

"Swing it!" The instructor's shout resounded in the entire training area.

"Ha!" The energetic response from the trainees followed right after. However, their faces and bodies were drenched in sweat. And this was especially true for someone who hadn't received any physical training, Noel.

The sharp stabbing pain still spread around his thighs and calf due to the previous training. Even so, it couldn't overwhelm the determination in his eyes.

Even if his legs were to give up, Noel had sworn to continue swinging.

"Ha!" He let out another roar while making another swing. At the same time, another thought came into his mind.

'Each time I swing, the weight from my sword shift down, almost making me drop my sword. In fact, my body has been following the sword instead of controlling it. It put a toll on my arms and wrists just to stop my swing...

'Seriously... I never experienced all this when I was a noble. I took everything for granted, not knowing that the soldiers and guards of my family had endured this kind of training for so long. I should have respected those soldiers and guards more.'

The more he stayed in this place, the deeper his understanding about how the world worked. Instead of getting swayed by the pain, he became even more determined to survive.

"Ha!" Noel swung his sword one more time.

Since he couldn't see his system in this place, he kept counting the number of his swing to know whether he had completed the mission or not.

The instructor raised his head and saw the orange sky, realizing it was the time to end the training. After rechecking their expressions, he said, "It's time to go. Wash your body and have dinner."

"Yes! Thank you very much." The trainees shouted in unison as they had been waiting for this.

After answering, Noel fell to his knees as the tension in his body loosened. Now that the adrenaline gradually disappeared, all the tiredness struck him.

"Ha...Ha..." Noel panted a few times while looking at the other trainees who seemed to have some stamina to spare. Still, the previous three people became the focus of his attention as he could easily see that they didn't sweat too much.

'So, they are already that strong, huh...' Noel clenched his hands while looking down to the ground with a darkened expression. "We will have physical training in the morning, followed by a lecture. And the instructor choose to close it with a weapon training."

Seeing the training ground alone made him feel embarrassed of himself.

"Damn, I'm so pathetic." Noel clenched his teeth and used his sword to help him rise from the ground before making his way toward the well. Even if his body staggered left and right, Noel continued what he had to do.

Unbeknownst to him, someone had been watching him after he fell down to the ground.

That man was none other than the commander, Oscar. His expression was calm, but his eyes emitted some killing intent.

"How is he?" Oscar asked, glancing at the instructor who had taught Noel's group today.

"His physique is the same as your typical fallen noble... No, should I say he's worse than that, but not too much."

"His physique, huh. It's rare for you to specify it."

An amused smile appeared on his face as he continued, "His willpower is strong. Even though I've been torturing him with that amount of physical training, he hasn't let out a single complain. In fact, he's been angry at himself this whole time.

"At the same time, he has some knowledge from when he was a noble. He adjusted to the training with that knowledge and his movements gradually became better. Not perfect, but acceptable.

"Anyway, I will lessen their training in the last three days since we can't afford to send them to fight demons when their bodies are still hurt."

Hearing this lengthy explanation from the instructor put a smile on Oscar's face. The Third Prince had personally asked him to take care of Noel without hesitating to punish him if he made ruckus in this camp. However, the explanation was enough to know why the Third Prince suggested this treatment.

Before leaving, he asked one last question. "Will he survive in the first mission?"

The instructor was stunned by the question, but he soon pondered the matter seriously.

"I don't have much confidence in answering that question, but if you don't mind about my rough speculation... I believe he can survive." The instructor gave him his honest opinion. "That is if no one harbors some hidden intentions to him."

Oscar's eyes squinted as the killing intent turned to the instructor.

The latter felt chills down his spine. He immediately corrected himself. "I'm going to personally choose his first teammates, so you don't need to worry about any schemes."magic

"Let's hope that's the case." Oscar turned around and walked away with a cold expression as though he wanted to murder someone.

Although it was for an instant, he could feel death coming from the commander.

'As expected from the commander who has protected this fort for twenty years... He has killed so many demons to the point his aura alone is far scarier than a demon.' The instructor wiped the sweat on his forehead.

Little did he know, what he feared had already come true.

Bam!

"Gah..." Noel fell down to the ground, feeling helpless. With the muscle pain and tiredness, he truly couldn't fight back.

Raising his head, he glared at three people who just pushed him. He only wanted to wash his body, but these people started to bully him.

"You nobles think you are better than commoners... And what? You can't even fight by yourself. Even today, you're useless! It must be nice to be a fallen noble since you can use your connection to enter this army instead of enduring all those hellish tests." The guy in the middle snarled, exposing his intention why he pushed Noel down.

Despite not having the ability to fight back, Noel never once showed a weakness in his stare. His gaze kept telling them that if he had some stamina left, he would fight against them.

And this annoyed them even further.

"This bastard!"

"Do you think you can do anything now? You are a fallen noble. No one will help a useless person like you."

"Beat him."

With a single shout, the trio started punching and kicking him while Noel could only endure it.

His eyes still maintained his ferocity no matter how worse his condition was as if saying, 'You can do all you want to me right now. After I turn my fate around with the help of the system, you will pay me back by a few folds.'