

# Taking the Mafia to the Magic World

## *Chapter 2: Early Years?*

In the blink of an eye, three years have passed...

After arriving in a new world without fully understanding how he had died and how he had ended up in this magical place, Vicente slowly adapted to a new reality.

The beginning had been very boring for him. Even though he had all his memories from his time on Earth, he had to endure the tortuous journey every baby would take after birth.

For months, he just ate, slept, pooped, and finally, pissed himself.

The experience of waking up in the middle of the night with his private parts and sometimes even his back covered in poop was terrible!

He almost lost all his honor in this dark period of his life.

Meanwhile, a baby's routine does not contain many adventures. He already knew how many things worked, so he hadn't experienced many discoveries.

At most, he had been entertained by the few times he had seen people using magic in front of him.

At first, he didn't really understand what it was. Still, the more time he spent in this place, the more he realized that the fantastic powers the people used were like the magic he had often heard about in fiction stories.

Through this discovery, he learned that he was no longer on Earth but in a wonderful place!

This was Polaris Realm, a world where magic existed!

After his first monotonous months in Polaris Realm, Vicente had slowly learned about where he was, the language spoken by his new parents, and that wonderful discovery.

At 7 months, he had learned to speak a few words, but only at 1 year and 5 months had he achieved enough to form sentences and understand what people said to him.

By this time, he had begun to understand the stories his mother told him whenever he went to sleep.

Polaris Realm was a marvelous place full of possibilities, where terrible monsters existed in forests or even hidden in the shadows. At the same time, humans capable of learning magic had the possibility to walk unique paths, strengthening their bodies and souls through magic.

Their lives could be prolonged as long as they strengthened themselves, and the word impossible could not easily be used with these specialists.

By learning to speak, he had learned these things and some basic concepts of how this society worked.

However, he was still a child and had a lot to learn. At the age of 3, he did not know about the hierarchies of magical cultivation nor the differences in status from family origin.

Was this a place like Earth where finance was more important than everything else?

He didn't know yet.

At most, he knew about how things were in his family.

He was the son of a relatively successful merchant named Andrew Fuller. This man could be described as kind, good-looking, and a very intelligent person.

His mother was Kate Hogan, who lived basically to take care of her husband's and children's needs.

She was part of a wealthy bourgeois family from the same province as Andrew, where they had met five years ago.

As for Andrew, he was of common origin but had achieved success through his business activity, a career he had followed since he was adopted by a wealthy merchant 20 years ago.

From this union had emerged Lauren and, more recently, Vicente.

Lauren was Vicente's only sister for the moment. Still, considering how much their parents were in love with each other, he did not doubt that one day there would be more brothers and sisters.

Lauren was not jealous and got along very well with him. So Vicente naturally viewed her favorably.

Given his past on Earth, he might not have connected with this family. But after three years of living with them and receiving nothing but love from everyone, he had adopted this family and truly accepted them into his heart.

Because of this good relationship, he enjoyed his time with them, learned things, and understood their reality.

His father might be considered financially successful, but this was a society in which that was not enough for one to be guaranteed the basics.

This was a magical society; as such, one could only achieve a good social position through magical power.

Having resources mattered, but only if these resources could move magicians.

This his father could not do!

So, even if they could be considered rich by the standards of this world, they would have to bow their heads to some groups just about everywhere they went.

There were nobles in this world, people who usually belonged to heaven-blessed families with good magical talents among their members. But besides them, a few individuals of common origin could have high positions just by their talents, and the rest of this society would have to be careful in dealing with them.

As someone weak and unable to move relevant magicians, Vicente's father had to be humble.

Vicente had learned this recently and was slowly trying to adopt a humble and discreet lifestyle necessary for his survival and success.

He had often heard stories from his father about how putting his head down at the right moments and taking steps back had benefited him.

As someone who had been betrayed on Earth and was trying to learn to live in this new world, Vicente had taken this hint and tried to act like his old man whenever possible. And so did his mother and sister.

Perhaps for this reason, in the three years he had lived here, they had never experienced a desperate situation.

Now, Vicente was in his family's main house in the Seidel Kingdom, Scott Province, Martell Village.

This was a relatively small place, with less than three thousand inhabitants, where no members of the nobility resided.

Martell Village was surrounded by a large forest, mountains, and agricultural fields that stretched for hundreds of kilometers.

Given its remote position in the province, this was a quiet place that usually did not have to deal with major problems.

That was why the head of the Fuller family had established his residence there!

And precisely in this place, Vicente was running after his mother at this very moment.

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"Mama, when will I be able to learn magic?" He asked in a rather childish, swallowing lethargic language, still struggling to speak properly.

In his mind, Vicente could form words, read, and understand what people were saying, even when they used slightly more complex words. But strangely, he couldn't speak or write as well as he thought he could.

Kate once again heard her son asking her about this and smiled as she put some clothes on a clothesline.

"Vicente, this is no time for you to worry about that. I already told you that. First, you must learn to write and fulfill your lessons with your sister."

Vicente heard that and thought it was highly unfair for her to hold the truth about this from him.

"But I'm doing my best. When are you going to talk to me about it?"

She stopped what she was doing and sighed. "All right, I'll tell you about it." She paused briefly, feeling that she might hurt her little boy, but it would be better to tell him immediately.

"Vicente, magic is something you can train. Use your perseverance, luck, and contacts. In short, there are many ways to improve a person's abilities." She started in a positive tone but soon became more serious. "However, regardless of how many ways there are to improve as a magician, none of them can correct a bad natural talent.

In the magic world, magicians' fate is already decided before they even begin their magical journeys.

No matter how hard a magician with bad talent perseveres, they will never reach the same level as a well-born slacker."