

My Infinite Mana System

Chapter 1: The Awakening

The sun struggled to break through the heavy layer of gray clouds outside my apartment window.

Morning light filtered weakly through the dusty curtains, casting long shadows across the small, cluttered space I called home.

My mattress lay bare on the floor, surrounded by an assortment of books, a cracked lamp, and a single chair with my jacket draped over its back.

This was my life.

Twenty years of mediocrity.

I sat up, groaning as I rubbed the back of my neck.

The ache there was a constant reminder of the double shifts I pulled at the restaurant.

I hated waking up everyday without a purpose.

Just serving customers, blending in the environment like a common extra from a damn fiction, having nothing to say as an accomplishment.

Then the loop continues again and again.

My life was boring, no development, no new thing, no excitement, just plain...

But somehow, today felt... different.

It wasn't something I could put into words just a nagging sensation at the edge of my mind, like the static hum of a television left on in another room.

I ignored it, pushing myself up from bed, and walking to the kitchen.

I walked to the kitchen, my feet dragging across the floor, and the faint chill in the air bit at my skin.

My eyes scanned my kitchen, in search of a caffeine.

I found it, and I reached for the coffee pot...

But then something unexpected happened...

A sharp jolt shot through my arm, making me drop the pot.

It shattered against the counter, sending shards of glass skittering to the floor.

"Damn...!"

Pain radiated up to my shoulder, but it wasn't the kind of pain I was used to.

I looked down at my hand.

It was glowing.

Tiny arcs of blue lightning danced across my fingertips, crackling and snapping in the dim light.

My breath hitched, and my heart hammered against my ribs.

"What the—"

Before I could finish, a screen materialized in front of me.

It floated in the air, translucent but vivid, its glowing text sharp against the background of my dingy kitchen.

[System Initialization Complete.]

[Ding!]

[Allen Quovar your system is now active.]

I blinked.

Once.

Twice.

The screen didn't disappear.

It hovered there, waiting.

My chest tightened as I tried to make sense of what I was seeing.

[Congratulations! You have awakened.]

[Loading your skills...]

[Skills:]

[Lightning Manipulation]

[Rank: Null/SS]

[Description: You can control and manipulate lightning and electricity]

[Special Traits:]

- **[Your lightning transcends the concept, and logic of normal/true lighting.]**
- **[Your lightning ignores all forms of resistance, it can't be permanently resisted.]**
- **[Whatever your lightning touches is erased, not just physically, but conceptually.]**
- **[Your lightning grows stronger in response to resistance, always surpassing, transcending, and overpowering any opposition.]**

[Mana (Infinite):]

[Rank: Null/SS]

[Description: the fundamental resource that powers abilities, and one self.]

[Special Traits:]

- [Your mana is self sufficient and self sustaining.]
- [Your mana operates beyond any conceivable, and inconceivable system of limitation.]
- [Your mana is "truly" infinite, sustaining endless usage without pause, restraint, consequences or depletion.]
- [No existence, or force, conceptual, narrative, or omnipotent, can drain, nullify, manipulate, erase, restrict, interfere, or interact with your mana, it is "truly" immutable.]

Lightning Manipulation?

Infinite Mana?

Crazy descriptions?

Was this some kind of hallucination?

I hadn't exactly been eating well lately, and exhaustion had been my constant companion.

But this... this was something else entirely.

"Let's try this" I muttered, raising my hand, and aiming it at a tin can that was positioned straight on a sink.

I channelled the tiniest amount of mana on my hand, to avoid destroying the can, the sink, and my house, I am too broke to pay for damages.

I sighed, and with a sharp crack, a tiny bolt of lightning leapt from my palm, striking the tin can.

The moment the bolt hit the can, sparks flew, and a hole was formed.

The acrid smell of burning metal filled the air as the hole continued burning bright red.

"No way," I whispered, staring at the hole on the can. "I didn't use much mana, why did it still make a hole?"

I flexed my fingers, feeling the power simmering beneath my skin.

A grin spread across my face, unbidden and unfamiliar.

For the first time in years, I felt alive.

"This... this is real," I muttered.

I clenched my fist, summoning lightning again.

Tiny arcs of blue lightning danced across my fist, crackling illuminating the room in brilliant flashes of blue and white.

It felt natural, as though it had always been a part of me, waiting for the right moment to surface.

The world outside my window suddenly seemed smaller, its gray monotony unable to contain the spark within me.

Infinite Mana.

Lightning Manipulation.

An ability that could change everything.

My reflection in the window caught my face, black hair, black eyes wide with subtle excitement, and a faint smirk on my lips.

"I think I am going to enjoy this"