**Chapter 62: Taking a short break (7)**

"Sss, Master. I've done wrong. Please, please forgive me just this once, ugh."

"Don't try to run away, I'm not done yet."

"Pah, my limbs won't move. I'm not kidding, they really don't move."

"It's okay."

"I'm not okay!"

"Don't worry. I'll be gentle."

"Ugh."

As I was dragged by the ankle to the training room by Idelbert, I bitterly regretted my arrogant behavior earlier.

Victory was sweet, but I shouldn't have teabagged.

Who would have thought the emotionless Idelbert would react like that?

‘I shouldn't have.’

I regretted it, but also vowed.

‘One day, I will repay this humiliation.’

"You seem to be thinking of something impolite. I will not allow it. I'll imprint my Master's dignity on your body so thoroughly that you'll never offend me again."

Idelbert licked her lower lip and looked at me. Her black tail swished like a whip in excitement.

I knew from that look that something was wrong.

After that, I was subjected to a chaotic sparring session.

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-Kwuuk. Malang. Kwuuk.

A great darkness fell and receded through the eyeholes in my helmet.

It was the udder wrapped in a leotard, familiar from countless battles.

The nape of her neck felt firm yet soft.

Idelbert's thighs.

It was truly amazing how her body, which could bend an axe if struck directly, could feel so firm, yet soft and resilient.

"⋯Uhhhhh..."

My head is dazed. I think I must have fainted.

At some point, I fell into a trance, so my memory was blurry.

"Good morning."

"Master. Society says I didn't sleep, I passed out and woke up."

"Then I guess I'll just have to get society right again."

It sounds crazy at first, but when you're as powerful as Idelbert, you can't help but wonder, "Is it?”

In this world, the more powerful you are, the more you have a voice and influence.

"Did you have an epiphany in the middle of the battle? The change was quite remarkable."

Idelbert looked at me curiously. She was now in a mood to celebrate the growth of her pupil.

‘Perhaps she means when I increased my wisdom and finesse.’

To be honest, I was surprised by the change myself.

The tingling sensation of doubt that had been dominating my palms lifted, and I felt a general improvement in my 'finesse' - the ability to move my body, including the skill of wielding a weapon.

'There's a big difference between 0 and 1, after all.’

Going from 1 to 2 and 0 to 1 is the same thing, a one-point increase, but with completely different results.

Even if I had a little bit of stamina, I felt like my stamina increased, my strength increased, and my agility increased.

The moment I realized that my finesse had gone from 0 to 1, the change was dramatic.

It's a bit of an exaggeration, but it feels like I realized a new sensation.

From now on, unless my opponent is extremely fast, I won't be able to miss with my axe or fist.

‘Finesse aside, it's not enough.’

[Wisdom: (1)]

I'm not sure about this one.

I punched myself in the head. I didn't feel like my intelligence increased.

"⋯I hit you too hard."

There was a minor commotion as Idelbert sighed and stopped me from pounding my head while lying on her thighs, but I ignored it.

Apparently, the Wisdom stat is not tied to intelligence.

I'm sure it has some effect, but I'm guessing it's more about being able to handle magic than intelligence.

‘Well. It doesn't make sense that my intelligence was 0.'

I have a short backpack strap, but I've studied a bit. I can do arithmetic easily.

9 times 9 is⋯⋯⋯⋯ 81. Hmm. I'm not dead yet.

"I'm not going to make any big claims of enlightenment, but something clicked."

"Good, I was worried that your physical growth might have thrown you off balance, but you're catching on quickly."

The finesse would be more than enough to help with the senses.

I took Idelbert's advice and invested as much, if not more, in finesse as in physical strength.

[Would you like to allocate one free point to Finesse?]

I nodded, and Finesse went to 2.

It's not as dramatic a change as going from 0 to 1, but it'll help.

'It'll also help me with the twin axes.’

"Off."

I lifted my head off Idelbert's thigh and tried to sit up, every muscle in my body screaming in horror.

Nineteen consecutive bouts of dueling, no wonder. I don't have the strength to lift a finger.

I rested my head on Idelbert's thigh again.

"Master. Can I have some recovery potion?"

"If anyone hears, they'll think you left it with me, apprentice."

"Ai, what's the matter, we're master and disciple, aren't we?"

"I've never had a disciple who tried to beat his master."

"That's why you lost in the end."

"⋯You've been spoiled. I thought you were a more disciplined fellow."

Idelbert grumbled, her expression even more impassive than usual. Apparently the shock of defeat had taken its toll.

She sarcastically reached into her bosom for a recovery potion and waved it.

"Lie down. I'll rub it in."

"Can't I just drink it?"

"⋯For me, this seems to work a little better."

"Is that so?"

If Idelbert, who had started out as an explorer and worked her way up to the rank of Union Commander, felt that way, then it must be true.

"Lie back and let me work out those kinks."

I lay down on the floor of the training room.

I felt Idelbert's touch and body heat as she climbed between my waist and buttocks, pressing and massaging my limbs.

‘She doesn't usually do this to me.’

Maybe she thought she'd gone too far this time.

-Mmmm.

Idelbert poured a thick layer of potion onto both palms and rubbed it into my limbs.

My muscles, which were on the verge of breaking, were held together by the potion, her fingers massaging each and every muscle fiber.

"Mmmmmmmm."

I groaned in pleasure. It was crazy. Was the massage this cool?

I gave a thumbs up in admiration, but Idelbert stopped her hand.

I turned my head to see why, but she was still expressionless.

-Bam! BANG!

However, unlike her expressionless face, the black cat's tail was wagging frantically, making the sound of a whip cracking.

'Usually, when an animal's tail wags gently, it means it's in a good mood⋯'

It was wagging so fast that I couldn't tell what it was reflecting.

"⋯Don't go around saying you're happy like that. It's dangerous."

"What? Why?"

What does saying that a massage feels good have to do with danger?

"If I don't want you to do it, don't do it."

"Yes."

Idelbert said it with a rare seriousness. I didn't understand, but I nodded.

The massage resumed once more.

Idelbert's hands gently melted my muscles. Oh, this is so good. I want this every day if I can.

Just as I was thinking that, I heard her voice, sounding a little frustrated as the massage slowed down.

"⋯⋯You can say that it feels good now."

"No, you just told me not to-"

"There is a time and a place for everything."

"Ah, yes."

The teacher was a bit stuck in the fourth dimension, so I couldn't understand what she was thinking.

The massage was over and my sore muscles felt cool and loose but it was too loose.

As I continued to say that it felt good, Idelbert, who began to concentrate intensely in the middle, moved her fingers with such intensity that my muscles were about to melt away, and my frail body melted beneath the fingers of the Supreme Being.

My exposed limbs were covered with Idelbert's handprints, and my skin was red with them.

"⋯⋯"

Idelbert was speechless for a moment as she saw my limbs covered in massage marks.

Boom! Boom!

Though her black tail still wagged with great momentum.

"At least it's not so bad that I can't move."

"⋯Khhhh. That's good. I'll support you."

"Thank you."

Idelbert lifted my limp arm and placed her hand on my side, supporting me.

Idelbert's side chest rubbed against mine. My eyes snapped open at the shocking touch.

Looking down from above, I couldn't look away from the pale brown flesh of her breast, which was not covered by the black leotard.

But should I look away?

It's a crazy world out there, man or woman. Maybe it would make sense for me to live without a brain.

So I just stuck my eyes on Idelbert's breasts and got into the elevator for the Union President.

"⋯But what do I tell Ms. Diana, she might misunderstand me again?"

"It'll clear up as we walk."

I just hope Idelbert doesn't get stuck with an ice pick again.

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"Etch-!"

Serif snorted, blushing at the sudden outburst of frivolous coughing.

Her cat ears and tail perked up.

A strange feeling of uneasiness enveloped her, a shudder running through her body.

"Serif?"

Nate Elin, her escorting Paladin, glared at Serif, who coughed in a rare, incredibly cute voice.

"Oh, it's nothing, more than that, did you familiarize yourself with everything I told you?"

"Yes. Of course I have, and I will make sure we get something out of this Labyrinth investigation."

At the loyal Nate Elin's answer, Serif smiled mechanically and reached for the necklace.

An image of him with an unpleasant demon flashed through her mind but Serif forced herself to erase the demon's face and recall only his image.

"Alas⋯ soon, we shall meet again."

At the thought of him, the mechanical smile vanished, replaced by a pure smile.

‘I'll be waiting, Mr. Balkan.’

Serif flicked her white cat tail and began a prayer to Earth Mother.