

THE ACADEMY IS DOOMED

The Academy is Doomed

#C81 - Read The Academy is Doomed C81

Chapter 81

Amon lay on his dormitory bed, lost in thought.

'Great Dragon, I beg you, please.'

'.....'

'The gold nugget that Caselag gave me was intended to cover my younger sibling's tuition. So, please, grant me your mercy as vast as the sea....'

Amon's pitiful plea made Rustianel tilt her head.

'But originally, that gold was for my tuition, wasn't it? So technically, it's mine, right?'

'Th-That's true, but....'

'Give it to me.'

Trembling, Amon made up his mind.

'Fine. At this point, let's become a Dragon Slayer.'

His long-held childhood dream!

However, the adamantium sword that Caselag had gifted him was left in his dormitory, so there was no way to elevate his honor right now.

Besides, Amon lacked the courage to endure the wrath of Caselag and the other dragons, so he quickly abandoned his childhood dream.

'.....Here it is.'

'Thank you.'

Rustianel accepted the gold nugget, gripped it with both hands, and pulled it apart.

After scrutinizing the two split pieces, she extended a much smaller fragment and said,
'I'll give you this. Use it for your sibling's tuition.'

'.....Huh?!'

Rustianel's kindness was reminiscent of sharing a loaf of bread!

Amon, who quickly accepted the gold piece, bowed his head.

'Thank you, Lady Rustianel!'

'You're welcome. Take care of me in the future.'

Thus, Rustianel's enrollment was finalized.

'A student who's a dragon... She's kind. Polite, too, which is unusual for a dragon.'

But she eats gold!

Watching Rustianel chomp down on her portion of the gold nugget was heart-wrenching!

'At least she won't whine for more gold now, right? Not like I was storing it for her....'

Then a thought struck him.

'...How many gold nuggets did Lord Caselag give me again?'

One was left at the estate.

Two were with him.

A hint of unease flickered across Amon's face.

'...She won't ask for the other one, will she? No, no way.'

Suppressing his anxiety, Amon fiddled with the gold nugget the size of his fist and muttered,

"That aside, why isn't Ami here yet?"

He had explicitly told her to arrive by the start of the semester.

'Could I deduct her tuition for the days she misses class...?'

As he entertained such petty thoughts, Reinbelt burst into his room.

“Amon, you’ve got a visitor.”

“Oh, elder, could you please knock first?”

“Hmph! Why should I bother showing courtesy to someone who isn’t even my disciple?”

Given how Reinbelt had yelled at him before, Amon figured becoming his disciple would only make things worse, but he swallowed his thoughts and got up.

“Who could it be? I wasn’t expecting anyone.”

“Your younger sister, apparently.”

Amon jumped off the bed.

“Seriously? I told her to come by the start of the semester, and she shows up at the last possible moment? Where is she now?”

“I guided her to the principal’s office for now.”

Rushing to the principal’s office, Amon immediately recognized a familiar back sitting on the guest sofa.

Without hesitation, he gave her a light flick on the forehead.

Thwack!

“You little brat! Why are you so—”

But Amon couldn’t finish his sentence.

Ami collapsed sideways as if crumbling under the flick.

“...Huh?”

Amon knew how resilient his sister was.

Even though he had controlled his strength, was it possible she passed out from just that?

Before he could process his shock, Anar’el entered the room.

“Here, I brought some food and water—”

She trailed off upon seeing Ami collapsed and Amon frozen mid-motion with his fist raised.

Anar'el dropped the tray of food and water with a shriek.

"Ahhh! You devil! How could you hit a child who's already exhausted and frail?!"

"What... what are you talking about?"

Finally noticing Ami's disheveled appearance, Amon opened his eyes wide.

Covered in dirt and with shoes falling apart, she must have run all the way from the faraway Drake Estate!

"Ami!"

Amon cried out his sister's name and embraced her unconscious form.

But Ami, unconscious, couldn't hear his call.

After listening to Anar'el's story, Amon realized Ami hadn't intentionally arrived late.

He massaged her legs earnestly.

"Poor girl. She must've been so exhausted from running all the way here that she passed out!"

Ami, however, looked puzzled.

"Really? I don't think so... I was tired, but I stayed awake because the principal said she'd bring me food...."

"No, no. You used to faint a lot when you were little."

"Did I? Really?"

"Yes, absolutely. You were so frail... I think?"

Still doubtful, Ami rubbed her head.

"Maybe. But why does my head hurt so much?"

"When you're really tired, headaches can feel that bad."

"But it feels like I got hit."

“Extreme fatigue can cause headaches that sharp.”

“Really?”

As Amon desperately spouted excuses, Anar’el returned with food.

“Here, you must be hungry. Eat up.”

“Wow! Thank you!”

Watching Ami wolf down her food, Anar’el glared at Amon and whispered,

“Amon, you really need to stop letting your fists fly first.”

“Sorry. I take after my mother.”

“...I see.”

Without a hint of guilt, Amon shifted the blame to his mother.

‘Not inaccurate, though.’

His mother, after all, had once kicked Brestle unconscious just for digging up potatoes back at the estate!

Growing up under such a mother, Amon had turned out quite... competent.

“Anyway, Ami.”

“Nom nom! This bread is so good. Hm? What?”

“Why were you late? I told you to come by the start of the semester, but you showed up just before it ended!”

Ami tossed a piece of bread into her mouth and replied,

“I miscalculated the time. I thought ten days of running would be plenty, but it was tight. So yesterday, I panicked and ran nonstop till my lungs gave out.”

“Huh... But at least you made it on time.”

“Yeah. A little late, though.”

“It took me fifteen days of running, but you managed in ten?”

Listening to their conversation, Anar’el interjected.

“Running for ten or fifteen days? What are you talking about?”

“Huh? From our estate to here, running takes ten or fifteen days.”

At her words, Ami chuckled.

She wanted to tease, “Principal, you’re not very good at Imperial Standard, huh?” but held back since Anar’el was Amon’s superior.

“Principal, you’re not very good at Imperial Standard!”

And so, Ami said it!

As a younger sister, her goal was always to make her older brother’s life more difficult!

Realizing this, Amon scowled, but Anar’el didn’t seem bothered as she nodded.

“I did learn the Imperial Standard late, after all.”

“...Oh, right. You’re an elf.”

“Still, I thought I was pretty fluent. I guess not? Anyway, running for ten or fifteen days? Is that some kind of idiom or figure of speech?”

“Huh?”

Amon tilted his head in confusion.

“No, I mean literally running for ten or fifteen days.”

“From Drake Estate?”

“Yes.”

“All the way here, running, for ten, fifteen days?”

Seeing Anar’el’s ears twitch, Amon quickly reached out.

“Principal! Please don’t say, ‘You ran all that way?!’ That would be so predictable and boring.”

“.....Gasp!”

“Just say, ‘Oh, right, Amon’s family is a bit unusual,’ and move on.”

“...Alright.”

After neatly wrapping up the situation, Amon reached into his pocket and, with trembling hands, pulled out a portion of his carefully saved salary.

“Regarding this, here is Ami’s tuition fee.”

“Yes! I’ve received it for sure.”

“Then, I’ll take Ami to her dormitory.”

“Yes, yes. Ami, work hard from now on!”

“Yes! Headmaster!”

After showing Ami around the school facilities, Amon headed toward the dormitory with her.

“Study hard from now on, got it?”

“Yup, I’ll do my best. Just give me good grades, okay?”

“Sure... Oh, right. You brat, didn’t you say you’d pretend not to know me once you entered the academy?”

Ami clasped her hands behind her head and laughed slyly.

“So what? The teachers will know anyway, won’t they? As long as the students don’t suspect favoritism, isn’t that fine?”

“Well, I suppose... Still, try not to let the students know we’re siblings.”

Ami nodded reassuringly and replied, “Got it, got it. By the way, how many students are there per grade?”

“Hmm? Let’s see... Including you, five.”

“...What?”

“And there are four teachers.”

“...You’re joking, right?”

“Does it sound like a joke?”

Amon knocked on the dormitory door.

“Hey, it’s Teacher Amon. Can I come in for a bit?”

Hearing Amman's gentle voice, Ami shuddered in disbelief.

When a response came, and the door opened, Ami realized something.

Amon wasn't joking when he said there were only five students.

'This academy... isn't it failing...?'

Seeing Ami deep in thought with a grave expression, Amon spoke.

"Ami, you should introduce yourself to the other students."

"Huh? Oh, yes. Amon, sir."

Clearing his throat, Amon continued, "Anyway, Chloe, Boris, Raymond, you guys know more about the academy. Show her the ropes, okay?"

The three long-standing dormitory residents nodded vigorously.

"Yes, sir!"

After Amon left, Ami glanced at the other students.

'Hmm... They all look younger than me.'

Granted, she was aware she was entering a bit late.

But Ami, sharp as ever, quickly assessed the situation.

Swish!

In an instant, she clasped her hands together and bowed humbly.

"Hehe, seniors! Please take good care of me! My name's Ami!"

Taken aback by Ami's sudden humility, Boris stammered, "Uh, y-yeah! I'm Boris."

"Hehe, yes, Senior Boris. Feel free to speak comfortably."

Just then, Raymond chimed in.

"We may have enrolled a semester earlier, but we're all first-years."

"Huh?"

Straightening up from her deep bow, Ami asked, "Really? Why didn't you say so sooner?"

"...Ah, yeah."

"Hmm, I see..."

Ami subtly observed the other students.

'Two boys.'

That would be Boris and Raymond.

'And that one... what are they?'

Sitting in a chair with eyes closed was Rustianel, whose appearance was ambiguously androgynous.

It was because Rustianel, not yet an adult dragon, hadn't decided on a gender.

TLN: I used 'she' earlier because Amon referred to Rustianel as a girl, so I'll do that for now.

'Anyway, let's put that aside. So, there's only one definite girl.'

Looking at Chloe, Ami smiled broadly.

"Hehe, let's get along well as fellow girls! What's your name?"

Chloe, sitting quietly with a book, glanced at Ami.

"I'm Chloe Aran."

Ami bowed like lightning.

Judging by her surname, she was likely nobility. No matter the noble family, it was bound to be more prestigious than the rural Drake family!

"Hehehe. I look forward to your guidance, Lady Chloe Aran."

"...Huh? Oh, um, sure."

"Hehehe, I've heard so much about the Aran family."

This time, Raymond interjected again.

“Chloe’s from the Aran Kingdom.”

“What?”

Even if “Aran” wasn’t familiar to Ami, she certainly knew of the “Aran Kingdom.”

‘Wasn’t that the country that recently fell due to losing a national competition?’

Ami’s bow snapped back upright.

“Oh, I see.”

“...”

While everyone was left speechless by Ami’s swift change in demeanor, Chloe, who had been quietly observing, spoke.

“Um, big sister.”

“Mm-hmm, yes? Chloe?”

Chloe closed her book with a snap and smiled warmly.

“You’re Teacher Amon’s younger sister, aren’t you?”

“...!”

Ami’s mouth fell open.

She was found out on her very first day!

Chapter 82

It had been less than ten minutes since Amon and Ami had promised to keep their familial relationship a secret, but it was already exposed!

‘What? How did they figure it out?’

He wondered if it was because they looked alike, but no one had ever mentioned such a thing before.

Amon resembled their calm and dignified father, while Ami was the spitting image of their fiery-tempered mother.

In short, Ami’s appearance screamed “troublemaker” in every sense of the word—completely different from Amon’s composed demeanor.

'Did they just take a wild guess because of our similar names, Amon and Ami?'

Although he couldn't determine the exact reason, Amon decided to deny it for now.

Ami tilted her head and said,
"Hmm? What are you talking about?"

She playfully feigned ignorance, a calculated display of innocence designed to charm younger students!

Of course, it didn't work one bit.

Boris and Raymond only looked confused, while Chloe smiled knowingly, as if she had just confirmed her suspicions that Ami was indeed Amon's younger sister.

"Unnie."

"Huh, yeah?"

"Your behavior is exactly like Amon's."

"What...!?"

Ami, who could flip her attitude like turning over her palm whenever addressing seniors or juniors, froze at Chloe's remark.

The students had eyes, after all, and they clearly remembered Amon's sharp transformations during the "Academy Exchange Battle."

Moreover, they had witnessed countless instances where Amon stubbornly held his ground before suddenly yielding. Amon himself called it "flexibility," though how others perceived it was another matter entirely.

Hearing Chloe's assertion that her behavior mirrored Amon's, Ami trembled slightly.

'She's younger than me, but her provoking skills are top-notch.'

To a younger sister, being compared to her brother was nothing short of an insult!

Suppressing her annoyance, Ami forced a smile and said,
"No, I mean it. I only met that teacher today."

Despite Ami's continued denial, Chloe smiled gently.

"Really? If you say so."

“Y-Yeah.”

“Then, unnie, I’ll be counting on you from now on.”

When Chloe politely bowed her head, Ami awkwardly nodded with a stiff expression.

Moments later, Ami, exhausted from rushing here, fell asleep early, leaving Boris to cautiously speak up.

“Hey, Chloe.”

“What?”

“Is that girl really Amon’s sister?”

Raymond chimed in, “She does act like him, but I’m not entirely sure.”

Even Raymond, with his keen observational skills befitting a Sword Master, found it hard to be certain about Ami’s relation to Amon.

But Chloe, with a confident expression, said,
“She’s definitely his sister.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“Her behavior is similar, and more importantly...”

Chloe tapped her nose lightly and said,
“She smelled like Amon.”

“What...!”

Boris’s face twisted in shock.

“Chloe! How could you say something so rude...!”

“Huh?”

Chloe and Raymond tilted their heads in genuine confusion.

“What do you mean?”

“What’s wrong with mentioning smell?”

Faced with their innocent reactions, Boris flinched and shook his head.

“N-Never mind. It’s nothing.”

“.....?”

Recently, Boris had been secretly reading a romance novel, “My Lord, You Can’t Do This.” Mistakenly associating the situation with something from the book, he felt a bit embarrassed.

Boris, who disguised the novel’s cover to look like a magic book, continued flipping its pages whenever he had free time.

Meanwhile, Raymond, interpreting Chloe’s statement as figurative, remarked, “Smell, huh... I guess you could call it a similar vibe to Amon.”

Thinking she had meant atmosphere rather than literal smell, Raymond dismissed it lightly, but Chloe shook her head.

“No, I mean it. She literally smelled like Amon.”

“...What?”

“At first, I thought she was just some clingy troublemaker, but after watching her for a bit, I realized she wasn’t. The smell was similar but slightly different.”

“.....”

Sighing, Boris opened his disguised book and shook his head.

‘Chloe’s getting weirder by the day. I have to keep my own head straight.’

Raymond also let out a sigh, stroking a doll that looked just like him.

‘I’m the only sane one in this academy. Right, Raymond?’

In this odd scene, Boris secretly reading a risqué book and Raymond conversing with a doll, both of them regarded Chloe as the strange one for obsessing over “smell.”

Though Chloe’s comments seemed odd, they stemmed from her upbringing in the Aran Kingdom, located in a high-altitude region. Her lineage, honed in such an environment, had heightened her senses, particularly her sense of smell, to extraordinary levels.

As Boris and Raymond shook their heads, dismissing Chloe’s words as nonsense, Rustianel, who had been sitting silently like a statue, finally spoke.

“They are siblings.”

“W-What?”

“They share the same familial scent.”

“...Huh?”

Adding weight to Chloe’s claim, Rustianel doubled down on the idea of a shared scent.

Chloe nodded as if to say, I told you so, while Boris and Raymond exchanged pitying glances at Rustianel.

“How can you even tell...?”

“How can I not?”

With a face that seemed to ask why they were questioning the obvious, Rustianel replied matter-of-factly,
“I’m a dragon.”

“...Ah, of course.”

Raymond smiled faintly, accepting it with a resigned sigh.

‘Another weirdo added to the mix.’

Boris, flipping through his book, nodded in agreement.

‘Wow, not a single normal person in this academy.’

Even Chloe shook her head, thinking to herself,
‘Amon, you’ve got your work cut out for you.’

Meanwhile, Rustianel tilted her head in confusion, looking at the warm, pitying gazes directed her way.

Anar’el was lost in deep thought.

‘First, I’ve put out the urgent fire at the academy.’

The giant blaze that had engulfed the entire academy was gone.

The debts were gone, all the teachers had returned, and with the rebuilt King of Mango farm, there was a regular income, and even two new students had been added.

However, there was still a smoldering fire, crackling and threatening to burn the academy down!

‘Right, in the end, I need proper results. Only then can I do anything I want.’

Emperor Amonis the 18th.

That is, with Sandrio still sick, it wasn’t a situation where she could contact him separately to ask for funding.

So, in the end, she would have to formally pressure the Ministry of Education for sponsorship, but she couldn’t just demand money with no results to back it up.

In other words, she needed solid proof that they were educating students!

“...Phew, okay.”

After careful consideration, Anar’el spread several piles of documents across the table and snapped her fingers.

Then, after a brief silence.

“...Ah, I don’t have a secretary anymore.”

She muttered awkwardly and stood up, moving to summon the teachers herself.

“Practical training?”

“Yes, Mr. Amon.”

“Hmmm... Now that I think about it, I heard that we would start full-fledged practical training from the second semester.”

In the first semester, the students were given basic foundations like knowledge and other fundamentals.

Then, from the second semester, they would move on to practical training based on the knowledge they had acquired.

That practical training was none other than the academy’s highlight: dungeon exploration!

That meant it was a risky endeavor, and only students who passed the strict judgment of the teachers could take part in the training.

‘Chloe is good at swordsmanship, so she should be fine. Raymond is already a Sword Master, no problem there. And Boris...’

Amon, lost in thought, nodded his head.

‘The kid is kind-hearted.’

And for the other students, Ami and Rustianel, it went without saying.

It wasn’t because she was his younger sibling, but Ami used to wield dual swords and share a camaraderie with monsters in the Arma Mountains before coming here.

‘As for Rustianel, a dragon...Does she really need practical training? Any monster would piss itself and flip over its belly just by making eye contact with her.’

Well, it couldn’t be helped since the curriculum required it.

Amon shrugged his shoulders and looked at Marion.

“Which students do you think should take the test?”

“Hm, what do you think?”

“Well, I think all of them can do it. I’m a bit worried about Boris, though.”

At Amon’s concern, Marion suddenly frowned.

“Why do you think Boris is a problem?”

“Eh? Well, Boris has only learned the theory of magic so far, right? His mental state is also still a bit worrying.”

At the continuous concerns, Marion made a sharp sound.

“Oh! This guy! You’re worried about our Boris?”

“Uh, what?”

“Our Boris works so hard on his magic practice! And recently, I’ve been teaching practical magic use too! Tsk, you’re just blind, aren’t you?”

“.....”

Now that he thought about it, Boris was the only student focused on magic.

‘So this drunkard is favoring Boris.’

Although they say no finger is free of pain when you bite it, there are always some fingers that hurt more when bitten!

For Marion, it seemed like Boris was a particularly special finger.

Well, it wasn't like Marion discriminated against other students, so Amon decided to let it slide.

"Alright, alright. I misspoke."

"Cough! Be careful from now on. Anyway."

"Yes?"

Marion pounded his chest with a thump.

"I'll be the teacher supervising Boris during this dungeon practical."

"Eh? Oh, okay..."

Amon was about to respond readily when he suddenly looked around at the other teachers.

'Wait!'

Marion's statement meant that each student had to have a supervising teacher.

It seemed the other teachers knew that, as they all had shining eyes.

At that moment, Sloth raised her hand.

"Then I'll take Chloe as my student to supervise."

"What!"

Amon got angry.

"Senior! I should supervise Chloe!"

"What? Why?"

"Chloe follows me so much!"

"I taught her swordsmanship, so it's only right that I supervise her during practical training."

"Tch...!"

Amon, trembling in frustration, couldn't rebut the sound argument!

Sloth, with a proud expression, looked down at Amon with her head held high!

Seeing this, Marion thought to himself.

'They were talking about some marriage thing earlier, and now it's like parents fighting over custody.'

Anyway, Amon, who had realized that he couldn't take Chloe's custody away, was about to weakly say he would take on Raymond's supervision.

'Since he's a Sword Master, there shouldn't be any problem with the practical training, right? There's nothing for me to point out.'

It meant he could work comfortably.

Just as he was about to speak with that thought.

"Raymond, I'll take him."

"What!? Kai, you little!"

As expected, Kai was trying to flip over his own bowl of rice, and Amon scolded him, but Kai tilted his head in confusion.

"Why are you so mad, Senior?"

"Raymond is under my supervision!"

"Eh? Why?"

"A junior...talking back?"

"I'm sorry, Senior, but Raymond really follows me."

"...Huh?"

That couldn't be true.

Amon had heard Raymond always badmouthing Kai to Reinbelt after class.

Unaware of this, Kai chuckled and shook his plump chin, which had grown from all his national duties.

"Well, after all, the names are Kai and Ray. They're similar, right?"

"....."

"I guess that's why you two get along."

“...Yeah, yeah. Do whatever you want.”

Amon waved his hand at Kai, who didn't listen to him, and suddenly frowned.

‘Wait, then what about the remaining student...?’

Ami, the younger sister who would be too painful to even put in my eye.

Rustianel, a dragon.

It was clear that this was a combination likely to cause trouble, and Amon smiled wryly.

“As a history teacher, I hereby resign from supervising this practical training!”

Chapter 83

There was a somewhat reasonable reason for Amon's resignation announcement.

‘If Ami finds out that the practical training will be in a dungeon, it's going to cause a huge commotion. She'll probably make a fuss about wanting to take the dungeon apart and grab all the wealth and fame. Moreover, she'll probably throw a tantrum about going to a high-difficulty dungeon.’

Why does Amon think so?

Because if Amon were a student, he would do the same!

‘Yeah, no need to get involved in such bothersome things. Stability, peace! Those are words I like more than wealth and fame.’

In the first place, most teachers of non-combat subjects don't actually enter dungeons, and it's true that Amon is a history teacher.

So, it wouldn't be strange for him to pass it off to the enthusiastic Kai or the actual combat-related teachers like Sloth and Marion.

“Amon, are you really not going to go as the guide teacher?”

“That's right, Headmaster.”

“Hmmm...”

Anar'el, who was tilting her head as if she hadn't expected this, said:

“Do you know that the loot found in dungeons is split between the teachers and the students?”

“I didn’t know, Headmaster. I’ll go as the guide teacher.”

A lightning-fast recognition and change of stance!

Sloth nodded.

“I knew it.”

“Ugh... Amon, do you even know what the word conviction means?”

At Marion’s rebuke, Amon shook his head.

“A person should know how to admit their mistakes.”

At those words, Kai let out an exclamation.

“As expected of senior Amon! To admit and accept your own shortcomings!”

Though his admiration was sincere, Amon, whose inner closeness with Kai had plummeted, took it differently.

‘Is this brat mocking me?’

However, since Amon adhered to stability and peace as his guiding principles, he had no intention of rebuking Kai over this.

He just thought to himself that he shouldn’t be close to Kai for a while!

Anyway, Anar’el waved her hand to calm down the teachers’ murmuring and spoke.

“Then, Amon, you’ll be in charge of Ami and Rustianel.”

“...Understood.”

Amon’s face darkened quickly as he imagined the upcoming difficulties and challenges.

But slowly, his expression brightened as he thought.

‘Right, the dungeon loot. Ami’s share will be mine. How much did I spend on her tuition? And Rustianel, being a dragon, probably has all sorts of valuable treasures piled up in her cave, so she won’t care about any small loot...’

In the end, the blood of Ami and Rustianel would be his share!

Amon smiled brightly.

'Ami and Rustianel could probably clear five or six dungeons a day!'

As Amon was grinning, he suddenly looked at Anar'el.

"Wait a second, Headmaster."

"Yes?"

"By the way, do we even have a proper dungeon these days?"

As expected, the Empire had long since swept away dangerous areas and dungeons that might harm civilians using its powerful military forces.

The recent bounty on the King Wyvern by the Silver Sword Mercenaries had been quite an unusual occurrence.

'She's not trying to go to a mage guild's dungeon or anything, is she?'

Mage guilds have fake dungeons created by mages for novice adventurers.

There were a few of these dungeons in Amur as well, and I had heard that mercenaries used them to test and train newcomers.

'The problem is, they don't bring in money. Those are places with fake monsters created by illusion magic.'

But 'Adult Amon' bowed his head and 'Teacher Amon' raised it.

'...Well, sure. It's dungeon training for the students, right? It's better to practice in one of those places than to risk going into a dangerous dungeon.'

I'm sure Anar'el's earlier mention of loot was meant to motivate him to step up as the guide teacher.

'In that sense, our pesky elf is sometimes quite clever.'

As Amon was grinning, Anar'el flapped her ears and chuckled.

"Don't worry, Amon."

"You have a good idea, I see."

"Yes, exactly! It's..."

"Mage guild dungeon, right?"

Even though he knew the answer, Amon asked the question anyway, and Anar'el waved her finger and ears, saying:

“No! It's a top-tier, high-difficulty dungeon!”

“...What?”

Anar'el slammed her hand on the documents spread on the desk.

“Recently, with the failure of the Velslime Wasteland project, the Empire's military power has diminished!”

“Wait, no way.”

“Because of that, numerous dungeons have appeared in the vacant areas! As a result, countless requests have been pouring in to the guilds! Our academy has been able to secure several!”

“...”

Amon, seemingly entranced, picked up one of the papers on the desk.

[The Bog Mountain Ogre Horde]

[Difficulty: High]

Amon rubbed his forehead with his hand.

[The Undead Cave behind Zorga's Domain]

[Difficulty: Highest]

Amon clenched his teeth tightly.

[The Lich's Army that ravaged Barbaran Village]

[Difficulty: Unknown]

Amon, his eyes squeezed shut, spoke quietly.

“...Teachers.”

Sloth and Marion, who had been peeking at the papers behind him, coughed awkwardly and spoke.

“Cough...Alright, Amon. Let's head out now.”

Sloth, Marion, and Kai left the headmaster's office, and as the teachers suddenly left, Anar'el tilted her head as if asking where they were going.

Amon raised his tightly clenched fist and slammed it down on Anar'el's head, shouting:

"Are you trying to get all our students killed?!"

"AAAH!"

"Sniff..."

As Anar'el sniffled, Amon glared at her and sighed while flipping through the rest of the papers.

"Headmaster, are you out of your mind? How did you manage to bring back nothing but these ridiculous requests? Even seasoned mercenaries would have to work through the night to handle most of these."

The easiest request, the "Ogre Horde Subjugation," wasn't exactly harmless.

Ogres, in the first place, don't live in groups; they are solitary, like tigers of the mountains!

So, if ogres were living in groups, it meant that they had probably thought, 'Ah, we're going to die all at once, so let's huddle up together.'

In other words, a dangerous existence that could potentially turn ogres into a quick snack was lurking somewhere.

'In that case, the Undead Cave with the highest difficulty would be easier to deal with.'

Undead themselves aren't that difficult to handle.

There had been an incident in the past where an old, sick, lost necromancer mistakenly entered the Drake territory, got beaten up by the locals, and was handed over to the nearby city's knight order.

'If it's a high-level undead like a Death Knight, it would be tough, but skeletons or Dullahans wouldn't be that difficult to handle. Of course, that's only because they're our territory's people.'

In other words, Amon felt that although Raymond, as a Sword Master, wouldn't have a problem in the Undead Cave, he had serious concerns about putting Chloe or Boris into such a dungeon.

'The dungeon they'll experience should be something suited for our academy. But a Lich? That's the kind of legendary monster even an Elder Drake would bow down to. This is crazy, it's insane.'

It seemed that Anar'el had brought these troublesome requests with no solutions, gleefully, as if they were something she could handle.

Amon could easily imagine the faces of the guild members looking at Anar'el's back with disdain as she carried requests that couldn't even be solved.

"Sniff. But..."

"What? What's the matter?"

Anar'el, who was nervously fidgeting, twisted her ears and spoke.

"Our academy's teaching staff is outstanding, right? If we solve these requests, the academy's situation will improve dramatically..."

"..."

"If we report this as an achievement, new students and new teachers will flock to our academy like a cloud."

It wasn't a completely wrong statement.

Marion is a war hero, Sloth is a Sword Master from the Pid family, Kai is skilled in both swordsmanship and magic!

The security chief (with no subordinates) and the gatekeeper is a famous Grand Sword Master!

Headmaster Anar'el herself has considerable magic skills, and Brestle is a master of dark magic!

'I'm confident in physical strength as well.'

As she said, if such talents step in, the monsters would quickly give up their lives, sticking their necks out to be slain.

So, while agreeing with Anar'el's opinion, Amon, as the head of the faculty department, felt the need to give the headmaster proper advice.

"Headmaster."

"...Sniff! Yes."

“Think carefully. What we’re doing here is practical training. The safety of the students is the most important thing. There’s no need to seek out dangerous tasks.”

“But...”

“There’s no ‘but’. I understand your desire to revive the academy, but there’s a saying, ‘A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.’”

Amon put down the paper.

“We don’t need to rush by putting the students in danger.”

“...Amon.”

Anar’el’s ears trembled as she felt the weight of Amon’s words, his correct mindset as an educator.

“I see now. I must have been blind.”

She sighed deeply.

“Then, let’s prepare the dungeon as we discussed.”

Amon, nodding gently, took out a different piece of paper.

‘Here it is.’

The one on the list that was closest to the difficulty level Amon would have expected: [The Hidden Dungeon of the Black Forest].

“However.”

“.....Yes?”

Amon, with his eyes closed, spoke in a firm voice.

“As I said, there’s no need to take risks. That means, if it’s not dangerous, we can proceed without hesitation, right?”

“.....Ah, teacher Amon. You can’t be serious!”

Amon smiled warmly and pointed at himself.

“My younger sister Ami, and Rustianel, the dragon. And as the guide teacher, Amon!”

“Ah, aaah.....!”

“If it’s the three of us, ogres? Undead? Liches? What could possibly scare us?”

“Ahhhh! Teacher Amon!”

“Headmaster, you just need to be ready to greet the new students and new teachers that will flock to us like a cloud!”

Anar’el, teary-eyed with emotion, and Amon, trembling with excitement as he envisioned the wealth and glory ahead.

‘Done. Perfect.’

With a dungeon at this level, Ami would probably be rolling around and whining, saying, ‘What? This is a dungeon? Lame. Let’s go somewhere more dangerous!’ but he wouldn’t have to witness that.

‘Moreover, the gold-eating dragon might be able to compensate for the damage it caused me!’

Also, the academy’s reputation would rise as it accomplished feats like the ogre horde subjugation, clearing the undead cave, and defeating the lich!

As a result, Amon would be able to show off to Caselag, who had brought his bloodline into the great academy, and his younger sister’s diploma would shine brightly, and the glorious “Director of the Faculty Department, Amon Drake” would live a comfortable life!

It was the perfect trifecta that could fulfill every desire.

‘Moreover, if things go well, maybe even the emperor will view our family differently.’

Amon, smiling happily at such a perfect plan, spoke.

“Now, Headmaster, I will go prepare for departure.”

“Huh? Today, right away?”

“Strike while the iron is hot. You must act when there’s enthusiasm. Besides, I want to see Amonis Academy rise as soon as possible.”

“Ah! Teacher Amon!”

With Anar’el starting to act affectionate again, Amon left the headmaster’s office.

He was heading to get the adamantium sword he had received from Caselag.

In a hurry, as if there were a fire under their feet, Amon and his group set off from the academy!

Amon, Ami, Rustianel.

With these three, it wouldn't be difficult to destroy a small town.

With such reliable forces, Anar'el was smiling, thinking that soon they would hear victory news.

'Hehe, I hope teacher Amon gets his teaching certificate soon. There's no one else I could trust with the position of Director of the Faculty Department except for him.'

While she was smiling, she suddenly froze in shock.

The communication magic crystal on the desk gleamed brightly.

"Th-the communication has been received. Who is this?"

"Ah! Headmaster, this is the Guildmaster of the Adventurer's Guild."

"Ah, yes! You don't need to worry about the request. Our party just set off!"

"I-is that so.....!"

"Uh? I-is something the matter?"

The guildmaster hurriedly explained the current situation.

As Anar'el listened to the explanation, her face became more and more serious.

Chapter 84

Amon, Ami, and Rustianel were running as if their feet were about to burst.

Although they could have used the warp gates found in every city, Amon, who was more concerned about the safety of his coin pouch than anything else, did not accommodate their whining at all.

'Oppa! Just spend some money!'

'No way! With that money, we could buy 120 sacks of black bread to eat in our territory!'

'Let's run!'

Rustianel was also whining.

'Please tell me the coordinates! Then I can use the warp magic!'

'I don't know the coordinates!'

In fact, even if they knew the coordinates of Barbaran Village or Zorga Territory, it would be nearly impossible to find someone who knew the coordinates of the Bog Mountain Range.

The problem was that the first goal of the three destinations was Bog Mountain Range.

Though not as difficult as the Arma Mountain Range, which was Amon's territory, the Bog Mountain Range was a rugged mountain located in a rural area!

'Then let's spend the money! Let's use the warp gates that humans use!'

'Three gold coins per person!'

'What, what did you say!?'

'If it's three, I'll discount it and it will be eight gold coins!'

Rustianel couldn't forget the sweetness and crispness of the gold coins she ate yesterday.

To think that she would have to use eight of those delicious gold coins!

'Let's run!'

'Wise decision!'

That was why Amon, Ami, and Rustianel were running so hard.

Fortunately, the good thing was that their bodies were far from ordinary human ones.

Even though the Bog Mountain Range was several days away by horse from the city of Amur, where the academy was located, the three of them were able to arrive in less than half a day.

Of course, that did not mean they were in perfect condition when they arrived.

No matter how well trained she was in Drake Territory, Ami was still a girl not much older than Chloe!

"Ha! We're here! Hahh! Ughh!"

With her hair disheveled, Ami was panting heavily, on the verge of collapsing.

And despite being a dragon, Rustianel, who had just reached adulthood and was unfamiliar with a human body, was lying flat on the ground, wriggling.

She looked like a caterpillar, but Amon, worried about the dragon's dignity, intentionally ignored the sight and looked around.

"Hah, we left in the morning and arrived around lunchtime. We're a bit late."

At his murmur, Ami shuddered.

'I knew Oppa had good stamina, but I didn't expect the difference to be this huge...'

Rustianel also trembled.

'Is this how humans are? Humans are scary...'

Anyway, as Amon wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked around, he furrowed his brow.

Although Ami and Rustianel looked like they were going to die, Amon still had some energy, so he had already asked passersby for directions and was sure this was the Bog Mountain Range.

'...But why is it so peaceful?'

Even the village just below the Bog Mountain Range was extraordinarily calm.

'Bog Mountain Range is the site of the ogre horde, a high-difficulty request. But why is it so peaceful here?'

Amon, who had shared a close bond with ogres whenever possible in Drake Territory, knew well how violent they were.

Ogres were monsters so vicious that they were called "cannibal demons" by people.

Additionally, now that he had some knowledge about knights, Amon judged that even a mid-level sword expert would have difficulty handling more than one ogre alone.

'Not now, but if it were the skills of senior Sloth from back then, meeting two ogres would have been a hearty meal...No, maybe just a light meal.'

If it were the plump Brestle, it would have been a solid meal.

Anyway, as Amon was deep in thought, he suddenly looked at something.

Despite being a shabby village located below Bog Mountain Range, there was a fine building right next to it.

'What is that building? I feel like I've seen it somewhere...'

Amon stared at the building intently, his eyes widening when he saw the emblem of the "Goliath Knights" from the city of Amur, where the academy was located, carved into the building's outer wall.

'No way...!'

A bad premonition rose in his mind.

'These bastards must have already wiped out the ogre horde!'

Thinking that his meal ticket had been stolen right in front of his eyes, Amon rushed toward the knights' building.

And as he ran to the building, Amon knocked on the door furiously.

"Is anyone there! Is anyone there!!"

After a moment, a disheveled man came out.

"Who... huh!?"

"Eh?"

It was a familiar face.

Though they hadn't known each other for long, Amon recognized him immediately because of the unforgettable first impression.

"Are you senior Sloth older brother...Lancelot?"

"Then you must be the damn fiancé who's trying to corrupt our lovely and beautiful Sloth!"

Amon exclaimed in shock while waving his hands.

"No! We're not fiancés. There were circumstances behind that."

"What?"

Lancelot, crossing his arms and glaring as if demanding an explanation, was quickly interrupted by Amon.

“Then what happened? I’m sure there was a request to subdue the ogre horde here, and I rushed over, but to think the Goliath Knights are stationed here?”

“Oh, well, you see, something happened.”

“Something?”

Lancelot nodded and continued.

“You know I was assigned to the Goliath Knights in Amur, right?”

No, Amon didn’t know.

But Amon nodded enthusiastically and replied.

“Of course! I was so surprised to hear that Sir Lancelot of the Marquis Pid family had been assigned to the rather insignificant Goliath Knights.”

Lancelot smiled contentedly at Amon’s praise.

“Haha, I’m still in training, but with someone like you praising me, I don’t know what to do. Anyway, as you said, the mission of the Goliath Knights is to protect Amur. But Amur itself is an incredibly peaceful city.”

“Well, of course.”

“The problem was that the surrounding area of Amur was the issue, which is why I was stationed here.”

“Eh? Ah.”

Amur was a commercial city.

Thus, the surrounding area revolved around Amur.

So, even though Bog Mountain Range was far from Amur, it still counted as an area near Amur.

“Phew, I see. So, the Goliath Knights subjugated the ogre horde.”

“Subjugated the ogre horde, huh...”

Lancelot scratched his head awkwardly.

“Rather than subjugation...”

“Eh?”

“What should I say, more like interaction, cooperation, and friendship?”

“...What did you say?”

Amon blinked at the strange combination of words that did not fit with ogres.

‘What kind of nonsensical talk is this?’

If he had spoken without a filter, he would have cursed them, but Amon desperately controlled his words and said something more restrained.

“What kind of nonsense is that?”

“Hahaha...I know it’s surprising. We were also quite shocked.”

Lancelot chuckled bitterly and then looked inside the building.

“Ugak! Come out for a moment!”

A loud crash came from inside, and something large crawled out.

It was an ogre.

But it was wearing clothes and had something resembling poorly made glasses on.

“What...!?”

Shocked by the sight, Amon alternated his gaze between Lancelot and the ogre.

“What... is this...?”

Lancelot scratched his cheek and spoke.

“Hmm, let me introduce you. This is Ugak and he’s here as a peace envoy and translator with the Empire for the chief of the ogre tribe in the Bog Mountain Range. Ugak, this is Amon.”

The ogre, Ugak, awkwardly bowed his head and said.

“I, Ugak. Ogre. Strong. Kind. Human, befriend.”

Amon stared wide-eyed, his mouth agape.

‘What is this nonsense...?’

Out of sheer disbelief, Amon kept alternating his gaze between Lancelot and Ugak, and sensing an explanation was necessary, Lancelot whispered into Amon's ear.

"The chief of the ogre tribe in the Bog Mountain Range is a leader who united hundreds of sub-tribes. And he's the 'Ogre Lord,' who comes once in a thousand years."

"O-Ogre Lord?"

"That's right. As you know, the Ogre Lord is famous for having a higher intellect than most humans. So, the Ogre Lord, Zagalak, wanted to make a peace treaty with humans. He figured that fostering cooperation was far more beneficial than hostility."

"T-That's possible...?"

But Amon, who had shared a deep bond with the ogres in Drake Territory, knew that their nature was extremely dangerous.

"But isn't it dangerous?"

"Well... at first, I and the upper echelons of the Empire thought so too. That's why I came here personally. But after meeting Zagalak myself, I found he was more civilized than our sixth brother."

"Sixth brother?"

"The biggest one among the thirteen swords you saw."

"Ah."

The ogres and trolls were so ferociously ugly that they looked as if they'd have to pee their pants while pulling apart their bellies, with a scarred, bald, massive figure.

That must have been the sixth one.

Anyway, the Ogre Lord wanted peace with humans, and judging by the fact that Lancelot was with the ogre envoy, Ugak, it seemed the Empire was positively considering it as well.

However, Amon's eyes were still gleaming with a murderous intent.

'Even though it's a high-level request...if I just beat up the ogres, the money would roll in like pumpkins and vines...'

Perhaps sensing the murderous intent, Ugak sweated nervously and said:

"I, Ugak! Bread good!"

“ ... ”

“Pork good! Glasses very good! Eyes see well!”

“ ... ”

“Human culture good! I love Empire!”

Staring at Ugak, who was desperately trying to appeal for friendship with humans, Amon suddenly turned his head.

Then, from the fields in the corner, he saw ogres and humans working together, sweating as they cultivated the land.

“Kukukukuk! Ogres stronger than old cows! Ogres wield plows!”

“Oh my! If not for Jagarak, what would we have done!”

“Old human granny! Sitting and resting! Ogres working hard with sickles!”

“Our Sgarak! Take it easy!”

Instead of cows, the ogres were wielding plows and plowing the fields, and holding huge sickles like one-handed scythes to cut down the thick weeds.

Amon closed his eyes as he saw the scene where an old cow was chewing on the weeds the ogres had cut.

‘They’re all insane.’

Not only had the academy collapsed, but now it seemed like the whole world was falling apart.

At that moment, Lancelot came out of the building and handed something that was the size of a human torso.

“Here, have one too.”

“ ... What is this?”

“It’s bread made by the Ogre Chief, Jagarak. He recently got into baking bread with a newly built oven, and he’s been making a lot of it. In fact, recently, the knights only eat this bread.”

“ ... ”

Amon absentmindedly took the bread and took a bite.

It was an incredibly soft and delicious bread.

The request for the Ogre tribe in the Bog Mountain Range!

'... My purse has sprouted wings and flew up to the sky on its own.'

With the first destination being a bust, Amon felt like crying, but he immediately planned to head toward the next destination.

'The closest place from here in the Bog Mountain Range is the Zorga Domain.'

And the request there was to exterminate the "Undead Lair" in the back mountains of the domain.

'Undead? They have no intelligence. Since they'll never make peace with humans, I can just smash the skeletons and earn money.'

With that in mind, Amon walked forward with a lighter heart.

"Alright, Ami! Rustianel! You two must have rested enough by now!"

Although both of them looked like they were on the verge of death, Amon shook his clenched fist and said,

"Then, let's push ahead and go!"

"..."

"Answer me."

"Ahhh..."

Both of them followed Amon with a teary expression on their faces.

Anar'el was deep in thought with a serious look on her face.

'The request for the Ogre tribe in the Bog Mountain Range was secretly canceled...'

Well, that could happen.

Among monsters, occasionally, some intelligent individuals appear, and when one of them leads the group, the tribe's level can dramatically increase.

'If it's an Ogre Lord, an exceptionally intelligent individual among the ogres, it wouldn't be impossible for the tribe to be civilized. Then, they might try to make peace with humans.'

But the problem was...

"The request for the Undead Lair extermination in the Zorga Domain... this is the most critical one."

She wanted to inform Amon directly about this with warp magic, but she couldn't due to Rustianel, who was right next to him.

Due to the dragon, often referred to as "mana itself," near Amon, the warp point near him kept distorting.

'Teacher Amon...you must stay safe.'

Muttering to herself, Anar'el looked at the ceiling.

The ceiling pattern shimmered, and it almost looked like Amon's face was there.

Chapter 85

Zorga Territory!

Although the population and size aren't particularly large, its economy is on par with that of any medium-sized city, thanks to its specialty in silk, a luxury product.

However, because of the mulberry leaves, which are the primary food of silkworms, it is a quiet region surrounded by mountains and fields.

In other words, it is an independent region that does not belong to any city.

'That's why it is primarily self-sufficient. The lord of Zorga Territory, Count Eshid Zorga, even moved to the capital to live, only thinking of this territory as a source of income.'

Amon, overlooking Zorga Territory from a hill, turned his gaze.

The mountain visible behind Zorga Territory caught his eye.

'And that's where the Undead Cave is.'

Amon clenched his fists.

'Although the issue with the Bog Mountains is unavoidable, this mission is one I cannot fail. My purse, just wait a little longer, soon it will be filled up.'

Amon shouted, looking at Ami and Rustianel, who were collapsed behind him.

“Let’s go! Ami! Lord Rustianel!”

“.....”

“Come on, how much have we been running that both of you collapsed and are being lazy now?”

Ami weakly lifted her head and muttered.

“Don’t you think my brother is strange...?”

Rustianel, too exhausted to lift his head, muttered as he wriggled.

“Even after using Haste magic, he’s still faster than me... Humans are scary...”

“No, Rustianel. It’s that human that’s strange...”

“Ami, you’re not normal either.”

“Why me?”

Amon, who had turned his gaze away from the two of them, nodded as he surveyed the mountains behind Zorga Territory.

“This one should be easy. Just break the skeletons and collect the money! So everyone, let’s put in a little more effort!”

“.....”

“Answer me.”

“Waaaah...”

Ami and Rustianel, staggering as they got up, followed Amon, who walked forward with confidence.

First, they needed to inform the people of Zorga Territory that they were here to defeat the undead in the back mountain and that they should look forward to the coming peace and safety.

‘Hmm, there’s a local here.’

The local seemed troubled, looking worn out from the stress caused by the undead.

“Hello!”

“Huh? Who are you?”

The local, who was moving mulberry leaves to feed the silkworms, looked at Amon with a wary expression. Amon, in an effort to reassure him, reached out his hand.

“Please don’t worry! We’ve come to help you!”

“.....Hmm? You’ve come to help?”

The local eyed Amon suspiciously.

‘What’s going on? Why does he look like that?’

Considering the torment the locals must have gone through with the undead occupying the back mountain, they should be welcoming them with open arms, but the local’s expression seemed to suggest, “Did you come here because there’s something to be gained?”

‘But that can’t be the case. They’ve probably suffered so much that their mistrust of humans has seeped deep into their bones.’

Amon, raising his hands as if to claim he meant no harm, said.

“Don’t worry. We are not here to cause harm. I am Amon Drake, a teacher at Amonis Academy, and the second son of Baron Drake. You don’t need to worry about my status.”

“.....Hmm. So you’re a nobleman.”

The local’s eyes lit up, and he spoke.

“Ah, did you come because of the undead in the back mountain?”

“That’s right!”

“I thought so.”

The local nodded as if he understood and began walking.

“Follow me. I’ll take you to the village chief.”

Hastily, Amon followed behind the local.

A short while later, Amon, having arrived at the “village chief’s mansion,” which was more lavish than even “Baron Kaim’s mansion” from Drake Territory, looked around in amazement.

‘They say they make money from sericulture, but this place is much more impressive than my own home.’

Sipping the tea that was offered, Amon looked up as the village chief appeared.

He was a plump, elderly man.

“Hahaha, I heard you came to get rid of the undead in the back mountain.”

“Yes, that’s correct. You can rest easy now.”

“Hahahaha! That’s very reassuring.”

“You’re too kind! But more importantly, I’d like to set off as soon as possible for the safety of the villagers. Could you please tell me the exact location and situation?”

Hearing Amon’s urgency, the village chief hesitated for a moment, then chuckled before replying.

“Hahaha! It’s already late, so how about you rest for today and leave tomorrow, refreshed?”

As he said, the sun was already setting after traveling from Amur, through the Bog Mountains, and all the way here.

It was likely a suggestion from the village chief, but Amon shook his head.

“I can’t. The undead are occupying the back mountain, and as a noble of the Empire, I cannot sit idly by.”

“Hmm...”

The village chief, who had been murmuring to himself, furrowed his brows. However, Amon, busy drinking the tea in one go, didn’t notice!

When he put down the cup, the village chief once again smiled kindly.

“Hahaha, well, then rest a little before you depart.”

“No, I want to solve this quickly.”

As mentioned before, Amon was eager to fill his purse immediately.

After several refusals, the village chief smiled coldly.

“Hmm, if that’s what you insist, then I understand.”

“Thank you for understanding.”

“The Undead Cave is at the entrance to the back mountain. You can find it if you follow the trail there.”

“Thank you. Well then.”

Amon stood up and headed outside. Once left alone, the village chief turned his head.

“Hehehe, Kadan!”

“Yes, Chief!”

“You’ve prepared everything, right?”

“Of course! Don’t worry, Chief.”

The village chief and Kadan, looking at each other, burst into sinister laughter.

“Hahaha! That foolish nobleman!”

“Kekekekeke! I can’t wait to see him!”

Climbing up the mountain path, Amon scratched his head.

“Ugh, my stomach’s been growling since earlier.”

“You’re feeling it too? I am, too.”

Earlier, Ami had excitedly sipped the rare tea.

“Really? Could the tea have gone bad?”

“Hmm, it’s possible. The villagers probably don’t drink tea every day, so they must have brought it out for us as special guests. Maybe it went bad during storage.”

Rustianel, who had been silently listening to the conversation, thought to herself.

‘It seems like there’s poison in it.’

But for a dragon, poison and water are indistinguishable.

Even if it were poison, it wouldn't be noticeable.

'Well, since those two are fine, it doesn't seem to be poison.'

Rustianel comfortably concluded.

After climbing for a while, Amon looked around.

"But something seems off."

"What's wrong?"

"This is the path leading to the Undead Cave, right? But why is it so well-maintained?"

"Now that you mention it, that's true."

There were even traces of wagon or cart wheels on the path.

Amon, quietly examining the wheel marks, gasped.

"I see! It's the Undead Cave, right? That means there must be someone leading them."

"A necromancer or something like that?"

"That seems likely. Some evil person might be draining the villagers dry. Maybe that's why they used carts to transport alcohol and food?"

"Oh, that makes sense."

Ami was impressed by her brother's wisdom, and Amon congratulated himself on his cleverness.

'Phew, I can't just leave them alone. If I had delayed any longer, the reward the villagers give me would have decreased!'

Thankful for his diligence, Amon hastened his steps.

"Alright, let's get this over with."

Amon hurriedly led the way.

Soon, they found the dark cave and, cautiously peeking inside, Amon nodded.

The extremely foul stench confirmed it.

"Alright, I'm going in. I'll lead the way."

“Okay, hurry up.”

“...Alright.”

Amon, giving a glance at his sister, who was encouraging him to lead, entered the cave.

And as he slowly made his way inside...

Clank-!

Clatter-clatter-clack-

The faint sound of bones clashing echoed from within the cave.

Upon hearing that, Amon smiled triumphantly.

‘Skeletons. They’ve definitely come.’

Amon, who was about to draw the adamantium sword at his waist, shook his head.

It was too heavy a sword to use on something like a skeleton.

Literally, it was heavy.

‘There’s no need to use a butcher’s knife to catch a chicken.’

It would be easy to crush a skeleton’s skull with just a punch!

Amon swung his clenched fist and hurled his body forward.

‘Now, let’s make some money...!’

However, Amon, who was speeding like lightning, was forced to stop in his tracks.

It was because of the rare sight filling his eyes.

‘...What is this?’

Amon looked around.

Dozens of skeletons were sitting in front of a loom, frantically moving their hands, or rather their hand bones, in the wide cavern.

Clatter, clack, clatter—!

The sound of skeletons clattering, the noisy clacking of the loom, left Amon frozen as he scanned the interior.

“...Who, who are you?”

A voice suddenly called out, and Amon quickly turned his head.

A young man with a disheveled appearance was curled up in the corner, trembling.

“Wh-what about you? Who are you?”

“W-was it the village chief, or...the chief who sent you?”

“...Yes? Well, yes, that is the case.”

At those words, the young man was shocked and hunched down even more.

“Aaah! I’m sorry! I’ll try harder!”

“...?”

“I-I’m inadequate! I’ll move the skeletons more diligently, so please... no more whipping...”

Amon tilted his head slightly.

‘What? What is going on here?’

Staring blankly at the trembling young man, Amon opened his mouth.

“Are you a necromancer?”

“Yes? Th-that’s right! I’ll weave the silk more diligently, so please, no more whipping...”

Amon, who had been watching the young man having a fit, looked up at the ceiling as he organized his thoughts.

‘The mountain path leading here is well-maintained, there are traces of cart wheels, the skeletons are weaving silk in a frenzy, and the necromancer controlling the skeletons is trembling in fear.’

It was a dizzying situation.

Lost in thought, Amon was able to draw one conclusion.

“Hey.”

“Y-yes!”

“Are you being overworked by the villagers...?”

At that, the young man jumped up and shook his head violently.

“No! I owe the village chief so much, and he cares for me greatly! I am loyal to the village chief!”

“...”

“How many times do I have to tell you that I’m loyal to the village chief!”

The brainwashed necromancer, De-ski!

Amon closed his eyes slowly.

‘It’s crazy. The world really is going mad.’

A village peacefully coexisting with ogres!

A lord exploiting a necromancer to have skeletons weave silk!

Shaking his head, Amon suddenly looked outside.

“Ami.”

“Yes?”

“Why is it so noisy outside?”

“Yeah? I’ll check it out.”

Ami quickly ran outside and returned shortly after.

“There’s chaos outside.”

“What, what kind of chaos?”

“Some knights and soldiers have come and are taking the villagers away.”

“...”

“I heard some nobles who came here spent the night and then did stuff like poison them and so on? There were even a few people with knives at the cave entrance. I knocked them out.”

“What...?”

Amon, his legs going weak, slumped down to the ground.

“What the hell is going on...?”

Seeing how the villagers were, Amon thought he understood why the lord wasn't coming down from the capital.

He had probably waited for an opportunity like today to take action all at once.

And then, the necromancer De-ski, overhearing Ami's words, jumped up and shouted in joy.

“F-finally, freedom!”

“...”

“I'll stop practicing dark magic and return to my hometown to farm! Thank you, oh divine one!”

De-ski jumped in joy, while Amon, filled with despair, quietly watched the scene. Meanwhile, Rustianel, who had been watching, trembled and muttered.

“The human world, it's scary...”

“...”

Amon also nodded slightly.

He, too, was beginning to become afraid of the human world.

Chapter 86

Amon was gazing at the distant mountains, lost in deep thought.

‘Lich.’

The danger of a lich as a singular entity was comparable to a skilled dark mage. However, the true nature of a lich lay in [necromancy].

Thus, it was common knowledge that if a lich appeared, one must not allow it time to use its necromancy.

Without the undead army created through necromancy, a lich was merely ‘a skilled dark mage,’ and the chances of defeating it would increase significantly.

'In any case, a lich is not a mere monster but a dark mage who was once human.'

A lich was the ultimate fate of a human who pursued greater magic, delving into dark arts and touching 'forbidden practices.'

'Evil, danger itself. A lich is an existence that even a considerable army cannot easily defeat.'

Amon, lost in thought with his eyes closed, nodded firmly, holding onto his convictions.

'A lich like that would not be easily defeated. Moreover, a lich, evil and dangerous as it is, won't be resolved as absurdly as the last incident!'

Faith in the lich!

This time, surely, he would 'defeat the lich that occupied Barbaran Village' and seize wealth and fame in one fell swoop!

"Alright, Ami! Rustianel! Let's go! Our adventure begins now!"

Behind Amon, Ami and Rustianel, who were collapsed and wriggling like worms, couldn't even lift their heads properly as they murmured.

"Hooray..."

On a low hill stood an elderly woman, inserting her sword into its sheath as she murmured.

"That was more underwhelming than I expected. I hurried here because they said a lich appeared."

At her feet, a blackened skeleton disintegrated as if scattering into mist.

The lich that had occupied Barbaran Village had fallen.

A young woman surveying the surroundings from below the hill smiled brightly and said,

"For a knight of your caliber, grandmother, a lich is no big deal, right? Unless it's an Archlich, this is the natural outcome."

"Hoho, your flattery has improved, hasn't it?"

"I'm just stating the truth."

The young woman, her granddaughter, made Diana Pendorean smile with satisfaction.

One of the Empire's Four Great Knights, the Grand Swordmaster.

Having heard of the tragedy in Barbaran Village while passing through the area, Diana arrived and defeated the lich.

Her granddaughter, Fiora Pendorean, who was inspecting the surroundings for any lingering threats, suddenly spoke.

"Grandmother, someone is approaching from afar."

"Oh? Who could it be?"

"Perhaps a survivor who had left the village? Judging by the presence, they don't seem to be a knight or mage."

Fiora squinted at the figure approaching from a distance and spoke in a pitying tone.

"It seems like they are indeed a survivor. They're stumbling towards us weakly."

"Poor thing. What a great loss they must feel. How unfortunate."

Diana sighed as she turned her head.

As Fiora had said, a man who appeared young was staggering toward them.

Overcome with sorrow, the man collapsed to his knees and began pounding the ground, sobbing.

Moved by the sight, both Diana and Fiora were on the verge of tears.

"Tsk, such a pitiful young man."

"Indeed. I don't know how to console him."

"Sigh, this won't do. Consolation may not be enough, but we should at least give him some funds to settle in another village—"

Diana's voice trailed off.

As she gazed sympathetically at the sobbing man from afar, she suddenly realized he looked very familiar.

'Wait! That young man is...!'

Diana's eyes widened in recognition.

Amon pounded the ground, crying.

“This can’t be happening!”

The lich occupying Barbaran Village!

An assignment of [unknown difficulty], one that promised immense rewards and honor upon completion!

Fueled by dreams of success, he had crossed mountains and rivers to reach Barbaran Village, only to be met with a scene of undead corpses strewn across the ground like a rye field.

From afar, a black skeleton beneath the feet of someone standing on a hill was dissipating like mist—proof that the lich had already perished!

‘A lich! A legendary lich! Yet it was defeated so easily?’

He had arrived too late.

Had he known, he would have made Barbaran Village his first destination, and now he was filled with regret as he pounded the ground.

“Oh my, and who might this be?”

“...!”

Startled by a familiar voice, Amon raised his head.

The figure who had been standing on the hill was now right before him.

From a distance, he hadn’t recognized her, but up close, there was no mistaking it.

‘Diana Pendorean.’

The woman who had been desperate to take him as her disciple, only to change her stance upon seeing the Emperor, dismissing him with, ‘Defeat the enemies of the Empire, and only then will I take you as my disciple.’

She had even taken back the sword she had given him, leaving Amon with little affection for her.

“Lady Diana Pendorean. What brings you here?”

Amon’s brusque tone elicited an awkward laugh from Diana.

“I came here in haste upon hearing of the tragedy in this village.”

“I came for the same reason, but it seems I was too late.”

When Amon mentioned coming to defeat the lich, Diana’s eyes widened in surprise.

‘Wait, could he be...?’

Was he trying to fulfill her challenge to defeat ‘the Empire’s enemies’?

Certainly, a lich was worthy of such a title.

‘If he had truly defeated the lich, it would have given me a solid reason to take him as my disciple despite the Emperor’s objections. What a pity.’

As Diana clicked her tongue in regret, Amon narrowed his eyes.

‘Is she mocking me? Why is she clicking her tongue?’

Suppressing his frustration, Amon lowered his head. Meanwhile, Diana clapped her hands, as if struck by an idea.

“Just beyond here is a domain plagued by undead. Have you considered going there?”

“Grandson of Count Drake, right? Truly, it’s an honor to meet you like this.”

TLN: Amon’s grandfather was a Count.

“...Yes, it’s an honor.”

Amon, confused by the sudden shift in the conversation, answered mechanically. His head spun with uncertainty, but he couldn’t quite get a grasp on the situation.

‘What nonsense is this woman spewing now?’

Diana, oblivious to Amon’s inner turmoil, gave a knowing smile.

‘Good, good. Things are proceeding smoothly.’

She turned her gaze to Fiora and said, “Amon here has not only honed his skills but also dedicated himself to teaching the future of our continent. A truly commendable young man. Don’t you think so?”

Fiora, catching on to her grandmother’s intentions, smiled politely. “Of course, Grandmother. His dedication is admirable.”

Amon's eyes twitched as he listened to this exchange.

'What is she even talking about? Teaching? Future of the continent? Is this another one of her schemes?'

Despite his doubts, he decided not to confront her directly, given Diana's formidable reputation. He simply sighed and said, "I am humbled by your kind words."

Diana clapped her hands together as if she had made an excellent decision. "Wonderful! Then why don't you two spend some time together? Explore the nearby areas and deepen your rapport."

"Pardon?" Amon and Fiora exclaimed in unison, their tones layered with disbelief.

Ignoring their protests, Diana continued, "I trust the two of you will get along splendidly. Now, off you go. There's much to see and discuss."

Before either of them could respond, Diana turned her attention back to the aftermath of the battle in the village, leaving Amon and Fiora standing awkwardly together.

Amon sighed heavily, realizing he'd been swept into yet another of Diana's plots. Fiora, on the other hand, simply smiled and said, "Shall we go, Amon?"

With no way to refuse, Amon nodded reluctantly. "Lead the way."

As they walked away, Diana watched them with a contented expression.

'This time, I'll ensure everything goes as planned.'

And with that, she resumed her work, her thoughts already drifting to future schemes and strategies.

Amon thought of Fiora's polite words.

'I guess she's heard a lot of bad things about me.'

Amon's terrifying sense of victimization, developed from being repeatedly betrayed right before his eyes!

Amon spoke with a bitter smile.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Fiora."

To Amon's stiff greeting, Diana quickly added, thinking to herself, 'Ah, he's still shy.'

"But Amon, how are things at Amonis Academy these days?"

“The academy’s situation is the same as always. But why do you ask?”

“Hoho, it’s just that...”

Diana placed a hand on Fiora’s shoulder and spoke.

“Recently, this child seems to have a strong desire to become a teacher and educate students. So, since fate has brought us together, couldn’t you hire her as a teacher at Amonis Academy?”

Fiora’s face turned pale at the unexpected request for a job recommendation, which she had not been informed of in the slightest.

‘Grandmother? What are you saying...!’

At that moment, Amon was lost in thought.

‘Oh? Then would this finally make it five teachers?’

The cursed spy, Phais, had been expelled, shattering a dream that had seemed out of reach!

The academy’s full-fledged promotion plan, which could only be implemented with five regular teachers!

A gentle smile appeared on Amon’s lips, and seeing that smile, Diana completely misunderstood.

‘That boy! He’s thrilled at the idea of working with my granddaughter!’

‘Now I can finally face my younger sister and Lord Dragon with pride!’

‘Seeing how happy he looks, I’ll be seeing great-grandchildren soon! Naturally, Amon will officially become part of our family, and taking him on as my disciple will be simple!’

While the two of them were lost in completely different thoughts...

“Grandmother.”

“Hmm? What is it, Fiora?”

“I’ll be heading back now.”

An utterly furious Fiora turned on her heel and walked away, and Diana, shocked by the sight, hurried after her.

“Fi-Fiora!”

“Let me go. I’m going home.”

“W-Wait, just hear me out for a moment!”

“I don’t want to hear it. I really hate you, Grandmother.”

“I really hate you, Grandmother!”

At her granddaughter’s cold voice, something she had never heard before, Diana sank to the ground, stunned. Amon, watching Fiora’s retreating figure, looked up at the sky and sighed.

‘There’s no way things at our academy will ever go smoothly. I’m not even disappointed anymore.’

Amon’s sighs grew deeper by the day.

Chapter 87

“This Amon is disappointed in you two.”

“.....”

“Even as a dragon and even as my younger sibling, to think you’d both be so weak...”

Amon was on his way back to the academy, carrying the exhausted Ami and Rustianel.

However, there was a clear difference in their treatment.

Since Rustianel was still a “Dragon,” Amon carried her on his back, but Ami, who was merely family, was dragged along the dirt ground.

Yet, Ami seemed accustomed to such treatment, speaking her mind even as she lay sprawled and was dragged along.

“I told you over and over again, didn’t I? It’s you who’s the strange one, big brother.”

Rustianel chimed in.

“Humans... are scary.”

“No, it’s not humans who are scary. It’s that human who’s scary.”

“I want to go back to my lair...”

Seeing Rustianel whimper, Amon shook his head.

“That won’t do, Rustianel.”

“Why not?”

“Because I owe Caselag.”

“Ugh...”

If Rustianel returned now, saying she couldn’t do it anymore, Amon might have to cough up the gold bricks he received from Caselag.

That thought alone was enough to haunt Amon in his dreams.

‘Anyway, we’re almost at Amur. What have I gained from stepping out of the academy?’

Beyond the academy, Amon had come to a stark realization of how grim the future of the world seemed.

An empire in harmony with ogres!

An empire exploiting necromancers!

Even the Four Great Knights of the Empire, who were so idle they stole the work of honest citizens to fill their own bellies!

‘So, this is what they meant by the continent being in turmoil.’

As he suppressed a sigh, Ami, who was being dragged, suddenly spoke up.

“Big brother.”

“What is it, my lovely little sister?”

“Your lovely little sister is a dirt-covered mess.”

“That’s why you’re lovely.”

“Aha.”

“Anyway, what is it?”

Ami, still being dragged, subtly pointed at something.

“Aren’t those our academy people over there?”

“Huh? Oh, really?”

In a forest a little distance from Amur, just as Ami said, academy students and teachers had gathered in a crowd.

“What’s everyone doing here?”

“Oh? Amon’s back. How did your task go?”

At Sloth’s question, Amon gave a crooked smile.

“It’s all taken care of.”

“Is that so? Good to hear.”

“It’s not really good, though. I’ll explain it in detail later. But what’s everyone doing here?”

At that question, Chloe came running over.

For some reason, Chloe’s face was quite flushed with excitement.

“Teacher.”

“Yes, Chloe.”

“I’ve become a Sword Expert.”

“What? Not a Sword User?”

Chloe had skipped a rank and directly reached the level of Sword Expert!

That explained why Chloe’s face was flushed.

Even with just a few months of training in swordsmanship, Chloe had demonstrated extraordinary talent, overwhelming Raymond in competitions.

She had also secured a win against some guy named Oliver in the academy exchange battle. Most notably, even the renowned Reinbelt had called her a “genius.”

“After only practicing and sparring every day, experiencing real combat for the first time taught me a lot.”

“Oh, is that so?”

Amon looked at Chloe with genuine amazement and then broke into a wide smile.

“Congratulations, Chloe!”

“Thank you!”

Sloth, who had taught Chloe swordsmanship, looked pleased as well.

“This proves my teaching methods are right.”

With a bitter smile, Amon nodded.

“Of course.”

“You get it, huh?”

“Ha, ha, ha. Of course. But on such a joyous day, what are Kai and Raymond doing over there?”

As Amon observed, Raymond and Kai were standing at a distance.

Kai, with a gentle expression, was saying something, while Raymond, pouting, was absentmindedly nodding.

Sloth remarked with a tone of disdain.

“From what I overheard, Kai is probably saying something like, ‘Chloe figured things out and became a Sword Expert right away, so why haven’t you advanced to mid-level Sword Master yet, Raymond?’”

Like a tiger, Amon charged at Kai and smacked him hard on the back of the head.

Dragging the unconscious Kai along, Amon comforted Raymond.

“Raymond, don’t pay attention to what that guy says. You’re doing well.”

“Yes, Teacher!”

“That guy...always so unnecessarily passionate...”

Amon glanced at Kai, who was foaming at the mouth and convulsing, before suddenly looking around.

Come to think of it, wasn’t someone missing?

“By the way, where are Senior Marion and Boris?”

As soon as he asked, Sloth responded with an awkward expression.

“Ah, well, about that...”

One of the beginner dungeons managed by the Mage Guild: the Goblin Dungeon created by illusion magic.

Inside, Marion was consoling Boris with a somber expression.

“Hmm, Boris.”

“...Yes.”

“I’m sorry. It’s all because my teaching isn’t good enough.”

“...No, sir Marion. It’s not your fault.”

Seeing Boris mumble in a subdued voice made Marion’s heart ache.

‘Oh, how could this happen to someone who tries so hard?’

Magic is, after all, a field of study.

That’s why memorizing formulas and theories is crucial. Boris had shown great progress, thanks to Anar’el and Brestle’s “Spell of Remembering the Bad Things” and “Potion of Sleepless Nights.”

But there was one major problem.

‘Mana aptitude.’

As someone once said, magic is heavily influenced by innate talent and lineage.

It’s no exaggeration to say magic is a discipline reserved for the chosen.

Marion knew this all too well.

‘I was once called a genius as a child. Within weeks of learning magic, I reached the 1st Circle. Within months, I was at the 3rd Circle and could proudly call myself a mage.’

Now, as a proud 6th Circle magician of “Archmage-level,” Marion might soon reach the 7th Circle. In terms of talent, he was clearly in the “gifted” category.

But in Boris’s case...

“Boris, let’s call it a day and come back in a few days.”

“But, sir...”

“Overexerting yourself isn’t good. Besides, reaching the 1st Circle is the hardest part of magic. It’s normal for it to be difficult, so don’t feel rushed.”

“...Yes, sir.”

With his shoulders drooping, Boris eventually nodded.

‘Sigh, to see him so dejected... what should I do?’

Marion’s heart ached.

How painful must it have been for him to put away the bottle he always carried when watching Boris repeatedly fail at magic inside the dungeon?

‘The theory behind casting spells is perfect. His magic formulas are flawless. But his lack of mana aptitude prevents him from manifesting spells. This isn’t something I can help with.’

Marion paced back and forth in frustration.

Eventually, as he exited the dungeon deep in thought, he spotted an unexpected face.

“Oh? Amon, you’re back?”

“Yes. Senior, are you just coming out now?”

“Yeah. How did your task go?”

“Well... I’ll explain it later. It’s a long story.”

Smiling faintly, Amon looked at Boris.

“You worked hard, Boris.”

“Huh? Oh, it’s nothing.”

“Come on, let’s head back to the academy.”

As Amon urged a quick return to the academy, Marion hesitated.

“Amon, wait...”

“Yes?”

Marion lowered his voice.

“You heard from Sloth, didn’t you?”

“Yes. I came because I heard both of you were still here.”

“No, no... that’s not what I meant. Um...”

“What? Did something happen?”

Seeing Amon tilt his head in confusion, Marion frowned.

‘Does this guy not know what’s going on?’

Marion glanced at Boris, who was trudging ahead with his head down.

‘Should I tell him about Boris’ condition?’

However, the truth was that he felt reluctant to say anything.

Admitting that the student he had diligently taught lacked talent as a mage felt like giving up on Boris entirely.

Besides, didn’t he passionately refute Amon’s concerns about Boris during their dungeon practice?

‘That’s why I only told Sloth that Boris seemed to be struggling...’

Lost in these thoughts, Amon shrugged as if he were dealing with some lightweight drunkard.

“Let’s head back quickly. Oh, look, Boris is already that far ahead.”

“Ah, yes, let’s do that.”

In the end, Marion gave up on explaining the situation.

Boris lay on his bed, completely drained.

‘I don’t have any talent for magic.’

After all, magic was mostly a privilege of the nobility. While it was true that commoner mages existed, Boris realized that he wasn’t among the “few exceptions.”

‘Of course. That’s just how my life is.’

He had no hometown to return to and no family left.

He thought he had found a path as a “mage,” but the path turned out to be a cliff that snatched away his last glimmer of hope.

To make things worse, the stark contrast with others pursuing their own paths was a harsh reality he couldn't bear to dream of overcoming.

Raymond, the same age as him, was already at the level of a Sword Master.

Chloe, who he considered close in age, was growing further apart from him, showing incredible progress compared to himself.

“Hahaha...”

Boris let out a bitter laugh, curling up into a ball.

‘Of course. What can someone like me possibly do?’

Boris sank deeper into his pit of self-deprecation, a darkness that had been lying dormant until now.

Then, there was a knock at the door.

-Knock, knock.

A familiar voice followed.

“Boris, are you inside?”

It was Amon's voice.

“Ah, yes, teacher. I'm here.”

“Alright, Boris. May I come in?”

“Oh, sure.”

When Amon entered, he asked, “It's dinner time. Why aren't you eating?”

“Well...”

Boris shook his head.

“I just don't have an appetite.”

“Hmm, I see.”

Amon, folding his arms, thought for a moment before saying, "Perfect timing. How about coming with me for a bit?"

"Pardon? Oh, alright."

Boris followed behind Amon, confused about the situation.

Moments later, they arrived at Amon's room, where Boris tilted his head in curiosity.

"Why are we in your room, teacher? Do you need me to tidy up?"

"Hmm?"

"I'm really good at cleaning. Leave it to me."

"What?"

Amon's face stiffened.

'This is worse than I thought. It's already progressed this far.'

Boris's severe self-deprecation was obvious,
'I'm useless, so just let me clean or do menial tasks!'

Reading the psyche behind Boris's words, Amon let out a faint laugh and said, "The room is a bit messy, sure. But I'll clean it later, so don't worry about that."

"Oh no! Then what can I possibly do?"

Amon sighed.

'It's getting worse by the second.'

Realizing he couldn't delay any longer, Amon hurriedly pulled something out.

"Look at this, Boris!"

When Amon pulled a sack of potatoes from the closet, Boris instinctively started searching for a peeler.

"Of course! At least I can peel potatoes. Thank you for giving my life purpose, teacher!"

Unable to bear it any longer, Amon flicked Boris on the forehead.

"Snap out of it, you little rascal."

“Ow...”

“Boris, do you know what kind of potatoes these are?”

“Um, just regular ones, right?”

“No. These are from my territory.”

“...!”

These were potatoes Amon had brought back during his leave, originally promised to Brestle. But since that arrangement had fallen through, the potatoes had been sitting untouched in Amon’s closet.

“If they’re from your territory, then...”

“That’s right. You know what that means?”

Boris nodded.

He had heard stories about Amon growing up strong and healthy by eating these very potatoes.

Pointing to the potatoes and then at Boris, Amon declared, “And now, these potatoes...”

“Yes?”

“Are all yours to eat.”

Boris froze in shock, his mouth agape.

If Brestle had known, she would have been outraged,
“Why are my potatoes going to Boris?!”

But Amon, relishing the shocked look on Boris’s face, simply said, “Oh, by the way.”

“...”

“There are two more sacks.”

Amon casually pulled out two more sacks, each as large as Boris himself.

Seeing the mountain of potatoes, Boris collapsed to the floor, realizing that his primary food source for the foreseeable future would be nothing but potatoes.

Chapter 88

Boris, who came from a rural village, loved meat.

It was only natural since he had eaten nothing but potatoes and barley from farming at home.

In other words, while he didn't exactly hate them, he certainly didn't like potatoes and barley.

The voice of Boris, who had a choked tone, was heard.

"Please, teacher, at least let me have some barley porridge."

"No. Instead of barley porridge, let's put one more potato from our territory in your stomach."

"Ughhh!"

In response to Amon's firm words, Boris, who looked like he was on the verge of tears, had a mountain of potato dishes placed in front of him.

Potato salad, mashed potatoes, steamed potatoes, potato pancakes, and even raw potatoes cut into bite-sized pieces!

If Brestle had seen it, she would have wagged her tongue in hunger at such a delicious-looking spread, but for Boris, who had eaten only potatoes for an entire week, it was a sight no different from a hellish feast.

For Boris, who was at the age where he loved meat, it was an unbearable ordeal!

'No wonder Chloe and Raymond kept asking me why I smell like potatoes...'

During this process, Chloe, with a frown, had even asked, "This smell... it smells like potatoes from Amon's territory," and interrogated him.

But, since he had promised with a pinky swear to Amon, "It's a secret that you're eating potatoes, okay?" he couldn't tell her the truth.

In the end, Boris was suspicious to Chloe outside, and inside, he was living with a bloated stomach after eating potatoes to the point of bursting.

'Clearly, the headmaster and others have said that the potatoes from the teacher's territory are special, but... I still don't get it, even though I'm the one eating them.'

At first, he was grateful for the taste, but Amon's relentless insistence on feeding him potatoes was beginning to arouse unnecessary suspicions.

Meanwhile, Amon, who was watching Boris chewing on raw potatoes cut into bite-sized pieces, smiled contentedly.

'He grumbles about not wanting to eat, but in the end, he eats it all up.'

Amon, with his chin resting on his hand, watched Boris eat the potatoes with satisfaction.

Boris, sensing the gaze, felt uneasy, and suddenly Amon spoke.

"Boris, has it already been about a week since you started eating our potatoes?"

"Ah, has it only been that long?"

"Yeah. It's been that long. In just one week, you've eaten an entire sack of our potatoes. Don't you feel anything?"

"Well..."

Boris, tilting his head, rubbed his stomach.

"My stomach feels like it's going to burst."

"Hmm, really? Then, how about we test things out and go to the dungeon?"

It was said as if the time had come, but perhaps due to the traumatic memory of repeatedly failing magic in the dungeon, Boris' face darkened slightly.

"Maybe a little later..."

"Well then, eat all the remaining potatoes, and we'll go. But you'll need to eat faster than this."

Upon hearing Amon's words, Boris, who had become pale, hurriedly spoke.

"Let's go right now!"

"Good thing you changed your mind!"

Although the decision to go to the dungeon was made hastily, Marion also accompanied them.

On their way to the Magic Guild's illusion dungeon, Marion cautiously spoke.

"Hmm, Amon."

“Yes, senior?”

“I’ve noticed you’ve been taking Boris here and there after class lately. Can you finally tell me what you’re up to? It’s already been a week since you said you’d explain it soon.”

Upon hearing Marion’s concern for his disciple, Amon smiled softly.

“Hehe, it would be faster if you saw it for yourself.”

With Amon’s confident words, Marion couldn’t help but sweat slightly.

This made him even more worried.

‘He’s so confident, but it’s happened before where he screwed things up.’

However, seeing him so certain, there must have been a good reason for it.

A short while later, Amon looked around the dungeon in awe.

In fact, this was Amon’s first time coming here.

‘This is a cave-type dungeon, which is the most common type seen in the dungeon guidebook.’

It was a shabby-looking dungeon shaped like a cave.

But, because it was artificially created, Amon, who knew what truly run-down places looked like, wasn’t impressed.

‘Tch, tch, tch, look at those walls. They intentionally made them look worn out by rubbing them! Compared to the walls in my house, they’re practically brand new!’

Suddenly, clutching his chest in discomfort, Marion spoke.

“Amon, we’ve arrived, but what do we do now?”

“Hehe, just watch.”

“‘Watch,’ you say? You’ve been saying that since earlier. Do you actually have something planned?”

At Marion’s sharp remark, Amon gave a relaxed smile.

“Just watch.”

“Sigh... fine, forget it. I won’t ask.”

Shaking his head, Marion walked up to Boris.

The boy still looked timid, almost like he was unsure of himself.

“Boris, relax, and let’s try again.”

“Yes, yes.”

“Then, think of the mana circle spinning in your heart, and slowly try casting the spell. Don’t worry, teacher is behind you.”

Seeing Boris nodding as if understanding, Marion spoke.

“Appear. Illusion.”

As soon as the incantation was spoken, monsters made of illusion appeared.

Goblin-like creatures holding rusty swords, grinning wickedly!

At the sight of their grotesque appearances, Boris took a step back.

“Ugh, ughhh...”

“Boris! Teacher is behind you! It’s okay if you fail, just try using your magic!”

“Yes, yes!”

Boris, who tightly shut his eyes, reached out his hand.

“Magic Arrow!”

At that moment.

Boom—!

With a tremendous sound, the illusions and the dungeon walls exploded.

The recoil caused Boris to be thrown backward, and he slammed his head into Marion’s abdomen.

“Kkhhkk!”

As a result, Marion, clutching his stomach, staggered and fell to the ground, vomiting. Boris, who had been lying on Marion’s back, blinked in confusion.

“Huh?”

Magic Arrow was a basic 1st-circle attack spell.

Well, to be precise, it wasn't even really an “attack” spell, as its power was quite weak.

But what kind of power was this?

Seeing the shocking sight of the wall being destroyed and collapsing after being hit by Magic Arrow, Boris spoke in awe.

“T-teacher...”

Hearing Boris' trembling voice, Marion quickly looked up.

“Yes! Boris! I've always believed in you!”

“Teacher!”

At the repeated call, Marion was about to embrace Boris, but then—

Whoosh—!

In an instant, Boris dashed toward Amon and jumped into his arms!

Marion's eyes widened at the sight.

“B-Boris?”

“Teacher! Thank you so much! I can use magic now!”

Seeing Boris jumping around in joy while clinging to Amon, a look of despair spread across Marion's face.

Boris, whom he had taught so hard, was happily clinging to someone else!

The shocking reality of serving the wrong person made Marion look at Amon with a hollow expression.

Gulp—!

When Marion looked at Amon's face, he began trembling in fear.

Boris, who had reserved all his gratitude for Amon, wore a face full of superiority.

‘That bastard...!’

'Heh heh, senior. Didn't I tell you to watch? Now, just sit there and watch Boris rejoice!'

'Yesss!'

Just as Amon was about to break into a victorious laugh—

Clunk—!

The guild's manager, who had entered the dungeon, shouted.

"What the hell is going on here! I've told you time and again that this dungeon is only designed to withstand 2nd-circle magic! What are you doing, destroying the dungeon like this! You'll have to pay for the repairs!"

Amon's face turned pale.

Amon was absentmindedly fiddling with his emptied pockets.

'Why would it cost that much to repair a shabby cave?'

No matter how much he turned the pockets inside out, they remained completely empty.

'Could I have been scammed?'

He wanted to rush to the Mage Guild and demand his money back, but since the destruction was indeed his fault, there was nothing he could do about it.

"Sigh...they say a clumsy person will end up breaking his backside if he falls."

Amon sighed and turned his head.

Despite his grumbling, Marion continued to glare at him, still with his arms crossed.

"So, you want me to explain Boris's condition?"

"Yeah."

"Tsk. I fed him some of our potatoes."

"Potatoes..."

"Yeah, I fed him potatoes for a whole week. He ate an entire sack, the size of his torso, in one go."

The potatoes from Amon's domain.

At that, Marion nodded as if he now understood.

Boris seemed to have a low aptitude for mana.

‘But according to Elder Reinbelt, Amon’s body seems to have adapted to mana itself. The reason being that he grew up eating potatoes from a young age...’

At that moment, Marion suddenly felt irritated.

Potatoes.

Could something so trivial break all the conventional wisdom about magic, and allow Boris, with his low mana aptitude, to suddenly wield magic at the third-circle level?

‘But when I checked Boris’s body, the circle hadn’t been formed yet. That means he’s becoming like Amon...’

Scratching his head, Marion cursed under his breath.

“Damn it, I just can’t figure it out.”

“Why curse? The end result is good, so it doesn’t matter how it happened.”

Marion thought that way too, but deep down, he was uncomfortable with the fact that all his hard work and teaching had been overshadowed by something as trivial as potatoes.

“Sigh...fine, I’ll let it go. But still, Amon.”

“Yes?”

“I’ll give you a warning—don’t let outsiders know about those potatoes.”

Amon fell into thought.

How many outsiders had visited the domain before he became a teacher at Amonis Academy?

‘I don’t think there were even ten.’

And how many people would be crazy enough to come all the way to the remote Drake domain and care about something like potatoes?

“Well, I don’t think you need to worry about that.”

“Right. If anyone eats potatoes and turns into a monster like you...”

“Monster? There’s someone right in front of you, and you’re saying things like that.”

“Ahem! If someone were to turn into something like you, I can only imagine the chaos it would cause. I’m sure there’d be a huge commotion over the potatoes from Drake’s domain. Probably, countless people would spill blood over it.”

Amon imagined the scenario.

“Hahaha! A raid! Harvest the potatoes!”

“Stuff all the potatoes into sacks!”

In his imagination, the potato thieves were quickly subdued by the villagers and thrown deep into the Drake Mountains.

Anyway, the thieves who coveted potatoes were monsters themselves, so Amon didn’t want to take any unnecessary risks.

“I’ll keep that in mind. But in the first place, I only fed Boris those potatoes. I’m not planning to give them to anyone else. After all, they are the potatoes I’ve raised with great care.”

Even Sloth would have to marry Amon if she dared to eat the potatoes!

That too, only on the condition that she handed over the economic rights of the Pid Marquis family!

“Well, don’t worry. It’s not like I’ll be feeding them to anyone else.”

“I see. I’m just saying this out of concern, so don’t take it badly.”

“What’s there to take badly? It’s the truth, after all.”

“I’m glad you understand. But…”

Marion spoke quietly.

“I’m not an outsider either. Couldn’t you give me some potatoes? The seventh-circle is within my reach.”

“No.”

“…”

Amon was ruthless when it came to anyone other than his students.

Chapter 89

Amon was deep in thought, his face serious.

There was something he couldn't understand.

The problem was that the word "potato" was attached to it.

Incomprehensible potatoes! The incomprehensible potatoes!

'This is strange. Both in terms of the meaning and the reality.'

No matter how much he racked his brain, the potatoes from Amon's domain were just seed potatoes he had bought from a nearby city and planted.

Why, then, were these potatoes showing such incomprehensible effects?

It didn't matter as long as the results were good, but he was curious about the reason.

'Well, I'll look into it more carefully when I return to the domain. What's more important now, though, is not that...'

Amon subtly lowered his head and looked at the ground beneath him.

There, his lovely younger sister, Ami, was trembling with her head buried in the ground.

"Ami."

"Ugh! Ugh, mmm."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Wha—what?"

Amon, with a cold expression, scratched his chin with a fountain pen and said,

"Your swordsmanship evaluation was a disaster."

"....."

"Your magic evaluation was a disaster."

"....."

"Your math evaluation was a disaster, and my subject, history? Naturally, it was a disaster."

Amon tilted his head slightly and smiled faintly.

“Ami, why on earth did you even enter the academy?”

“O-oppa, there’s a misunderstanding...”

“Hmm, a misunderstanding. Should I hear it?”

Ami, slowly rising and kneeling, spoke with a bright red face.

“I did it on purpose.”

“On purpose?”

“I was aiming for dramatic effect. Oppa, if you were to choose, would you prefer a student who does well consistently from the beginning, or one who doesn’t do well at first but gradually improves?”

“Hoo...”

Amon fell into thought. After hearing it, it seemed like a reasonable argument.

‘If you think about it, I do pay more attention to Chloe and Boris than to Raymond. I want to teach them at least one more thing.’

Of course, that was just talk; he didn’t actually treat Raymond any less than the other kids.

The truth was, Raymond had already reached Sword Master, so there was no need for Amon to pay special attention to him.

‘If I were to make a comparison, I’d say Chloe and Boris are like children I worry about as if I were putting them by the water’s edge, whereas Raymond I don’t have to worry about because I know he won’t fall into the water.’

Although, the fact that he was obsessively attached to a doll modeled after himself was worrisome, personal preferences should be respected, as long as they weren’t criminal.

Amon sighed at Ami’s cleverness.

“Well, I get your point.”

“Right? I came up with a good idea, didn’t I?”

“But it’s already been a week since you enrolled. You should start doing things properly. I’ve been hearing from the other teachers about you—your progress is slow, and they’re worried.”

“R-really?”

“Yep.”

That was a lie.

Marion found Ami, who flattered him, cute; Sloth was always being lazy as usual; and Kai seemed to have twisted passion, saying it might be worth teaching her.

‘It’s all for a good cause, a white lie to encourage her.’

Thankfully, it seemed to have worked, as Ami clenched her fists and made a vow.

“Alright. I’ll do my best from now on!”

“Good, work hard. If you learn well, making a living won’t be a problem at all.”

She was, after all, his sister.

Since Ami had grown up eating the incomprehensible potatoes, it was natural that once she learned something properly—whether it was swordsmanship or magic—she would grow at an amazing rate.

“Yeah! I’ll study hard!”

“Good, good.”

A while later, Ami’s face, as she returned to the dorm, was stiff with worry.

‘This is bad.’

She hadn’t intentionally gotten bad grades for dramatic effect—it was her actual ability!

She had only made up an excuse because Amon was scolding her so fiercely!

‘The sword is too light, so it keeps spinning, the magic formula won’t stick, and I don’t understand what they’re saying in math and history—what should I do?’

With tears in her eyes, Ami returned to the dorm and glanced at the other students.

Each of them was working hard on something.

“Hey, Boris. Are you memorizing the magic formula?”

“Yes, Ami. What’s up?”

“So…”

Ami, swallowing her pride, asked Boris for advice on memorizing magic formulas.

“Oh, you want to know how to memorize it?”

Boris grinned and handed her something.

“...What’s this?”

“It’s a magic scroll that makes bad memories last longer, and a potion that helps with sleeplessness.”

“Quite an intuitive name, huh?”

“Yes. With these, memorizing the magic formulas is a piece of cake!”

Boris, with dark circles under his eyes, grinned widely and handed her the scroll and potion.

“I have plenty, so I’ll share some with you.”

“Oh, no. It’s fine.”

“No. Please, take it. Please…”

Ami quickly pulled away from Boris, who had a look of malicious intent.

‘Next, I’ll ask about swordsmanship...’

Ami glanced back and forth between Chloe and Raymond.

As usual, Raymond was carefully stitching up a worn part of a doll that looked exactly like him.

‘Why is he always doing that...?’

Eventually, Ami approached Chloe, kneeling as she did.

“Hey, Chloe.”

Chloe, closing the book she was reading, smiled broadly.

“Yes, unnie. What’s the matter?”

“You’re good at swordsmanship, right? So I wanted to ask you something…”

After hearing the situation, Chloe thought carefully.

“You said the sword feels too light and keeps spinning?”

“Yeah, yeah.”

Chloe tilted her head and said,

“The wooden sword we use for training has an iron core inside, so it’s a bit heavy for me.”

“That, that’s heavy?”

Chloe glanced at Raymond and said,

“Right? It’s not light, is it?”

Raymond nodded seriously, continuing to stitch the doll.

“Yeah, it’s lighter than a real sword, but it’s not so light that it would spin out of control.”

“Right? See, unnie? Raymond says so too.”

“Re-really?”

While Ami scratched her head, Chloe smiled and said,

“Unnie, by the way…”

“Hmm?”

“I heard from teacher Sloth, the comment about the sword being too light and spinning. That was something teacher Amon said.”

“What!?”

Ami jumped back, startled.

“I-I’m not his sister!”

“Who said anything?”

“Forget it, forget it. Let’s move on. Anyway, I understand.”

Ami waved her hand and decided to change the subject.

“So, how do you memorize history and math faster? Is there a trick for that?”

At her question, the water ghost named Boris slowly approached with the scroll and potion, and Ami, startled, backed away. Chloe scolded Boris.

“Boris! Don’t!”

“Ugh.”

“Anyway, when it comes to memorizing history and math... actually, I don’t know either.”

“...What?”

Chloe turned her gaze away and said,

“Honestly, my grades aren’t great in anything but swordsmanship...”

Raymond, smiling contentedly while tucking the well-stitched doll into his waistband, said,

“Ami, I got less than 30 points in history and math combined!”

“...”

Ami looked at Raymond in disbelief, then turned to Chloe.

“Then Chloe, your history grades are good, right?”

“Well, that’s because teacher Amon is the one teaching it.”

“Huh? What does that mean...?”

Ami’s shoulder was grabbed, and Boris shook his head in disapproval.

“Unnie, it’s better if you stop asking.”

“Why, why...?”

“There’s something like that. You’d be better off not knowing.”

“Oh, uh, okay. I understand.”

“By the way, this is really good for memorizing math and history.”

“Stay away! You water ghost!”

“Sniff! You’re being too harsh.”

In the end, unable to come up with a good solution, Ami turned her head slowly towards Rustianel, who was sitting in a chair with her eyes closed.

‘Oh, right. She was here.’

She was so still like a statue that Ami didn’t realize she was there.

“Hey, my dear classmate.”

“Yes? What’s up, Ami?”

“Now that I think about it, you’re good at everything, right? Do you have any tips?”

Rustianel tilted her head slightly and spoke.

“I don’t have any tips. I just do it.”

“Oh, I see.”

As Ami stepped away from Rustianel, she thought to herself.

‘This guy is annoying.’

Rustianel smiled brightly and said.

“Well, originally, I am a dragon.”

Ami knew Caselag.

However, she had no idea that Rustianel was a dragon who had entered the academy on Caselag’s recommendation.

‘Ah, this guy’s not in her right mind.’

The misunderstanding deepened!

‘Anyway, what should I do? Is there no proper way?’

Lost in thought, she clicked her tongue and then her eyes sparkled.

'There's no choice. There's only one way.'

In the morning, swordsmanship class.

Ami stood by the head of Sloth, who was wrapped in a sleeping bag, and provided shade for her.

Worried that it might be too hot, she even fanned her.

"Teacher, is the wind strong enough? Isn't it too weak?"

"No, it's just right. Thank you."

"Hehehe, no need to thank me. Ah! The sunlight is getting stronger."

Ami spread her body wide to block the sunlight!

A satisfied expression appeared on Sloth's face.

"Student Ami."

"Yes, respected teacher Sloth."

"Your attitude in class is very good."

"Hehehe! Thank you."

Ami smiled brightly.

'This is easy!'

During the break between Marion's class, Ami seized the opportunity to flatter Marion, who was drinking.

"Hey, what's wrong with drinking during class?"

"Uhehehe! Isn't it?"

"Of course! They say good-tasting alcohol is like a health tonic. What's wrong with having some health tonic for class?"

"Hehehe! Student Ami is right! I like this student!"

"Thank you."

Ami grinned slyly.

'This is easy!'

Next was Amon's history class.

Ami sat up straight and listened attentively to Amon's words.

"That's how the demon army that swept the continent retreated. Now, student Ami!"

"Yes! Teacher Amon!"

"Your answer is so strong! Question, what was the name of the hero who defeated the demon army?"

Ami's eyes sparkled, and she answered even louder.

"I'm sorry! Could you explain that again just once more?"

"Ah, sure! The hero Gregory drew the divine sword Nukhael..."

She pretended to listen attentively in front of Amon!

'Big brother is easy!'

The next class, Kai's math class, was no different.

She sat up straight and pretended to listen attentively! Her eyes wide open! Answering loudly!

After the day's classes ended, the teachers had a simple drink together for the first time in a while.

"Oh, by the way, Amon."

"Yes?"

"Your sister has a good personality, and her attitude in class has improved! How is she in your class?"

Amon had already revealed to the teachers that Ami was his sister.

Hearing praise for his sister made him a bit embarrassed, so he gave a small laugh and shook his head.

"Well, she's not bad."

Sloth, who had gone out with them for the first time in a while, added his thoughts.

“She’s like a sturdy tree. She looks like she’ll grow up big.”

Kai also smiled and said,

“Her desire to learn is quite admirable.”

Hearing continuous praise for his sister made Amon feel good.

‘If this goes well, I might benefit from my sister too!’

Sometimes it’s better not to know the truth.

Chapter 90

In the afternoon, just before history class, Amon happened to run into Ami in the hallway.

“Oh, Ami. Lately, other teachers have been praising you for your good attitude in class. You’re doing well. Just keep doing that, and you’ll be fine.”

Ami gave an awkward smile at the compliment from her family member.

“Ah, yeah. I’ll do my best.”

“Good, good.”

“But I’m curious about something...”

“Hmm?”

Amon, who was sipping chamomile tea to help calm his nerves, nodded while thinking.

“What is it?”

“Well, you’ve always been good at studying since you were a kid, right? Do you have any tips?”

Amon blinked his eyes and tilted his head.

“Did I do well in studying?”

“Isn’t that so? You’re even a history teacher now. Aren’t you good at studying?”

Amon chuckled.

“It’s not that I’m good at it. I just worked really hard, so it might have seemed like I was good.”

“What? What do you mean...?”

Amon was quite a bit older than Ami.

Therefore, up until now, he had never had the chance to speak about his inner thoughts, nor had he ever thought to. But now that Ami was trying to find her own way, it didn’t seem like something he couldn’t talk about.

“You know our territory and title will be inherited by our older brother, right? So, you and I have to figure out our own way to make a living.”

“Yeah, that’s true.”

“Of course, there’s the option of staying in the family and doing work for the family, but since our territory isn’t that plentiful, I thought it would be better if we found our own way to make a living.”

Amon gave a bitter smile and gulped down his chamomile tea.

“That’s why I desperately studied. I thought if I learned something, at least I wouldn’t starve to death.”

“...”

“I did well in studying? I just sat at the desk patiently until it worked. I even memorized the magic theories I learned from father, reading and reviewing until I could remember them, just in case.”

“...”

Amon, holding the cup still to let the chamomile leaves settle, spoke.

“Well, when I was your age, I realized I had to find my own way to make a living, so I started studying hard...I guess we really are siblings. Our timing is pretty similar.”

“Uh, yeah.”

“But I was self-taught, while you’ll learn at the academy, so you’ll probably learn faster than I did. The other teachers are skilled too. No, they’re only good at their skills.”

“...”

“So, work hard.”

Ami nodded with a stiff face.

“Yeah, I’ll work hard.”

“Good. I’ll go prepare for class now, so make sure you don’t come in late.”

“Okay. Got it.”

Amon waved his hand as if urging her to leave quickly, and as Ami stood there alone, she checked the time.

There was still more than an hour left before class.

During the remaining time, Amon reviewed what he needed to teach and prepared the necessary words for the lesson.

‘...Brother isn’t just doing things easily, huh.’

Their older brother, Aim, had always been gentle and generous, always giving in to Ami.

But Amon never gave in! He went all out against his younger sister!

Because of that, he was sometimes the older brother she wanted to tear apart, but now that she had heard his inner thoughts, he seemed a little different.

‘If I feel like this now, maybe I’ll forgive him... but only if his arms and legs get torn off.’

A dramatic improvement in their relationship, going from wanting to tear him apart to just a few limbs being lost!

Anyway, Ami scratched her head and muttered.

“Should I really try hard this time?”

“Thank you for your hard work, teacher.”

“Yeah, good job everyone for attending the class.”

Amon smiled as he watched the students gather and leave the classroom in small groups.

Chloe followed Ami closely, and Boris and Raymond followed behind with Rustianel, chatting as they left the room.

‘They’ve already become close? It looks like Chloe follows Ami pretty well.’

Since Ami was a little older, it seemed Chloe followed her closely.

Amon smiled contentedly at the cheerful scene of the students, but the reality was different.

'I need to make a good impression on my older sister. We'll be seeing each other for a long time.'

Obsession was born from selfish intentions!

Ami felt burdened by Chloe's overly friendly attitude.

'Could it be that she still doubts that I'm siblings with my brother?'

'Hehe, maybe later she'll call me her sister-in-law.'

'Even if we're really siblings, we're really siblings, but why does she keep sticking around and making things awkward?'

'I'm just glad that she seems to like me!'

The two of them, thinking completely differently!

The three behind Ami and Chloe were whispering.

"Those two look close."

At Rustianel's pleased expression, Boris responded with a serious face.

"Does that look close?"

"Isn't it?"

"...I don't think so."

Raymond, hugging an identical doll of himself, smiled warmly.

"When we talk about being close, it's something like this. Right, Raymond?"

'Yeah, Raymond.'

"I knew you'd think the same!"

Seeing this, Rustianel thought to herself.

“Humans project themselves onto dolls that look like them. Is it because they’re such a fragile species?”

Rustianel was forming a misguided understanding of humans!

“We dragons don’t have that kind of culture, but now I’ve learned something new.”

At Rustianel’s comment about being a dragon, Boris’s face became even more serious.

How could there be no normal people in the academy!

“By the way, Boris, don’t you have a doll?”

“...No, I don’t.”

“Why not?”

“It’s normal to not have one....”

Rustianel tilted her head in confusion.

Seeing this, Boris made a firm decision.

‘I have to hold on to my sanity, at least.’

Determined, Boris began to drink a ‘sleep-depriving tonic’ as he started to feel drowsy.

“Senior Amon.”

“Yeah?”

When Kai approached with a serious face, Amon looked at him warily.

‘Is he coming for revenge for the time I knocked him out after hitting him in the back of the head a few days ago?’

That had happened when Kai was lecturing Raymond about why he couldn’t become a Sword Master at the intermediate level.

Since then, Kai had been showing symptoms of memory loss, asking, ‘Why did I faint?’ but maybe he was starting to realize the reason he passed out.

Amon clenched his fist, ready to retaliate, and spoke.

“What’s the matter? Why do you look so serious?”

“Well, it seems you need to hurry to the principal’s office.”

“Me?”

“Yes. The principal and vice-principal have called for you.”

“They both called for me?”

Amon had a confused expression.

What could they possibly want to call him together for?

‘Did the vice-principal eat something important like a confidential document from the academy or something?’

Amon, still lost in strange thoughts, nodded.

“Well, okay. I don’t know what it’s about though.”

“A new teacher has arrived.”

“What...!?”

Amon’s eyes widened.

‘A new teacher! Does this mean we finally have five teachers?’

Then, he could finally distribute the promotional flyers he had long wished for, and maybe the academy would get back on track!

He had just encouraged Ami to work hard, but in the current state where all the pillars were missing, he wouldn’t be able to rely on the academy’s reputation.

‘But an opportunity has come like this! The day we get to put a gold frame around our academy’s sign is not far off!’

Amon grinned and rushed off.

Seeing this, Kai tried to grab Amon but couldn’t catch up as Amon was already running far ahead.

“Why is he in such a hurry? He could’ve at least listened to the rest of the story.”

Kai sighed deeply and scratched his head.

‘...Well, it should be fine, right?’

With a slight smile, Kai headed to his math class.

Little did he know that the time when he thought everything would be fine was the most dangerous time of all.

Upon arriving at the principal's office, Amon could see Anar'el and Brestle, both wearing extremely serious faces.

"What is this? What's with the atmosphere? Why are both of you looking like that?"

"...You've arrived, teacher Amon."

Anar'el spoke, tilting her shadowed face over her clasped hands.

"Please, sit down first. There's an important matter we need to discuss."

"...Is it really something serious?"

Was it not just the matter of hiring a new teacher?

Along with Anar'el's serious expression, Brestle was also staring at him with a solemn face.

"Teacher Amon."

"Yes?"

"By the way, about the potatoes..."

"There aren't any."

Amon, who had distracted himself from Brestle's wilted face, spoke.

"Principal, please go ahead and tell me what this is all about. I heard from Kai that a new teacher has arrived?"

"To be precise, we are still debating whether we should hire them."

"Eh? You're debating?"

"Yes. And so, I wanted to ask for your opinion, since you've been appointed as the head of the faculty."

Amon's face also hardened.

'The principal is even debating over it?'

For someone to be hesitating about hiring a teacher, even after hiring a drunkard and a woman who didn't leave her sleeping bag, that was a worrying sign.

Even Amon, who made peace and stability the foundation of his life, swallowed nervously.

"Who exactly is this person?"

"First of all, they come from a very prestigious noble family. It's one of those famous families everyone has heard of."

Amon clicked his tongue.

'What I've learned throughout my life is that just because someone comes from a great family doesn't mean they are a great person.'

One of the examples of this was the family of Marquis Pid.

The closest example, the individual named "Sloth Pid," would lose all will to live just a few hours after being separated from a sleeping bag.

'Moreover, the Amonis family, who are descendants of the emperor, are not exactly normal either. The emperor himself is completely out of his mind, after all.'

Because of this, Amon never judged people by their family background.

'Even I am from a baron family, but how upright and principled I am.'

Anyway, crossing his arms, Amon nodded.

"I see. Let's meet them. But where are they?"

"They're waiting outside in the reception room."

"Why are they waiting outside?"

Anar'el gulped and replied.

"They were a bit scary... We told them to wait outside until you arrived, teacher Amon."

"Scary?"

"Yes."

Amon extended his hand.

“Wait, wait a moment, Vice Principal.”

“Hm? What is it?”

As Brestle was about to go out to call the new teacher, she stopped when Amon spoke.

“Let’s hear more about this. Who exactly are they, for them to be scared?”

“Ugh...”

Sighing, Anar’el spoke.

“They’re the daughter of the Pendorean family.”

“The Pendorean family?”

At that moment, Amon narrowed his eyes.

He seemed to have heard something related to that before.

“Could their name be Fiora? Fiora Pendorean?”

“Ah? Do you know her?”

“Wow, she really came.”

Not long ago, Diana had told Fiora to come work as a teacher at Amonis Academy.

‘I thought she turned it down right away... Did she change her mind?’

Or perhaps Diana persuaded her again?

Well, whatever the internal matters were, Amon didn’t really care.

“But why is she scary? I’ve only seen her once, but she didn’t seem that fierce or rough. Maybe a little decisive, though.”

Anar’el shuddered.

“Are you saying she isn’t scary?”

“Well, I didn’t get a close look, but at least at that time...”

Anar’el perked up his ears and said.

“Fine! Let’s take a closer look then!”

Brestle quickly dashed out of the principal's office to fetch Fiora.

And after a moment, Anar'el, with a confident face, whispered.

"Look! See, teacher Amon!"

"..."

"Isn't she scary?!"

At Anar'el's words, Amon turned to look at Fiora.

It was definitely the Fiora he had seen not long ago.

However,

"Gah! Ptooy!"

"C-Could you not spit..."

"Ugh, Principal, can I just smoke one cigarette?"

"P-Please, no smoking indoors..."

"Ah, geez."

Amon looked at Fiora, who was sitting carelessly and grumbling, and slowly raised his gaze to the ceiling.

'What happened for her to turn into a crazy, wild mess?'

For some reason, the ceiling seemed to be blurry.