

THE ACADEMY IS DOOMED

Chapter 106

Early in the morning, Rainbelt was diligently sweeping the main gate.

Swish swish swish-!

None other than the Grand Sword Master's sweeping!

The dust and fallen leaves that had accumulated during the night were gathering into a whirlwind toward one spot.

After sweeping for a while, Reinbelt muttered while looking at the increasingly fallen leaves.

"I guess it's becoming autumn. Looking at how the leaves are piling up."

It seemed like a melancholic autumn mutter, but in reality, it was resentment toward the trees that were making him sweep.

"Damn trees, should I just cut them all down?"

When winter comes and it snows, Reinbelt will curse the heavens!

'Anyway, it's already been several days since Amon left. He must be working hard distributing promotional flyers here and there.'

At that moment, Amon was rolling around in a room provided by the Gold Road Company while eating chocolate.

"Hehehe! Delicious!"

Not knowing this fact, Reinbelt chuckled.

'That guy is all good except he's too shy and keeps hesitating to become my disciple.'

Reinbelt suddenly looked toward the student dormitory.

'Come to think of it, his younger sibling enrolled, right? Should I try to persuade that child?'

If Amon knew this fact, he would completely uproot the “lingering attachment” near Reinbelt’s crown area that had become somewhat sparse due to the passage of time.

How dare this senile old man try to lead his sibling into a path of hardship!

Anyway, while Reinbelt was lost in thought and sweeping diligently.

“...Huh?”

Reinbelt stopped sweeping when he noticed a group approaching the academy.

When they stopped in front of him, Reinbelt said.

“Do you have business at Amonis Academy?”

There were several rough-looking men and one of them smiled coldly and said,

“Old man, step aside.”

Reinbelt’s cheek twitched at that rude tone.

If he wasn’t in the position of being the ‘head of security’ here, he would have slapped them first but since he had a position to maintain now, he decided to act calmly.

“Ahem ahem, if you have business at the academy...Huh?”

Reinbelt lowered his gaze.

The man who had spoken rudely to him was already lying on the ground with swollen cheeks.

‘Hmm, I hit him without realizing it.’

Reinbelt’s hand moved faster than his thoughts!

The man’s companions were shocked at the sight of their fallen comrade.

‘C-captain was taken down? He was our strongest...’

‘To think a mere gate guard could defeat our captain in one strike! As expected of Amonis Academy, the symbol of the Empire!’

One of them, shocked, hurriedly stepped forward.

It was the vice-captain.

“P-please forgive our rudeness! This person may speak roughly, but he’s actually a very warm person...”

Reinbelt, who had been quietly listening to the vice-captain’s desperate excuses, waved his hand.

“Alright, alright. I also apologize for letting my hand slip carelessly.”

“Th-thank you for understanding.”

“Anyway, what business do you have at Amonis Academy?”

The vice-captain decided to implement their second plan.

If forceful breakthrough seemed impossible, they would deceive them to infiltrate inside.

The vice-captain quickly said.

“Of course, when visiting Amur, shouldn’t we look around the historic and prestigious Amonis Academy!”

“Huh?”

Historic and prestigious academy?

Reinbelt glanced behind him.

At best, they were classic and traditional buildings, at worst, they were dilapidated buildings falling apart from lack of maintenance.

‘To want to look around a place like this. What peculiar taste they have.’

Anyway, the head of security was also in charge of managing tourists and such.

“Alright. I’ll report to the headmaster first.”

“Th-thank you.”

“But...”

Reinbelt looked around the academy vicinity once and said.

“There, there, and over there by the wall, someone’s peeking around. Are they with your group?”

“...!”

Cold sweat ran down the vice-captain's back.

'He-he detected the infiltration team?'

The ones who were supposed to secretly infiltrate the academy by dividing into teams had been discovered.

'Amonis Academy! To have such an extremely skilled person as a mere gate guard! Simply...amazing!'

The vice-captain bit his lip.

'Damn, now that we've been discovered, dividing our forces would only raise suspicion and cause chaos. Since we're already pretending to be tourists anyway...'

The vice-captain smiled awkwardly and said.

"Yes, they're with us."

"Then why are they separated?"

"Ha-haha! They were eager and wanted to look around the surroundings first."

"Is that so? Alright. How many people in total?"

"Thirteen."

"Then I'll ask the headmaster and return, so gather everyone in one place. I need to verify the numbers myself."

Reinbelt headed to the headmaster's office.

And when Reinbelt reported about the tourists, Anar'el exclaimed with joy, 'Ah! Finally our academy is returning to its former glory! In the past, this academy was bustling with tourists wanting to look around every day!'

In other words, permission was granted.

Shortly after, Reinbelt came out with thirteen worn and tattered visitor passes, as if to prove Anar'el's claim about the academy being bustling with tourists was true.

"Thirteen, that's correct. Here, everyone wear these around your necks."

"Th-thank you."

"Now then, follow me."

The vice-captain's eyes gleamed as he followed Reinbelt.

'We've successfully gotten inside.'

With this, they had achieved half their objective.

'Heheh, glory to the Gunter Island Alliance!'

They were none other than the 'Revolutionary Group', extremists from the Gunter Island Alliance, who had come to destroy Amonis Academy, the Empire's historic educational institution!

* * *

Anar'el welcomed the "tourists" with a bright smile.

"Welcome! I am Anar'el, headmaster of Amonis Academy!"

The vice-captain smirked at her politely bowing with a bright smile.

"It's an honor to look around the historic Amonis Academy."

"No need for such formality! Now then, shall we begin! I'll guide you personally."

The vice-captain was surprised.

"The-the headmaster will guide us personally?"

Anar'el flinched at that obvious question.

If Amon were here, she would have left the guiding to him, but Amon was currently away distributing promotional flyers (at this moment, Amon was eating chocolate).

And she was reluctant to leave it to other teachers.

'Urgh! Everyone, let's just drink here!'

'I'm tired, let's take a nap here.'

'Amonis Academy has a long history wow! A bug, looks delicious, gotta eat the bug.'

'Hack! Ptui! What tourism! Get out right now!'

Such unreliable teachers!

Of course, she couldn't leave it to the vice-headmaster either.

'This is the cafeteria. You must all be hungry, so let's eat.'

For these reasons, Anar'el thought now was the time for her to step up.

Although she wasn't particularly good with words, she thought she would be better than leaving it to those monsters mentioned earlier.

"Aha! Since it's been a while since we've had tourists, I wanted to hear your impressions personally."

That statement was half true.

"I see. Then we'll be in your care today."

"Yes! Then let's begin!"

Anar'el led the terrorists disguised as tourists forward.

'Fufu! I'll show you every corner of our academy!'

* * *

While following Anar'el and looking around the academy buildings one by one the vice-captain, who had been following far behind, suddenly had a doubt.

Although its meaning as the 'symbol of the Empire' may have faded somewhat now, wasn't Amonis Academy still one of the most prestigious institutions?

'But why isn't there anyone around? I heard it had declined somewhat, but I also heard there were still about a thousand students.'

That was information from before the academy nearly went bankrupt because Anar'el invested in a 'Dragon Banana Orchard' that takes 15 years just to harvest!

Due to the enormous distance between the Empire and the Gunter Alliance, information updates were slow, but not knowing this fact, the vice-captain opened his mouth with an inexplicable unease.

"Um, Headmaster?"

"And so, this history hall is...Yes! Do you have a question?"

"We haven't seen anyone at all yet, is today perhaps a holiday for the academy?"

Anar'el, who flinched, said.

“That’s right. It’s a holiday.”

Anar’el, who learned about living in the world thanks to Amon responded promptly but the vice-captain’s face hardened at her brazen answer.

‘This can’t be. This is a disaster.’

The reason they came here was to show that the spirit of the Gunter Island Alliance wasn’t dead by thoroughly destroying Amonis Academy, the symbol of the Empire.

‘Damn, did we infiltrate too hastily? But we had no choice. It was already a miracle that we made it here while evading pursuit, we had no luxury to delay further.’

The vice-captain bit his lip and whispered to the members following behind.

“How’s the bomb placement?”

“Taking advantage while that elf was absorbed in explanations, we’ve completed installation on the pillars of all 7 buildings we’ve visited so far.”

“Remaining bombs?”

“Uh, none. There are more buildings than expected.”

Befitting its long history, Amonis Academy had an absurd number of buildings!

“...Damn, can’t be helped.”

Although there wouldn’t be the expected human casualties, destroying the buildings of Amonis Academy, the symbol and light of the Empire, would still achieve their primary objective.

Finally making his decision, the vice-captain shouted.

“Glory to the Gunter Island Alliance!”

The moment the vice-captain, who let out a roar, activated the bomb’s detonator.

BOOM BOOM BOOM-!

An ear-splitting explosion enveloped Amonis Academy.

* * *

Amon, who had been lying spread-eagled endlessly swallowing chocolate, jumped up in surprise.

“Wh-what!? What’s that sound!?”

Amon rose with a pale face.

When he quickly looked out the window, black smoke was billowing up.

And that direction was.

‘Th-that’s the direction of our academy?’

The startled Amon shot off like lightning.

And when Amon arrived at the academy’s main gate, his legs gave out and he collapsed.

The academy buildings were burning.

‘Th-the students! I need to save the students...Huh? Wait a minute.’

Befitting its long history, Amonis Academy was absurdly large, and the burning and collapsing buildings were empty buildings that weren’t being used due to insufficient student numbers.

At that moment, students rushed out of the student dormitory, which was at a distance where not even sparks could reach, let alone burn.

“Fire! Fire!”

“Teacher Amon! Where are youuu!”

“My-my dolls in the exhibition hall!”

“Should I put it out with magic?”

“You’re still spouting nonsense in this situation!?”

Amon ran toward the students in one breath.

“Kids! You’re safe!”

“Teacher Amon! What about the other teachers!?”

“Don’t know! As long as you’re safe!”

Before that shout even ended, teachers and employees rushed out of the main academy building, which was at a distance where not even dust from the collapsing buildings could reach, let alone burn.

“Urgh! Getting drunk but fire!”

“Ah shit, sleeping but...Fire!”

“Ah shit, eating but...Fire!”

“...Who did this?”

“Fireeee!”

Seeing his fellow teachers whose faces were gleaming with moisture as if they had eaten well and rested well, without even a hair being harmed, Amon smiled bitterly.

‘Everyone’s lucky.’

But wait, two people are missing.

“Everyone! What about the headmaster and Elder Reinbelt?”

“Huh?”

Marion, who heard those words, hurriedly looked around.

Come to think of it, those two weren’t visible.

“Co-could it be...”

While their faces were turning pale.

“Waaah! Uhuhuhu!”

“Huh? This voice...”

When they turned their heads, they could see Anar’el covered in black soot crying miserably.

Chapter 107

Usually, with her beautiful appearance, she could at least look somewhat dignified when ‘pretending to be serious,’ but now, blackened and crying loudly, she looked exactly like a refugee!

Everyone turned their heads with shocked expressions at the sight of a 269-year-old elf (round up to 300) crying like a young refugee child.

It was too pitiful to watch with both eyes open.

However, our Amon rushed at the principal with bulging eyes.

“Hey! You! Crazy elf!”

“Waaaaaah!”

“What kind of stupid thing did you do this time!”

“Huuuuuuuuuh!”

Grabbed by the collar and being swung around by Amon, Anar’el said while crying.

“Tou, touris...”

“Touris? What are you saying! Speak properly!”

“Tourists, tourists came...”

Tourists? Amon’s jaw dropped.

“In, in this situation!? There’s a spy infiltration and the war just ended, what were you thinking letting tourists into the Academy!”

Marion rushed over in shock at Amon’s actions of grabbing the collar and shaking while shouting.

“A-Amon! No matter what, how can you be so disrespectful to the Principal!”

“Grrrr! Senior! But...”

“Calm down first! I understand you’re angry but this isn’t right, isn’t right...”

Even Marion couldn’t firmly say ‘isn’t right’ and trailed off.

If Marion had nothing to fear, he would have cursed the elf until the tears dried up, even if he didn’t grab the collar.

Sloth clicked her tongue and muttered, seemingly understanding Amon’s feelings.

“Amon’s not wrong. What tourists in this situation?”

“Uhuhuhu!”

While Fiora and Kai didn't actively show agreement, they nodded slightly to support Amon's anger.

That's when Vice Principal Brestle shouted.

“Everyone please calm down!”

Even Amon flinched at the Vice Principal's sharp rebuke that instantly controlled the noisy scene.

Like father like son, does that mean the Vice Principal is on the Principal's side!

When the scene calmed down, Brestle shouted again.

“The cafeteria is fine...!”

“Vice Principal, please shut up!”

Amon, who shut Brestle's mouth as she started talking nonsense again, glared at Anar'el with blazing eyes, took a deep breath, and said.

“Principal, I absolutely cannot stand this anymore.”

“Sniff...”

“I'm human too, human! What kind of academy has incidents every time you take your eyes off it!”

True to his words, incidents were happening whenever he was away.

To be precise, incidents were happening frequently even when he was present.

The stress that had built up in such an extreme environment broke Amon's brakes.

Now even drinking chamomile tea, which has great effects on calming the mind and body, showed no significant effect!

“At this rate, I'll really kill someone. Please prepare the resignation contract.”

Amon finally pulled out the resignation letter he had been keeping in his heart.

At those words, Anar'el, who had been crying loudly, opened his eyes wide.

“Teacher Amon! W-what...”

“Didn’t you hear me? I’ll say it again! Please prepare the resignation contract!”

“Teacher Amon! Please think about it one more time!”

“I’ve thought about it ten times, a hundred times, hundreds of times more!”

“Oh my! Teacher Amon!”

Anar’el started wailing while grabbing onto Amon’s pant leg.

The sight of an elf crying miserably in the Academy that had turned into a sea of fire with ashes flying around was no different from a tragedy when seen from afar.

However, those watching nearby were glaring at Amon with bewildered faces.

“That guy, is he smiling...?”

At Marion’s incredulous muttering, Kai sighed and said.

“He’s completely gained the upper hand.”

“...”

“Now the Principal might become a puppet dancing in senior Amon palm.”

“G-good grief...”

But Marion knew that Amon had the right to act this way.

After all, it was none other than Amon who had grabbed and revived the Academy’s lifeline when it was about to collapse from the pillars several times.

In other words, since there was sufficient justification, it was a foregone conclusion that Amon would become the Academy’s hidden ruler at this rate.

That’s why Marion and Sloth simultaneously had the same thought.

‘Let’s prepare resignation letters in advance.’

When Amon becomes the ruler, he’ll bring tension to the relaxed Academy!

Fiora just stamped her feet.

‘What should I do?’

She couldn’t return to her family because of her father’s strict orders!

Anyway, Amon was successfully proceeding with Anar'el's brainwashing.

"If you don't want to see me write a resignation letter then from now on listen well and."

"Uuuu..."

"Pretend to die at my words and obedience is natural and."

"Aaaack..."

Honestly, from Amon's perspective, this incident hadn't dealt any blow.

The students he cherished like light and salt weren't hurt even a hair, and the buildings that exploded were ones that weren't being used anyway, so in the long term, it would rather reduce maintenance costs.

Nevertheless, Amon was wearing the mask of 'a true teacher who genuinely cares for the Academy' while attacking Anar'el's guilty conscience and brainwashing her.

'If I firmly educate her like this mentally, she won't think about doing foolish things in the future!'

That was Amon's true intention as he brainwashed Anar'el with sparkling eyes.

"Now then, Principal. Do you understand well?"

"Yeeees..."

"You also understand well that I'm speaking so harshly because I truly care for the Academy, right?"

"Of course..."

"Huhu, good. Just do well from now on. Then from today..."

Just as Amon, thinking he had successfully completed the brainwashing, was trying to wrap things up.

Bang-!

An old man who landed on the ground with a loud noise.

Reinbelt was grinding his teeth with a frustrated face while having thirteen intruders tied up tightly.

"Damn...To think such a thing would happen..."

Reinbelt, who was grinding his teeth while almost crying from frustration, suddenly looked at Anar'el and fell to his knees.

“Principal!”

“Uh, uhhh...”

Anar'el, who was almost completely brainwashed, tilted her ears with a blank face when Reinbelt suddenly knelt down.

Then Reinbelt, kneeling and bowing his head, shouted like thunder.

“Despite having the empty title of the Empire’s Four Knights, I have no words even with ten mouths for such a misfortune happening to the Academy!”

“Uhuuh?”

“I will stake everything I have to resolve this misfortune, so please give me a chance!”

Seeing Reinbelt trembling with genuine frustration, Amon clicked his tongue.

‘Come to think of it, what fault does the Principal have? This is all because of old man Reinbelt, the head of security.’

Of course, Anar'el, being the ‘person in charge,’ couldn’t be free from blame, but if Reinbelt had done even one body search of the intruders?

If he had observed their behavior even a little more carefully when they were disguised as tourists?

This situation wouldn’t have happened.

Therefore, Amon glanced at Reinbelt with contempt and whispered advice to the Principal.

“Principal, the Amonis Academy with its long history has turned into a sea of fire due to one mistake.”

“...”

“Taking responsibility is natural. But won’t a leaking bowl leak twice?”

Amon drew his hand across his neck.

“Let’s cut it off. New wine in new wineskins. Let’s change the head of security, Principal.”

A golden opportunity to chase away the detestable old man who tries to make him a beggar whenever he gets the chance!

And Anar'el, who was firmly under Amon's mind control, was starting to find Amon's words plausible.

Just as Anar'el was about to nod weakly while trembling.

"Hmm hmm, I oppose."

"...What!"

Marion was expressing his opinion with one hand raised while keeping his eyes closed.

"A mistake is just a mistake. If Elder Reinbelt uses this mistake as a stepping stone, it's clear he won't make such a mistake again. Moreover, where in the world could we find a head of security with such great skills as Elder Reinbelt?"

Amon's jaw dropped at Marion's sound argument.

It was an opinion that Marion, who was afraid of Amon gaining power, had thrown out while squeezing all his mental strength.

'That drunkard speaks well when he's not drunk at times like this? He should just teach well. But it's okay. He still can't have a big influence on the general situation...'

"I agree as well."

'The troublemaker!?'

Fiora, who gained great courage from Marion who stepped forward first, spoke naturally as words came out.

"If someone as great as Elder Reinbelt said he would take responsibility, it would be beneficial rather than harmful to the Academy. Moreover, there's no need to do something that would unnecessarily lower the morale of the faculty in such a chaotic situation."

Fiora, who couldn't return home, also cast a vote that came from her heart, worried about the tyranny that would come when Amon gained power.

'T-this can't be. Already two teachers are supporting the crazy old man...'

"I agree too."

'You lazy bum! Even you!'

“ ... ”

“ ... ? ”

“Ah, no reason. Just because.”

Sloth declares “just because” when attention focuses on her as if asking for a reason!

Sloth also wanted to prevent Amon from gaining power, like Marion, but she couldn't say that openly, and since it was bothersome to make up a reason, she used “just because”!

‘Damn it! This is bad. The tide is turning.’

Actually, there wasn't much of a tide to speak of, but Amon was that flustered.

“Vi-Vice Principal! Your opinion...”

Before those words could finish, Brestle's eyes flashed and he helped Reinbelt, who was kneeling, to stand up.

“Elder Reinbelt! I look forward to working with you in the future!”

Brestle hadn't forgotten that Amon had just yelled at her to shut up!

Now all teachers except himself were supporting Reinbelt.

But Amon looked desperately at Anar'el, his last hope, who had become his faithful puppet.

“P-Principal.”

“ ... ”

“Please keep in mind what I said, and make the right decision...”

Amon's voice was desperate.

However, the unified opinion was enough to awaken the consciousness of the pitiful elf who had become a mere puppet.

“This incident is just an unfortunate accident.”

‘What...!?’

“Of course, that doesn’t mean there was no fault. But both I and Sir Reinbelt will work hard to ensure this never happens again, keeping today’s events deeply etched in our bones. So Sir Reinbelt, please raise your head now.”

‘Ah, ahhh...!’

Amon trembled as he realized his grand plan had been completely shattered and turned his head.

And Reinbelt, who had been keeping his head down while being supported by Brestle, slowly raised his head to look at Amon.

When their eyes met, Amon unconsciously flinched.

It was cold.

It was an ice-cold gaze like the bottom of the ocean, deeply steeped in resentment and anger towards Amon who had tried his best to get Reinbelt fired.

After staring at that gaze for a while frozen, Amon cleared his throat and continued.

“Ahem ahem, so that’s everyone’s will. That’s my thinking as well.”

“...”

“I too thought we couldn’t find another security chief as outstanding as Elder Reinbelt.”

“...”

“But ultimately someone had to take responsibility for the situation, and I thought that if things continued this way, Elder Reinbelt would become the target of anger, so I volunteered to play the villain to draw out everyone’s sincere thoughts about the elder!”

“...”

“Ha! How wonderful it was to see! Everyone’s unified opinion!”

Amon rolled his eyes while sweating profusely.

Brestle took the other teachers and students except Reinbelt and himself, saying “Come, come. Let’s eat first before cleaning up. You need to be full to do anything!” and left the place.

Eventually, after everyone left, Amon came face to face with Reinbelt alone.

“...”

“ ... ”

Reinbelt was staring at him with sunken eyes without a single word.

Amon, who had been silently receiving that gaze, showed the maximum sincerity he could show.

Amon, who performed the ‘Grand Bow,’ the greatest courtesy of the Eastern Continent, said.

“Elder.”

“ ... ”

“Please forgive me just this once.”

“ ... ”

Despite asking for forgiveness while performing the ‘Grand Bow,’ the maximum apology, Reinbelt was still looking at Amon with coldly frozen eyes.

Chapter 108

Fortunately, thanks to the knights who rushed to the scene after hearing the explosion, the academy’s damage was contained and resolved well.

However,

“Yes, it’s true that I was wrong.”

“No, Elder.”

“But still, isn’t that too harsh?”

“No, well...yes. It was harsh. It was.”

Amon, who was about to speak his true feelings, quickly took back his words, and Reinbelt sighed deeply and turned his head.

“I should reconsider taking you as my disciple.”

“Elder!”

In response to the cry filled with gratitude, Reinbelt shook his head.

“No, come to think of it, since it was my fault, there’s no need to go that far.”

“Elder!”

At the cry of distress, Reinbelt laughed heartily.

“Hahaha! Kid, do you want to be my disciple that badly!”

Finally unable to contain his anger, Amon rushed at Reinbelt.

And now, as a result of his struggle with Reinbelt, Amon was rubbing ice on his eye where a large bruise had formed.

“How shameful. Though he’s a Grand Sword Master, to be beaten so badly by an old man. The name ‘Amon the Hot Fist of Drake Territory’ is crying.”

Of course, Reinbelt also paid a considerable price and is bedridden, but our Amon only remembers what he suffered!

“Well then, shall we get going?”

After diligently applying ice, Amon confirmed the pain had subsided somewhat and headed to the principal’s office.

Although they were unused buildings, about half of the academy’s grounds had been destroyed, so Anar’el had called for an ‘executive’ meeting to deal with the aftermath.

Of course, Amon’s current position was just a regular teacher, but since he would take the position of Academic Affairs Director as soon as he obtained his certification, he was essentially treated as an executive.

In other words, he was the Academic Affairs Director (to-be).

“But come to think of it, why do I have to participate in this kind of meeting when my salary is still that of a regular teacher?”

But there was no choice.

If he left the meeting entirely to Anar’el and Brestle, the already faltering academy might disappear into the annals of history.

Amon hurried to the principal’s office.

“You’ve arrived, Teacher Amon.”

“Yes, Principal. But where are Vice Principal Brestle and Elder Reinbelt?”

Weren’t all executives supposed to attend?

Therefore, Vice Principal Brestle's attendance was natural, and Reinbelt, who had been promoted to Security Director with a salary increase of 3 silver, was also a director and needed to attend.

"They went to hand over the ruffians who destroyed the academy to the knights, and to search for personnel to restore the academy. Since it's the most urgent matter, and they said they had construction-related connections, they left urgently. And Vice Principal Brestle..."

"The Vice Principal?"

Anar'el looked up at the ceiling with a melancholic face and said,

"She said to tell her when the meeting is over because she's eating."

A moment later, Amon dragged in Brestle, who had been knocked unconscious while enjoying her meal.

And as he roughly propped her up on a chair, he grumbled.

"How can a person, no, a Dark Elf, be so consistent? I wish she would be a bit more moderate."

"I have a lot to say, but I won't."

"Sigh...anyway, since Elder Reinbelt is away searching for personnel, we should proceed with the meeting among ourselves and inform him later. Well then, Principal?"

"Yes, Teacher Amon."

With his interlocked hands on the table and a serious shadowed face, Amon said,

"Let's first discuss the matter of the collapsed buildings."

Anar'el nodded seriously, her face also shadowed beyond her interlocked hands.

"Good. Where should we start?"

"Let me share my opinion first."

Amon pulled out documents he had prepared beforehand.

Though hastily made, it was his weapon with his thoughts and data carefully organized.

"First, if you look at this table, you'll understand."

Although Anar'el tilted her ear with a puzzled face after scanning the table, she continued speaking as if she understood.

"The total number of collapsed buildings is seven. As you can see in this bird's eye view, they are buildings located in somewhat outlying areas of Amonis Academy."

"Yes."

"The purposes of each building are Student Dormitory No. 2, Military Training Corps, Practice Building, Student Union, Auditorium, Student Dormitory No. 3, and Academy Alumni Hall."

"That's right."

Anar'el couldn't help but know since she had personally guided the terrorists disguised as tourists.

'This is Student Dormitory No. 2!'

'Huh? Uh... yes.'

'This is Student Dormitory No. 3!'

'...Are there only dormitories in this academy?'

'This is the observation deck!'

'We can see that! Aren't there any more important places?'

Thinking back now, Anar'el sighed as she realized that the tourists' impatience was due to their terrorist intentions.

'If anything, it's fortunate that I didn't guide them to the important places first.'

Then Amon continued speaking.

"Principal, do you know what these buildings have in common?"

"Huh? Common point?"

"Yes. All of these buildings are abandoned buildings that aren't being used now."

Amon tapped the bird's eye view with the back of his hand as he spoke.

"Dormitories No. 2 and 3. We currently have five students in total, five. There's no way they'd be used."

“ ... ”

“Military Training Corps? Do we even have any students hoping to become officers in our academy? We don’t, right?”

“ ... ”

“Practice Building? As far as I know, all the practice equipment was sold off long ago, and now it’s just an empty building.”

That was the building that Raymond had set up as the ‘Doll House’.

It was possible because it was an empty, currently unused building.

“And the Student Union, Auditorium, Academy Alumni Hall...”

Amon put down the bird’s eye view and said,

“There won’t be any use for them. In the end, the common point of all the mentioned facilities is that they haven’t been used for a while and are judged to have no future use.”

Anar’el silently looked up at the ceiling.

Staring intently at her, Amon spoke in a gentle voice.

“So, Principal.”

“ ... ”

“My opinion is that since these unused buildings have collapsed anyway, we should just clean up the debris and not proceed with restoration work. Here, if you look at this table, you’ll see that just maintaining unused buildings incurs considerable costs...”

Anar’el, who had been sitting still with her head tilted up towards the ceiling, lowered her head.

And looking at Amon, she said in a clear voice.

“No. We need to restore them.”

“...Hmm.”

Since this was an expected response, Amon calmly said,

“Could you tell me the reason?”

“Do we really need a reason?”

“Yes, we do.”

“Teacher Amon, our Amonis Academy is a historic academy boasting thousands of years of history.”

“Yes, yes. I know, I know.”

Anar’el continued speaking with glistening, moist eyes.

“How can I let such an academy fall into ruin during my generation?”

“...You mean, it would be embarrassing in front of others?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

Amon severely scolded Anar’el, who was making a sad face after being hit on the head.

“What’s so important about others’ views! These are actually unused buildings, just empty buildings that only consume maintenance costs, aren’t they? Does the money for painting, repairing, and maintaining these buildings’ exterior walls fall from the sky?”

Amon slammed the table and said,

“This is an opportunity. An opportunity to prevent unnecessary fund consumption.”

“B-but...”

“But what?”

Anar’el drooped her ears and said,

“You know that the support funds from the Imperial Palace are allocated according to the academy’s size, right?”

Amon’s face hardened.

“I didn’t know that.”

“With our student numbers already so low, we’re barely hanging on with the academy’s grounds area, but if we demolish all those buildings, the support funds will be cut in half from here.”

“Actually, I had restoration in mind from the beginning. I just strongly advocated for demolition to test the Principal’s true intentions.”

“...Didn't you just criticize Vice Principal Brestle about consistency?”

“Let's call it flexibility.”

Amon, who crumpled up his carefully prepared documents (prepared in 10 minutes) and threw them in the trash, said with a bright face,

“Then is the meeting over?”

“No.”

“Huh?”

Anar'el's face visible beyond her interlocked fingers was much more serious than before.

“If we restore them, an even bigger problem arises.”

“Then, let's demolish.”

“...Um, Teacher Amon?”

“Ah, yes. What's the bigger problem?”

“It's ultimately a funding issue.”

Finally, the root of all evil has appeared.

“Restoring the collapsed buildings requires enormous funds. But as you know, our academy's current financial state can't be said to be good.”

Amon nodded seriously.

Although they had cleared their immediate debt by selling the King of Mango farm shares to the Gold Road Company, there was still quite some time before they could receive support funds from the Imperial Palace.

Moreover, with the Emperor who strongly urged investment in business now bedridden, they're not in a position to receive separate compensation.

“Then what, shouldn't we give up on restoration?”

“I want to find a solution to that.”

“Solving the funding problem...”

Amon scratched his head while glancing at Anar'el, who was looking at him with a desperate face.

"You're not asking me to go make money, are you?"

"..."

"Don't tell me I'm right?"

"Ah, no. That's not it."

"Please control your twitching ears when you speak."

"Ah!"

Amon, who was staring disapprovingly at Anar'el as she hurriedly grabbed her ears, suddenly muttered,

"Oh? Wait a minute..."

"Yes?"

"Principal, I've thought of a plausible method, but..."

Anar'el's eyes widened.

"A plausible method?"

"Yes. So..."

Amon shared the previous deal with the Gold Road Company.

By transferring one-tenth of the remaining King of Mango farm shares to the Gold Road Company, they would distribute two-tenths of the net profit for the next 10 years.

"Since it's net profit we'll receive anyway, if we ask them to prepay it as academy restoration funds, they won't lose anything, right?"

"Do, do you think so?"

"We'll need to inquire with them and negotiate the details. But I don't think it's completely impossible."

Amon, who was nodding while crossing his arms, suddenly spoke as if he just remembered something.

“But assuming we proceed with this...”

“Yes?”

“We face an even bigger problem.”

“What do you mean by an even bigger problem?”

Amon turned his head with a serious face.

And where his gaze fell, Brestle, still unconscious, was sliding down from her crooked position in the chair.

“Will Vice Principal Brestle agree to transfer the King of Mango farm shares?”

“...”

Anar’el carefully recalled what had happened before.

When Brestle discovered that one-tenth of the King of Mango farm shares had been transferred to the company to clear the academy’s debt from the failed business venture, she went completely berserk.

‘Dark Grand Duke New Moon!’

‘Stop her! Stop her!’

‘How dare you sell off my King of Mango farm shares without permission!?’

‘How are they your shares, Vice Principal!’

Since there had been such an uproar, Amon and Anar’el couldn’t help but be cautious.

“Um, shall we... leave first?”

“Let’s go ask the company people if it’s possible first.”

Amon and Anar’el tiptoed out of the principal’s office.

Shortly after, when Amon explained the situation to Delmons, the Gold Road Company’s Amour branch manager, he readily accepted the proposal, saying, ‘Of course it’s possible! If you just transfer the shares, anything is possible! What? Persuading the Vice Principal you mentioned last time? Hahaha! Leave it to me! I’ll persuade her right now!’

And at that moment.

“Mmm...? I was eating, why am I here?”

The ‘demon’ who had been left alone unconscious in the principal’s office opened her eyes.

Chapter 109

Amon and Anar’el were extremely tense.

However, Branch Manager Delmons seemed unaware of the gravity of the situation, maintaining a cheerful expression.

“Hahaha! Why are you both so worried? I’ll take responsibility and persuade the Vice Principal, so don’t worry.”

Delmons’ confident attitude made Amon and Anar’el even more nervous.

‘If she was someone who could be reasoned with, we wouldn’t be worried.’

‘Given the chaos she caused last time, how can we not be worried....?’

With their ominous premonitions, Amon and Anar’el’s faces grew even darker.

And moments later, upon arriving at the Principal’s office, they found Brestle wondering why she was sitting there.

“Huh? You’ve arrived?”

“Vice Principal.”

“How strange. I was certainly eating in the cafeteria, but when I opened my eyes, I found myself here. Very strange indeed. Do you happen to know anything about this?”

Amon, who was responsible for knocking her out and dragging her here, initially denied it.

“I don’t know. More importantly, Vice Principal.”

“Yes?”

“Let me introduce you. This is Branch Manager Delmons of the Gold Road Guild.”

Delmons, who had been standing behind, stepped forward and gave a slight bow.

“Hello, Vice Principal. We’ve met before regarding the King Wyvern request.”

Come to think of it, Brestle had previously placed a request with the Silver Sword Mercenary Group for her ambitious plan to obtain King Wyvern oil.

Since the guild was handling the mediation of requests, they must be acquaintances.

‘Oh, if it’s a familiar face, maybe the conversation will go well?’

However, what Amon had learned while working at this academy was that hope and despair were separated by just a paper-thin margin.

“Gold Road Guild? The ones who took my King of Mango shares?”

Brestle’s tone was filled with hostility toward the guild!

Amon wanted to object, saying ‘How are those your shares?’ but he could only swallow hard in the face of Brestle’s murderous aura.

And Delmons also flinched at Brestle’s inexplicable hostility.

“The, the shares belonged to you, Vice Principal?”

“Yes, they did.”

Hearing Brestle’s confident answer, Amon whispered to Delmons.

“No, they didn’t.”

“Then why...”

“I don’t know either. She’s a crazy Dark Elf.”

“...”

“So, now we need to persuade that thing, do you think there’s any hope?”

A streak of fighting spirit appeared on Delmons’ face.

The measure of a merchant’s talent is to deceive the other party with plausible words and then strike them from behind!

Of course, the opponent was a Dark Elf who had fierce and violent rumors circulating about them, saying they were corrupt!

Delmons, who would have been considered prejudiced and discriminatory if Brestle knew what he was thinking, still judged there was a chance of success after realizing that at least communication was possible.

“Leave it to me.”

“I’m counting on you.”

As Amon stepped back, Delmons spoke with the characteristic gentle expression of a merchant.

“The reason I came here today is to make you a good prop...”

“Get out.”

“Uh.”

As if refusing to even listen, Brestle sat cross-legged with an arrogant attitude and wore a sardonic smile.

“Do I look like I have no eyes, ears, or thoughts to you?”

‘Well, you certainly don’t have thoughts.’

“Pardon? What do you m...”

Brestle slammed the table and declared.

“Do you think I wouldn’t know that you’re trying to steal the remaining 10% share of King of Mango!”

Startled by her intensity, Delmons unconsciously took a step back.

“St-steal? Not at all! I came for a legitimate business transaction!”

“Why would I believe the words of villains who already arbitrarily stole my shares!”

“Let me say it again, it was a legitimate contract!”

“I don’t want to hear it! Without my consent, it was an unfair contract! The crime of arbitrarily stealing my shares! I’ll file a formal lawsuit soon!”

When the lawsuit was mentioned, Delmons’ face hardened.

Eventually, when Delmons looked at him as if asking what this was all about, Amon shook his head and said.

“The shares are owned by the academy itself, so that monster has no ownership rights.”

“Th-then why is she acting like this?”

“I told you.”

Amon said with a serious face.

“She’s a crazy Dark Elf.”

“...”

“Look at how her eyes are spinning around. She’s not just ordinarily crazy.”

Brestle’s appearance, with her eyes spinning wildly with greed for King of Mango, was terrifyingly bizarre.

Delmons swallowed and nervously approached Brestle.

“Vice Principal, please first listen to what I have to s...”

“Didn’t I say I don’t want to hear it!”

“No, just listen first...”

“Get out before I call someone to throw you out!”

At this point, Amon slowly closed his eyes.

It was bewildering why she was putting on airs when there was no one to call.

“Principal.”

“...Yes.”

“What should we do? I’m too embarrassed right now.”

Anar’el also muttered with reddened ears and face.

“Me too.”

“For the sake of Amonis Academy’s reputation, shouldn’t our first priority be to throw out that crazy monster?”

“...”

Sighing, Amon said.

“Since we need to restore the academy first, how about secretly stamping the contract?”

Anar'el trembled fearfully at Amon's sinister suggestion.

"Then she'll really cause chaos this time with the determination to die!"

"...Hmm."

Indeed, Brestle's rage when she discovered that the King of Mango plantation shares had been sold to clear debt last time was frightening.

If they proceeded recklessly this time too, either the academy would be destroyed or Brestle would die.

'Then should we just kill her...?'

While glaring at Brestle with a chilling expression, it happened.

Getting a headache, Delmons approached while pressing his brow.

"Sigh, she won't listen to anything. No, it's not that she won't listen. It seems she has no intention of even considering listening."

"...I told you it wouldn't be easy."

Delmons let out an annoyed sigh and said with a hardened face.

"But wasn't the academy promotional flyer distribution deal made with the condition of transferring the King of Mango plantation shares?"

"..."

"If things turn out like this..."

Though the end of his sentence trailed off, the implied meaning could be roughly guessed.

'Since we've already distributed the flyers, if we tell them to deal with it, the Gold Road Guild might let it slide this time as stepping in dung. But they're likely to try to kill the one who made the mess.'

In the end, while they might back off for now, there would surely be retaliation from the Gold Road Guild at some point.

They might even block all supplies coming into the academy!

Amon glared at Brestle with a serious face while crossing his arms.

Brestle also sat with crossed arms and a solemn expression.

'Good. Let's kill the Vice Principal.'

A good opportunity to fulfill a long-cherished wish!

Just as he was about to hurriedly head to his room to get his adamantium sword, it happened.

'No, wait.'

Suddenly stopping in his tracks, Amon realized he was making a wrong judgment.

'Right. The fundamental premise itself was wrong.'

While staring intently at Brestle, who was sitting with crossed arms and puffed cheeks, Amon reached out to Delmons.

"Mr. Delmons."

"What is it?"

Already thinking the deal was ruined, Delmons irritably responded to Amon and brought his ear closer as Amon waved his hand suggesting he should listen.

"So... *whisper whisper*"

"Huh? Wh-what did you say?"

"I think... *mumble mumble*"

"Hmm..."

Listening to Amon's solution with a dubious face, Delmons sighed.

"I understand. Then let's try it that way."

"This might be our last option."

"...I'll do my best."

Taking a deep breath, Delmons approached Brestle and said.

"Vice Principal Brestle!"

"Hmph! I told you to get..."

“We’ll give you King of Mango every month!”

Hearing those words, Brestle’s ears flapped vigorously.

“Wh-what did you say?”

“On the first day of every month, we’ll give you three King of Mangoes in the morning and four in the evening!”

“Wh-what...!?”

“Think about it! How many King of Mangos do you receive as a gesture of gratitude from the plantation for holding a 10% share? Since it’s a gesture of gratitude, they probably won’t send many even in a year!”

“Th-that’s...”

“But! If you transfer your shares to our guild, I promise to give you three King of Mangos every first morning of the month! And four in the evening!”

Brestle was trembling with her ears while staring with wide eyes.

She was wavering.

Realizing this fact, Delmons’ face was rotten.

‘Were Teacher Amon’s words true?’

Amon’s guess about the wrong “premise” was correct.

Brestle wasn’t attached to the King of Mango plantation shares themselves.

She simply ‘wanted to eat King of Mangos.’

A negotiation that completely shattered merchant pride and common sense!

‘Why does this work? Why on earth?’

Anyway, the guild distributes thousands of King of Mangos monthly.

Giving a few to Brestle wouldn’t be any problem at all.

‘Anyway, as Instructor Amon said, if the negotiation ends like this...’

That’s when it happened.

“N-no!”

Brestle, who shouted loudly, shook her head.

“Are you taking me for a fool! No!”

While it seemed like a firm attitude at first glance, Brestle’s voice was wavering.

Realizing this fact, astonishment appeared in Delmons’ eyes.

‘This can’t be! She really played hard to get once, exactly as Instructor Amon said...!’

Shocked that Amon’s predicted response was exactly right, Delmons hurriedly blurted out the next answer.

“Then how about four in the morning and three in the evening on the first day of every month!”

Brestle jumped up and shouted.

“Good! Let’s do that!”

“... *cough*”

Choking in disbelief, Delmons extended his hand with a rotten smile.

And he looked with contempt at Brestle who was jumping up and down while holding his hand.

“G-good deal...thank you.”

“Of course! Of course!”

Happy to have concluded the deal, Delmons turned his head to look at Amon and Anar’el.

But soon Delmons made a solemn face as he flinched.

The two were avoiding Delmons’ gaze with reddened faces, apparently feeling extreme shame at the fact that Brestle was the Vice Principal.

* * *

“Vice Principal Brestle.”

“Hm? What is it?”

Amon pointed at the banana attached to the ceiling of the Vice Principal's office.

The banana was attached high enough to be out of reach.

"Would you like to try eating that banana?"

"What?"

"You can use any tools in the Vice Principal's office."

"No, suddenly what..."

"You can use the chair too."

Despite giving a big hint, Brestle just took a step forward and jumped up to snatch the banana.

"There, done."

"..."

"I'll eat this with gratitude."

Watching Brestle munch on the banana deliciously, Amon closed his eyes in despair.

'Dark Elves, is it because their physical abilities are so high that they don't need to use tools? Is their intelligence at monkey level because they don't need to use their brains since they're physically strong?'

Considering how she had regressed to the Stone Age after being briefly separated from civilization last time, it was quite a plausible guess.

"Anyway, thanks to transferring my shares to the guild, our financial situation has improved."

"Why are they your shares... *sigh* Yes, that's right."

"Then let's allocate some funds for the restoration work."

Brestle started drawing tables on the document with her quill pen.

She eventually handed the completed document to Amon.

"Please check it."

"..."

What good could come from a monkey's effort!

Thinking this, Amon checked the table and closed his eyes tightly.

'It's perfect.'

It seemed that while looking into various things for her ambition of expanding the cafeteria, she had become knowledgeable about facility-related costs.

'Why are you competent at times like this? Does your intelligence only drop to monkey level when food is involved?'

Letting out a deep sigh, Amon said.

"...Amazing. There's nothing to fault here."

Praise makes even Brestle dance, as she twirled her quill pen and shrugged her shoulders.

"Hmph, even if you praise me, I won't share my King of Mangos."

"I don't need them."

Scratching his head, Amon said.

"Then when Elder Reinbelt brings the technicians, shall we inquire about estimates based on this?"

"Yes, that should work."

"Then, excuse me."

Upon leaving the Vice Principal's office, Amon encountered an unexpected person.

"Huh? Lady Rustianel?"

"Please drop the 'Lady.' Why do you only do that with me?"

"Because you're a Dragon."

"Since you're a teacher, you can speak comfortably with me."

"Right...anyway, what brings you here?"

What business would Rustianel, a student, have at the Vice Principal's office?

To that question, Rustianel answered.

“I asked the Principal, and she said you’re proceeding with academy restoration work?”

“It’s still in the planning stages... but yes, for now?”

Hearing that answer, Rustianel’s eyes sparkled as she said.

“Would you like to let me handle the restoration work?”

“...What?”

“Gold Dragons are experts at fortress construction and structural building.”

He seemed to have heard something like that before.

Gold Dragons are more interested in collecting gold and treasures than other dragons, so they build their lairs luxuriously to store their collected treasures.

Therefore, they naturally have expertise in architecture.

Amon glanced at the estimate.

‘...If this goes well, my pockets might get a little fatter?’

After all, isn’t construction something that fattens up the person in charge?

Amon smiled slyly and said.

“Rustianel, shall we talk about this in detail?”

“Yes!”

Chapter 110

Amon was having a construction consultation with Rustianel, who called himself the magician of architecture, the rising star of the construction world, and the prodigy architect of the Gold Dragon clan.

Of course, he wasn’t without some doubts at first.

‘I’ve been through so much with these academy people.’

For the sake of their honor, he won’t enumerate each incident, but through them, Amon had learned painfully that living in this world wasn’t easy.

Therefore, although he was having the consultation with Rustianel just in case, he wasn't particularly feeling trustful.

However, as the consultation progressed, Amon's thoughts were changing.

"Column shaping, this is something I'm especially confident in."

"Hooh."

"Here, look."

Rustianel took out a small stone and used magic to turn it into a column.

Amon was impressed by the skilled craftsman's demonstration of his technique.

"Wonderful! But at this rate, the unit price..."

"Since we can use the existing collapsed debris, there won't be any additional costs."

"Really wonderful! It must be sturdy too. Since it's made by a dragon."

"Of course."

While every aspect of construction was important, if one had to pick especially crucial parts, it would be the columns and foundation that support the building.

Though the foundation was somewhat damaged by the explosion, with a skilled architect like Rustianel, it could continue to be used with just some proper maintenance.

"We won't have to worry about the most important support columns."

"You don't need to worry about the other parts either. Though I've only lived for a few hundred years, even adult dragons come to me for advice about lair construction!"

"How reliable!"

Although Amon's trust in humans was at rock bottom after being badly treated by the academy personnel, his counterpart wasn't human but a dragon!

"Indeed, worthy of being called the great race known as the mediators of the middle realm!"

"Hehehe."

Compliments make even dragons dance!

Amon smiled warmly as he watched Rustianel laugh contentedly.

“Well then, Rustianel.”

“Yes, teacher.”

It was time to get to the main point.

“Let’s talk about the unit price now. You’re not doing this work out of mere goodwill, right?”

“Huhu. I like how quick you are to the point.”

He had heard that Gold Dragons were as sharp as knives when it came to business, living up to the ‘Gold’ in their name.

Rustianel, too, seemed pleased at getting to the main point quickly, smiling as he looked over the estimate.

“I’ll take 70% of this estimate. In gold equivalent to the amount!”

“Ooh!”

Then whose pocket would the remaining 30% go into!

None other than the person in charge and responsible for this work, Amon himself!

‘So this is why people talk about shoddy construction work. The structure makes it so easy to skim off the middle, no wonder everyone’s desperate to become a construction supervisor at least once.’

However, since the technician for this construction is a dragon, there’s no chance of shoddy work.

‘Then if I swallow up that 30%... no, there are other people watching, so it won’t be easy to take it all.’

Anar’el wouldn’t raise much opposition as long as the construction is completed excellently within the set amount.

But Brestle, who prepared the estimate, would be at least moderately angry, if not furiously so.

‘Why are you taking the surplus money when we need to buy ingredients!’

Faced with this predictable direction of anger, Amon fell into thought.

'Then what if I take 20% and use the remaining 10% to offer Brestle delicacies from various regions?'

Amon imagined Brestle faced with delicacies from various regions.

'Slurp!'

It wasn't hard to imagine Brestle completely forgetting about the construction funds while drooling.

'Good. A perfect plan.'

He didn't consider the other teachers.

How dare those lowly regular teachers question the work of the great Head of Academic Affairs (real)!

Satisfied, Amon nodded and extended his hand.

"Alright, Rustianel! I'm counting on you!"

"Huhuhu! Leave it to me!"

* * *

Reinbelt was speaking nervously to an old man.

"I'm counting on you, Rommel."

The old man called Rommel shook his head with a gentle laugh.

"It's you of all people. You saved my life back then, so this is nothing. Don't worry about it."

Rommel was Reinbelt's close acquaintance, and they had helped each other since their youth.

He was also a technician who had made his name known throughout the continent since his youth, and every building he touched invariably became a famous landmark.

Being such an outstanding architect, there was no way the failing Amonis Academy could afford his construction fees, but Reinbelt was barely able to entrust the work to Rommel using their personal connection.

“Hohoho, by the way, this is my first time visiting Amonis Academy. I’ve heard of its fame for a long time and wanted to visit at least once, but I was too busy to make the trip. Now I finally get to see it in my old age.”

“Don’t expect too much.”

“I’ve heard roughly about it. Amonis Academy’s influence has declined quite a bit, they say.”

“...Not quite a bit, but very much so.”

Reinbelt spread out his hand flat.

“We only have five students, you see.”

“That bad?”

“Don’t even mention it.”

Rommel clicked his tongue and shrugged his shoulders.

“Well, honestly, that’s none of my business. I just need to build the building.”

“That’s true.”

“I can finally see Amur. Well then, shall we take a look at its condition?”

Upon heading straight to Amonis Academy, Rommel was shocked.

“My goodness. It’s completely demolished.”

“...Can it be restored?”

“Hmm. Looking at it, it seems difficult to reuse the materials. It won’t be easy, but it won’t be too difficult either.”

After casually looking around the collapsed buildings, Rommel said.

“Anyway, since it’s your request, not just anyone else’s, I’ll take responsibility for the construction.”

“Y-you’ll do it personally?”

Rommel was a famous architect with dozens of disciples.

Yet he’s saying he’ll undertake the construction himself!

“Hoho, don’t worry. I’ll only charge for materials.”

“Th-thank you. Really thank you.”

“What’s there to thank for such a small matter.”

Rommel smiled warmly and said.

“Well then, let’s first go see the principal.”

“Yes. I’ll guide you.”

As they were heading to the principal’s office in high spirits to calculate the construction estimate.

“Oh? Elder Reinbelt, you’re here early?”

When Amon approached them to greet them, Reinbelt’s face distorted.

The conflict that arose from the resentment towards Amon, who had tried his best to fire him just hours ago!

Although they had shared heated feelings with the intention of resolving things manly with fists, Reinbelt’s mood hadn’t improved at all.

He couldn’t help it since he had been hit quite a lot by Amon!

Whether the rumor that old people get easily upset was true, Reinbelt just nodded curtly and halfheartedly.

“You’re here.”

“Yes. But who is this person beside you?”

Reinbelt cleared his throat and said.

“This is my acquaintance Rommel. Rommel, that fellow is Amon. He’s a teacher here.”

Amon’s eyes grew round.

He too knew Rommel’s name, who had built numerous landmarks.

“Ah! Nice to meet you, Elder Rommel. I am Amon Drake, the second son of the Drake family.”

“Hoho, nice to meet you.”

“The lighthouse of Pamila that you built was truly amazing.”

“Hohoho, it was just my modest skill.”

“If your skill is modest, who else could dare call themselves an architect?”

Rommel laughed heartily, clearly pleased.

“Thank you. But are you unwell?”

“...Pardon?”

“Your complexion doesn’t look good.”

As he pointed out, Amon was indeed sweating profusely.

Amon smiled awkwardly.

‘I’m screwed.’

It hadn’t even been 10 minutes since he had conspired with Rustianel to embezzle the construction costs, and now Rommel, famous throughout the continent, shows up for the construction!

Although he tried to buy time by wielding his tongue, Rommel, true to his reputation as a famous architect, had keen eyes.

‘Who knew this beggar-like old man would know such an important figure.’

It was a mistake to just let it slide when he said he was going to find someone for the construction.

‘I thought he’d bring some random person, but Rommel? And right on the same day at that.’

Amon swallowed hard and moved his tongue frantically in his mouth.

How could he persuade Rommel nicely to leave now?

‘This is the only chance while Rustianel is briefly away.’

Taking a deep breath, Amon opened his mouth.

“By the way, Elder Rommel.”

“Yes? What is it?”

“Actually, our academy’s financial situation isn’t very good, so we can’t offer you very generous construction fees.”

In response to Amon’s worried words, Rommel waved his hand with a smile as if there was nothing to worry about.

“Hohoho, since I came because of Reinbelt’s face, I plan to only charge for materials. So don’t worry.”

At those words, Amon instead became indignant.

“Your reputation pierces the heavens and splits the earth, yet you’ll only accept material costs! We cannot commit such disrespect to you! No, absolutely not!”

“Eh? H-hohoho! It’s fine, just this once...”

“No! Elder Rommel’s hands are the continent’s treasure, a marvel that will remain in the century! Entrusting work without proper compensation to such a person would be nothing short of disgrace for our Amonis Academy!”

Even Rommel stepped back with a ‘I-is that so?’ in the face of Amon’s tongue-wielding momentum.

And Reinbelt, who was glaring at such an Amon, had his eyes narrowed.

“You, Amon.”

“...Yes?”

“You rascal, what are you plotting again?”

Despite Reinbelt’s suspicious threat, Amon had no intention of backing down from the momentum he had built up.

“Plotting? I was deeply moved after seeing the lighthouse of Pamila that Elder Rommel built! To make a request to an artist who has created numerous such masterpieces without proper compensation! Where else in the world would there be such a shameful thing?”

Rommel nodded with a thoroughly cooked face.

“Is that so? Indeed, that’s right?”

“Rommel! Don’t be deceived by that wicked fellow’s words!”

Despite Reinbelt’s outcry, the devil’s whispers continued.

“Honestly what benefit would this construction bring to Elder Rommel?”

“Uuhh...”

“You’ll just work hard won’t make money and it won’t help your reputation either.”

“Uuuurgh...”

While Reinbelt could only stamp his feet as he watched Amon apply cunning tricks to brainwash Rommel’s ear.

“...Huh?”

Rustianel, who had finished his business, was approaching with quick steps.

“Oh? Who is that person?”

“Lord Rustianel?”

Reinbelt, who knew that Rustianel was a dragon, used an honorific, but Rustianel grumbled with dissatisfaction.

“There’s the ‘lord’ again. Please speak comfortably. You’re the Head of Security, after all.”

“But...ahem, alright. What brings Rustianel here?”

“Teacher Amon entrusted the construction to me.”

At those words, Reinbelt’s eyes twitched.

“To you?”

“Yes. I’m confident in construction too.”

Reinbelt slowly turned his head.

Amon was so focused on brainwashing Rommel that he didn’t even notice Rustianel’s arrival.

“So you’d better go back home and wash your feet and go to sleep.”

“Yes yes you’re right.”

Reinbelt slowly turned his head again and said with a hardened face.

“Rustianel.”

“Yes?”

“Can you reduce the unit price significantly if you take on the construction?”

“Yes. The estimate...ah, found it. Looking at this, I think I can reduce it by 30%. I plan to take 70% as my labor cost in gold equivalent to the amount.”

Reinbelt finally realized why Amon was so desperately trying to brainwash Rommel.

Who exactly would the remaining 30% go into?

Having realized this fact, Reinbelt pounced like a tiger.

“Kraaack!”

Amon, kicked in the back, rolled on the ground.