

# SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

## Chapter 11: If I Have Erred, Let the Law Punish Me

“If I have erred, let the law punish me.”

Even in such circumstances, Sonya did not lose her composure with outbursts of rage; instead, she coolly vented to the Observer in her mind: “Forcing me to train with the sword again, making me fight Felix, what exactly do you want me to do? Infiltrate the society of the Stars Nobility and become your spy?”

“It’s not as complicated as you think,” the Observer replied. “It’s just about arranging a Battle for you, and the strongest person here happens to be him—just like that, nothing more. It has nothing to do with whether he’s a Noble or not, though if he is, all the better. I particularly enjoy watching Nobles get thrashed. If you could, after beating him, would you step on his face with your foot... Never mind, I’ve heard some Stars Nobles can be quite twisted. You should just spank him... Actually, forget I said anything.”

“Can’t we pick someone else? I don’t want to get entangled with Felix!”

“Why not?”

“I’ve done some research on him,” Sonya said. “He’s strange and dangerous.”

As the most approachable scion at Swordflower College, Sonya naturally targeted Felix as a potential mark. However, after gathering intelligence, she abandoned what seemed like an alluring option.

Her decision had nothing to do with his playboy traits; Sonya didn't consider 'fickleness' to be an obstacle. What truly made her hesitate was Felix's family background and his ex-girlfriends' brigade.

Despite rumors that Felix was a walking procreation machine, managing ten women a day, Sonya discovered a secret through simple observation—Felix never spent the night outside with a girlfriend.

Felix lived in an off-campus villa, driving away from school each evening after Training. His vehicle, the Galloping Silver Tiger, was unique within the school, and Sonya would occasionally encounter it at night. He never left school with a girlfriend at night; he always returned home alone.

Of course, it's possible he preferred the daytime, but given Felix's frequency of changing girlfriends—every three days, including Noble ladies—Sonya found it hard to believe he could completely conquer someone in just three days.

Rather than being lecherous, it seemed more like he was collecting stamps.

Secondly, being the son of Duke Vlozrada but relegated to Swordflower College, it was hard not to speculate whether he was embroiled in political strife.

Sonya had no interest in striving and growing alongside him. She'd rather catch a nouveau riche Noble's son, who had risen in recent years, so she could revel in his success and maneuver with plenty of room to operate. If she played her cards right, even splitting family assets wasn't out of the question.

Taking all these factors into account, it's safe to say that Sonya was less than enthusiastic about Felix.

She had an entire forest, so there was no need to cling to one tree—she even intended to keep her distance. Part of this reluctance stemmed from her lack of exposure to Nobility; her understanding of them came solely from novels.

And in those novels, aside from the male protagonist, all traditional Nobles were great villains who oppressed the good and abused their power. Nobles who weren't vile enough would even be kicked out of their ranks and reduced to commoners.

The always cautious, or rather pessimistic, Sonya naturally didn't believe she would come across a good Noble. And Felix, with his image that was clearly more akin to a traditional Noble antagonist, naturally made Sonya want to keep her distance.

"So you're saying, if you were to Battle him, you'd likely get yourself into trouble?"

"Exactly!" Sonya quickly replied, "I don't know what you're trying to make me do, but right now I'm weak, and I need to develop properly. I should keep a low profile and not—"

"That's perfect," the Observer said. "I want you to cause trouble, I want you to be high-profile and blast all the enemies standing in your way to smithereens... And isn't that your wish as well?"

"Where would I get such a childish and arrogant wish?" Sonya roared.

"Then," the Observer bowed with respect, "I wish you a triumphant first Battle, to beat the Swordsmanship prodigy, and kick a Stars Noble."

"No, I will never—"

"Felix Vlozrada, the genius of the Swordsmanship Department."

Sonya raised her wooden sword, pointing it at Felix, and said in an arrogant tone she would never normally use, "In this grand Swordflower, only you are worthy to be the stepping stone for summoning my spirit."

"Do you dare to Battle me?"

The Training ground burst into commotion, the Swordsmanship Apprentices looked on with anticipation, and Sylvia almost bit through her lip—sure enough, her target was also Felix, and she used this cliché but effective method to directly engage with Felix!

Engulite was stunned and said, “Sonya, you’ve just trained for two hours. Even if you want to have a Swordplay Competition, you should wait until tomorrow...”

“No, it should be now.” Felix stepped out of the crowd, staring intently at Sonya, “Two hours, three thousand six hundred swords, from beginner to master in Swordsmanship, you are the most Talented person I’ve ever seen and the second one who has made me feel fear. If I don’t accept your challenge now, by tomorrow, I won’t have the courage to draw my sword in front of you.”

“Now might be my only chance to defeat you. Even if others think I’m taking advantage of your fatigue, I can’t care less—at least after I defeat you tonight, I will still have the qualification and courage to chase after you!”

“And you’re right, in this grand Swordflower, only I am worthy of your challenge. Those older Swordcerers of the Virtual Realm, they simply rely on persistence to grasp the knowledge of the realm, they cannot be compared to you or me. So... come on!”

In the midst of the conversation, a large space had been cleared in the Training ground, and the two stood facing each other, each holding a practice sword.

Sonya adopted the most common mid-section stance, while Felix held his sword with one hand, the blade raised and his body sideways, appearing to be full of openings.

“Fluctuating Stance...” Even though Engulite was a bit worried for Sonya, she couldn’t help but look forward to their competition.

The Vlozrada Family was famous for its Swordsmanship, with four secret stances that could summon spirits, and the Fluctuating Stance was one of them.

Within the Swordsmanship Faction, a stance is not only a method of cultivation and summoning but also a method of combat.

A Swordcerer can summon a spirit because they have a deep understanding of a particular Swordsmanship stance, which resonates with the Virtual Realm, allowing the knowledge of the realm to manifest as a spirit.

Each basic spirit a Swordcerer autonomously summons signifies their perfect mastery of the corresponding Swordsmanship stance.

Felix had dueled with others before, but Engulite, focused on her studies (and not very sociable), hadn’t heard the news, so this was her first time witnessing the legendary Fluctuating Stance. She couldn’t help but feel a surge of competitiveness, thinking about when she could also challenge Felix.

At that moment, she noticed Sonya’s cheeks were flushed, and she was making eye signals at Engulite. A bit puzzled at first, Engulite quickly understood: Sonya was bragging about getting to witness the Fluctuating Stance before anyone else!

“Even though you are geniuses, I will definitely catch up with you!” Engulite clenched her fist and made an encouraging gesture to Sonya.

Sonya was completely helpless—weren’t her signals for help obvious enough? Why wasn’t Engulite hurrying to take her away?

“What’s the point of you controlling my body in battle? Even if we win, it’s your victory, not mine. I’m just a bystander,” Sonya thought. “If you just want to control my body, then do as you wish, I can’t resist anyway.”

“But last night, you had me undergo a Trial in my dreams, followed by Swordsmanship Training, which was supposed to help me grow, right? How about this, you let me take control of my body, and I promise to Battle, even if one opponent isn’t enough, I’ll take on two, okay?”

“Do you think this is some kind of math problem, where one plus one equals two?” the Observer standing next to Engulite said. “Moreover, who told you that I am the one controlling your body in battle?”

“It’s not you, then it must be me?”

“Indeed, it’s you,” the Observer approached her, lifting her sword tip slightly with his hand. “Do you really think I randomly picked someone for you to battle? Do you really believe I can control your body against your will?”

“Why did you train in Swordsmanship? Because last night in your dream, you defeated me. You realized your own Talent with the sword, knew you had a chance to gain power, and recognized that you’ve already wasted too much time.”

“That’s why you’re here, pushing yourself to the limit, just to be seen by others, to show your roommate Engulite that besides your looks, you have a Talent worth boasting about!”

“Why did you challenge Felix? From the first moment you saw him riding the Galloping Silver Tiger through the school, receiving everyone’s admiration, and becoming the center of attention, you’ve been jealous, envious, and resentful. You can’t blame your mother, who raised you with hard work and suffering, so you resent those whose family status far surpasses your own.”

“Why should they be born with everything? Why should they always be better than you?”

“Don’t lie to your heart, Swordswoman,” the Observer said. “It is you who wants to defeat him, it is you who wants to prove that you, Sonya Therave, are second to no one!”

“You came to the Training field, you gripped the wooden sword, you wanted to dazzle and shine! Everything comes from your true heart!”

“Actually, I’m quite curious why you think I’m controlling you. After all, besides you, no one else can see me. Don’t you find that odd? Don’t you wonder... whether I’m a real Observer, or just a phantom of your heart’s making?”

“I’ve said my piece. Now, you can lay all the blame on me, and then...” the Observer stood beside Sonya, pointing at Felix and said: “...righteously revel in the thrill of trampling a genius!”

Boom!

With an explosive sound, the two of them raised their swords and charged forward, battling fiercely!