

# THE ACADEMY IS DOOMED

## Chapter 123

While teaching class, Amon took advantage of the moment when students were solving problems to peek out the window.

There, people were gathered like a swarm of ants.

They were all crowds gathered to check if they were the chosen warrior by the divine sword Nukhael.

'Hmm, I guess the empire really is in its golden age. There are so many idle people with nothing better to do.'

Amon clicked his tongue and pulled the curtain with a swoosh.

Looking at the crowds anxiously waiting to draw the divine sword Nukhael, Amon recalled what had happened earlier.

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"Teacher Amon, there's still some time before people gather, so why don't you try drawing Nukhael?"

Anar'el, who personally welcomed the Holy Kingdom's expedition, casually suggested.

At that suggestion, Amon twisted his body and waved his hands in denial.

"Hey, what kind of hero would I be? Ugh, it just makes me feel pressured."

Amon secretly expected it while gritting his teeth and denying it!

Seeing this, other teachers also started encouraging Amon one after another.

"Amon, give it a try. You never know, right?"

When Marion subtly encouraged him, Sloth followed by pushing Amon's back.

"Yeah. To be honest, I don't think it would be strange at all if you became the hero."

"Oh my, as expected, Senior Sloth has an eye for people."

“I’m not just saying this, but someone like you would be more than qualified to be a hero. Your strength is far greater than any other knights.”

Incredible strength cultivated by eating potatoes!

Sloth moved her tongue cunningly.

“Besides, looking at your achievements for the academy so far... yes, definitely hero material.”

Everyone felt a fierce sense of dissonance at the sight of Sloth actively promoting Amon, departing from his usual laziness.

However, Amon, floating on Sloth’s cunning words, didn’t notice this dissonance at all.

No, to be precise, he had no intention of noticing it!

“Oh my, Senior Sloth is right! But still, me being a hero!”

Amon said while glancing at other teachers!

It was a signal asking them to give him more encouragement.

“Ahem, Senior Amon.”

“Yes, Kai!”

“Well...why don’t you try it? It’s not like you have anything to lose.”

After receiving Sloth’s full praise, hearing Kai’s plain encouragement made Amon’s mood drop significantly.

Needless to say, his fondness for Kai decreased by that much.

“Ahem...Ruffian, what do you think?”

“Instead of being so dramatic, why don’t you either do it or not?”

“So this is the mouth that speaks such disrespectful words to your senior!”

“Oof! Kack! Here we go again!”

While blankly watching the two quarreling, Raizen, the expedition leader and first priest of the Holy Kingdom, cleared his throat to change the atmosphere.

“Ahem, you are Teacher Amon?”

“Gack! Got hit in the solar plexus...Huck! Yes, that’s right.”

“Come here. Considering others’ opinions, let’s try drawing the divine sword Nukhael.”

At Raizen’s suggestion, Amon scratched his head and pretended to reluctantly comply.

“Oh my, when you put it that way, I can’t not try...”

“...Let’s go.”

What he finally faced was a huge chunk of adamantium.

And the pure white sword deeply embedded in that incredibly sturdy metal.

Amazingly, there were no traces or joints where the sword had penetrated – a sword perfectly unified with the adamantium chunk as if it had been that way from the beginning.

‘Just how sharp must this sword be...?’

The divine sword Nukhael.

The divine sword given by Banumin, Goddess of Order, to allow humanity to confront the Demon King.

“Now, Teacher Amon. Let’s try drawing it. If you are the hero chosen by the divine sword Nukhael, it will naturally respond to your hand.”

Seeing Raizen speak reverently with clasped hands, Amon felt unnecessarily tense.

“...Ahem, then I’ll draw it.”

“Yes. Please do.”

Amon grabbed the divine sword Nukhael with both hands and shouted powerfully.

“O Banumin, Goddess of Order! O divine sword Nukhael!”

Amon shouted while pulling the sword with all his might, even the strength from his nursing days.

“I am the hero...!”

Crack-!

“I am the hero...!”

Craaack-!

“ ... ”

Amon slowly lowered his gaze to look at the divine sword Nukhael.

The sword showed no intention of coming out of the adamantium chunk.

“...Ahem.”

Amon let go of the sword and slowly backed away, speaking calmly despite his face turning bright red.

“Well, this is the expected result.”

I knew it! A statement claiming he expected this!

Despite Amon’s desperate effort to hide his shame, Brestle, who was watching Amon try to draw the sword, waved his arms and said:

“O Goddess of Order Banumin~ O divine sword Nukhael~”

“ ... ”

“I am the her...Kueeek!”

Amon rushed like a tiger to punish Brestle!

And Sloth, who gained great courage from Amon’s shameful failure, cleared her throat and approached the divine sword Nukhael.

“Ahem, well. Since we’re here, might as well give it a try?”

I don’t even expect anything, it’s obvious I’ll fail!

While approaching with a humble attitude, Sloth’s eyes were gleaming with hope.

From the beginning, the reason Sloth used his tongue to encourage Amon was a wicked scheme to use Amon’s shameful failure as a shield to hide her own failure!

‘I was getting tired of my current sword anyway...Could this be a sign that I might get to use a new divine sword?’

Sloth pretended to apply light force while pulling the sword with all her might.

And shortly after, Sloth was fighting with Amon and Brestle.

This time, Amon and Brestle both mocked Sloth.

And following Amon and Sloth's consecutive failures, Marion cleared his throat.

"Ahem! Well, I might as well try..."

"Ah, the Goddess of Order said that the hero must be under thirty years old."

"..."

Marion didn't even have the qualification to try!

At that sight, Amon, Brestle, and Sloth rolled around holding their stomachs, while Anar'el, a 269-year-old elf this year, drooped her ears in sadness.

Anar'el had secretly hoped that she might be the hero too!

And then Kai approached the divine sword Nukhael while scratching his cheek.

"Well, since it's come to this, I might as well try too."

"Oooh, acting cool is so annoying."

"..."

"Oooh, please fail."

Amon's jeering was sincere!

'If that guy succeeds, I'll die right here from a stomachache.'

Fortunately, Amon didn't die from a stomachache.

After the teachers failed one after another, only one person remained.

Realizing that the already failed losers were staring at her, Fiora broke into a cold sweat and said:

"Um...do I really have to do this too? I feel unnecessarily pressured."

Seeing Fiora hesitantly backing away, Amon said:

"You have to. Everyone else did it. Besides, I saw you laughing when I failed earlier."

"..."

Sloth also spoke in a polite voice:

“Miss Fiora, I recommend you try it. When else in life will you get the chance to try drawing a divine sword?”

Seeing Sloth’s eyes as she said this, Fiora realized.

‘This person is trying to make me a loser like herself...’

An evil heart trying to drag her down to the same level!

That’s when Kai spoke bluntly:

“All the seniors tried, you’re not thinking of not trying as a junior, are you?”

“...”

Marion, who was crouching and drinking from a liquor bottle, said with a sad face:

“Someone’s unwanted season might be another’s most desired season. I couldn’t even try, so stop complaining and hurry up and try it.”

At Marion’s decisive blow tinged with deep sorrow, Fiora sighed.

“Haah, alright. I’ll try it.”

Fiora approached the divine sword with a resigned face, muttering.

And at the moment she grabbed the divine sword.

Bang-!

Fiora flew away with an explosion and rolled on the ground.

Seeing this, Raizen exclaimed.

“Ah! Touching the divine sword without a sincere heart will only bring harm!”

“Kuhuck...”

Covered in dirt from rolling on the ground, Fiora said while trembling:

“W-why didn’t you tell us that beforehand...?”

Raizen shrugged his shoulders.

“Most people pretend not to expect anything while trying to draw the sword. I thought you were one of those cases.”

“...”

“I’m rather surprised that you truly didn’t expect anything.”

Soon after, Raizen turned his head to look at the teachers who had failed earlier.

And with a benevolent smile unique to clergy, as if understanding everything, Raizen said:

“The rest of you may have said otherwise, but you were all~ desperately hoping inside, weren’t you?”

A killing blow. The faces of the previously failed losers turned red with shame at Raizen’s words.

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End of flashback.

Amon, who was glaring at the crowds making a fuss about drawing the divine sword Nukhael, pulled the curtain again with a swoosh.

‘Foolish ones, heroes are all an illusion. They don’t exist. They only appear in fairy tales and fantasies.’

In Amon’s speculation, the expedition from the Holy Kingdom must surely be a group of fraudsters.

Otherwise, how could he not be the hero!

‘Sigh, what’s happening to the world...?’

“Teacher, we’ve finished solving the problems.”

Amon hastily snapped out of his thoughts.

“Right! Children, are you all done?”

“Yes. Here.”

Amon smiled sweetly at Chloe who brought the answer sheets and said:

“Thank you, Chloe.”

"It's nothing. But teacher."

"Yes?"

Chloe said with an awkward smile:

"I heard there's an expedition looking for the hero outside."

"Ah, that's right."

Amon grinned.

"Perhaps you want to try too, Chloe?"

"Yes! I want to try!"

"Hahaha, we were planning to clear out all the people by evening anyway."

The divine sword won't be stolen since it's stuck in the adamantium chunk.

However, since they were borrowing the place through the academy's consideration, they had agreed to lock the doors and restrict entry by evening.

"So let's all go together after today's classes are over."

"Yes! Teacher!"

The other students must have been secretly expecting it too, as they answered energetically.

\* \* \*

An indescribable being, the defier of ages, the source of evil, the lost one.

The one with all those numerous aliases.

The Demon King.

-...Hero, have you finally appeared?

The Demon King, who muttered in a languid voice, slowly opened her eyes and continued speaking.

-Although the previous hero did not understand my will.



As the Demon King took steps, greenness spread with each step beneath the pure white feet.

-This time will be different, I hope.

Blue light suddenly enveloped the Demon King.

-I shall go to meet you.

As soon as the Hero was born, the Demon King set forth towards the Hero.