

The First Legendary Beast Master #Chapter 61 Colonel Valerie Boris - Read The First Legendary Beast Master Chapter 61 Colonel Valerie Boris

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Karl and Dana had no idea of the extent that the Elders were making plans for their future. Instead of worrying about those sorts of things, they were busy studying, and trying to find ways to grow their powers more efficiently.

The fine control work that Dana had been doing with Hawk had helped her immensely, and Karl's growth rate didn't seem to be slowing at all, even though they hadn't gotten any new resources yet after his advancement.

It was almost as if his powers were just reaching maturity, and like his body had in the first two weeks here, they were beginning to enter the growth phase, where he would start to truly blossom and show off the real potential of his unique class.

While Dana worked on training the Golem to operate as their frontline combatant, Karl worked on constantly improving the mental living conditions for Hawk. It felt like the more that he improved the space, the faster Hawk was growing, and even after a few days of work, he was certain that he could see the change in the bird.

It wasn't getting larger, but the power was improving, and the lustre of Hawk's feathers was improving, as if his health was getting better, despite there being nothing wrong with him to begin with.

The minute changes in monsters as they advanced was a field with very little study done on it, as the leadership felt that being able to identify the general power rankings of the monsters was more important than guessing the exact progression rate of wild beasts. So, Karl was only able to guess by what he was seeing, and if he was right, then after only a few more months, Hawk would likely make it to the Ascended Rank, and his claws would begin to darken and turn glossy.

That growth level was feeding back to Karl, and his body was getting stronger every time he woke up in the morning, but more importantly to him, as a former late bloomer, it was not just getting taller, but he was getting toned.

Not in a burly and muscular sense, more of a professional athlete, lean muscle mass way.

The three of them, Karl, Hawk and Dana, kept up that same routine all week, with their regular classes all day and a new addition, the "Social Adaptation" lessons, as Sergeant Rita called them, where they learned all sorts of small things about interacting with other

Elites outside the Academy, as well as some geography and important figures that were not well known to the general population.

A regular elite wouldn't be calling on someone like the President without a very good reason, but there were dozens of powerful and reclusive Elites and older magic users that were important enough that they should receive an invitation to everything, even if you knew that they would never show up to your event.

Ironically, the Headmaster was on that list of people who should be notified of and invited to all major social events, even though it was common knowledge that he rarely left the Academy. Not inviting him would be seen as rude, and his staff would be left in the dark about the event when others asked him about unexpected events that might have happened at it.

Finally, it was time for the special class to assemble again for their weekly training, but when Karl and Dana arrived at the grounds, they found a pair of new faces among the crowd, and a new professor waiting there as well.

The older mage in charge of the class raised a hand to get everyone's attention, and the group fell silent, eager to find out what was going on.

"Today, we introduce two new promising students, Jenna and Brittany. Both are first year mages with exceptional growth rates, and I hope that you all get along."

The teacher paused, and the team leaders realized that the numbers no longer worked. There were six teams of nine. Plus two didn't leave them with even team numbers. That meant someone was probably leaving for special training or a mission again.

"Yes, as you have guessed, two of our students will be shifted to another specialized class. The government's Bureau of Elite Development has determined that they will be guiding these two toward smaller group missions, and therefore their days will be better spent with another professor." The old mage informed, them with a heavy dose of annoyance in his voice.

These were his students, and he didn't like the bureaucratic meddling any more than anyone else did. He just didn't have the political power to stop them from doing it in this case.

"Karl and Dana will be training for individual and small group missions, and I wanted them to have a chance to say their farewells to the whole group before they go off with their new professor, Colonel Valerie Braless."

"Boris. My name is Valerie Boris." The woman snarled at him, looking like every student's worst nightmare.

Her uniform was so heavily starched and pressed that even standing here in the heat and wind, there was no sign of the creases relaxing, and with the sides of her head shaved under her cap and the gold lensed aviator glasses she wore, she gave off an air of unwavering uprightness and adherence to military regulations that no teenager would possibly enjoy. She was probably still under thirty years old and a powerful Elite from the first batch or the initial testing, but her appearance made it challenging to tell her exact age.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Colonel Boris." Karl and Dana replied in unison, causing the woman to turn and look down her nose at them.

"You may call me Professor Valerie." She replied curtly.

"Understood, Professor."

Even Sergeant Rita was distinctly not looking at the woman, keeping her eyes forward toward the rest of the class, as if she was signalling that the two of them had nothing to do with one another, and that her duties were to the advanced group training class.

The Colonel looked around the field one last time, appearing dissatisfied with something that she saw, then gestured for Karl and Dana to follow her as she turned and walked away without another word.

[I owe not so evil woman an apology. This one looks much more evil, I bet she doesn't even believe in snacks.] Hawk muttered in Karl's mind as they walked.