

THE ACADEMY IS DOOMED

Chapter 124

After the observation period ended, Fiora was officially in charge of science subjects.

As a noble lady of the Pendorean family who had broadly studied various academic fields, and with the curriculum Amon had given her, there weren't any particular problems in conducting classes.

However, she had doubts about whether she herself was suitable as a teacher, and today those doubts were growing even stronger because of students who weren't focusing on the class and had their minds elsewhere.

'Is my class not interesting?'

In Fiora's own judgment, she was confident it would be more interesting than Kai's classes!

At least the students weren't looking like dead fish eyes like they did during the observation period.

"Alright, we'll end today's class here."

"Yes! Thank you for your hard work, teacher!"

Fiora's face darkened further as she watched the students hurriedly pack their textbooks and stand up.

Are her classes so boring that they have to jump up and run away as soon as it ends!

"Oh right, teacher Fiora should come with us too!"

"Uh, what? Where?"

Chloe said with an excited face.

"Teacher Amon said we'd go see the divine sword after class ends today."

Fiora's eyes twitched at the mention of the divine sword.

She remembered how early this morning, she had tried to draw the divine sword but got flung away and crashed.

‘Let’s keep it a secret from the students.’

Fiora exclaimed with fake amazement.

“Ah! I see.”

“Teacher should come with us.”

“Uh...?”

Her true feelings were that she didn’t even want to turn her head in the direction of the divine sword after experiencing such embarrassment.

But the students were looking at her with sparkling eyes, so she couldn’t just flatly refuse.

“O-Okay, children.”

Fiora nodded reluctantly.

* * *

Amon was dumbfounded seeing the students who came rushing in with Fiora.

“Oh, children? I clearly said we’d go later in the evening when everyone’s gone, didn’t I?”

“Ah...”

“And Fiora, even after what happened to you, the divine sword...?”

“Gyaak!”

“Ouch, my shin!”

Amon, who was hopping around holding his shin, sighed looking at the disappointed children.

Well, they’re still young children, so when there’s something they’re looking forward to, they get impatient and don’t consider time commitments.

‘But Ami and Rustianel, why are your eyes sparkling like that?’

Even though Ami was a few years older than the other children, she showed no signs of being more mature.

Moreover, even Rustianel, though a young dragon, must be several hundred years old, so why is she looking forward to it so much?

“First, Ami.”

“Yeah. No, I mean. Yes, teacher, I’m ready to become a hero.”

“I see. First, let me tell you beforehand, it won’t be drawn by force, so keep that in mind.”

Ami’s face froze in shock.

Though it was a divine sword, she seemed to think she could forcibly draw it out with strength.

“And Rustianel.”

“Yes. I’m ready to become a hero dragon.”

“I’m not ready to be a teacher of a hero dragon. And I’m sorry but let me tell you in advance. Only those under 30 years old are qualified to draw the divine sword.”

Rustianel’s face froze in shock.

Even if it were under 300 years old, ten times 30 years, Rustianel wouldn’t qualify!

‘Anyway...’

Amon looked at the students.

Considering safety and public attention, it would be right to go try touching the divine sword after everyone leaves, as mentioned earlier.

But seeing them so disappointed at having to wait longer, he didn’t have the confidence to tell them to wait.

“Well...then shall we go a bit early?”

“Yes! Teacher!”

* * *

Connections, regional ties, school ties.

These are words Amon really likes.

As someone who wants to benefit from properly nurturing students, these were words he believed in more than anything else.

Isn't there a saying that blessings come to those who believe?

'Yes. Connections are always right.'

Based on that belief, Amon earnestly asked Raizen, the First Priest who was responsible for the expedition, if he could give his students the first chance to draw the divine sword, considering their relationship so far.

Of course, Raizen showed his intention to refuse saying 'But there's an order...', but Amon was able to solidify his friendship with Raizen by saying 'Ah, then please leave the Academy.'

'Originally, everyone helps each other. Humans are social animals after all.'

Thanks to this, Amon, who got the chance for his students to try drawing the divine sword first, deliberately ignored Raizen's fierce gaze drilling into the back of his head and the sharp looks from participants whose chances to draw the divine sword were pushed back, and said:

"Well then, who wants to go first?"

"Me! Me!"

Raymond, befitting a Sword Master, started jumping up and down with his doll, showing his special interest in swords.

"Raymond, I understand, but put down the doll..."

"Ah, yes."

Raymond, seemingly conscious of the crowd around, neatly folded his doll and put it in his chest.

'What? That doll could be folded? How is its structure...?'

"Teacher, can I draw it right away?"

"Uh, oh? Yes. Priest Raizen, can he draw it right away?"

Raizen said curtly.

"Do as you please."

“Thank you. Now, Raymond. Go ahead and try.”

Raymond walked toward the divine sword Nukhael with dignified steps.

It was a confident appearance as if he was going to imprint the rebirth of a new hero to the world.

And shortly after, Raymond returned with slumped shoulders to become part of the audience watching for the birth of a new hero.

“I failed...”

“Yes. Everyone saw without you having to say it.”

“Sob...”

Amon looked around at the other students.

“Well, who’s next?”

“Me!”

Ami boldly stepped forward.

Actually, Chloe, who practices swordsmanship, was going to step forward first, but she quietly stepped back after seeing Ami anxiously stamping her feet.

‘I want to be a good younger sister to my sister!’

Chloe smiled gently, thinking thoughts that would have made Ami uncomfortable if she knew.

“Sister, fighting!”

“Huh...? Oh, yes. Right.”

Ami approached the divine sword with an awkward smile.

‘Why is she being so burdensome really...?’

Anyway, seeing Ami approach and grasp the divine sword, Amon clasped both hands together and prayed with a brother’s heart.

‘Please fail.’

A brother’s heart earnestly praying for his sister’s failure!

On the other hand, he also included feelings as family.

‘No, become a hero and succeed in raising our family.’

Amon watched Ami challenge the divine sword while keeping his nervous heart.

“Heeeek!”

“ ... ”

“Kyoooooot!”

“ ... ”

“Kyit! Kuk, kuweeyaaap!”

Seeing Ami going berserk and fluttering while holding the divine sword, Amon quietly dropped his head.

The sound of the crowd whispering and Ami going berserk mixed together, making his head dizzy.

‘I don’t know whose child she is, but her brother must be really embarrassed.’

Soon after, Ami returned with an awkward smile.

“Wow, it really can’t be done by force. Yo.”

“Who are you?”

“ ... ”

Amon looked at the two remaining students.

“Well then, who wants to go first between Chloe and Boris?”

“I’ll try.”

Chloe boldly stepped forward.

Because of that, Boris, who was about to raise his hand, quietly hid it, and Amon didn’t miss that sight.

‘...Boris still lacks confidence.’

Of course, Chloe didn’t have any intention of ignoring Boris.

She just didn't think about Boris because of her excitement and eagerness.

Since Chloe is also a swordsman who practices swordsmanship, she would naturally have the desire to make the legendary item, the divine sword Nukhael, her own.

'Therefore, I can't take Boris's side and tell him to try first...'

Amon hid his bitter smile and said.

"Alright, Chloe. Let's try."

"Yes!"

Chloe, who had approached the divine sword Nukhael spiritedly, returned empty-handed.

"I guess I wasn't meant to be a hero..."

"Don't worry, Chloe. None of us are heroes."

"...That's really comforting."

Amon chuckled and looked at Boris, who was the last remaining.

"Now, Boris. It's your turn."

"..."

Boris, who had been standing still for a moment, said with an awkward smile.

"Haha, I don't want to try."

"...What?"

Boris, who was kicking the ground beneath him unnecessarily, said.

"I'm not even a swordsman to begin with, right? There's no way I could be a hero."

"Hmm..."

"Plus, I'm a commoner."

The commoner talked again.

Amon looked up at the sky for a moment, tilting his head.

‘Hmm...how should I put this.’

That’s when Ami stepped forward.

“Boris, it has nothing to do with social status, right?”

“...What? But sister.”

“But I heard that Gregory, the first hero, was a commoner too. Right, teacher?”

Amon flinched.

‘What nonsense.’

Hero Gregory was royalty of a fallen nation.

He was born royal from the start, and he established the Holy Kingdom anew on the occasion of his achievement of defeating the Demon King.

‘Wait a minute. Don’t tell me, Ami...’

Seeing Ami’s gleaming eyes, Amon got goosebumps.

‘That kid is doing the exact same thing as Senior Sloth...!’

The vicious and evil mindset of trying to drag others down as losers to make up for her own failure!

But he couldn’t refute Ami’s words here.

If he did, Boris would accelerate his fall into the cliff of self-deprecation.

‘Besides, whatever her intention, it could give Boris courage. Just this once, let’s go along with her lie. Though I’ll have to punish her severely later.’

Amon cleared his throat awkwardly.

“Ahem, k-khemmm. Ami is right...Indeed. Though documents say he was royalty, there are recent theo-theories that he was a commoner.”

Amon even stumbled over his words due to guilt about spreading false information as a history teacher!

Boris’s eyes sparkled at that false information.

“Re-really?”

“Y-yes. Really.”

Nevertheless, Boris was still hesitating.

“But there’s no way I could draw it...”

It’s okay.

No one expects you to draw it.

Just give it a try.

Unable to say such things, as Amon hesitated for a moment.

“You’re being annoyingly whiny. Hurry up and just try it.”

“Eek!”

Ami forcibly pushed Boris toward the divine sword.

Thanks to that, Boris was floundering awkwardly in front of the divine sword, and Ami, who had completed Boris’s handover to the divine sword, came back dusting off her hands.

“Well done, Ami.”

“What’s well done. Yo.”

“What you said earlier about Gregory being a commoner and all that. You said it on purpose to give Boris courage, right?”

Ami opened her eyes wide.

“He wasn’t a commoner?”

“...Submit 20 pages of history textbook transcription by next week.”

While Ami was jumping around at the sudden calamity and arguing with Amon.

“W-wooahhh!”

“What! What happened!?”

Amon flinched and turned his head at the thunderous shout that suddenly erupted from the crowd.

“What...!”

Boris was standing there with a dazed look, having drawn the divine sword.

‘Our Boris did it!?’

The first thing that came to mind was joy.

The good heart of a teacher.

The sense of fulfillment felt when a beloved student achieves greatness.

And the emotion that follows.

‘Boris became a hero...?’

Jealousy toward one who goes ahead!

Amon’s face twitched subtly.

Next chapter will be updated on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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