

THE ACADEMY IS DOOMED

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Chapter 121

The cultural festival planned and conducted by the students left many things behind.

First were the memories at the academy that would last for a long time.

Even while receiving numerous guests, although it was difficult, the faces of students doing what they loved were bright.

Amon could feel that while directly observing the students working.

'Teacher! Hold the reins a little more gently!'

'Ugh, urk! High! Too high!'

'Teacher, you don't know how to ride a horse...'

As Chloe, who was in charge of the animal experience, said, living in the rural Drake territory, there hadn't been any occasions to ride horses.

And in the case of Raymond's doll making, even Amon thought the quality was remarkable, so he wanted to get a few as souvenirs.

'Raymond, make one each for mother and father too.'

'Um, teacher, what about the material costs?'

'Hey! Aren't we close?'

'This is already the sixth one I'm making for you...'

'I've told you many times that you shouldn't be so money-minded at such a young age.'

Boris's magic demonstration could also present a proper stage because Marion personally supervised it.

Although his father was a magician, he only taught theory without showing any demonstrations, saying it was too dangerous to show directly.

Therefore, for Amon, a simple country youth, Boris' magic demonstration stage felt particularly special.

'Fire! Wow! Water!'

Was it just his imagination that Marion was looking at Amon, who was clapping excitedly like a child, with somewhat pitying eyes?

And as time passed today too, late night came and the cultural festival's closing approached.

"...Heave!"

Amon, who had spread out a mat to sit on, looked to the side while laying out the leftover food from the food stalls (which he had snatched despite Brestle's resistance).

There, Rustianel was staring blankly at the sky.

"You eat too."

"Ah, thank you."

Rustianel, who belatedly took the spoon Amon handed over, broke free from her thoughts.

Amon, who put the still-warm stir-fried meat in his mouth, nodded.

'Hmm, as expected of food supervised by Brestle herself, the taste is quite exceptional.'

With such outstanding culinary sense, he thought she should quit being the academy's vice principal as soon as possible and pursue the path of cooking.

'That path might contribute to continental peace. And in that case, I could take on the vice principal position.'

Moreover, this was practically the first proper meal in two days.

'Although eating gold was leisurely, afterward there was barely any time to eat for me and other students and teachers as we were called here and there. I suppose it's because it was the students' first cultural festival, so they were overly enthusiastic and time management was insufficient.'

Instead, throughout the cultural festival, Amon had his fill of hearing criticisms from passersby like ‘tsk tsk, and he’s supposed to be an adult’ or ‘sucking the life out of poor children.’

That’s why the stir-fried meat he put in his mouth was especially meaningful.

‘Mm, delicious.’

Amon, who was mindlessly putting stir-fried meat in his mouth, suddenly looked to the side.

Rustianel was still blankly staring at the sky while holding food and a spoon.

“Rustianel, aren’t you hungry?”

“Huh? Ah, dragons don’t really need to eat food.”

“I know that, but still eat some because it’s delicious.”

“Yes, teacher.”

“But what are you thinking about so much?”

“Just...”

Rustianel smiled faintly.

“I was thinking how nice this is.”

“Hm?”

“That humans have this kind of life. How different it is from us dragons. I felt that anew.”

Rustianel enrolled in the academy because she was interested in the human world.

‘...I wonder if it was worth the gold nugget we received from Elder Caselag.’

Well, at least Rustianel herself seems satisfied.

Then the teacher Amon, who had forcibly pushed in the adult Amon, spoke.

“There will be more fun things ahead.”

“Really?”

“Of course. Next year you’ll all become second-years, and then lots of first-years will come in too. It’ll be much more bustling than now.”

At Amon’s words, Rustianel smiled bitterly.

Seeing that smile, Amon was reminded of how his efforts to recruit new students had been frustrated multiple times.

“What? Are you mocking me?”

“Hehehe, no. No, I’m not. But as you said, teacher, when new students come in next year, academy life will become more fun.”

“Right?”

“But how are you going to bring in new students?”

“...Are you really not mocking me?”

“I told you I’m not.”

Amon shrugged his shoulders and continued.

“Until now, even when we talked about new students, it was about transfers or special admissions. But would 2nd or 3rd-year students who are already attending other academies want to come to our academy?”

“...They wouldn’t, right?”

Amon swallowed the stir-fried meat and continued.

“But when you become second-years, from then on we can officially accept first-year new students. Unlike until now.”

“Ah, that’s right. By then, there will be lots of real first-year new students considering academy admission.”

“Right. Though it pains me to say it myself, there might be new students who would consider even this kind of academy.”

Although he might not be able to keep his word to Rustianel about ‘lots of students, bustling,’ it was clear that they wouldn’t come up completely empty-handed.

The saying about golden opportunities and riding the tide of the times exists for a reason.

Everything has its time.

'So when the time comes for first-year new students to officially enroll in academies, our academy will have its chance too.'

This time, it wasn't just Amon's wishful thinking.

It was a clear 'fact.'

"So look forward to next year. There will be many more fun things then."

"Next year..."

Rustianel, who muttered, raised her head again to stare at the night sky and murmured.

"Next year...I see. It really does sound fun."

"...You're not being sarcastic, right?"

"No. I'm sincere."

There was a strange bitterness in Rustianel's voice.

Puzzled by this, Amon unconsciously looked up at the night sky.

He looked up wondering if there was something there, since Rustianel had been continuously looking up at the sky.

But no matter how hard he stared, all he could see was the pitch-black night sky and the twinkling stars decorating it.

"Can you see something in the sky?"

"Yes...What!? Ah, no."

Amon narrowed his eyes at Rustianel, who hastily shook her head.

'What? Did she just say yes by mistake and then change it to no?'

Feeling uncomfortable about this, Amon said,

"Rustianel."

"Yes?"

"You seem a bit strange today, is something bothering you?"

At Amon's question full of concern, Rustianel lowered her head and after a moment she looked this way with a faint smile.

"Teacher."

"...Yes."

"Just as humans have human matters, dragons have dragon matters."

Amon made a sour expression at Rustianel tone that seemed to be drawing a line, telling him not to probe further.

There was nothing more to say when she drew the line by bringing up species.

"Okay. I understand."

"If I've offended you, I'm sorry. But..."

"No, there's nothing to be offended about. What you said isn't wrong."

Even among humans, values differ.

Comparing the values of dragons and humans, no, the comparison itself was ridiculous.

Amon pushed aside the now empty plate of stir-fried meat and picked up one of the stacked chicken skewers.

"Well, you'll tell me when the time comes, I'm sure."

"..."

"So don't worry about it."

Taking a bite of the chicken skewer, at these words, Rustianel again raised her head to look at the sky.

After staring at the night sky for a while, Rustianel opened her mouth.

"I'll be able to tell you soon."

"Oh? Mm, okay. More importantly, eat quickly. It'll get cold."

"Yes, teacher."

Rustianel picked up the plate with stir-fried noodles.

And while watching her slurp the noodles, Amon chuckled and suddenly looked down at what was under his bottom.

He hadn't noticed, but he was sitting on something like grass.

'I don't think it was there when I sat down earlier...'

Tilting his head, Amon shifted his bottom slightly to the side.

* * *

The Holy Kingdom of Gregorian.

It was a unique country with two rulers, founded by the hero Gregory who defeated the Demon King who had attacked the continent with demon forces thousands of years ago.

The king who governs the country with laws and military power within the framework of existing national systems, and the High Priest who embraces the country with the religious doctrines left by the hero.

However, since the Demon King's invasion and the hero's appearance were already stories from thousands of years ago, the religious color had almost disappeared and only barely maintained its legacy.

And late at night.

The High Priest, who was kneeling before the holy sword Nukhael and praying as the end of the day's work, took a deep breath.

"Heueoek!"

"Hi-High Priest!"

At the sight of the High Priest suddenly falling backward, the First Priest, Raizen, hurriedly supported the High Priest.

"Wh-what's wrong?"

Raizen couldn't hide his bewildered expression as he supported the High Priest who was swaying as if about to fall.

The High Priest's entire body was trembling ominously.

"Are you alright, High Priest?"

"...Ra-Raizen."

“Yes, High Priest. Please speak.”

“In-form His Majesty! Tell him that she has awakened!”

She.

At those two syllables, the body of the young man called Raizen became rigid.

* * *

The pitch-black night sky.

Above it was a black orb that glowed ominously like obsidian.

Its pulsing, which had been endlessly creating small ripples as if throbbing, was gradually growing larger.

And when that pulsation reached its peak.

-The time has come.

Along with the voice that flowed out, the black orb disappeared as if a black veil was being lifted.

And from within it, a woman appeared.

The woman, who took a deep breath as if savoring it after a long time, looked down at her feet.

The scenery of the middle world that she was taking in with her eyes, like the air she was tasting, after such a long time.

Opening her red lips with a sardonic smile, a languid voice flowed out.

“The 6666 years of peace are over. The middle world will now bow at my feet.”