

SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

Chapter 10: The Swordswoman Cant Rest Just Yet

“How many minutes has it been?”

“Ninety-six minutes now. Has anyone counted her strikes?”

“I started counting first, reached over seventeen hundred when I saw her sword cut through the seventh circle. I was so stunned for a moment, I only know she’s probably at around twenty-four hundred by now.”

When Sylvia opened the doors to the training grounds, she was met with a sight that seemed unbelievable—the swordsmanship apprentices, who usually squandered their sweat and youth, had all abandoned their practice weapons and were huddled together, discussing something fervently.

She thought they were gathered around to watch her boyfriend Felix, wondering if he had finally succeeded in summoning the spirit of his ‘Vibration Sword.’

With that thought, she quickened her pace, pondering where they would celebrate afterward.

The Amber Meadows Club? Or perhaps the Gold Harbor Bar?

But Felix must be tired by now. Maybe they should just go back to his place for some ‘proper rest’? Felix had known her for so long and had yet to make a move—Sylvia thought it was time she took the initiative.

However, as Sylvia waded through the crowd, she realized she had been mistaken—because she found her proud and handsome boyfriend Felix,

standing like an ordinary onlooker with a dumbfounded expression, staring ahead as if he were nothing special.

Following their gaze, Sylvia then noticed a girl in the training grounds who was even more beautiful than herself: a casually tied ponytail, a neck smooth and pale, a face so delicate it seemed to be without makeup, and even the beads of sweat on her skin shimmered like pearls.

An enemy, yet a fellow traveler, Sylvia sensed it immediately, even before the other girl had spoken a word.

The 'first love' makeup that seemed natural but was actually the result of many clever cosmetic tricks, the casual clothing that strategically revealed neck and wrists, the simple yet perfect accessories that highlighted her beauty... How could one craft such a nearly perfect 'dream goddess' image that hit all the right notes with men, without meticulous study and preparation?

Locked eyes confirmed it—she was a Hunter!

With this realization, Sylvia's eyes narrowed, and she reached out to take Felix's arm, ignoring the sweat on his body.

In her eyes, there was no better prey in the entire training grounds, or even at Swordflower College.

Even including Truth College, Felix was a top-tier trophy. Just to take on the surname Vlozrada would bring Sylvia endless benefits.

She had been planning for a long time to secure Felix, and even though she knew of his playboy tendencies, she had enough confidence that she could tame this wild horse.

If played right, a fickle heart might not be a disadvantage at all—as long as she could gain the status of wife, Sylvia wouldn't mind if he strayed.

It was finally the season of harvest, and Felix had planned to introduce her to the Duke Vlozrada at his birthday banquet. Now, suddenly, someone thought to intercept her prey? Not a chance!

“Felix, what are you all watching?” Sylvia asked casually. “I didn’t even know there was such a pretty junior in the Swordsmanship Department.”

“You’re here, senior,” Felix finally noticed Sylvia’s arrival, but his gaze did not shift to her for even a second, as if his eyes were only for the girl who was training. “She... she’s not from the Swordsmanship Department. She’s a freshman from the Water Art Department, named Sonya Therave.”

Knowing even her name and grade... Sylvia’s sense of crisis deepened. She wanted to drag Felix away immediately, but she also knew the principle of playing hard to get, so she feigned curiosity and asked, “Why are you all watching her train? Because she’s good-looking?”

“It’s not... not just that...” Felix shook his head. “Since you’re not a Swordsmanship Department apprentice, I don’t know how to explain it to you.”

“I took some Swordsmanship Department classes in my freshman year, but I gave it up because I had more talent in Water Art,” Sylvia huffed. “And you are the Swordsmanship Department’s genius, how could I possibly not understand with you explaining?”

“Well, I’ll just say it simply,” Felix said. “An hour and a half ago, she was a novice who couldn’t even hold a sword properly, and now, she can slice into the ninth ring of an armor stand with one strike.”

“She must be faking it, right?” Sylvia didn’t mean any harm by this comment; it was just that she had actually practiced Swordsmanship for a few months, and she understood what this meant—even she could only slice into the second ring, and that was considered above average among the new students.

“Although I thought so initially, and honestly, I would have preferred to think that way, that’s why I kept watching her train. I hoped to see her hit a plateau, I looked forward to seeing her make no further progress... but now, after an hour and a half, my petty jealousy has turned into full-blown admiration.”

It was hard for Sylvia to imagine Felix speaking such humble and sincere words. Even when talking about his father, The Starforging Duke, and his brother Demi, he always had a scornful and indifferent tone.

Yet, for a girl he hardly knew, he actually showed admiration and curiosity, which was an extremely dangerous sign—curiosity often leads to downfall.

And he had been watching a girl for an hour and a half... An hour and a half?

He watched for an hour and a half, so that Hunter named Sonya had been training for an hour and a half!?

Only then did Sylvia observe Sonya’s training movements closely: sliding forward, swinging the sword at the face, as steady as a rock, as swift as lightning... Every move was completely in accordance with the Swordsmanship Manual, with no laziness or borrowing momentum, each strike was with full force!

Normal people need to rest after a few minutes of practice, and even Felix could only train for three hours at most, with one of those hours being rest and relaxation. However, according to what they said, this girl had been training continuously for over an hour without stopping!?

This explained why they were all spectating—the brawny men with their heads full of Swordsmanship were probably more curious about how to possess such terrifying stamina than about a pretty girl.

After watching for a while, Sylvia found herself blending into the crowd, her gaze irresistibly drawn to Sonya’s training form.

Her movements were filled with the beauty of Swordsmanship, the beauty of strength, and the beauty of a young girl. Even more terrifying was that she seemed to be improving every second, with each swing of her sword stronger, more precise, and more skilled than the last.

This was an art, an art of Swordsmanship.

At that moment, Sylvia was thoroughly convinced of her defeat.

If this girl named Sonya was indeed targeting Felix, Sylvia had almost no chance of victory.

She was acutely aware of Felix's obsession with Swordsmanship. If her 'intellectual beauty senior' persona scored an eighty in Felix's heart, then Sonya's 'Swordsmanship prodigy beauty' persona was a whopping one hundred and fifty points.

Clang!

The moment Sonya's wooden sword sliced into the tenth ring of the armor stand, everyone inhaled sharply, and the temperature of the training field seemed to drop—they had witnessed a Miracle!

A Swordsmanship Apprentice who had just started, after two continuous hours of Training, had successfully sliced into the tenth ring of an armor stand!

Even if she did nothing else from then on, just waiting for the right moment would trigger a resonance with the knowledge of the Virtual Realm, summoning a Swordsmanship spirit, stepping into the Virtual Realm, and becoming a virtual wing Sorcerer! This could happen as quickly as one second or take several months!

It's worth noting that not everyone at Swordflower College could become a Sorcerer, with the graduation rate hovering around 50%. Every graduate who became a virtual wing Sorcerer had a bright future ahead!

This meant that from that moment on, Sonya could be assured of a carefree life!

Meanwhile, Sonya also put away her wooden sword, allowing the observers to relax—the ‘monster’ disguised as a pretty girl was finally tired.

If Sonya had continued Training, they would really start to wonder if dressing as a girl came with a stamina bonus. Although it was already outrageous, two solid hours, an average of one sword strike every two seconds, thirty strikes a minute, totaling three thousand six hundred strikes in two hours... Just calculating this number made the Swordsmanship Apprentices’ scalps tingle.

At this time, Engulite hurriedly went over with a towel and a water glass, ready to escort Sonya back to the dormitory.

When Sonya had executed a thousand sword strikes, Engulite had already been won over, for the first time contemplating getting closer to her—who could have a bad intention when they practice Swordsmanship?

“Sonya, you must be tired too, shall we go back together?”

Engulite’s method for getting closer was always the same: go back together, go to the restroom together, go eat together...

Sonya, who felt like melting on the floor, took the towel, wiped off some sweat, took a light sip of water, and showed Engulite a relieved smile. Just as she was about to agree, she suddenly felt a surge of energy in her limbs and body, filling her with renewed vigor.

Her expression suddenly froze, her eyes locked on Felix in the crowd.

It was the look of a Hunter spotting her prey.

The other Swordsmanship Apprentices sighed quietly, Sylvia bit her lower lip unwillingly, and Felix slightly lifted his chin, giving Sonya a confident smile.

The reason behind these changes was heartwarming.

Because in Sonya's view, the Observer stood right behind Felix.

This accursed Small horn

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waggled his finger and said:

"Swordswoman, you can't Rest yet."

"Next," he pointed at Felix, "you have to defeat this person."

Footnote:

1. Small horn(小喇叭):

This is a slang term in Cantonese, typically used as an insult.