

THE ACADEMY IS DOOMED

C1

Chapter 1

Amon exclaimed.

“That’s the Amonis Academy!”

A comprehensive educational institution founded by the Unified Emperor, Amonis the Great.

It’s a venerable academy that many noble children aspire to attend.

‘I, the second son of a rural noble family, will become a teacher at the Amonis Academy…….’

It was a unique opportunity.

‘Thank you, Father.’

A job his father, Baron Drake, had arranged through connections.

I wasn’t going to waste my first and last chance.

‘I will teach the noble sons well, earn their respect, make good connections, and raise a family of my own!’

Determined, Amon ran toward the academy.

He had walked and ran for days to get here, but the thought of a bright future in front of him energized him.

‘My journey has only just begun!’

Amon enthusiastically raced to the front gate, but soon stopped short.

'But why is the Academy so cluttered?'

Desks and other equipment were being moved out of the academy's main building and annex.

He grabbed a laborer who happened to be passing by.

"Is something happening at the academy?"

"What? Haven't you heard?"

"What happened?"

The laborer said bluntly.

"The headmaster failed in his investment and lost all his money, going bankrupt!"

Tsk-!

Amon's heart sank.

The academy had been ruined since his first day.

* * *

A fellow teacher who happened to be passing by walked him to the principal's office and said.

"Didn't you see the notice of suspension of operations?"

"A notice?"

"Yes, a few days ago? Through the warp gate and messengers, the noble scions and teachers were informed of the academy's suspension of operations."

There was no way a country estate had a warp gate.

'Did I miss the messenger too?'

Well, it took almost two weeks to get here.

‘Even so, my father, who received the call, couldn’t have sent someone else to call me. He even sold the two horses he had for ceremonial purposes to buy my uniform and sword.....’

Baron Drake is poor.

He’s a ‘baron’ in name only.

His father, Baron Drake, farms the land, and his estates consist of small villages and rugged lands.

That’s why everyone in the village, including his family, was overjoyed when he was appointed to the Academy.

‘.....The academy was ruined on my first day?’

My heart was pounding, but the teacher leading me to the principal’s office was laughing all the way to the bank.

‘Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me.’

The teacher stopped walking and smiled broadly.

“This is the principal’s office.”

Please tell me it’s a joke.

“I’m going to go now, so have a good day.”

“What? Uh, where are you going?”

“I’m retiring today.”

The coworker-no, what had been a coworker-disappeared with a light step, and Amon narrowed his eyes.

‘You’re retiring.’

He smiled, strangely cheerful.

“Phew…….”

Amon sighed heavily and knocked on the door of the principal’s office.

A crisp voice answered.

“Come in.”

Amon’s eyes widened as he opened the door.

‘……Elf?’

A beautiful elf with green eyes stared at him.

He’d gotten the job at the prestigious Amonis Academy in a hurry, so he hadn’t bothered to check who the headmaster was.

‘The headmaster is an elf.’

The elf smiled.

“Are you, by any chance, Mr. Amon, the teacher who was supposed to start today?”

“Ah, yes.”

“I see. Well, well. Come and sit down.”

Amon nervously took the seat across from her, and the elf spoke.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Anar’el, the headmaster.”

“I’m Amon of……Baron Drake.”

“Yes, yes. Now, if you’ll excuse me, let me finish what I was looking at.”

The headmaster flipped open a magazine and began to read, ears perked.

‘……? Isn’t that the language of the elves, where text is not a common language?’

The headmaster said as he tapped his pen and read the magazine.

“Mr. Amon?”

“Yes?”

“Jowjow or Steel Slug. Which do you like better?”

“.....What’s that?”

“Just tell me, in your own words, what you like better.”

Frowning, Amon blurted out.

“Steel Slug?”

“Steel Slug, then, for ten gold coins.”

Amon’s eyes widened at that.

“Is that a horse racing magazine!”

Anar’el’s ears pricked up in outrage at the near-scream.

“Horse racing! How could a noble Elf do such a barbaric thing?”

“Aren’t you?”

“Of course not!”

Anar’el said, her eyes shining.

“It’s racing snails!”

“What?”

“Don’t you know? It’s a race between giant snails across the world’s water, and it’s all the rage among the elves these days!”

At the sound of that nonsense, I remembered the story of the Academy’s failure due to a failed investment.

“I heard that the Academy went bankrupt due to failed investments. They even unloaded the luggage outside.”

“For now.”

The word “for now” made me swear, but I pushed it down.

“.....What exactly is the situation right now?”

“Well, for starters, the imperial government has recommended that we shut down, which has caused most of the students and teachers to leave.”

“Most? Not all?”

“Yes, the nature of the academy is such that we don’t have to follow the imperial government’s recommendations unconditionally, so there are some teachers and students who stayed, so even though the academy is shut down, it doesn’t mean that the academy can’t continue its activities.”

So ‘for now’.

“So how many teachers and students are left?”

“Three teachers.”

“Four if you include me.”

“Three, including you.”

Why does the back of my neck suddenly hurt?

“Well, what about the students?”

“Two.”

I can’t help but shout.

“We’re screwed! How can there be fewer students than teachers?”

“Why are you yelling?”

“How can I not yell!”

I said, pressing my brows together.

“Well, yeah. I know the imperial family won’t be giving us any more money since we’ve been advised to shut down, but we should still have some money left over, right?”

At those words, the headmaster slipped the racing snail magazine behind her.

“.....No way.”

“.....I can pay it back.”

I snatched the magazine.

“What are you doing!”

“What do you think you’re doing, taking money out of the academy to gamble, and you’re the head of the academy?”

“Steel Slug, if Steel Slug wins, it’s worth fifty times as much!”

“You’re saying he’s not likely to win!”

The principal cried as I ripped up the magazine.

“Nooooo!”

I said, glaring at the principal.

“Give it up. We can’t afford to spend operating funds on that kind of gambling.”

You’re crazy, solidly crazy.

“I need to win that so I can invest in.....”

“Invest? What the hell is that.....?”

A chill went down my spine.

‘This academy, the headmaster lost money and went bankrupt because he failed to invest!’

The worker said.

Yeah, the academy didn't go under because of gambling.

"What, what investment?"

Yes, investments. If you do it right, it's good.

I grabbed the headmaster by the shoulders and shook her.

"What investment? What were you going to invest in?"

"I was going to invest in a dragon banana orchard with my other money....."

".....Dragon bananas?"

Isn't that the finest crop that takes three years to sprout and twelve to bear fruit?

Anar'el exclaimed with a gasp.

"If we just wait 15 years, the Academy's operating funds can increase tenfold!"

Fifteen elf years are different compared to fifteen human years.

"You punk!"

Amon, who finally realized why the Academy had failed due to investment, let out the screams he had been holding back while clutching his head.

* * *

'This won't work.'

He couldn't answer the question alone.

'At least I have two fellow teachers, so we can work together to find a way out of this mess.'

It was time to take action, even if it meant seizing power.

'Staff room. She said there were other teachers here, right?'

I said, opening the door quickly.

“Hello.....What is this smell?”

The smell of alcohol filled the faculty room.

In the center of it all, a middle-aged man was dozing off, rubbing his stomach.

‘.....Is that my senior teacher?’

No, it can't be. It can't be.

It's just some drunk who crawled in here and is sleeping.

I shook him awake with a shaky hand.

“Uh, hiccup, what?”

“You shouldn't be sleeping here, you should go home.”

“Hmm, what do you mean, I'm a teacher here.”

“Oh, shit.....”

After enduring the ‘foot’ sound with superhuman patience, Amon realized.

There was no way the only teacher left could be sane when the imperial family had ordered the school to shut down.

‘Well, what about the other one?’

Amon washed his eyes and looked around, but there was no one else here.

That means the other one is my only hope!

I rushed out the door.

‘Anyone home? I've found!’

He arrived at the third classroom.

Amon walked in and immediately collapsed into a heap.

A woman who looked like a teacher was lying on the table, sleeping with a blanket over her head.

* * *

'The headmaster and the teachers are all crazy.'

How happy he was when he was offered a job at the prestigious Amonis Academy.

'I wish I could punch myself for being so happy.'

In retrospect, I think I heard a voice behind the bookcase saying, "Don't go, don't go."

'.....Are students the only thing left?'

I fired up my happiness circuitry.

'Perhaps a powerful nobleman's child has stayed behind for some reason.'

If that is indeed the case, then teach him well, and I may be able to make connections.

'Yes, that's my only hope. It's the only thing that will pull me up from this hellish cliff.'

Of course, even with his self-brainwashing, Amon didn't have high hopes.

And Amon, who entered the dormitory where the two students were gathered, smiled brightly.

'Of course!'

The two students, a boy and a girl in shabby clothes, were looking at him anxiously!

'My life can't possibly be going so well!'

But, Goddess of Fate, after all the times you've stabbed me in the back with unexpected circumstances, couldn't you at least give me hope for once?

Amon, who had gone mad with despair, smiled gently and looked at the students.

“I’m Amon Drake, your new teacher. Are you the rest of the students?”

“Yes.....sir.”

The two students looked over nervously.

I looked at them and asked.

“What’s your name?”

“I’m Boris.”

“And, uh, I’m Chloe.”

“I see. Why didn’t you two go back?”

Boris answered in a small voice.

“I don’t have anywhere to go back to, my village disappeared two years ago.”

“Oh.”

A commoner’s child.

“Why didn’t you go back Chloe?”

“I came to study abroad from the Kingdom of Aran.....”

“Aaaaah.....”

I felt like I was going to burst into tears at any moment.

The Kingdom of Aran was lost in a war last year.

It was impossible for a student to escape this despair.

“I see. Come here.”

Amon said with tears streaming down his face as he pulled them into his arms.

“There’s nothing to worry about now.”

“.....”

“Because the teacher is here.”

The children burst into tears, obviously distressed.

Amon patted them on the back and rolled his eyes.

‘Actually, I’m in a similar situation.’

A part of me wanted to leave and return to the estate but I couldn’t.

When I applied for a job at Amonis Academy, I stamped my name on a contract promising to faithfully fulfill the duties of a teacher for three years.

And if I violated it, I would have to pay a hefty penalty!

‘So.....’

Amon’s eyes lit up.

“You guys have nothing to worry about.”

“Hmph!”

I’ll take you with me to my estate.

It’s not the most affluent place, but it’s better than this place with the crazy principal and the crazy teachers!

When the students calmed down, Amon stood up.

He headed for the office of the crazy principal, muttering to himself.

“.....This is the only way.”

There’s only one way out of this, contract or no contract.

Yes, the only salvation.

Amon laughed with a gleam in his eye.

'Let's put the Academy out of business.'

The Academy is Doomed

#C2 - Read The Academy is Doomed C2

Chapter 2

I knocked on the door of the principal's office and heard a groggy voice.

".....Who is it?"

"This is Amon Drake. I have something to tell you, may I come in?"

".....Come in."

I walked in and saw the principal with her back turned to me.

'I see her ears are drooping.'

I thought to myself, "She must have pouted because I passionately 'explained' the difference in time between humans and elves."

The headmaster said bluntly.

"What business do you have with a tough elf?"

She pouted, but she pouted hard.

I said in a polite voice to the principal.

"I've been doing some thinking."

".....what?"

"The headmaster of this prestigious academy wouldn't spend money on snail races just for her own amusement. Snail races are just a way to raise money to make investments. And the investment is for the future of the academy. Isn't that right?"

The headmaster flicked her ears.

"Well, yes."

“I see. And without realizing it, my foolishness led me to call you a stupid elf, and for that, I respectfully apologize.”

The shriveled ears of the principal perked up, ever so slightly.

“Please be careful.....in the future.”

“Sure thing, by the way.”

“Is there anything else you’d like to say?”

“Yes. To tell you the truth, I’m getting a little interested in snail racing.”

If you want to open up a conversation with a guy who’s obsessed with something, you just have to let him know you’re interested.

As expected, the principal, whose back was still to me, turned and looked this way.

“Is that true?”

“Yes. To be honest, I agree that we can’t resolve the situation normally, so we’re just relying on a bit of luck at the moment.”

“That’s what I’m saying.”

The headmaster’s ears perked up a little more.

I used the momentum to push on.

“Besides, racing snails, so popular with the long-lived, wise elves, can hardly be compared to the gambling of the humans, horse racing, which is presumably a culture that has risen to the level of rationality and art.”

By now, the headmaster had turned fully around and was flapping her ears.

“You finally understand!” she exclaimed.

“Yes! So, can I get another copy of that magazine you mentioned earlier.....?”

“Actually, I have one more!”

I almost shouted out, “Is this little elf crazy?” as the principal pulled out a copy of the racing snail magazine from her stash but I held it in.

‘That’s how I’ll ruin this place.’

Amon forced a laugh.

The headmaster chuckled.

“You have great insight! You are truly a great person!”

“Come on, read it!”

As I flipped through the pictures and numbers, unable to read in Elvish, the principal pointed a finger at a page.

“Look, this is the winning snail from ten years ago, Supermom!”

It was a grotesque drawing of a giant snail standing up.

“Isn’t it great, I can still see her powering her way around the world!”

“.....”

I sighed and pointed to a corner of the magazine.

“So these are the runner snails in this race, and these numbers are the odds?”

“Yes. And this one and this one are Jowjow and Steel Slug, so now that you see them in person, you can see why I had my eye on them.”

I have no idea.

I glanced at the snails and chose one.

“I think I’ll take this one.”

The principal looked at the snail in question and cocked her head.

“What do you like?”

“Let’s give this one a try.”

“.....Yes? What are you betting on?”

The principal repeated, but there was a glint of anticipation in her eyes.

“Let’s bet on this guy, win a share, and take back the future of the academy.”

“Aaaah!”

The headmaster's ears were flapping so hard that they looked like they might fall off.

"At last, someone who understands my deepest intentions!"

'Not at all.'

"I understand what you mean, Mr. Amon, but!"

The headmaster, who pointed to the snail I had named, shook her head.

"Not Hanaslug, he's the weakest in this race!"

The stern-looking headmaster continued with a look of conviction.

"So trust my judgment as the experienced one. Rumor has it that Jowjow and Steel Slug have spent the last nine years working on their skills, and it's about time they paid off. Fifty to one, not bad odds."

"....."

"But the odds for Hanaslug are a whopping 500 to one, and even the organizers don't think they have any chance of winning, so let's stick to the plan and bet on Steel Slug!"

Amon, who had been silently listening to the headmaster's imposing speech, finally spoke up.

"That's why I'm betting on Hanaslug."

"It's.....?"

"Because he's the weakest."

".....!"

Amon said, his face serious.

"He may be the weakest, but Hanaslug is also bone and flesh.....In any case, he must have gained the right to climb up the World Tree only after going through desperate training. Despite that, the world's gaze is only on him being considered the weakest and looking down on him."

"....."

"But as I said, with training, Hanaslug's own prowess would be second to no other snail, and yet the reason he fails to perform is largely psychological."

The gambling-crazed headmaster nodded seriously at the plausible bullshit, and Amon spoke up as if to drive a wedge.

“But! Such sluggishness can be broken by the ‘expectations’ and ‘beliefs’ of others!”

“.....ah!”

“I’m saying that a little faith on our part might just transform Hanaslug into a regal winning snail!”

“Aaah, aaah!”

I shoved reality in the face of the principal, who gasped at the fantasy.

“And the odds are five hundred times, five hundred times!”

“Five, 500 times.....!”

“What are you going to do with fifty times the odds, the great forest clan should play big! Don’t you think so?”

The schoolmaster, who was shaking under the constant provocation, quickly reached into her pocket and placed it on the table.

“That’s right, let’s bet on Hanaslug!”

“Yes! That’s it!”

“That, ten gold coins, gah!”

Amon grinned broadly at the blood-curdling screams of the headmaster.

‘Five hundred times the odds?’

No wonder she’s blowing the money.

Now, the Academy will finally be ruined.

* * *

The world tree that the elves hold sacred, it’s a legendary tree that is said to be in contact with the elven race, but only the chosen few get the chance to see it!

Even before Amon had a chance to reflect on the mystery of seeing it for himself, he was already feeling disillusioned with the elven race.

“Come on, come on! Let’s go!”

“Slugfighter! You’re too strong!”

The beautiful elves who surrounded the World Tree in a circle, spewing out screams that seemed to smell like alcohol!

‘I don’t know that I’ve ever fantasized about elves, but this is just too much.’

In the midst of all the carnage, the most shocking sight of all was the headmistress of the school, the most beautiful of the elves, holding the snail’s pole of the snail race, waving it around and screaming.

“Hanaslug! Hanaslug! He is a god!”

Amon rolled his eyes at the ugliness.

‘Why the hell am I here……?’

Thirty minutes ago.

“Well, Amon, speaking of which, shall we go see him? He’s about to start.”

“What? What are we going to see?”

“The snail race.”

“Me?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“I thought you were interested in snail racing?”

That’s how I got pulled into the warp.

Amon, who was pressing his brows to relieve his headache, grabbed the headmaster.

“Headmaster.”

“Katsuaaat!”

“Principal!”

“What are you doing, don’t let go……hot! Are you teacher Amon?”

“Yes, this is Mr. Amon. Are we even starting this, by the way?”

Sure enough, there were giant snails clinging to the world tree.

But there was no sign of movement, and the elf-like creatures had been hooting and hollering for half an hour.

The headmaster looked puzzled when I asked.

“We’re in the middle of a race, right?”

“We are.....?”

“Just now, Hanaslug made a move and—ahhh! Got overtaken!”

Amon glared at the snails, but he couldn’t tell which one was slipping and which one was overtaking.

And as he stared, he realized that the snails were moving...slowly, almost imperceptibly.

‘They’re going to get to the top of the world tree at that speed?’

I look up and see the World Tree.

The top of the world tree was covered in clouds.

“Huh.”

“I~ am happy!”

“Haha!”

“Hanaslug is happy!”

“Hahahahaha!”

Amon finally broke down and laughed.

* * *

Exhausted from walking and running to the academy, and traumatized by the event, Amon watched the race for a while before collapsing and falling asleep.

He was awakened a few times by the shouts and screams of the elves along the way, but his exhaustion allowed him to sleep well.

I wonder how much sleep he got.

“Hello.....”

“Ugh, ugh.....”

“Mr.....”

“Ten more minutes.....”

“Mr. Amon!”

Amon woke up angrily at the shaking hand and looked up to see the headmaster crying.

“What, what is it?”

Amon looked around quickly at the suddenly frantic headmaster.

The elves were causing a ruckus, tearing apart the snail shells in all directions.

‘The race is over.’

Which meant.

‘You’ve blown it, and you’ve finally choked the life out of the Academy!’

Amon grinned.

The Headmaster covered her face with her hands and cried!

‘Now I can go back, and they won’t ask me why I came back now that the academy is dead!’

The dream of building a family is nice, but it’s not the only path.

‘I’d rather find another way than spend three more years in this living hell.’

Amon grinned wickedly and grabbed the headmaster by the shoulders.

“Headmaster, calm down, you don’t deserve this!”

“Ahhhhhhhh.....”

“First of all, let’s return to the academy and discuss what to do next. In some cases, we might even consider closing the academy.....”

At that moment, a magically amplified voice boomed out.

-The winning snail of this race is Hanaslug!

I turned my head as if I had been slapped by those words.

“What, what!”

At the same time, the tremor I felt in the shoulders of the principal I grabbed intensified.

“Hmph, hmph, hmph!”

“What the hell.....”

“Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh!”

The principal, who was laughing like a madman, grabbed Amon’s hand and exclaimed with flashing eyes.

“You did it, Mr. Amon!”

“Ahhhhh.....”

“Our plan worked! It worked!”

That’s when the moderator exclaimed in an impressed tone of voice.

-And, to everyone’s surprise, there is only one person who predicted Hanaslug’s victory! So, Hanaslug has requested to shake hands with the person who believed in him! If you bet on Hanaslug, please come to the front of the World Tree!

“Aaaaah!”

“Teacher Amon, I’m so happy!”

“Aaaaah!”

Amon screamed, clutching his head.

Chapter 3

Shaking hands with a giant snail was not a pleasant experience.

After dragging her sobbing self to the podium, the principal added an unnecessary explanation.

“Mr. Hanaslug! He convinced me to trust you! To believe in you!”

-Guoh-oh-oh!

Hanaslug clutched Amon’s hand, spraying slime with excitement.

The problem was that the giant snail was the size of a wagon, and if a stranger had seen it, they would have thought they were being eaten.

‘No matter how much I wash, I’m still slimy.’

Back in the headmaster’s office.

The principal was carefully holding a 5,000 gold voucher guaranteed by the ‘Gold Road Trading Company’ and flapping her ears vigorously.

“You’ll fly away.”

“What? Fly away?”

“No. More than that, what are you going to do with that five thousand gold?”

“I’ll use them for operating expenses, of course. I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but the Academy’s coffers are surprisingly light right now.”

I wondered if she knew who she was talking to.

But it was a surprise.

“I thought you’d throw, I mean, invest your money in racing snails again.”

The headmaster chuckled.

“The racing snails are held every ten years. I know they’re fun, but hold on a second.”

Ten years?

The headmaster pushed herself up anyway.

“Then you must be tired, so please rest. The Gold Road branch is close by, so I’ll exchange money and come back soon.”

“Okay, so you’re going to invest while I rest?”

Anar’el was about to leave the Headmaster’s office when she stopped dead in her tracks and said.

“Mr. Amon.”

“Yes.”

“Five thousand gold is certainly a lot of money. But Amonis Academy has thousands of students and hundreds of teachers. Five thousand gold is not enough to maintain that many people. Would they last a year? No, a few months at most.”

She paused, her face glistening with pride.

“I want to return this crumbling academy to its glory days, which means we’ll have to fund our own operations and attract students and teachers now that imperial support has been cut off.”

“.....”

“Do you see what I mean?”

Amon replied to the stern headmaster.

“So you’re going to invest?”

“Yes.”

“Is this pouty elf really crazy!”

“What!!! I’ll get mad if you keep saying that!”

I admit that my resolve to destroy the Academy wavered a bit when I heard that she would spend all 5,000 gold on operating expenses.

I realized that this elf’s heart was in the right place, even if her methods were wrong.

‘But I have to push for what I believe in.’

Right in front of me was the woman who had destroyed the Academy!

Amon regained his composure.

“Phew, Headmaster.”

“You’re not supposed to.....you’re not supposed to.....”

“Headmaster, calm down and let’s talk.”

The sulking principal’s eyes widened.

“What do you want to talk about with this elf?”

“About the investment! As I said yesterday, I agree with you that we can’t get the academy back on its feet through normal means.”

“Hmm! So?”

“In other words, I think that even if the method is right, the direction is the problem. For example, the direction of investing in dragon banana farms that take 15 years to harvest.”

Elves also organize snail races every 10 years!

The headmaster, who had already heard enough of the differences in time between humans and elves, dropped her ears.

‘I wonder why the academy hasn’t gone under by now.....No, it has.’

But it’s amazing that an academy that should have been relegated to the dustbin of history has survived.

Anyway, that question aside.

“It’s not that the investment itself was wrong, after all.”

“.....”

“So let’s be careful this time, so that the Headmaster’s wishes can be fulfilled.”

“Ah, Mr. Amon.”

The principal’s ears perked up with excitement!

Amon said with a rotten smile.

Then let’s head to the merchants’ guild!”

“Yes, Mr. Amon!”

* * *

The headmaster decided to exchange 100 gold coins for immediate use and keep the rest as a slip.

And the amount to invest is a whopping 3,000 gold!

'I'm surprised, I thought the headmaster would have lost 5,000 gold through ignorance.'

Amon, who was looking at the three thousand gold vouchers, turned his gaze.

The Gold Road Chamber of Commerce also handles investment business.

Therefore, the headmaster was reading a booklet with a serious face that listed businesses waiting for investors.

".....See, Mr. Amon."

"Yes."

"What about this one? It looks good."

[Blaton Temple Construction Project]

[Low profit expectations]

A temple to the war god Blaton!

He is one of the gods with the most followers in the Amonis Empire, and as a god related to war, he is famous for sucking up donations at an incredible rate.

'Plus, it's being built in the Empire's newest territory, right?'

It would be unprofitable right now, but it had a promising future.

'Plus, it's a temple, so once it's established, they'll send priests and paladins to visit, blessings and other perks.'

Did she choose this business with that in mind?

Amon said, his eyes wary.

"I don't like it."

"What? Really?"

"Look at where the temple is going to be built. Newly settled territory, which means it lacks a base. There's going to be heathen rampages, and there's going to be a lot of backlash from the existing peoples."

"I see. You're right, Mr. Amon."

"You're welcome."

The headmaster gave up neatly.

“I’ll read some more, then.”

“Yes, I’m going to use the restroom.”

I hustled out, grabbed the attendant, and said.

“I’d like to invest two gold in the construction of the Blaton Temple.”

“Yes, here’s your investment confirmation.”

Amon, who had invested a whopping two gold out of his total wealth of three gold, returned to the headmaster with a beaming face.

“Were you in a hurry? Your face is really bright.”

“Hahaha, yes.”

“Hmm, but more than that, Mr. Amon.”

“What?”

The principal, ears perked up, held out a booklet.

“Mr. Amon, please take a look. To be honest, I don’t know what I’m looking at.”

“What? You don’t mind if I take a look?”

“If it weren’t for you, Mr. Amon, I wouldn’t have this opportunity, so I’ll leave it to you.”

Amon narrowed his eyes at the smiling principal.

‘That smile makes me feel guilty…….’

At that moment, he remembered the grin on the principal’s face as she dragged him to the giant snail.

‘I have a clear conscience.’

Amon flipped through the brochure.

“I think I’ll take this one.”

“What is it?”

[King of Mango Cultivation Business]

[Highly profitable]

The headmaster frowned.

“Do you know what a King of Mango is? It’s a high-end crop, comparable to the Dragon Banana that made you accuse me of being a sucker.....”

“Yeah. It takes two years to sprout and five years to bear fruit.”

“Then why on earth would.....”

I said, looking at the principal who was scrunching her ears as if she didn’t understand.

“At the very least, the headmaster will protect this academy until the end.”

“It’s?”

I said, closing the booklet.

“Elves have a different sense of time than humans, so I couldn’t understand an investment that would take fifteen years to pay off.”

“.....”

“But if they’re trying to grow dragon bananas, they must be determined to spend that much time, and if they’re determined, they’ll succeed, so the fifteen-year wait will be worth it.”

Amon cleared his throat.

“But fifteen years. Will the Academy be able to withstand that time? The upkeep is one thing, but would the imperial family really want to keep a dying academy around?”

“Well, that’s.....”

“That’s why I’m against it. Fifteen years is a long time to risk.”

“But,” said Amon, who had had enough.

“King of Mango, on the other hand, only takes seven years to grow, less than half the time of Dragon Banana.”

“.....”

“Of course, seven years is a long time for a human. But what about seven years for an elf?”

“Tsk, it’s not short, but it’s not very long either.”

Right.

Because they hold their popular racing snail event once every ten years.

I turned to the headmaster and spoke with authority.

“As I said, the imperial family may try to shut down the academy, but you have seven years to hold on.”

“.....!”

“After that, your investment will pay off, and you won’t have to wrap your head in maintenance costs. Once you have the funds, you’ll be relatively free of imperial pressure.”

Anar’el, who had been listening in silence, spoke up as if suddenly remembering.

“Well, that may be true, but I thought you said seven years was a long time for a human?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Then isn’t it a long time for you, Mr. Amon, too?”

Goosebumps ran down my spine.

Did she really think I would endure it with her?

‘I’m going to run away with this and destroy the academy.’

Amon smiled bitterly at the thought.

“Like I said, you’re the only one who’ll see the Academy through to the end.”

The headmaster’s eyes widened at that.

“Seriously, you can’t.....”

“I’m human, too, and I don’t know what will happen in seven years. I might end up somewhere else, due to circumstances.”

“.....”

“But since you’ll be staying on at the academy, this investment will go to.....”

I pointed to the King of Mango prospectus.

“The investment will be entirely for you and the Academy.”

“Oh, Mr. Amon.....”

I grinned at the principal, whose mouth was agape and ears were flapping with excitement.

“Seven years, do you think you can hold out?”

“Well, of course, I won’t let them close the academy at any cost!”

The headmaster added.

“And if Mr. Amon isn’t here then, I’ll make sure to bring you back to the Academy!”

What goes around, comes around.

‘If that time really comes, I guess I’ll just have to play dead.’

I smiled and nodded.

“We’ll talk about that later, but first, let’s settle on an investment amount.”

“Okay!”

The original plan was to invest 3,000 gold and keep the rest.

But now that the plan to ‘hang in there’ was clear, Anar’el was bolder.

“I’ll invest all 4,900 gold, leaving only 100 gold for minimal operating expenses!”

Amon applauded.

“Excellent choice!”

I can’t help but be impressed.

This is how I destroyed the Academy.

‘Anyway, this is perfect.’

The last 100 gold is a bit annoying, but I'll just have to cajole her into spending it.

'Finally, I'll be free of this hellhole.'

The rest of the seven years will be up to Anar'el whether she holds out or not, and if the investment pays off in seven years, it's none of my business.

"Then, Headmaster, let's go!"

"Yes!"

Anar'el stood up, smiling broadly as she held up the 4900 gold slip.

* * *

The farmer of the King of Mango business widened his eyes.

"You have an investment worth 4900 gold?"

"That's right, farmer!"

"Oh my....."

The farmer rolled his eyes.

"It's been ten years.....since I developed a new cultivation method for King of Mango, and I finally perfected a cultivation method that can harvest King of Mango in one year, but I've been struggling with mass production and distribution due to lack of funds....."

The tearful farmer's eyes lit up and he exclaimed.

"Let's get down to business right away! Buy up all the land you've seen, hire laborers, and get to work!"

"Yes, farmer!"

The farmer muttered, tears streaming down his face as he watched his workers move in unison.

"Heaven help us."

He shook his head.

"No, there are people I have to be more grateful to than the heavens."

The farmer hurriedly grabbed a pen and paper.

He began to write a letter to his investors.

* * * *

The next morning Amon found a large lump of mail in the Academy's mailbox.

'What mail?'

He checked the recipients and saw that one was addressed to him and the other to 'Amonis Academy'.

Amon's face fell as he examined the large lump.

The words on the outside said 'King of Mango.'

Feeling unnecessarily anxious, Amon took the letter and the King of Mango and headed to his room.

He opened the letter and read it.

"What, what.....?"

The news was that they had developed a new method of growing King of Mango that could dramatically increase their production!

And a huge commitment to hand over a portion of the net profits for the next 10 years to a well-heeled investor!

[.....] So, we wanted to give you a sneak peek at our prototype King of Mango. May only light shine on your path.]

Amon clutched his chest as he read the letter.

His heart pounded in his chest, his head throbbed, and his hands and feet trembled.

Amon then opened the letter to himself.

[Notice to investors in the Blaton Temple construction project.]

"Ugh, ugh....."

[The construction of the temple was abandoned due to riots by the pagans, opposition from the existing peoples, and extreme unrest in the newly settled territories.]

"Ughhhh.....!"

[The company in charge of the construction has also gone bankrupt, asking for the forgiveness of those who invested in the project.....]

He lost two gold.

Amon tore up the letter and screamed.

Chapter 4

Amon lay in bed depressed.

'My life is over.'

The Academy is well funded thanks to the success of the King of Mango investment, but the Academy's human resources are atrocious!

What's the point of having money if you can't have relationships?

'Besides, those 2 gold were my blood!'

Two out of the three gold I own is gone, and I'm heartbroken.

And then, sitting at his bedside, the shattered Human Resource No. 1, Anar'el, who had come to visit him in his illness, said, panting.

"Are you feeling better?"

"Hmphhhh....."

"I can't believe you've fallen so ill in one day....."

"Uhhhhh....."

"Oh well, the healing spell didn't work."

How can magic work when the cause is mental trauma?

"You must be exhausted, take care of yourself, and here's an Elvish smoothie made with the King of Mango prototype that arrived. I know you don't like it, but force yourself to try it."

Amon was suffering from a fever, so Anar'el had prepared a cold drink.

Amon's mouth twitched at the sound of King of Mango, and he forced himself to open it.

"Has the headmaster tried it?"

“Yes. It’s really good, better than the ones harvested the way they’re supposed to be grown.”

Amon’s eyes narrowed as he looked from the smoothie to Anar’el and back to his taste buds.

‘Tastier. No way is this business going to go bankrupt.’

But he had a ray of hope!

Elves and humans might have different tastes, so he took a bite, just in case.

‘It’sdelicious. This can’t be good.’

But why the tears?

“Oh no! How delicious does it make you cry? Wait, I’ll make more!”

Anar’el flies out of the room!

Amon drank five smoothies on an empty stomach by mid-morning.

* * *

During the late afternoon Amon made up his mind.

‘This can’t be happening.’

The principal didn’t answer.

What kind of a person would feed someone five smoothies on an empty stomach?

Even if she meant well for the academy, something human was missing.

‘But if I don’t eat it, she’s all tears, saying she’s been working hard on it.....’

Not that I felt sorry for her, of course.

In honor of the miraculous success of the Snail Race and the disastrous success of the King of Mango investment, I’ve been awarded a special bonus of one gold!

I gulped down the smoothie with a vengeance.

‘I’d give you more if I could, but I can’t spend the money of the academy as I please, I’m sorry.....is that what someone who spent 10 gold on a snail race would say?’

Well, if you look at the results, it's only for the academy.

I clutched the gold coins from my bonus and vowed to myself.

'Anyway, there's no way I can run away anymore. With this much money in the bank, it's going to be hard to put the academy out of business.'

In other words, how can the principal control the academy and keep it running smoothly?

"To do that, we need the power of other teachers."

Shouldn't the academy at least fulfill its purpose of teaching students?

Amon got up and went in search of the teachers.

'Yes, the last time I saw them, they must have been despondent because the academy had suddenly failed!'

Like today's version of himself, he must have gotten drunk and slept off the stress of his disappointment!

Amon's eyes widened as he found the staff room.

The same drunk he'd seen on his first day was staring back at him, sober.

"Eh? And you?"

"I'm Amon Drake, the new teacher."

"Oooh, so it's you, how nice to see you!"

The middle-aged man greeted me cheerfully.

"Well, come on in."

"Yes, senior!"

"Hahaha, senior, good."

The smiling middle-aged man introduced himself.

"I'm Marion Rumdom. You're Amon Drake?"

"Yes. Baron Drake is my father, and by the way, Marion Rumdom....."

A chill ran down Amon's spine.

'Marion Rumdom? Isn't he a war hero?'

A wizard of a renowned martyrdom, he was famous for single-handedly destroying an entire enemy knight order during the Great War.

'I heard he'd been missing since the Great War, but here he is.'

Marion, who had been staring at me, spoke up.

"Do you know me?"

"No, of course not. Why should I?"

Marion smiled sheepishly and shook his head.

"It's all so long ago."

Amon squeezed his eyes shut at the storied tone.

'Finally, someone I can trust.'

It was the same Marion I saw on his first day, trying to drown my sorrows at the news of the Academy's demise.

The Marion I saw now lived up to his name as a wizard, his eyes sparkling with fire!

He smirked.

"Anyway, I'll take care of you in the future."

"Yes!"

"Haha, I'm glad you're bright."

He laughed and picked up the water bottle on the table.

"Kahhhh, my throat is burning, if you'll excuse me."

"Oh, yes."

H gulped down the water and burped, reeking of alcohol.

"Ugh! I'm drunk!"

No, no, no.

“.....Isn't that water?”

“It's alcohol. I enchanted it, take a sip!”

Amon rolled his eyes.

“.....Why did you suddenly drink alcohol?”

“Ugh! It's a long story. It's from the Great War.”

“.....”

“After I defeated some of the knights with my magic, I couldn't sleep that night. Their burning faces were vivid before my eyes.”

“.....You're trying to drown your guilt with alcohol again.”

So you have a story.

That's why he said, “It was a long time ago.”

Marion, who gulped down his drink again, replied with a sigh.

“I'm drinking it because it's delicious!”

No, no, no.

“I don't usually drink alcohol, but the general gave me a bottle when he heard I couldn't sleep, so I tried it, and it's really good!”

“You didn't do it out of.....guilt?”

“What guilt?”

“You said you couldn't sleep because you saw their faces.”

“I didn't sleep because I was so excited! I'll never forget the excitement of the battlefield!”

A chuckling Marion said, holding out his flask.

“You want a drink too?”

“.....”

“If you don’t, I’ll drink it!”

Amon walked out of the faculty room.

He heard shouts of “My bottle! My head! What are you doing, you asshole!” behind him, but he ignored them and kept walking.

Amon was in tears.

One of the teachers had been identified as shattered Human Resource No. 2.

‘.....Do I really need to check the other one?’

But human psychology being what it is, even if you know it’s going to end badly, you still have to check it out to get your intuition right.

Amon smiles a rotten smile as we enter the empty third lecture hall.

“Of course.”

The woman was sleeping in a sleeping bag, a towel over her face.

A step up from the first time he’d seen her.

Still, since he was here, she deserved to be greeted, so Amon approached her and opened his mouth.

“Excuse me.”

“Phew.....”

“I’m Amon Drake, the newest member of the staff.”

“Cooooo.....”

“Yes, it’s a pleasure. Goodbye.”

Dejected, Amon turned away.

At that moment, he heard a voice.

“Oooh, who’s there.....?”

Awake!

Now we can talk.

Amon turned his head to see a woman with a towel looking at him.

“I’m Amon Drake, the new teacher!”

“Neneen.....”

“Excuse me, what’s your name?”

“Sloth.....Pid.....”

The voice, mumbling in her sleep, gave me goosebumps once again.

“House Pid? Marquis Pid, a renowned swordsman?”

The Pid family, where the head of the family is a Grand Sword Master and all direct descendants of the family are Sword Masters?

‘Marion Rumdom, and this one, too. They’re all powerful people, why are they all like this?’

Sloth, who had been wriggling like a chrysalis, raised her upper half and yawned.

“Mmm, mmm.....So what brings you here?”

“I just came to say hello.”

Well, I can’t say I’m just here to say hello.

And at that, Sloth said.

“No, I’m asking how you found me.”

“.....?”

“Um, no. I think we’re done saying hello, right?”

Sloth, still sprawled out, pulled the towel back over her eyes and said.

“Good night.”

“Is that good night or goodbye?”

“Good night.”

“.....eh.”

I turned away from Sloth.

“Oh, right. Junior.”

“Sure, senior.”

“You do realize you have class tomorrow, right?”

“What?”

I’ve never heard that before.

“I guess you didn’t know. Do you know your class schedule?”

“I know that.”

The academy’s curriculum!

‘Swordsmanship for the first half of the morning, magic for the second half. After lunch, general academics, and a short elementalism class late at night.’

This means that Sloth, a master swordsman from the Pid family, will teach swordsmanship, and Marion, a mage, will teach magic.

‘The other classes don’t have teachers, so it’s either take turns or none at all, right?’

Sloth rolled over and said.

“Then tomorrow you can temporarily take the swordsmanship class.”

“.....?”

“It’s all~ experience.”

At that, Amon, who had been standing on the sidelines, said.

“Are you ditching work right now?”

“.....”

“Are you?”

“Oh, no, I’m just saying as a senior, it’s a good experience for the new guy.”

“.....”

Amon walked out of the classroom.

He had tied the straps as tightly as he could to keep her from slipping out of her sleeping bag, so he ignored the shouts of “What the hell! Let go! Let go!” behind him.

‘There’s a reason you’re sleeping in classroom three.’

Who knew that this would be a hint at the shattered human resource number 3?

“Shit, what am I going to do?”

I can’t see the future!

Tears blurred my vision.

“Mr. Amon!”

“.....?”

Beyond my blurry vision, the principal was running toward me, waving.

“It’s good news!”

“Good news?”

Amon quickly wiped the tears from his eyes and looked at the principal.

The principal rushed over with her ears flapping and holding a King of Mango smoothie.

“Aaaaaaaaah!”

* * *

Amon was at a tavern on a busy street in Amur, the city where the Academy was located.

There was a special bonus of 1 gold, and since he couldn’t keep his sanity, he came out for a drink.

“Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm,”

“Sir, something bad must have happened to you.”

“Yes, that could happen.....!”

The bartender offered Amon a drink as he choked back tears.

“I’ll buy it for you, just forget about it for tonight.”

“Thanks.”

Amon swallowed his drink, thinking, ‘This place is good business.’

The bartender handed him his empty glass.

“By the way, may I ask what’s going on?”

“Well, I’ve just been hired at Amonis Academy.”

The bartender let out a heartfelt sigh.

“Oh, my.....”

“The principal and my fellow teachers are all a bunch of crazies, so I’m not sure what to expect.”

“I don’t know what to say to console you.....”

“I mean, how can there be less students than teachers?”

Sighed Amon.

“I suppose we could try to improve the quality by bringing in new teachers, but even that will be difficult because of the imperial decree.”

“I suppose so.”

“Phew, if it weren’t for the imperial decree.....”

Amon stopped muttering.

“.....If it weren’t for the imperial decree?”

“What?”

Amon jerked to his feet.

“Master.”

“Yes?”

Amon stared at the bartender’s back.

Behind the bartender was a poster that had not yet been removed: 'His Majesty the Emperor's Cup, Boys' Competition.'

"So, there's a boy's contest being held by His Imperial Majesty in a few months?"

"Ah, yes. That's why the Amur was all festive, and then the Academy was turned upside down and turned into a funeral."

".....I see, thanks for the drink."

Amon paid the bill and walked out of the tavern.

'.....Now this is really the only way.'

So much for his grand plan to take down the Academy.

'Then I'll have to find a way to live.'

The money is flowing, but it's hard to hire new teachers without the Emperor's decree.

After all, if there are no teachers, there can be no more students.

'But what if I do well in the contest held by the Emperor?'

What is the purpose of an academy?

It's to nurture students!

'Maybe he'll recognize that and rescind the recommendation to shut down!'

If that happens, everything will be fine!

They'll give us money, we'll get new teachers and students will come!

'Okay! That's the only way!'

Amon ran back to the academy, panting.

Chapter 5

Immediately, the next morning, at the training grounds for the swordsmanship class.

It was fine up to the point of dragging Sloth over in her sleeping bag, as if to show that her talk of slacking off wasn't a joke, especially since she hadn't shown up at the training grounds even though class had started.

Sloth, lying on the platform with her sleeping bag, said.

“Hey, guys.”

“Yes, Ms. Sloth.”

“Let’s get to work.”

“Yes.”

Boris and Chloe, as if they were used to this situation, quickly gathered their wooden swords and swung them, while Sloth curled up on the platform and began to fall asleep.

And Amon stared at her.

“.....Sir Sloth?”

“Ms. Sloth is sleeping.”

“Ms. Sleeping Sloth, may I ask you a question?”

“Ouch, ouch, don’t poke me!”

I unzipped her sleeping bag and made eye contact with Sloth.

“Are you teaching your class well?”

I asked, because if she teaches the students well, they’ll do well in the competition!

But Sloth replied with a sour face.

“I don’t bother.”

“Then why don’t I just beat up the teacher?”

Sloth frowned.

“Aren’t you being too rude to your senior?”

“I’ll be polite if you set an example as a senior.”

“.....”

Sloth squirmed in her sleeping bag for a moment, then sighed heavily.

“What’s the point of working if I don’t get paid?”

“Why don’t you get paid?”

Sloth said bluntly.

“Don’t you know this academy is broke?”

She doesn’t realize that the academy has a new source of money, does she?

“So you’re going to work hard when you get paid?”

The truth is, Sloth never worked hard when she was paid.

Even before the academy’s demise, all the swordsmanship teachers considered her a liability.

They just couldn’t touch her because they were afraid of the Pid family name!

In other words, what she told Amon was just an excuse for not wanting to work.

‘What’s he going to do to get them to pay me?’

Sloth thought to herself and replied grimly.

“As long as I get paid.”

With that, Amon quietly walked out of the training ground, and Sloth finally felt at peace.

‘Now I can get some sleep.’

After a while Amon reappeared with a pouch.

“.....What’s that?” she asked.

“It’s Ms. Sloth’s weekly paycheck.”

“.....Why do you have money?”

“The Academy’s coffers are looking a little better.”

“That’s a lie.”

Sloth quickly grabbed the bag.

‘No way. Yeah, I guess they squeezed me out of it and gave me less than usual?’

If I’m short on even just one silver coin, I won’t work!

And with that, she opened the bag, smiling as a larger than usual amount of silver smiled back at her.

Sloth's face, on the other hand, quickly turned sour.

"When I said that Ms. Sloth was losing heart because she was worried that she might not get paid, the headmaster gave you a special bonus, which she hoped would cheer you up."

"....."

"Well, come on out of your sleeping bag."

As I grabbed the sleeping bag, Sloth said.

".....Wait a minute."

"Wait for what?"

"I'm going to change my clothes. I'm in my underwear right now."

".....Phew, okay."

Sloth rolls out of her sleeping bag and leaves the training ground.

Five minutes, ten minutes, thirty minutes.

Realizing he'd been tricked, Amon ran to catch her.

* * *

Surprisingly, Sloth's teaching skills weren't bad.

"Boris, make sure you put enough power into your stepping foot."

"Yes, sir."

"And Chloe, take some pressure off your wrist. It's too stiff."

As expected from the Pid family, the swordsmanship was genuine, and Sloth's criticisms hit the nail on the head.

Amon watched Sloth's lesson in silence.

'But why is she hugging that sleeping bag? Is there something important inside?'

If it weren't for that, the picture would have been pretty good.

After class, as the students filed out, Sloth spoke up.

"Junior Amon."

"Yes, Ms. Sloth."

"By the way, you said you don't have a subject yet, right?"

"Yes. I did ask the principal, but she said it would be best to wait and see how things go for now."

With only two students, there's no way we can proceed with the normal curriculum.

"What is the subject you want?"

"I've been a big fan of history books since I was a kid, so I'd personally like to be in charge of history, although I'm not sure I'd be good at it, since teaching is a different thing."

Sloth smirked.

'General studies? Sounds like you.'

Amon wasn't exactly 'chunky'.

He was not small, but not big, either.

'Besides, from the way he walks and carries himself, it doesn't look like he's trained in swordsmanship.'

Despite this, he was quite fearless in his demeanor.

It wasn't just her swordsmanship; with the label of being from the Marquis of Pid family, not only the students but even most fellow teachers couldn't treat her lightly.

'You're the first person to treat me like this.'

Her chest throbbed.

Amon, who had chased her when she ran away earlier, had slapped her.

'I'm angry. Am I easy?'

The class must be over, she thought, renewed anger rising.

“.....Junior Amon.”

“Yes, Senior Sloth.”

“Have you ever taken swordsmanship lessons?”

“Swordsmanship?”

Amon shook his head in thought.

“I’ve used a sword before, but I’ve never taken lessons.”

“Then why don’t you take this opportunity to learn?”

“You mean to hit me?”

She hadn’t thought of that.

‘I was just going to beat him up in the name of teaching him.’

But that sounded like a pretty good idea, and Sloth’s eyes twinkled.

“No.”

“Why don’t you your lips and say it.”

I said, watching Sloth lick her lips.

“Mmm, but I would be grateful to learn if you could teach me.”

Sloth’s eyes widened as she licked his lips, preparing an excuse.

“Really?”

“Yes. It would be a good thing for me.”

In the first place, Amon had come to the Academy to get ahead.

‘But learning swordsmanship from someone from the Pid family might help me somehow.’

Sloth had a similar thought.

‘I can beat him with this, or I can teach him and pass the buck later.’

Two birds with one stone!

Sloth held out a wooden sword.

“Shall we start with dueling, then?”

“What? We start with dueling right away?”

“I’ll see what level you are, and then decide what and how to teach you.”

“Well, I guess.....”

Amon took the wooden sword and swung it lightly a few times.

“Hmm, it’s light. I feel like something’s spinning.....”

“Lighter than a real sword?”

“Yes. By a lot.”

Sloth smiled coldly inside at Amon’s appearance, as if he was chopping wood.

‘You say you’ve used a sword before, and you don’t even know the basics?’

A beginner’s beginner!

‘Haha, I will engrave respect for your seniors deep into your bones.’

Sloth clicked her wooden sword.

“Come on, then.”

“Uhm.....okay.”

Amon said, twirling the wooden sword in his hand in frustration, as if it didn’t fit in his hand.

“But you’re going to practice with a sleeping bag? Wouldn’t it be better to leave it somewhere?”

Smirking, Sloth hugged the sleeping bags he was holding even harder.

What’s the big deal about holding a sleeping bag while beating up a beginner?

“Just a little duel. Never mind.”

“Well, okay, shall we get started?”

“Yeah, get your ass in here.....”

Suddenly, Sloth’s eyes widened.

Amon was in front of her, brandishing a wooden sword.

‘.....What?’

In her panic, Sloth tried to block Amon’s attack, but in her haste, her arm was caught in the straps of her sleeping bag.

In the meantime, the wooden sword had reached her eyes.

‘Holy.....!’

Sloth squeezed her eyes shut, bracing herself for the impact.

But there was no shock.

‘.....What, what?’

She cautiously opened her eyes to see Amon’s wooden sword hovering in front of her.

He sheathed it and said with a frown.

“I told you to put your sleeping bag down.”

“Uh, uh.....”

Sloth, who had been gaping like a goldfish, forced her mouth open.

“You, you’re pretty fast.....?”

“Thank you. I’m the fastest on the estate.”

“.....Really?”

Scratching her head in disbelief, Sloth sighed heavily then she flung her sleeping bag away and said.

“Sorry. Let’s do it again.”

“Yes, sir.”

Sloth gripped the wooden sword with both hands.

This time she was going to be serious.

'I'll beat you up.'

Amon was obviously a novice by the way he held his sword.

Furthermore, there was no sign of any mana.

In other words, he wasn't a 'knight' who manipulated mana.

'He's just a bit nimble, right?'

In other words, if she's serious about it, she can beat him to a pulp.

Sloth spoke up, a sneer in her voice.

"Let's go."

"Okay."

This time, she could see him lunge.

The wooden sword slashed straight down like an axe.

Sloth tilted her sword to parry the blow lightly.....

-BANG!

Sloth's shoulder felt like it was going to fall off, and she nearly fell to the ground.

'What, what!'

Strong and dangerous.

With that thought, Sloth drew up her mana.

In the next instant, blue mana burst forth from her sword, causing Amon to jump back in horror.

"Oh, the Aura Blade!"

The exclusive domain of the Sword Masters!

Drowning out Amon's cries of horror, Sloth shouted.

"It's Sword Aura!"

“Eh.....?”

“Ah! What the hell, you!”

That fast and strong, with bad posture and not being able to tell the difference between Aura Blade and Sword Aura?

Sloth felt as if all her efforts were being trampled underfoot.

“Enough! Enough!”

“Why all of a sudden?”

“You don’t know how to use Sword Aura, do you?”

“Yeah. I’ve never seen one before.”

“.....Ha, yeah, yeah. You’re right, it’s a light duel, and there’s no need to use Sword Aura, so let’s stop.”

Sloth scratched her head.

‘Amon Drake.....’

House Drake?

Never heard of them before.

‘I don’t know, but are they a pretty big family?’

Sloth opened her mouth.

“You said Drake, didn’t you?”

“Yes. Baron Drake is my father.”

I’d never heard of them before.

“Where are you from?”

“Me? I was born and raised in Drake, our manor.”

I’ve never heard the name of the estate before.

“I see you don’t know the Arma Mountains, do you?”

“Of course I know.....No?”

“Yes. My estate is in the Arma Mountains.”

“.....What?”

Sloth looked at Amon as if she didn't understand what he was talking about.

“You have the estate there? The Arma Mountains are the end of the continent, right?”

“I don't think there's a manor. And no, it's not the end of the continent. There's a plain beyond the mountains.”

“That's the Garden of Silence, that's why it's called the end of the continent!”

Sloth said, throwing up her hands in disbelief.

“So, you came all the way here from the Arma Mountains?”

“Yep. It took me almost two weeks.”

Sloth's hair went white.

‘I heard that it takes two weeks to run without stopping?’

Besides, wasn't the Arma Mountains a dangerous place, full of high-risk monsters from the Silent Garden?

”Eh, aren't there a lot of monsters there?”

“Normally not that many. Every day they break down the potato field fence and it's a headache. Ogres, trolls, dragons.....”

Ogres? Dragons?

Sloth's eyes widened.

“Well, what do you do with them?”

“We kill them.”

“Kill them?”

“Then should I let them live?”

“So, you’ve never seen sword aura before, and you don’t even have a knight on the estate, how are you supposed to kill one?”

Amon said, as if I were talking nonsense.

“Why would I need a knight? I can kill them with an axe.”

“.....An axe?”

“Yes. An axe this size.”

With a wave of his hand, Amon drew an axe in the air, the size of a man.

‘Is that why you said the wooden sword was light and useless?’

She asked, laughing at the absurdity of it all.

Amon opened his mouth.

“Then, senior, please teach me some sword skills.....”

“No. I won’t teach you!”

Amon frowned.

Chapter 6

After Sloth’s swordsmanship lesson, Boris and Chloe took a short break and entered classroom one.

And what they saw.

“Holy shit, this is good!”

“.....”

“More alcohol? Ugh!”

Marion, the drunken Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, and Amon, the new teacher, looking at him and tearing his hair out in frustration.

Boris and Chloe walked up to Amon.

“Sir.”

“.....You’re here, children.”

“Don’t pay too much attention. It’s always like this.”

Amon muttered, encouraged by the students who seemed even more dejected than he was.

“You guys are in trouble.”

“No, but Mr. Marion is a good teacher.”

“.....What? Really?”

I ask in disbelief.

At that moment, Marion wiped the corner of his mouth and said.

“Gulp, students, welcome back!”

‘He’s supposed to do well in class looking like that?’

“Hahaha, where were we last time?”

“We’re up to page 21 of Potions.”

“That’s right, Boris, open your textbook!”

‘No, why is that normal?’

Marion, his face flushed with alcohol, smirked and opened a textbook.

He opened the textbook and saw a picture of a magic circle and a brief description.

Marion’s mouth dropped open as he looked at the textbook.

“Wow, the magic circle is spinning.”

“.....”

“This is all because I’m out of alcohol.....Where’s my drink?”

“Didn’t you finish it a little while ago?”

I said, clutching the bottle I had hidden behind me.

“Uh, uh, did I?”

“Yeah.”

Marion said, his mouth twitching in disappointment as he patted the textbook.

“Anyway, students, what did I say was the core of this magic circle that allows mana to flow smoothly?”

“You said the center of the magic circle, each vertex of the five-pointed star!”

“Excellent, Boris!”

Marion snapped his fingers and began to scribble on the board.

“And as you can see, according to the analysis of the archmage who developed this magic circle, Lady Amogoto Molan, the mana trajectory of this magic circle is.....”

Amon’s tongue dropped as he watched the lecture.

‘Really? He’s still teaching, isn’t he?’

Well, come to think of it, Marion was from a famous magic tower.

To make a name for yourself in any group, you need social skills as well as ability.

‘Plus, he’s in the army, and he’s a soldier.’

There is also the responsibility of being a teacher.

‘.....It would be perfect if it weren’t for the alcohol.’

I suddenly wondered.

If he’s so passionate about teaching even when he’s drunk, what if he’s sober?

Amon finally spoke up.

“Mr. Marion.”

“Tsk, tsk, what is it?”

“I need to ask you something, do you mind if I take a moment?”

Marion nodded quickly.

“Sure, since the students are taking notes.”

“Well, this isn’t the place to talk about it, so why don’t you step outside.....”

“Hehehe, yeah, yeah.”

We walked out.

Boris and Chloe, who were taking notes, could hear a scream, “Kuuuk! Why did you suddenly hit my stomach, ugh!”

They come back in.

Marion was still fuming, and Amon was apologizing profusely.

“Is that the way to sober up?”

“I’m sorry, it’s how we all do it on the estate…….”

“Who the hell did you learn that shit from!”

“I’m sorry. I learned it from my father…….”

“Well, now that I think about it, that’s a pretty reasonable way to do it, now that I’m sober.”

Amon said, bowing his head.

“I’m really sorry.”

“…….Heh, never mind. I guess we should get back to class.”

Amon’s eyes twinkled as Marion stood in front of the board again.

‘If you were so enthusiastic about your lecture when you were drunk, why not now that you’re sober?’

And Marion opened his mouth.

“Eh, I mean…….”

‘Show me what you can do!’

“Well, Mrs. Amogoto Molan is…….Oh, right, the basics of human magic, no. This one’s different.”

“……?”

Amon’s mouth dropped open in disbelief as he looked at Marion, who was scratching his head and flailing about.

‘Seriously, you can only teach a class when you’re drunk?’

What kind of a shit case is this?

“Okay, students. Give me a minute.”

Marion disappeared with those words, and when he returned, he was grinning like a madman.

He was drunk.

“Hahaha! Chloe, Boris, I’m sorry! Now, let’s get back to class, shall we? Oh, have you finished your notes?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good! Human magic has grown by leaps and bounds with the magic circle developed by Lady Amogoto Molan, and there is another person who has augmented this circle!”

Marion said, pointing to the words he had written vigorously on the board.

“Now, read it! Joto Molan!”

“Joto Molan!”

“Yes! Joto Molan, the husband of Lady Amogoto, and he was also an archmage. Let’s take a look at the composition of the magic circle he reinforced...”

“...”

Amon smiled wryly at the fluent lecture.

‘Yeah, as long as the teacher is good.’

Marion covered his mouth and retched.

“Ouch, wait a minute, I’ve had a little too much to drink, and my stomach is turning. I should be using a sea brew to soothe it.....”

Oh, my God.

“Everyone, wait a minute. I’ll be back soon.....”

I held out the bottle I’d hidden earlier.

“I brought this for you.”

“Oh! Thank you, Mr. Amon, this will make up for your rudeness earlier!”

Marion gulped it down and squealed.

“Kya! It’s delicious! But isn’t this the same drink I was drinking earlier?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Really? I guess not!!”

Marion chuckled and resumed his lesson.

* * *

After class was over Amon was lost in thought.

‘After watching class today, Chloe and Boris seem to be complete beginners in magic.’

And there are only a few months left until the Emperor’s Cup competition.

‘I’m guessing they’re not going to rescind the shutdown recommendation…….’

There are many geniuses in the world.

No matter how hard Chloe and Boris work from here on out, they will never achieve enough to do well in the contest.

‘And with swordsmanship and magic out of the question, general studies would be the best bet……where there are more geniuses.’

Many students are so smart that you wonder if they’ve chewed through history and theory books.

‘Phew, I’m overwhelmed.’

Amon sighed and turned away.

The students must have gone home, and Marion was in the middle of a drinking game in the lecture hall.

“The liquor is sticking to my mouth!”

“Ehhh…….”

“Will you have a drink too?”

“You’re not going to give me one.”

“I knew it!”

Amon blurted out as he glared at him as he tipped his drink with a chuckle.

Well, since it came to this, let’s take what we can get.

“By the way, senior. I was touring your class and I was wondering about something.”

“Hoh? Are you interested in magic?”

“My father is a wizard, so I’ve been learning a bit of the theory since I was a kid.”

“I see. What are you curious about?”

Amon said, flipping through the pages.

“The mana enhancement spell that Lady Amogoto developed.”

“Hmm, hmm.”

“The pinnacle of the Five Star Sphere is the core, and I get the impression that Lord Joto’s enhancement seems to be playing around with it.”

“.....Hmm?”

Marion looked at the textbook as Amon traced his finger along the magic circle.

“If we do this, the trajectory of the mana flow will be disrupted, and its efficiency will be halved, though it will still be an improvement.”

“.....”

“That’s what it comes down to, isn’t it.....you listening?”

Marion, who had been staring at the textbook like he was going to fall flat on his face, nodded slowly.

His face was suddenly sober.

“I’m listening. So?”

“Ah, yes. So, if we modify the vertices to make them square, it would simplify the magic circle, and it would fit in with the reforms, wouldn’t it?”

“Mmm.....”

“But it was created by two Archmages, so there has to be a reason they made it this way, and I can’t think of one.”

Marion pondered.

‘Why did they make the circle this way?’

It was clear that there was no ulterior motive.

‘It seems like a simple mistake, a wrong axis to draw a line on.’

But the mages, including Marion, hadn’t realized this until now.

‘It’s called a basic magic circle, but it’s disgustingly sophisticated and dense.’

In other words, it’s a magic circle that’s used as a basic foundation for ‘Great Magic’.

Therefore, he didn’t even realize that there was an error in the magic circle.

If the insole is designed with a very complicated structure, how do you know if it has a design error or not?

As long as I just raise my level properly, that’s all that matters.

‘But it’s certainly a significant improvement.’

Marion looked at Amon.

‘So, this kid, who says he learned a little theory from his father, can spot an error at a glance and come up with an improvement?’

Amon chuckled.

If I report this discovery to the Tower, I’ll get a first-class medal, if not more.

‘.....What if he learns magic properly?’

Should he try teaching him?

If he teaches him well, maybe something great will come out of him?

As he thought about it, Marion stroked his throbbing head.

He remembered how Amon had hit him over the head with a bottle yesterday...and the punch in the stomach earlier.

“Shit, what do you know?”

Amon blinked at the sudden outburst.

“.....?”

“What kind of young bastard is messing with the magic circle created by Archmages?”

“No, I was just wondering.....”

“This is the problem with young people these days.....”

Marion was silent for a moment.

He saw Amon fiddling with the empty bottle.

“.....Khhhhh! I’ll be going now.”

“Yes, sir.”

Picking himself up, Marion returned to the staff room.

He cast a communication spell to his own tower.

“It’s been a while, Matriarch.”

-Isn’t that Rumdom? What’s going on?

“It’s about.....”

Marion explained.

“I’ve been working on.....and I think it’s going to be a big improvement.”

The Matriarch, who had been listening in silence, said.

-Great.

“It is, isn’t it?”

-I mean, you’re great.

“Haha, you’re welcome.....”

-I had a feeling ever since you quit the Tower, but I see you've also given up reading magic papers.

".....?"

The Matriarch said pathetically.

-That's a theory that came out last year.

".....What, what?"

-It was a first-class theory, though I couldn't give it a medal due to circumstances.

"....."

-Anything else? Bye.

With a pop, the communication spell was cut off, and Marion, who was sitting there with a despondent look on his face, suddenly turned around.

Amon was there, staring at him with an expressionless face.

"When did you get here, Mr. Amon?"

"I've been sitting next to you since I realized it would be a breakthrough."

"....."

Marion, who had closed his eyes with a sigh, opened his mouth.

"Mr. Amon."

"Yes."

"I need to sober up."

Amon smirked.

"Yes, senior. I will serve you in the same way as before."

Marion followed Amon, looking like he was being led to the slaughterhouse.

Chapter 7

Amon was slumped over on his bed, muttering, in his quarters.

“This academy is doomed.”

A decrepit headmaster.

A slacker swordsmanship teacher.

Drunks trying to stab him in the back.

“Where the hell did my promising future go?”

He pushed himself up from his sulk.

“Well, it could be worse. I’ll take it one day at a time.”

At least the academy would have a source of funding, so he wouldn’t have to worry about not getting paid.

‘Sloth and Marion are not bad at teaching, either.’

They’re not bad teachers, though they have their flaws: lazy and drunk.

‘.....It’s all part of the job, after all. It’s lunchtime, let’s go eat.’

~The cafeteria at the academy~

The cafeteria is minimally staffed, so the menu is limited but it’s cheap and delicious!

When I was on the estate, potatoes were the staple food, so the menu was a luxury.

‘Oatmeal, baked ham, and salad, this is the kind of meal I would only get on my birthday.’

My mouth watered, and I looked around the restaurant.

There were plenty of seats, but it would be nice to see some familiar faces.

‘I don’t recognize many of the faces.’

The next thing he knew, Sloth and Marion were seated at a table, both nervously avoiding his gaze.

‘Oh no, workplace bullying!’

But Amon, who never bats an eye at such things, snorted.

‘I won’t play with you guys, even if you ask me to.’

Amon stalked off, leaving Sloth and Marion to chatter.

“You agree with me anyway, don’t you?”

“Yep. I mean, he can’t even learn swordsmanship or use mana, and he’s been killing high-risk monsters, but if he learns how to use swordsmanship and mana, he’ll be able to.....”

“Me too. He’s been tearing apart magic circles with some theories he learned from his father, but if he learns magic properly, he’ll be able to.....”

The two exchanged a covert glance as they agreed.

The Amon Non-Education League was born, forbidding the transfer of any skills to Amon.

Meanwhile,

“Ah, there you are.”

Amon turned to the faces he’d been looking for.

“Hello, children. May I have a seat?”

“Ah, sir. Of course.”

He sat down across from Boris and Chloe.

“You both had a rough morning in class.”

“You had a hard time, too.”

Catching Sloth, taking Marion’s drunkenness, and so on.

Only you guys recognize that I had a hard time.

I pick up my fork and knife.

“So, there’s something I wanted to ask you guys.”

“What? What is it?”

“Did you know there’s a contest in a few months?”

“Yeah, I know.”

I looked at them both and continued.

“Do you two want to enter it?”

“It’sthat us?”

“Yeah. It’ll be a great experience that will last a lifetime.”

If they didn’t want to go, I would try to talk them into it.

I’ll show the Emperor that I was willing to improve the Academy for the better.

‘Of course, that’s not enough to get the shutdown rescinded, but it might give me a little more chance.’

And then Boris, the one of the two who had been silent at the question, spoke up.

“I’m out.”

I wasn’t expecting such a blunt rejection, but that’s okay.

‘I’ll try to convince him.....’

Before I could finish my thought, Boris spoke up.

“I’m a commoner, I’m sure I’d be embarrassed to go out in a place like that.”

“Ugh, huh?”

“There’s no way I, a commoner, could compete in a contest with the nobles, given how great they are.....”

I quickly interrupted Boris, who was spewing self-deprecation.

“Boris, there are plenty of opportunities for commoners, and there are plenty of nobles in the Empire who came from commoner backgrounds!”

And indeed there were.

Upbringing aside, the Empire was a place where any commoner could become a noble if they worked hard enough.

But Boris was determined.

“That’s a credit to them.”

“.....”

“What can I do?”

The self-deprecation was so vicious it seemed to dig into the ground!

Boris was downright sulking.

‘I’m screwed.’

I can’t believe one of the students, the only conscience of this damn academy, the oasis, is this self-deprecating!

‘Just when I thought things couldn’t get any worse with the faculty, I screwed up and I’m about to fall into something even worse.’

I couldn’t let him get away with that, so I opened my mouth to speak.

“Boris.”

“Phew, yes, sir.”

“Look at this teacher.”

“Yes.....?”

“I was a big wimp when I was younger.”

It’s a lie.

I’ve been running around the rugged Arma Mountains since I was a kid, and was revered by my peers in the manor as Spicy Fist Amon.

“But look, you became a teacher at the Academy, didn’t you?”

“Aren’t you from a noble family?”

“.....That’s true, but isn’t the fact that you’re a teacher important now? Do you think anyone can be a teacher? Not everyone can!”

In the current state of the academy, even a dog or a cow could become a teacher.

‘After all, I got in through my father’s shallow connections.’

But to a child, the word “teacher” is heavy.

I continued to Boris, who was looking at me like, 'Are you sure?'

"Besides, if you enter the contest and work hard, you might be able to become a nobleman?"

"Ear, nobility? Me?"

"Yes, do you know how good it would be to be a nobleman?"

Boris said, glancing at his bowl of barley oatmeal.

"And you get to eat meat every day?"

Amon said, unwrapping a baked ham.

"Of course, you could eat meat every day!"

It's a lie.

Potatoes were a staple.

"Besides, it's not often there are contests, this is your chance!"

"Gulp! Noble..... meat....."

Boris said, his eyes suddenly twinkling.

"But that asshole....."

"Boris, don't say that! We still have a few months to go, we'll just have to work hard!"

"Ha, but....."

I said, giving a hesitant Boris a little more of the baked ham.

"You want to be a nobleman, don't you?"

"Yeah....."

Fortunately, Boris is ambitious, which means he's true to his purpose for coming to the Academy!

"Okay. Since you don't have classes in the afternoon, I'll give you a special lesson, and I'll also teach you history and general studies in between!"

The reality is that you have to be very talented to get ahead.

Boris swallowed hard when he heard that the teacher would give him extra lessons.

“Really?”

“Sure. You’ll have to work hard for it.”

“Yes, I’ll do my best!”

Amon smiled warmly at Boris’s enthusiastic response.

‘That’s great, Boris.’

If you’re this motivated, you’ll do well enough in the competition!

‘I hope you’ll be the foundation of my rise!’

Amon turned to his next target.

He turned to Chloe, who was still quietly holding her breath.

“Chloe, would you like to enter the contest?”

“I, I’m…….”

As I stared at her for an answer, Chloe’s shoulders slumped, and her head dropped.

“……?”

Boris explained.

“Sir, Chloe is very scared.”

“……Scared?”

“Yes. She’s especially afraid of people looking at her, and she’s afraid of crowds.”

Amon rolled his eyes.

There would be hundreds, maybe thousands of people watching the contest!

Even if it was for a good cause, there was no way he could force a scared little Chloe to enter the contest.

‘Besides, being scared isn’t something I can persuade.’

Giving up quickly is good for your mental health.

“I didn’t mean to force you. Don’t worry about it, Chloe.”

Chloe, who had been dropping her head, said.

“It’s

“Huh?”

“I want.....”

While I was still dazed because her voice was too low to hear, Chloe spoke with more authority.

“I want to participate.”

“.....!”

“I want to get over this.”

Such a thin but determined voice!

Boris’s eyes widened at Chloe’s aggressiveness, and Amon smiled broadly.

“Excellent, eat your ham!”

He said as he unwrapped the baked ham.

“If you have the will to get through it, you’ll get through it!”

“Really?”

“Yeah, I used to be so scared of adults other than my parents when I was a kid!”

It’s a lie.

I used to bury my face in the ground whenever I saw an adult just to get an allowance.

“I did that too, so why can’t you? You can overcome it too.”

“.....Okay, I’ll do my best.”

“Yes, yes, yes, eat more ham!”

Before I knew it, I was halfway through a hunk of ham that could only be eaten on a birthday, but I was feeling good.

'You little buggers!'

I grinned.

"Well, I'll see you on the training grounds after lunch."

The two kids who would save his future smiled back.

"Yes, Mr. Amon!"

* * *

Amon is no expert in swordsmanship.

That's why he decided to prioritize Boris and Chloe's physical strength.

'With that increased physical strength, they can learn from Sloth!'

And if I teach them the basic theories of magic that I learned from my father, it will be easier for them to understand Marion's lessons!

'And then I'll teach them general academics in my spare time!'

A perfect plan!

No, it was the perfect plan.

"I can't do it!"

"Ugh! This is too hard!"

A healthy body makes for a healthy mind!

So, I had the two students go for a quick run around the practice field to get fit.

However, they didn't run for long before they started to get tired!

'It wasn't a rope, it was a rotten rope.'

I rolled my eyes and said.

".....Huh, are you both tired?"

They both nodded heavily, and Amon scratched his head.

'.....Yes, let's take it slow with the physical training.'

He opened his mouth with a generous heart.

“Then we’ll rest for a bit, and then we’ll get back to our magic theory lesson.”

“Phew, yes, sir.”

A moment later.

“I have.....which proves that magic is real!”

“.....?”

“Now, do you understand so far?”

Boris and Chloe shook their heads.

“I don’t know what you mean.....”

“What?”

“It’s hard.....”

Amon narrowed his eyes.

“Why is this hard?”

“.....”

“I thought it was the basic theory of magic?”

“I’m sorry.”

“No, there’s nothing to be sorry about.....Why is this hard?”

Amon scratched his head in confusion, then sighed heavily.

“Phew, then, kids.”

“Yes, sir.”

“You’re well rested, right?”

“Yeah.....?”

“Here we go, healthy bodies, healthy minds!”

Boris and Chloe started to shiver at the unexpected words.

It was the chant that Amon had shouted after them as they ran across the field.

* * *

“I see your feet! Run faster!”

“Hic, hic, hic!”

“Follow, follow, healthy body, healthy spirit!”

“There, health, there, gweeeeeek!”

Eventually, Boris gagged and fell back, and Chloe fell back and began to cry.

“No, kids, how long have you been running, and you’re already suffering?”

“Hmph, hmph, hmph, hmph!”

“I don’t understand.....”

Well, come to think of it, there’s no way Sloth would have pushed the kids to work out so hard!

‘You guys, you’re in luck, I’m going to take this opportunity to make you big!’

I thought to myself.

“.....Teacher Amon.”

“Eh?”

Before I knew it, Sloth and Marion were approaching me with sycophantic faces.

‘Hmph, you off-duty teachers.’

Judging from Chloe’s ignorance of basic magic theory, it seemed that Marion wasn’t doing a particularly good job of teaching either.

So Amon said bluntly.

“What’s going on?”

Sloth said with a stern face.

“.....What are you doing?”

“As you can see, I’m working on the students’ physical fitness.”

“.....What did you order them to do?”

Amon said with a fresh face.

“A light 100 laps around the training ground.”

“.....100 laps?”

“Yes.”

“Not 10 laps? No, 10 laps is a bit too much.....”

“Eh, what kind of fitness training is 10 laps around this narrow haze? Honestly, I’m worried that even 100 laps is too little.”

On our estate, children join their parents for morning walks up and down the Arma Mountains.

“Oh, and I taught them a little bit of magical theory so that it wouldn’t interfere with Mr. Marion’s class. I learned a little from my father.”

Marion said with a stern face.

“What the hell did you teach them?”

“It’s about clarifying the relationship between ether and mana, and proving that the definition of magic is to break down the barrier between etherius and the material world. But they don’t quite understand it. It’s not that difficult.”

“.....”

Etherology, it’s a study you’d have to be a Sixth Circle wizard to lick the pages of.

It’s a glimpse into the very principles of the world itself, a study that inexperienced wizards should never master.

Marion thought.

‘You taught these children etherology?’

Sloth thought.

'You made them run a hundred laps?'

Amon looked at the stunned pair and shook his head, wondering what was wrong.

"Is there a problem.....?"

Amon didn't finish his sentence.

In defense of their students, Sloth and Marion lunged at him and kicked him.

Chapter 8

The special class was canceled.

'You say I'm unconventional. I can't admit it.'

No, I shouldn't admit it.

Wasn't I the last conscience and the only common sense in the place?

But given that Boris and Chloe were horrified by the remark.

'Isn't.....?'

Born and raised on the estate, he'd hardly known life outside of it.

At most, a few days in the nearest city to the manor to watch and learn?

Even then, when I saw people hauling firewood, carrying sacks of grain, and hobbling around, I thought, 'What's wrong with them, they're out of shape,' but..... is that normal?

Sloth's point is, don't judge others based on your own fitness.

If you keep doing that, she said, you'll never be able to teach.

'Marion told me to re-learn the basics of magic.'

Apparently, the "basics of magic" my father taught me were quite advanced in the world.

The reason I hadn't realized it before now was that wizards themselves were advanced, and I had never met a wizard other than my father.

'.....Was our estate something strange?'

Yes, the inhabitants of the estate settled in the harsh Arma Mountains.

It's only natural to think that I've lived among such people.

So, while I partially accepted Sloth and Marion's point, I was also suspicious of the two rogue teachers.

'So you're saying that my father and our estate is a great place?'

If it was that great, there was no way a powerful noble would leave it alone.

They would have tried to take advantage of it somehow.

'Even though my father is quite timid, if he has the ability, shouldn't they try hard to take him?'

Reasonable suspicion soars!

'Aren't these people just trying to get in my way?'

I quickly calmed down.

".....No way."

At least Chloe and Boris didn't look like they were being mean.

'Anyway, what about the contest? At this rate, I don't think we'll even have a chance to make a good impression, let alone get a good grade.'

I'm stumped.

-Boom!

A knock on the door made me jump up.

"Who is it?"

".....Can I have a moment?"

It was the principal's voice.

'But why is her voice so weak?'

I quickly straightened my clothes and walked outside to see the principal's ears drooping.

"What's going on?"

“There’s someone who wants to see Mr. Amon……”

“Me?”

Well, that’s one thing.

But the principal who came to call me?

Even if she’s a low-level headmaster, isn’t she at least officially the pinnacle of this academy?

“I think you have a very rude idea.”

“……You’re mistaken.”

“Whatever, come with me.”

We arrived at the principal’s office.

Anar’el walks into the principal’s office, which is unlit and completely dark.

“Come in, please.”

“Yes. But why is it so dark?”

I said.

“Are you Amon Drake, the new teacher?”

The husky feminine voice made me turn around quickly.

I could see red eyes flickering in the darkness.

“……Who are you?”

“I am Brestle, the vice principal of this academy.”

Well, a normal academy would have a vice-principal.

Not that this academy is normal.

I greeted her quickly anyway.

“Nice to meet you, Vice Principal.”

“Yes. I can’t say it’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“.....?”

“I can’t say I’m pleased to see you because the Academy is failing, can I?”

The Vice Headmaster’s voice is full of irritation, except I wasn’t the target of his irritation.

“I don’t see what all the fuss is about with these damn elves.”

The headmaster made an odd ‘hic’ sound at that.

The vice principal spoke next.

“Anyway, I only called you in to see what you’re like as a newcomer, so you can leave now.”

The red eyes, which had been glaring at Amon, turned downward, and he said in a panicked voice

“I’m not leaving without seeing the vice principal’s face.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you left the lights off, didn’t you?”

“.....Ah, I see, humans can’t see in the dark.”

There was a click and a snap of fingers, and the room brightened up.

And what I witnessed was the principal standing with his hands raised and kneeling as punishment, and a woman with bronze skin sitting at her desk looking over documents.

The only problem was that her ears were as long as Anar’el’s.

‘.....Dark Elf!’

A type of elf rumored to be a ‘fallen elf’.

‘They are said to be fierce and violent.....’

Vice Headmaster Brestle frowned at me as I turned around.

“What is it?”

“.....I’m sorry. I’ve never seen a dark elf before.”

“I don’t think it’s just a reaction to never having seen one before... Well, dark elves are ferocious and unruly.....I’m guessing that’s what you’re thinking.”

Brestle said, seeing right through Amon.

“That’s prejudice and discrimination.”

It would have been a valid point, except for the fact that she kicked Anar’el’s ass.

“Be careful in the future.”

“Oh, I see. What is the headmaster doing there, anyway?”

The deputy headmaster said, flipping through papers.

“She brought the academy in ruins while I was on vacation, so how can I leave it like this?”

“.....You’re right, but you were on vacation?”

“Yes. I was running the academy, blocking whatever this idiot was trying to do, and when I went away for a while, she left it in this mess.”

My eyes widened at that.

‘So the academy, which should have long since faded into history, was still running because of the vice principal?’

The question was finally answered!

‘In other words, it’s not an exaggeration to say that the vice principal was running the academy in place of the principal.’

She’s the real power in the academy!

Moreover, if she was running this place, which was originally huge, her abilities must be great!

Amon immediately pledged his loyalty to the Vice Headmaster.

“From now on, I will only trust and follow you, Vice Headmaster!”

Whether the headmaster realized the extra tilt of power in those words or not, she began to sob and cry, but that’s none of my business.

The vice principal glared at me with an oath and said.

“We’ll see, but.....”

The Vice Headmaster, who was checking the papers, raised an eyebrow.

“Temporary income of five thousand gold?”

The Deputy Headmaster glared at Anar’el.

“What is this?”

“That, that’s.....”

“Say it right.”

“It’s, uh, the prize money for winning the racing snail.....”

The headmaster’s shoulders slumped as the vice-principal glared.

“It’s good that you have some temporary income, but what if it went wrong? Don’t you realize you’re the head of the school?”

“Sorry.....”

Amon, the one who had instigated the snail race, kept his mouth shut.

“Phew, that’s ridiculous.....huh?”

The vice principal flipping through the papers narrowed her eyes.

“Investing in the King of Mango business?”

At this point, Amon swallowed hard.

‘This is a big deal.’

The Snail Race may have been the principal’s mistress, but it was his own decision to invest so much money in the orchard.

‘It paid off in the end, but I’m sure she’ll say I’m a fool for investing in such a crazy business.....’

The vice principal stared at the papers in silence.

“Headmaster, what is this?”

“It’s.....”

Anareel glared at me, tears streaming down her face.

'That sneaky elf is going to sell me out!'

Well, they say it's better to get hit first. Better to hit the player than to be snitched on.

"It's an investment I proposed."

".....You mean you?"

"Yes. I thought it could be successful on its own, so I invested in it with some temporary income I had earned earlier, and luckily I was right."

I'm lying.

The investment was made with the intention of killing the academy.

"But I did use the money for operating expenses, so if you want to punish me, I'll comply."

".....Hmm."

She stared at the paperwork, then spoke up.

"It was a risky investment, to be sure, but as long as it paid off, I don't see any reason to hold you accountable."

".....!"

"Well done, you've done a great job, and we won't have to worry about the Academy's finances for a while."

Amon immediately bowed at the voice of the proud Vice Headmaster!

"I'm honored, Vice Headmaster."

"Hmm, is that King of Mangoes.....?"

"What?"

".....No."

I said, with an odd resonance.

"Vice Principal."

“What is it?”

I swallowed hard.

The deputy headmaster would be someone who was strict but also concerned about the academy’s revitalization.

Then.....

“Do you happen to know that there’s an imperial youth competition sponsored by His Majesty the Emperor coming up?”

“Of course I know.”

“If a student from the Academy performs well in that competition, isn’t it possible that the Emperor’s recommendation to suspend operations will be rescinded?”

“I suppose there is a possibility.”

She nodded in affirmation.

“Then perhaps we should endeavor to educate the two remaining students at the Academy to improve their chances.”

“That’s certainly a good idea.”

“It is, isn’t it?”

So the deputy headmaster was right after all.

“But Sloth and Marion. Those two stopped you.....Huh, the lazy teacher and the drunkard teacher?”

“Yes!”

“Well, let me tell them both, no matter how young a student is, sometimes you have to be stern with them, especially when our academy is in trouble like it is now.”

“That’s a very fair point!”

A lousy headmaster.

The slacker swordsmanship teacher.

The backstabbing drunkard.

'Isn't this the savior who came along and outwitted them all?'

I was on the verge of tears with excitement.

'Now I only have to trust the vice principal!'

I wiped the tears from my eyes.

"Headmaster."

".....?"

"Just in case....."

The vice principal said in a stern voice.

"King of Mangoes, do you have any left?"

"Only one left."

Anar'el quickly pulled out the King of Mangoes from her stash.

She smiles broadly.

"This is so good."

"....."

There's an awkward silence, and I feel a strange sense of unease.

'What the hell? Why is she looking at the King of Mango like she's dripping with honey?'

I swallowed hard with anxiety.

At the same time, the vice principal, who also swallowed hard, said.

"I guess we'll have to invest more in the King of Mango Farm once we get a return on our investment."

Amon's mouth dropped open at that.

"Vice Headmaster, what the.....!"

"Is there a problem?"

"No, what additional investment in what farm!"

The Vice Headmaster said with a stern face.

“Considering the content of the letter, isn’t it a profitable investment? It would be the right choice to make an additional investment for the academy’s finances, right?”

“Well, that’s.....”

She was right.

“I take it, you agree.”

“.....”

The deputy headmaster said, flicking through the papers.

“Besides, the Academy’s cafeteria cuts are devastating.”

“.....?”

“Headmaster, sign the cafeteria staffing paperwork.”

I slapped her hand away as she quickly pulled out a pen.

“We have three teachers and only two students, and you’re filling the cafeteria!”

“Ouch! My hand!”

“Vice Principal, what the hell is that supposed to mean!”

The vice principal said with a stern face.

“Poor quality meals won’t keep the morale of those who remain, isn’t it right to improve the quality of the meals to boost morale?”

“No, that’s.....”

“I won’t take no for an answer.”

Is that right?

‘No, that can’t be right! What kind of bullshit is that?’

I leaned in close to Anar’el and whispered in her ear.

“Principal.”

“Hee hee, that tickles my ear!”

“Sorry! More than that, what’s wrong with her?”

Anar’el said, glaring at the Vice Headmaster.

“Dark Elves, you see, are often obsessed with a single desire.”

“What? You don’t mean…….”

“Yes. The vice principal is a case of obsession with food. But did she go on vacation and come back hungry? She’s gotten worse than before.”

“I don’t think so…….”

“And to think that she’s going to use it without any reason, even though it’s not royal support…….I’ve never seen anything like that before.”

Amon rolled his eyes at Anar’el’s tongue-in-cheek remark.

Meanwhile, the deputy headmaster continued to ramble on about some strange nonsense.

“Our meat supplier sucks. We need to find a new one.”

“…….”

“Hmm, yeah, we should bring that chef back to the academy…….”

“Deputy Headmaster.”

Brestle narrowed her eyes at Amon.

He held up the King of Mangoes, the only one left.

“…….What is it?”

Amon didn’t answer Brestle’s question.

He simply continued to peel the King of Mangoes in silence.

“…….What are you doing?”

Amon still didn’t answer.

He just stared at Brestle’s long ears, which were growing in exasperation.

“Hey, hey, hey, stop.....”

Amon still didn't answer.

He just opened his mouth and greedily devoured the King of Mangoes.

The shocking sight caused Brestle to shriek and recoil in horror.

“Aaaahhhh! My King of Mangoes!”

Brestle's ears drooped and tears streamed down her face as she watched the only remaining King of Mangoes disappear in a spray of juice.

“Ugh!”

Amon was also dripping with juice and tears as he watched Brestle freak out.

The vice principal whom he had sworn allegiance to was not the savior who would save him and the academy.

Chapter 9

Half a King of Mango was enough to win me a favorable negotiation with the Vice Principal, Brestle.

Is that why?

“.....okay, I'll give you permission to teach a special class.

I was granted the authority to teach the students.

However, it was difficult to completely break the vice principal's determination to eat.

“Wu Wu Wu Wu, okay, let's agree that for the time being, we'll spend the least amount of operating expenses on improving the food.”

She adds the words 'for the time being' in a way that makes me wonder if she's possessed by the ghost of a bad meal.

'Still, it's a good enough deal. Besides, I've asked the headmaster to keep the vice-principal from pulling any stunts, so there shouldn't be any problems.....'

No, I mean, what could go wrong with the vice-principal, seeing as how she's so tightly wound?

'.....No, let's trust the headmaster.'

Can you imagine the headmaster being held captive by the vice headmaster?

Take back your power and authority as the head of this academy!

I said I trusted and followed the vice principal, but the person I am truly loyal to is none other than you, the principal!

When I tried to convince her like that, she nodded vigorously and asked me to trust her.

'I've been betrayed before, but this time will be different.'

Anyway, it's already morning.

You can twist a chicken's neck, but the morning will come.

'From now on, I'll save the academy.'

The contract tied me down for three years, so I have no choice.

'So I have to make this place at least habitable.'

It was just before swordsmanship class began.

Amon made his way to classroom four.

As it turned out, Sloth was sleeping in Room 4, not wanting to be disturbed again.

'But the only thing she did was move from classroom 3 to classroom 4.....'

I shake her awake, and she pushes up her eye patch and frowns.

"Ah, you're really good at finding people, what now?"

"It's right before class starts, what are you doing not getting ready?"

".....How did it get to be that time?"

Sloth said as she stretched.

"Then why are you sleeping in the classroom when you could be in your room?"

She gave me a look that said I was asking the obvious.

"Don't you get sleepy when you're in the classroom?"

".....So you sleep in the classroom?"

“Yes.”

“.....Why don't you go to class?”

“You don't have to tell me, I'm going.”

Grumbling, she pushed herself to her feet and glared at me.

“Training field again today?”

“For the time being, yes.”

I said, following after Sloth.

“But what do you do at night, do you sleep all day or do you not sleep at night?”

Sloth didn't answer that question.

In fact, I didn't want to hear the answer.

‘I'm sure she sleeps at night. If she gets lazy, she'll sleep a lot during the day, and if she can't sleep, she'll just toss and turn to get some sleep.’

I cursed Sloth inwardly, and then I arrived at the training field.

Boris and Chloe were waiting for their lesson when they spotted Amon, and they gasped as if they had seen a ghost.

“Ah, Mr. Amon.”

“Yes, did you all get a good night's rest?”

“Yes.....”

“I'm glad to hear it. Good luck in class!”

Amon obediently walked away, and Boris and Chloe's eyes lit up with anxiety.

The lesson soon followed.

Amon didn't seem to mind Sloth's disrespectful demeanor as she lay down on a sleeping bag on the floor.

‘Why is Mr. Amon in such a good mood?’

'I wonder if he didn't give up his special class, but he's been yelled at by the other teachers.....'

Boris and Chloe were dreading when Amon would mention the special class.

"Then class is over for today."

"Thank you, Ms. Sloth. You guys did a great job too, now go to recess!"

But to their surprise, when the class was over, he sent them away as if to say hurry up and go!

'Did he give up on the special class?'

'I guess he gave up.'

Boris and Chloe's hearts sank with relief.

After a short break, it was time for magic class.

'Mr. Amon's not here!'

'He's given up!'

But Amon walked in halfway through the class.

"I apologize for being late."

"No, you're not. Anyway, to explain Ronald Wisley's theory....."

Despite Marion's drunken lecture, Amon listened with a serious face.

'What the hell?'

'Didn't he actually give up his special class?'

When the magic class finally ended.

"Well done, senior Marion, you've done well too! Hurry up and go eat!"

What an unexpectedly cheerful dismissal!

They were both relieved and uneasy at the same time.

'What's wrong with him?'

'I'm rather scared.....'

The next twist came at lunchtime.

While Boris and Chloe were eating and discussing Amon's strange demeanor, Amon appeared with Marion and Sloth.

"Haha, kids, how's the meal going?"

"What? Oh, yes, sir."

"Okay, okay. But eat in moderation. I don't want you to throw up in the special class."

".....?"

Amon held out the 'Special Class Permit' with the Vice Principal's seal, and both of their faces turned grim.

'What the.....!'

'This is ridiculous!'

In the morning class, Amon quickly dismissed the students and slapped Sloth and Marion with the Vice Principal's permit.

'Now that the Vice Principal's permission is given, you can't block the special class anymore!'

'Ugh.....!'

'Hahaha, do you feel the difference in power?'

The thrill of wielding power on your back!

It was the power of half a King of Mangoes.

"Then gather in the training hall like yesterday. Understand?"

"Sigh, ahhhhh....."

I walked out of the cafeteria, leaving behind the students with tears like chicken poop.

Marion, who was looking at them worriedly, said, smelling of alcohol.

"Look, Amon. You're an adult, why are you teasing the children like this?"

I laughed at that.

“They’re always scared to death, and then when they actually do it, they’re motivated. I’m sure they’ll be motivated when they get to class.”

It’s human psychology.

It’s not for nothing that they say that the beginning is half the battle.

‘Actually, that’s part of it, but I was also annoyed that Sloth and Marion were hiding behind me and glaring at me yesterday when I was being scolded.....’

“Anyway, I’ve also thought about the intensity of the class myself, so please watch over it and let me know if you think it’s too intense. However, I can’t let it go too leniently like the vice principal said, so please only do it if you think it’s really too intense.”

In other words, Sloth and Marion were the supervisors of the special class.

“Okay, we can’t go around in circles forever. Leave it to me.”

Marion thumped his chest.

Sloth hugged her sleeping bag tightly.

“I’m bothered.”

“I’ll tell the vice principal.”

“I almost said that.”

Soon afterward, the three teachers, including Amon, arrived at the training hall where they had agreed to meet after a quick meal.

They waited for Boris and Chloe and chatted.

“Hehehe, but those two know how to work hard. If you teach them well, they might show a good performance in the competition.”

Amon said selflessly in response to Marion’s cheerful words.

“That’s what I think too! I hope they do well in the contest!”

For my own good!

“Would you like to say something, Ms. Sloth?”

“I want to sleep.”

“Dear Vice Headmaster.....”

“They both have talent in swordsmanship.”

“Isn’t that a bit insincere?”

And how long did I wait?

“Lunch is over, right?”

“Yes.”

How long did I wait?

“According to the curriculum, it’s time for afternoon classes to start, right?”

“Yep.”

Another hour passed, and Amon rose to his feet and took off to hunt Boris and Chloe.

* * *

“Please let me live.....”

“I want to live.....”

The pitiful cries of the two students did not reach Amon.

“Haha, guys, who’s eating you?”

Bringing them back to the training field, Amon crossed his arms and spoke in a stern voice.

“Now, you both did it yesterday, so you know what to do, right?”

“Seo, no.....”

“Yes!”

Amon clapped his hands.

“To a healthy body!”

“There, a healthy mind resides there!”

Boris and Chloe started running, and Amon followed, chanting.

And Marion, who had been watching the skit from afar, said.

“Sloth, do you think that means anything?”

“What? What do you mean?”

“I mean, does it mean that running around helps your swordsmanship?”

Sloth smirked.

“That’s why mages are mages, stamina is fundamental to swordsmanship.”

“Yeah, that’s why I was carried by soldiers when I was in the army.”

“Well, running is the beginning of swordsmanship. It builds your footing, gives you stamina, and teaches you to control your own breathing.”

Marion shuddered at the thought.

“Then why haven’t you taught them that before?”

“Because my students are the children of nobles.”

“.....aah.”

The parents of noble children are overly accommodating to their children.

“Well, if they are aristocrats and start running around in an undignified manner, who knows what their parents might say.”

“It actually happened.”

Sloth muttered, her jaw clenched as she watched Amon chase after the students.

“So I figured I’d better do something about it.”

“.....Hmm.”

Marion said with a smirk.

“Well, that means Amon knows what’s going on with those students.”

“Because Boris is a commoner and Chloe lost her country.”

No one would blame him for being a little rough.

But after a moment of thought, they both shook their heads in unison.

“No, even a noble child would be treated like that.”

“.....I think so, too.”

Right now, the two of them would have been hit over the head with bottles and punched in the face with fists.

And how far they'd run.

“Then you both take a break!”

“Huh, huh, huh.....yeah.....?”

The panting duo stopped, dumbfounded.

They thought he was going to drive them to the brink of death like yesterday, but he stopped already?

Sure, they were still out of breath, but yesterday, he had them running until they puked.

Anyway, I left them resting and turned to Sloth.

“Is this enough?”

“.....Yes, their running form was about to collapse.”

“Good. I stopped just in time.”

Smiling with satisfaction, I took the wooden sword Sloth handed me.

I walked over to the students, who were panting and catching their breath.

“Now, everyone, take a breath and listen.”

Boris and Chloe rolled their eyes, expecting another lesson in incomprehensible magic like yesterday.

But to their surprise, Amon tossed them a wooden sword and said.

“Take it and hit me with it.”

“It's?”

“Try to hit me with one. If you can’t, then……”

“……?”

Amon said, grinning broadly.

“Here we go again!”

The two of them gripped their wooden swords with glee.

* * *

“Hmph, hmph, hmph!”

“Haha, you’re both weak!”

“Hic, lyat!”

“Slow.”

Boris and Chloe whimper and swing their wooden swords at Amon, who dodges them with ease.

Marion was dumbfounded by the sight.

“What does that mean?”

Sloth said, her jaw clenched at the question.

“You ran, didn’t you?”

“As far as……?”

“Then you know that running is hard, right?”

“Um……”

“Stamina grows fast when pushed to its limits, and if you’re not used to running, running to your limits kills you.”

Sloth said, clicking her tongue.

“So he’s going to make them run to their limit and swing their swords to push them past that limit. It’s probably better than just making them run.”

“……Well, they’ll build up their stamina quickly.”

“Besides, they’re swinging swords, so the muscles they use to wield them will build up. Of course, their posture is terrible, but it’s my job to correct it.”

Marion smirked.

“That’s pretty efficient for just rolling around.”

Sloth laughed bitterly at that.

Earlier, during recess after class, Amon had been endlessly asking for advice on his new training policy.

‘I’ve revised and revised and revised. I can’t just roll with it.’

Marion, who had been watching Amon and the students, suddenly said.

“Then there’s a reason for that, too?”

Amon was jumping up and down, taunting the students.

“Can’t you hit me? You’re too slow, right?”

“Yip, yip!”

“Where’s the guy who can hit me?”

“Eek, eek!”

Sloth muttered in a daze.

“I wonder if he’s trying to build up their venom……?”

“Well, I don’t know……”

He’s just teasing them.

* * *

A moment later, as the students collapsed in exhaustion, Amon reached for his wooden sword.

“Krrr!”

“Eek, Boris, you can’t bite!”

“Haaaah!”

“Chloe! You’re not a cat!”

Amon smirked at them, realizing he had teased them too hard and their hostility was palpable.

“Now, both of you, take a break and listen.”

“.....”

“Now we begin our magic lesson!”

They gaped.

‘Again, he’s going to tell us something we won’t even understand.....’

But the next words out of Amon’s mouth were unexpected.

“What is Ronald Wisley’s main theory?”

It was something they learned in Marion’s class today.

“.....The definition of the four elements?”

“Correct. Now tell me about the four elements.”

“Well, they are.....”

Marion looked at Amon, who was teaching magic, and nodded.

‘After all, it’s best to review rather than teach something new.’

In other words, the structure of the current special class was simple.

Amon would teach physical fitness, and then Sloth would teach swordsmanship.

Marion teaches magic, and Amon reviews what they learned.

‘It’s a normal, fulfilling class. Nothing special, but.....’

No, there is something special.

‘Enthusiasm.’

Despite his joking demeanor, Amon is sincere in his lessons.

Even as he reviewed the magic lesson, he carefully rubbed the tired legs of his students.

Sloth, who was staring at the scene, spoke up.

“.....Mr. Marion.”

“.....What?”

“Why don’t we try something more serious?”

“.....No problem.”

While all this was going on.

‘I’m massaging you so hard, you’re going to whine about sore muscles tomorrow!’

Amon thought to himself as he rubbed their legs.

Chapter 10

Early in the morning Amon found a letter addressed to him.

‘What? A letter from my father?’

He hurriedly opened it.

[Amon, how are you, it’s been a month since you left for the academy.]

The letter began as usual, saying that everything was fine at the manor, and that I should show my face when I was settled in.

And the date at the end.

‘Two months ago? Our manor is far away. It took two months for a letter to come?’

That means it’s been three months since Amon left the estate.

No, more like 100 days, considering it took him about two weeks to get here.

“100 days.....has it been that long already?”

The competition is just around the corner.

‘I’ll have to take some time off after the tournament to visit the estate.’

Amon thought as he headed to the training grounds for his morning class.

One hundred days.

It had been an eventful 100 days.

'Headmaster, I heard the first quarterly dividend from the investment came in. How much?'

'..... Phew, it's less than I thought.'

'Give me the paperwork.'

Anar'el was quick to tell the truth.

'Why in the world would you tell a lie that's going to be found out.....?'

'Boo, the vice-principal wants me to siphon off money for the cafeteria equipment somehow.....'

'You said you were going to stop her! You said you wanted me to trust you!'

'So, honestly, I'm scared to death of Brestle!'

It seems that Anar'el's power was not enough to stop the Vice Headmaster's ambition.

I confronted her about it.

'If you have the money, you should be working on improving the food!'

'We only have 10 people in total, including the chef and the janitors, and the building is just gathering dust. How can we improve the food?'

'Then we'll just have to hire more cleaners!'

It doesn't make sense.

So Amon took out his hostage.

'Do you see him?'

'King of Mango.....!'

'The farm sent it to me with the dividends, and the principal said she had it hidden.'

'How dare that damn principal.....!'

I took the King of Mangoes hostage and destroyed the Vice Principal's dreams!

And his fellow teachers!

'Ms. Sloth, I've been thinking you've been a little more conscientious for a while, but this?'

'What did I do?'

'Why don't you just get out of your sleeping bag and talk?'

For Marion.

'Gosh darn it! Uh, it tastes good, hence the fireball!'

Marion was drunkenly giving a lecture while Sloth is 'briefly' sincere!

It's a good thing the lecture itself is still intact.

'They say you die when you change, but these damned people live for a thousand years.'

It's the worst teaching environment ever but Amon had a ray of hope.

".....guys."

Amon burst into tears and hugged Boris and Chloe, who had shown up for class as usual.

"You're the only ones I can count on....."

"Ooh, don't cry."

"We're the only ones who are normal in this crazy den of devils....."

Boris and Chloe patted Amon's back quietly and Amon smiled broadly.

"Yes, you can look forward to special lessons today."

Boris's eyes lit up.

"A break?"

Chloe's eyes lit up too.

"A break!"

Amon said, his eyes shining too.

“No! We’re going to the arena! We’re going to try our hand at being a fighter there!”

“You’re not normal…….”

“What? Why me?”

* * *

It was lunchtime.

Marion jumped up and down.

“Letting kids fight in the arena, what kind of crazy idea is that?”

“No, listen.”

“Okay, let’s hear what’s crazy.”

I began to explain.

“You do realize that they’ve both gained a lot of strength and skill, right?”

“Well, a little bit.”

To begin with, Boris and Chloe were strong and hardworking.

They trained so hard for 100 days that they could run dozens of laps around the practice field without stopping.

Their swordsmanship is also much better than it used to be, thanks to Sloth’s diligent teaching.

“The problem is, they’re both so overconfident.”

“…….Hmm, that’s true.”

“Boris is better, because he has a goal of making it big, but Chloe’s gotten a little better in the last few months, but she still can’t hold eye contact for more than three seconds, and she averts her eyes whenever her face gets too close.”

Marion shook his head.

“Uh, um…….was it that bad?”

“Yeah. Anyway, Boris was the only one who said he was better, but to be honest, I don’t think he’s very confident either.”

“Well, he’s not.....much for a guy!”

“I know!”

Amon thinks of monsters as nothing more than wild boars and deer that break down potato fields and fences and Marion, a battle mage who has fought countless battles as a soldier, standards for self-confidence were high.

“A man should have at least had a dog fight with an orc with his bare hands!”

“Sure. Orcs, they’re nothing!”

“Have you.....really done that?”

“You haven’t?”

“.....”

Marion coughed, suddenly regaining his composure.

“But now that I think about it, an arena seems a little harsh.....”

“Oh, the arena is.....there, isn’t it? There.”

“There? You don’t mean that bar.....?”

Over the next few months, they got a little closer.

Marion likes to drink, and Amon is not averse to it, so they often go out for a drink after class.

And in the center of the “bar” as they call it, there is a cage, and fighters fight in it!

The patrons bet money and dream of winning a fortune!

The place is!

“.....It’s a gambling parlor.”

“But it’s an arena, isn’t it?”

“Well, yes, but.....”

“Well, it has three advantages: the fighters there are of a low standard.”

Marion, a regular there, nodded.

“They’re definitely low-level there.”

“Yeah. Boris and Chloe should be able to beat them if they’re not nervous, which means they’ll be confident that they’re much stronger than they were before. And secondly, it’s in the center of attention.”

“It’ll also prepare you for the weight of the gaze of the audience at the.....tournament.”

Amon smirked.

“And thirdly, since Senior Marion is a regular there, you can give them a little tip to be gentle.”

“Hmm, I see.”

Marion, a battle mage who once belonged to the army and a war hero!

Plus, he’s a regular at the tavern, so he knows everyone there.

That means he can ‘threaten’ to roast them with fire magic if they don’t behave!

“What about my plan?”

“It’s a better plan than I thought, but is there a downside?”

Amon smirked.

“There is only one minor and unlikely downside.”

“Hmm? What?”

“If trauma occurs here, it means that it will be a total mess.”

“.....Are you sure it’s minor and unlikely?”

“.....I’m hoping so.”

But every plan has its risks!

The two of them headed to Sloth to review the plan with her.

And then he got kicked in the shin.

* * *

Sloth completely revised the plan.

Since Amur is not a small place, the number of troops stationed there for security purposes is around 100.

There's also a knight of the order, though not of the highest rank.

"Wouldn't it be more presentable to have authorized soldiers teach us, rather than letting us fight with such backstreet brawlers? This is an academy, after all, and it's important that we look the part."

She couldn't be more right.

Of course, there's the question of whether the soldiers will help, since they're not exactly idle, but Sloth finishes her answer by showing them the Marquis of Pid's mark.

As a teacher at the academy and a scion of the Marquis, they're not going to argue with that.

"Well, this is a good way....."

Marion was impressed, and Amon was convinced.

"That takes care of one of the smallest and most trivial drawbacks to my plan."

Soldiers defending the city are more familiar than back alley brawlers, so the kids are less likely to be traumatized!

"You're both teachers, aren't you? Trying to push students into gambling."

"Ugh, disgraceful."

"Whatever," said Sloth, shrugging and tossing me the Marquis's signet ring.

"You go on then. I'll be resting."

"What do you want to do while you're resting.....and I can just borrow this?"

"Yes, you can run away with it."

"Hooooo....."

Maybe the road to riches is closer than I think?

“Just make sure you don’t go around using the Marquis of Pid’s name or impersonating him, otherwise you’ll have to deal with the consequences.”

“.....Eh, I won’t.”

I said, gathering up my credentials.

“Are you sure you don’t want to come with me, please?”

“I think I’ve done my part by lending you the stamp.”

“But.....”

Just then, Marion tapped me on the shoulder.

“Never mind, Amon, we’ll go on our own.”

“Um.....okay.”

Sloth slipped away.

A few moments later, I dragged Boris and Chloe, who were shivering from the news that they were going to the arena, out of the academy like cattle being shoved into a slaughterhouse.

* * *

When they arrived at the guardhouse, Boris and Chloe’s faces were rotten.

“Why on earth would you lie about going to the arena.....?”

I replied thoughtfully.

“.....because it’s fun?”

“Sir!”

“Kidding, kidding. Actually, I didn’t lie, I just changed my plans along the way.”

“..... So you were originally going to the arena?”

“Yes.”

It was a much more human truth than a lie.

Amon spoke next, his face serious.

“Anyway, once you’ve fought against the soldiers, you’ll realize that your skills have improved. You’ll feel more confident.”

“.....”

“If you don’t think you can, say so now.”

When they both hesitated, Amon spoke in a soft voice.

“I don’t blame you if you don’t think it can be done. But I assure you, it’s the only way to go right now.”

“.....”

“I don’t think a duel between the two of you will inspire confidence, and I don’t think a duel with Ms. Sloth will either, since there will be no ‘victory’ that will convince you that you have defeated the other.”

“.....”

“What are you going to do?”

It was Chloe who broke the silence first.

“Look, if you say so, I’ll give it a try.”

“Oooh! Chloe!”

I patted Chloe on the head.

“Thank you for being so brave! I’m so proud of you!”

“.....”

“Okay! And Boris?”

Seeing Chloe’s courage, Boris finally answered.

“Yes, I’ll try.”

“Very good, my proud pupil!”

A few moments later, Marion returned with the off-duty soldiers and the captain of the guard.

“I suppose it went well?”

“At Sloth’s request, and in the interest of the student’s education, they were happy to oblige. After all, our academy is a specialty of the city of Amur.”

“Though that specialty has long since been lost.”

“Haha, you always have a lot to say! Is this your big mouth?”

As if it had been agreed upon beforehand, a soldier stepped forward.

He had a strong physique and an intimidating appearance!

He seemed to be the strongest of the soldiers.

“Okay, Boris. Chloe, who wants to go first?”

This time, Boris stepped forward, thinking he couldn’t lose to Chloe, who had the courage to go first.

“I’ll go first.”

“Good! Do your best!”

Amon looked at the soldier.

“What is your name, sir?”

“Brad, sir.”

“Yes, Brad. Be careful, please.”

The soldier chuckled.

“Haha, don’t worry. I’ll use moderate force.”

“Hahaha! No, I meant to be careful.”

“.....yes?”

Amon grinned and waved his hand in the air.

“Then let’s go!”

The moment the signal dropped.

BANG-!

Boris hit the ground and shot toward the soldier like an arrow.

“.....Fast!?”

This acceleration was created by the lower body running dozens of laps without stopping through the training field!

Brad swung his wooden sword in a panic, but Boris' sword changed its trajectory in midair.

‘What, what!’

He used the Marquis of Pid's swordplay, as taught by Sloth.

Of course, all the core elements and vision are missing.

But the tricks of the eye, the attacks, and so on, she'd taught him quite well.

-Bam!

Boris's attack landed on Brad's chest arm.

Amon snapped his fingers.

“Once. Right in the heart.”

“.....cough!”

Brad said, his face stiff.

“Man, I'm going all out now.”

“You should have done that already.”

The duel soon resumed.

Bam-!

“Twice.”

Bam!

“Three times.”

Pavabak-!

“Oh, back to back!”

And by the time Amon’s hands were outstretched, Brad was down and out.

“That’s it, I lose!”

The soldiers watching the duel cheered as Brad admitted defeat.

“Wow, student, that’s awesome!”

“Brad, go die!”

Admiration for Boris and insults for Brad!

Boris, standing in the center of it all, gasping for breath, shuddered.

“I won against a grown man, and a soldier at that.....?”

First duel. First victory.

As he mulled over the excitement, Amon tapped him on the shoulder.

“What do you think? Does that give you some confidence?”

Biting his lip, Boris nodded vigorously.

‘Yeah, one win changes a man.’

Amon grinned at Boris, who was bouncing up and down with excitement.

“Chloe, it’s your turn!”

At Amon’s shout, the soldiers’ gazes turned toward Chloe in unison.

And Chloe, who received countless stares...collapsed.

Seeing that, Amon had a hunch.

‘I’m screwed.’