

SORCERER'S HANDBOOK

Chapter 8: No, You Must Practice Swordsmanship

Sonya was leisurely flipping through “Basic Principles of Water Art” while removing her makeup.

Using the time spent on makeup removal to read was perfect. After all, makeup removal was a hassle, starting with meticulously cleaning each eyelash with a cotton swab, then using an eye wash to bathe her eyes. Today, she had applied sunscreen on her arms, which shower gel alone couldn't clean off, so she bought a big, cheap bottle of makeup remover specifically for sunscreen.

After the bath, she'd still have to do basic skin care, not skipping the spray essence or even the eyelash serum, because they could easily fall out without it, and she definitely couldn't afford the 'Perfect Starlight' eyelash surgery.

All these things added up to nearly an hour. If she didn't take this little time to study, how could Sonya have possibly gotten a scholarship last semester?

Moreover, she was aiming to summon her first Water spirit before next year and ideally fully deploy her Silver Wings to become a One-Wing Sorcerer before graduation.

Although Swordflower College wasn't the top Sorcerer university in Gales, it was second to none in training Swordcerers, Water Sorcerers, and Wind Sorcerers. Graduates from these three specializations had boundless prospects.

Water Sorcerers, in particular, with their many related Healing Spells, often became Healing Sorcerers, which was also Sonya's major Faction.

Having seen the bustling world of Gales, Sonya knew that it would take her decades to establish herself without help. Therefore, finding a good man to leap into high society seemed a natural choice.

Otherwise, why would she spend so much time, effort, and money maintaining her beauty, if not to be undervalued by some poor man?

According to Sonya's research, among the wives of Nobles, over 50% were Water Sorcerers.

If the Noble was also a Sorcerer, that percentage could even exceed 70%!

Without a doubt, being a Water Sorcerer was a significant plus when Nobles chose wives!

Compared to Water Sorcerers, Wind Sorcerers often became meteorologists, requiring frequent outdoor work in harsh conditions, while Swordcerers were even less desirable; physical strength was a minus for women...

Sonya's life plan was crystal clear—

Become a Water Sorcerer, then find a way to participate in internal activities at Truth College, the top Sorcerer university in Gales, even in the Stars Kingdom, and hook a Noble scion.

Truth College was where the rich and Noble mingled, not Swordflower College, whose male students she didn't care for at all.

Become a Water Sorcerer, get to know the students of Truth College, marry into Nobility, and then use her husband's social resources to build a dowry for herself. That way, even if she divorced, she could still stand on her own in Gales and bring her mother to live a Noble's life...

"No, you must practice swordsmanship."

Hearing the familiar yet strange, chaotic voice, Sonya's right hand instinctively reached for a weapon.

If it weren't for her sitting position restricting her, she would have initiated an Evade step to dodge.

But the next second, she came to her senses, her face filled with terror as she looked towards the strange figure that had appeared out of nowhere, dressed in a deep Black Windbreaker, his face dim and indistinct!

"If I were you, I'd first observe the reactions of others."

The Observer leaned against the wardrobe, raised a finger to his lips in a silencing gesture and said, "If you want to talk to me, do it in your Inner Voice."

Sonya glanced at Lois and Adelle. Adelle was tapping away at the air, clearly engrossed in a program on the Holographic Screen; Lois, having just come out of the Restroom, passed by the Observer without so much as a glance, as if he didn't exist in her eyes.

Sonya looked down at the floor and immediately understood—the Observer had no shadow.

Suppressing the urge to speak out loud, Sonya asked in her Inner Voice:

"Who are you, exactly?"

"I am known as the Apocalypse Observer, you may call me Observer. If you are this forgetful at such a young age, I can only recommend that you abstain from sensuous distractions..."

"You know that's not what I'm asking."

"But that's as much as I can answer you."

The Observer said, "And you know, I used to hate it when people were deliberately mysterious, especially those who held important secrets but acted like 'it's not yet time for you to know,' it made one want to beat the truth out of them."

Sonya didn't speak, just looked at the Observer.

The Observer nodded: "Right, as you said, I've now become one of those mysterious types, because—I find it rather amusing. Especially seeing you so frustrated and helpless, it really makes the trip worthwhile."

"But isn't that normal? People often grow into the very thing they hate the most, or rather, the people we dislike tend to live the longest."

Suddenly, Sonya realized something that made her skin crawl.

"You can hear my Inner Voice!"

"If I couldn't hear your thoughts, then what's the difference between me and a mime?"

"But you can't—that's disrespectful—you've stripped away the freedom of my own mind!?"

"Relax, Swordswoman, I'm not your enemy," the Observer said. "I'm not even a complete person right now. If you insist, I can refrain from appearing before you."

"Then what are you exactly?"

"I am nothing but a distant longing." The Observer shook his head. "Let's not get carried away. Let's focus on the matter at hand. You'll soon forget about me being able to hear your Inner Voice."

"What matter?" Sonya recalled the cruelty in her dreams.

"First." The Observer suddenly held a bottle of blue potion. "You need to drink this."

"No, I won't drink it!" Sonya replied instantly.

But then, to Sonya's horror, she saw the potion in the glass bottle vanish before her eyes, and at the same time, she felt a liquid slide down her throat!

“Next.” The Observer offered a wooden sword. “You want to practice swordsmanship.”

“No, I don’t want to!”

The Observer was right; Sonya no longer cared that he could hear her Inner Voice.

Because compared to controlling one’s actions and speech, listening to thoughts was a trivial matter!

Even with all her might, Sonya could only watch as she took the wooden sword, and then—

Swish!

As the screeching sound of a wooden chair scraping across the floor pierced the air, Lois and Adelle turned to look just in time to see Sonya clutching a wooden sword as she left the dorm, slamming the door behind her with a loud bang!

“What’s gotten into her?”

Lois muttered under her breath, but she quickly realized her own cowardice and let out a loud, mocking laugh: “She hasn’t practiced swordsmanship for a year and suddenly she’s off to train tonight? Maybe she’s hoping to catch the eye of some senior from the Swordsmanship Department?”

Adelle blinked in confusion: “I don’t remember her ever buying a wooden sword, and Engulite doesn’t sell that style of wooden sword either. Where did she get it from...?”