

SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

Chapter 14: The Miracle Chip

Zzzt!

“Warning: You are exerting excessive kinetic energy on a citizen! This action is prohibited!”

Without any command from Ashe, a holographic screen suddenly popped into his field of vision. Red warning messages cascaded down like a waterfall, and the sharp sound of the alarm, akin to a scream, reverberated incessantly in his ears, jolting him into confusion.

What’s happening?

Am I infected with a virus?

But I’ve just arrived and haven’t even visited any mysterious websites yet!?

His body became rigid and completely immobile, only regaining control after three seconds.

“It seems you’re quite content with your life in Shattered Lake Prison, Ashe, so I’ll leave you be.”

Igor withdrew the fist that was almost touching Ashe’s nose and smiled, “By the way, your feeble punch is quite adorable.”

The other prisoners in the hall glanced at them, including the prison guards, who seemed to shift their attention from the holographic screen to them momentarily. However, everyone quickly looked away, as if what happened was too trivial to mention.

Watching Igor's retreating figure down the corridor, Ashe looked down at his fist, filled with perplexity.

"What's so surprising? It's just the Miracle Chip implanted in the back of your neck that detected your attempt to attack someone. It sent a neural shock to temporarily control your body, rendering your attack ineffective," the swordswoman explained. "This technology is widely used not only in prisons but also in animal husbandry. But it seems even more practical when applied to humans."

"Why then did you allow me to hit him?"

"Although fighting and the use of arcane energy are restricted here, there are still many small actions one can take."

The swordswoman spoke leisurely, "For instance, using spirits to sign contracts—if I'm not mistaken, that man just now had a trace of Bewitcher Bloodline, and Bewitchers are the race most adept at mastering the Mind Faction... If you had responded to his request and shook hands to sign a contract, you would have essentially agreed to a 'mutually supportive friendship'."

"However, that's the kind of relationship where you must help him, but whether he helps you is up to his mood. Hmm, in the eyes of a Mind Sorcerer, there's not much difference between a friend and a slave."

Ashe understood. If he had really shaken hands with Igor just now, he would have effectively become Igor's employee, or even an intern.

What a deceitful otherworld, not even a labor contract is needed.

Ashe looked around at the other prisoners: "Can others not see you?"

"You can keep talking to me like this, as long as you don't mind others treating you with disdain and keeping their distance as if you're insane," the

swordswoman said. “Although I’d rather hear wisdom from a dog’s mouth than listen to the garbage in your mind, when we’re under someone else’s roof, we have to bow our heads.”

Ashe understood. He looked seriously at the swordswoman: “So, you really are the Death Maniac Swordswoman?”

“Yes, I am the Death Maniac Swordswoman,” she said languidly, leaning against the wall. “But what about you, Observer? If I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes, I could hardly believe you’ve fallen to such a place... Do you mind if I mock you?”

“I mind it very much, but why aren’t you wearing the clothes from your portrait?”

“Are you not wearing the same ‘Ultimate Luxury Edition Shattered Lake Prison Classic Prisoner Suit’?” the Swordswoman rolled her eyes. “You don’t even look like your Portrait, and you have the nerve to criticize me? I am a woman, do you expect me to appear every day in the same unwashed clothes?”

Ashe found himself persuaded by the Swordswoman’s sound logic.

However, he clearly didn’t care about these details and looked at the Swordswoman eagerly: “Swordswoman, since you’re here, help me escape from this Prison!”

“I refuse.”

“Ah?”

“Why should I help you escape?” the Swordswoman said lazily. “You have food and shelter here, isn’t it quite suitable for someone useless like you? Why always think about escaping? The outside might be even worse than here. Wouldn’t it be nice to live the life you’ve always dreamed of by retiring early?”

“But I carried a big pot on my back

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, and in a few days, I have to attend the Blood Moon Tribunal. That doesn't sound like they're inviting me to a buffet, does it?”

“Oh, the Blood Moon Tribunal...” the Swordswoman nodded thoughtfully.

“Hehe, that makes me even less inclined to help you escape.”

Ashe's mindset was close to breaking. He thought he had finally found a strong ally, but the stockings on the leg he was trying to hold onto were too slippery to grasp: “You can't do this, I am your—”

“Your what?” the Swordswoman's gaze suddenly sharpened, and she jabbed her finger hard into Ashe's forehead. “What are you trying to say? You want to say, you are my what? Hmm? Hmm? Hmm?”

With each jab, Ashe stepped back until he hit a bench and sat down, unable to avoid the Swordswoman's finger poking his forehead. She leaned closer, their noses touching, and Ashe saw his own reflection in her wine-red pupils.

“Do you want to say that you are my—master?” she said with disdain and a cold voice. “Heh, do you want to hear me call you 'master' a couple more times, so you have more material for the trash in your head?”

Ashe calmed down instead: “What's wrong with that? You're just a virtual character in a game, and I am the player. If I die, naturally you won't continue to exist either. Since we have this Bond, why can't you help me?”

Hearing the word 'Bond,' the Swordswoman reacted as if she had her tail stepped on, her fur standing on end, bloodshot eyes filling her pupils, and her expression turning dark and frightening.

Ashe was startled but did not back down. Instead, he sat up straight, forcing the Swordswoman to step back: “Death Maniac Swordswoman, I am not your

master, but neither am I your servant. If you can't even treat me as an equal, then you might as well roll back into the game and be your stream of data."

The Swordswoman's chest heaved like mountains, showing her unrest. Just when Ashe thought she was about to punch him to death, she suddenly smiled wistfully: "A virtual character? You're actually right, I am indeed just a fleeting thought... However, Observer, you'd better remember what you said today."

"You are not my master," the Swordswoman emphasized each word. "And you never will be."

Ashe: "I promise."

"You swear, a liar will lose their face, and it must remain unchanged for ten thousand years."

Although Ashe didn't quite understand why the Swordswoman was so insistent, he indeed had no such worldly desires and said calmly, "I swear, a liar will lose their face, and it must remain unchanged for ten thousand years."

The Swordswoman seemed completely relieved, turned, and left: "Let's go, we'll talk on the way."

"Go where?" Ashe immediately perked up.

"To the restaurant, aren't you going to have breakfast?"

"What about the prison break..."

"To be honest, it's not that I don't want to help you—I can't help you," the Swordswoman explained. "As you can see, barring yourself, no one else can see or touch me. I don't have the ability to affect the physical world, how can I help you escape prison?"

Ashe was greatly disappointed: "Then why are you here? To show off your new skin?"

“You said it yourself, didn’t you? The Bond,” the Swordsman replied. “I am here to pass on that 30% shared experience to you.”

“Great!” Ashe exclaimed joyfully. “Come on, I’m ready!”

“Ready my foot,” the Swordsman scoffed. “Do you really think there’s some kind of ‘bling’ sound and then you suddenly master my Swordsmanship experience like a miracle? If you want to dream, go back to bed!”

“So how are you going to pass it on to me?”

“It’s simple. You go find someone to fight with, and while you’re in Battle, I’ll transfer the experience to you, allowing you to naturally gain a large amount of experience.”

“No problem!”

As they were talking, they had already arrived at the restaurant.

It was much like any ordinary cafeteria with fixed seating. As soon as Ashe entered, he spotted an excellent target for a fight: a bald, tattooed, muscular man with a scarred face who looked like a serial killer who had murdered hundreds.

He strode over, pretending to accidentally knock the bald man’s cup, sending a full glass of milk tipping over, soaking the bald man’s shoes in white liquid!

“Ah,” Ashe said nonchalantly on purpose. “My apologies.”

The bald man looked up at him, slapped the table hard, shaking the whole table, seemingly about to stand up and start a fight with Ashe!

Ashe swallowed hard, ready to start his first novice fight, but then he saw the bald man take a tissue out of his pocket, squat down, and wipe his shoes clean.

“Then you be careful where you’re walking, okay? The milk today is pretty good, I highly recommend it,” the bald man said to a stunned Ashe.

Footnote:

1. Carried a big pot on my back (背锅):

In Chinese, this term is commonly used as a metaphor. Its literal meaning is “to carry a big pot on one’s back,” but in actuality, it describes a situation where a person is forced to take on responsibility or blame for something, often referring to responsibilities that should not be theirs or faults that are not entirely their own. It usually carries a sense of helplessness and humor.