

The World 81

Chapter 81: Joint Training (8)

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You've captured the interest of Isiliraiellyn. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Isiliraiellyn Pantagruel

Race: Human-Demon Hybrid

Requirements to dominate Isiliraiellyn:

1. Help Isiliraiellyn Save People Who Are In Danger Five Times (0/5)

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

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The first requirement... it's a little complicated. But I reckon I can manage it down the line...

After a satisfied nod, she loomed over me, hands planted firmly on her curvaceous hips. "Now then, my loyal follower, are you prepared to be my practice partner?"

I mulled it over. Training with her could be quite the experience, and there were no rules forbidding it. In fact, it was even encouraged to spar with others outside your group. Plus, why would I pass up an opportunity like this? So, what's my answer? Let's humor her for now.

"Oh, I'm not sure if I'm worthy enough to be your practice partner."

"Don't fret about worthiness! You're my loyal follower! That alone grants you the privilege to spar with me!"

"Well, if you say so, then I'll be grateful if you're okay with me," I replied.

With that, Isiliraiellyn became my sparring partner.

Isiliraiellyn Pantagruel wasn't exactly a top-notch fighter, but she had a knack for the arcane arts. She might not have been the prodigy she once was in her younger days, but her magical prowess still commanded respect. Sure, she couldn't hold a candle to those with innate talents, but she was no slouch either. With her mastery over Aura, she could easily overwhelm a regular opponent.

However, her weakness lay in close combat; she was more of a backliner than a frontline fighter.

That's why instead of clashing blades, we opted for an arcane duel. I veered off from my usual training spot with my assigned group of swordsmen and headed towards where Isiliraiellyn's group trained. Their area was smaller, about a 20-meter radius, just enough to accommodate their squad of 20 mages.

"Ah, so they group us based on proficiency," I mused to myself as I observed their setup. It made sense; it explained why I was lumped in with the swordsmen, while Shredica was assigned to the marksmen, and Isiliraiellyn found herself among the mages.

"Come on, follow me," Isiliraiellyn beckoned, practically dragging me along with her.

Eventually, we arrived at a spot where a small circle, about five meters in diameter, was drawn on the ground. I couldn't help but be impressed.

"This magic circle... it's way more intricate than the ones over there," I remarked, noting the stark difference between this circle and the others scattered around the training area.

While the other circles seemed hastily drawn and rough around the edges, this one was pristine and flawless. I had a soft spot for well-crafted magic circles, and seeing one executed so perfectly made me reconsider whether I really needed Martha's skill, Deft Hands, for this kind of work.

"I drew that! Pretty cool, huh?!" Isiliraiellyn beamed with pride, clearly pleased with her handiwork. I tore my gaze away from the circle to look at her.

"It's... definitely impressive," I replied, acknowledging her skill with a nod. It was more than impressive, really. Hers might be the prettiest magic circle I have ever seen. "What does it do?" I asked, curiosity piqued.

"It's a healing magic circle. Stand on it, and you'll regenerate from anything that scratches you. Watch," she explained. Isiliraiellyn then bit her thumb, causing blood to well up. Stepping onto the magic circle, the blood vanished, and her wound healed in a split second. "Even if you're hit by an attack, you'll recover instantly while inside."

"...That's really impressive," I reiterated. Healing magic circles usually took time to mend wounds, sometimes even a minute. Granted, she only inflicted a minor injury by biting her finger, but still, the speed of the healing was astounding.

Curious, I decided to test it myself. Taking my dagger, I sliced my palm, feeling the pain as the skin broke and blood flowed. Stepping into the magic circle, within a second, the wound disappeared as if it had never been there.

I stared at Isiliraiellyn, who wore a grin of satisfaction as I stood there in awe, unable to find adequate words to express how incredible her magic circle was.

"It doesn't just do that," she explained, her grin widening. "I've also added a bit of barrier magic to withstand a fair bit of magical force. So, weak magic won't penetrate when you're inside." With a flourish, she conjured a fireball, but as she launched it, the fireball vanished the moment it left the circle.

I was speechless, my admiration for her skills growing even more. But amidst my awe, a desire to dominate Isiliraiellyn stirred within me, growing stronger with each passing moment.

Irene's POV

I was enjoying my breakfast alone in the professors' tent when I heard footsteps approaching. Soon enough, a familiar figure entered: Gabrielle, the top-ranked student from our batch.

As our eyes met, a silent exchange of disdain passed between us. Since graduation, there had been a lingering animosity between us, born from some trivial disagreement that had escalated into full-blown rivalry.

"Why are you here, of all times?" she sneered, her glare piercing.

"What, can't I enjoy my breakfast here?" I retorted, matching her glare with my own.

"I'm not saying that, but I wish you'd do it somewhere where I won't have to lay eyes on you."

"You're such a colossal jerk, Gabrielle," I shot back, my voice tinged with frustration.

"You're an even bigger jerk than I am," she retorted, her glare intensifying. After a tense moment of silent confrontation, she let out an exasperated sigh. "Well, I didn't come here for you anyway, so I'll do my best to tune you out."

"Fine by me," I replied coolly, diverting my attention back to my meal and resuming my eating. Meanwhile, Gabrielle gathered up some breakfast, likely intending to enjoy it elsewhere. I knew her habits well enough; she wouldn't be caught dead sharing the same space with me.

"I hate to ask you this, given how much I loathe conversing with you," she suddenly interjected, her tone begrudging. "But... has anyone from the first year tried to reach out to you, you know, outside of classes?"

I froze, the spoon suspended mid-air. Casting a cautious glance her way, I tried to keep my composure. Did she witness me leaving with Mr. Leon last time? "...What do you mean?" I replied, forcing my voice to remain steady.

"...Forget it, it's nothing. Sorry for asking such a strange question."

...Did she just... pout? What was with that strange reaction? Her lips formed a slight downturn, betraying a hint of vulnerability amidst her usual confident demeanor.

As I pondered that, the distant echo of more footsteps reverberated outside our tent, their rhythm suggesting a sense of urgency. What could it be now?

Suddenly, the tent flap parted, admitting not just one, but a multitude of figures. Their collective presence filled the room, their silent presence carrying an unspoken weight.

One of them, a student (if memory served me right, she was one of the members of the student council), stepped forward, but before she could utter a word, Gabrielle's voice sliced through the air like a whip.

"Isn't it utterly uncouth to barge into the professors' sanctum without so much as a courteous knock, especially during their sacred mealtime?" Her gaze bore into the intruder, her eyes ablaze with disapproval.

"I-I apologize, Professor," the student stammered, her voice trembling slightly under Gabrielle's piercing stare. It was evident she had rushed here, her breaths coming in ragged gasps, her urgency palpable. But even in the face of Gabrielle's formidable presence, the student stood her ground. "But this is no time for pleasantries.

We face a critical and pressing matter," they explained, their voice trembling with the weight of their revelation.

"What's going on?" I demanded, my curiosity piqued by the gravity of the situation.

With a deep breath to steady herself, the student delivered her ominous revelation. "Someone's missing," she declared, her words hanging heavy in the air like a shroud of foreboding.

Leon's POV

All the students were gathered back on the plain, where it was announced that a fellow student was missing. Apparently, this student had been missing since day one and hadn't been found all this time.

I scanned the crowd, searching for the person I knew was being targeted for kidnapping. Charlotte was there, looking just as shocked as everyone else.

I had been so focused on Charlotte that I hadn't even considered the possibility of Norman kidnapping someone else. Anger boiled inside me, manifesting in clenched fists. This was beyond frustrating... or it would have been, if I didn't know exactly what was going on.

This was the trap Artemis had planned to use against Norman. I couldn't help but feel a twisted sense of satisfaction that it had unfolded quicker than anticipated.

Despite the growing anxiety among the students, a dark smile crept onto my face.

