

# The Ancient Genes

## Volume 1

### Chapter 12 – In the Den of Beasts

Getting up in the morning, I go out for my training.

Walking out of the dorm, towards the field, I see a few students working out.

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An hour later, I return to the dorm dead tired. Even after a month of training, I feel tired after completing my morning routine.

Although, thinking back, it can still be called improvement, considering the results of my first day, when I had to activate « God's blessing » skill to carry out my tasks after my training.

Looking around the dorm, I see everyone's doors closed.

I walk towards the bathroom to take a bath.

After washing myself, I get back to my room, and log on to my Academy's website using my ID, to get my routine.

I look at the routine to find two courses , the Blacksmith course and the General course. I can understand about the blacksmith course, but I had no idea about the General course.

Looking at the routine, I feel a bit of nervousness and excitement at the same time.

I look at my watch. Seeing only ten minutes left before the first class, I dress in my usual attire.

A hooded black jacket with a white shirt and black jeans along with my headphone.

Getting out of my room, I coincidentally meet the fatty.

I try to avoid him and get out of the dorm.

I have no personal grudge against him, but I don't wanna get into trouble on the very first day of my Academy.

Adouz oficare jaov Akiu, wulouztfw I zufialu ovfo I jaii vfsu om cuun ao imj ar ovu Ahftuqw. I vfsu f emmt aqnzullamr md Akiu frt vu hfr gu hmrlatuzut mru md....qw....dzaurtl....Uv!... I qufr qw mriw dzaurt ukhuno Mfzc.

Realising the truth, I feel ashamed of myself.

' Hey...Hey....Wait!...its me , you remember, we met yesterday '. I hear the fatty's voice.

Hearing the fatty shouting behind my back, I quicken my pace and get down the stairs, literally jumping over the last two steps.

' You!, Wait for me, you wanna play tag..Ah!.'. The fatty trips on the stairs.

Crash!

Crash!

Hearing the sound, I look back to see the fatty lying face first on the ground.

It is clearly this fatty's fault for running behind me, who the hell play's tag like this.

I decide not to get involve with this trouble maker and walk towards my class, but my body refuses to move.

Dfqr ao, I duui epaiow guhfplu md oval epw.

Letting out a sigh, I walk towards him and give him a hand.

‘ Ah! Thank you, you don’t need to worry , I am fine‘ . He smiles innocently while grabbing my hand.

Looking at his innocent smile, I can’t help but think, can this guy even create trouble ? .

I lost myself in my thoughts.

Ugh!.. thinking about such things won’t get me anywhere. Anyway, he is in my class, I will get to witness, if this bastard is really a trouble maker.

‘ Hey, you there bro, we will get late, if you keep standing here ‘ . He speaks waving his hands in front of my face.

‘ Oh shit ! ‘ .

Looking at my watch, I realise that only two minutes were left for classes to start.

I activate my skill « Sprint » and dash through the streets towards the blacksmith department.

Rufhvare ovu hiffl, I luu rpqguz md lopturol, lmqu ar ezmpnl, jvaiu lmqu fimru.

Seeing the teacher’s vacant seat, I let out a sigh and move towards the corner seat of the classroom away from everyone’s eyes.

After I took my seat, a tall man with rippling muscles and a dark skin enters the room. His round freckled face along with his body made him look like a funny comic character.

Holding my laughter , I look down, avoiding any eye contact with the man.

‘ Hello students, I am Olive Strong and I will be the teacher in charge for your batch ‘. He speaks.

But before he could continue, I hear a sound.

Clang !

And the door opens revealing the fatty panting.

Shit ! , I totally forgot about him.

He enters the classroom panting so heavily, as if he would suck the entire oxygen in the atmosphere.

Suuare vaq, fii ovu lopturol lofzol om lvfcu ar ifpevouz.

‘ Kevin, go get a seat and don’t be late from next time ‘. Mr Olive speaks pointing towards the seats.

It looks like, he this fatty is well known.

Listening to him, fatty raises his head and his eyes meet mine.

He walks towards me as the students stare at him.

I avert my gaze and pretend to not know the guy, but in doing so, my gaze falls on a guy with silver earrings and highlighted blond hair.

He seemed to be moving to the edge of his desk slowly while maintaining his posture.

As the fatty approached, he quietly stretched his leg out.

Seeing this, I frown and as expected, the fatty trips, resulting in a burst of laughter from the whole class.

And the guy with silver earrings gets up from his seat , pretending to help him while stretching his hands out.

‘ Hey, you alright their fatty ‘ . He says with a smile and sincerity in his face.

But, if you ask me. I felt it to be disgusting .

‘ Ha...ha... , I am fine, Stain ‘ . The fatty replies with a silly laugh.

He reaches out for the hand of the guy named Stain only to be left hanging with his hand in mid air.

‘ Ah! Sorry fatty, I forgot, I am not strong enough to lift an elephant ‘ . With that , he goes back to his seat along with a burst of laughter from the class.

‘ ENOUGH !! ‘ . I hear Mr Olives voice and the class becomes silent.

‘ Kevin, get to your seat, the class is starting ‘ .

He speaks while opening the thick book on his desk.

I look down, having trouble holding my anger even with my skill.

Fuck!

Dfqr ao ! .

And you say he is a trouble maker.

‘ Hey, you are very fast, were you in tracking and field club in your high school years ‘ .

I hear a voice and find the fatty sitting beside me.

Looking at his grin, I can't help but feel my anger dissipating.

‘ Nah, I just used to run in the morning ‘ . I reply after calming down.

‘ Anyway who’s that guy ? ‘, I point towards Stain.

Hearing me, he replies while averting his gaze ‘ Just a friend ‘.

Seeing his behavior, I confirm one thing, something was wrong here.

Thinking about it, Axle and now Kevin, no matter how you look at them, they can’t be considered some messed up bastards.

Since childhood, I have been lonely without friends.

Mark was the only exception.

So most of the time, I used to observe other students, teachers and other people.

So, I can guarantee that these two are not that bad. They are only a bit perverted, that’s all.

Even yesterday, I could hear Axle’s voice from my room.

He seemed to be busy with his Otaku stuff.

I can’t believe a guy like that can earn the title of trouble maker.

I will have to find the truth or I won’t be able to get this irritating feeling off of my chest.

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The class ends after an hour and we have another two classes on Extraction and Synthesis .

After the main course classes are over, I ask fatty.

‘ Hey, what is the general course class ? ‘.

‘ They are just general knowledge classes which teaches Maths, Technological Development, stuff about Orena and survival skill and other necessary stuff required to live in the Mage society ‘.

‘ Ah...and they also allow students of different courses to interact with each other‘. He replies in his usual way.

Speaking while motioning with his hands.

‘ Hm...Wait!....you mean it is a joint class with different departments ‘. I ask as ominous feeling wells up in me.

‘ Yes ‘. Fatty replies.

‘ Doesn’t that mean I could be in the same class as the four tyrants ‘. I shudder at the very thought of it.

‘ Yes, you definitely could ‘.

‘ Tell me your section, I know all the addresses of the tyrants ‘. He replies with a grin.

‘ A ‘. I reply in anticipation of hearing a good news.

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No reply.

I turn to look at the fatty staring at me with a wide gaze.

Then, he replies with a cough and I could literally feel his efforts to console me. But it only had a negative effect on me.

‘ Ahm ..... You know what, the tyrants aren’t that bad‘.

‘ A..A..., Just don’t piss them off ‘.

Fuck!

Hearing him, I bury my face in the desk.

After a minute , I ask, ' How many? '.

His next words increases my tension.

' Three'

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