

My Infinite Mana System

Chapter 3: Visiting the Past

The cemetery was a place I hadn't visited in years.

I wasn't sure if it was guilt that kept me away or the fear of feeling too much.

Maybe it was both.

The sky above was heavy with clouds, the air thick with the scent of rain that hadn't yet fallen.

Rows of gravestones stretched out in neat, somber lines, each marking a life reduced to a name and two dates.

The first, date of birth.

The second, date of death.

I walked slowly, my boots crunching against the gravel path.

My black hoodie flapped slightly in the wind, the chill biting through the fabric.

The further I went, the quieter it became, the noises of the city fading into the background until there was nothing but the sound of my own breathing.

Their gravestone was simple.

Gray granite, unadorned except for their names,

Amara Quovar and **Elias Quovar**.

The dates beneath them were etched sharply, as though the stone cutter had tried to preserve their permanence.

I stood there for a moment, my hands in my pockets, unsure of what to say.

But what could I say?

"Hey, Mom. Hey, Dad," I started, my voice barely louder than a whisper. "It's been a while."

The words hung in the air, swallowed by the silence of the graveyard.

"I... awakened yesterday," I said after a moment. "I know it's late, years late but it happened. I awakened lighting ability and also some thing else... I have Infinite Mana, can you believe that? You both always said I have potential. Guess you were right."

A small, bitter laugh escaped me.

I couldn't remember the last time I laughed.

It... Was long ago.

The wind tugged at my hair as I looked down at the gravestone, my throat tightening.

"I wish you could see me now," I murmured. "I wish you were here to tell me what to do with it."

The memories came unbidden, flashes of warmth, laughter, and the smell of my mother's cooking.

My father's hand on my shoulder, his eyes always welcoming.

And then the fire.

It came like a shadow across my mind, smothering the light of those happier moments.

The heat, the smoke, the sound of my parents' voices shouting for me to run.

I clenched my fists, the nails biting into my palms.

"I'm sorry," I said, the words breaking on a shaky breath. "I couldn't do anything for you."

"I don't know if you'd be proud of me now," I said softly, my gaze fixed on the gravestone. "But I'm going to make sure I would become someone powerful and strong."

The wind picked up, rustling the grass around the graves.

It felt almost like an acknowledgment, a faint reassurance in the stillness.

I stepped closer, kneeling down to touch the cold granite.

The surface was rough under my fingers, grounding me in the present even as my thoughts lingered in the past.

"I'll come back," I promised. "And next time, I'll have something to show you."

Standing, I adjusted my hoodie and took one last look at the gravestone.

The weight in my chest felt a little lighter, though the ache would always remain.

As I turned to leave, lightning flickered in the distance, just like the power now coursing through me.

My future was uncertain, but for the first time in years, it felt like I was moving forward, even if I didn't know how.

The walk back through the cemetery was quieter than before, my thoughts louder than the crunch of gravel beneath my boots.

Each step felt heavier, as if I were carrying not just the weight of my memories but the expectations I had placed on myself.

Abilities weren't something you squandered.

People dream of having them.

If I wasted them, I'd be throwing away more than just potential.

I'd be betraying the memory of my parents, the only people who had believed in me even when I didn't believe in myself.

By the time I reached the cemetery gates, the first drops of rain had started to fall.

They tapped softly against the leaves of the nearby trees, creating a rhythm that matched the pulse of energy I felt beneath my skin.

I looked up at the sky, watching as the clouds churned and darkened.

Lightning flickered again, further away this time, as if the storm were retreating.

"I'll make you proud," I whispered to no one in particular.

The wind carried my words away, but the promise remained, burning in the core of my being.

"I promise"

With a deep breath, I stepped through the gates and back into the world.

It felt different now, as though everything had shifted subtly.

Or maybe it was me who had changed.

A faint smile tugged at the corner of my lips.

"Let's see where this takes me," I muttered, pulling my jacket tighter against the rain.