

Evil 21

Chapter 21: Powerful Backgrounds.

Rasmus swung the wooden sword at Videl, but Videl dodged it so easily without any effort. For almost a year, Rasmus had been training and sparring with Videl, but he couldn't land a single hit. He had no choice but to use Aura to enhance his body even though he would regret it later.

"You're getting better at this," Videl casually repelled the wooden sword with the back of his hand before it hit his face. "Less body movements, more speed, more strength, and more precision. But not good enough!" he slapped Rasmus's hand and made the wooden sword fall off Rasmus's left hand.

"Your grip is unnecessarily tight, your wrist is still stiff, and you hold the stick too far," Videl pointed out as he punched right into Rasmus's gut, sending Rasmus away from him.

Rasmus was out of breath as he put his hands on his knees and stared down at the grass. He was frustrated and yet it gave him more motivation to train harder. In his past life, he thought he was the best mercenary on Earth, but it turned out he was nothing.

"You should be proud that you forced me to increase my power by this much," Videl showed the gap between his thumb and forefinger that even an ant couldn't fit in there. "Your growth is a lot faster than I thought. I guess it has something to do with the royal blood that runs in your body."

Rasmus fixed his hair and noticed there was a rabbit not far from him. He grabbed his knife and threw it right into the rabbit's head, killing it instantly. He realized that he was good, but in front of the Devil, he was like that rabbit, powerless.

"Right, my bloodline..." Rasmus muttered as he grabbed the rabbit.

Rasmus learned about bloodline and why it was important in Neva. Bloodlines from royal families had been proven to have talents in learning, including the talent for manipulating Mana and the amount of the Primal Force. It was believed that the Gods blessed those who had done great things for humankind.

"So that's another reason why Lenin wants me to teach in the academy," Rasmus sat down near the fire and began to skin the rabbit.

"That's possible because people with royal blood have to devote themselves to the nation they're from. You're the only royal blood who got exiled in the whole Neva world and have nothing to do apparently," Videll answered and watched Rasmus cut the meat.

Rasmus hummed as he stared at the sunset and the chill wind that began to crawl on his neck and face. He remembered Rasmus's memories of his family tree that his family and the royal family of Refenus Kingdom had the same great-great-grandfather.

(At the same time in the Chancellor's Office)

Lenin sat at her desk with Arnoldi and Julian sat across the desk. She was looking at the documents of the students and which class they were going to attend. She held the documents in her hands and had been staring at them for the past five minutes.

"We have been thinking about this issue for the past months, and it appears we still don't know which class they're going to attend," Lenin put down the documents that she was holding.

"With all due respect, Chancellor. These six students had already gotten the best education long before they enrolled in Gratlan Academy. Their teachers were all the top graduates from our academy, and to be honest, we don't have anything else to offer," Arnoldi pointed out and he looked a bit anxious.

The six documents that Lenin was holding were the data and information of the six students with powerful backgrounds.

The first student was Maximilian Wyverncrest, the most powerful family in the far north of Neva. He belonged to a Ducal family with a background that defeated a tyrant that almost conquered the whole north 400 years ago. The son of the Duke, Maximilian Wyverncrest was rumored to be the strongest warrior of the north of his age and gained a title as the Northern Star.

The second student was Alexander Ravenshroud, a prodigy that all royalties in Neva world recognized. He belonged to a family that wasn't a noble but was granted a title that held as much power as a Ducal family. His father was granted a title as the Prince of Neva that soon would be passed down to him. Ravenshroud's family owned so many lands all over Neva which was why the royalties granted him that title.

The third student was Aurelia Angelis, one of the two influential families in the whole Neva world. Angelis family wasn't a noble family, but they were equal to a king and an emperor because the Angelis family was a family of Saints. They were the ones who spread religion and called themselves the Holy Nation where they held authority over Central, East, West, and South of Neva.

The fourth student was Monica Sancticus, one of the two influential families in the whole Neva world. Sancticus family was similar to the Angelis family because they were also a family of Saints from the North. It held the same power as the Holy Nation and its nation was called the Sancticus Enclave. Although the Sancticus Nation only held authority in the North, the North was the biggest compared to the other areas.

The fifth student was Valari Ashenvale, the son of the richest man in the whole Neva world. The Ashenvale family wasn't a noble family, but their wealth could easily buy every nation by simply flooding them with gold. Although the law limited the Ashenvale family from monopolizing the economy, they were still dominating and monopolizing the economy because of their influence alone.

The sixth student was Isador Suncrown, the Crown Prince of the strongest empire in the whole Neva World since the Great Era, the Sun Empire. The Suncrown Royal family had the biggest territory in the whole of Neva and it was located in Central Neva. The Suncrown Royal family was respected by every nation, kingdom, and empire in the Neva world. The Suncrown Royal family was the reason the world became peaceful and made everyone live in comfort.

"Something similar happened four centuries ago, and it was impossible to tame them, turning the whole world upside down because of the great power they held," Lenin looked at the documents on the desk with her brows furrowed. "The Second Great Era is what they called about this situation by the Council of Neva..." She sighed and couldn't imagine what the world would become once those students graduated.

It wasn't just Lenin who was anxious; everyone else was as well because they were pressured by the whole world. At that moment, they were carrying the whole world on their shoulders, and if they couldn't hold it, the world would fall and they were the ones to blame just like what happened 200 years ago.

"Academic, Magic, and Strength, these students have excelled in those three. What else can we teach them, Chancellor? If we failed, our reputation as the greatest academy would be questioned," Julian looked at Lenin.

"That's why I brought him in," Lenin stood up and went to the window behind her. "Instructor Blackheart has seen the harsh world of ten years, and somehow he survived without anyone's help. He has experienced something that none of us have experienced, and that's seeing the world from the dark pit as he crawled back up and conquered himself," she explained as she watched the beautiful mountains in the distance.

"Chancellor, with all due respect. We are going to let Count Blackheart who's only six years older than these students teach them? He's lacking in experience!" Arnoldi said, raising his tone to show his dissatisfaction.

"The young man that you said lacks experience, he has so many life experiences for the students to teach. He managed to teach children from the Hurgel Village about magic, that's not an easy job," Lenin looked at Arnoldi from over her left shoulder. "Which one would you like to hear their story? A wealthy man who inherited his family's wealth or a powerful man who crawled from the slum?" she raised her eyebrows.

"I'll take full responsibility for what will happen in the future. My judgment never wronged me," Lenin looked at Rasmus who was enjoying his food with Videl on the peak of the mountain with her magical eyes that could see miles away.

Arnoldi knew that he couldn't say anything else to convince Lenin. He could only nod and then left Lenin's office with veins on his forehead and tight fists.