

Hot girl

Erax was looking through the window. The Mountain was so small from the University island, hardly topping the trees.

I wonder where Father is, he thought. I should be with him on the battlefield.

Don't worry pal, his second-life Ordin said, we will get our slice of fighting when the time comes.

Yeah, but I feel useless here, while—

“Mister Grovethrive,” asked professor TenGani.

Erax jumped.

He was in thermodynamics class and all his classmates were now looking at him. On his upper stage, Professor TenGani was directly looking at him, “Would you care to tell us the three laws of energy?”

Erax cleared his throat, trying to remember his father's teaching, “The first law states that one cannot create or destroy energy, it can only be transformed from one state to another.”

“Correct. Please continue,” the professor said.

“The second law states that the efficiency of the transformation is inversely proportional to the distance between the source and the receiver.”

“Yes. And the third law?”

“The third law states that as one transforms energy from one state to another, some part is inevitably lost.”

Erax smiled, his father had taught him well and he knew the basic laws that governs doublers' abilities.

“Incorrect, mister Grovethrive.”

Erax was taken aback—he was sure that was what his father had taught him.

The professor continued, “As you said yourself, energy cannot be *lost*.” He paused then looked behind Erax. “Yes, miss Banhart?”

“The third law states that any closed system sees its entropy inevitably increasing,” rapidly said a high pitch voice.

Erax turned to see who had talked. She was a ginger human girl at the back, staring at her desk.

“Yes, perfectly stated,” the professor said.

As the class continued to stare at her, she blushed while trying to hide behind a book. Her hair started to glow a bright then vivid orange before bursting into flame.

The other classmates screamed and jumped out of grasp of the growing fire. The ginger girl started to cry. The professor was paralyzed, unaccustomed to such events in his theoretical course.

Erax dashed toward the girl. He placed his hands in front of him for containing the flames.

Ordin you know what to do.

As Erax focused his energy, the air around his arms started to chill down, expelling heat outward. The fire gradually losing heat dwindled. Erax closed his embrace and the bright fire died revealing shimmering orange hair.

Erax realized he was now enlacing the girl who looked at him.

“Thanks,” she murmured, blushing.

See, pal, that's how you pick up a hot girl!