

The Royal Military Academy's Impostor Owns a Dungeon [BL]

#Chapter 14: Hope - Read The Royal Military Academy's Impostor Owns a Dungeon [BL] Chapter 14: Hope

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Curtis mobilized the medical staff to rouse both the Marshal and the Prince from their induced coma.

In reality, they were all skeptical about something that they just haphazardly sourced in the Star Mall, but they really had no other options.

Someone suggested they liquify the apples, but Curtis feared the possible energy loss, so they decided to have them consume it as is.

"Curtis, have you checked these?" Asked the Marshal.

"Yes, Marshal, I checked for it's energy resonance."

"Then make sure to give it to the Crown Prince first."

"No, Uncle. Your core is in a worse state. And I'm still able to hold on."

Given the rarity of such consumables, Curtis had a feeling they would say such things, so he opted to explain right away.

"Sir, we actually got a total of 120 of these."

"Did you mean 12?" Asked Prince Aeris.

"No, Your Highness, we really ordered 120 of these."

Even the medical staff murmured at his correction. How could they get their hands on 120 pieces in just several hours?

One of the doctors actually contemplated testing it first because it just sounded too good to be true.

When Prince Aeris realized it, he decided to take his chances.

Not that they even had other options.

After all, he was experiencing Spiritual Power Imbalance.

He suffered a backlash to his core when he fended off self-destructing corrupted beasts.

People who didn't have enough spiritual energy for combat probably wouldn't understand what it feels like to have a fractured core.

A core fracture typically means a leak in the body's spiritual energy. However, for the people of this era, who had very limited access to anything that could restore their spiritual energy, a core fracture was like an open wound.

The wound should be able to heal on its own and even faster with the help of external spiritual energy infusion, but what happens when it gets infected before the cracks are mended?

Then, it becomes a festering time bomb.

This infection came with the onset of the corrupted creatures. They initially fought these creatures the same way they handled other beings, only to discover that their corruption could seep into fractured cores and meridians.

And a person's spiritual sea could only take so much corruption.

This imbalance between corruption and one's spiritual energy results in a riot that could potentially shatter the core, resulting in a massive explosion.

For years, they have been trying to find ways to purify the corruption or mend fractures to avoid infection, but they haven't succeeded.

So, the Empire had no choice but to medically discharge soldiers whose cores were fractured to avoid infection.

Aeric understands the gravity of their situation. If nothing worked, the Empire would lose two of its strongest fighting forces in one go. And the Empire would suffer greatly.

This has to work. Thought Aeric as he stared at the apple in his hand.

He even prayed. And that was huge for someone who doesn't believe in miracles.

But to his surprise, the fruit emitted this potent scent even before he bit into it. That alone was enough to stimulate his senses.

Then Crown Prince Aeric ingested it. The onlookers gasped at his sudden movement, but none of that mattered to Aeric.

Because he was suddenly enveloped in warmth.

When his spiritual riot was at its peak, he felt like his body's meridians were freezing solid. They feared that once agitated, they would explode into shrapnels of explosive power.

So, the feeling of warmth was a welcome sensation. It was as if his meridians were slowly being thawed as the new energy circulated in his body.

He was still poisoned with the corruption, but for as long as he could seal all the fractures, he would be able to manage the effects on his body.

The fruit's energy was like a liquid bandaid.

And that wasn't even the whole fruit.

Aeric munched on his apple with greater determination.

The effects were evident. And the energy was enough for someone like him who was also poisoned by corruption.

This could mean complete healing for people who still had clean but fractured cores.

"How is it, Your Highness?" Asked the fidgeting doctors.

"Potent. Extremely potent." This wasn't anything like the imbued fruits they have been treasuring.

Not even close.

"Even if you add the energy of everything I've ingested prior to this, it might not even total to half this apple's potency."

Excited gasps sounded from around the room, and Curtis even looked ready to cry.

This inspired the Marshal to do the same, and his reaction was similar.

By the time he finished his apple, he had tried devising ways to maximize their inventory.

At first, both leaders wanted to save the rest for distribution to the other soldiers, but their subordinates were relentless, insisting they consume more before sending the rest to them.

"Sir, we don't know when we'll have this opportunity again. Please heal the fractures so we can buy time to solve the corruption problem." Curtis pleaded amidst the glares thrown by his bosses.

After enduring the earlier scare, Curtis was ready to accept their glares. If they could glare at him, that meant they were still alive. And that was all that mattered to him.

"Send a few samples to the lab for testing. We need to see if we can store them without affecting their potency. Then, send the rest to the soldiers, " said the Marshal.

"I suppose you've done your research on the seller? Show me the Star Mall store."

Curtis knew someone was going to ask about this eventually, so he readily showed them their findings.

"Your Highness, we only got this far because we encountered a fortified firewall. We stopped prodding because we didn't want to alarm the seller before we could obtain the goods."

"Show it to Eden, but be discreet. We cannot alarm the seller into hiding. Continue to monitor the shop, and once the seller restocks, try to buy as much as you can."

Curtis flinched at the mention of Eden but he still nodded in response to the instruction.

This began the man-hunt for the Empire's most sought-after fruit vendor.