

The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years - Chapter V1C4 The Academy's Worst Student (4)

Season 1 Chapter 4: The Academy's Worst Student (4)

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“Jack!”

Anthony rushed over to examine Jack.

‘He fainted?’

Why all of a sudden? Anthony’s eyes turned to Frey. He was sitting at his desk again, reading his textbook.

‘From the timing, I’m sure this fucker did something.’

But did he have such a talent? Wasn’t he just a lowly student who could only use Magic Missile?

Just as Anthony tried to speak, the door opened and Professor Dio came in. It was already time for morning class to begin. His gaze reached Anthony, who wobbled where he stood, and Jack who was out cold.

“Anthony, what is going on? Why is Jack laying on the floor?”

“T-that’s... he just suddenly fell down.”

“Suddenly?”

Puzzled, Dio approached Jack. He then turned him over and examined his condition.

‘These are...’

Dio’s face hardened. He felt faint, lingering traces of mana on Jack’s stomach so weak that they would go unnoticed if it weren’t for his keen perception.

'These are traces of martial arts skills using mana.'

It meant that this was the work of a magic warrior. Moreover, it was not something a mere student could have done.

Quick and intricate. He was certain that there was not a single professor who had this level of skill. Who could have done this? Dio's eyes wandered around and reached Frey. He was engrossed in reading, not sparing any attention to Jack who had fallen nearby.

"Tell me the details."

Dio's razor-sharp, azure eyes swept through the classroom. Every student who met his gaze flinched. After a moment's hesitation, David stepped up and said.

"Jack and Frey were talking for a moment but..."

Those two? Talking? Even Dio, who treated his students indifferently, knew of David's relationship with Frey. They were not on friendly enough terms to talk.

David paused mid-speech when he met Dio's gaze.

"he just suddenly collapsed."

When Dio looked away from him, David felt a cold sweat down his back. Then Anthony said.

"P-Professor, how's Jack?"

"... He seems like he'll be knocked unconscious for a while. Don't worry, it's nothing life-threatening."

"What made him collapse?"

"... Well, I think I'll need to examine him further."

There was no need to tell the student about the martial arts as he would not understand. Dio paused briefly, then said.

"I'm taking the morning class off."

"Huh?"

“I’ll arrange for a substitute professor. Everyone, wait in the classroom.”

Dio intended to study Jack’s symptoms in more detail. While unlikely, it could have been the work of an outsider.

“Which professor will take over?”

“Professor Kevin arrived earlier today. I know he doesn’t have anything scheduled this morning, so I’ll ask him.”

At Dio’s words, the students fell into despair. Professor Kevin. He was also one of the three most notable professors at the academy, which included Dio. However, his evaluation was the worst among the students.

Although Dio had a cold personality, he was deeply respected by the students. His abilities were remarkable and his high-quality classes were easy to understand.

But Kevin was different. He behaved pretentiously even though he had the worst skills among the professors and was extremely harsh. None of the students liked him. He had a severe inferiority complex, especially towards Dio, as well as another professor named Adelia. If Dio asked him to substitute, he would certainly accept to do so thinking he got one over on him.

Dio left carrying Jack on his back.

The students sighed and prepared for Kevin’s class. At that moment, David approached Frey and spoke bitterly.

“What did you do?”

“ ... ”

“No, there’s no way you could’ve done anything my eyes wouldn’t catch.”

David concluded that it was just a coincidence and laughed to reassure himself.

“Don’t ditch afternoon practice.”

Then he looked straight at Anthony and said.

“We should skip class.”

“It’s Professor Kevin’s class, though. Will it be okay?”

“It will. I’m sure Professor Kevin will understand.”

As David said so with a grin, Anthony also smiled. Kevin realized that he could not touch David.

He finally looked at Frey. Even with the commotion that occurred just a short while ago, there was little change in his expression.

‘Yeah, keep up that attitude. I’m looking forward to seeing what kind of face you’ll make when I crush you.’

He was going to end it with breaking an arm, but now he thought it would be better to take an eye, too.

With that, David and Anthony left the classroom.

* * *

“Ah, of course.”

Kevin was a balding middle-aged man with half his hair already gone. The protruding lower lip, slanted eyes, hooked nose, and bulging belly made him look more like a thief than a magician.

“I look forward to your kind cooperation.”

At Dio’s words, Kevin burst into laughter.

“Don’t worry. Professor Dio himself bowed and begged me to do my best! Haha!”

He made sure to strongly emphasize the “begging” part. Dio neither bowed nor begged, but he nodded once because he did not want to waste time childishly arguing with him. Kevin headed to the classroom grinning ear to ear. In the first place, he did not really hate teaching classes. Rather, it was more of a preference.

Most of the students at Westroad Academy displayed trust and respect to their professors. Even if they were displeased, few people showed it openly.

Kevin liked that. It was the reason he tried so hard to become a professor at Westroad. He struggled to the point of having nosebleeds, but the fruit was so sweet.

If he lacked the same professor's position, he would never be spoken to politely from elites such as Dio and Adelia. He would be lucky to not be ordered around, let alone be asked for a favor.

When Kevin opened the door and entered, most of the students looked up without delay. The grades for each subject could only be determined by the professor in charge. In other words, if a student displeased him in any way, they would receive poor grades regardless of their actual scores.

The quick-witted students knew what expression Kevin liked the most. When he saw the students' bright eyes, Kevin laughed softly.

"I'm not sure if you were already aware, but due to unavoidable circumstances, I will be in charge of the lessons this morning. Then, everyone, open your textbooks."

The students rushed to open their textbooks. Knowing Kevin's fastidious personality, they had all taken out their books in advance.

Frey was lost for a moment because he did not know what subject Kevin was in charge of teaching. He looked around and saw the title of a book taken out by another student.

'The History of Magecraft.'

Fortunately, all of his textbooks were already on the desk. He began to sort them out one at a time. His figure stood out and caught Kevin's attention.

At first, he did not recognize Frey. But upon seeing his signature grey hair, he immediately realized his identity.

'Frey Blake? That bastard's back in my class?'

Frey Blake. He was a notorious student in the academy, so Kevin obviously knew of him. He disliked Frey. He wanted to be respected by the children of distinguished families who were carefully selected from all over the country. He did not have a speck of interest in what a lesser-born illegitimate child thought of him.

Rather, he thought that Frey was the one who lowered the quality of his classes. After letting him know that his efforts would never get him anywhere, Kevin had driven him out very cruelly.

Frey Blake ran out of class with his face flushed and never attended since. Kevin thought he would never see him sitting there again.

'What kind of wind's blowing today for this to happen?'

Moreover, the air around Frey seemed to have changed slightly. Kevin naturally could not recall Frey's appearance in detail, but his frightened eyes and his shriveled shoulders were unforgettable.

But the Frey now was imposing. There was strength behind his gaze, and his back was straight. If it weren't for the color of his hair, Kevin would not believe he was Frey.

'Hmm.'

It did not matter. Although he could not tell what was going on in Frey's mind, kicking that spineless brat out again was no big deal. Grinning widely, Kevin said.

"Frey, it's been a while since I've seen you. Was there any special reason for not attending my class?"

Frey found the textbook just in time, and replied while putting the rest back.

"I couldn't find the right time."

"Maybe there was something that you thought was more important than my class?"

Only

Kevin said forcefully with his teeth clenched. Initially, it was the result of his harassment, but now Frey was speaking as if he had rejected Kevin's class on his own.

The other students looked at Frey with half worry and half expectation. Most of them realized that Frey had changed a bit by witnessing how he had stood up to David's crowd.

However, this time his opponent was Kevin, the most disliked of all the professors. He would not be able to rebel like before.

“I guess so.”

“ ... ”

Frey responded lightly. Someone among the students gasped loudly. They were not alone, as most of the others had similar reactions. Then,

“Oh...?”

Kevin’s face hardened.