

Evil 17

Chapter 17: Purpose.

Rasmus walked past the fancy gate into the academy and was presented with two big gardens on the sides. It was a long wide brick-paved road decorated with lamp poles and benches on the sides. There was a big fountain at the end of the road with a statue of an old man wearing a mage hat holding a wand and a sword in the middle.

"When does the new term start?" Rasmus looked at Julian and Arnoldi who walked in front of him. He realized it was too quiet and empty for an academy.

"In a month. There are still a few students that stay in the dorm, but most of them aren't here yet," Julian answered coldly.

Rasmus hummed as he looked around and admired how great and big the academy was. If he could go back to his previous life, he would copy the academy's architecture.

Once they entered the main building, everyone's eyes were focused on Rasmus, they were all staff of the academy. They wore the same robe with the Gratlan Academy emblem on their left chest.

Rasmus noticed there was a badge on their right chest and it was as he heard about the hierarchy in the Gratlan Academy. He had read about the hierarchy in the academies around Neva because he needed to do some research about them.

In the book he had read about an academy, there were nine levels of hierarchy in the academy. Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Dean, Department Chairs, Senior Professors, Junior Professors, Assistant Professors, Instructors, and Assistant Instructors. Each had a different badge, and Rasmus would become an Instructor.

Videl went to the servant's dorm under Julian's order because they didn't need him in the building. He was sent to the dormitory for servants of the staff to let him rest and wait for Rasmus.

Rasmus was alone, surrounded by menacing gazes which was something that he was accustomed to. He couldn't help but smirk because he loved to be antagonized by others.

"(Easily swayed by emotions. They're all easy prey)" Rasmus thought as he kept following Julian and Arnoldi.

Julian and Arnoldi opened the big door in the middle of the hallway on the fifth floor of the building. When Rasmus looked at the room, he felt nostalgic because it had a big oval table with a lot of important people sitting around it. He entered without a sign of inferiority in front of those people in the room.

An old woman sat across the table that looked so fragile but her eyes said otherwise. Her amber eyes were still filled with ambition and hope. She had to dye her hair black to make her look younger and she wore make-up to hide her wrinkles.

"Welcome to the Gratlan Academy, Count Blackheart," the old woman said as she stood up. Her voice was gentle and yet filled with power and authority.

Everyone didn't dare to stay seated so they all stood up and looked at Rasmus with various gazes.

"Thank you for the invitation, Chancellor Lenin," Rasmus bowed as he put his right hand on his left chest but kept his eyes on Lenin.

"Prideful and full of confidence, and yet still have outstanding manners. I haven't seen someone like you in a while," Lenin smiled as she observed the way Rasmus bowed and the words that he said. "Please have a seat, Count Blackheart," she sat down, then the others followed.

Rasmus sat down and made himself comfortable as if he belonged in that room with those important people. His eyes never left Lenin and unbothered by the gazes that were pointed at him.

"As you have read in the letter that I personally wrote, I want you to join our academy because I can see a lot of potential in you," Lenin said as she stacked her hands on the table. "With that being said, I hope your visit here is to accept my invitation."

"Yes, Chancellor. I won't disappoint your expectation," Rasmus answered as he nodded and kept staring Lenin in the eyes.

"Unfortunately, even though I'm the one in charge here, my voice alone isn't enough to bring you in," Lenin pointed out as she glanced at the faces in front of her. "These ladies and gentlemen are against my words, and of course, their voices hold power in the academy," she pointed her hands at the sixteen people who sat around the table.

"If that's the case, they can ask me anything and I believe my answers will change their minds," Rasmus smiled confidently at Lenin.

Everyone in the room was baffled by Rasmus's words and it infuriated them.

"Allow me to ask the Count a question, Chancellor," Arnoldi said as he stared at Rasmus scornfully. "What is our purpose here in the academy?" He asked.

"To unleash the student's potential... or at least that's what ordinary people would say," Rasmus answered with sarcasm. "But that's not what I'm after if I'm going to teach in this prestigious academy," he pointed out.

They all furrowed their brows, confused, and curious about the answer Rasmus had given them. His answer was still too vague that they wanted him to elaborate more.

"What's the point of raising students and unleashing their potential if they can't even survive in the real world?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised and kept staring at Lenin. "Once they realize the world is full of people that would use them for what they are capable of, they would understand their value in life is only to be used by someone else. I will teach them not to be naive and make them realize their true value," he added.

"What I'm going to teach them is how to be ambitious, opportunist, fearless, and especially to have a critical mind. Even a poor child can become a king, and a lion can put fear on a horde of elephants," Rasmus explained calmly. "What matters is what is inside their heads. Once they're confident with themselves and know what to do, the world would bow to them," he tapped his right index finger on his forehead and raised his brows at Lenin.

They were speechless with the answer that Rasmus gave them. But, they weren't satisfied with his answer because it sounded too ambitious.

"Not everyone is special, and you don't know that because you never taught a student before," Arnoldi responded as he crossed his arms and leaned back.

"Sure, not everyone is special or talented that I can't force a fish to fly or walk on land, but everyone is unique inside their heads. I'll teach them how to survive and become the best of themselves simply by making them understand they can do anything without any use of brute force," Rasmus answered as he crossed his hands on the table.

"You want them to believe?" Julian scoffed mockingly.

"I said that I will make them understand, not to believe. That's a huge difference," Rasmus responded without looking at Julian. "I will make them understand for what they are. I want them to understand their flaws and weaknesses and then turn them into their advantages. Just like a harmless snake that mimics a venomous snake to avoid being targeted."

Everyone found Rasmus's answer controversial, but deep down they knew that it was important to teach their students just like what he said. But again, they thought Rasmus was nothing but all talk since he had never taught a student which made his words easily discarded.

Although they questioned Rasmus' answers, nobody had anything else to say. The room became silent and nobody had anything to say to Rasmus's explanation. A few of them had begun to understand Rasmus's way of thinking even though they didn't like it. They didn't think it would be a bad idea to let him in and prove his words.

"You have been avoiding their gazes ever since you entered the room, Count Blackheart. Aren't you a bit disrespectful toward the people you're talking to?" Lenin asked and noticed that Rasmus only stared at her or the objects in the room.

"They're not worthy of my attention. They're a waste of my time," Rasmus answered without hesitation.

A few of them stood up and started yelling at him for being disrespectful. Some started to show their true colors by bringing his status as a fallen noble that brought shame to the world. Even in that situation, Rasmus smirked and kept his eyes on Lenin.

Even amid the chaos in the room, Rasmus wasn't bothered by the curses those people had said to him. His focus was fixated on Lenin who had finally found out about prejudice and the true colors of her underlings. Lenin was baffled by the words she heard and realized Rasmus's intentions.

"You have found out why they're against me, am I right, Chancellor?" Rasmus stood up as he fixed his suit.

"They're against your proposal not because of what I can or cannot offer. It's not because I'm capable of teaching. They did it simply because they were disgusted with my existence. Is this what the most prestigious academy truly is? Filled with a bunch of hypocrites and close-minded people," Rasmus finally stared at those people with a cold gaze.