

THE ACADEMY IS DOOMED

Chapter 122

Grego XIII, the king of the Holy Kingdom of Gregorian, had a stern expression on his face as he listened to First Priest Raizen's report.

"The Demon Lord has been resurrected...and of all times, during my reign..."

According to legend, the Demon Lord was defeated thousands of years ago by the Hero Gregory.

However, the Hero warned that the Demon Lord wasn't completely destroyed and would appear again to plunge the world into chaos when the time came.

But for humans, thousands of years is an extremely long time.

Therefore, the battle between the Hero and the Demon Lord was no longer considered reality, but merely a legend, a fairy tale.

However, the holy sword Nukhael, bestowed upon humanity by 'Banumin, the Goddess of Order,' was still kept under strict management by the Holy Kingdom even after the Hero's death.

"But is it true that the Demon Lord has really been resurrected? First Priest Raizen, where is the High Priest now?"

"The High Priest is in the chapel. Originally, it would have been proper for the High Priest to report this to Your Majesty directly, but due to the great psychological shock and the urgency of the matter, he ordered me to report instead."

"Hmm. I see."

Stroking his chin, Grego XIII spoke.

"I shall hear the details directly from the High Priest. In any case, if it's true that the Demon Lord has been resurrected, there is only one course of action we can take."

"Indeed, Your Majesty."

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"The Demon Lord's resurrection!"

A shocked Amon asked Anar'el, who had delivered this shocking news.

"H-Headmaster, is that really true?"

Anar'el, also seemingly terrified by the shocking news of the Demon Lord's resurrection, spoke with a pale face.

"Yes. The Holy Kingdom has secretly informed the leaders of various countries, including the Empire. I'm only telling you this in confidence, Professor Amon, so please don't tell the other teachers, okay?"

Such weighty trust!

Amon nodded with a serious expression.

"Hmm...understood."

"I'm counting on you, Professor Amon."

"Yes. You can trust me."

Still, what era is this to be talking about a Demon Lord?

This isn't some fairy tale. No, isn't it too old even for a fairy tale?

"...By the way, are there any specific measures our academy needs to take?"

"Well, the Demon Lord appeared even before the Empire was founded. While it's true that our Empire has a long history, the Demon Lord predates the Empire's founding by thousands of years. So there aren't really any specific measures at the academy level."

"Come to think of it, that makes sense."

Amon scratched his head as if frustrated.

'Actually, even the Holy Kingdom probably doesn't know what to do in this situation. The Holy Kingdom has had severe internal power struggles, with the royal bloodline changing several times.'

Though it's called the Holy Kingdom, it was a country that had experienced as much division as any other.

After the Hero's death, one of his companions staged a coup to claim the throne!

Right after the coup succeeded, a descendant of the Hero's bloodline usurped the throne again!

After that, an outsider attempted to overthrow the country entirely!

'The country was overturned several times like that. And now they say the current king is from a branch family descended from the ancient Hero's bloodline, and things have stabilized enough for them to reach their 13th generation...but who knows what might happen next.'

For that reason, even the Holy Kingdom probably wouldn't know how to deal with the Demon Lord's resurrection right away.

"Has the Imperial Court said anything?"

"They said to maintain normal life for now, as they'll notify us of their policy after discussing it with the Holy Kingdom."

Well, even the Imperial Court must be quite bewildered by the news of the Demon Lord's resurrection.

"What an unexpected bolt from the blue this is."

"Indeed it is."

"Sigh, and we're supposed to accept new students next year..."

"That...is accepting new students really the issue right now!"

Amon shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm joking, just joking. Anyway, since this needs to be kept secret, I'll just focus on teaching as usual."

"Yes. I'm counting on you, Professor Amon."

"Certainly."

Honestly, even as Amon answered, he wondered if there was any point to this.

'If the Demon Lord has been resurrected, the demon race will invade, and there will be warfare far worse than during the united Gunter Islands...is it even possible to keep this hidden?'

It's only a matter of time before it becomes known, and figuring out how to survive should be the urgent priority.

'But revealing it carelessly would surely cause chaos...what a headache.'

What if the Demon Lord's forces attack the academy in such a situation?

'Of course, since Amur isn't in the Empire's outskirts, that possibility is extremely low, but the problem is that demons wouldn't necessarily stick to just traveling by land in a fair and proper manner.'

Therefore, Amon thought he should make his own preparations.

After leaving the headmaster's office, Amon strapped the Adamantium sword, which he usually kept loose, to his waist.

'Damn, this is heavy. That's why I always left it in my room...'

He decided to carry it with him from now on to prepare for any unfortunate incidents.

After all, that's how he could protect the students.

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"Headmaster, are you sure the Demon Lord has really been resurrected?"

At Amon's sudden question, Anar'el tilted her head.

"Yes? Why do you ask all of a sudden?"

"Why? It's been ten days already. Ten days!"

Amon said while adjusting his waistband that was constantly slipping down from carrying the Adamantium sword.

"Has there been no word from the Imperial Court either? Not only is it strange for a Demon Lord to stay quiet for ten days after resurrection, but for the Imperial Court to also remain silent for ten days..."

It wasn't unreasonable for Amon to grumble.

The terrifying resurrection of the Demon Lord!

Greatly shocked by this fact, Amon had been carrying the Adamantium sword to classes for ten days straight to prepare for their sudden attack.

Yet not only was there no attack, but there wasn't even the slightest news about demons raiding food from some remote village.

“We’re talking about the Demon Lord here, the Demon Lord! The one who’s supposed to bring destruction not just to the continent but to the entire world has resurrected, yet everything is so peaceful.”

Anar’el shot him a look with narrowed eyes and said,

“My goodness! Professor Amon, are you dissatisfied with peace?”

“That’s not it! You know, it’s like the calm before the storm? But when that calm continues for ten days, it drives a person crazy. This isn’t some kind of torture.”

Sometimes, pretending to hit someone while just scaring them can be more painful than actually hitting them.

For Amon, this was exactly that situation.

Glancing at Amon, who kept pulling up his pants that were constantly slipping down because of the Adamantium sword, Anar’el said,

“Actually, there are some directives from the Imperial Court. I didn’t mention them because it’s not something we need to know about yet.”

“At least there is something, then.”

“Well, to put it briefly, an expedition from the Holy Kingdom might be coming to the Empire soon.”

“An expedition?”

Anar’el nodded and continued.

“They’re on a journey to find the Hero.”

“To find the Hero, huh.”

“Yes. They’re looking for someone chosen by the holy sword Nukhael. In other words, the Hero. They say they’re traveling from the Holy Kingdom through other kingdoms to reach the Empire. Apparently, they’re staying in each country for a few days to find Nukhael’s owner.”

Amon, who had been listening silently to Anar’el’s story, slowly closed his eyes.

‘Hero.’

Reflecting on his life that had been nothing but hardship until now, Amon thought.

'Could it be, perhaps, that I might be the Hero?'

A thread-like hope indeed!

'Could all the hardships in my life until now have been trials and tribulations to become the Hero?'

"Professor Amon? What are you thinking about so deeply?"

"Ah, just some idle thoughts."

"You weren't thinking that you might be the Hero, were you?"

In response to Anar'el's playfully delivered words, Amon answered with silence.

Seeing this strange silence, Anar'el spoke as if disgusted.

"Professor Amon, at your age, to think such thoughts..."

"...Age has nothing to do with it."

Grumbling, Amon scratched his head unnecessarily and asked,

"But what is the Demon Lord doing? We only heard about the resurrection, but there's been no news for ten days."

"Who knows? Even the High Priest of the Holy Kingdom only knows about the resurrection, not where they are or what they're doing."

"Well, would it really be the Demon Lord if we could track their every move?"

In the end, what Amon needed to do remained unchanged.

All he could do was enter classes as if nothing was wrong, just like usual, and keep pulling up his constantly slipping pants!

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"Headmaster, here's the report. The Vice Principal says there's too much grass growing in the academy lately, and we might need to hire a new gardener."

"Yes. Thank you, Professor Amon."

"Then I'll take my leave..."

As Amon was about to leave after delivering the report, Anar'el hurriedly stopped him.

“Wait a moment, Professor Amon.”

“Yes? What is it?”

“Aren’t you going to ask today?”

“Ask what?”

“About the Demon Lord and such.”

By now, even Anar’el, who had trembled in fear at the mere mention of the Demon Lord when first delivering the news, was referring to it as “the Demon Lord and such.”

But it couldn’t be helped.

It had already been ‘a month’ since the shocking news of the Demon Lord’s resurrection was revealed.

During that time, what terrifying events had the Demon Lord caused?

‘Forget events, there hasn’t even been a rumor about them pulling any silly pranks anywhere.’

Therefore, both Amon and Anar’el couldn’t help but become desensitized.

It wasn’t just them – even the Holy Kingdom’s expedition that was traveling through various kingdoms to reach the Empire was reportedly slowing down.

If even they were like that, how could Amon be any different?

Amon had long since untied the Adamantium sword he had always carried and left it in a corner of his room.

At least his pants weren’t falling down anymore, which was nice.

‘They must realize it too. What’s the point of looking for a Hero when the Demon Lord hasn’t shown their face since resurrection? No, was there even a Hero to begin with?’

A month. It’s a short time if you think it’s short, and a long time if you think it’s long.

‘Even the United Gunter Islands made a swift decision when invading the Empire and charged right in. But this terrifying Demon Lord, whose name alone makes people tremble, hasn’t shown their face for a month after resurrection? Was the Demon Lord’s resurrection even real?’

They say the High Priest is quite old – could he have heard things?

Anyway, in response to Anar'el's question about whether he wasn't going to ask about the Demon Lord anymore, Amon forced out a question.

"Um...is there any new news?"

"Yes, there is!"

"Really, very, truly exciting."

Amon said while picking his ear.

"So what's the news? Judging by your bright voice, it doesn't seem to be bad news."

"Hehe, don't be surprised."

"I'm prepared not to be surprised."

In response to Amon's lukewarm reaction, Anar'el spoke in a deflated voice.

"The Holy Kingdom's expedition is coming to Amur first."

"...Huh? What?"

Amon frowned.

"Why, why to Amur...?"

"According to them, since the Empire's greatest hero is the first Unification Emperor, Amonis I, and the first academy he established was our Amonis Academy, they want to stay here and look for the Hero first."

At those words, Amon looked up at the ceiling.

"If they're coming with that kind of pretext...a lot of people will probably gather here, right?"

"Probably so? Some impatient people might even come directly to our academy to test if they might be the Hero."

After being lost in thought for a while, Amon spoke.

"Um...do they know we only have five students?"

"Uh...probably not?"

Anticipating the embarrassment to come, Amon covered his face with his hands.