

Evil 24

Chapter 24 - 24: Awkward.

The day of the opening ceremony of the new term came. Students were walking into the hall on the east side of the academy where there were only fifty new students.

Since the academy only accepted a selected few, the number of students was smaller than other academies. The academy was similar to a college where they had to study for the next four years.

Rasmus watched the second year and up to the fourth year students entered the academy. He could see in their eyes that none of them had something special in their eyes.

"(What a let down...)" Rasmus sighed as he walked to the academy hall.

Almost every student had an amazing background because of their families. A few of them were invited just like Rasmus because of their amazing talents. Nobles or commoners could enroll there as long as they met the requirements. In this year, there were five commoners because of their outstanding magic other than Alexander and Valari.

Rasmus was sitting on the right side of the hall with the other staff who were on the same rank as him and below. The left side was for the senior professors and below. The ones that sat on the stage behind the podium were for department chairs and above.

Rasmus paid attention to the students and how they all behaved like proper adults. There were a total of 200 students from the first year up to the fourth year.

"Welcome to the Gratlan Academy, and congratulations to all of you who passed the test against millions of geniuses who wished to enroll in this academy. You have proved that you're the best in your generation," Lenin said as she stood on the podium.

"But that's not something you should be proud of. There's nothing for you to be proud of by enrolling in this academy," Lenin paused to look at each of the students. "You can be proud once you show that you're the best compared to everyone in this hall including all the staff that work here," she continued.

"Being someone that the world can't replace is what you need to achieve. We are here to assist you to be that someone and status doesn't matter in this academy. You're all equal until proven that you're not," Lenin said with a serious expression. "Compete and become the one on the top."

Everyone gave a standing ovation to Lenin, and the introduction was short because there was nothing else that needed to be said.

All the students left the hall and went to the notice board to check which class they were assigned to. Everyone was assigned to their proper classes, which they excelled in.

"How are you feeling, Instructor Blackheart?" Lenin approached Rasmus with a gentle smile.

"Curious," Rasmus answered calmly as he watched the students surround the notice board. "I want to see what kind of conflicts they will present me within the classroom."

Lenin chuckled with a smile and her head lowered, "It appears I'm worried for nothing. I'll wait for the results, Instructor."

Lenin left the hall to teach the selected fourth-year students. Those selected students were the top ten students of the year, which made them the brightest people of the future.

Rasmus observed the crowd silently. The moment the students saw Maximilian and Monica, they all moved away and let them look at the notice board first. But, the situation worsened when Isador and Aurelia also came from the other side.

Maximilian and Isador stared at each other with stoic expressions while Monica and Aurelius stared at each other with despise.

"Go ahead," Isador smiled gently at Maximilian.

Maximilian scoffed and did exactly what Isador said.

Isador kept smiling and didn't expect the Northern Star didn't even show any courtesy or respect toward him. The other students murmured at the situation, and it was something that they wouldn't be able to witness their whole lives.

Maximilian and Monica furrowed, surprised by what they saw. They looked at each other and left without saying anything.

Isador and Aurelia were confused by their reactions, so they went to look at which class they were assigned to. They both had a similar reaction to Maximilian and Monica. They never thought they were in the same class as those two.

Isador realized that it was on purpose by the academy, so he decided to look for Lenin to ask about the decision she made. On the other hand, Aurelia stayed there and she looked irritated by the fact that she had to be in the same class as Monica.

"Your Holiness..." Alexander bowed his head.

Aurelia turned around and saw Alexander standing behind her with Valari beside him. She gently smiled at them as she moved away and decided to leave letting the other students look at the board.

"This is quite the problem," Valari said after he found his name on the list.

"Indeed..." Alexander nodded his head repeatedly and couldn't believe it as well.

They both went to the main building because that was where the class was at. They found Aurelia walking ahead of them, and they looked at each other thinking if they should accompany her or not.

In the end, they didn't dare to do so and waited until Aurelia entered the class first.

When it was their time to enter, they didn't expect that Maximilian and Monica were already in the classroom. The classroom was too big for six students, and seeing how Maximilian and Monica had separated their tables from the rest was enough to say that they didn't plan to interact with anyone.

Alexander and Valari grabbed their tables and put them in the center while Aurelia used her magic to move the table.

There was nothing but silence after that, and it was unnerving for both Alexander and Valari.

Isador came in, and he was taken aback by the positioning of his classmates. He immediately grabbed his table and put it next to Aurelia since it was the only place for him.

"(This is worse than I expected...)" Alexander glanced at both sides.

Alexander grabbed two books from his bag and offered one to Valari so they didn't have to feel awkward about it. When they both were about to read, someone entered the room, and it was Rasmus who surprised Alexander.

Everyone's eyes were filled with questions, wanting to know who he was and his identity. His white hair was like a brand, an ominous one at that.

Rasmus stood in front of his desk and he could see the surprised expression in their eyes. Not because of how young he was but because of his white hair that was easy to recognize.

"May I ask who you are?" Isador narrowed his eyes, staring straight into Rasmus's eyes.

"My name is Rasmus..." Rasmus paused to sit on top of the desk. "Rasmus Blackheart," he continued.

Aurelia, Maximilian, and Monica had the same reaction. They all closed their eyes and tried to keep a straight face to hide their disgust. Alexander knew about the white hair that was rare in Neva, but he never thought Rasmus was a Blackheart.

"If you have any problem with that, say it, and I would love to hear it," Rasmus said as he looked at each one of them.

There was nothing but silence everyone pretended that he didn't exist.

"Nothing? So I'm teaching a bunch of shy students, or perhaps cowards who are too afraid to speak up?" Rasmus asked with his eyebrows raised.

"It's no wonder that your whole family was beheaded. Their blood runs in you as well it seems. Not knowing your place," Maximilian answered as he stared into Rasmus's eyes.

"That might be true, and killing all of you here would give me an opportunity for revenge," Rasmus responded with a cold gaze pointed at Maximilian.

Maximilian stood up and unsheathed his dagger that was hidden inside his fur cape.

"Ah, the Northern Star. The muscle head that knows nothing but violence," Rasmus scoffed as he shook his head. "I wonder what the North would think that a simple provocation was enough to make you hurt an instructor in the academy."

"Trust me, they would be careless and they would understand after they heard about what you said," Maximilian responded and tightened his grip.

"Really? The rest of Neva have been thinking of expanding their territory. I believe they can use this as a reason to invade the North. A savage that hurt an instructor in front of the Crown Prince and the future Saint? Proving that the North is truly filled with savages," Rasmus raised his eyebrows and stared at Maximilian.

Maximilian thought about it for a moment and finally, Monica grabbed the dagger from his hand.

"You're an instructor, and I hope you understand that we can easily report you to the Chancellor for your words," Monica calmly said as she stared at Rasmus coldly.

"That's what I want to hear," Rasmus smiled as he clapped his hand in excitement, startling everyone. "Rather than using violence that raises conflicts, simply using authority to solve the problem. A solution that strikes right into the root."

Everyone furrowed and looked confused by Rasmus's words. They looked at him weirdly and realized something was wrong with him.

"You're all the most educated people in the whole Neva. Do you want those professors to teach you something that you already know? Read a book that you have read dozens of times?" Rasmus asked as he stood in the center of the classroom.

"This is why I'm here. I'm going to make you the most powerful people in the world that nobody dares to mess around with you even without your titles," he explained with a smirk and looked at each one of them.