

NEW EDEN: LIVE TO PLAY, PLAY TO LIVE

Chapter 9 Non-Elemental Magic, Part 1

After logging back in, it was time for his last day in-game. Next would come normal life for a bit, before another bout of intense gaming!

He headed to the barracks again for his daily ass-whooping... ugh... training.

He walked straight to the racks and grabbed a longsword. He then proceeded right to the middle of the courtyard.

Once there, he did a few warmups, whilst waiting for the trainer to show up. He didn't have to wait long.

As soon as the trainer got to the sparring zone, he lunged at Astaroth. The two sparred for a bit, the tempo slowly getting higher.

After a few minutes, Astaroth already could not keep up. He was slowly losing ground.

He was barely parrying and dodging the hits coming his way, so he activated Mana Skin to lessen the damage he took.

It took a burden off his shoulders as he kept fighting.

The trainer didn't miss this development as his blade sometimes jerked weirdly on glancing blows. Like something was repelling it.

The trainer was letting hits get through because he wanted to keep his pace the same to not discourage the kid, but this change made him go faster. Hits were no longer going through on his side again.

During all the spars, Astaroth kept trying to coerce mana to envelop his sword, to no avail. He just kept at it, as a side exercise.

They sparred until lunch, before getting some food in, then went back to it.

Astaroth felt like he was getting closer and closer to achieving what he wanted. Then he realized.

Every time he tried coating mana on the blade, a bit of it traveled inside it. He used his mana sense, and what he saw made it click.

The weapon was slowly filling up on mana! He now knew what he had to do!

He forced mana into the blade instead of around it. The blade started glowing, releasing waves of mana around it.

Ding!

You have learned 'Enhance Weapon'

He quickly opened up his skills to look at the description.

Enhance Weapon: Gather mana into your weapon, to enhance it magically. Weapon damage +10%, Weapon durability lowers depending on quality. Base mana cost: 25 (Scales depending on how much mana is poured into the weapon)

During that time, the trainer, seeing that he was distracted, taught him a lesson. He lunged at him with a big swing of his sword, aiming for the disarm.

Astaroth focused back at the last moment and tried to parry. As both weapons collided, something unexpected happened.

The mana-filled longsword in Astaroth's hand chipped and broke. When it broke, the pent-up mana inside it got released violently and blew both swordsmen away like rag dolls.

The force of the blast also kicked up dust in the courtyard, forcing everyone training to stop, and the people watching the spar to cover their eyes.

After a few seconds, as the dust was falling to the ground again, a boisterous laugh echoed from where the trainer had been projected. Soon followed another laugh, this one coming from the other side, where Astaroth had been thrown.

"AHAHAHAH! It worked!" Astaroth yelled out, like a crazy scientist.

"BWAHAHAHA! You madman! Who would have thought you could manipulate mana to this point already?! BWAHAHAHA!" The trainer heartily laughed, still lying on the ground.

The trainees around were looking at the two men with weird faces. All of them thought the same thing. 'Crazy'

"I know how to train you now!" The man said, getting up and patting the dust off his clothes.

"If you can train your mana proficiently enough, this style will make you a force to reckon with. But it will be hard work. Are you ready to commit, lad?" He added, walking up to Astaroth, reaching his hand out to help him up.

"I will work as hard as ten men, sir!" Astaroth said resolutely, grabbing the man's hand to get up.

"Although I will be absent for a few days, starting tomorrow, I will give my all to the training every moment I am in this world!" He added, fire burning in his eyes.

"That is what I want to hear." The trainer said, smiling widely.

"Would it be ok if I go see the old mage for the rest of the day, before we start our training, sir?" Astaroth asked, bowing.

"Yes yes. It's fine. Once you come back, you will become my plaything for a while. So get things sorted out before you do." Kloud said, waving dismissively.

Astaroth bowed a second time and left for the old man's house. He still had questions for the mage, regarding a matter he had set aside for a while.

Looking at the mark on his forearm, he smiled. He wanted this question answered before he had to log out.

He had tried to figure out what element this mark was, fiddling with all the elements he could gather in the cave. None of them reacted stronger to him. So he wanted to get a straightforward answer.

As he neared the house, the door to it opened up again. He didn't hesitate to walk in this time, not wanting to waste time gawking again.

He maneuvered the book labyrinth again and walked to the back. The mage had already opened the bookshelf up to reveal stairs, so he walked down them and made his way to the cave bearing the village's shield artifact.

Arriving there, he saw the old man staring at the shield intently. He seemed to have something on his mind.

"Is something bothering you, Master?" Astaroth asked.

"Hmm? Oh, nothing you should concern yourself with, young man." The mage said, turning around and waving his hand dismissively.

"I was just thinking about the future." He added with a smile.

"What can I do for you? You never seek me without reason." He said, a little tone of teasing in his voice.

"Ahh, yes. Master, I came to ask for your knowledge. I want to know more about the orb I linked to and what element it represents. I have been trying to find it out on my own, but I can't seem to figure it out." Astaroth said, sitting down and pointing to his forearm.

"Hmm, that. I can give you that knowledge. Although I would have been really surprised if you figured it out, it was a monstrous task for a fledgling like you." The old mage said, walking around Astaroth again.

Astaroth just sat there, waiting patiently. He would endure as many lessons as the man would give him if it could give him an edge over the others. So he listened.