

# SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

## Chapter 13: The Swordswoman Descends Beside Me

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“After completing a Battle, the Death Maniac Swordswoman gained a massive boost in Swordsmanship Faction experience and triggered her Talent, earning an extra 10,000% experience. During the fight, she invoked a resonance with the Virtual Realm and summoned the spirit ‘Vibration Sword’.”

“Vibration Sword”

“One Wing Spirit”

“Restriction: Must use a sword as a weapon.”

“Basic Effect: Emits a wave of Sword Qi.”

“Passive Effect: Normal sword attacks more easily disrupt the target’s balance.”

“The sword isn’t trembling, it’s merely thirsty.”

Perhaps this was the first time since starting college that Ashe had adopted a healthy routine—rising early at six o’clock, checking the ‘Sorcerer Handbook’

for the cultivation status of the Death Maniac Swordswoman, waiting, and hoping.

The game did not disappoint him. In just one day, the Death Maniac Swordswoman achieved significant growth!

“Death Maniac Swordswoman”

“Human Race Female 18 years old”

“Bond Level: 0 (30% Experience Sharing)”

“Occupation: One Wing Swordcerer”

“Occupational Traits: 10% less energy consumption when using Swordsmanship spirits”

“Items: None”

“Controlling Spirits: Vibration Sword”

“Swordsmanship Faction: Silver Rank”

“Exploration in Virtual Realm: 0.000%”

“Water Art Faction: Not Initiated”

Although Ashe didn't know what a One Wing Swordcerer was, he remembered that the Blood Mad Hunter who had defeated him with a single strike had Tri-wings, indicating that having wings meant one had become a transcendent being.

Since the Swordswoman had become a transcendent, as the diligent player who had painstakingly nurtured her, he should now receive the rewards of that 30% Experience Sharing, right?

However, Ashe waited and waited, constantly refreshing the game's information panel, but the enlightenment he imagined, the infusion of

experience, the pouring in of knowledge, the 'Apocalypse Observer' Operator interface showed no change.

Ashe felt like a naive elementary school student who had been blocked by an online scammer after paying for a permanent QQ membership, his hope fueled by greed swallowed by a thick disappointment.

But after some serious thought, he suddenly realized he might have skipped a step: "Could it be because I haven't spent any money..."

The games produced by their family company were infamous for offering no real experience without in-app purchases, and even spending money didn't guarantee anything. It was quite normal for part of the game experience to be cut off if no money was spent.

If it was just a matter of not spending money, at least there was a chance to make amends.

If the problem was due to lost modules from transmigration, rendering functions ineffective, then the game system Ashe relied on could only be treated as a kind of fantasy idol-raising simulation...

"Dear Mr. Ashe Heath, Shattered Lake Prison has completed your life authentication. You are now free to move about in specific areas. For details, please refer to the attached 'Shattered Lake Prison Life Manual.' Note: Meal delivery services are no longer provided; please proceed to the restaurant for dining."

At the same time, a green light illuminated above the door, as thick as a fist, displaying a little figure with a 'pass' sign, while a melodious song wafted in from outside.

"If hurt enough, use both hands, joyfully sever, yesterday's curse. Await the daylight as night falls, leaving only scars behind..."

Seriously, what kind of song is that? Is it meant to mock Prisoners?

Ashe paused for a moment, not quite understanding the situation, and opened the Shattered Lake Prison Life Manual. Each item he read made him wonder if the information was just some prank text message meant to fool the new inmates:

“1. Free activity time is from 7 AM to 10 PM. Permitted areas include: Central Hall, Reading Room, Gymnasium, Audio-visual Room, Sea-view Terrace, Couples Room (supplies provided), Workroom, restaurant...”

“2. Restaurant hours are: 7 AM to 9 AM, 11 AM to 2 PM, and 5 PM to 8 PM. For food outside these hours, please use the ordering service.”

“3. Reading Room: Report any missing books to the administrator for replenishment within three business days.”

“4. Audio-visual Room: Currently, only audio-visual programs purchasable through legal channels are provided. Newly released movies and shows will be available after their theatrical run.”

“5. Couples Room: Please place used items in the recycling bin, do not wash and return them to their original place.”

“6. ...”

There were numerous tips, almost all introducing the various facilities of the Prison, making Ashe feel like he was on a temporary Prison tour, rather than serving time.

What surprised Ashe most was that the Handbook listed the rights of the Prisoners but didn't mention any prohibitions they had to adhere to.

It seemed as if they could do anything without restrictions.

When something seems too good to be true, it usually is, but now that meals were no longer delivered, Ashe couldn't just stay in his Cell and starve to death. Besides, he was also curious about what this Prison was really like.

As he approached the door, it automatically slid open. Outside was a quiet and clean corridor, and surprisingly, not a single Prison Guard in sight. On the wall, there was a conspicuous sign:

“Central Hall ← → Fitness Room, Sauna”

Just looking at the sign, Ashe could imagine the neighboring Cells were probably full of muscle-bound men who spent their days working out and steaming in the Sauna... And then thinking about the Couples Room, Ashe involuntarily tensed up, thinking it might be best to just eat and then stay in his Cell.

He walked down the narrow corridor to the Central Hall, which opened up spaciouly: the Central Hall was a very broad place with a glass ceiling, allowing the morning sunlight to freely sprinkle onto the benches. There were potted plants on both sides, and a few people were sitting on the benches—some chatting, some reading, even someone sleeping... If it weren't for their Prison uniforms, Ashe might have thought he had come to a park.

And what was most surprising was that there was a Prison Guard in uniform standing nearby.

Although he seemed to be slacking off at work, playing with a Holographic Screen, his mere presence was a relief to Ashe—at least there was someone he could call out to for help.

Although Ashe's mind was occupied with thoughts of escape, he was now a genuine piece of iron waste, devoid of any martial strength and possessing all the mental weaknesses of an overworked office worker. Without the protection

of law enforcers, he doubted his ability to preserve his own chastity—Heath’s body was quite attractive, after all.

There was a Holographic Screen on the wall in front of the hall displaying the news, which seemed to be a live discussion from some council. Just listening to a few words was enough to feel the tedium.

Ashe didn’t understand what was being discussed on the Holographic Screen because the conversation between two individuals sitting on the front bench was more engaging:

“I can’t believe Lorenzo has become a councilor. Seems like he also joined the Eternal Wine Club. Andrei and his Faction have completely overshadowed the mayor now. The mayor will probably be forced to leave office at the end of this term...”

“I don’t think so. Mayor Fernand Snow has the support of Bishop Enraik behind him. Just you wait, Lorenzo’s appointment isn’t a sign of Andrei’s rise but rather the death knell for Andrei. Someone important in the Andrei Faction will die, within three days at the earliest or a month at the latest.”

“Andrei has been rooted in Kaimon for decades, and the church won’t make a move just to maintain stability.”

“Have you forgotten about the suicide case of the Railway Department head fifteen years ago?...”

Listening to two Prisoners discussing the political elite’s shifts within the confines of a Prison was a curious experience. Even more curious was that these two individuals were a two-meter-tall green-skinned orc and a short-legged Goblin barely one meter three.

“If you’re interested in politics, I suggest you go to the Reading Room and chat with Old Man Rein. Godore and Luddodo were just secretaries in the Government Affairs Hall and department heads in the Development

Department before coming in. They're mediocre in status and only have a half-baked understanding of the political situation; all they talk about is uninformative nonsense."

"But, Ashe Heath, the leader of the Four Pillars Cult, interested in Kaimon City's politics?"

Ashe turned his head to look at the blond man beside him: "You know me?"

"Of course, after all, you've been on the seven o'clock news. You were the headline yesterday and the day before—the news is the fastest way we get to know new companions." The blond man said with a smile: "Nice to meet you. Perhaps you've seen me on the news too—I'm Igor Bukin."

"Ashe." Ashe took a couple of steps back: "Is everyone here this welcoming?"

"Yes," Igor said frankly: "We're always quite warm to newcomers, after all, we are companions with the same aspirations."

"The same aspirations?"

"Yes." Igor glanced at the Prison Guard on duty and extended his hand to Ashe, whispering, "Interested in joining our Prison Escape Research Group, to become friends who support each other?"

Ashe felt a surge of joy. It was like a dream come true; he was looking for a way to escape, and there was already an established group in the Prison he could join. He eagerly extended his hand: "Of course..."

"If I were you, I'd punch him right now."

Suddenly, a chilling female voice interrupted.

Ashe glanced over with the corner of his eye and was startled to see a girl wearing a fur coat, a micro skirt, stocking boots, and a decorative sword on her waist that seemed more like an addition to her costume—dressed quite maturely.

But in the next second, he recognized her. Although the skin had changed, wasn't this the face of the Death Maniac Swordswoman?

The Death Maniac Swordswoman beside me?

Without any hesitation, Ashe turned around and landed a punch on Igor!