

An Extra's POV

Chapter 11: Training Orientation

"Hello, everyone! You might not know me, but my name is Lucielle!"

In front of everyone was a very outspoken young woman who seemed to be in her late twenties.

She had perfect white hair, and her brilliant red eyes seemed to glow as she spoke. With glossy lips that seemed irresistible and a beauty that felt intoxicating, the young woman continued her introduction.

"I'm the Grand Mage of the United Human Alliance. Yep, I'm the best! And I'll be your Co-Tutor for your training!"

Her bubbly personality was contrasted by the grim expression displayed by Brutus, who stood right beside her.

"My specialty is in Magic, so I'll be teaching you mainly about that. Grumpy ol' Brutus here is the best Warrior around, so he'll be teaching you combat and other stuff that I can't teach you."

Everyone stood in an open field, big enough to be classified as a football field, so the view of the open sky and the fresh breeze added a warm ambiance to the atmosphere.

"Sorry you weren't able to see me sooner! That Summoning Magic really took a lot out of me. Even now, I still feel a little under the weather, you know?" Lucielle beamed at her listeners.

"Doesn't seem that way to me. You're as loud and troublesome as ever..."

This short but blunt response from Brutus was given in a low grunt.

"As mean as ever, I see! Don't mind Brutus, everyone. He might look and talk all tough, but he's a big softie inside... deep deep down."

"Tch..."

Lucielle was currently donning a traditional Mage robe, but hers had several ornaments around them, as well as gems that glimmered under the sun.

Her earrings, necklace, bracelets, and other jewels had magical auras around them.

As the Grand Mage of the Nation, she had all of these items as a boost to her already immense power.

"A question, ma'am?" Adonis raised his hand gently, a smile on his face.

He stood in front of all twenty-nine students, but thus far he had been silent.

"Oh, what is it, Adonis? Ah, and please don't call me ma'am. Just call me Lucielle."

"Alright, Miss Lucielle..."

"No! Not Miss! Just Lucielle!" The Grand Mage was pouting now, her brows creased down to show immense disapproval.

Adonis, the prim and proper epitome of politeness gave an awkward laugh as he finally caved in to her demands.

"A-alright, Lucielle..."

"Much better!" She beamed with delight. "So what was your question, Adonis?"

"Since we have our Skills, we already know how to use Magic and Combat abilities. Is there really any need for training?"

It was surprising that someone like Adonis would be asking such questions. After all, he was the biggest advocate for training.

However, his knowing smile as he asked the question made the intention behind it clear.

He wasn't asking for himself, but so that the ones who were considering training to be useless could get an answer that would satisfy them.

Since no one was likely to ask, instead choosing to slack off and not take training seriously, he decided to step in.

"Ahh, good question! It has come to my notice that you guys have Skills without developing your Magic from the ground up and earning the Skills after extensive practice and research. As a result, you already have the power that denizens of this world work decades, if not centuries for."

In H'Trae, Skills were bestowed upon the diligent. By working in a particular field for a given period, you would be granted a Skill in that area.

Classes functioned similarly, but that had to do with the current position a person occupied.

A common soldier could become a Knight after diligently harnessing his Skills for a long period. Once this change occurred in his Class, he would be able to receive a promotion and get the Knight position.

Since the Nation had both the Oculus and the Truthseeker, they had no problem discerning such truths.

A man who owned great properties and had amassed a certain amount of wealth would be recognized to have a Class akin to a noble.

He could then apply for a Noble title and would then be officially recognized as one.

That was the nature of this world; operating from the ground up.

But the Otherworlders were different.

"Without understanding the fundamentals, or working with the basics, you now have great power. That in itself is powerful, but without training, your power will barely scratch the surface of what you are capable of."

The expressions of the students were rife with doubt.

They didn't get what Lucielle was trying to say, neither did they want to believe her.

To them, having high Tier Classes already qualified them for high Tier positions.

They had power, after all.

"For one, you are all Level 1. Normally, as you progress in Levels and Stats, you develop powerful Skills and a strong Class. The higher your Level, the more effective your Skills and Class become. As a result, having a low Level is your first obstacle."

Lucielle further went on to explain it this way;

Stats were mostly based on Levels.

If a person had a Skill that multiplied their Stat with itself, then which would be better?

1 Stat remaining as 1 Stat

Or

2 Stats turning into 4 Stats

Or

10 Stats turning into 100 Stats

In the end, having a higher Level—or higher Stats—was essential in the proper implementation of a Skill or Class.

"You have the potential to be the most powerful beings in this world, but right now you haven't reached that level yet. That is why training is important."

Understanding. Experience. Control. Growth.

There were so many other elements that the students lacked which would impede their growth and restrict their potential.

In order to become the saviors of the world, they had to attain what they were lacking and build up on them with their power.

"I can still see some unconvinced faces. Perhaps a demonstration, then?"
Lucielle grinned, almost in a scheming fashion.

Her glittering red eyes scoured the faces of the students as she sought out the best candidate for her experiment.

Until finally... she found the perfect specimen.

"You there! Billy McGuire, right? Step forward!"

Billy did as he was instructed, stepping away from behind Alicia. He had a stern expression on his face, but he was very tense.

"You possess the Grand Knight Class, right? You also have five Skills, one A-Tier and four B-Tier." She smiled at him.

"How did you know?"

"Your summoning and introduction was recorded, so when I regained consciousness I went over everything."

That was the reason why she knew their names and what they were all capable of.

"Well, you are correct." Billy answered with a small smile.

Having her reinforce just how impressive he was made him happy for some reason.

"Well, Brutus here has a similar Class as you, but it's a B-Tier Class known as Chief Knight. He also has five Skills, but three of them are B-Tier, while the rest are C-Tier."

These were the traits of the strongest warrior in the entire Western Continent.

Based on what Lucielle just elucidated, Brutus was an inferior version of Billy in every way—both in Skills and Class.

By all counts, Billy had to be stronger.

"Why don't the both of you duel? If you win, hmm... let's see... I'll let you take me out on a date."

Lucielle's words struck a chord within every guy who heard her.

She was an older woman, sure, but she was incredibly attractive. Any guy with even one brain cell would fawn over her.

Having such a sweet deal presented in front of him, Billy was meant to be jumping in jubilation.

However, that was far from the case.

"Hmph! I'll do the duel, but I'm not interested in asking you out. My eyes are already on another..." His eyes subtly moved in the direction of the only girl his heart beat for.

Alicia White.

'I can impress her with this. If I win, she'll see just how strong and dependable I am.'

With those thoughts echoing in his mind, Billy agreed to the arrangement.

'He has weaker Skills, and his Class is a lower version of mine. If I spam my Skills, I should be able to end things soon.'

Billy gave a small, tense smile as he stared at the slightly frowning Brutus.

Head Warrior or not, he was inferior.

'Seraph already told us we're stronger than the denizens of this world.'

With that as a source of his confidence, Billy was confident in his victory.

'This'll be a cakewalk.'

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[A/N]

Next chapter, we finally see the first fight scene in this .

I've been itching for this!

Thanks for reading.