

## The Royal Military Academy's Impostor Owns a Dungeon [BL] #Chapter 7: Socially Saved - Read The Royal Military Academy's Impostor Owns a Dungeon [BL] Chapter 7: Socially Saved

### *Chapter 7: Socially Saved*

Lucas wasn't one to dwell on his social status. He had been a perennial social pariah, but that was Lucas, not Luca.

So, standing in the crowded cafeteria, unable to pay for a meal he already had in his tray, made him panic. It's not like he could scoop that back out.

He took a deep breath and looked around for a staff member. He hoped they had a credit system.

"Here, let me help you with that."

**[TOTAL: 150 Star coins]**

**[PAYMENT SUCCESSFUL]**

"You must be new here?" The man's youthful voice rang out behind Luca, pleasingly accompanied by the payment confirmation.

Luca couldn't help but look back at his savior, his eyes trembling in appreciation at his kind deed.

They had to move away from the scanner as the line grew longer behind them. But Luca couldn't stop thanking him for his help.

He knew he had to be guarded, especially with people he didn't know, but being saved like that gave this guy a lot of bonus points.

"If you can tell me your name, I promise to return the money once possible!" Luca earnestly promised, trying to make sure the guy knew that he wasn't going to run away from his debts.

"I'm Ollie, Ollie Mylor. But I'm telling you that not so you could repay me. Consider it my treat." Ollie just flashed Luca a toothy grin.

This surprised Luca, but he still felt compelled to reciprocate as someone not used to hand-outs.

"Hello, I'm Luca. Thank you again for that. I...I had no idea it was a payment scanner." He said, slightly embarrassed at his gaffe.

"You can eat with me if you don't have anyone to go with." Ollie offered, and Luca nodded like a woodpecker.

He wanted to learn more about the school as he'd rather not risk another embarrassing mistake. It was too early to be imprisoned again for being unable to pay.

"Actually, that machine was just a scanner for people who have completed their enrollment."

*Did that mean he wasn't fully enrolled?*

"What do you mean?"

"You still don't have a course badge." Ollie pointed at Luca's chest. That was actually how he figured out his status. And by how he acted, he wasn't from the Junior Academy either.

"Do I have to complete the enrollment right away?"

Luca was hoping to buy time, but his plans were scratched when Ollie nodded.

Ollie could only wonder why someone would want to risk getting randomly assigned when they could've chosen instead.

"Completing the enrollment means you get to choose your course. If you don't do it before the deadline, the system will randomly assign you."

"It wasn't like this before, but because of the conscription, everyone's got to be placed somewhere."

Luca actually learned a bit about that. He hoped to flunk the assessments to return home, but he had a double body, so he had to reconsider that strategy.

Then, he also discovered that he would be transferred to other military schools, which would treat him worse for failing as a noble. And Luca wasn't just your run-of-the-mill noble. He was the heir to one of the Empire's four dukedoms.

So he digested Ollie's words as he ate his meal very slowly.

He actually wanted to ask about the courses but thought he'd look too dumb if he just asked outright, so he thought of asking for tips.

"I haven't really decided on what path to take. Do you have any tips? Maybe it'll help me choose better?"

Luca assumed that it would be a general academy like the ones they had back in Tesseract. Because back then, you were either an Esper, a Guide, or a non-awakened.

But then he saw the different badges on the students' uniforms and realized there might be many tracks.

"Hmm...I graduated from the Junior Academy, so I suppose I have heard of a few tips, but don't take my word for it!" Ollie said, pointing his fork upward.

"There are actually five divisions, but our school is most known for our Mecha Combat Division."

*What? I was expecting something like the Navy or the Air Force, something similar to what we had before the Dungeons. But Mecha?!*

Luca's eyes bulged as Ollie droned on and on about the offered courses.

"That's where the creme of the crop goes. Unless, of course, you weren't planning on being a front liner from the very beginning."

"Are you under the Mecha Combat Division?" Asked the bewildered Luca.

But Ollie waved his hands to indicate otherwise. "No, but I'm in the next best thing! The Mecha Manufacturing Division." Ollie looked proud, his toothy grin growing even bigger

"Then there's the Medical Division as well as the Logistics and Infantry Divisions."

Luca marveled at the sound of mechas, but he was not crazy enough to think that he could go there when he barely knew what one looked like. His guess was based on the few cartoons he managed to see when he was young.

If anything, he figured he could go to either the Medical or Logistics Division.

"If you've got your Junior certifications for pharmacy or battleship driving, you can consider the Medical and Logistics Division."

Luca's shoulders drooped, and Ollie found his reactions a bit funny. One moment he was excited and filled with hope, then next, he'd look like a wilted plant.

But he didn't dwell on it anymore and just hoped he'd stop sulking because he already noticed the stares of the people from the other tables.

This guy Luca was a beauty, and when he sulks, his golden eyes dull like they've lost hope in life. And Ollie didn't want to look like some big bad wolf.

"But you could always just take the certifications and then shift. And then there's the Infantry."

Luca brightened up again with the mention of shifting. So, in the worst-case scenario, he could do that. But what was the double planning on taking? What if he picked one that the double couldn't do?

He was so deep in contemplation that he almost missed Ollie's whispered warning.

"If you can, try to make it into either the combat or manufacturing division. At least if you fail those, you can still transfer to the Infantry division. But if you go straight into the Infantry division and fail that, you're out of the Academy."

Ollie must be whispering because it made it sound like the Infantry Division was full of failures, but when he described it like that, it did sound like it.

"Here, have an apple." Ollie tried feeding the little puppy to lighten up the mood.

"Thank you." Luca smiled at him. He wasn't overtly happy, but at least his eyes had a bit more color.

Luca obediently bit the apple, and he couldn't help but be surprised.

*Was it just me, or did that taste like styrofoam?*

Yeah, how he knew what that would taste like was a long story, but this apple surely didn't taste like an apple despite looking like one.

"You're not used to the taste?" Ollie chuckled, and Luca blushed, not wanting to look like an ungrateful bastard.

He already ate for free. It wouldn't be good to be picky.

"The researchers have been working non-stop for years, but we still couldn't replicate the flora and produce from years back. I miss those, too. But we'll have to do with these for now. We're even lucky to have fruits at school." Ollie shrugged, not one bit insulted but just regretful.

Luca stored this information, inwardly shocked at how different this "fruit" was from the one he had just eaten in his space some time ago.

When they finished their meal, Luca asked for Ollie's contact details. He was hell-bent on paying up, so Ollie just relented with a laugh.

"Here you go. Contact me if you need anything, not just for repayment." He laughed as he left, his blonde hair swaying as he moved.

*Maybe I could give him some fruit if I couldn't come up with the money for repayment?*