

# SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

## Chapter 12: Guess Who

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Swords clashed, emitting a symphony akin to steel on steel, and Felix felt a tinge of surprise in his heart—his training sword was specially made from black steel ebony, and even as a weapon, it was of superior quality.

The opponent wielded nothing more than a plain wooden sword, yet it managed to parry the ebony sword blow after blow without damage. Either the wooden sword was of exceptional hardness, or the opponent's swordsmanship was exceedingly skilled.

He believed it was both.

In the moment the opponent parried, Felix's eyes narrowed, he raised his sword high and then brought it down fiercely, his body turning sideways to add momentum to the strike. To an onlooker, he appeared to be 'gliding at high speed,' his ebony sword crashing down like a shockwave!

But he struck air!

Just like the previous times, right when he was about to exploit the opponent's opening, Sonya would execute an extremely strange step, interrupting all current motion, abruptly sliding on the ground and narrowly avoiding his deadly moves time after time—then—

He turned his head and saw Sonya's serene and indifferent gaze, along with the afterimage of her wooden sword counterattacking!

Clang!

Parrying the strike, Felix's sense of urgency grew. Although Sonya had not managed to wound him yet, he could feel she was becoming more familiar with the Fluctuating Stance, and the pressure on him was steadily increasing.

Even though Felix had conceded that Sonya's Talent was greater than his own, he did not believe he would lose—not to mention Sonya's physical exhaustion, the mere advantage of the Fluctuating Stance put him in an invincible position.

It was evident that Sonya had learned the Stellar Stance from the Swordsmanship Manual. Despite its grandiose name, it was actually a basic stance. Its strength lay in its solid foundation, which allowed for an easy transition to other stances and could summon the spirits of 'Slash Sword,' 'Cleave Sword,' and 'Thrust Sword.' However, its drawback was its mediocrity.

The Fluctuating Stance, a secret of Vlozrada, was renowned for its explosive power, and the 'Vibration Sword' spirit it could summon was also of the instant explosive type. Felix had thought that a continuous fierce assault would be enough to defeat this sudden swordsmanship prodigy.

Unexpectedly, aside from mastering the Stellar Stance, she had also grasped a peculiar stepping technique, dodging numerous certain-hit attacks. Although Felix had almost figured out her rhythm by now, at the same time, Sonya had also discerned the intricacies of the Fluctuating Stance, effectively narrowing the gap between them!

Moreover, she had mastered a Draw Sword Technique.

Compared to the Fluctuating Stance, the instantaneous burst of the Draw Sword Technique was slightly insufficient. Felix actually hoped she would engage him with this technique, as the mere recoil of the swords would be enough to shatter her wrist. However, after suffering a setback, Sonya had

abandoned the Draw Sword Technique and focused solely on contending with Felix.

Felix neither wanted nor could afford to drag out the fight. Even if he waited until Sonya's stamina was exhausted, it would only be a hollow victory;

Furthermore, Sonya's graceful and proud physique seemed to harbor endless stamina. He felt that if the fight dragged on, it wouldn't be her who collapsed, but him!

It was time to end this!

Felix didn't try to exploit any particular opening. Instead, he took a sudden step back, reassumed the Fluctuating Stance, deeply exhaled a turbid breath, and stared at Sonya with eyes sharp as swords.

"Next move, if you do not win, you lose!" he declared resolutely.

"Okay."

In the next second, the onlookers showed expressions of astonishment, while Felix's face flushed with anger!

Because Sonya, holding her wooden sword aloft with her right hand and standing sideways to meet her opponent, had assumed the very same stance—she had actually adopted the Fluctuating Stance!

Nobody believed Sonya had learned the Fluctuating Stance. Setting aside the fact that she had only just witnessed it, even if she had observed Felix during his training, it wouldn't be possible for her to learn it—Felix regularly practiced his swordsmanship in the training grounds for all to see, but who else had managed to secretly learn the secret of the Vlozrada Family?

A stance involves not only the moves but also breathing techniques, footwork, and the specific details of exerting force. It simply can't be learned by observation alone. Even with instruction, not everyone has the natural talent

to understand it—each Faction that could step into the Virtual Realm with their Spells had extremely high thresholds.

Therefore, everyone assumed there was only one reason for Sonya to adopt the Fluctuating Stance—to provoke Felix!

There was nothing more humiliating than being beaten by one's own moves.

It was clear the provocation was successful; Felix's complexion darkened further, and he remained silent.

Only Sylvia couldn't help but secretly cheer: To humiliate and provoke Felix in this manner, he wouldn't be able to forget you even if he wanted to.

Unexpectedly, there's such a skilled female Hunter in the first year, teaching me a lesson as well... Next, you should gracefully accept defeat to give Felix a step down, naturally leading to a future challenge and increasing your chances of contact, right?

"You're bringing disgrace upon yourself!" Felix shouted, stepping forward, his body turning sideways as his sword hand whipped down—a hammering blow, a crushing ball, a cascading waterfall!

There was no fancy name for this move, its core concept was 'Breakthrough': to muster all strength to shatter the enemy's defense!

Felix aimed for Sonya's knee, having noticed that every time she deployed her peculiar stepwork, the only tell was the movement of her knees. He could predict Sonya's evasion direction from her knees, then adjust his sword direction accordingly, striving to crush her resistance in one blow!

However, contrary to his expectations, Sonya did not evade but instead mirrored his move: stepping and turning sideways, her sword swinging down!

The fiercest blow met the fiercest blow!

Clang!

With a teeth-gritting boom, their figures crossed paths. The crowd held their breath, waiting for the outcome.

Snap.

Sonya's wooden sword broke in half, falling to the ground.

The crowd was not surprised, for they saw on Felix's shoulder a One Wing swordsman, and most strikingly, its sword was composed of a dark light—the Vibration Sword spirit!

“A breakthrough in the midst of battle! Such things really do happen!”

“Summoning one's Lifeline Spirit during combat!”

“Worthy of the Vlozrada!”

Engulite went over to help Sonya, consoling her, “Don't be disheartened. You'll be able to summon your spirit soon, and then...”

“I didn't lose,” Sonya said coolly.

Everyone was taken aback, thinking that Sonya couldn't face losing. However, the next second, Felix's Ebony sword also broke apart with a snap and fell to the ground.

On Sonya's shoulder, a One Wing swordsman also appeared, but unlike Felix, her swordsman was female, and her sword was composed of white light.

“A Vibration Sword spirit!?”

“How did she also summon a Vlozrada Vibration Sword spirit, could it be...”

“She learned Felix's Fluctuating Stance during the battle and then summoned it directly?”

“How is that possible...”

“Wait, does this mean that she went from a Swordsmanship Apprentice to a Swordcerer in a matter of hours?”

As this realization set in, almost everyone was stunned—many of them had spent years trying to become Swordcerers, yet Sonya had achieved in one night what they hadn’t in several years?

The envy of the crowd, Engulite’s surprise, Sylvia’s jealousy, Felix’s complex expression...

But Sonya didn’t care about any of these things.

She stared directly at an Observer standing on the side, with an ‘I already know the truth’ expression on her face.

In her mind, she asked: “Does this mean, you’re just an illusion manifested from my inner consciousness and you don’t actually exist? Are you just a representation of my thoughts? Are you just my hallucination?”

The Observer didn’t speak, just squatted down to pick up the broken sword that had fallen to the ground. Then he attached it to the broken end of Sonya’s wooden sword, and with a gentle swipe of his hand, the wooden sword was restored to its original state, without even a crack visible.

Even as he completed this miraculous act, nobody seemed to notice him, and they didn’t even realize that the wooden sword had been restored.

He dusted off his hands, turned, and walked away, leaving a phrase that infuriated Sonya:

“What do you think?”