new emotional state. Not to mention, I didn't want to let Titania go for too long. The emergence of such a dangerous creature was a warning for me to get stronger even further. While the most critical part of it was the new weapons I was going to forge with Oeyne, more levels wouldn't hurt, especially if I could use them to bring my capabilities even further.

Still, while I finally made the decision to accompany her, I still needed to give her an excuse for why I was hesitating. "Sorry, I was just thinking..." I murmured, faking indecisiveness.

"Thinking what," she said. "Whatever it is, it can't be as important as that scary undead. Let's go."

I still didn't move, and when she looked at me angrily, I smirked at her. "I was thinking what to say if she asks how you regenerated your mana that quickly to go for a raid, and how you regenerated it further during the raid," I explained.

"W-what!" she stammered, her earlier bravado evaporating instant. "What are you talking about?!" she said, slapping my shoulder just to underline it further.

I shrugged lazily. "It's a valid question, but I can just answer her questions directly if you think it's a pointless concern."

"No!" she exclaimed. "You can't tell her thfat! It's... It's... indecent," she finished after a couple of attempts, her voice barely a whisper by the last word.

"Okay, then you should explain it."

"No need," Titania cut it off. "If she asks, I strained myself too much, and need a couple of days

to recover.” Then, she looked at me threateningly while pinched my hand. “Nothing else, understood.”

I nodded, but rather than answering, I sneaked forward and stole another kiss from her beautiful lips.

[+50 Experience]

Her frustrated growl afterward was too exaggerated to be genuine, not to mention, if she disliked it, it would mean her tongue got into my mouth accidentally. I just smirked, which earned another growl before she grabbed my hand, prepared to drag me to the meeting.

I was really liking her new expressive personality.

So much that, I wanted to have another taste of her deliciousness before we go to the meeting. A gasp escaped when I pushed her against the wall, her chest pressing against the wall, with only her robe to protect her. Before she could even realize what was going on, I pulled her robe above her hips, revealing her delicious nakedness, unable to be covered by the ruins of her skirt. “W-what are you doing,” she stammered in shock, just as my fingers caressed her wetness.

“Helping you to wake up properly before the meeting,” I whispered even as I pressed my shaft against her entrance, easily slipping into her familiar wetness.

She failed to come up with an answer to my brazen statement as I started pumping inside her, in an open area where anyone could walk in. It was very unlikely for anyone to sneak up to me even when I wasn’t paying attention of course, but that didn’t prevent her from panicking. I slipped deeper inside while she tried to get a handle of the situation, enjoying her wetness.

[+500 Experience]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 62%]

She managed to suppress her moans by biting her lips even as she abandoned herself to my grasp, enjoying the assault. Though, a minute later, she managed to ask a question. “Why I’m not recovering any mana?” she murmured dazedly.

“Because I’m not giving you any,” I answered even as I grabbed her ass tighter, slamming my hips even harder against hers, loud enough to necessitate a quick silencing ward.

“But...” she gasped in shock. “Why are we doing it then?”

I leaned for a quick kiss before I pulled back, keeping my gaze on her beautiful gray eyes. “Because I want to fuck you,” I answered directly.

The blush that spread on her face was simply spectacular. The fact that I was enjoying sex with her was not a surprise, nor I was the only one that was enjoying it. We had done the naked dance enough to remove any kind of mystery about that. Still, the excuse of mana transfer always stood in between her and the honest acknowledgment of her transformation, however flimsy.

Then, just after such a momentous battle, and before a critical meeting, I pulled the pretense down, forcing her to acknowledge the truth. And from the way she tightened and her hips quickened, I could see that she accepted the truth exactly the same way I hoped she would...

The realization, combined with her growing arousal, hit her strong, and soon, she was tightening around my body, her subtle moans mixing with mine.

[+900 Experience]

[Companion Acquisition: Progress 69%]

I would have loved to pump her until I stained her insides once more, but pity that we had an important meeting, and she needed to be nominally presentable. I pulled out of her, and she collapsed on the floor for a minute, trying to catch her breath under my amused glare.

“Shut up,” she murmured with a cute blush as she conjured another mirror, and fixed her appearance before grabbing my hand once more to drag me to the meeting. I allowed her to do so, even though messing with her more sounded really tempting.

But as we climbed up the stairs of the tower, I replaced that smile with a calm yet hard-to-read expression, which, counter-intuitively, would have made her focus me more. This time, however, I wasn't as afraid of her probes, because I had the time to construct a more robust soul space for her to probe, with just enough extra power to convincingly sell our adventure, and the achievement of taking down five Death Knights and a big chunk out of the undead army—thanks to the explosion of the latest trap.

Titania squeezed my hand for one last time before she knocked on the door, and we walked inside.

Once again, the first thing I noticed as we walked inside was the aura of darkness that was thick enough to slam my face. Thick, viscous darkness that almost throbbed threateningly, promising to engulf everything. Despite expecting it, my instincts cried in alarm, the hair on the back of my head standing out. All the while, the headmistress sat on her chair behind her intimidatingly large desk, her cloaked and hunched figure almost a silhouette with just one small crystal glow to brighten the room.

She was giving the impression of an evil witch perfectly. Too perfectly, even...

I had to admit, it was an excellent setup, so much that, along with her intimidation factor — both in terms of power, and the suspicious lack of skill improvement next to her— it would have tricked me if it wasn't for Titania's slip about the light magic and my own discoveries about the feel of her mana when she tried to probe me. However, looking with a new perspective, I could finally see the seams of her trick, like watching a street illusionist for the second time after learning how the trick worked.

"You look exhausted," the headmistress said to Titania, which triggered a lengthy explanation from her, including how we traveled, the battle tricks, and the intimating presence of the lich and the Death Knights. Most noticeably, however, she neglected to mention the little detail of mana transfer, with all the tricks it implied. It was endearingly cute to watch her gloss over such a critical piece of information just because she felt ashamed.

Her lengthy explanation gave me the excuse to analyze the suffocating aura of darkness in a more detailed manner. I appreciated the extra time, because it took almost five minutes for me to acclimatize myself to the darkness thick enough to choke my senses despite my overwhelming abilities.

The first thing I was able to definitely prove about the aura was the uniformity of it. Despite its strength and the implied chaos of the darkness, the pressure itself was smooth, suspiciously so, like amber frozen around a flower, preserving it to eternity. Such a juxtaposition between concepts would have been enough to awaken my curiosity if I wasn't already alert due to the significance of the headmistress on my safety.

So, I delved deeper, to understand the reason for that smoothness. It took another couple of minutes for me to identify the source of the darkness. To my surprise, it confirmed my assumptions in a definite way I wasn't expecting.

The darkness was radiating from the ward that surrounded the room itself!

I could barely keep myself from exclaiming in shock as I realized that particular fact. The darkness didn't come from the headmistress, but the room itself. Combined with her dangerously-capable abilities in light magic if I were to take Titania's sleepy comment about light magic as an accurate assessment, it likely meant that the aura of the room ran contrary to her nature.

Unfortunately, there were too many possibilities for me to deduce, so, when Titania's explanation finally reached the Death Knights—which distracted the headmistress significantly— I finally had the courage to extend a tendril of mana toward her, just a lingering touch, nothing more. Risky, but no risk, no reward. And even if she detected my intrusion, what she was going to do, kill me on the eve of a dangerous assault, where I might prove critical to save her school.

The tendril of mana tried to slip underneath her robe, however, only to be absorbed immediately, giving me just a glimpse before disappearing. But even that glimpse was confusing enough, because I received two different sensations at the same time. The first felt like an endless sea of light, reminding me of Titania's Acolyte core, but only purer, and spread around rather than collected as a core, therefore less intense.

The second was a raging piece of darkness, strong and pulsating, for some reason, giving me a sensation of a rabid animal, locked behind iron doors, but slamming repeatedly in search of freedom. Whatever it was, it wasn't good news, so much that I was glad my intrusion went unnoticed.

She was not a creature of darkness, with some interesting selection of lighter magic. No, on the opposite, she was a creature of light, but for reason, carried a mark of darkness. The question, whether that mark was intentional, or something that she was forced to carry.

As a result, I looked at the hunched figure of the headmistress, hidden under her magically-insulating cloak, with even more questions. She was even more mysterious than the rare stories about her implied—though the fact that the stories about her were rare in the first place while she led one of the most premier institutions in the world kind of reinforced the point. I was starting to believe that the whole point of having that ward was to hide her presence. Of course, that raised two more questions.

Why she was trying to hide?

And more importantly, who, or what, she was trying to hide from?

[Level: 30 Experience: 441000 / 465000

Strength: 36 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 44

HP: 4920 / 4920 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 [90/100]

Expert Speech [66/75]

Advanced Craft [31/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Eighty-Five

After making the last deduction, I continued sitting, listening as Titania finished her explanation. Just as I predicted, I felt the tendrils of headmistress' mana probing my soul space once again after Titania explained the final fate of the Death Knights, though it was smoother than her previous attempt. Less wary, for a lack of better term. Maybe the perceived ease of success she had experienced the last time made her more confident.

Considering her age that spanned centuries and her implied power, her flight of confidence was understandable. I could certainly empathize with it, as I had suffered my own share of those bouts, the most recent one being daring to probe her simultaneously. Of course, it was possible that it was a giant double-bluff on her part, but I didn't want to focus on that probability. Not because of the relative unlikeness, but because if she was aware of my tricks and playing me, there wasn't a lot I could do against it. There was no chance I could stand against it, certainly not in her seat of power.

So, rather than going into a complicated assessment of possibilities, I tried to focus on what I could do, and analyzed her probe to the best of my ability. The bright nature of her mana was not a surprise at this point, but I still made sure to give a detailed examination, making sure it wasn't a trick to mislead me. Luckily, she was making it very easy by pushing her mana inside my soul space—a fake one, but still, firmly under my control.

However, the more I examined, the more shocked I felt. The Light was the true nature of her mana, which, despite its unassuming status, was actually a very critical finding. Because, a mage's mana took the flavor of their strongest abilities, ultimately, it was just that, a flavor, something that happened only on the surface, with only flakes of transformation affecting the core unless it was an actively-cast spell.

The headmistress' mana was not like that. It was almost pure Light magic even in its resting state—with hints of darkness that felt like contamination, possible to detect only because I had felt the weird pulsating darkness in its core, allowing me to assess with a more discerning eye.

She pulled her probe before I could delve deeper into the mystery of her mana. I didn't feel disappointed, because I was sure that having a couple of extra minutes wouldn't help me solve that particular mystery. I simply lacked far too many variables. Maybe it was about bringing one's skills to absolute perfection—if such a thing even existed in the first place—or maybe it was related to the Acolyte ability of Titania that had been suppressing her emotion, but only stronger.

Maybe was something completely different..

So, when the headmistress finally spoke once more, after a minute of silence following Titania's story, I didn't have any trouble abandoning that particular line of thought for a later date. "You were lucky," she said in her cracking, raspy voice that screamed old. "You managed to survive Zokras the Eternal's rage."

I didn't have a reaction to her statement, which was okay, as Titania reacted for both of us with a loud gasp. I was so lucky that her emotional state was also a side effect of mana exhaustion, as otherwise, the headmistress might have got suspicious enough to check her. "Impossible," Titania gasped. "Is he still alive?" I chuckled at her description of a lich, and she slapped my shoulder immediately. "Shut up," she murmured shyly. "You know what I mean."

"Sorry," I said unapologetically, while I could feel the headmistress's attention sharpening further from a slight shift in her posture. In such a secretive person, that was the equivalent of a dramatic gasp. At this point, a little flirting was the best chance to distract her from the really important secrets. It wasn't like Titania was able to hide her emotions during her explanation. "So, who is this Zokras?"

"He's one of the oldest liches known, and a major reason the undead are still a major threat rather than a pest that slammed down where it occurred," Titania explained. "Almost two hundred years ago, the Empire led a crusade against a coalition of dark, and according to the stories, a deadly ambush from Zokras was one of the major reasons for failure. Though I don't know how accurate the story was, as according to the stories, he was supposed to be destroyed completed. "

I turned to the headmistress, and she just nodded. "No, he escaped," she said, and for the first time, I felt a tinge of emotion in her tone. Fury. Pure, unadulterated fury. Then a flicker of aura accompanied it, one that burned as bright as the sun, threatening to eradicate the darkness that filled the room. It lasted barely a fraction of a second, and even I would have missed its nature if I wasn't deliberately looking for light magic, but the intensity and purity of her ability were shocking.

However, her momentary flare of anger didn't come without a cost. She started coughing, followed by a flare of darkness, which also came from her. Whatever the darkness she had in, it broke the containment for a while, and her painful coughs were the result. Titania stood up, ready to help, but the headmistress stopped her. "Sit down, child," she murmured. "I'm not old enough to be taken down by an old wound..."

That was another mystery revealed, I realized. However, unlike Titania's accidental slips, I had no doubt that the headmistress had revealed that fact intentionally, though it was more of leveraging her earlier failure of containment rather than a planned ploy, because, despite her best efforts, I could see her arms trembling under her imposing robe. Her intention wasn't hard to guess either. With the appearance of her old enemy Zokras, she clearly needed some more allies, and despite my lack of background, I was a good ally, after proving myself without a doubt by destroying five Death Knights of Zokras, proving both my abilities and my side on the upcoming battle, without a doubt.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" I offered despite knowing she wouldn't accept. "I have a fair hand in healing spells."

"No need," she whispered. "Unfortunately, curing it is a bit more difficult than a fresh cut." I nodded at her kind dismissal, but said nothing else while she examined me carefully. "You're a surprising variable," she finally muttered. "What exactly do you seek that made you hide in my school for several years under a fake identity?" she finally asked.

"Oh, this and that," I murmured, doing my best to keep my expression calm. The fact that she assumed my presence was a carefully-arranged fake posting was very reasonable. Based on the facts in hand, that was the only reasonable conclusion. After all, who would assume that until less than a month, I was nothing more than a simpering fool, walking around like a hypnotized ape, stupid and weak? Her assumption about my roots was a bit curious though, as it was rather difficult to make sure I hadn't killed the previous Mule and took his identity weeks ago. Maybe she had a mysterious method to validate that, or maybe she was just relying on the information Titania provided.

Though regardless of her method, her attempts of the investigation were doomed to fail, simply because her initial assumption was faulty. My sudden increase of power was impossible to be factored in.

"This and that," the headmistress murmured, her croaky voice gaining a threatening edge, accompanied by her magical pressure.

Despite her naked intimidation, I looked at her coolly, without flinching. She might be stronger than me, but after killing those Death Knights, and with her obvious attempts to recruit me to her inner circle, I held all the cards. Combine that with the fact that it was impossible to unearth about the 'mysterious organization' that supported me, the headmistress had a hand too weak to even threaten a dire rabbit... "Yes," I murmured in the same tone. "This and that."

Funnily enough, it was Titania that broke our standoff, by rudely kicking me in the shin. “Don’t be an asshole,” she chided me. “You’re doing that intentionally.”

“Sorry,” I said to Titania with a chuckle, before turning toward the headmistress once more. “Well, actually I was doing less than you might expect. I’m mostly here to do some confidential research, searching for some ancient secrets that need to stay unmentioned for the moment. It’s more like an extended holiday after my latest mission rather than a true mission, actually. A bit of reading, some sightseeing, and maybe some recruitment of sharper candidates, but those are all bonuses.” Still, even as I said those words, I had to suppress my heartbeat to a more normal level. I was confident in my position, but it still didn’t change the fact that I was giving lip to one of the most dangerous people I had ever encountered —which is a toss-up between her and Zokras.

“Yet you’re in the middle of my fight with the biggest undead coalition that had seen since two centuries,” the headmistress countered. “Wouldn’t that make your bosses unhappy?”

“Eeh,” I murmured as I shook my hand dismissively. “We’re not that strict when it comes to following orders. And we can’t exactly talk about bosses. We’re more like a loose collection of individuals, concerned about the inevitable decline of the world, doing our best to limit the damages. It wouldn’t be the first time I destroyed an army full of undead, or assassinated a few pesky necromancers with more ambition than sense without any confirmation from the rest of the group.”

“How interesting,” the headmistress murmured while I was impressed by the bullshit I was able to spew, though her tone maintained its usual croaky quality. “Is there any chance for your group to send more assistance, and in return, we might discuss what Silver Spires could do to support them once the current crisis has passed. Maybe I could help you search your ancient texts.”

“Let’s not go into a discussion of reward immediately,” I quickly cut her off, not wanting to reveal what I was searching for. I didn’t want to reveal anything about my power, because not only I didn’t trust her for anything above this crisis, but also revealing it would unravel my nice blanket of lies, leaving me unprotected against outside ploys. “However, I’m going to mention the possibility to the rest of the group, and then we’ll see if there’s any spare manpower they could afford to share. But don’t expect anything in the short term, as one of the disadvantages of the decentralized organization is a slow response time.”

The headmistress nodded, no doubt confused by the plethora of possibilities that our talk had implied. The silence stretched, a minute at first, then two, elongating further and further. I

wondered whether she was trying to come to a decision, or using another intimidation tactic, though I had a feeling that it was both.

Her next words carried a surprise, more to Titania than me, though my shock was considerably strong as well. “Would you be interested in a personal trade, the power of light magic, in exchange for a tighter coordination between us during the crisis,” she offered.

“You can’t,” Titania gasped in shock. “With your injury that might-” she tried to continue, only for the headmistress to silence her with a gesture.

“Enough, I know my health more than you,” she warned Titania before turning toward me. “What do you think?”

“I didn’t know it was possible to just acquire abilities, especially when it came to rare abilities like light magic, but it sounds like a good deal,” I said, acting like I had no idea about what she had in mind. Still, even those words alone were a sufficient treasure from this meeting. Just by a sentence, I learned that Titania’s Acolyte status was either directly from the headmistress, or she was somehow a conduit to it —considering the pure light nature of her mana, I was more inclined to think it was the first.

Which made my decision not to reveal my secrets even better, considering the implied rivalry —as implied by my achievements, with a mysterious intensity which might range from friendly competition to outright hatred— between the source of my power and the light magic.

“There are many secrets buried in the history of the System, and many ways to go above its natural development,” the headmistress whispered theatrically, but in her tone, I could sense a hint of elation. Of course, why she felt so was a mystery, maybe she was happy that she discovered a strong hook, the information about the System, to bargain with my group, or maybe, she was happy with my interest in her power, hoping that its emotional-suppression abilities —and possible brainwashing capabilities— would help her to control me, or at least influence me.

“Sounds interesting,” I murmured. “May I have a day or two to think?” I asked, which earned a nod. “Excellent,” I murmured. “What should we do about the princess?”

For that, the headmistress shrugged. “Feel free to handle however you feel appropriate,” she said. “It fits better under your organization’s remit of preventing the decline.”

“As you wish,” I answered. I was impressed with her answer, as she suddenly turned a dangerous aspect of the crisis she was facing into a huge test for me, and my imaginary

organization. Which meant I needed to pay more attention to the incoming visit of the princess. “Do you mind if I introduce myself as a hidden protector of the library, just to make discussion with the princess smoother?” The headmistress nodded.

I would have cursed my big mouth if I hadn’t been looking forward to getting acquainted with the princess in the first place. At least, in this way, I could take more overt actions, without a need to stay under notice all the time.

After another lengthy pause, the headmistress pointed at the door, which was opened magically, signaling the end of the meeting. It was a bit unnecessary as a power move in my opinion. Still, I wasn’t surprised, as the more I learned about her, the more I realized just how much of her dangerous dark witch persona was constructed rather than natural.

“You can’t accept, she can’t handle another transfer,” Titania gasped in shock the moment we left the tower, her hands clasp around my arm desperately.

“Calm down,” I whispered, caressing her cheek gently. “You’re stressed and exhausted. Why don’t you go back to your room and try to sleep for a few hours while I go talk with my organization. Then, after you feel less frazzled, we can discuss it. But I promise I won’t make a decision without talking to you,” I whispered. It was rather easy to make promises when one didn’t care about the reward in question in the first place. For me, Titania herself was leagues more important than an extra skill, especially one that might hurt me as likely as it might help me.

“Thanks,” Titania murmured, and then with a surprising gesture, raised to her toes before stealing a gentle kiss, and dashed away shyly.

[+50 Experience]

“What a cute development,” I murmured in fascination as I turned my back, chuckling as I walked toward the Hall of Craft.

I wanted to test my newest skill and talk about the princess some more. Getting another taste of the caramel skin of Oeyne was just a bonus.

A very nice bonus...

[Level: 30 Experience: 441500 / 465000]

Strength: 36 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 44

HP: 4920 / 4920 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 [90/100]

Expert Speech [66/75]

Advanced Craft [31/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Eighty-Six

When I left the headmistress's office, it was still the nighttime, with at least two hours until dawn. So, I expected Oeyne to sleep. If it wasn't for the impending visit of the mysterious oldest princess of the Empire, I might have refrained from waking her up, but that discussion already forced me to reveal some of my cards.

Compared to that, breaking her wards to visit her without permission was not a big deal.

The doors of the Hall of Craft was closed to the visitor during the night, but since they had many apprentices and servants bustling around to clean and to replenish their material stocks, I managed to sneak in without even skipping a step, as easy as I was entering my own room. Though, with my current abilities and the latest boost I received, breaking into Oeyne's room only took a moment's concentration, a complicated flaring of my mana enough to unravel her whole protection scheme.

[+1 Arcana]

[-16 Mana]

I was expecting to find a silent room, maybe with a soft snore if Oeyne had indulged in too much alcohol. Instead, I found her on the desk next to her forge, a huge pile of papers in front of her, with another pile of bottles next to her that rivaled the papers on the side. My eyes widened as I measured the size of the pile. No wonder she was feeling hungover in the mornings even with her supernatural endurance, if that was her casual consumption. She wasn't drunk, as she was still clear-minded enough to work on her complicated smithing schemes —though double-checking them after sobering was likely a good idea.

I walked without bothering to hide, but she was far too focused on her task to notice me, even when I stood behind her and read her work over her shoulder.

[+2 Craft]

The notification surprised me quite a bit, so I decided to make a small game out of waiting, curious how long it would take for her to notice me. However, after a couple of minutes passed, I had to admit that it was very unlikely for her to notice me, at least not until she noticed my presence. However, the bigger disappointment came when I looked down at her cleavage to enjoy the other benefit of my position.

[Level Difference of five or more! No Experience]

I sighed disappointedly as I noticed that particular detail, as realized I had overgrown yet another source of experience. Yes, there was still the experience I could gain from the companion process, but I wasn't willing to progress that with Oeyne yet, not until I could get a better handle of her relationship with the princess, and the possible implications of her visit. I had already pushed my luck too far by my trick with Titania, but at least, the headmistress needed me, enough to come up with an offer of empowerment —both to increase my value and to control me, but there was a general understanding between us.

At least, I hoped that was the case...

With the princess, things were a bit different. I didn't know anything other than a few nuggets I had managed to extract from Oeyne and Titania, and neither was the embodiment of political awareness. Moreover, from what I understood, the princess' position was weak enough to actually use my existence as a bargaining chip against her rivals —I still didn't know how rare was my abilities to give extra powers or assess them directly. The headmistress also had them in some fashion, which meant they weren't completely unique, but the headmistress was one of the most mysterious characters in the Empire, therefore not the best benchmark about the rarity of an ability.

Luckily, I had many ways of enjoying our time without triggering the process of the Companion Process further, and the simplest one was enjoying the look of her spectacular body.

Her caramel skin looked even better under the murky shadows of the room, illuminated by a solitary crystal on her desk and the ever-glowing coals of her forge, adding a flickering pink tint to her light brown skin, which made her look even more luscious. And considering how she looked like sex incarnate without paying the slightest attention to her clothing and posture thanks to her bountiful curves and perfect body, it was a considerable achievement.

Her current clothing also enhanced her sexiness quite a bit. As usual, she wasn't exactly dressed to impress, rather, just wearing the stuff she wore when she slept in her lonesome. Thanks to her curves, however, a shirt old enough to lose most of its color, with several small burn marks littering revealing the glimpses of her more intimate parts of her body including her lack of a bra, worked like a wondrous piece of clothing rather than garbage only fit to be used as a rag.

The shorts that were responsible for covering her bountiful ass was in a better condition, but that didn't affect her sexiness, especially since her shorts were both tiny enough to reveal her toned legs, and clingy enough to reveal the curves of her ass. The soft material looked

comfortable, but without detracting it from her sexiness. So, splitting my attention between the schematics she was working on, and her body, wasn't exactly a chore, even without the benefit of some extra experience.

[+7 Craft]

Still, I decided to act when the skill acquisition started to slow down, because the blueprints she was scribbling were too complicated to understand, especially since I didn't know their ultimate aim. Still, from the details of the magical aspects, which I was very well-versed in, I could see many errors, some of which she managed to fix with each iteration, but only through making even more major changes.

If the smithing portions of the calculations were as riddled with the mistakes, no wonder I couldn't understand what she was trying to do...

"How about if you link the secondary structures together directly-" I started, a smirk on my face, only for her to swing her arm in panic. Understandable, considering I had startled her completely.

Her punch flew threateningly, cutting through the air at a scary velocity even when she was unprepared. Her strength was not a joke. I had no doubt that if I let her hit a wall with minimal magical reinforcements, she would punch through, even when she was unprepared and poorly balanced.

Too bad that I had enough strength to catch the said threatening punch without flinching. Her expression of shock was beautiful, flaring at first because I caught her punch, only to burn even thicker when she realized my identity. "How have you been since we last met, Oeyne?" I said with a smirk, like the situation we were under was by any means normal.

"W-what are you doing here?" she whispered, shocked.

"Huh," I said lazily even as I let her hand go before pulling a chair for myself. "And here I am, expecting you to be curious about how I entered without alerting you." It was a trick I had leveraged several times to disrupt my opponents, the more casual I looked under dangerous circumstances, the more they panicked. And for the purposes of the conversation that was about to happen, Oeyne was definitely my opponent.

"How-" she stammered, only to cut short, her body alert. "What do you want?" she asked, alarmed.

“We need to talk about the upcoming visit of the princess,” I said.

“I know I shouldn’t have told you that,” Oeyne looked at me, alarmed, her fingers twitching. She wasn’t as bad as Aviada, but she was a straightforward person, so wanted to solve the problem directly. Still, she was reluctant, which was the whole point of the trick with the punch, telling her that I was more than I had revealed during our earlier talks. “Who are you?”

“For the purposes of the discussion, you can think of me as a patriotic citizen concerned with saving the life of a royal,” I said.

“Are you threatening-” she started, only to be cut short by a silencing spell.

[-5 Mana]

“Don’t talk nonsense,” I said lazily. “If I had any intention of harming her, I wouldn’t be here, talking to you,” I said.

The spell I used was rather simple, so it didn’t take much for her to break it. “Then, why are you here?”

“We need to make sure to arrange her security. First of all, is there a chance for her to still change her mind and cancel her visit? It’s really dangerous for her to be here.”

[+2 Speech]

Oeyne looked conflicted, but her drinking habits worked to my benefit, making her less cautious. Combined with her adrenaline rush, and the confusing pattern of discussion I had applied, she lost control of the talk.

“Not a chance,” she murmured. “She is already in a shaky position, and she barely arranged this visit. It’s impossible to cancel. One of her subordinates had discovered an old artifact that has the potential to rival some of the best weapons in the private armory of the Emperor, but only if it’s properly repaired. And she can’t trust anyone in the Capital, as if discovered, one of his brothers could stake their claim on the sword instead, leveraging their relative power. Royal politics are more complicated than I can understand.”

“I see,” I murmured. “So, we’re talking about a really important weapon. What’s that, a sword?”

“No, a spear,” Oeyne corrected.

“Still, is it really this important. There’s a high chance that she would die if she visits. The life of a princess should be more valuable than a spear. Is there really no way to cancel the trip.”

Oeyne stopped for a long breath. “Probably not. The task here is too important to delay, and her position is too shaky to hope for a reprieve.” She stopped for a moment for another breath. “But with her guards, she has the power to detect and avoid any ambush too big for her to defend against, and she should be secure once she steps into Silver Spires. No one would dare to attack a royal under the protection of the headmistress,” Oeyne explained, only to freeze when she saw my expression. “Right?” she continued, but her voice was much more vulnerable, asking for confirmation.

“Not if the headmistress is busy defending against several monster hordes and a huge undead army at the same time, while possible traitors launching an attack from inside the wards.”

“Impossible,” Oeyne murmured, but still, she obediently listened as I gave a breakdown of the major points, without revealing anything concrete like the location of the undead base or such, instead of leaning heavily onto the headmistress’ and Titania’s reputation, prompting Oeyne to ask them if she wants confirmation.

It took quite a while for her to process that, then she went in a different direction. “So, you’re a member of the headmistress’ inner circle, then,” Oeyne said. “A secret knife to the librarian’s sledgehammer of light.”

It was a good assumption, and for a moment, I was tempted to accept that, as it would make my job easier in the short term. Considering the limits of the circumstances, accepting that would be certainly convincing for the princess. On the other hand, it would completely cut any chance of making inroads to the princess without the involvement of the headmistress, as the princess would rightfully assume that the real decision-maker was the headmistress.

No, I decided. Staking my independence was the better option. “Not exactly,” I answered Oeyne. “I don’t belong to any power block in Silver Spire, or even in the Empire. We’re more like a group of loosely aligned allies, supporting each other in our missions, and the headmistress is a remote, but welcome ally. I’m actually in Silver Spires for a completely different reason.”

“Is this about the princess?” she asked.

“Sure,” I said. “If I could project the princess visiting two years in advance, of course.” She chuckled at my response. It wasn’t the best joke, hell, it was barely a joke, but the moment was tense enough that even the barest joke was a relief. “No, I’m here to do some research into the

past, some other aims. I come to find you because I genuinely need better gear, and you're the best unaffiliated blacksmith," I said, then grumbled playfully. "Or at least, you were supposed to be, this royal visit complicates things a bit. Maybe I should properly punish you for that," I added suggestively.

"Maybe you should," Oeyne countered, her smile no less delicious.

[Level: 30 Experience: 441500 / 465000

Strength: 36 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 44

HP: 4920 / 4920 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 [40/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Eighty-Seven

Oeyne's whisper was all the permission I needed to launch myself off my chair with a mighty push and grab her without slowing down, until she was sitting on her desk, her plump ass squishing the papers she had been working on all night. She didn't look perfectly happy with the way I manhandled them, but the merciless assault of my tongue gave her something better to focus on. Our lips did the familiar dance, her moans providing the accompanying music.

"Hey," she gasped, when we pulled away for a breather. "I need those papers."

"Are you sure?" I said, a mocking grin on my face as I grabbed one of the latest papers. "Because from what I had seen as you worked on them, you clearly have no idea what you are doing. The supporting enhancement structure is completely wrong, the magical containment field would self-destruct in three hits no matter how much adjustment you can squeeze through, and even with my limited smithing knowledge, I could see that the alloy for the repairs is completely wrong."

"I know," she frowned. "It's just an initial draft. I'll find the best way to work on it sooner or later."

Rather than answering, I pressed my lips against hers for another extended kiss, and happy to notice her aggressiveness bouncing up another notch. Deliciously torturing her the last time with all that edge play had been fun, but ultimately, Oeyne was a bundle of excess energy, and I liked her to be more active. As she tried to defend her territory, my fingers started to wander aggressively, digging into her supple flesh.

This time, the kiss lasted much longer than the earlier peck, and she was panting and gasping once I pulled back. She said nothing, but trying to look calm, but her frazzled hair and her parted legs were sufficient as the answer about just how much she was being affected by the kiss. Wordlessly, she begged for more.

I just chuckled in response. "Maybe we should work on it together from the design?" I offered even as I grabbed her nipple, twisting lazily like it was a desk toy to be played with whenever I was bored. She gasped in shock. "No disrespect to you in the field of smithing, but your accomplishment in magic is significantly below mine. And you need me in any case since the princess lacks a competent mage versed in those aspects."

"Maybe she does, maybe she doesn't," Oeyne tried to answer obscurely, trying to hide the princess' secrets, but it was too little too late.

Just to amuse myself, I gathered some cold-natured mana on my fingertip before I dragged it around her nipple, her thin top failing completely to cut the sensation. She gasped in shock while her nipples got even harder, pushing against the fabric of her flimsy shirt, begging to be cut free. And since I was such a nice guy, I ripped her shirt, freeing her tits from the tyranny of their coverage.

Only then, I answered her attempt to deflect. “Nice try, honey,” I said. “But if she had anyone to help her with that, you wouldn’t ask my help to help you forge.”

She failed to answer, blushing at her own slip. I was mostly sure, but her latest reaction confirmed that. Oeyne was really not fit for any kind of political intrigue. Living alone in Silver Spires, away from politics was the right choice for her. Still, while she searched for an answer to recover her situation—an answer that didn’t exist—I focused on her breasts, trailing her naked caramel skin...

She failed to come up with an answer, even when I stayed away from her lips. That didn’t mean I was depriving her of my kiss, of course, not when my lips landed on her cheek before trailing down to her jawline. I stayed there for a while, every kiss bringing me a tiny bit lower, and making her shiver a tiny bit more... When I finished my journey on her jawline and switched to her neck, trailing down much more aggressively, she was yet to find an answer.

“So, do you want my help in the design process?” I whispered as I nibbled her collarbones, while my hand sneaked to her back and dragging down her spine, making her purr.

“Maybe,” she murmured, before sighing in defeat. “I do need help. Even from the limited information they were able to send in advance, it’s obvious that the spear is well above anything I had ever seen. I don’t know I could even repair it without destroying it.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll handle it,” I whispered even as I separated my lips from her skin for a moment. “Why don’t you explain to me the details while I help you relax,” I whispered as I slipped even lower, and took her nipple in my mouth, caressing gently. She tasted sweet, with just a hint of smoke, reminding me of the best whiskeys.

“It’s made from an unknown alloy, supported by a wide number of magical arrays,” Oeyne started, launching an explanation that lasted almost ten minutes, telling me everything that they were able to decipher based on the spear, though toward the end, her explanation became hard to trace. No wonder she was having trouble developing a preliminary method, half of the magical information she presented contradicted the other half. The problem, we didn’t know whether it was the spear that was truly extraordinary to the point of breaking my

understanding of magical theories, or princess' assistants had screwed their diagnostic spells.

I hoped it was the first, which would allow me to push my abilities forward, but reasonably, I expected it to be the second.

Since I had decided that the preliminary work was of limited usefulness, I decided to use my time better, and increased the intensity of Oeyne's treatment. Moans started to interrupt her explanation rapidly, until her moans overtook the explanation itself. "Please," she gasped. "It's hard enough to remember everything already."

"No worries," I consoled her, even as I let my hands finally move down her belly and landing on the waistband of her shorts. "There are too many contradictions on the spell structure, to a point that it's impossible to solve the problem remotely. We just need to focus on processing the required materials, and some excess, as preparation. Others, we can focus on after the princess arrives with the spear. She just needs to stay as a guest for a few days while we decipher firsthand," I explained.

"Makes sense—" she managed to murmur before my hand slipped through the waistband of her shorts, circling around her knob, then her mouth was occupied by her moans. She leaned back, her hands landing on her desk, not caring about damaging the papers she had been working on all night anymore.

"So, tell me about the alloy structure, and how are you planning to repair such a dangerously magical weapon from a smithing perspective," I whispered.

"R-really," she managed to stammer between her moans. "Right now?"

"It's not like you're doing anything," I countered, my smirk wide enough to twist her face into annoyance, but it didn't last long, once again replaced by ecstasy. A measured flick to her clit while coating my finger with ice-mana saw to that.

"You're evil," she gasped, but still, her explanation started. "The root of the problem is creating the correct alloy structure..." she started, her moans slower than necessary.

[+1 Craft]

Happy with the quick skill gain, I slowed down my teasing, mostly to keep her coherent enough to continue her explanation, while distracted enough to occasionally slip one of her precious personal smithing secrets. For some of them, I was knowledgeable enough to understand their significance, though I had no doubt that for every single secret I understood, I was missing ten

of them. Luckily, with my Intelligence stat, I was able to memorize her words verbatim even as I enjoyed her juices flowing around my fingers, preparing for future success without sacrificing the present pleasure.

Multitasking had never been this fun.

There was a unique sense of pleasure derived from the sensation of control, watching her gasp and moan as my fingers slowly slipped inside her, teasing her most sensitive spot, but never enough to topple her to the other side. Her struggle to hide the impact of my moves made it even more delicious. Then, she reached the end of her explanation.

[+4 Craft]

At this point, I could have used follow-up questions to ferret out even more of her secrets, but ultimately, I decided that she had earned her reward through her obedience, and decided to deliver the implied promise. I kept my right where it was, with fingers buried in her snatch, while my left hand landed on the great expanse of her breasts, once again gorging itself with the delicious firmness of her breasts.

It was all that needed to push Oeyne into the territory where everything but the pleasure lost its significance. As my fingers disappeared in the great expanse of her caramel breasts, she moaned in pure ecstasy, forcing me to snatch her lips in another kiss just to protect my eardrums —not that kissing her plump lips as she writhed in pleasure was by any means a great chore.

“It feels amazing. Do it harder! I’ll whatever you want,” she gasped when I pulled away from her lips, signaling my victory, not that it was in doubt. And as an honorable warrior, it was my duty to respect such a heartfelt surrender. I squeezed her tits even harder even returned my lips over hers, my tongue ravaging her mouth mercilessly. Most importantly, the dance of my fingers quickened, from a soft caress to a merciless assault.

From there, it took a bare few moments for her to stiffen for a moment, before trembling invaded her body, losing any coherence of control, relieved to finally arrive at her destination with an explosive climax. She collapsed on me as she trembled, putting her head on my shoulder to maintain her balance.

Of course, it was just a start, and I still had one important thing to attend, one that was making my pants very uncomfortable. Bringing her to her bed was an option, but I decided to take a bigger step, one that would symbolically clench the new balance of authority between us. I

lifted her up in a bridal hold, and walked toward the forge, where a cold stone surface lay in the middle of her tools and equipment, where she created the weapons and tools that she was so proud of.

I carried her toward the forge, and pushed her down on the smooth surface near bellows, empty of the clutter of her ongoing work. It was inches away from the area where she usually forged, which would have been extremely dangerous for anyone that didn't share our overwhelming physical stats.

She tried to speak, only for her breath to explode as her chest hit the smooth surface. Another gasp followed when I cast the spell to clean up and prepare her backdoor entrance, ready for my visitation.

Her shocked tone was rather glorious as I pressed my shaft against her puckered hole, pushing forward quick enough to make her feel a sting of pain, but not quick enough to actually hurt. "W-what are you doing!" she exclaimed even as the crown disappeared in her spectacularly tight grip.

"I'm looking for something to distract me while I forged, of course," I said lazily, even as I quickly cast a couple of telekinetic spells, pulling one of the pure silver ingots she had in storage. It floated along with her hammer.

"You -" she started, only to be interrupted by a gasp.

"I, what?" I said mockingly as I slapped her plump ass, enjoying its jiggle.

"You can't be serious!" she exploded, however, she continued to lay obediently on the stone surface while I plunged the silver ingot in the ever-glowing embers of her forge, then turned my attention back to Oeyne.

"Oh, but I am," I said lazily even as I alternated between squeezing and slapping her ass, enjoying her distraction that followed an orgasm. "Why, is there a problem?" I asked, but at the same time, slipped two fingers in her wet snatch, making her moan in lieu of answering. "I thought so," I said mockingly, as I slowly pushed deeper.

"That's -" she gasped, trying to contain her voice as she struggled under the multiple sources of pleasure. "That's unnatural," she barely managed to say.

"Really," I said domineeringly as I pushed my shaft deeper into her tight hole, enjoying her grip as I kept going deeper and deeper past her ring, forcing her to widen more and more. She was

getting more and more ready for the ultimate penetration her spectacular ass had deserved.

It took a minute for her useless arguments to fade away, and another minute for her to reach back and spread open her ass cheeks to make my invasion even easier, signaling her changing opinions about anal sex. Her moans rose, deep and low, as she raised her ass, presenting an even better angle for me to penetrate deeper. I followed her invitation, enjoying her tightly constricting grip even further, finally treating every inch of my shaft as I finally pushed my full size.

A different girl would have been crying in pain, but Oeyne just moaned in pleasure, not surprising me with her pain resistance. Even with all the supernatural protections stats afforded, smithing was a painful business. Since she was moaning enthusiastically, I didn't bother to warn her before pulling back, only to slam back in, this time harder, testing her tightness further even as her ass jiggled under the unusual blow.

Then, just before I started really enjoying her tight hole, I noticed the silver ingot glowing in a nice pink shade, signaling that it was finally time to start as well.

The timing was as perfect as it could get.

[Level: 30 Experience: 441500 / 465000

Strength: 36 Charisma: 51

Precision: 33 Perception: 35

Agility: 33 Manipulation: 38

Speed: 32 Intelligence: 42

Endurance: 30 Wisdom: 44

HP: 4920 / 4920 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 [45/50]

PERKS

Mana Regeneration

Skill Share

Empowerment (1/1)

Teleportation

COMPANIONS

[Cornelia - Level 17/25]

[Helga - Level 13/17]

Chapter Eighty-Eight

“Watch carefully, you need to check whether I’m making any mistake,” I ordered Oeyne even as I cast a spell, levitating the glowing glob of liquid silver, flying in the air under my control, even as I used my earth magic to create a casting mold for the design I had in mind, mixed with some ice magic to ensure rapid cooling. Meanwhile, I saturated the earthen construct with my mana, letting my mana fill the structure of the silver, essentially testing the limits of casting.

[-267 Mana]

[+1 Craft]

“That’s one way to optimize -” Oeyne murmured, her voice strained, cutting short as I plunged deeper inside her tight hole, stretching her further.

“Yes, a wide range of magical abilities doesn’t exactly hurt,” I said lazily as I slapped her ass once more, watching her vast flesh ripple. At this point in our relationship, I was intentionally revealing some of my abilities, with the full knowledge that she would mention those abilities to the princess. It was an indirect method of elevating my value.

Otherwise, the trick I had just done didn’t achieve anything that couldn’t be done by any normal blacksmith, but it did save me almost half an hour in terms of time. It was especially important because, unlike a normal blacksmith, I didn’t have multiple pieces I had been working on to leverage the waiting time more efficiently.

And while playing with Oeyne while waiting was certainly tempting, with the growing undead pressure, wasn’t really in the mood for that. The sooner I finish with this trinket, the sooner I could move onto the other items on my agenda. It was particularly bad, because I had no idea when the necromancers or their mysterious backers would react to our rather outrageous assault.

They might react later in the day before we could restructure our defenses to factor in the presence of their dangerous leader, or they might attack a week later, with a completely different plan. It was for the best if I prepare accordingly.

Oeyne was busy moaning under my repeated teasing as I broke the mold, floating the cold piece of silver toward me, along with a large hammer that would be used for shaping the silver further. Working on silver wasn’t as scary as it might sound, because, unlike iron and steel, most of the work was done through cold smithing, meaning there wouldn’t be inconvenient flying

globes of burning metal or other dangerous features.

Not that iron smithing would have been too dangerous, as I was confident in my abilities to protect us, but still, it would have prevented me from enjoying Oeyne's deliciously tight grip.

I raised the hammer even as I gathered a generous amount of mana, quite a bit more than what Oeyne had recommended earlier. "That's too much—" Oeyne tried to speak, but I slammed the hammer down, leaving a strong dent on the circle-shaped silver piece, the ringing of the hammer suppressing her voice.

[-196 Mana]

[+1 Craft]

"Impossible," she tried to speak once more as I raised my hammer, no doubt trying to communicate her disbelief as I raised the hammer again, the mana safely injected into the silver, obediently soaking into its internal structure. Her shock was understandable, as I imbued the hammer quite a bit more than what could be deemed safe. Any ordinary blacksmith — assuming one strong enough to gather sufficient mana in the first place— would have created an unstable explosion that destroyed the hammer along with a good part of their arm, and I doubted that even Oeyne could handle injecting that much amount of mana with one hit

Though, she certainly had the skill to create a stronger item with less mana. What I was doing was essentially bullying the mana through my exceptional mana control, which I owed mostly to Tantric, and skipping several necessary steps. Essentially, if I could perfect it, I could forge a decent magical weapon in minutes rather than hours and days others would require. That wouldn't change the mana requirements, of course, which might be a reason why there was no such recorded technique. Usually, blacksmiths and other crafters lacked mana and materials, not time.

Still, I was glad that my experiment didn't blow on my face.

Oeyne opened her mouth even as she watched the piece of silver, no doubt about to inquire more about the near-impossible success I had just achieved, only to gasp in shock as I impaled her hard, forcing her to deliver a delicious moan instead. And just as she was about to gather her wits, I slammed the hammer again, once again imbuing the silver circlet with more mana.

[-206 Mana]

[+1 Craft]

Oeyne attempted to speak once more, only to receive the same treatment again, my shaft invading her tight hole rather aggressively, until she let out a delicious moan, the sound of our flesh colliding mixing with her moans. The assault of pleasure worked even better than the sound of the hammer to suppress her attempts to talk.

Just like that, the moment fell into a predictable rhythm, each slam of the hammer imbuing more and more mana to the silver circle, strengthening the material both physically and conceptually, all the while I enjoyed Oeyne's cries, indicating that the pleasure was building up spectacularly.

And what a build-up that was. As my shaft delved into the deepest recesses of her body, her moans turned into a boundless river, constantly flowing out, mixing with the silvery rings of the smithing hammer. There was only one problem with the position, as I couldn't continue smithing and explore her body with my fingers at the same time.

Still, that didn't mean I was completely helpless.

It was difficult to split my magical attention further, but using a simple arcana spell was still within my limits. I let my spell free, squeezing her breasts aggressively through a phantasmal hand, intensifying her moans further. All the while, I continued to forge, until the silver piece I was working on had soaked as much mana it could structurally handle without exploding despite my efforts to keep it contained.

[-1206 Mana]

[+2 Craft]

It was finally time to shape the enchantments. If I had been creating a sword, it wouldn't have been that challenging in terms of enchantment, because unless the aim was to embed an exotic effect, the strengthening conceptual strength would have allowed the sword to be sharp enough to cut through the defenses that would normally resist such a blow, even from magically-reinforced steel.

It was a bit trickier when it came to the choker. The effect I was trying to create was different, so when I changed to a fine finishing hammer, I also connected directly with the mana, tying the whole mana structure under a Biomancy spell, creating a permanent obscuring effect that would help her to hide from death-energy based detection spells, as well as giving her some protection against surprise attacks.

Facing the potential necromancer invasion, some extra protection wouldn't be amiss.

As I slowly shaped the enchantments, which required focus on fine control, both that I had in spades thanks to my monstrous stats, so much that I was once again able to turn my attention back to Oeyne, who had been watching my achievements with a dazed expression, the shock from my capabilities, combined with the pleasure that was filling her whole being, distracting her quite a bit.

Since she had no problems with my exceptional drilling, I continued the treatment, slamming harder and harder inside her, testing the limits of the lubrication I had applied earlier, while the arcana spell still caressing her body, pushing her closer to a climax.

Her moans rose even further, gaining a surprisingly melodic quality as she abandoned all attempts to contain her own voice even a bit. It was a pity I missed the expression on her face, as it was no doubt spectacular, but I didn't conjure a mirror to watch her. Mostly because I was already dealing with too many things, and we were in a tricky part of the process. So, I let her drown in her own euphoria while I finished tying down the achievement, which stretched my capabilities to the limit.

I even added some precious reagents from my pack, including a core fragment from one of the crystal monsters, its diamond-like skin perfect for containing the pure spell. After a few soft touches, the item was done, other than polishing to add a spectacular shine, but once again, my magic helped me to skip that exhaustingly time-consuming step, replicating the effect with a simple earth spell. Since the enchantments were yet to settle, it was easy to repair it magically.

It wouldn't be the case a few minutes later, hence the reason for the easily disposable nature of the magical weapons. Once the underlying mana structure was broken, it was near impossible to repair one. And even without being broken, while maintenance was simpler than crafting from scratch, it also carried a spectacular risk of backlash if the blacksmith failed at any step.

The satisfaction of completing my first proper magical item was overwhelming, but not as much as the way Oeyne tightened around my shaft once she saw the resulting item, climaxing spectacularly. Apparently, my successful display of skills had worked even better than my other seduction attempts.

A rare kink, not that I was complaining, as Oeyne's tightness was enough to trigger my own climax, allowing her tightening bowels to milk me, my grunts accompanied her moans. And just to make things even more perfect, a notification rang.

[Achievement: Superb Smithing. Hard work and superb craftsmanship is its own reward, but sometimes with some extras. +1000 Experience, +3 Strength]

Once again, the achievement managed to put a smile on my face. It was nice to know that whatever the source of my unique variation of System, at least it had a working sense of humor.

“So, how was it?” I asked even as I pulled out of Oeyne, finally slapping her ass, making it jiggle. “Do I get a passing grade?”

Oeyne tried to stand up, which worked more or less as intended while she pushed against the stone surface of her forge, but hit a snag once she tried to rely on her legs exclusively. A sudden aftershock hit her, making her collapse on the floor, with her ass on the floor. “Would you mind helping me?” she gasped.

“Nope,” I answered even as I cast a water spell, quickly cleaning my shaft before I took a step toward her. Elemental spells were useful, and not just for skipping time-intensive aspects of forging. “I’m going to forge a few more trinkets to make sure I learned perfectly,” I said, then looked down with a teasing smile. “I’m sure you can find something to occupy yourself with...”

What I meant was rather clear, especially as when I took a step, my shaft stood inches away from her plump lips, growing rapidly as it begged for her attention. She was quick to follow the clue, and wrapped her plump lips around my shaft, devouring half of it with relative ease, while I started working on another set of silver jewelry, this time creating small bracelets, each with a different design. However, their design had one major difference, focusing more on defense and protection rather than saving them from detection, as for them, it was a higher priority.

I was lucky that the design of the others was relatively easier after the first attempt, which meant when Oeyne pulled back to leave my shaft free for a moment, only to rise just a bit and lean forward, only to capture my shaft between her caramel tits. With the soft skin of her breasts massaging my well-lubricated cock as she slowly moved up and down, it generated a lovely feeling, almost as lovely as the tight grip of her puckered hole.

However, it was even more distracting, because, unlike the previous time, I wasn’t the one in control, meaning whenever she leaned down to lick the crown of my shaft for some extra pleasure, it worked spectacularly. Under the entertaining distraction provided by her soft globes, the forging both passed too quickly, and somehow managed to extend in an eternity, her throaty moans almost as reliable as a clock counting seconds...

As she squeezed and loosened the grip of her breast to alternate the sensation, it barely took minutes for me to explode on her face, but luckily, using her advanced forge, it was more than what I needed to finish four protective bracelets. I groaned as I exploded, adding some milk to her caramel.

“It has been a productive lesson,” I murmured even as I grabbed her hand offered her help to stand up, but she shook her head, preferring to stay collapsed next to her forge, enjoying the aftermath of her latest climax.

“Yeah,” she murmured, trying to recover from the high of her arousal, but not being particularly successful about it. “Will you come again?” she suddenly asked.

“Well, that entirely depends on your skill,” I chose to answer, enjoying her blush against the double entendre that was created. “But yeah, I’ll make sure to drop by, to enjoy another beautiful lesson if nothing else. But make sure to send me the news if there’s any change with the princess situation,” I added, reminding her of the more serious aspects of our situation.

“Definitely,” she answered even as she tried to stand up, but I gestured her to rest. I didn’t need her help getting in, and leaving was even easier.

Just as I was about to leave, when I remembered something very important. I had lost my weapon against the death knights when I used it as an explosive weapon, meaning I needed replacement. And while I was getting more able, and could apply a number of really tricky effects without the assistance of an enchanter, I still couldn’t match Oeyne when it came to straightforward weaponsmithing.

“Also, please forge me another weapon, a sword this time, and maybe a couple of daggers,” I asked her directly, not even bothering to soften the request. Considering everything we were doing, a straightforward order wasn’t something to be discussed in detail. Especially not when I was concerned with price.

“Sure,” she murmured as she finally made an attempt to stand up, and I helped by presenting my hand. She grabbed and pulled herself upright. “I’m a bit beat, though, why don’t you prepare the materials, and I’ll start them as soon as I wake up.”

“Excellent,” I said even as I caressed her cheek gently. She smiled naughtily before she stumbled toward her bedroom, somehow managing to add a delicious swing to her hips despite her trembling legs...

As much as I was tempted to follow her there, I stayed on the forge to process the required magical reagents instead. I still had undead to purge, and dangerous political intrigues to counter.

[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: 1871 / 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]