

THE ACADEMY IS DOOMED

The Academy is Doomed

#C11 - Read The Academy is Doomed C11

Chapter 11

I rushed to her aid.

“Chloe! Are you okay?”

“Yes, yes! I’m fine.”

Chloe’s shaking didn’t look good at all.

And her sudden collapse drew even more attention.

“What’s wrong with her?”

“Is she not feeling well?”

Chloe’s trembling intensified at the sound of the soldiers’ voices, and Amon, seeing the look on her face, quickly spoke up.

“Let’s call it a day.”

“Ha, but.....”

“Today’s not our only chance, we just have to take it slow.”

Amon looked down with a gentle gaze.

He glanced over to see Marion, who was trying to defuse the situation, saying that the student didn’t seem to be feeling well and that they should call it a day.

Boris was also looking over at Amon with concern.

All of them were cautious, as if they were dealing with a child.

Chloe gripped Amon’s cuffs tightly.

“Sir.”

“.....?”

“I, I want to get over it.”

“.....!”

“I want to get away from this me, the one who can’t make eye contact with people and just shivers.”

It was a trembling but powerful voice.

Amon wants to help Chloe, his first student, too.

But how?

‘What can I do? The psychological part is not something that can be fixed in a short time.’

Amon struggles with his thoughts, but finally speaks up.

“Relax. Don’t worry about what people think. They don’t even know you.”

“.....”

“So don’t worry about it. Today is just.....a test of everything you’ve learned.”

Chloe bit her lip tightly.

“Ha, I’ll try one more time.”

“Are you sure.....you’re okay?”

Chloe nodded and stepped forward.

At the same time, the soldiers’ gazes focused on her again, and her legs trembled.

‘I guess.....this won’t work either.’

Amon walked over to her.

And just as I was about to say let’s try again next time, Chloe suddenly grabbed my sleeve and said in a trembling voice.

“I want to try. Sir, do you think there’s a good way?”

“.....”

“I want to overcome this thing about me.....”

Her desperate voice wanted to somehow overcome her weakness.

Searching his memory, Amon spoke up.

“Chloe.”

“Yes”

“Well, it’s a secret.....my father, Baron Drake, told me that when he was younger, he was very afraid of being looked at, but he said he overcame it this way.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yes.”

A timid father’s advice.

“Amon, I know it’s not for you, but if you’re afraid of people’s stares, try this.....”

“Think of other people as potatoes.”

“Oh.....potatoes?”

“.....Yes.”

“Why potatoes.....?”

Amon’s mouth dropped open.

‘That’s because we grow a lot of potatoes on our estate.’

Amon coughed and spoke again.

“I stand corrected. In your mind, think of other people as things that are familiar and acceptable to you.”

“.....Familiar and acceptable to me?”

“Yes. Animals, plants, anything.”

“.....”

“Imagine that all the things you know are familiar to you are staring at you. Would that be scary?”

Closing her eyes tightly, Chloe muttered.

“@#\$ staring at me?”

What? Staring at what?

I’d never heard Chloe mutter that before.

Anyway, after muttering a few times that something was staring at her, Chloe groggily opened her eyes.

A faint smile tugged at the corners of her mouth.

“Mr.....”

“Yes.”

“I think I can do it.”

“.....You sure?”

“Yes.”

Chloe took a cautious step forward.

At the same time, the soldiers’ eyes focused on her again, and she shivered, but this time she didn’t flinch.

‘.....No?’

Is she okay?

Amon spoke cautiously.

“Chloe, are you sure you’re okay?”

“.....yes, sir.”

“If it’s hard, you have to tell me. Do you understand?”

Chloe nodded, and I called out, “Start.”

And the duel began.

'Oh, oh, oh.....!'

Chloe, who was extremely afraid of strangers, was having a proper duel with a soldier, albeit with more trepidation than usual!

Even Boris and Marion, who knew Chloe for longer than Amon, were stunned by the sight!

"Wow, Chloe is dueling....."

"That's amazing, Amon, what kind of advice did you give Chloe!"

The corners of Amon's mouth rose to his temples.

'I'm a teacher after all!'

I never thought I'd be able to repay a ten million gold debt with a single word, much less compensate for a student's weaknesses with a single word!

And Chloe's movements, which had been quite withdrawn, began to improve, little by little.

And then.

Tsk-!

The duel ended with the soldier's wrist being struck by Chloe's wooden sword, causing him to lose his grip on his sword.

"Ouch!"

Amon jumped to his feet and clapped.

"Excellent! Chloe!"

Amon rushed over and hugged Chloe, ruffling her hair and patting her back.

"That's great! You did great, Chloe!"

"S, ah.....I, I really did it..."

"Yes! Congratulations!"

Chloe clenched her fists tightly, tears in her eyes, as if she had done it.

I couldn't believe how happy I was to see her.

'This makes my path to the top even clearer!'

If I can do this, it won't be impossible to do well in the competition!

'And if I do well, I might even win!'

Who knows, maybe the Emperor will even be happy to rescind his recommendation to shut down the academy!

I jumped up and down in joy, hugging Chloe, but quickly put her down when the captain of the guard approached, smiling broadly.

"Hmph, I apologize. I was so happy to see my student's growth that I overreacted....."

"Hehehe, it's okay, sir."

But why is he smiling like that?

Captain Hagan continued.

"Hmph, they're students of Amonis Academy after all. As expected from a noble scion, they're really skilled."

'Don't be too pleased, they didn't win because of their bloodline.'

Understanding, Amon smiled broadly.

"No, it's all a testament to the quality of my training!"

The captain of the guard looked at him with a self-satisfaction, "You say that?" look.

But what can I do!

It's true!

I said to the frowning captain.

"The first student who dueled in the first place was a commoner, not a noble."

".....Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Heh, a commoner, and he's so young, with such skill....."

The captain of the guard looked at Boris with a glare.

“When you’re older, I’ll try to sneak you into the army. With that kind of skill, I’m sure you’ll find a place in the army in no time.”

Boris, who had heard the words bravely, came running up to him.

“Oh, Captain, is that true?”

“Uh, huh? Ah, right! With your skills, you’ll soon reach the rank of centurion. And if you distinguish yourself in service, you might even rise to the rank of captain someday.”

“If centurion is the highest rank a commoner can reach, then from captain onward, the ranks belong to the nobility!”

That means the path to nobility is open!

Amon whispered to the captain of the guard as Boris’ eyes lit up.

“Don’t you think you’re making too much of this?”

“...You can’t exactly say that he’ll just end up as a centurion like that, can you?”

The captain smirked.

“But he’s that good at such a young age, isn’t he? It’s not like I’m just making a fuss.”

“.....I see.”

Of course, who knows if Boris will actually enlist.

It’s better to just think, “Oh, I’ve got options.”

A moment later, the captain of the guard approached Marion and handed him a pouch.

“.....?”

The captain grins and leads his soldiers back to the barracks while Marion approaches with a rotten face!

I turned to her and said.

“Senior?”

“.....Huh? What?”

“You’re betting money on the outcome of the duel?”

Marion, who stopped dead in his tracks, averted his gaze and said.

“.....Hmm, it’s just a game. A little fun, like, betting on the outcome of a duel.”

“I see. Yeah, well. I get it, I get it.”

“Heh, heh, heh, you’re right, Amon.....”

“Which side were you on?”

Marion blurted out.

“I bet on the students to win, of course!”

“.....Really?”

“Of course! Tsk, what do you think of people.....”

At that moment, Amon launched himself at the captain of the guard.

Marion, who witnessed the scene, ran away in a panic, and Amon, who heard the truth from the captain of the guard, chased after Marion and kicked his butt.

Marion bet on the students’ defeat.

* * *

Sloth said as he took back the Marquis’ seal.

“Everything okay?”

“There were a lot of things happening.”

“.....What happened?”

I explained.

From the story of Boris and Chloe’s duel, to the fact that Marion had bet money on the students’ defeat!

Sloth listened in silence, then nodded with a smirk.

“I see, I see.”

“What is this lukewarm response?”

“I just wanted to make sure you didn’t get into any trouble with the signet ring.”

“There was no accident. Anyway, well done. I can tell you’re getting sleepy by the way you’re squeezing your eyes shut, so I’ll leave you to it.”

Amon scratched his chin as the door closed behind him.

‘.....Well, what happened. There was.’

Just before leaving the guardhouse, Marion excused himself to use the restroom.

So, while I was waiting for him, a man who introduced himself as the leader of the ‘Knights of Goliath’ stationed here spoke to me.

‘I hear you’re bearing the mark of the Marquis of Pid, is that true?’

‘Ah, yes.’

‘Hmph.....Speaking of which, I’ve never met you before, who are you?’

‘I’m Amon Drake, a teacher at Amonis Academy.’

‘.....Hmm? Amonis Academy?’

An unintelligible smile flashed across the man’s face and just as he was about to say something.

‘Amon, have you been waiting long?’

‘Ah, senior.’

‘Huh? Who is this? Isn’t it Sir Tomart?’

‘.....Your Excellency, Viscount Rumdom!’

Amon was shocked.

‘Marion’s a viscount?’

A drunkard like that?

Anyway, the man who greeted Marion soon left

‘Amon, what were you talking about?’

“He didn’t say much. He just asked why I have the Marquis of Pid’s seal.”

“.....Hmm, yeah?

Marion said, tapping me on the shoulder.

‘I see. Would you like a drink later tonight?’

‘Sure, you’ll buy me one, won’t you?’

‘I’ve lost money today, why don’t you buy it for me?’

‘I’m not going.’

Anyway, that’s what happened.

I had discovered a shocking truth: Marion is a viscount!

‘Well, we don’t tell each other much about ourselves, so I wouldn’t know.’

Clicking his tongue, Amon sneaks off to the student dormitory.

He thought about telling them that they worked hard today but he quickly reversed course.

‘No, let’s leave it alone. In times like this, it’s better to let the students think about it amongst themselves.’

Meanwhile, inside the students’ dormitory, sitting on her bed, Chloe is mumbling to herself in a daze.

“The @\$ is staring at me.”

Boris stared at her in horror.

“Chloe, what are you talking about?”

“When you think of people as @\$, you stop being afraid of their stares.”

Chloe grinned and her smile sent a shiver down Boris’s spine.

‘@\$?’

Boris had known Chloe long enough to know what it meant.

That was the dialect of the Aran Kingdom and the Imperial equivalent of that word was.

‘A lowly pig.’

The Kingdom of Aran, with its well-developed livestock industry, was all about pigs!

'Oh, Mr. Amon, what on earth did you say to Chloe?'

Chapter 12

The competition is just around the corner.

After a long day of running around the training grounds, Amon was competing with Boris and Chloe when he suddenly realized something.

"So, you two must be feeling pretty confident now, huh?"

"Hmph, hmph.....what?"

"Because you're both coming at me with a lot of momentum."

"What? Well, that's....."

The truth was this.

'Mr. Amon, you're really good at dodging.'

'I'd love to punch you somehow.....'

'Okay, let's go at it like it's life and death.'

Amon's skillful dodging of attacks has caused them to become overconfident, and they lunge at him with uncharacteristic vigor!

But he's not wrong to say that they felt confident.

The first time is the hardest, and lately, whenever we had time, we've been going to the guardhouse and dueling the soldiers.

Of course, if you keep being nice to them, they'll think it's their right. It's a favor at first, but if you keep asking for a duel, you'll most likely get cursed at.

'So I buy the captain drinks and feed the soldiers meals and snacks.'

Eventually, the point is.

'.....I'm slowly running out of money.'

A new teacher's salary is a pittance.

A month's salary is about three gold coins.

My pockets are tight, so I sneakily suggest to the vice-principal, who is mainly in charge of the academy's finances, that I should be allowed to use the money for the student's education.

'Hmm, may I see the details?'

'Yes, honorable vice principal. Here are the receipts.'

'Alcohol, meat, fruit, and sweets.....are most of it.'

'Yes, the soldiers for the students' dueling.....'

'I can't give it to you.'

Amon jumped.

'No, why did you ask to see the breakdown if you weren't going to give it to me anyway!'

The deputy headmaster was also furious.

'You can't even give me a crumb of candy, yet you're giving this to soldiers, Amon. I can't pay for your expenses!'

I was so frustrated that I felt like crying.

I complained to the headmaster.

'The necessary expenses?'

'Yes, honorable principal.'

'Wait a minute, let me see.....'

Amon stiffened as he watched Anar'el reach into her bulging personal pocket and begin counting out silver coins.

'Did the Vice Headmaster take all the money? I thought the Academy's operating expenses were split between the Headmaster and the Vice Headmaster?'

'It was taken from.....'

'So you were going to pay for the expenses yourself?'

'.....'

Poor principal, trying to pay for expenses out of her own pocket!

On the other hand, the principal's cheeks trembled at the domineering behavior.

'Why are you putting up with that?'

'Hmph.....'

'Where is the authority and majesty of the principal?'

'Hmph.....'

'That's too bad, I'll have to go ask her about it.....'

Turning around in a panic, I caught sight of the books strewn across Anar'el's desk.

'.....What is that?'

Anar'el gasped and closed the book.

'It's nothing.'

'.....'

'.....No, it's just, it looks like a good investment.'

Amon snatched the book from her and tore it to shreds.

'What the hell, it's sponsored by the Mythic Continent Pioneers!'

'It's the elves' desire to colonize the Mythic Continent!'

'This kind of thing should be done with personal money!'

The vice headmaster was justified in confiscating the operating expenses from the headmaster.

If the headmaster touches the operating budget one more time, she'll finally realize that the academy is a wealthy country.

Anyway, the point is.

'.....Now I really don't have any money. The principal can't afford it, and the vice principal doesn't want to do it.'

Amon, who had been thinking for a while, spoke up.

“So, kids.”

“Yes, sir?”

Amon baited.

“Since you’ve been working so hard, let’s go get something to eat tonight.”

“Wow, sir! Thank you!”

* * *

Chloe and Boris’s faces were as rotten as ever as they reached a back alley tavern with an arena

“You’ve cheated us, sir.”

“Not for the first time.”

I said with a bark of laughter.

“Haha, kids, you mean business when you say you’re going to eat something delicious, don’t you?”

“.....heh.”

Boris grumbled, picking at his fried meat.

“I’m going to tell Ms. Sloth that you brought me to this place.”

“Haha, Ms. Sloth agreed!”

Chloe exclaimed.

“That’s not possible!”

“Really. You’ve gained some confidence, haven’t you, and besides, Chloe, you’re getting used to being the center of attention.”

Chloe smirked.

“Yeah, you just have to think of people as ‘@#’.”

“Huh? Yeah, well, anyway, so I figured it wouldn’t hurt to get in a fight once in a while in a rough place like this.....and Ms. Sloth said so too.”

Amon said, picking up a tomato to replace the boring potato.

“Even in a tournament, there’s no guarantee that your opponent will fight with manners, right?”

“.....Yes.”

“So I thought it would be good for you to experience a place like this. Besides, you and the soldiers have gotten used to each other, and there’s no point in fighting anymore.”

The students nodded in understanding.

“By the way, Chloe.”

“Yes?”

“What is @\$?”

Chloe was about to answer that question when Marion sat back in his seat and said.

“Phew, I’m back from registering players, so get yourselves ready.”

Boris and Chloe’s jaws dropped at that.

They were nervous about fighting in a different environment.

Then Amon whispered to Marion.

“What are the odds on this match?”

The story we told the students earlier is from the perspective of “Teacher Amon”!

And now he’s talking to Marion from the point of view of the adult Amon!

“Two times. The opponent is too weak.”

“.....Yes, but still, isn’t that too low?”

“Kid, what do you think the odds are when everyone in the city knows they duel soldiers at the guard post every day?”

For some reason, there have been fewer onlookers near the guard post lately.

“I’d say they’re paying twice as much, but they’re kids, and they’re not used to the atmosphere here, so I’d take that into account.”

“.....chet.”

Well, whatever.

‘We’ll call it slow. A player can only participate in two matches per day. Since I have 1 gold right now.....’

I’ll take it at 2x odds, and since I have two students, that’s four matches.

‘Alright, I should be able to get at least 15 gold!’

Amon looked greedily at the tense students.

‘I’ve taught you so hard, this is the least you can do!’

The greedy grin on his face disappeared.

It was time to turn back into Teacher Amon.

“Now, children, listen carefully.”

“Yes, sir.”

“The rules here are simple: bare hands, that’s it.”

“That’s?”

“Slapping, eye gouging, biting. Anything goes.”

Boris said in a confused voice.

“Ha, but we only learned swordplay, right?”

“If you don’t have a sword, are you just going to suck on your finger?”

“.....”

“Trust what you’ve been taught and trust yourself. Okay?”

Amon rubbed Boris’s head as if to encourage him.

Seeing that, Chloe said.

“Mr. Amon, do you think I’ll be good?”

Amon patted Chloe’s head as well.

“With all the training you’ve been doing, you could do it with your bare hands!”

“Yes.....sir.”

The contestant, “Boris,” was then called to the front of the cage, and when he left, I ran up to the staff, panting.

“One gold on Boris!”

* * *

Boris’s performance was shocking.

His opponent was a burly man!

“Hick, what are you doing here?”

“Heh.....”

“Hmph, don’t worry, this uncle will be gentle with you.....”

“Oh, don’t come!”

Boris swung his fist, hitting his opponent in a not-so-good place.

The sight made the entire male audience shudder and grab their crotches.

“That one popped!”

“That’s awful!”

Amon and Marion muttered as they watched their opponent being carried off on a stretcher.

“Well, I guess it can’t be helped with the height difference.”

“.....Yes, but do they stand a chance with bare hands, barring a rush attack?”

I nodded at the question.

“According to Senior Sloth, the Marquis of Pid’s swordsmanship was basically created with bare-handed fighting in mind.”

“Hmm? Is that true?”

“She taught it without the core, the vision, of course, but I’m told the structure is the same.”

Amon swung his fist in the air in trajectory like a slashing motion.

“As you can see, it’s a punch that would be a ‘crushing’ blow with a bare hand, and a sword strike that would be a ‘chopping’ blow with a sword.”

“.....!”

“In the end, it’s probably because this swordsmanship was developed with hand-to-hand combat in mind that its movements are so flashy and unusual. That might be why they say the swordsmanship of the Marquis of Pid’s family carries such an intense aura of lethality.”

Amon smirked.

“Anyway, if the kids realize that fact, they won’t have a big problem even with their bare hands. In the first place, Boris’s punch was a ‘deflection’, right? Since they’re used to swordsmanship, it must have been a natural movement.”

“Well, I see, but I was wondering something.”

“Yes? What is it?”

“Did you also learn swordsmanship from Sloth?”

Amon grumbled at the question.

“I tried to get her to teach me a few times, but she never did.”

“.....Hmm, I see.”

Amon’s non-teaching league was still intact.

‘This is the kind of guy who watches me teach my students and copies me so perfectly, I’d be in trouble if I tried to teach him.’

In the middle of this conversation, Boris returned.

“Boris, congratulations on the win!”

“.....Well, I don’t know what’s what.”

I’m like, “Of course not.”

'I won because I hit them in a bad place.'

But it was the best he could do at the time.

'He was a grown man. There's a huge weight difference, so it's not easy to take him down with your bare hands. A rush attack is the best way to do it.....'

Amon looked at Chloe.

"Chloe."

"Yes."

"You saw what Boris did, didn't you?"

"....."

"Slap him too....."

Marion slapped Amon's cheek.

"You crazy man, what are you trying to do to a little girl!"

"Kekk! Ha, but that's the best....."

"Well, by the way....."

Then Chloe said.

"Don't worry about it. I'll try my best to use what I've learned."

"Oh, really?"

Amon nodded reassuringly as Chloe smiled.

The contestant was then called to the cage, and as she left, Amon ran over to her, panting.

"Two gold for Chloe!"

* * *

This match shocked me in a completely different way than Boris's.

"Ah, Amon."

“.....Yes.”

“Chloe was that good?”

“I knew she was, but.....she’s even better than I thought.”

It was an overwhelming performance.

She parries her opponent’s attacks with ease and then slips in a nimble counterattack.

“Thwack! Ha, only one.....”

Thwack!

“You little brat!”

Pfft!

“Ugh! This, this guy.....”

The opponent was trying to hit her with a punch but Chloe dodges like a squirrel and scores a good hit!

The difference in size is meaningless if you can’t land the attack...and no matter how big the difference in size, if you’re hit with a sharp blow again and again.

-Thud!

Chloe’s opponent falls to the ground and the crowd erupted in cheers.

“To see such a high level of competition here!”

“Little lady, you’re amazing!”

In response to the cheers, Chloe grinned wickedly, looked around the crowd, and muttered.

“.....@#\$.”

And with that, Chloe stormed out of the cage!

Soon after, Chloe approached me and I patted her on the head.

“Well done! Chloe, that was awesome!”

“I’mthank you.”

Seeing that, Marion poked Boris in the side.

“Boris.”

“Yes

“Do you feel anything?”

“.....”

Boris ended the match by hitting his opponent in a bad place!

Chloe, on the other hand, played a great game!

Boris throws a fit.

“Hey, I can do that too!”

“Hehe, yeah, yeah.”

Meanwhile the man who watched Chloe’s game muttered.

“Hmph, a student of the academy?”

He muttered with a sour face and clicked his tongue.

“This is going to hurt business.”

He said.

“Call Dexon the Fixer. Tell him to crush those kids in the next match.”

“Yes, master. But there is Viscount Rumdom.....”

“There is no connection between us and Dexon. Viscount Rumdom won’t be able to identify us either.”

The man smirked as his subordinate left.

‘Hoo-hoo, young man, I’m sorry, but.....you’re interfering with my business, so you’ll have to go.’

The man looks down with a cruel smile on his face, sipping his wine.

“Master, the children and teachers have left.”

“.....what?”

In fact, Amon and the others left immediately after Chloe returned.

They were just getting hungry, so they left the bar to get a proper meal.

The man said with a cruel smile.

“Hmph, he’ll be back soon. Tell Dexon the Fixer to trample on the kids.”

~At that time, Amon and his party~

“Sir, I’m sleepy.”

“Yeah, well, let’s go back to bed.”

“Yes, sir, but will we come back here again?”

“No. The contest is coming up soon, so we should start preparing for it.”

He made a decent amount of money, and there was no reason to come back.

“Come on, let’s go to bed. Come on, kids.”

“Yes, sir.”

~On the other side~

“They came back, didn’t they?”

“No, sir.”

“Hmm...Tell Dexon to brutalize the kids.”

The man smiled a cruel smile and tipped his wine glass.

Chapter 13

~Argia, capital of the Amonis Empire~

Mornings there were special.

Amon woke up early, looked out the window, and grinned.

‘Hoo-hoo, little Amon has made it big, and he’s seen the capital city.’

It had taken him a year to get here from the Drake estate, tucked away in the Arma Mountains at the edge of the continent.

'No one comes to the estate.'

Anyway, I arrived here late last night to enter the contest.

It's been a long journey.

In truth, the roads of the Empire are well traveled, so getting here was uneventful.

It was the departure that was the problem.

'Mr. Amon.'

'Yes, Headmaster?'

'Mr. Amon, you're the lead teacher for this contest, right?'

'Yes, I am, because I'm in charge of the special class.'

'Right? I'd like to accompany you to the competition.'

In fact, it was best to have the principal accompany me since we received the shutdown recommendation.

If the headmaster showed up to the competition himself, it might be seen as a sign that, alas, the elf still has the will to save the academy.

However,

'Very well, Headmaster, you may go!'

Suddenly, the Vice Headmaster, Brestle, was urging the Headmaster on!

Seeing the Vice Headmaster's eyes light up, Amon exclaimed in horror.

'No, Vice Headmaster, come with me!'

'.....Why?'

'Because if you stay alone, you'll waste money on the cafeteria facilities!'

The vice principal's ears fluttered as I realized what was going on.

In the end, it was decided that the vice principal would accompany the academy as the executive representing it.

And the other teachers, except Amon...

'I don't want to go. I don't want to be bothered.'

'I had no intention of going with you, Senior Sloth.'

'Huh!'

In the end, the only teacher left was Marion, so it was decided that he would accompany them.

And now...

Staring out the window, Amon felt restless as he slowly woke up.

'A dark elf with a food craving and a drunken teacher.....will it be okay?'

Amon's head snapped up.

"Grrrrrr! Pooh-pooh!"

Marion was sleeping, hugging a bottle of alcohol, as if he'd had too much to drink in the night!

I sneak over to the dining room on the first floor of the inn and find Brestle waiting impatiently for her meal to be served, ears flapping.

"Ha....."

"Huh? Good morning, Mr. Amon."

"Hmph....."

Amon grunted as his head ached and Brestle scratched her head.

"What's wrong with you all of a sudden?"

I had one last ray of hope so I headed to the room where the students were staying.

"Hey, kids, are you up?"

"Yes, sir."

“May I come in?”

“Yes, sir.”

The kids had their beds and clothes neatly made even though it was early in the morning.

Hugging them tightly, Amon choked back tears and muttered,

“You’re the only ones I can really count on.....”

Now, they weren’t surprised, like, “What’s going on?”

They just patted him on the back, as if to say, “What happened again?”

“Okay, guys, tomorrow is the competition, so get a good night’s rest. It’s important to rest. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Okay, okay. If you want something to eat, just say so, and I’ll buy it for you!”

“Really?”

“Yeah, yeah, speaking of which, let’s go explore the city and buy something delicious, I’ll buy it for you!”

* * *

Amon shook his thin wallet and tilted his head.

‘Are the kids’ appetites this good?’

Well, they were growing up, so it was natural for them to eat a lot.

‘The cost of living is so damn expensive that I ended up spending too much money.’

I wondered if I was being foolish, but if I was being foolish, I was being foolish, and who is Amon to be foolish?

‘Well, the vice-principal has her own traveling expenses, so she won’t be short of money.’

And it’s all an investment.

‘I’m maintaining my future circle of friends.’

Anyway, after a fun day of sightseeing and a full stomach, I sent Boris and Chloe back up to their dorm.

I checked the schedule for tomorrow's competition.

"Kaaah! Koooow!"

Marion's snoring from behind me made me giggle.

He was still sleeping drunk.

"I thought people were supposed to be consistent....."

I muttered, and a chill ran down my spine.

'.....Consistent?'

I scrambled to my feet and headed for the first floor dining room.

And why does this anxiety always hit the mark?

"Yum, yum, yum, yum!"

"....."

"Woof, woof, woof, huh?"

Brestle is eating her food with her face buried in her bowl.

She suddenly looked over.

"Is teacher Amon here to eat too?"

"....."

"Huh? Why are you staring at an elf without saying a word?"

I plopped down across from Brestle, who flicked her ears.

I scanned the bowls on the table.

There weren't many bowls.

".....Luckily, you haven't eaten too much."

At that, Brestle grinned from ear to ear with pride.

“I’ve already cleared the dishes five times.”

“.....?”

There are like six bowls in front of me, and you’ve cleared them five times?

That’s thirty bowls’ worth of food.

And why is she so proud of herself? Makes me want to slap her.

“Vice Principal?”

“Yes.”

“You do realize that you pay for your own meals, right?”

Brestle pricked up her ears.

“Don’t be so petty over food.”

“Uh, well.....that, just out of curiosity. You do realize that the cost of living here is pretty high, right? Considering that, you’re eating like this without any regrets, right?”

Brestle flicked her ears.

“How expensive is it, anyway?”

“.....”

“Gee, you’re already done.”

Brestle waved at the clerk.

“Here, I’ll have another one, anything tasty.”

Instead of the clerk, the boss came running over with a big smile on his face.

“Yes, sir, I’ll be right back!”

The boss smiles like he’s just hit an all-time high in sales.

Amon stared at the smile, then glared at Brestle with a stern face.

“Is this how you order, without even looking at the price or the menu?”

“Well, how expensive is it, really?”

Brestle's voice was blunt.

Amon pushed himself up and approached the boss, who was busily preparing the food.

After a moment Amon returned with a white-faced receipt.

"Four gold and 89 silver."

Brestle, in the middle of scooping up her food, stopped dead in her tracks.

".....How much?"

"Four gold and 89 silver."

"....."

"The boss says you don't have to pay for the drink, only 4 gold and 70 silver."

"....."

Amon smiled, his cheeks flaring.

"How much money did you bring for traveling expenses?"

".....gold."

"Ha, ha, ha! Hahahaha!"

"....."

"Ha! Hmph....."

Finally, Amon went from laughing to crying.

* * *

I remembered Anar'el's words.

'Dark Elves are often obsessed with a single desire, and she went on vacation and starved herself. She's worse than before.'

I've only heard that it's bad but I didn't know it would be this bad.

'Come to think of it, I've noticed that the chef in the academy cafeteria has gotten skinny since the vice principal returned.....'

Could it be due to overwork?

Sighing, Amon said.

“Don’t slump, sit up straight and eat properly.”

At those words, the vice principal, who had her head on the ground, raised her ass back up.

“Ah, teacher Amon……!”

“What.”

“This, this, isn’t it insubordination?”

Amon said, looking down at the vice principal with a frosty glare.

“That’s right, but what are you going to do?”

“……”

“You ate all the travel expenses in one meal, so the students couldn’t eat and had to suck their thumbs during the competition. Do you want there to be no rebellion?”

“……”

“Remember this: generals who acted like assholes all ended up getting stabbed and killed by their own men when war broke out. It’s a fact proven by history.”

Brestle thought, “Isn’t that a bit harsh?”

But she couldn’t point it out.

Earlier in the restaurant, Amon, who had been laughing and crying, suddenly stopped crying and broke the table in two with his bare hands.

‘They charged me another ten silvers for the table.’

And Brestle didn’t want her head to split like the table.

‘I always said that when a madman says something, you say yes, yes, and listen.’

Besides, the angle at which Amon’s eyes were turned showed that he wasn’t usually crazy.

Amon rubbed his forehead and rolled his eyes.

“Vice Principal, wake up.”

“.....Ew!”

Seeing the Vice Principal scramble to her feet, Amon held out something.

“This is.....”

“It’s a stone.”

“Why are you putting this.....?”

“Put it on your forehead and hit your head on the ground.”

The harshness escalated!

This unreasonable treatment brought Brestle to the brink of tears.

“Ugh, what’s all the fuss about?”

Amon said as Marion, still sober, stammered.

“It’s nothing. Keep sleeping.”

“Mmm, I guess it’s nothing.....”

“It’s just that the vice principal blew all the travel money she brought on one meal.”

“.....?”

Marion sat up, sobering from his drink.

“Travel expenses? That’s about five gold?”

“Yes. She spent it all on one meal, and she only has ten silver left.”

Marion looked at Brestle in disbelief, then sighed heavily.

“Well, what are you going to do, vice principal?”

Brestle said.

“You’re right, but still.....”

“The vice principal didn’t do a good job either.”

“.....”

Marion walked over and held out his pocket.

“Eh, here, use this for traveling expenses. I’ll try to refrain from drinking during the competition.”

“Come on, senior.....!”

“It’s about four gold, so you should calm down.”

Amon accepted the pouch with a thrilled face, then suddenly frowned.

He turned the pouch inside out.

-Boom!

Two silver coins fell out.

“Four gold?”

“.....?”

“2 silver?”

“Uh.....”

Marion smirked.

“I must have had too much to drink last night.”

“.....”

* * *

~The day of the big competition~

Boris and Chloe are competing in the ‘Swordsmanship’ category.

Amon squeezes their nervously trembling hands, saying.

“Kids, don’t be nervous.”

“.....Teacher.”

“Believe in what you’ve been working on. You can do this.”

“.....Teacher!”

“Yes! The teacher believes in you too!”

Amon’s encouragement fired them up, and they clenched their fists tightly.

Amon clenched his fists together, fueling their determination.

‘.....Boris, Chloe, we must win.’

Yes, we must. We can’t lose.

Because.

‘If you lose, we won’t be able to eat for the rest of the competition.’

How much money do the three teachers currently have?

12 silver.

‘Because we’ll have to walk back to the Academy on our own two feet, not a carriage.’

I can’t do that.

“Come on in!”

Amon said to the man who greeted him, tears streaming down his face as he reached into his pocket.

“Boris and Chloe, I’ll bet six silvers each that they pass the first round.....”

“Yes, here’s your confirmation!”

Chapter 14

Amon, sitting in the audience, clasped his hands together.

‘Guys, I’m begging you, please.’

Do they know?

That he’d wagered 12 silvers, all of his remaining travel money, on ‘passing the first round of the tournament’ and that he was going to be damned if they didn’t?

While I was thinking about that, the crowd stood up as a voice boomed out.

“Everyone, stand.”

The low, deep voice rang out, and the entire crowd rose to their feet in unison.

An old man stepped onto the dais.

It was the Emperor of the Amonis Empire.

“Heh, heh, heh, sons and daughters of the Empire! How gracious of you to be here on such an auspicious day!”

The Emperor’s voice conveyed his heartfelt gratitude without pretense.

‘That’s the Emperor.’

Amon has never set foot in the capital before so it’s also the first time he’s seen the Emperor, even from afar.

‘A saint among saints who rules the current empire in a way that will be remembered in history.’

Sandrio Argia Amonis.

After his brief speech, he called out.

“Let the contest begin!”

At the same time as the shout, a magical feast lit up the sky!

Amon’s mouth dropped open at the splendor.

‘So this is the capital! How much magic and money must have been spent to put that on!’

In the midst of his admiration, the first part of the tournament, the swordsmanship section, began.

‘The swordsmanship section begins with a sword dance by all the participants.’

And there were dozens of students participating in the swordsmanship section.

As they rushed onto the stage, the spacious stage was almost overcrowded.

And in that situation, all of the contestants performed the ‘sword dance’ in unison.

'The problem is that not all of the students were taught the same swordsmanship. They must have learned swordsmanship from different families and techniques.'

In other words, if they were all performing different sword dances in such a chaotic situation, there would be a lot of tumbling and falling.

'..... But that's why you can pick out the special few. The ones who have the ability to stay in the middle of the chaos and not lose their groove.'

And with dozens of people doing the same dance, there are always a few who stand out, like those who have a talent for drawing attention to themselves.

'This group sword dance is about identifying them in advance.'

Amon could relax, then.

'Boris and Chloe's talent is not bad, especially when it comes to reading and avoiding the opponent's moves!'

Chloe had proven that in the arena!

'Boris is.....nervous, that's all.'

Anyway, Amon decided to relax and watch the sword dance...but after a while.

"Ugh! What the hell!"

"Sorry!"

"Hey, don't get in my way!"

"Sorry!"

Boris was hitting other students with his wooden sword, tripping over their feet.

'I'm screwed.'

Boris is wreaking havoc on the stage!

"What the hell, that rootless brat."

"What academy is he from?"

Amon's face flushed red at the commotion around him.

Marion's face was also flushed.

He was drunk from the alcohol he had bought yesterday.

“Keukkeuk! Boris, you’re doing great!”

“.....He’s not doing well.”

“Huh? He’s knocking down other students?”

“.....He’s not supposed to knock them down.”

“Huh? Why?”

“.....Just have a drink.”

“Yes! I like alcohol!”

Amon rolled his eyes.

‘Yeah, it’s just entertainment before the tournament starts.’

It has nothing to do with the tournament, I thought, closing my eyes and not watching.

Then it happened.

“Ohhh, that girl. She’s pretty good.”

“She’s very agile.”

Amon’s eyes widened at that.

‘Oh my! I was counting on you, Chloe!’

It wasn’t Chloe.

‘I’m so screwed.’

Chloe was tearing up the stage with Boris.

* * *

After the sword dance, the tournament began and after a few matches.

‘Chloe, you’re up first.’

Amon clasped his hands together and prayed for victory.

'Please win, your odds were pretty high!'

Chloe, royalty of the ruined nation of Aran.

She had no name recognition, and the Amonis Academy is in shambles!

On top of that, her opponent is a scion of a famous noble family, and her academy is far more prestigious than the current Amonis Academy!

On the stage, Jura, daughter of Count Geese, pointed her sword at Chloe with a cold face.

"Hmph, did you say Chloe?"

"....."

"You pushed me during the sword dance, didn't you? To come out here with such clumsy swordsmanship....."

Chloe replied to Jura's cold words.

"I did it on purpose."

".....What?"

"I didn't want Boris to stand out on his own."

"What?"

As Jura frowned, the game started and just as the match started.

-Pow!

Chloe charged forward and swung her sword.

".....Ew!?"

Jura's eyes widened as she tried to block Chloe's sword.

Chloe's sword suddenly changed its trajectory and shot toward her heart.

Since it was a duel assuming a real fight, if the heart or other vital parts were hit, it would be the end of the match.

'I can't lose like this.....!?'

Puck-!

The sword aimed at her heart changed course again and struck her in the side.

“Ow!”

Jura clutched her side and fell back.

The examiner shouted.

“Chloe, one point!”

A point taken away!

Jura jumped to her feet in disbelief.

‘Wow, what just happened? She could’ve definitely hit the heart, but why the side……?’

Jura glared at Chloe and hunched her shoulders in disbelief at the sneer in Chloe’s eyes and the contempt in the corners of her mouth.

Chloe, who was shaking with excitement as she received cheers from the audience the moment she scored one point, said with an ecstatic smile.

“Can you do more?”

“……What?”

“You know, you can, can you?”

Jura realized.

‘Are you going to play with me?’

Jura lunged at Chloe, furious.

And then.

Puck-!

“Chloe, one point!”

Puck-!

“Chloe, one point!”

Puck-!

“That’s enough! Game over!”

Chloe’s relentless pummeling of all but the smallest parts of her body caused the referee to hastily stop the match.

“Your winner is Chloe Aran of Amonis Academy!”

At that moment, the cheers of thousands of spectators hit her.

Chloe looked around at the crowd, savoring the sensation, and smiled wickedly.

‘Hoo hoo hoo, the little pigs love it.’

Chloe smirked and walked off the stage.

Meanwhile, in the audience.

‘She won! Chloe did it!’

Amon wanted to jump up and down and clap, but he restrained himself, considering the stares of the crowd around him.

‘Ten times the odds! That’s sixty silver!’

Amon looked down at the stage once more.

Boris’s match was next.

‘His opponent is Exte from the House of Count Rada! But since Boris is of commoner origin, his odds are higher than Chloe’s!’

Almost 100 times the odds!

That means there are very few people who think Boris will win.

‘But Boris, the teacher believes in you!’

* * *

Amon’s faith in Boris was betrayed.

Although he fought hard against Exte, he was ultimately defeated.

‘So be it with my life.’

He looked up at the sky.

The six silvers he'd bet on Boris had grown wings and taken to the skies.

'So my only hope is Chloe.....'

"Wow, that commoner boy. He's amazing."

'Huh? What's so great? Alas, he has the talent to blow away 6 Silvers in one fell swoop.....'

"I never thought he'd make such a good save against Exte....."

'.....?'

I listened to the audience.

He was the favorite?

'Boris, you may have lost, but you fought well!'

Amon quickly changed his mind.

'Boris, even though you lost, your teacher is proud of you!'

The heart of a teacher!

After a while, the first round was over and it was time for the break.

I headed to the prearranged meeting point with the students.

"Hey, guys, good job!"

"Oh, teacher....."

Boris was upset.

"Hey, what's with the look on your face?"

"I'm sorry, I lost in the first round....."

Amon patted him on the head.

"It's okay, you did really well, it's not your only chance today, is it?"

"Still....."

“Don’t worry, you can build on today’s experience.”

The caring heart of a teacher!

At that moment, Chloe, who had been watching Amon and Boris, spoke up.

“Teacher.”

“Oh, Chloe!”

Amon belatedly patted Chloe on the head.

“You did so well, you were amazing.”

Chloe finally smiled.

“Thank you!”

“Yes, yes. You’re both hungry, aren’t you? Shall we go for lunch?”

“Yes, sir!”

That was the end of Teacher Amon.

Adult Amon said.

“But I’m on a tight budget, so I won’t be able to buy you anything as expensive as yesterday.”

“.....”

A few minutes later, while eating with the students at a nearby canteen.

Boris suddenly spoke up.

“But what about Mr. Marion and Vice Principal Brestle?”

Marion is probably drunk and sleeping sprawled out in the stands.

Brestle is still pouting from yesterday’s stern reprimand.

That’s why Amon says with a straight face.

“I don’t know, they’re probably both dead.”

“.....”

* * *

There were 50 silvers left after feeding the kids.

‘My only hope. My light and salt.’

Amon held out his pouch to the man.

“I’ll bet fifty silvers that Chloe wins the second round of the tournament.”

“Yes! Here’s your confirmation!”

Had the first game’s performance been so overwhelming?

The odds had dropped dramatically.

‘At least her opponent is the scion of a famous noble family.’

In the end, the odds were 4x.

A win would bring in a whopping 2 gold.

‘.....That should be enough for traveling expenses.’

I can’t take any more risks, and if I win this time, I’m going to stop this unbecoming behavior as an educator.

And so Chloe’s second game began.

“Chloe, one point!”

Pfft, pfft-!

“Three points for Chloe! Alas, her opponent has forfeited! The winner is Chloe Aran of Amonis Academy!”

A deafeningly loud cheer erupted, and Amon clapped his hands in excitement.

‘Chloe, you’re the real deal!’

Even though her opponent had decent skills, Chloe won by playing around with them.

‘.....Yes, but what’s wrong with her?’

Amidst the cheers and applause, Chloe began to shake.

“.....She’s suddenly nervous?”

Over the mumbling, Boris said.

“Mr. Amon.”

What was Boris doing in the stands after being eliminated in the first round?

“What’s wrong?”

“Well, Chloe’s been acting a little strange lately.”

“Huh? Like what?”

“That.....”

Boris was about to say something.

“Whoa!”

Both Amon and Boris covered their ears at the sudden thunderous cheer.

‘Ugh, shut up.’

Amon clicked his tongue and jumped to his feet.

“Phew, Boris. I’m sorry, I have to go to the restroom for a minute.”

“Ah, yes.”

Amon, who had finally gone outside, headed to the person in charge of ‘private betting’.

“Here’s your confirmation!”

“Oh, congratulations. You get 2 gold.”

Amon nodded as he took the sack of money.

‘Well, I’ve got the traveling expenses, so I guess I’d better stop here, huh?’

This ‘betting’ thing I’m doing is unbecoming of an educator.

Zalak-!

Amon fiddled with the sack of gold, silver, and coins.

'.....But if I could get more, I could feed the children something tasty.'

He glanced at the children, who had just filled their bellies with cheap food.

'And we'll get a decent carriage ride back, too.....'

Amon glanced at the bracket.

'.....Who's next up against Chloe, Raymond, and judging by the lack of a surname, is he a commoner?'

Amon nudged the tutor.

"What are the odds on the student, Raymond?"

"Hmm? Ah, he's up against Chloe, let's see."

The man said, scanning the bracket and the previous rounds.

"It's so close that it's hard to believe Raymond will win. Plus, Chloe is so good at the game that the odds are low."

The word "close" reminded me of Raymond's match earlier.

'Oh, so you're the one who just showed up without an academy?'

He certainly had a bad game.

Rolling, falling, fumbling.

Which meant there were a lot of bettors who favored Chloe to win.

'..... I don't think I'm going to get much out of betting on Chloe.'

But it's safer!

Amon was conflicted.

'What should I do? It's traveling money, and I'm not supposed to spend it.'

At that moment, the demon Amon whispered.

-Why not?

The angel Amon whispered back.

-You've been working hard, haven't you? Trust the student.

Amon held out his money sack.

"I'll bet one gold and fifty silvers that Chloe wins."

"Yes! Here's your check!"

Fifty silvers was a minimal conscience.

* * *

The boy, Raymond, scratched his head.

'Grandpa....What kind of enlightenment can I gain from a competition like this.....'

But he couldn't disobey his grandfather's orders.

'In this contest, you will fight with your skills hidden as much as possible!'

Raymond sighed and tried to suppress his frustration.

'Well, I'm sure he means well. Anyway, it's almost time for the next match, so let's go.'

Raymond, the hidden grandson of the Azure Sky Sword King, one of the Grand Sword Masters of the Empire, Reinbelt, stumbled to his feet.

'If Chloe wins, the one gold and fifty silver will be worth two gold, so let's use that as our traveling expenses, and the fifty silver left over from the bet can be used as an emergency fund.....'

Amon was planning his spending wisely.

Chapter 15

I'm racking my brain, trying to figure out what's in my pocket.

"Sir, sir."

"Ah, Boris."

"Looks like Chloe's match is about to start."

"Oh, yes. Thank you."

I quickly glance down at the stage.

Chloe was about to play her third match.

'Round of 16. Only a win here would be considered a good result, and Chloe's opponent is Raymond, a commoner with no academy.'

The boy's game isn't exactly stellar, that's why Amon hasn't been paying much attention to him.

'Considering Chloe's skill so far, I'm sure she'll give him a run for his money!'

Raymond walked onto the stage with Chloe.

Amon's face stiffened as he took a quick look at Chloe's opponent.

* * *

Chloe silently inspected her sword as Raymond respectfully observed.

"Please do me a favor, Chloe."

"....."

Raymond scratched his head, frowning when no answer came.

Chloe sighed and said.

"It's boring."

"It's?"

"The pigs don't look here."

"What.....?"

Raymond looked around.

"Yeah, well, they're all watching the game."

Chloe with a dominant performance.

Raymond having a bad game.

Based on what they've seen so far, the crowd is predicting Chloe's victory, so they won't be paying attention to this match.

Chloe sighs,

“This is boring. Let’s get this over with.”

“.....haha.”

Raymond scratched his head as he let out a stifled laugh.

“It’s not fun.....”

Even for Raymond himself, the grandson of the Azure Sky Sword King Reinbelt, one of the Empire’s four Grand Sword Masters.

“Yeah, it’s not fun, this low-level competition.”

“.....what?”

Because of his grandfather’s orders, he was competing in the tournament while ‘hiding his skills as much as possible’.

Raymond grinned.

“I’ll show you a ‘little’ of my skills, and it’ll be fun.”

As soon as he said that, the judge called for the match to begin, and Chloe’s eyes widened.

Before she knew it, Raymond was standing in front of her.

And Raymond’s sword was pointed at her.

“.....Cough!?”

Chloe quickly swung her sword to deflect Raymond’s attack, but his sword changed trajectory in midair.

Chest, side, shoulder, heart.

Again and again, the sword changed trajectory, confusing the mind.

‘I have to stop him, but where?’

Chloe swung her sword in a desperate attempt to stop it.

And just as it was about to stab her shoulder, she blocked it.

Tsk-!

A sword stabbed her in the thigh.

“Raymond, one point!”

The examiner’s shout made Chloe’s head spin.

Like him, the crowd went cold as water at the sight of Chloe, who had been dominating the competition, being outplayed.

Raymond, who had retrieved his sword, smirked.

“Now is it funny?”

“.....”

Chloe’s body shuddered at the sound of the condescending voice.

“.....?”

Chloe is royalty in the Kingdom of Aran.

Although she is royalty, she has no right of succession, that’s why she was sent to Amonis Academy as a semi-outcast.

There, she was told to maintain good relations with the nobles of other countries so that she could marry and take care of her own affairs.

However, Chloe acted with dignity befitting a member of Aran’s royalty.

Did that make her look bad?

Probably.

The relentless bullying from other students began shortly after the fall of her homeland.

‘.....I’m scared.’

The bullying was so persistent that it was terrifying to be stared at by others.

That’s why it still scares her.

When you least expect it, everyone in the room is looking at you with serious faces.

‘I thought I was over it.’

She wasn’t.

The moment she realized she was 'weak', the fear came back.

* * *

Amon bit his lip hard.

'What's with him?'

He's not even a student at the academy.

'Then why is he so strong?'

Amon hadn't realized it at first, but now that he was Chloe's opponent, he realized it the moment he took a closer look.

'He's the strongest of all the students in this competition.'

Amon instinctively realized that since he encountered many beasts and monsters in the rugged Arma Mountains.

'A bear.'

If the other students were deer, rabbits, and foxes, Raymond was a bear.

Such a fierce presence.

Amon's eyes widened as he surveyed Chloe's condition.

'We're screwed!'

Chloe was trembling and was completely disoriented.

Her shoulders hunched and her eyes darted from one to the other, as if afraid of the stares again.

'No! You're going to ruin all the goodwill I've gained!'

And it cost me 1 gold and 50 silver!

The moment he realized that.

-Ugh!

Amon jumped to his feet.

Teacher Amon and Adult Amon joined forces.

* * *

‘.....Hmm, is this it?’

Raymond snorted, realizing that Chloe had lost the battle.

‘You’re no match for me after all.’

Raymond snorted and raised his sword.

“Now, let’s get this over with.....”

It was the moment.

“C-H-L-O-E!”

A sudden, ear-splitting, screeching shriek came from nowhere.

“Whoo!”

A scream that shook the entire arena.

Raymond, who had unwittingly covered his ears, flinched, and Chloe turned her head at the suddenly familiar voice.

And the sight that filled her eyes.

‘Teacher.....’

Chloe laughed falsely through her tears.

Boris and Marion, who was sleeping drunk, suddenly fell down because of Amon’s scream, Brestle was trembling with her long ears folded down, and Amon was jumping up and down in the stands and screaming even though all the audience’s eyes were focused on him because of his scream.

“Come on! Chloe, I believe in you!”

Amon was unfazed by the stares of the thousands of people gathered in the stadium.

Seeing that, Chloe’s fear seemed to dissipate a little.

‘No.’

The horror had completely vanished from her face.

Raymond, finally removing his hand from his ear, grumbled.

“What the hell, what is he?”

Over the muttering, Chloe spoke.

“That’s my teacher.”

“Your……teacher?”

Raymond frowned.

“The one who taught you swordsmanship?”

The answer was no.

It was Sloth who actually taught her swordsmanship.

But the real ‘teacher’ was Amon.

Chloe nodded.

“Right.”

“……hmm.”

Raymond shrugged his shoulders as if it didn’t matter, and extended his sword.

“Well, let’s get this over with.”

Chloe raised her sword as well.

Her fear was gone and her mind was calm.

Raymond swallowed hard as he read the change in Chloe’s eyes.

‘……The momentum has subsided.’

The dizzying rush of energy he’d felt when they’d first met had faded to a pale slumber, like the calm surface of a lake.

‘But you’re not my opponent.’

Raymond was in front of her in a flash and just like before, the sword tricked the eye.

Countless sword strikes, changing trajectory several times, rushed toward Chloe.

'.....hit!'

And just as the attack was about to hit.

Bam-!

With a loud bang, the sword bounced back.

'.....What!?'

Chloe's counterattack flew out the moment the attack was blocked.

Raymond gritted his teeth.

'You're doing the same thing to me!'

Raymond quickly counterattacked Chloe's dizzying sword.

Boom, boom, boom!

And the countless sounds of sword clashing against sword clashed.

Neither side backed down from the other.

'You're kidding me, we're neck and neck!'

With the grandson of the Azure Sky Sword King Reinbelt?

But in a way, it was natural.

'Chloe Aran.'

Although she has no right of succession due to her birth and circumstances, she is 'royalty', a bloodline at the pinnacle of a nation.

Does it need to be said that she has innate talent and potential?

'Oh, no.....!'

Raymond was getting overwhelmed.

'Should I use Aura Blade? No, that's not something I can do in a duel.....Ha, but then how.....?'

Suddenly, the realization of 'I've lost' filled his mind.

Raymond let out a scream.

“How could I lose……!”

Chloe, who had burrowed into Raymond’s arms at that moment, spoke up.

“Shut up.”

“……!?”

“You little pig.”

The words made Raymond stare into Chloe’s eyes, and his body stiffened as he read the look in them.

Contempt, disgust and arrogance.

-Pfft!

Chloe’s sword stabbed Raymond in the heart.

At the sight of it, the examiner shouted.

“Match over! The winner is Chloe Aran!”

A strike to the heart ended the match!

Amon pumped his fist in the air at the judge’s shout.

“That’s right!”

It was close, but I won!

The 1 gold and 50 silver had turned into 2 gold!

“Chloe, I was counting on you!”

I jumped for joy.

Thud-!

Chloe collapsed.

“……?”

The sight made Amon, and the entire crowd, go rigid as if cold water had been poured over them.

“What the……?”

The examiner looked at Chloe for a long moment.

I don't know how many minutes passed.

“Chloe Aran, fainted and can't continue!”

“What!? What do you mean?”

“According to the rules of the competition, the winner must stand on both feet at the end of the match! That is chivalry and the rules of the battlefield! Therefore!”

The judge exclaimed.

“Raymond wins!”

Amon shouted.

“No, no, no!”

Confirmation slips thrown by those who had bet on Chloe, including Amon, scattered like flowers.

* * *

In a tent by the stage, the medic said.

“It's just a simple fainting. She must have been overexerted.”

“……Yes.”

Still, Chloe's momentum against Raymond a moment ago had been off.

‘That was a much better performance than usual.’

She must have been desperately focused, with all her nerves on the line.

That's why she fainted as soon as the match ended.

“……Ugh.”

Chloe opened her eyes with difficulty.

“Teacher.....”

“Chloe, are you awake?”

“Did I, did I lose?”

Amon smirked.

“Never mind. You lost, but you fought well, didn’t you?”

“.....hulp!”

“Well, well, well, you fought so well, even though you lost!”

While I was comforting Chloe, the swordsmanship competition was coming to an end.

‘.....What do we do now?’

Now that I’ve come this far, it’s only proper to also attend the magic and academic divisions as a spectator.

The problem is, it’s one day at a time.

In other words, there are six days until the end of the competition!

‘Today is over, there are five days left, and we won’t have enough money for food, what should we do?’

Should I be doing hard labor for a festival called a contest?

Just as I was thinking about it, the examiner called out.

“I hereby declare the winner of the swordsmanship category of the contest, Raymond!”

“Waaaaaah!”

Amon clicked his tongue.

‘The damned bastard stole my sword championship.’

He snorted.

“All rise, there will be a speech from the Emperor!”

Amon jumped to his feet.

Even though he was inside the tent, he couldn't sit and listen to the Emperor, the most powerful man in the world, speak.

"Hehehe, this swordsmanship competition is truly satisfactory! How can I not be satisfied with the children who will lead the future!"

His Majesty the Emperor exclaimed in a kindly voice.

"Then the winner and runner-up of the swordsmanship competition will be brought to the podium!"

What a chance to see the Emperor in person.

'Chloe should be up there!'

I'm trying to contain my anger, but the Emperor continues.

"I would also like to speak with a student who has been particularly good! Chloe Aran, please come up to the podium!"

Pardon me?

Chloe faltered at the words, and Amon urged her to stand.

"Chloe, can you stand?"

".....! I'm okay."

Chloe struggled out of the tent and onto the dais.

And the Emperor himself was there to support her as she wobbled!

"Are you all right?"

"I'm fine, Your Majesty."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk, you've been trying so hard, child."

The emperor was truly sorry!

'That's the saint among saints, Amonis the Eighteenth of the Empire!'

The Emperor patted Chloe on the shoulder, looking around at the students.

"I thank you all for honoring me with your presence! Prime Minister, see to it that each of these children receives ten gold coins as a reward!"

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Amon’s eyes widened.

‘My God!’

Is this how travel expenses are paid?

Of course, I can’t spend the student’s money freely, so I’ll have to borrow it for a while.

The Emperor chuckled mercifully.

“Of course, there will be separate prizes for you, the winner and runner-up.”

“Yes, Your Majesty!”

The emperor looks out for the other students!

“And,” the Emperor interrupted, suddenly looking at Chloe.

“By the way, child.”

“Yes, yes, Your Majesty!”

“Chloe Aran.....are you from the kingdom of Aran?”

“.....Yes.”

The emperor sighed.

“What a heartache you must have suffered.....”

“.....”

“I met your father a few times as well... It’s my own lack of virtue. I’m sorry. There, there. Don’t cry now.”

“Hmph.....”

Of course, the Empire had nothing to do with the fall of the Aran Kingdom.

Still, apologizing to Chloe brought tears to Amon’s eyes.

‘You are a saint among saints.’

The Emperor said as he comforted Chloe.

“By the way, was the man who shouted at your game earlier your teacher?”

“That, yes, Your Majesty!”

The emperor burst out laughing.

“What a funny man he was! The teacher who taught Chloe Aran, come up to the dais!”

Pardon me?

The medic patted him on the back.

“Come on, let’s go.”

“Oh, yes!”

Amon trudged up to the dais.

Still, the knight and soldier didn’t bother to inspect his belongings.

And as Amon stood before the emperor, he realized.

‘.....I didn’t need to be inspected?’

The overwhelming feeling of power from the emperor made Amon realize why.

If Raymond was a ‘bear,’ the emperor was a dragon.

The majesty of an emperor ruling an empire is majestic, but he is also a person who has reached the extreme of his own power.

‘This is the Emperor of the Empire.....’

Amon quickly shook his head.

“Greetings, Your Majesty.”

“Hahaha! You’re surprisingly young! Lift your head! Let’s see your face!”

The chuckling emperor suddenly frowned.

‘.....Huh? What’s wrong with him?’

The emperor tilted his head as if he himself didn’t understand, then laughed heartily once more.

“Hehehe, the future of the empire is indeed bright! To have a teacher so young who has raised such an excellent student, I hope you will continue to do so!”

“Your Majesty, you are too kind.”

“Prime minister, give this young man ten gold coins as a reward!”

As expected of someone who rules over an empire, you have a large coffer!

And then the emperor, who was about to give the pouch the prime minister had handed over while laughing heartily, suddenly opened his mouth.

“Oh yes, yes, what is your name?”

He replied briskly.

“Amon Drake, Your Imperial Majesty!”

And the moment he heard the answer.

“.....Drake?”

After muttering the family name, the Emperor suddenly snatched the pouch he was about to give Amon and shouted.

“Who’s your emperor, you damned thing!”

Chapter 16

Amon was stunned by the Emperor’s casual remark.

“Yes..... yes?”

“Who is, ‘Your emperor?’”

“.....?”

“Tsk tsk tsk, I thought that ugly face with the greed on it looked familiar, it was the Drake family!”

You were praising me just a moment ago?

Even the mild-mannered Amon couldn’t help but recoil from the emperor’s venomous words!

‘You’re insulting our family?’

But this was none other than the Emperor, the head of the empire!

Amon suppressed his anger and shook his head.

“I am ashamed, Your Majesty!”

I exclaimed, reaching for my pockets, and the Emperor snorted in delight.

“Ha! So you’re a Drake after all, and you’re greedy!”

“.....”

“Yes, take it!”

The feel of the pouch against my palm!

I quickly grabbed it, but the Emperor snatched it away like a thunderbolt.

“Kahaha, you’re not getting it!”

Amon’s head snapped up at the prank.

‘Is this Amonis the Eighteenth, the saint among saints?’

The old man laughing with such a despicable face?

“Kahaha, take this and go away!”

“.....”

“I won’t give it to you!”

“.....”

“Ew, take it and get away.....won’t you catch it?”

To think I’d end up playing a game of barley-rice with the emperor using a money pouch in front of a crowd of thousands.

‘.....Let’s bear with it.’

If you speak up, your family will be wiped out.

‘So let’s pretend it was a mistake and give him a good slap on the wrist.’

The world will forgive us for that.

I nodded inwardly and prepared to swing my spicy fist.

Kwajik-!

A sound like something being crushed erupts from the back of the Emperor's neck, and he collapses with his eyes rolled back in his head.

A middle-aged woman suddenly appeared, supporting him and exclaiming.

"My goodness, Your Majesty, you must be very tired from all the fighting, to suddenly collapse!"

"Gulp, gulp....."

The woman whispered in the Emperor's ear.

"What kind of disgraceful behavior are you displaying in public? As Emperor of the Empire, you should be showing dignity befitting your position."

"Ma'am, ma'am....."

"It is a public occasion. You should be addressing me as Empress, right?"

The Emperor began to tremble at the Empress's whisper.

At the sight, Amon realized.

'This is Empress Victoria!'

The Empress was stronger than the Emperor, not in terms of strength, but in terms of physical strength.

The Emperor, who was held by her by the scruff of the neck like a kitten, muttered.

"Empress. I understand, let go of me."

"Very well, Your Majesty," the Empress replied, "but the crowd is in a bad mood, and I'd like to see it under control."

The empress released her hand, and the emperor, who had been coughing in vain, burst out laughing again.

"Hahaha! Due to the heavy workload lately, I seem to have shown an unseemly side of myself!"

When the crowd's response was still tepid, the emperor called out again.

“With my generosity, I shall bestow gold upon all the spectators of this tournament!”

A thunderous cheer erupted.

“Long live the Emperor!”

“Glory to the Empire!”

As the crowd cheered, the Emperor looked back at the Empress with a ‘well done’ look in his eyes, and the Empress, smiling broadly, said.

“This will be at your expense.”

“Empress!”

“What.”

“.....No.”

The Emperor in a tight spot!

The empress looked over and said.

“Did you say you were a young man of the Drake family?”

“.....Yes.”

Amon’s immediate response intrigued the Empress.

“From the looks of it, you don’t know much about the inner workings between House Amonis and House Drake.”

“What? What’s that.....?”

House Amonis, a bloodline of emperors who have ruled the empire for generations.

House Drake, a rural aristocracy on the edge of the continent.

What kind of intrigue is there between two clans that don’t even seem to have any contact?

But the Empress didn’t seem to have any more to say about it.

“It is not my place to speak on this matter, as I am not the person concerned. Also, His Majesty does not seem to be willing to give you an explanation about it.”

“Krrrrr.....”

“Your Majesty, get a grip!”

Said the Empress, who coughed in vain.

“Whatever the case, just know that His Majesty has a reason for his behavior, and I’ll leave you to it for the day.”

“.....Yes.”

As Amon staggered down the steps, he glanced back.

‘Are you sure you don’t want the gold coins?’

Just then their eyes met, the Emperor shook out his pocket and held up his middle finger, and the Empress’s palm slapped him on the back of the head so fast he couldn’t see it.

* * *

The first day of the contest is over!

The emperor sighed.

“Phew, my lady. I’m so sorry. With the child of the abominable Drake family in front of me, I couldn’t control my emotions.”

The Empress, smoothing her hair, said.

“I understand, Your Majesty, but what has happened today could mean who knows what to your title, so you must control your emotions.”

“.....You’re right, my lady.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“That’s not what a lady who slapped the Emperor in public should say.....”

“I don’t think anyone there has seen my move.”

Well, the Empress was not only the Emperor’s companion, but also his longtime teacher.

“Do you mean to tell me that you’re not.....seen?”

“Isn’t that the way things are in the world?”

“Hehehe, in that case.....”

“You’re going to send an assassin to the young man of the Drake family?”

The emperor exclaimed in horror.

“Madam, an assassin, how can you speak such noble words.....”

“Are you not?”

“Not an assassin, but I am sending someone to take care of.....”

“Isn’t that the same!”

Amonis XVIII’s reputation as a saint among saints was nothing short of true.

It was just that when it came to House Drake, he was almost always childish.

“Phew, Sandrio.”

“.....Victoria.”

The Empress said, stroking the Emperor’s cheek.

“I don’t know exactly what happened between your family and the Drakes, either.”

“.....”

“But he is only a young man who has nothing to do with your grudge, is he not?”

“Hmm.....”

After a moment of thought, the Saint of Saints, Amonis XVIII, sighed.

“You are right, I have made a great mistake. It’s time to let go of the grudge from long ago.”

“Then.....”

“I will summon the young man of the Drake clan as soon as the sun is up and apologize to him, and if he is curious, we can talk family to family.”

At the sound of the Emperor’s compassionate voice, the Empress hugged him tightly.

“Alas, Sandrio, how can you.....”

“Oh, Victoria, thank you for reminding me of my folly!”

The Emperor hugged the Empress and vowed to do better.

As soon as it is daylight, I will summon a young man named Amon to the imperial palace.

* * *

~Early morning~

Amon, riding in the carriage, let out a sigh of relief as he caught sight of Amur, the city where the Academy was located.

‘Phew, now that’s a relief. What’s this place come to because of the damn Emperor.’

The Saint among Saints?

He’s a tyrant, playing with other people’s money and now, for whatever reason, it’s clear that the emperor hates me!

Therefore, I had no choice but to flee the capital like a bandit.

‘I was lucky he didn’t send assassins tonight, and from the way he’s talking, it sounds like he’s going to send soldiers to arrest me as a criminal in the morning!’

Rather than suffer such a fate, it would be wiser to get lost!

Amon congratulated himself on his wisdom.

‘Well, we’re getting there, so why don’t I wake up the others?’

As usual, Marion was sleeping drunk.

What money did he have to drink?

‘Excuse me, Chloe, can I ask you a favor?’

‘Yes, Mr. Marion.’

‘I need you to borrow some money.’

Amon immediately kicked Marion’s ass but the kind-hearted Chloe lent him 1 gold with a promise of two gold to be repaid later.

I shook Marion awake and looked at the next person I had to wake, Deputy Headmaster Brestle.

She slept soundly, her belly plump from the night's meal.

What kind of money did Brestle have?

'Student Chloe.'

'Yes, Deputy Headmaster.'

Having heard this much, Amon kicked her without listening to the rest of the story.

"Why, why do you hit me?"

'You were going to ask her to lend you some money to eat, weren't you?'

'Uh, how did you know?'

'Why do you think I don't know?'

Anyway, Chloe, being the kind-hearted person she is, lent Brestle 1 gold with a promise to receive 3 gold later.

'.....Why do I have to pay back three times?'

Brestle asked, but Chloe just smirked.

The creepy smile was enough to frighten even Brestle into silence, and she didn't ask any more questions.

The important thing was.

'What are these useless humans sleeping soundly, thinking they've done something right.....?'

In the end, it took selflessness to wake them up.

I poked Marion in the hollow of his throat as he slept with his mouth open, and punched Brestle in the stomach as she slept holding her stomach.

"Ewww! Kek, what, what.....!"

"Ouch, belly, belly burst.....!"

"We're here, Vice Headmaster, Senior Marion."

The two of them glared at Amon like they were going to eat him, but Amon held his ground.

"I apologize. I kept waking you two up, but you wouldn't get up."

It was a lie but they didn't know that, and they both looked convinced.

"Still, that's how you slit someone's throat....."

"You just punched an elf in the stomach....."

"I'm sorry. You're not getting up, so let's get you off."

When I turned my attention away from the incompetent teachers, I saw that Boris and Chloe were still curled up, sleeping soundly.

"Boris, Chloe, wake up."

Marion and Brestle were trembling at the treatment on a different level, but at the point where they were jealous of the students, it seemed like the academy was finished.

Boris rubbed his eyes and woke up anyway, but Chloe was very tired and didn't wake up easily.

So he shook her again, and suddenly she slapped his hand away.

"Don't you @\$ touch....."

".....huh?"

That's when Chloe jolted upright, furious.

"Oh, sir!"

"Uh, yeah. Are you awake? We'll be arriving at the Academy soon. Get ready to get off."

"Yes!"

I glanced at Chloe as she hurried to get ready, then back at Boris.

"That's right, Boris."

"Haaam.....Yes, sir?"

I said, lowering my voice to a whisper since it was a party.

“You said Chloe was acting strange, what do you mean?”

“Oh, well.....”

Boris said, looking at Chloe.

“Lately, she’s been calling other people ‘@#\$’.”

“What? ‘@#\$’?”

“It’s a dialect of the Aran Kingdom.....”

Boris said, swallowing hard.

“It means ‘lowly pig’.”

“.....what?”

A lowly pig? Why pig all of a sudden?

‘Wait, you don’t mean.....’

I had once told Chloe that if she was afraid of the people’s stares she should think of them as ‘familiar and acceptable’.

‘What’s common in the kingdom of Aran.....?’

Pigs are heavily herded.

Amon glanced at Chloe, a chill running down his spine.

Chloe, who had just gotten out of the carriage, seemed to feel his gaze and looked over.

“What is it, sir?”

Chloe smiled her naturally virtuous smile while Amon rolled his eyes and thought to himself.

‘Maybe I’ve created a.....monster.’

Opening his eyes, Amon smiled awkwardly.

“Oh, it’s nothing.”

* * *

We got out of the carriage and walked to the academy.

Even though it was in the middle of the city, a horse was running on the road.

It was a messenger, allowed to ride through the city, bringing news.

'What kind of messenger would bring news to a city as peaceful as this one?'

Amon's face fell as he watched the messenger's horse gallop away.

The messenger was headed for the Academy.

Chapter 17

'It's chilling. It's like a punch in the chest.'

A messenger rushing to the Academy with urgent news?

It was obvious why.

Given what happened yesterday, the Emperor must be up to something!

'But what kind of trick?'

As I hurried back to the academy and headed for the headmaster's office, Anar'el was sobbing.

"No, Headmaster!"

".....Ah, Mr. Amon."

What kind of situation is this?

The messenger turned around and said.

"Are you Amon Drake?"

"Yes, I am....."

"Well, since I'm here, I'll repeat the Emperor's message to you."

The messenger coughed, then spoke.

"Hmph! I speak in the name of Emperor Amonis XVIII, the rightful authority of the Amonis Empire! For the disrespect shown to this Emperor by 'Amon' of House Drake, a teacher at your Amonis Academy, I recommend his dismissal! Over!"

As the messenger finished speaking, Anar'el began to sob even harder.

"Hmph!"

Amon's dismissal!

The Emperor had intended to summon Amon as soon as daylight broke, hoping to offer a conciliatory gesture, but when he realized that the man had gone rogue, he was furious!

Then the messenger, who had rolled up the letter in his bosom with satisfaction, spoke.

"I do not know what kind of rudeness you have committed against His Majesty the Emperor, but I appreciate His Majesty the Emperor's great generosity in ending with a recommendation for dismissal. I will now leave."

The messenger retreated, and Anar'el, her shoulders heaving, said.

"Ah, Teacher Amon.....What on earth happened in the capital? Why did the Emperor suddenly recommend your dismissal.....?"

As she grabbed my shoulder and shook me, I thought to myself.

'Hmm, I hadn't thought of that.'

Are you going to ruin the academy?

Why did I choose such a hard path!

'If I'd known it would be like this, I would have traveled to the capital, just to see the Emperor's face!'

Then I could have finished it quickly, gotten a reprimand, and returned to my estate!

'And since I'm not quitting of my own free will, I won't have to pay a penalty for breaking my contract!'

Amon laughed bitterly, rebuking his own foolishness.

But to Anar'el's eyes, it was a grudging, resigned smile.

"Ah, Mr. Amon.....what on earth happened to you?"

"Well.....I'm not sure of the exact circumstances, but it seems that there has been some unpleasantness between my House of Drake and the Emperor's House. He was very upset with me yesterday."

“That, that.....”

Anar’el cried, covering her mouth as tears welled up in her eyes.

“I can’t believe I have to let teacher Amon go for something like that.....after all you’ve done for this academy.....”

Well, I have done a lot in a short time.

Securing the academy’s funding, curbing the ambition of the vice-principal, and growing the students to the point where they can compete in competitions.

‘It’s been a hell of a ride.’

That’s why I can say with a straight face.

“Well, it’s what it is, and I’m grateful for it.”

Gratitude is bullshit.

It’s a pretty way to say goodbye.

After all, a human being should be beautiful even in the place where he or she has stayed.

But for Anar’el, the words felt like a bitter pill to swallow!

How heartbroken she must be!

“Hmph, I’m sorry, Mr. Amon. I just don’t have the strength.....”

“Hahaha, what could possibly be wrong with the headmaster, nothing, nothing.”

Just stamp it and send me on my way.

But could it be that Amon’s good heart, which covered up his incompetence, stimulated Anar’el?

“.....Hmm, okay.”

What? Like what?

Anar’el said with determination in her voice, tears in her eyes.

“I’ll ignore the Emperor’s advice.”

Amon gasped at that.

“What, what do you mean.....!”

“Mr. Amon, in the first place, our academy has been advised by the Emperor to cease operations.”

That’s right.

We participated in a contest to have it rescinded, only to find ourselves on the receiving end of a recommendation for dismissal.

“As an educational institution, the academy has a certain amount of independence. In the end, the emperor’s recommendation is literally a recommendation, but it doesn’t force us to make a choice.”

She’s got a point but Amon had a hunch that if it were to happen, the academy would face an even worse situation.

‘Even now, when we’ve only been advised to cease operations, there’s no influx of students or teachers. And now the academy is going to keep a teacher who has been recommended for dismissal by the emperor?’

What kind of crazy students and teachers would want to come here!

And that means I can’t leave this place!

Realizing this, Amon hurried to say something, but the determination in Anar’el’s eyes never faded.

“It is absolutely unacceptable for me, as headmaster, to turn a blind eye to the loss of a great teacher like Mr. Amon! It is my pride and belief as an educator!”

Amon finally exploded at the eloquence of Anar’el’s words.

“Okay, fire me immediately!”

“Pfft, Mr. Amon, don’t worry about the aftermath, I’ll do something about it, you can’t give up!”

“No, damn it, I don’t want to give up, I want you to fire me, please!”

“Amon, please don’t give up hope!”

“Aaaaah!”

I'm speechless!

"This, this sulky elf is trying to kick me off a cliff....."

Despite being labeled a cranky elf, Anar'el was undeterred.

Instead, she wiped her tears and smiled.

"You may say what you will, but it doesn't change my resolve, and my academy will see you through to the end!"

How could she say such horrible things while wearing an elven mask!

The realization hit home.

"What's all the fuss about?"

"Vice Headmaster.....!"

Amon had returned to the Academy first, so Vice Headmaster Brestle arrived late.

When Amon saw Brestle, he felt as if he had been chased by a tiger and had found a cord of copper from the sky.

'The vice principal hates me! When she hears about the situation, she's going to kick me out!'

So, I stammered and explained the situation.

"You're being recommended for dismissal?"

"That's right!"

Amon said, quickly placing his hand on his chest.

"So please fire me!"

Brestle, who hated me, would be quick to accept the request!

But then Brestle said.

"I can't do that."

"Yes! Thanks..... What?"

Brestle said,

“Even if it’s the Emperor’s recommendation, I can’t imagine dismissing you after teaching your students so well. It’s impossible.”

At that, Anar’el exclaimed.

“So that’s what the deputy headmaster thinks too!”

“Of course, Headmaster.”

“Well, well, well, you finally understand.....”

Anar’el’s ears perked up in agreement, and as she glared at the smirking Brestle, Amon realized.

‘You, you damned thing.....’

Brestle’s eyes were glazed over with meanness.

‘You know you want me fired, and you’re doing this just to fuck with me!’

I felt like I was going to cry with frustration.

That was the moment.

“Principal, I wanted to report the results of this contest.....Huh? What is this situation?”

Marion came to the principal’s office.

‘Don’t drink, Mr. Marion!’

The problem with Marion is that when he’s drunk, he’s not even human, but when he’s sober, he’s ‘at least’ normal!

‘You’ve served in the army, Marion, so you know how serious the Emperor’s advice is!’

I quickly explained the situation to Marion.

“Oh, His Majesty the Emperor has recommended that you be dismissed!?”

“That’s right!”

So you’ll have to dismiss me!

But Marion was furious.

“What an injustice!”

“.....?”

“From what I’ve heard of the situation, you’ve done nothing wrong!”

“Now, wait.....”

“Well, I can’t help it, I have a connection with Marquis of Williams, my commander in the north, I’ll speak to him and ask for an audience with the king, I’ll make a plea to his majesty!”

This behavior is tolerated because the Emperor values the opinions of his subordinates.

‘Such a bastardized case.....’

Amon covered his face with his hands.

And Marion, mistaking it for emotion, patted him on the shoulder and said.

“Don’t worry too much! His Majesty will be lenient.....”

Anar’el exclaimed.

“That’s right! As the head of this academy, I, too, have written a letter to the Emperor.....”

Brestle said.

“I’m getting hungry.”

Amon was so enraged that he simply fainted.

* * *

Amon stared at the penalty section of the teacher’s contract.

The sum of money made him shudder just to look at it!

‘I’ll have to sell the entire potato field on our estate.’

Is there any way out of this?

Scratching his head, Amon suddenly frowned.

‘Yes, I thought we were supposed to take a vacation and go home after the contest?’

My wise father might have something good to say.

'I don't think I'll hear anything good about it, but.....might be a good idea.'

Amon got up and headed to the principal's office.

When he told her that he wanted to take a vacation, she nodded happily.

"That's great, I'm sure you're feeling down, and I think you should go home for a change of scenery!"

It didn't feel so good to hear the person who was causing the issues speak.

"Anyway, since you've been here for about three months now, you've accumulated three days of vacation time, do you mind if I take it for you?"

"Yes, okay.....Wait a minute."

"What?"

Amon remembered something he'd forgotten.

"It takes two weeks just to get to my estate."

".....ah."

This is where the math gets weird.

'I'd have to take a month of vacation before I could go home, right?'

The problem is that "regular teachers" are not allowed to accumulate more than a month's worth of vacation under the Academy's rules.

This means that I can't go home, not now and not ever.

"What the....."

Amon said in disbelief.

"Headmaster. My hometown is the Arma Mountains."

"What? Oh, right, then I'll give you an extra day because it's a long vacation."

"No, not that....."

Anar'el shook his head.

“I’d love to give you more vacation, but I don’t want to set a bad precedent, and I can’t give you more vacation.”

“.....”

“Considering that Ms. Sloth once laid herself out in front of the principal’s office asking for more vacation.....I shouldn’t give in.”

Ms. Sloth! What the hell did you do!

“.....So, can’t you just give vacation days in advance?”

“No, I can’t.”

“.....Phew, I see.”

Amon looked like he’d just found a half-eaten worm in his bread as he watched Anar’el fill out a vacation slip like it was no big deal.

“Here’s your leave slip!”

A four-day vacation pass!

A vacation certificate that requires me to return home on the second day!

Amon gritted his teeth when he received it.

“Gimme a break.”

“What!”

What am I supposed to do with this?

Should I just return my vacation?

‘No, I want to get away from this horrible place, if only for a little while.’

Should I stay in a city outside the academy for a few days to catch my breath?

As he pondered, Amon frowned when he spotted Anar’el packing her things.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m taking you home.”

“Take me to.....? Argh!”

Amon suddenly remembered his first encounter with Anar'el.

The Elven capital with the World Tree!

That place was as far away as the Arma Mountains, but hadn't Anar'el traveled there with a single warp spell?

Amon's face brightened when he remembered that.

"Then why are you packing?"

Aren't you just going to take me there and back?

Anar'el smiled.

"Because I've never been to the Arma Mountains either!"

Amon's face hardened.

"...But, what about that?"

"Well, I'm going to have to pick you up again anyway, so I might as well stay with you for a few days!"

Amon's face rotted rapidly.

Chapter 18

"You're staying at my house?"

"Yes or no?"

"Why do you think you will?"

"Why not?"

I said to Anar'el, who tilted her head and ears.

"I don't know much about elves, headmaster, but in human society, it's incredibly rude to barge into someone's home unannounced. Do you understand?"

Anar'el said as if I was talking nonsense.

"I'll admit I'm not used to human concepts, that's the difference between our races, but as an elf who's tasted more noble society than you, my advice is, don't say that to other nobles. It'll get you in trouble."

“.....?”

“Visiting each other’s homes is a common practice among nobles to show off and check each other’s rank, which means it’s quite rude to turn down a visit from another noble. It’s fine with me, but watch out for the other nobles.”

“.....”

For some reason, Anar’el was right.

It was a custom among nobles who liked to flaunt their wealth.

Amon knew it, but he’d only said it in passing, not wanting to openly invite her into his home.

But to have it pointed out to him so seriously.

“You know.....”

Anar’el smirked at the unintentional innuendo.

“It’s not my intention, but I can relate to it because elves have a similar culture! I’ll trust you enough to let you stay at my home, that’s what it means!”

“Hahaha, I don’t trust the headmaster at all.”

“Oh my! What a joke!”

I’m not kidding.

“Well.....just in case.”

“What?”

“I don’t want to invite the headmaster to our estate! What if that’s your true intention?”

For a moment, Anar’el’s ears drooped, threatening to touch the ground.

“Why, why would you say something so gross.....?”

This is bad.

Judging by the angle of her drooping ears, if I left her alone, she’d probably go “ahhhh!” and pout like she had in the past if I made eye contact with her for four days straight.

‘Of course, I didn’t care then, but this is different.’

If she's that pissed off, her warp magic won't work, which means I can't go home.

'Four days of pouting, four days of vacation.'

I have no choice.

You have to give a horse a carrot and brush it before you can ride it.

No whip, no spurs, not until after he's ridden.

Amon laughs quickly.

"Hahaha, I said 'if'! Why would I not want to invite the headmaster to our estate?"

"....."

"Well, even if it wasn't, I was hoping to invite the headmaster to our estate sooner or later!"

Anar'el's ears began to perk up.

".....really?"

"Yes, but I must warn you that we are not a wealthy estate, so I cannot offer you any great hospitality."

Anar'el was now grinning from ear to ear.

"That's okay, this visit is for the teacher's encouragement!"

If you're going to give me encouragement, I'd rather you not stay in the manor.

But with the warp magic in place, Amon swallowed the words and smiled broadly.

* * *

"Then let's pack up, finish the paperwork we've been working on, and get going!"

At Anar'el's words, Amon was packing his things at the inn.

Of course, it wasn't much luggage.

'We'll be traveling by warp magic anyway.'

I'll have a change of clothes at home, and I don't need food.

The only thing I need to pack is a notebook to prove I'm a teacher at Amonis Academy!

"And my entire worldly possessions, 1 gold, 43 silver, 65 coopers."

Amon nodded in satisfaction as he finished packing.

Tsk!

"Eh? Who is it?"

"Marion."

I quickly opened the door for him.

"I thought you were going on vacation?"

"Yes, that's right, but I haven't told you yet, how did you know?"

"The principal told me."

Why would she tell you that?

Well, when I thought about it, she's a fellow teacher, so maybe it was professional to tell her.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you before."

"Heh, heh, heh, no. It's been three months since you've been here, so it's about time. Here, take this."

Marion handed me a bottle of something.

"This is....."

"It's D-Day Amur, the liquor of the Amur. It's a gift for your parents."

"Hmph!"

Isn't this a liquor that costs almost a gold piece per bottle!

"Thank you!"

"Hehehe, this is not bad for a junior going on his first vacation."

Said Marion, who smiled fondly.

“I’ll expect a present when I return.”

So that’s what he meant.

But with what comes, there must be what goes!

I ducked my head as I grabbed the bottle.

“Yes, thank you!”

“Heh, heh, heh, yeah. Anyway, the student competition must be over, and I’ve got the day off work and someone to see. So I’m sorry I can’t come with you.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah…… yeah? You couldn’t go with me?”

Marion said, scratching his head.

“Huh? I thought we were all going to your estate this vacation?”

“……Yes, who said that?”

“The headmaster said so.”

Amon blinked slowly.

It was so ridiculous that even the mundane act of blinking made him stumble.

“……The principal of the school?”

“Yep. She said that since it’s her first time going to the Arma Mountains, and we don’t get the chance to go there very often, we might as well come with her on a ‘field trip!’”

“……”

Marion coughed as he watched Amon’s face harden.

“I guess it wasn’t a consensual thing.”

“……”

“Heh, heh, heh, heh, anyway, I have the day off, so I’ll go first, enjoy your vacation!”

With those last words, Marion scurried away.

Amon was left alone, and he took a deep breath to control his anger.

Once his anger subsided, Amon turned to the principal's office and muttered to himself.

"Okay, let's kill the principal."

His anger had subsided as he headed for the principal's office.

"Sir!"

"Yes, Boris?"

"I thought you were going on vacation?"

".....Yes, I am."

The damn elf had told Boris, too?

"Hehe, I'm looking forward to it!"

".....What, what are you looking forward to?"

"What? Aren't we going on a field trip to the Arma Mountains, where your estate is? It's a nice change of pace since the contest is over."

Amon's eyes twitched.

".....The headmaster told you that?"

"Yes."

".....I see."

"Okay, then I'll go pack my things!"

Amon's cheeks flushed as he stared after Boris's disappearing figure.

'.....I've made up my mind. Let's kill the headmaster.'

He headed back to the principal's office.

Just then, Chloe came out of the principal's office and approached him.

"Mr. Amon!"

".....Yes, Chloe. Are you trying to tell me you're looking forward to going to my estate?"

"What? Oh, yes. That's right."

“Hahaha, I see!”

Amon laughed and patted Chloe on the back.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. Now go pack your things.”

“Yes, sir.”

Once Chloe was out of earshot, Amon straightened his clothes and took a deep breath.

He knocked on the door to the headmaster’s office.

“It’s Amon.”

“Oh, yes, come in.”

I opened the door and was greeted by Anar’el, who smiled brightly.

“I’m almost done processing the paperwork! What’s going on……?”

She paused.

“Why are you locking the door?”

“……”

“Ah, teacher Amon……Gyaaak! My ears!”

* * *

“What kind of tourist destination is our estate?”

“Hmph……”

“It’s my father’s job to decide whether or not to let you into the house in the first place. But why are you doing things so arbitrarily?”

“Huff!”

I muttered to himself as I watched Anar’el vigorously sniffle.

“Haha, how did things end up like this……?”

The students were already packing their bags in anticipation!

O couldn’t even say to them, ‘You’re not going.’

“.....But let’s say the students are. But why did you ask Marion to go with you?”

“.....”

“I’m glad he said he couldn’t go. There’s no reason to take the others with us.”

At that moment, Anar’el’s eyes began to drift to the floor.

Realizing that, Amon said.

“.....Is anyone else going?”

Anar’el nodded her head along with her ears.

“.....Who else is going?”

The only people left were the vice principal and Sloth.

But the vice principal hates Amon, and Sloth is, as everyone knows, lazy.

“Ms. Sloth says she’s going with us.”

“No way!”

Amon says in disbelief.

“You’re lying, there’s no way she’s going out of the Academy!”

“She’s going to.....because the vice principal decided not to go.”

What does that mean?

“Look, Mr. Marion is on vacation, Mr. Amon is on vacation, I’m on vacation, there are no students, and the only people left are the Vice Headmaster and Ms. Sloth.”

“.....”

“But since it’s just the two of them, do you think the Vice Principal will leave Ms. Sloth alone?”

Mr. Sloth was only able to be lazy because the others distracted the Vice Principal.

‘If there were no other people around, the vice principal would never leave her alone.’

She’d make her prepare for class, clean up, whatever.

'Most likely, she'd ask her to help in the dining hall.'

In the end, Sloth chose the next best thing: a field trip to Amon's estate.

".....But, Principal."

"What?"

"That means the Vice Principal will be here, alone....."

Anar'el's eyes dropped to the floor once more.

"Well, I did put a lock on my safe."

".....What about the vice principal's safe?"

".....wouldn't let me touch it."

"....."

Amon rolled his eyes.

This means he's going to have to drag the vice-principal with him if he doesn't want to see a new ultra-luxury dining room when he gets back.

"Why, why does my back hurt like this.....?"

Marion said as he walked into the principal's office, clutching his back and grunting.

"Principal, my acquaintance has an urgent appointment, so I'm returning my leave, can I accompany you on the field trip?"

Amon ended up falling to the ground, holding his back.

* * *

Anar'el said as she prepared her warp magic.

"Alright, everyone ready?"

"Yes!"

Everyone stepped onto the magic circle.

Marion, who was clutching a bottle of sake in his hands, and Sloth, who was still dozing off in her sleeping bag!

And Brestle, who refused to go, but was overpowered and passed out!

'They're shameful people, wherever you put them.'

I'm taking them on vacation?

To my family estate?

Is this a different kind of hell? This is hell.

I thought as I patted the heads of my proud, unashamed students.

'.....The only way is to convince my father to send them back.'

Excuses are abounding: the estate's needy situation, the difficulty of providing meals, and so on.

'So, father, please grant my request!'

While he was pleading, the warp magic was activated.

* * *

Eventually, the meeting between the trash and my father, Baron Kaim Drake took place.

He greeted them warmly.

"Welcome, my friends. This is a ramshackle place, but please make yourself at home."

"Thank you for your hospitality, Baron Drake."

"You are welcome, Headmaster."

Amon squeezed his eyes shut.

'Father, why such a terrible choice!'

He greeted the others.

He broke out in a cold sweat when he heard that Marion was a 'viscount' and nearly vomited when he learned that Sloth was a scion of the Marquis of Pid.

'But, Father, you must not be fooled. What is inside a person is more important.'

Marion smiled at my father.

“Hehe, I just happened to bring some good alcohol, so let’s have a drink together at dinner.”

“That would be lovely, Your Excellency Viscount Rumdom.”

“Hehehe, I look forward to it then!”

Amon quickly interrupted.

“Father.”

“Eh? Yes, Amon.”

“I’d like to speak with you briefly, if you have a moment?”

“Umm, sure.”

I excused myself and headed to my father’s office.

Amon’s polite demeanor prompted Marion to argue with Sloth.

“I see that the rascal is polite in front of his father.”

“Who says he isn’t?”

Amon was being considerate, too.

He cares about how people look to him, and how he looks to them.

And in his father’s office.

“Father! Why those bastards!”

“Why, why?”

“Because our estate may be blown away in these four days!”

“What, what?”

Amon said, pointing to a particularly dangerous figure.

“Beware of the vice-principal. She’s the one who spent five gold on a meal alone in the capital.”

“What……!?”

The entire potato field of the manor might have to be dug up!

Father's complexion paled with horror.

"Phew.....whatever, Father."

"Well, yes."

"I'd like to ask you something....."

When Amon had calmed down, he brought up the subject.

There was a contest, and the Emperor's reaction was strange.

His father, who had been listening with a serious face, sighed heavily.

".....It's about time you knew."

"What? What do you mean, it's time for me to know.....?"

"It was hard to find the right time to tell you."

My father spoke, his voice heavy.

"House Drake is a branch of House Amonis, the Emperor's House."

".....What?"

In other words, the Drake family is a relative of the Amonis family.

But here's the question.

"Wait, so why are we a barony?"

"....."

"If we're related to the Emperor's bloodline, we should at least be in a higher office, right? After all, the Grand Duke of Orca is a relative of the Emperor's in the first place....."

"Amon."

My father interrupted and held out a book.

"This is....."

“I think it’s about time you learned the truth about House Drake.”

Family truth.

Swallowing hard, Amon took the book.

“This, this.....”

“It has been written since the first Emperor of the Empire. As I said, it’s been a long time since we’ve been divided, but we’re also descended from the first emperor, so we’ve always kept a copy.”

My father smiled bitterly.

“Well, the records were lost in my father’s line.”

“.....”

“Then read it. It’s about time you knew the truth.”

Amon swallowed hard.

The bad blood between House Amonis and House Drake.

‘The Truth About Our Family.....’

After taking a deep breath, I opened the first page of the Annals.

Chapter 19

[One Year of Unified Imperial Power]

[An Interview with Grand Duke Gremory Ariat Drake]

Amon’s eyes widened.

‘Archduke Drake? My family used to be an archduke?’

Then why are we a baronial family now?

He quickly read the next line.

[The officer recorded, “The emperor said: ”Drake, that dog XX stole my saved smoked meat. I will beat that XX to death today.”]

[The emperor said, “Dog XX, don’t write this down.”]

“.....?”

Amon shook his head and continued reading.

[Third year of the Unified Empire]

[The Emperor lay ill after being beaten in a dog fight with Archduke Drake.]

“.....?”

[Sixth Year of the Unified Empire.]

[The Emperor said, “At least my son has a good heart,” but when Archduke Drake said, “And his magic grades?” the Emperor spilled his drink.]

“.....”

[The Emperor slapped Belmont and said, “Did I tell you not to use it or not?” and dozens of officers gathered in the imperial palace to ask for an explanation.]

Amon’s face went blank as he read.

‘.....Are these the historical records?’

What kind of historical records are such a mess?

After that, similar content continued, but little by little, the ‘big picture’ began to change.

‘Amonis II, III, IV.....’

The historical records were quite thick, and the writing was like a grain of sand.

Amon had to squeeze his eyes shut to read it.

It wasn’t that his eyes were glazed over, but that he was getting a headache from the content.

[When King Amonis VI said, “I am XX, the one who spoke with Duke Drake, XX.” Duke Drake said, “Yes, may Your Majesty live long.” The Emperor grabbed the back of his neck.]

“.....?”

Suddenly, Archduke Drake was a ‘duke’.

‘Has he been stripped of his dukedom.....?’

And with each successive generation, the Drake family was on a downward spiral.

[Amonis VIII said that the Marquis of Drake was an unworthy son.....]

[King Amonis XI slapped the Earl of Drake, and he was fiercely repulsed.....]

And when he came to the end of the thick records.

[Crown Prince Sandrio.....]

“Sandrio? Isn’t that the name of the current emperor, Amonis XVIII?”

And what followed was shocking.

[.....At a palace dinner, Viscount Drake’s heir, Belial Drake, snatched a sausage from Prince Sandrio’s plate and ate it].

[The crown prince wept bitterly, much to the chagrin of the nobles present.]

“.....?”

And the next thing you know, the crown prince was crying, and the former emperor was furious, and he rebuked Viscount Drake, but he wouldn’t listen.

Eventually, the child quarrel turned into a parent quarrel, and the enraged emperor confiscated the grandfather’s viscounty and demoted him to baronetcy!

‘After that, the crown prince ascended to the throne and they met several times, but each time he fought with my grandfather.....The emotional rift deepened.....’

That was the end of the records.

When I closed the book, my father said,

“.....have you read it all?”

“.....Yes.”

He turned away, his face flushed red.

“I’m ashamed to say,” he said, ”but that’s the whole story of the downfall of the Drake family to baronetcy.”

Amon blushed, too, and dropped his head.

“It’s not like we committed some sort of treason, but a series of trivial events overlapped and overlapped and overlapped and overlapped until we were reduced to a baronet?”

“.....Yes.”

“What kind of a bullshit case.....”

I might as well have committed treason!

Anyway, looking at the records, it turns out that the current emperor had quite a few things done to him by my grandfather when he was a crown prince.

In addition to being robbed of his sausages, grandfather pulled out the tail hairs of his favorite horse, and shaved off the hairs of his favorite puppy like the hair of a horseback rider.....

‘Is that why the emperor’s face was full of rage when he saw me?’

But Amon was indignant.

‘That was my grandfather’s fault, why should I be blamed? Who else is as innocent as I am.....?’

Amon’s eyes filled with tears of sorrow.

“Did grandfather have any trouble with the current emperor?”

“My father is completely at odds with the current Emperor, and it was only a few years ago that the Great War was settled, and I haven’t even seen his face.”

“Ah.....”

The Great War was a decade-long period of warfare that spanned the entire continent.

One of the reasons the current Emperor was considered a saint was that he brought the Great War to a brilliant end and quickly cleaned up the aftermath.

“It may be that our territory was not drafted during the great war because we had a connection, even if it was bad.”

“.....Maybe they just forgot about it because it was so remote and rugged?”

“.....Is that so?”

The entire population of the estate, all together, is just over fifty.

Even a flea's liver is worth its weight in gold.

"Anyway, this is a top secret, top secret, top secret that only the Emperor's closest confidants and those of us in House Drake should know. You are not to divulge it either."

"I'm not going to tell.....any of this. Why did you tell me this just now, anyway?"

Dad said.

"If you knew this, would you stay still considering your personality?"

".....What's wrong with my personality?"

"You may resemble me in appearance, but you are more like your mother in character."

I couldn't argue back because I'd been hearing it since I was a kid.

"Ah, yes. But what about mother, brother and sister?"

"Your brother and sister have gone to the city ahead to attend to business, and Yulia should be back soon....."

At that moment the door opened and mother came in, dragging someone with her.

"Kaim, what is this dark elf?"

"Oh, Yulia, you're back....."

Amon and his father were stunned.

Mother was clutching the back of a stunned Brestle, her eyes rolling back in her head.

"Uh, Mother!?"

"Oh, my God, Amon, you're home."

"Yes, it's been a while.....That's not it. That, no. Why her.....?"

"Huh? This?"

My mother said, holding up a sagging Brestle.

"This one was digging up our potato patch, so I knocked her out."

Amon didn't take on his mother's personality for nothing.

“.....Digging our potato field?”

Brestle had fallen that low.

“Yeah, I heard she was digging for some mana or something. Is she a dark elf you know?”

“.....the vice-principal of our academy.”

“Vice Headmaster? Why would a vice headmaster be digging in a potato field?”

Amon asked, looking up at the ceiling.

“That’s something I’d like to know.....”

* * *

Boris was shaking with fear.

‘What the hell is this?’

Suddenly, she remembered when she first arrived here.

When she had just arrived via warp magic, the estate had been deserted with no sign of life.

‘What, did everyone go hunting as a group?’

Marion asked with a shudder at Amon’s words.

‘Hunting? In a group?’

‘Yeah. The monsters here aren’t easy, so we go in groups and beat them up.’

‘But.....doesn’t have kids?’

‘Well, we don’t have a lot of kids, and we need workers, so we need kids. Kids can kill orcs and trolls, right?’

‘Yeah.....what?’

Eventually, the group headed straight to Amon’s house.

After greeting Amon’s father, there was a pause as Amon and his father stepped away to talk.

‘Shall we take a look around the estate?’

‘Sure.’

‘Hmm, not much to see.’

‘It doesn’t look like a very rich place, as Amon said.’

Marion and Sloth muttered something rude, but Boris found the scenery poignant.

‘It looks like the village I used to live in.’

And what a nostalgic view of the sprawling potato fields!

However, there was a rogue who ruined the scene.

Brestle looked around the potato fields in disbelief!

‘What happened to these potatoes? What kind of potatoes have so much mana?’

Anar’el was also surprised.

‘Well, really? What kind of potato.....?’

‘Go, potato! It’s all mine! It’s all mine!’

Brestle ran to the potato patch and began frantically digging.

‘How could you do that.....?’

‘Mmm, shame on you.’

Everyone stayed away from Brestle for fear of being mistaken for one of the group.

But Brestle’s potato harvest didn’t last long.

Suddenly, a shadow flew through the air!

Kwajik-!

“Kiaaah!”

Brestle collapses with a scream like an elk!

The stout woman who had caught her by the back of the head as she collapsed muttered.

'What is it, this dark elf?'

The next thing you know, the woman is dragging Brestle back to Amon's house!

And that wasn't the end of it.

Dozens of men, women, and children, all covered in blood, appeared, each carrying a monster corpse!

Tsk-!

Anar'el's ears dropped and she froze.

Her legs went limp at the sight of the men surrounding her.

"Guests of my lord?"

"Guests on my estate? Have you been drinking poison mushroom spores?"

"I have. My head is spinning."

Though they didn't seem malicious, the sight of them in their blood-red armor made Marion and Sloth brace for battle.

Boris swallowed hard when he realized what they were about to do.

"Long time no see!"

The sudden voice turned everyone's heads.

"Whoa, Master Amon!"

"When did you come back?"

"Haha, I just got back earlier, but....."

Amon swept his gaze across the welcoming villagers.

"The harvest isn't so good today, is it?"

At that, a man with a scarred face kicked the ogre in the side.

"Tsk, the monsters have been acting weird lately."

"What's wrong?"

“Well, I caught a few for a feast before you left.”

“Did you catch so many that the seeds dried up.....?”

Shaking his head, Amon clapped his hands.

“Anyway, it’s been a while since I’ve seen you all. This is the headmaster of the academy, my seniors, and the students I teach.”

“Ohhh! These are.....”

“Guests on our estate.....”

They exclaimed in excitement.

“You’ve really become a teacher, Master!”

“Yay! Then if you work steadily, you’ll be the head of the school one day!”

What a terrible thing to say when I’m planning to run away after the three years of my contract.

A village woman, seeing Amon’s expression decaying, stabbed her husband in the ribs.

“Honey, why did you say that?”

“Huh? Like what?”

“You have to be vice principal first!”

“Aha! I see!”

Amon grinned rottenly at the villager who burst out laughing.

“Ha, ha, ha. Anyway, everyone, you look like shit right now, go wash up.”

“Yes, we have guests, and we need to wash up, so let’s go!”

Amon sighed as the villagers rushed away and finally quieted down.

“Well, it’s good to see you, but there’s a lot of noise.....”

Clearing his throat, Amon looked around the group.

“But why are you all out here.....What’s going on? What’s everyone doing?”

The group stood still, heads dropping helplessly.

Only when the villagers retreated, carrying the carcasses of the hideous-looking and sizable monsters, did they relax.

* * *

Amon returns to the manor!

At the urging of the manor residents, a banquet was held that night.

And with a banquet comes alcohol, and with alcohol comes Marion!

'Good, but what's for the banquet?'

'We brought a lot of meat today.'

'Meat? What kind of meat.....monster meat?'

Anar'el was horrified.

'How can you eat that?'

Amon thought to himself, "Maybe other people don't eat monster meat, or maybe my common sense is wrong again," but fortunately, he was wrong.

'Hehe, the principal can have potatoes.'

'Oh, I guess that'll do.'

'The mountain bore is pretty sturdy, are you sure you don't want some?'

'No matter how long I've lived in the human world, I've never found meat to be palatable.'

Marion was the most excited when the feast began, and he was now standing shoulder to shoulder with father, telling him to pour and drink.

"What a joke Kaim is, too!"

"Uh-oh, Viscount Rumdom. I'm not kidding."

And on the other hand.

"I'll pack you some potatoes on the way back, so why are you digging in the fields?"

“Pfft.....”

Mother and Brestle reconciled!

‘Mmm, peaceful.’

Sloth is dozing off in front of the campfire, and Chloe and Boris are gulping down their appetizers as the village elders invite them to try the ‘orc pork belly’ since they’ve never had monster meat before.

“Gulp! Yum!”

It couldn’t be better to have a drink with such scenery as an appetizer.

‘Besides, the monsters have been quiet lately, so it’s safe to drink, right?’

A smiling Amon tipped the bottle into the cup.

Kurrrrrr-!

The sound of rolling stones suddenly echoed outside.

The moment the sound was heard, the villagers, who had been craving alcohol and meat, turned their heads in unison.

“Ah, Mr.....”

“Ah, the good times were just beginning.”

In contrast to the grumbling villagers, Marion’s face was wide open as if he didn’t understand the situation.

“What? What is it? What’s going on?”

Amon’s father sighed in response.

“A monster must have gotten into the village.”

“.....Eh? Mo, a monster?”

“Yes. That rolling sound you heard earlier was the rocks we put at the entrance to the village as an alarm.”

“.....There are rocks at the entrance to the village?”

“That’s enough to buy us time.”

“.....What the hell was rolling in?”

Father shrugged his shoulders as if he didn't know, and Marion sobered up.

Meanwhile Amon grumbled in annoyance.

“Uncle Jackson, I heard there aren't many monsters these days?”

The man Amon had been talking to earlier scratched his head thoughtfully.

“Well, yeah, it's been really quiet for a while.....”

“Phew.....Well, that's right, my life can't be going well.”

Pouting, Amon stomped off.

He pulled on the 'giant lump of iron' that was standing next to his house.

Grrrrrrr-!

A man-sized plate of iron. No, an axe.

Hefting it over his shoulder, Amon yawned and started walking.

“Come on, guys, let's get this done and finish eating!”

“Yes, Master!”

The monsters of the Drake estate began to move.

Chapter 20

Marion rose to his feet.

“Baron Kaim, I must excuse myself for a moment.”

“What?”

Amon's father, Baron Kaim, had been drinking, not even bothering to get up when the monsters appeared.

“It won't be long, why don't you just rest?”

“No.....It's purely out of personal curiosity.”

“Curiosity?”

Curiosity about the strength of the man named Amon.

'From what I've heard from Sloth, he seems to be quite gifted, but I've never had a chance to see it.'

In fact, Sloth had asked him to duel her a few times in the beginning, as a gesture of goodwill.

But each time, Amon would back down, saying, 'A duel with sword aura? Are you going to kill me?'

'So Sloth asked a few times, and then she got tired of it and stopped. I never got a chance to see him in action, since he only teaches the theory.'

Marion swallowed hard and turned to Sloth.

"Come on, let's go."

".....Yes."

Sloth followed Marion, seemingly wide awake.

A few moments later a horde of monsters, hundreds of them, swarmed toward the entrance of the village!

"Oh my....."

Orcs, trolls, and goblins were a dime a dozen along with ogres, and minotaurs!

In the midst of all these monsters, Amon stood alone, swinging his giant axe in a sweeping motion.

Kwajik, kwajik!

Clang, clang, clang!

With a single swing of the axe, getting one is easy, and at times, even up to five!

The monsters were flying like leaves being swept by a broom.

".....My common sense is crumbling."

Marion's words made Sloth's cheeks flush.

"Ooh, maybe my father can do it."

“.....He could.”

Sloth’s father, the Marquis of Pid, was a grandmaster swordsman.

He was one of the Grand Sword Masters, the highest ranking knights in the Empire.

‘Of course, that doesn’t mean he’s stronger than him.’

Her father has highly honed swordsmanship and aura blade that can shatter even the largest axe in an instant.

The mere sight of a Sword Aura makes Amon shudder, so a fight between them would be a lost cause.

‘But.....’

Something Amon is better at than her father, the Grand Sword Master.

‘Feral.’

The ferocity with which he rampaged among the monsters, so much so that it was hard to tell whether he was the monster or the monster was Amon.

‘He can fight like that with nothing more than his physical abilities and instincts, without even learning proper swordsmanship? And if he learns swordsmanship, he’ll be able to fight.....’

Sloth decided.

‘No matter what, I must stop him from learning swordsmanship.’

* * *

After defeating all the monsters.

‘Hmm, come to think of it, it’s been a while since I’ve killed a monster.’

It’s been three months and ten days since I left the territory!

I was worried that my gut might have died.

As Amon anxiously fiddled with his axe, he sat on a pile of dead ogres that had been split in half.

“Hahaha, it’s you again, Master, slaying all those monsters single-handedly!”

“It’s good to have you back!”

Amon shook his head at the villagers’ impatient praise.

“Don’t be silly. It’s been a while, and I’ve gotten a little sloppy.”

The villagers immediately changed their demeanor.

“I see flattery doesn’t work on you, Master. I thought you’d be fine after drinking some of the teacher’s water.”

“Your cuts are certainly rougher than before.”

Amon sighed heavily.

“I guess that’s the result of being a teacher.”

“Huh, complacency is scary.”

“But what is the other side?”

“Don’t you know?”

I sighed again.

“Well done, Amon.”

“Huh? Are the seniors here?”

“Yep. They came to watch.”

Amon patted the ogre on the rump.

“What’s there to see?”

Marion and Sloth’s cheeks twitched.

‘After killing all those monsters in one fell swoop, there’s nothing to see?’

Dumbfounded, the other two decided not to respond to Amon’s nonsense.

“Well, is that it, by the way?”

“Yep. I think we’re done for now…….”

Amon clicked his tongue.

“Judging by their reactions, I’m sure there’s more to come.”

“.....Huh? Reaction?”

The villagers chattered.

“A drake?”

“Silver? No, considering the weather these days, maybe iron?”

Marion and Sloth scratched their heads.

Drake? Isn’t that a family name? And what’s with the silver and iron?

Realizing they weren’t getting it, Amon explained.

“Not the family name, I mean Drake, the monster.”

Marion gasped at that.

“By drake, you mean a subspecies of dragons?”

Amon frowned.

“Don’t say that later, even as a joke. You’ll get in trouble.”

In trouble with who?

Seeing them scratching their heads at the unintelligible words, Amon explained.

“Anyway, the way these monsters reacted, it was like they were running away from somewhere.”

“.....Huh?”

“Yes. Look. Ogres, trolls etc. Why would a swarm of monsters that can’t mix together suddenly swarm us?”

“Well, I see.”

In other words, they were running from something.

And Amon guessed that ‘something’ was drakes.

Drakes were the only monsters in the area that caused ogres, trolls, and other monsters to flee in droves.

“Drakes, by the way.....”

Even she, who was in the military and swept the battlefield, had never actually seen it.

“Rumor has it that it’s huge, with a body reminiscent of a castle wall and scales like iron armor. It was said to be as fierce as an ogre. And, as a subspecies of dragon, it’s said to be able to breathe.....’

Oh, who says I can’t say that?

At least, given Amon’s panicked advice, it didn’t seem like it would do any good.

“Hmmm, I’m looking forward to it, though. I hear Drake can use Breath and Roar too.....”

Marion’s words brought a smile to everyone’s faces, including Amon’s.

“Drake is coming to our town and you’re excited?”

“Uh.....! Mmm, I’m sorry. My mistake.”

Marion apologized hastily.

“I only said that because I’m a wizard, and I’m interested in the Breath and Roar, the end of magic. I apologize again.”

“.....Tsk, tsk, I see.”

“But is the..... rake such a dangerous monster that you are afraid of it?”

I scratched my head at the question.

“Dangerous, yes, because once he’s in your face.....”

“Mmm.....”

“It destroys all the potato fields in town.”

“Yeah.....potatoes?”

“Yes.”

Marion cocked hsi head.

“Are people in danger or something?”

Amon shook his head.

“They’re people, if they run away, that is.”

“.....Uh, well. I see.”

“But they like potatoes so much that they want.....”

What the hell are the potatoes in this place?

“Well, if it weren’t for the Elder Drake, we could keep the potato fields.....”

“.....What? Elder Drake?”

Wasn’t that the monster described in the monster book as ‘something that only appears in literature occasionally’?

“.....Does he come out often?”

“I’ve only seen him twice so far. If he showed up more often, the potato fields would be plowed under.

“.....Hmm.”

“Well, he doesn’t come around often.”

A moment later Amon was able to update his Elder Drake encounter count to three that day.

* * *

The Drake estate was in an uproar in the early morning.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa! Block it! Block it!”

The Elder Drake, a lizard so huge it could be mistaken for a castle wall, which was huge enough to knock down a small building with a single step, had finally invaded the Drake territory!

“You, you bastard!”

The villagers desperately hit and pushed the Elder Drake to chase it away, but it didn’t care at all and just buried its face in the potato field.

-Grrrrrrrrrr!

From the mouth of the village, the Elder Drake was desperately fought off, but it was impossible to stop its rush for the potatoes.

Meanwhile, Marion saw Amon clutching his head and screaming as the Elder Drake appeared, and he exclaimed.

“That’s the Elder Drake! Amon, I’m a mage of the Sixth Circle, I’ll help you!”

Marion charged forward, preparing a giant fire spell!

‘Ugh! Mana depletion.....’

The Elder Drake’s immense magic resistance prevented her from doing any damage, and she collapsed after running out of mana.

And another.

‘.....That Elder Drake.’

Sloth muttered as she drew her sword.

‘My father said he took one down once,’ she exclaimed, unleashing a blaze of Sword Aura.

‘If he can take it down, so can I.....!’

And how much time passed?

‘Hmph! Mana.....!’

Sloth is also exhausted, unable to do much damage to the Elder Drake’s scales!

In any case, all of the Academy’s combatants had been eliminated except for Amon, and the non-combatants were in a state of panic.

“Eh, Elder Drake!”

Anar’el shuddered, her long ears folded back, as the roar of the potato-devouring Elder Drake was terrifying.

And the Deputy Headmaster, distracted by the Elder Drake’s dominance over ‘her’ potatoes, was furious.

“Boris! Chloe! Let’s go! We must beat him to death!”

“Vice Headmaster, wake up!”

“You’re going to die!”

In the midst of the cacophony, Baron Kaim Drake fell to his knees and sobbed.

“.....ooh, our potato field is.....”

How helpless human power is in the face of the great scourge that is this Elder Drake!

“Uh, Mother, pull his hind legs!”

“Ugh, it won’t pull!”

“Damn!”

Elder Drake’s scales have long since smashed Amon’s axe, the villagers’ equipment, and everything else!

So everyone was trying to grab the potato-eating Elder Drake and pull it down but everyone is slowly realizing the futility of their efforts.

‘Oh, is this how it ends.....’

Is this how the potato field we’ve worked so hard to cultivate for so many years is going to end?

Everyone was in tears when they realized this.

“I haven’t been here in a while, what’s all the fuss about?”

A familiar voice suddenly sounded overhead.

Amon looked up in surprise.

There, floating in the air, was an old man with black hair.

“Uh, old man!”

“It’s you, Amon!”

The grinning old man plummeted to the ground.

He placed his hand on the bridge of Elder Drake’s nose as the villagers pushed and pulled desperately.

Ugh!

The Elder Drake stopped frantically scooping up potatoes, and the old man opened his mouth.

“You bastard, what do you think you’re doing?”

-K, Guo Wu Wuk.....

“Go away now.”

-Gurr.....

Suddenly, the Elder Drake’s head snapped up like a docile puppy, and he spun around, his tail drooping like Anar’el’s ears.

And then it thumped helplessly away!

The villagers, stunned and gasping at the sight, muttered.

“Huh, huh, huh.....to, the Elder Drake has fled.....”

“There’s half the potato field left.....”

They rejoiced with tears in their eyes, even though it was only a narrow victory.

After all, they had saved half the potato field!

Panting, Amon pushed himself up and walked over to the old man.

“Uh, old man, thank you.”

“How’s work going, anyway?”

“.....So-so.”

“Heh, heh, heh. I’m surprised you’re a teacher of students when not so long ago you were just a fingernail.”

“.....Did you see me from the inside of my mother’s belly?”

Amon smirked.

“Anyway, let me introduce you, those are my seniors.”

Marion and Sloth had their faces buried in the dirt as if they were dead.

“They don’t look so good right now.”

“They usually are.”

“..... Huh?”

“And those people over there are the headmaster and vice headmaster.”

“Ho-ho, an elf and a dark elf were in charge of the academy?”

The grinning old man walked toward Anar’el and Brestle.

“You must be our Amon’s superior. Take good care of Amon. I am Caselag.”

Anar’el opened her mouth in a daze at the old man’s polite greeting.

“De.....”

“Eh?”

“Dd.....”

Anar’el continued.

“Drah, Gon.....”

She mumbled, her eyes rolled back in her head, and she passed out.

