

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

#Chapter 6: Taking Risks - Read The Royal Military Academy's Impostor Owns a Dungeon [BL] Chapter 6: Taking Risks

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There was good news and bad news.

Good news: He was still alive and kicking.

Bad news: He was still alive and stuck on Planet Nova.

Oh, and the pill worked.

It was something Luca surmised after the pain and extreme tremors subsided. For a while, he wondered if he had made a bone-regrowing pill instead of a Stamina Pill.

Luckily, he remembered how he had a body now. How could he forget to redirect the pill's energy? No wonder he felt like he was being torn apart.

The difference was night and day. He was definitely not prepared to take on combat sports, but he could now walk more without fearing for his life.

Small wins.

Luca rewarded himself by munching on a few apples. At least he could reach for them now. The fruits were still as sweet and juicy as before, and he sniffled at the feeling of being able to eat something.

It's been so long...

He savored his first solid meal. Because of his throat's condition, the medical staff also gave him liquids so he didn't rush to eat anything that was far too solid.

Luca was thinking about his remaining pills. Honestly, he felt hesitant to use the remaining ones because of the intensity of the pain he experienced. And if his guess was right, this might even hurt more. But he knew he needed even a bit of his original spiritual power back.

If he could get that, he'd be able to open up more of his space, which would give him a greater chance of survival.

So, Luca decided to ease the pain by seeing how much spiritual water he could use on himself. Like some sort of skin elasticity test, he tried a few drops and then waited for the burning sensation, which didn't come.

The young man's face finally brightened. But to ensure it wasn't something like what happened with the Stamina Pill, he waited far longer before using a few more drops.

He figured he'd digest what he got first, carefully circulating the energy from the spiritual water. It wasn't a burning pain this time, but strong pressure. He could tell that the meridians of this body were so tight because nothing had been circulating in it.

Now, he had to forcefully open them by channeling and weaseling in energy into the tiny pathways. It took a lot of time and a lot of spiritual power. Maybe having a bit of stamina really helped. Powerful people from before did say that you needed a strong enough body to house such powerful spiritual powers.

Though he didn't exactly understand why his spiritual powers could rival most of theirs, his original body wasn't exactly athlete material. He wasn't this weak, but he probably wouldn't be winning gold in succession.

Just as he was going to do another round, his terminal notified him of his medical appointment. Luca sighed but decided to venture out again. If anything, he could now test the effects of his earlier gamble.

Luca arrived in one piece. His breathing was normal, and none of his veins felt like they were popping out.

It was glorious. And he reveled in such joy that the nurses he's been seeing kept on glancing over.

They admired his beautiful, shimmering face, which shone with happiness. He looked positively glowing, unlike the gaunt look he had when they fished him out of the tank.

He wasn't ugly or anything even back then, but he looked like a dazed doll, so seeing him suddenly happy after a week made them happy, too.

And the trainees even felt like surviving a great horror. At least they were sure that the Duke's heir wouldn't perish under their hands.

The Academy forbids them from treating the students differently once enrolled, but still, no idiot would want their career marked with the death of someone this prominent. So the entire team smiled when they saw him beaming.

"You seem to be in better condition." Said Doctor Brent while examining the results and the patient's disposition.

Luca replied, "I seem to be feeling better than yesterday." He had to grin at that, too.

His throat was still hoarse, but he didn't feel burning pain while speaking.

What if he drank a bit of the water this time? Thought the little daredevil as he smiled angelically to everyone that greeted him.

Then, the doctor told him to keep up with his rest and with whatever he was doing.

"Thank you, Doctor Brent, and to the other staff for taking care of me." He smiled genuinely as he waved his hand for a goodbye.

The staff returned his gestures while internally debating their most recent experiences. Unbeknownst to the jovial young man, he became the topic of conversation for many days to come.

"Wasn't he supposed to be really bratty?" Asked a young trainee who just couldn't hold it anymore.

"Shhh! Be a little more covert, will you?! What if someone hears you?" Lectured another nurse.

"Hmmm...I actually feel like my son's worse. If that was supposed to be bratty, then maybe my son needs more discipline." Mused the head nurse as she looked at the hallway where Luca had disappeared.

That night, a young man suffered from an accidental comparison. He would cry out about unfair treatment but would be drowned by lectures on good morals and right conduct.

Meanwhile, the supposed bratty child decided to peruse the cafeteria. He got lost a few times but managed to get there by asking around.

Luca unknowingly got there by stunning the bystanders with his megawatt smile. Everyone he approached would initially be wary of him, but the moment he smiled while asking, they'd be too stunned to reject. Some even guided him themselves up to a certain degree, but they all left a bit dazed, wondering about the authenticity of their experience.

He didn't actually have any particular expectations, so he just took in the sheer size of the cafeteria. It was bustling with activity, and he saw so many people in navy blue uniforms that he wondered how he hadn't seen that many students outside.

Of course, that would be because Luca had only been to the assessment room, the medical bay, and his dorm building when curfew was near.

He decided to observe how people got their food. Get a tray, line up, pick your choice of food, and then scan your terminal.

Seems doable.

So Luca proceeded to imitate the experienced students, even imitating their food choices. His theory was that these students would only pick what they could tolerate. So he got a bit of what looked like rice, some stew, and a little bit of meat. Still, he didn't eat much solids because he didn't want to throw up in the middle of the cafeteria. That would be social suicide.

Then, it was soon his turn to scan his terminal.

[TOTAL: 150 Star coins]

[INSUFFICIENT BALANCE]

Luca froze. He did not consider this at all. He thought they were scanning for identification.

This may be worse than vomiting. Now, this was social suicide, all right.