

## Chapter 2 Part 4

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It seems that the classes before the training camp have become a special curriculum. Specifically, it is called 'orientation' and is held for three days just before the camp.

So, the three of us are isolated from the regular classes because we are considered special. We also use a classroom in an unused building on the academy grounds, which is not normal.

"My name is Ash. I'll be conducting the orientation for the next three days, so be grateful."

said the bald education officer standing guard at the front of the classroom.

"Listen up, you guys. Before you speak with that dirty mouth of yours, make sure to say '*May I speak?*' and end with '*That's all*'. This is not a soft place like the academy. First, understand the hierarchy accurately!"

As expected, the bald man lived up to his reputation and had quite a personality.

"May I speak, education officer?"

I asked, and the officer nodded.

"Permission to speak granted, student Ephthal."

"So... the orientation means that the education officer will conduct classes for three days until the training camp starts. Is that correct? That's all."

The officer nodded again.

"Yes, that's right. The purpose of the orientation is to inform the students about the severity of the training camp and eliminate any weaklings. You don't need to say '*May I speak?*' or '*That's all*' anymore. It's frankly troublesome and makes the conversation longer."

How troublesome! Well, I understand that it cannot be helped if the conversation gets too long.

"That was like a ritual. Starting with that is the best way to make little brats like you understand how to speak to adults."

Ah, I see. So it was just a stupid act to take advantage of the situation. It seems that Merlin was right about him being a problematic person.

"In other words, I am the absolute authority figure in this classroom! I will dominate the undisciplined stupid brats with fear and teach them how to become decent mages! So be grateful!"

— And so, about thirty minutes had passed since the class began.

The first hour is a lecture on the basic theories of magic physics.

The education officer was writing magic formulas on the blackboard when I became curious and decided to ask him a question.

"Education officer?"

"What is it, student Ephthal?"

"You've made a mistake in your calculations."

This is the process of deriving a formula for the distance to the target and the power in fire magic, but it is completely wrong. It may not be directly useful in actual combat, but this kind of foundation is important.

For example, the angle that is suitable for long-range throwing as a simple physics problem is forty to forty-five degrees diagonally upward. However, there is a big difference between knowing it by feeling and knowing it accurately through knowledge.

Naturally, I cannot let Anastasia and Maria learn the wrong formula derivation method.

In response to my words, the education officer chuckled and said,

"I made a mistake, you say? Hey, you! Who the hell do you think you are talking to? Do you even understand this advanced formula derivation method as a first-year!?"

"...If you check it properly, you'll see. You were deriving the formula without looking at any reference books, right?"

In fact, in the first year, we would only learn the results or the formula itself. Why the formula is like that and how to prove it is probably taught at the University of Magic.

Well, anyway, the education officer is probably trying to make us freak out by giving us difficult classes right away, but —

"When you reach my level, that kind of thing is completely in my head!"

"Anyway, please check it."

In response to my words, the education officer opened a reference book for teachers with a smirk.

He probably intends to confirm that it is not wrong and come back to assert his authority.

As he checked the reference book, his expression instantly turned blue. The education officer stood on the podium for a while, clearing his throat.

"W-Well... I guess there are two ways to do it."

And then he seemed to realize that we were staring at him with cold eyes, so he banged his hand on the blackboard.

"I just taught you my original calculation method! It's not written in any textbooks, so be grateful!"

He probably intended to intimidate us, making a grim expression and glaring at me.

"Hey, Ephthal Alcott!"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Just because you're lucky to be here even though you're a worthless piece of garbage with no magic aptitude, don't get too full of yourself, okay?"

This person is a real pain in the neck.

As I'm feeling perplexed, he yells with veins popping on his forehead.

"Don't disrespect your elders! You happened to know the proper derivation method, but you're here only because you're favored by Headmaster Merlin, right?"

"....."

The education officer then steps forward and grabs my collar.

"What are you trying to do...?"

"Hey, you're one of those jock types, right? You don't understand anything."

Hm? What is this person talking about?

"The world of mages fundamentally follows a jock system. It's a hierarchical world! It's also my duty as an education officer to teach you that!"

Well, I cannot deny that there are aspects of relationships between mages that are like that. That has not changed since four hundred years ago. The education officer then whispers to my ear.

"Listen, you little brat. It doesn't matter if it's right or wrong. When you're pointing out a senior's mistake, just ignore it at the time so as not to embarrass them, and then quietly tell them later."

Hearing that, I finally snapped.

That might be valid in a 'jock system', but it is unacceptable for a mage. Correctness... or rather, twisting the truth is a way of thinking that a mage cannot accept. It's true that there is a jock-like aspect to the organization of mages.

— But before that, we are seekers of truth.

That is the first thing a mage learns in the first year at the magic academy...

And so, while still holding onto my collar, the baldy half-draggs me toward the entrance.

"I'll teach you the jock's rules, you impudent brat. Be prepared to suffer a little!"

Taken to the training room for mock battles, I am given protective gear.

Then, the education officer grins maliciously and says,

"What we're going to do now is a little practical training. I'll be standing twenty meters away and spamming level 2 wind attack magic. You are allowed to use magic to defend yourself, but no counterattacks."

"What do you mean by repeatedly using attack magic!? And he can't even counterattack...!? I've never heard of such a mock battle!"

Maria protested, but the education officer just grinned in response.

Well, it is not like these kinds of people would listen anyway.

"We're just training for long-range combat in magic battles. That's why he is given protective gear, isn't he?"

"But wouldn't that make it one-sided, like being a punching bag? Ephthal might get hurt, you know?"

"Defense magic is allowed, right? If he gets injured, that means it was his own ability that was only up to that point. Besides, I'm here because I heard that you guys have the same ability level as second-year selected members, so if he has that much ability, he can easily resist my attacks."

"But being constantly beaten like that is unfair! That's terrible!"

At that point, the baldy almost burst out laughing but held it back and said,

"Then how about this? We'll start at a distance of twenty meters. I'll allow unarmed attacks other than magic. If this brat can dodge my attack magic and manage to knock me out, then it's over."

"That's not fair for a mock battle!"

"I told you from the beginning that this is not a mock battle, but a practical class for long-range magic combat, didn't I?"

"But earlier, you said to prepare to suffer, didn't you!? I understand that it can hurt during a mock battle, but isn't safety first the golden rule!?"

"Huh? Did I say something like that? My memory has gotten so bad since I've gotten older."

At that point, the education officer finally burst out laughing.

"Haha, it's always fun to put an impudent brat in their place."

It seems like he has no intention of hiding that this is a form of punishment.

"It's okay, Maria. Thanks for worrying about me. Anyway, I'll do it."

Saying that, I started walking towards what I assume is the starting line twenty meters away.

"Then we'll start in ten seconds."

"Yes, understood."

I arrived at the starting point and faced the baldy at a distance of twenty meters.

The baldy began counting down.

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four — Level 2: Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!**"

How dirty! He fired off the attack with three seconds left on the count!

Well then, it is my turn to start, too. However, I am not running. I am just walking slowly toward the education officer.

"Haha! Take that! My combos are no joke! There isn't a brat in the third year who doesn't scream after taking this!"

Even though he said earlier that second-year students could resist this...

Well, the baldy was coming at me with Wind Attacks one after another with incredible force.

"Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!**"

And I continue to walk without dodging the onslaught of Wind Attacks. Straight ahead, calmly, slowly, and casually.

"Haha! Can't handle the combos? Can't even cast defense magic!? What's the matter!? Is that all you got!? Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!**"

It is not that I cannot cast defense magic. I just do not need to because the passive resistance that I always cast on my body can automatically nullify level 2 magic.

"Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Huh...?"

Ten meters away.

Finally, the baldy seems to have noticed that I am steadily approaching him.

"Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** What the hell is going on...? There are no new special moves being used, and you're not even casting defense magic, so how come... my magic is being resisted?"

Of course, there are no new special moves being used. After all, this is a defensive technique that I always cast on myself.

"W-Wh-What!? What are you!? What is this!? What's going on!? What the hell is going on!?"

I keep moving toward the baldy, unhindered by any magic attacks, with slow and calm steps.

Finally, the baldy's expression began showing fear.

"Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!**"

I take another step and then another toward the baldy. All the attacks touch me and just disappear.

"What is this!? What's going on!? What the hell is going on!? Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!**"

There are about five meters left.

I swing my right hand around and show an enthusiastic posture, getting ready to punch him as hard as I can.

"W-What are you!? What the hell is this? This doesn't make sense! Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!** Wind Strike, **Wind Attack!**"

When I was about two meters away, the baldy smiled maliciously.

"Take this! Level 4: Crushing Wind Formation, **Dead Pressure!**"

Um, I thought he would only use level 2 wind magic? And this is probably the highest level of magic that the baldy can use. Is he trying to kill a student...? Well, I do not need to hold back, either. For now, let's use defense magic.

"...Output Increase."

There was no need to cast new defense magic. However, my passive resistance cannot automatically nullify level 4 magic. So, instead of activating new defense magic, I increased the output of the constantly activated defensive technique to counteract the baldy's level 4 magic.

"This also disappeared...?"

It did not disappear. I made it disappear.

Well, the baldy does not seem to understand what is happening and is panicking hard right now.

And so, I approached the baldy with my fist raised.

"Hahaha! Too bad! My grandfather was from a samurai family in the East! I have confidence in my unarmed combat skills!"

How much of a dirty person is he?

Or rather, at this point... his thought process is closer to that of an animal than a human. In that case, like training an animal... it is necessary to grasp who is actually in charge accurately.

"My magic seems to have been nullified by a mysterious force, but my physical attacks are real!"

After spitting in my general direction, the baldy came at me with a punch. Along with the saliva, I dodged his right straight widely.

Hmm, he is certainly quite fast. However, he probably cannot even catch Cecilia Nee-san's shadow. Of course, there was no way he could catch me with just this speed.

"Alright, that's enough."

I got behind him and struck him with a chop.

"Gua... agh...!"



It seemed like the baldy had a concussion and collapsed on the spot.

He should now understand that I am not just an ordinary brat.

While dusting off the dirt off my hands, I was thinking about such things, but at that time, I did not know that our education officer's thought process was way too unpredictable.