

# FFF-CLASS 'UNLUCKY ANTAGONIST'

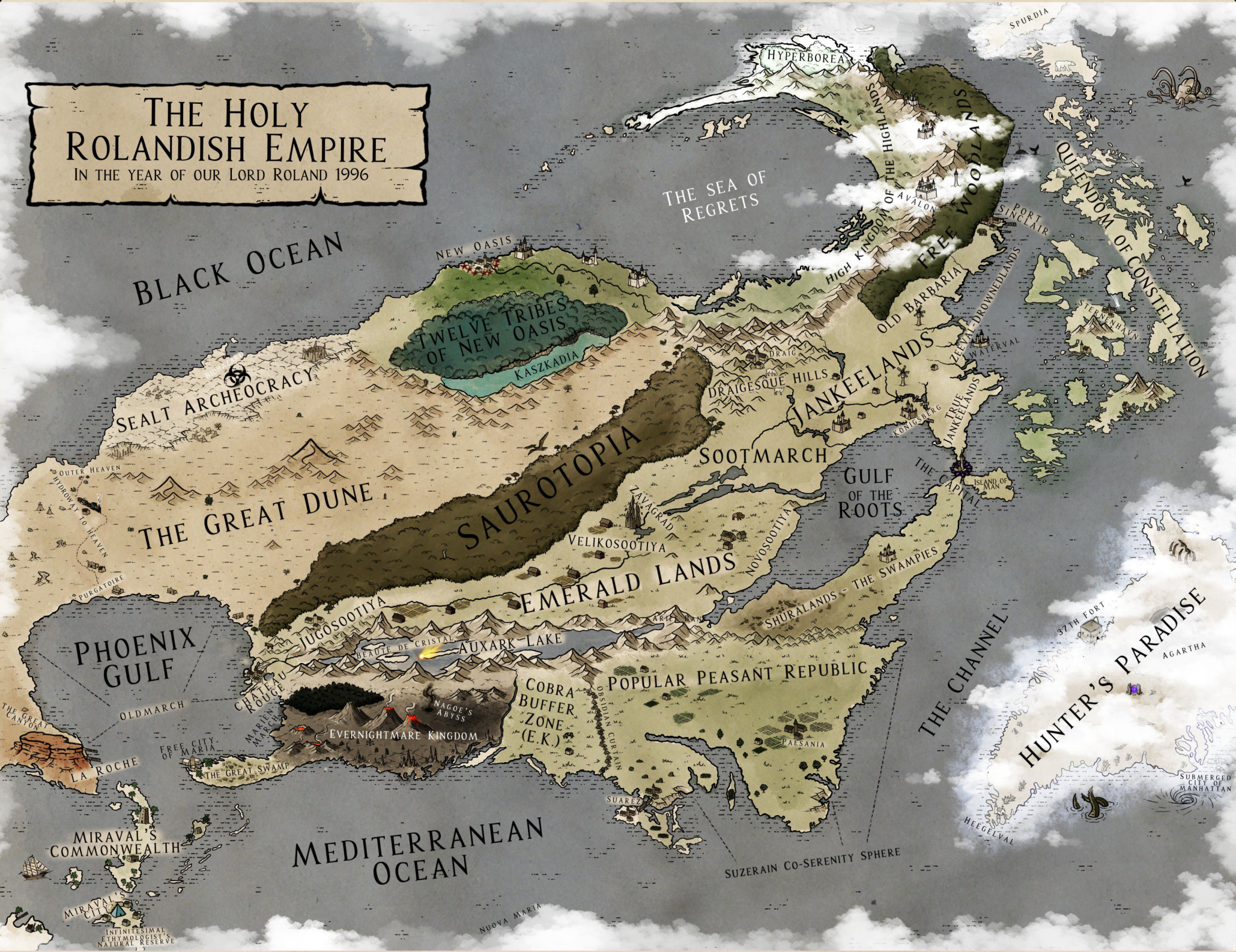
*Kino-Man*

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IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ROLAND 1996





# Chapter 1

## Javelinist: Part One

**"I may agree with your definition of destiny.  
However, it doesn't matter because the heat generated by the collapse of reality will be  
infinitesimal compared to the passion burning deep inside my heart."**

*The last words of the 'Javelinist.'*

*???, ???, 1999.*

*Magic interconnects everything. From the largest monster to the smallest molecule, 'Mana' flows freely through their masses, destroying the limits imposed by the gray laws of physics. However, only a few fortunate individuals can grasp its true depth, thanks to a blessing from the deities known as the 'Gift.'*

*Those blessed by the 'Chaos' are called 'Essentias.'*

*At the age of thirteen, all citizens of the 'Holy Rolandish Empire' are required by law to undergo a special test to identify those blessed with the 'Gift.' And a year later, these fortunate ones are obliged to join a special school to learn how to control their new powers—the 'Miraval Academy.'*

*Everyone except me. On the passenger seat of an expensive speedboat, clad in a reddish-brown wooden frame and powered by a cutting-edge magical engine, a young man casually reread his notes, held with his right hand while a relaxing breeze was cooling down his worried mind and excited soul. The water is spotless, as if it isn't afraid of me grasping at its private depths. And look at its surface—completely waveless...Wouldn't it be good to live such a life? Wouldn't it be good to live without a yesterday trying to devour my guts? Wouldn't it be good to live without the weight of tomorrow crushing my back? Curb your enthusiasm, Rinaldo. Life loves irony. It grants fools second chances just so they can repeat the same mistakes they made the first time. Well, as the foolishlest of fools once said—third time's the charm. He thought as he caressed the lake's surface, noticing that, despite the motorboat racing across the water hardly resembling a cheetah in terms of fineness, the trail left by his hand was much wider than the one created by the boat.*

"Let's hope your new toy will be enough to avoid getting caught," the young man winked at the ship's pilot, who replied with a single stern glance.

The two were polar opposites, not only in their personalities but also in their appearances. The young man's curly hair resembled an unkempt bush, while the middle-aged pilot sported a beard

to compensate for his baldness and conceal a double chin. However, despite their differences, both were heading toward the same destination, the shining jewel in the middle of the lake.—thirty-seven islands, connected by a colossal bridge, formed one of the largest urban centers on the continent—Miraval City.

More precisely, the two gentlemen's target was the two-millennia-old building that occupied the vast majority of the southernmost island. It was the greatest and oldest educational institution in the world—the Miraval Academy.

*Here, in front of me, there is the prologue of my legend.* He started daydreaming about his shining future inside that overused narrative device, but the young man's delusion was soon cut short by a shiver running down his spine. The young man raised his brown eyes toward the top floor of the mastodontic building that towered over everything else on the island. It looked more like a fortress, and over its old and stony wall—each stone was isolated by irregular lines of concrete, and none shared neither the same shape nor size—was a small round window. *Don't be paranoid, Rinaldo. Anything behind that glass has no reason to look here, to care about me—yet!*

Minutes later, the boat stopped at a abandoned dock, covered by vegetation that reigned supreme in the area. "We made it, Uncle! Thanks for the ride," the passenger carefreely exclaimed, slapping the pilot's shoulder. However, his uncle didn't share the same enthusiasm, keeping his harsh gaze fixed on the steering wheel while his left leg bounced repetitively.

"For the last time, Rinaldo—don't do it. You're dishonoring our family and our republic. You are a Di Mario, and we don't meddle with the nobility." The young man appreciated his uncle's effort to restrain the prideful roar that had made Gianroberto Di Mario—Maria's Podestà—so feared throughout the Empire and beyond.

"That's impossible, Uncle. I've been bestowed with the Gift by the everlasting grace of the Holy Trinity, chosen from among billions of faithful to serve and protect the Holy Rolandish Empire and its citizens—it's my destiny. Also, I'm bound by the law, you know, that little thing on which any functioning society is based on. C'mon, haven't you always told me that, despite we take it for granted, law is a fragile thing that is demanded by blood, written in blood, and preserved with blood? Therefore, any compromise, no matter how small, will be paid in blood." JR hated his nephew's smirk, but after a deep inhale of the fresh oxygen provided by the lake's algae, he shallowed the raw influx of mean words that were overflowing in his throat.

"The nobles of our Unholy Rotten Confederation will never understand that each privilege is paid for in duty. Moreover, you're a Marian—it's illegal for you."

"My new documents claim otherwise." Rinaldo proudly showed him the new passport. "Anyway, there is another reason for my decision, the little push that made me cross the line—a dream." Podestà Di Mario blinked a few times. "I was in a vast, dark expanse, sitting on a throne of corpses. On the floor beneath me were three circles drawn with glowing reddish paint, each sporting the number '37' at its center. Standing inside the small area created by their intersection, an undefined humanoid shadow was glaring at me, sporting the same expression of the throne's corpses—a gentle smile.

"I somehow remember that the entity's voice sounded familiar—a very irritating tone—and it also seemed to know a lot about me—all my deepest secrets. After cleansing away my pride by stoning me with my deepest fears, he struck my heart with sharper versions of my memories, and concluded with a final blow, a revelation, that left nothing but ruin of my conception of reality—the 'World's End Secret.' That's what I remember, but, despite feeling the shame of total defeat each time I try to revive that nightmare, I don't actually remember a single word of our conversation—clueless as a branded cow looking at its stigma through a pound. Well, that's not technically true; I actually remember a single sentence—'Before your death, we're going

to meet two more times. I'll explain more later, but for now, I can give you a hint—join the Academy.” Rinaldo raised both hands. ”And that’s all. Not the weirdest dream I’ve ever had, but...holy shit!”

”Shut up!” A punch on the boat’s dashboard was his reply. Gianroberto never knew whether his nephew was mocking him or being serious, and it exhausted him. ”The potential of the Gift mostly depends on your family’s blood, and you’re the first of us to receive it. Now, compare yourself to two thousand years of inbreeding among nobles. If you’re very lucky, you’ll become one of their many little servants. Otherwise, you’ll be bait for dinosaurs—you have no future here.” The Marian businessman tapped his index finger three times on his nephew’s head. ”Whereas, in *Maria* you have a good chance of succeeding me as Podestà or even being elected as Console—I’m begging you to not be so foolish.” Despite it all, Gianroberto appreciated his nephew. Rinaldo’s entrepreneurial spirit made him much more reliable than Valentino and Giulietta, JR’s children. He was indeed the most fitting candidate to take the reins of the family, and that’s why Rinaldo’s backstabbing succeeded in hurting the man with the heart of iron. However, the man’s real source of anger lay elsewhere. *Think about your mother...all alone...* He couldn’t say it aloud, as JR had promised his sister to respect her son’s decision, but he painfully remembered the tears she had failed to conceal.

”Stop worrying over nothing, uncle. In my veins flow the holy blood of one of the greatest man in all history—I’ll surely be an elite *Essentia*.” After a thumbs-up, he disembarked with a quick jump. As he landed, the creaks of the rotting wood sent a shiver down his spine, but the roots of the various plants gave the small pier enough strength to hold him up. He stepped forward, and with each step, the sound of the motorboat faded—just three steps to complete silence.

”Do whatever the hell you want, but our agreement will be respected. From now on, you’re no longer part of our family—enjoy your new life as Jacques Dreux.” Podestà Gianroberto concluded, throwing him a leather bag containing the necessary documents for his new identity. ”Farewell, fucking idiot.”

”Goodbye, uncl...I mean, Mr. Stranger.” JR gave him the middle finger and drove toward the horizon with his motorboat, disappearing from the view after just a few meters.

After breathing away what was left of his past, Jacques turned around, failing to find any trace of civilization around him—green leaves surrounded him on all sides, sky included. Hence, he settled on the simplest solution, walking straight ahead until his face bumped into a solid surface, discovering a wall of rocks and concrete that the vegetation had fully devoured. Despite nose’s pain, the Ex-Marian agreed that the academy’s wall was indeed a helpful landmark, stealthily skirting it until reaching the main gate

There, hidden behind a bush, Jacques observed hundreds of students and their families bidding farewell for the last time. In the air, the scent of meals lovingly cooked by peasants mingled with the fragrance of perfumes coldly worn by the nobles. In that moment, all social classes stood together, their income differences plainly visible over their body. However, there was neither shame nor repulsion from either side, because once one crossed the entry gate, one’s origin no longer mattered. According to the law, all ’Essentias’ were equal to one another.

*Meh, too many eyes for my taste—I need a distraction.* The Holy Trinity answered his prayers, and in the sky, black smoke heralded the arrival of a massive metallic monster from the sea. *A turtle? No, it’s obviously a ship...but I don’t see any port here.* Jacques found his answer when the ship, with a carapace-looking deck began to sail on land, propelled by three continuous tracks that cracked the paving, causing thousands of *Marini* in property damage.

As soon as the turtle stopped, part of its hull opened, revealing metallic stairs from which many seasoned warriors emerged, scaring the public due to their exotic style. Their *Logical-Assembled Armor*

changed shape with each blink, their demonic-looking masks taking the form of their observer's worst nightmare, and their katanas at their sides convulsed inside their scabbards, demanding blood—the people's feeling of unknow turned into terror. However, these Eastern Knights ignored the pathetic show, forming a guard of honor with their spears, and atop a white horse, their Highness slowly descended the stairs.

The fear dissipated in an instant as the lady's beauty left everyone speechless—Eastern charm was seldom found throughout the 'HRE.' Despite her young age, she exuded the class of a queen, which was further accentuated by a silk kimono featuring a piece of art embroidered on its back—tens of scorpions intertwining, forming an abstract chain. Nevertheless, Jacques noticed something strange in her eyes—hollowness. The Lawfullian princess's expression resembled a criminal slowly marching to the gallows.

Was she really here to die, or was it simply the etiquette of her distant nation? No one knew the answer, and that made her an even more precious gem to admire, granting Jacques the opportunity he had been waiting for. However, melancholy gripped his body as he made his move. A single step would have ended Rinaldo's life, marking the beginning of Jacques'. He hesitated, unsure if he was killing or birthing himself, but as quickly as the thought arrived, it passed—he had buried his last doubts a long time ago. Full of newfound determination, he forced his foot to touch the ground and blended into the crowd, waiting for the Eastern princess to leave before approaching the imposing gate.

Jacques Dreux's life as a student at the Miraval Academy had just begun.

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The thousands of towering trees—at least a thousand years old—blocked the side view, leaving only the open sky visible to the students walking over yellow and red leaves. While most of the freshmen raised their sights to admire the top of that circular castle that undisputedly ruled the island, Jacques avoided doing so, feeling uncomfortable due to the violation of his privacy by the entity behind that window. Consequently, his gaze focused on the building beneath, half the size of the fortress but ten times its magnificence—the one and only 'Sacrée Cathédrale Notre-Dame des Saints Miraval.' It was a famous church, mostly due to its stained glass that covered half of its façade, a mosaic of millions of tiny, colored glass pieces that depicted the *Twelve Holy Heroes*.

In the center stood their leader, the first emperor of the 'Holy Rolandish Empire,' Hero Roland, and beside him, his beloved Queen, Heroine Stella. Their love story had warmed millions of girls' hearts and thousands of booksellers' wallets.

Around them proudly knelt the eight 'Loyal Heroes,' each depicted with a different combination of colored tiles, but all pointing at their emperor a flaming heart amidst their hands.

Conversely, at the bottom of the stained glass, with only their upper bodies visible, stood the three so-called 'Rebel Heroes,' all depicted in glass tiles of cold and dark colors. The leftmost was the thirteen hero, the traitor who contested Roland's ascension to the throne: Heroine Korinna, founder of the 'Eleutheria Republic'—the 'HRE's' current greatest threat. In the center was Roland's rival in power, leadership, and love but loser in all: Hero Nagoe, founder of the 'Evernightmare Kingdom'—the everlasting thorn in the 'HRE's' side. And lastly, on the right, the one who wasn't originally a 'Holy Hero' but took Korinna's place after her betrayal: Hero Mario, the founder of the 'Free City of Maria'—by far the 'HRE's' most hated city, but also its wealthiest.

Since childhood, people have often pointed out the striking resemblance between Jacques and his ancestor, even going so far as to call him 'Mario Reincarnation,' and he couldn't object, as

his face mirrored the one on the stained glass.

*\*Tweet\** A little bird flew over the mosaic, capturing Jacques's attention. It was as blue as lapis lazuli, as small as a house sparrow, and as flashy as a peacock: the 'Phoenix Caeruleus Minimus'—literally the 'Little Blue Phoenix,' but commonly known as the *Bluegale*. As its name suggests, it was as rare as a phoenix, and Jacques couldn't believe his eyes. His gaze followed the 'Bluegale' left and right, so focused on the little blue bird that he failed to notice the girl standing in front of him, committing a fatal mistake.

*\*Bump\** As Jacques's eyes reopened, he admired in awe the golden ones of his victim. He blinked a couple of times, believing a brain injury was making him see double because there was no difference between the girl in front of him and the one on the stained glass—heroine Stella had revived. The same golden hair—though short, not long like Stella's. The same empress-like cheeks—everything about her looked noble. And the same shining skin, which emitted light as bright as a star—however, the girl didn't need the sun's help like her glassy ancestor.

Quickly rising to his feet—being the Marian gentleman, just as his uncle had taught him—Jacques offered her an hand and a gentle smile. However...

*\*Smack\** Sadly, his good deed wasn't met with the best feedback. *A servile reaction—perfect.* The girl thought after the poor fellow reacted with a confused silence and trembling eyes. If he had insulted or ignored her, the predator would have chosen another prey, but Jacques had unwillingly given the consent for his execution.

"Do you think I'm naive?!" The light released by the girl's skin got stained with a reddish hue. "You've tried this trick to start a conversation with me, haven't you? Tsk, pathetic!" Her large eyes were enough to convey all her disgust without risking ruining her radiant skin by grimacing. "Do you know who I am? Astary Von Sternenstaub—daughter of the Münzemessermarterrittert!" She yelled, making sure the students around heard it and successfully drawing a small crowd around the them. "Your filthy clothes betray your inferior blood, and yet you still tried to hit on me? And in doing so, you even hurt me? From today—your life is over!"

Jacques skeptically glanced at his clothes. *Hey, they ain't that bad!* He fully acknowledged that his shirt and pants weren't the best available on the market, but he was proud of his basilisk-skin overcoat. It had been crafted nearly two thousand years ago by Hero Mario himself and passed down through the generations of the Di Marios—defending its honor was a matter of patriotism. Nevertheless, the more attention he got, the more he was at risk of being unmasked. "Let's all calm down. You've clearly misunderstood my intentions—it was all an accident. I saw a little blue bird and got distracted, an innocent mistake." Jacques presented his point of view calmly, showing her his open palms to exude transparency. *Be patient, always smile, and reply with their words—let them doom themselves.* That was how he'd learned to handle demanding customers. However, his strategy was based on a false premise, and it backfired when Astary used her most powerful weapon against her unlucky prey—society.

"What a pathetic excuse. Since when does lack of money also mean lack of imagination?" She increased the intensity of her light, bringing the crowd to attention. "Has anyone here witnessed what happened? If so, step forward and tell us which of us is telling the truth." Immediately, dozens of people stepped up, each one confirming Astary's version while embellishing it to the point of absurdity. The result was hundreds of hateful glares now fixed on Jacques, and every attempt he made to calm the situation only made things worse.

*Change of plan, crying and begging plus telling her she remembers my dead sister.* But as he thought that, a miracle happened.

"Stop, everyone," a mighty voice roared. "I saw everything. Asty, he is telling the truth, it was just an accident!" Like in a fairy tale, a charming prince had come to save the princess from the



evil witch. The heroic individual was taller than everyone in sight, sporting a perfectly sculpted physique that could have put a marble statue of an ancient hero to shame. By extending his mighty arm, he shielded Princess Jacques from the evil witch's light, and with a stern gaze, he forced the passing students to resume walking.

"He's totally right. The excitement for my first day at the Academy has overwhelmed my mind, making me daydream as I walked into you. A mistake I have already engraved in my heart, and I swore to the 'Holy Trinity' to never commit again," Jacques proclaimed with a hand over his heart, and, despite the girl continuing to glare murderously at him, she relented a bit.

"C'mon, Asty. Aren't you getting bored of wasting time here?" said a lady riding a large wolf, guffawing at her friend's pathetic expression. Her bulky physique, combined with the frenzy of her red hair, contrasted with her elegant school uniform, creating a peculiar mix best described as a bourgeois barbarian. Nevertheless, was the large white dog that stole Jacques's attention, awkwardly smiling at the beast as it bared its sharp fangs—large enough to crush a man's bones with a single bite. "Calm down, Regaire. He'd probably taste as ugly as his face."

"Aren't you two supposed to be on my side?" Astary yelled at both.

"Sadly, it was my mistake too. It's our first day, so I wanted to take some photos, and maybe forcing you to stay still in the middle of the road wasn't the brightest idea I've ever had. Astary, I know it might be difficult for you, but—we have to apologize!" After another lethal glance at the plebeian, the shining lady lowered her head in silence, her light dimming out, and Jacques noticed her long nails digging deeply into her palms.

"The mistake is mine too, so there's no need to apologize. Just forget about it, shall we?" Astary didn't reply. Instead, she silently mounted the giant wolf and, after nudging her Barbarian friend, she vanished into the distance.

"Sorry for what happened. She's not bad, just...stressed," he sighed. "By the way, I'm Chad Rolandsson," he carelessly announced, extending his hand.

"Chad Rolandsson? The *Scion* of the 'HRE'? Our prince, right in front of my eyes?—It's an honor, His Holiness." Jacques knelt, lowered his head, and animatedly shook the prince's hand with both of his.

"Please, you're embarrassing me. Inside the Miraval Academy, there aren't such differences—just call me Chad, okay?" He helped Jacques to rise, and then their eyes met—Chad's diamond eyes were so beautiful they almost felt unreal.

*If he is the future emperor, that means that glowing whore is the future Queen...I am so fucked.*  
"Jacques Dreux, it's a pleasure to meet you, my Em...I mean, Chad." They shook hands again. "If it's not too much trouble, may I ask you to tell Miss Von Sternenstaub that I will pray for her forgiveness?" He bowed again, lowering his head as much as possible.

"Are you going to take the blame? Despite how badly she has treated you?" The prince asked skeptically.

"She is the Queen—she needs to protect your honor. If I had such a responsibility on my shoulders, I would have undoubtedly done the same," Jacques humbly explained, only to be met with Chad's broad smile, which felt strangely unsettling to him.

"Just out of curiosity, are you from any noble family?"

"No, I'm an orphan." Chad whistled.

"Oh, don't get me wrong, it's still a tragedy...but...how can I put this...you are like an angel sent by the 'Holy Trinity,' someone who embodies all the qualities I'm seeking in a partner for a

little project of mine.” Chad placed his massive hand on new friend’s shoulder. “Jacques, what do you think about helping me?”

“It would be the greatest honor of my life,” Jacques bowed again, his body shaking out of excitement.

“I appreciate the enthusiasm, but first, you must pass a simple test to see if you are a good fit for this job. Don’t worry, it’s nothing overly complicated, but before we start, one question—have you ever read a mystery book? The ones where the protagonist is a detective who solves murders and other crimes by logic alone?”

“Absolutely. Mystery is by far my favorite genre.” At home, Jacques possessed the complete collection of all thirty-seven volumes of *Ispettore Casanova*, the most prolific book series in the Free City of Maria. Spoiler warning—the culprit is always a Suzerain.

“Same, bro, but let’s talk about it later. Now, imagine you’re walking through a forest, kilometers away from any form of civilization. Suddenly, you hear a scream, so you run through the trees toward the voice, finding a man on the ground whose life is slowly fading from his eyes. From that isolated place, there’s no way to bring the man to a doctor in time. Yet, you’re a detective, so at least you may be able to comfort his spirit by bringing the killer to justice. How? The victim, with his last strength, can answer one of your questions. Hence, your test is obvious. If we assume he won’t lie, what should this question be?” Chad’s carefree expression gave way to an emotionless face that pressured Jacques in a way he had never felt before.

“Ahem...that is it all? No more details.” The Scion’s silence answered him, so Jacques didn’t waste further time and started thinking. *Should I answer with—Now do you feel it? Her pain? Or maybe with—you ain’t real, are you?* At first, he feared a trick answer, but ultimately, he decided to settle on the most logical solution he could find. “What’s your name?”

Chad’s diamond eyes shone as they sank deeper into his face. Then, he scratched his square chin. “Is this your answer? Why not just ‘tell me the killer’s name’ or something similar? Please, elaborate on the logical trail that has led to your conclusion.”

“I’m a detective. I don’t need that—finding the culprit is my job!” Jacques rebutted. “Moreover, the killer could have easily hidden his identity, and, even if the victim can’t lie, a dying person isn’t the most lucid of witnesses. Therefore, I must settle on the only question I’m sure he would never get wrong. Also, we’re in a dark forest far away from any kind of civilization. If the victim has no documents, do you know how difficult it would be to find out his identity? And even in the remote possibility that the answer differs from his official name, since he can’t lie, it would still be interesting.”

Chad turned into a marble statue, the green veins visible on his face stiffening, almost exploding. *Maybe he just wanted a stupid minion for his plan. It’s okay. The less attention I get, the better it is f—* Jacques’ thoughts got interrupted by hearty laughter from the prince, accompanied by loud claps.

“I want to be honest with you. This test has no actual answer, as its purpose is to evaluate people’s reasoning. Yet, you actually found one—I’m impressed.” He bowed, then placed both of his massive hands on Jacques’ shoulders. “From this moment on—you are mine!” Jacques gulped, awkwardly smiling at Chad’s eerie smirk. “I still need some time to conclude the preparations, but I will contact you soon. There is so much we’re going to do together—no spoilers. See you later, Jacques!” The charming prince broke Jacques’s spine with a friendly pat on his back, then headed toward the Academy.

*Perhaps I’ve just made the greatest mistake of my life.* Jacques pondered as he walked toward the most important event of his new life—the ‘Class Assignment.’

## Chapter 2

### Javelinist: Part Two

"Yep—I'm truly gorgeous." Jacques's ego inflated as he got a closer look at his face depicted on the gigantic stained glass. Around him, thousands of students stood in a disorderly line, eager to enter the building that easily towered over the enormous cathedral—the Miraval Educational Center.

Erected a thousand years ago, the 'MEC' served as the heart of Miraval Academy. Amid its thirty-six circular floors, hundreds of classrooms and laboratories were ready to nurture the Empire's future. But, before doing that, a special event was waiting for them inside the grand atrium on the 'MEC's' ground floor. It was the most pivotal one in the life of an Essentia—the Class Assignment.

As Jacques walked inside, he was amazed by the stark contrast between the sobriety of the exterior and the opulence of the atrium. The oval-shaped room effortlessly surpassed an Auxerine palace in magnificence, with outstanding paintings covering most of its walls, and, between each piece of art, there were bronze statues depicting humanity's greatest minds standing alongside scale reproductions of the inventions that had consecrated them to history—such as the *Genes Centrifuge*, the Intercontinental Pipeline, and the Antimagic Reactor.

The atrium easily accommodated the thousands of freshmen flooding inside, who headed toward the center of the room, where they were greeted by a huge surprise. Above their heads, there was no ceiling, but a single enormous circular hole, and the same was true for the first floor, the second floor, and so on—true for all them thirty-five floors above. Together, the ceiling holes formed a cylindrical void that extended the entire height of the building, and at the top of the 36th floor there was a complex system of crystals that took advantage of this void to evenly distribute sunlight to each floor, providing natural illumination throughout the building.

"Woohoo!" From the holes, human heads and hands sprang up like flowers in spring, followed by loud claps, encouraging chants, and lively choreographies that greeted the freshmen below. They were their seniors, who meticulously inspected their juniors to determine who would be worthy of their friendship—for nobles, every personal relationship was business.

*\*Chkkk—fzmmm\** Abruptly, the huge crystal system lost its bluish light, shrouding everything in darkness.

*\*Tchk—vvvvmmmmmm\** On the ceiling, a lone crystal lit up, projecting a cone of light onto the ground floor that slowly navigated through the atrium, stopping once it reached the wall opposite the entry door. At first, the students could only see the doors of various elevators, flanked by two spiral stairways, resembling angelic wings. But soon after, their vision became more and more blurred, until only the silhouette of a tall structure with a man standing atop it was visible.

"SILENCE!" As the seniors lowered their enthusiasm, the silhouette stabilized, revealing a massive stage. "Welcome, you who have been blessed with the Gift by the Holy Trinity," said an elegant old man with a mustache shaped like bird wings. "I am SS-Class 'Infinitesimal Etymologist' Narcís De Miraval, the principal of your new home for the next three or four years. The birthplace of countless legends about heroes who have changed the history of the Holy Rolandish Empire and the entire world alike—the Miraval Academy." His booming voice was amplified by a vintage microphone connected to a large tube that led to something hidden beneath the stage. "Before we begin with the 'Class Assignment,' I shall explain why you, who hail from such distant parts of our vast Empire, have all gathered here instead of being nurtured in your Fiefdoms." He tapped his mic three times, and three paintings detached from the wall, levitating towards the stage, where they orbited around Principal Miraval like moons.

The first painting depicted a city being set aflame by heavy knights. The second depicted a withering chrysanthemum with thirty-six petals, each illustrating a different tragedy. The third depicted a younger, still-under-construction version of the building they were in. They all sported the same signature—DDD-Class 'Aging Panorama' Dominique De Miraval. *'The Second Sack of New Oasis', the '37 Years of Anarchy,' and 'The Foundation of Miraval Academy.'* Jacques thought, captivated by their technique—too advanced for such ancient pieces of art. *That Starfolk art connoisseur was right. A photo can merely capture a single lifeless instant, while in a painting, each detail tells us more than a thousands of books' pages.*

"We Essentias are gods among men, and a thousand years ago—during the 'Dark Century'—we understood the consequences of so much power left unchecked." Principal Miraval pointed behind the freshmen to a sentence engraved on a massive rock slab above the entrance door—'NEVER AGAIN.' "Noblesse oblige, they once called it. Nowadays, we prefer more refined terms, but the substance remains the same—you shall be educated on your responsibility. Anyone who believes their power puts them above the authority of the law shall not graduate!" The last sentence was delivered so authoritatively that it caused everyone in the room to shiver. "One last thing before we proceed with the Class Assignment. I'd like to introduce the pride of our academy—our six Class S Professors. They will serve as your lighthouse through the storm ahead." Principal Miraval turned around with a swift twist, putting on his Leaves-Ambered mantle—made of red and yellow leaves sewn together—a show as he pointed to behind. Suddenly, new crystals lit up, revealing six very important people seated on the stage. "From left to right—"

"Head of the Botanic Department, coach of the Woodland Bigfoots, and professor of Monster Hunting—S-Class 'Everlasting Spring' Aoife Sinclair." The young woman was greeted with whistles, claps, and loud praises shouted by the males on the thirty-five floors above the atrium—perhaps more interested in her voluptuous body than her merits as an educator.

*Fawn-blue eyes, freckles, and well-defined muscles could be seen beneath her clothes. She looks like an older version of that Barbarian girl, but Miss Sinclair seems far more domesticated.*

"Head of the Anthropology Department, established writer, and professor of history, economics, and sociology—S-Class 'Fortunate Son' Professor Xoán Al Córdoba." The young man was greeted with whistles, claps, and loud praises by the females on the thirty-five floors above the stage—perhaps more interested in his beautiful face than his merits as an educator.

*Warm smile over an angelic expression, warm eyes under his glasses, and a warm voice as comforting as a caring father's. He looks like a teddy bear—I want to hug him and tell him all my secrets.*

"Head of the Mathematics department, Chief Security Officer of the Academy, and professor of Magic Encryption—S-Class 'Winged Moon' Kajerine Fibber." The woman was acclaimed with respectful claps from the seniors on the thirty-five floors above the stage—rewarding her merits as an educator.



*Platinum hair, clothes that resembled a police uniform, and a gaze as cold as metal. Meh, I'm sure dealing with her can't be worse than dealing with my uncle.*

"Head of the Battelfield Department, war hero, and professor of Advanced Formation Tactics—SS-Class 'Sinful Blade' Verdan Anhogi." The man was met with a harsh reaction from the seniors on the thirty-five floors above the stage. Some looked at him with disgust, others whispered dirty rumors, and some booed fueled by contempt for the man. However, they were all silenced by a single grimace, rewarding his merits to instill fear in people.

*The few wrinkles on his face are not a badge of old age, but a medal of honor for surviving the horrors he has witnessed.*

"Head of the Magical-Industrial Department, winner of thirty-six 'Sternstaub Prizes,' and professor of 'Dungeon Programming'—SS-Class 'Thermal Elegance' *Jack Blues*...not again." Principal Miraval glared in rage at the sleeping old man, but he suppressed it and moved on.

*that old man has convinced me—I'm going to join his courses.*

"And lastly, the Vice Principal of the Miraval Academy—SS-Class 'Grotesque Mannequin' Constantine Durere. I will now switch places with him as he will give you a brief presentation on the Class Assignment." Pure terror gripped the hearts of the seniors, and a haunting silence filled the building—the tension was so thick it could be cut with a curve knife.

"KEKEKE!" Mr. Durere's eerie laughter sliced through the silence, accompanied by the thumps of his cane. He was a hunchback with one leg shorter than the other, forcing him to use the walking stick to maintain his balance as he took Principal Miraval's spot. *He's the ugliest man I have ever seen, but somehow, he looks very confident.*

As Vice-Principal Durere reached the microphone, he didn't speak immediately. Instead, his lazy eyes scanned the freshmen one by one, as if he were searching for someone in particular. Then, he raised his one-fingered left hand toward the crowd, bouncing it while grinning. "Are you enjoying the most pivotal moment of your lives? The day your Gift will blossom into an Essentia? Whether it will be a tragedy or the beginning of your legend, only the Holy Trinity knows." Jacques was fascinated by Mr. Durere's various tics, such as moving his head in a circle, sticking his tongue out between words, and digging his long black nails into the wood beneath the microphone. "Let's explain these two terms. 'Gift' is a rare genetic trait. Unlike pathetic mortals, we are born with a hollow soul. Therefore, an expert can fill it with the many particles of Mana scattered throughout your body. A soul full of Mana is called a 'Essentia,' and a human with an Essentia is also called an 'Essentia'—very easy to remember!"

*It sounds like bullshit. You can't fill something abstract with something tangible.* Like any good 'Marian,' Jacques had never understood metaphysics. However, as he thought that, the young man's gaze crossed with that of the 'Grotesque Mannequin,' who leered at him with pleasure fully visible in his violet eyes.

"How is it possible? Well, do you see these things next to me?" To both sides of the microphone, there were various metallic platforms, featuring many tubes connected to the understage. "These are the 'Miraval Hands,' a cutting-edge technology that will change your life forever. How? You walk over them and poof—you're an 'Essentia.' Please don't ask me how it works—your IQ is probably too low for you to understand that." Mr. Durere's eyes began to move in opposite directions, one scanning the crowd on the left and the other on the right. "However, I think you might be able to understand the principle behind it. In short, every single life-form can use magic. There are some creatures, like monsters, whose genes have evolved to better use spells embened in their DNAs, or like monkeys, whose intellect is high enough to memorize patterns, enabling them to cast basic spells. In our case, it is a lot simpler than that. Thanks to a writing

system and the scientific method, we not only can record magic but also experiment and expand our array of spells.

"Sadly, magic is a science where theory and practice diverge exponentially, and no instrument will ever be able to close this gap. Why? Because even if we can calculate the requirements for a spell, it still needs a specific type of energy to ignite. 'Mana' is a generic term we use to describe a wide set of particles, each fundamentally different from the others, and manually modifying yours every single time you use a new magic is a pure pain in the ass—very inefficient.

"Nevertheless, for each problem there is a solution—we Essentias can trick this system. After the Mana scattered throughout your body is rake into your soul's hole, the particles harmonize with its intrinsic nature, turning all your magic into a single, specific type. As a result, we're able to cast spells with minimal training or study, at the cost of limiting ourselves to those that require only our newly-aligned Mana.

"To sum up, let's assume the existence of a set of all possible magic, and let's call it the Mirafield. Then, an Essentia is an individual who is able to cast only the spells in a unique subset of the 'Mirafield,' and we call this subset—Class.' Now you all are going to receive yours."

*Soulfuls can use all magic but inefficiently, while Essentias can use some magic efficiently—Eazy.* Nevertheless, Jacques jotted down the Vice-Principal's words.

"Now, I need a volunteer for the first Class Assignment. Don't worry—I won't bite, KEKEKE!" Mr. Durere announced, pointing his cane to crowd. In that sea of humans, many fingered islands emerged—for the students, it was a perfect occasion to shine. However, a sword that glowed as white as Hyperborean ice stole the scene, and after an approving gesture from Mr. Durere, its owner proceeded to the stage. Once there, the grotesque professor passionately kissed her hand, but the lady showed neither fear nor disgust, pleasing him.

"I admire your courage, but remember—you could get a Class F in front of our demanding audience. Are you sure you want to risk the humiliation, Miss?"

She swiftly move her heads towards the freshman, putting a show of her long, black, and silky hair. "Tsuki Hakka, Moon Princess of Joseong, and I am not afraid of something as frivolous as other people's opinions." Still facing the student, the Lawfullian lifted the tip of her kimono, respectfully bowing at her new admirers.

*Oh, she's the girl from before. Meh, it must be painful to walk with that, let alone use it in combat.*

"Very strange, indeed. Why has a noble lady from Lawfullia decided to become an Essentia instead of a Legalist? Is this some cultural exchange? Did we send our princess to the Northern Dynasty?" Mr. Durere impertinently asked, unaware that how he referred to her homeland was deeply disrespectful. Nevertheless, it wasn't the first time Tsuki had endured humiliation for the sake of her motherland. Moreover, now that she was ready to immolate herself to the Golden Bull.

"I was sent by my father, the rightful Emperor of a united Lawfullia, to marry the son of the rightful Emperor of a united Chaotia—Chad Rolandsson—to turn the eternal friendship that unites our two great empires into an eternal alliance through which we will bring peace and prosperity to the world. I am your future Queen." It took a few moments for the audience to process her words, and then the joyful tidings hit them like a tsunami.

Whispers of disbelief intertwined with the drama now playing live by three unwilling actors. The first was Chad, whose relaxed yet unlively demeanor confirmed his foreknowledge. The second was Astar, whose firm composure contrasted with the fire in her eyes. And lastly, Tsuki, whose smile mocked the shining lady beneath her. The war for the title of Queen of the Holy Rolandish Empire had started.

Amidst the general excitement, some were happy for new Imperial Couple, some didn't care too much, and others disliked the idea of a foreigner ruling over their nation. However, throughout all the thirty-six floors, only one person showed visible fear at the news. *Another fucking war, but now I'm an Essentia! I'll be forcibly enrolled to die against the Starship Commando for her father's delusions.* Jacques's piercing gaze landed on Astar's poker face. While she was skilled at hiding her emotions, Jacques, being an expert, detected peculiar vibrations at the edges of her mouth, an irregular breathing rate, and subtle movements of her fingers. *Don't worry, my Queen, I will ensure you marry Chad—with all the means necessary.*

"Everyone, shut up! You can waste your time with gossip after the Class Assignment ends. Now, Miss Hakka, would you walk over the Miraval Hand?" Tsuki obeyed, and the magic engraving on the metal pedestal glowed as she heard a fan whirring beneath her, causing the air around her to swirl, enveloping her in a bluish vortex. After a few seconds, a glowing blue floating rectangle appeared above her head, levitating in the air, displaying words visible to everyone—a [Window].

## NEW ESSENTIA

### SS-Class 'Time Samurai'

Tsuki's etiquette prevented her from rejoicing, but everyone else, including the professors, couldn't restrain themselves from doing so. Mr. Durere intensely fixed his violet eyes on her, licking his lips.

"Equality is a false good, a tautology that holds true for all humans, Essentias included. Unlike the Soulfouls, whose hierarchy is determined by mere wealth, we are divided according to our power into ranks from F to S. Hence, our dear princess has just won the lottery. Why? Essentias make up less than 0.1% of the total population, while Class S are fewer than 0.0001%. A new goddess has just been born before our eyes." Mr. Durere concluded with a wink, and then Tsuki departed from the stage, backed by thousands of claps.

"Now, the Class Assignment has officially begin. There are twelve 'Miraval Hands'—you're welcome." The Class S professors positioned themselves between each pair of Miraval Hands, with Principal Miraval being forced to take Mr. Blues' place.

The first group of students included a familiar face for Jacques—the Barbarian lady. She positioned herself next to Miss Sinclair, who embraced her warmly, like a mother, but the girl ignored her, pride radiating from her eyes. *They are like two portraits of the same woman painted by the same artist, only a few years apart.* Jacques thought, looking at the icy pendant at her neck. *I've a strange feeling, as if I forgot something very important.* He shrugged. *Well, who cares? Anything it was, it won't be the world's end.*

## NEW ESSENTIAS

DDD-Class 'Pointless Research'

C-Class 'Taxidermist'

CCC-Class 'Spirit Blade'

EE-Class 'Blade'

B-Class 'Last Stand'

DDD-Class 'Divine Hand'

C-Class 'Raw Milk'

S-Class 'Fullmetal Maiden'

AAA-Class 'Virgin Rose'

CC-Class 'Prideful Leopard'

CC-Class 'Delayer'

CC-Class 'Red Rock'

The announcement of a new Class S sent the crowd into a frenzy, overshadowing the excellent result of the 'Virgin Rose.' She first fixed her gaze on the three A's before her class name, then bitterly glared at the letter S on the window next to hers, before lowering her head in shame—her freckles now completely covering her reddish face. Nevertheless, she still received unwanted congratulations from Miss Sinclair and encouragement cheers from Astarly.

Meanwhile, the 'Fullmetal Maiden' first instinct was to look left and right, clearly confused by the public's reaction, and when she finally looked up, her face exploded in joy. Without hesitation, she jumped from the stage and landed in Chad's arms, hugging him so tightly that his face showed the first signs of suffocation. Rumors around Jacques explained the situation. She was Chad's twin sister, Princess Bradamanthe Rolandsson.

*She's so tall and muscular that she is making the barbarian girl looking like a puppy in comparison. But her most fascinating trait is her thick golden braid that cascades all the way to her legs, paired with the same beautiful diamond eyes of Chad—eyes that could enrapture the soul of anyone who gazed into them.* Jacques thought as he watched the siblings celebrate together. *If only all siblings could get along like them...* He grimaced as he remembered his cousins.

After three more rounds, another familiar face for Jacques stepped onto the stage—Astarly Von Sternenstaub. As she climbed the stage's stairs, her skin beamed with a multitude of colors, projecting an aurora borealis throughout the 'MEC' that left everyone speechless. With all eyes on her, she walked over to the Miraval Hand next to Miss Sinclair, receiving a warm hug as well. To her left stood a peasant-looking boy, visibly embarrassed to stand next to what seemed like a goddess to him, contrasting with the unbothered expression of the girl on Astarly's right. Despite being next to a star, no light seemed to touch her pale face, which esoterically juxtaposed with the obsidian black of her lips—the unique beauty of a Nixie Lady.



## NEW ESSENTIAS

CC-Class 'Velvet Fang'

CCC-Class 'Mad Orange'

C-Class 'Tomorrow'

D-Class 'Portraitist'

C-Class 'Worm'

BB-Class 'Iron Maiden'

C-Class 'Spy'

A-Class 'Nihilistic Blade'

SS-Class 'Shining Star'

E-Class 'Recruit'

CC-Class 'Spirit Sniper'

DDD-Class 'Abstract Theologian'

Heroine Stella had officially been reborn, and the 'Shining Star' pridefully glanced at Tsuki, savoring her sweet revenge, knowing she now held the high ground. The public's attention was firmly on Astary, leaving the peasant boy unnoticed as both Mr. Durere and Principal Miraval congratulated him.

After five more rounds, the heavy thud of sabatons announced the arrival of a student clad in dark-green plate armor, from which hung a cape of metallic feathers. He ascended the stage alongside a girl dressed in an opulent gown woven from the finest silk, sporting sleeves so large they trailed on the ground and a tight corset that cinched her waist into a hyperbola. A griffon-shaped helmet concealed the man's auburn hair, while the lady wore a silver tiara amid her cascade of blonde curls. The couple looked as if they had time-traveled directly from the Dark Century.

Once they both stood on the pedestals, the Knight knelt, took her hand, and recited a courtly poem about a type of love long-forgotten by modern society. Unfortunately, courtly love bored Vice-Principal Durere, who decided to have a little fun. He moved the lady away and made the Knight kiss his hand instead, causing him to stumble to the ground in shock. Shame shrouded his face as the students laughed at him.

"There are a thousand students in this room. No time for jokes! Except mine, of course—KEKEKE!"

## NEW ESSENTIAS

CCC-Class 'Friendship Armor'

C-Class 'Third Eye'

CCC-Class 'Sun Elegance'

CCC-Class 'Moon Elegance'

C-Class 'Phoenix'

EEE-Class 'Cat'

CC-Class 'Sinner'

CC-Class 'Soul Archeologist'

CC-Class 'Free Fall'

DD-Class 'Mind Eater'

FFF-Class 'Clown'

A-Class 'Toxic Parasite'

The first 'Class F' had finally shown up, greeted by pitying sighs and mocking laughter at the petrified expression on his face. The charming prince's new life as an Essentia was doomed from the start.

"There must be an error!" he yelled, seizing Mr. Durere by the neck, his helmet's hooked beak pressing against the professor's crooked nose. "I am the Scion of the *Highlands*—a direct descendant of the 'Bio Blacksmith.' This is absurd! I demand a new Class Assignment!" His pathetic screams of rage fueled the mockery, forcing his beloved lady to cover her face in shame.

The public humiliation was cut short by Mr. Durere, who placed his one-fingered hand on the young man's shoulder and looked straight into his gray eyes with a gentle expression that could have rivaled that of an angel. "Don't make yourself ridiculous—'Clown'—KEKEKE!"

The Highlander Knight desperately looked around in search of any kind of support, but all he found was cruel mockery. His gaze then shifted toward his only hope left—the most important person in his life. *I don't care if the entire world is rooting for my annihilation. I just need you, Nellie, and I will be able to fight destiny itself. I am your knight, and you are my princess—now, tomorrow, and forever.* The young man thought, his heart pounding as he watched Nellie slowly lower her hands from her face, revealing tears over the most enraged of faces.

"Stay away from me, you pathetic loser!" the 'Toxic Parasite' screamed at the 'Clown,' her words piercing him like daggers. He ran out of the atrium, tears streaming down his face.

Jacques had just witnessed a live homicide—the complete murder of a man's social life. *I beg you, Holy Trinity—anything but Class F.*

After an hour, the moment everyone had been waiting for finally arrived, the Scion of the Holy Rolandish Empire—Chad Rolandsson—ascended to the stage. But he wasn't the only notable figure. Next to him, in full regalia adorned with the flaming Nixie Cross, stood the heir of the Evernightmare Kingdom, struggling not to be overshadowed by his blood rival. Jacques

recognized that depressed prince. *A lot of time has passed since I last saw Anicet. With my new look, I have nothing to worry about, and he probably doesn't even remember me anyway.*

### NEW ESSENTIAS

AA-Class 'Chaos Theorist'

CCC-Class 'Cold Iron'

EE-Class 'Fisherman'

CCC-Class 'Monkey Punch'

CC-Class 'Bomb'

DD-Class 'Gravity Engineer'

SSS-Class 'Hero'

SS-Class 'Nostalgic Reactionary'

DDD-Class 'Space Oracle'

CCC-Class 'Boxer'

D-Class 'Crystal Tongue'

C-Class 'Defender'

Silence fell across all thirty-six floors of the Miraval Educational Center. Principal Miraval began to cry, and soon, many others followed his example, and his time Jacques didn't need any feedback. Chad had been blessed by the grace of the Holy Trinity with the only Class of [SSS.Rank], which had appeared only once in recorded history—the Class of Hero Roland.

The public was witnessing a historical moment. The prophecy foretelling the return of the 'Hero' to fight the 'World's End Messiah' in a battle that would decide the fate of humanity during the apocalypse had now been fulfilled. A new age for the Holy Rolandish Empire was about to begin, and no one cared about Anicet becoming the reincarnation of his ancestor—such was life for Evernightmare Kings.

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After all the politically relevant Class Assignments were over, the professors allowed the students to relax in the Relax Section—a vast area occupying nearly one-third of the academy's total grounds. It housed the student dormitories, a sprawling public park, and dozens of bars, restaurants, and shops designed to satisfy every teenage desire in such a tumultuous age.

Jacques's turn was one of the last, granting him plenty of time to enjoy everything the area had to offer. But whether he was at the park, the bar, or even the library, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was watching him.

When his turn finally came, Jacques walked to the stage with a sense of unease, giving his history of bad luck—to him, the Class Assignment felt like a giant roulette. He positioned himself on the last pedestal near Mr. Durere, who appeared exhausted, granting Jacques the rare privilege of being ignored by the professor's weird sense of humor.

Very few students remained in the room, and no one seemed to pay Jacques any attention—except for a bronze-skinned girl with amber eyes, who stared at him so intensely, embarrassing Jacques, who instinctively thought his hair was messy. Then, the light from the Miraval Hand flared and a [Window] appeared above his head.

**NEW ESSENTIAS**

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FFF-Class 'Javelinist'

Weaker than a spear and with less range than a bow, a Javelin was a secondary weapon that broke after just one hit. "I wish you better luck in your next life," Mr. Durere taunted after his energy got fueled by Jacques' painful expression. The mockery of the few students who still watched the show backgrounded Jacques' fast descent from the stage, who hid himself in a dark corner to check his [Stats].

"[Stats.Window]," he said.

**STATS WINDOW**

Name: Rinaldo Di Mario

Class: FFF.Javelinist

HP: 100

SP: 100

MP: 100

STR: +010

DEX: +010

CON: +010

PER: +010

INT: +010

WIS: +010

CHA: +010

LUK: -999

Passive Skills: Empty

"What?"



## Chapter 3

### Javelinist: Part three

#### EMAIL WINDOW

**From:** `noreply@miraval.edu.gov`

**To:** `NULL`

**Subject:** *Introduction to Class F*

*We are pleased to inform you that your first lesson is scheduled to begin at 4:00 m.m., 01/06/1996. The session will take place in the 1st-Year Class F dormitory.*

*Best regards, The Academy Staff.*

`MiravalAcademy_Map.mse`

*Are they fucking with me?! On a [Window] that levitated in front of the 'Javelinist,' an interactive map displayed the topography of the Miraval Academy. At the center, three buildings formed the so-called Academy's Trinity—the Miraval Educational Center, the Training Complex Miraval, and the Grand Miraval Basilica. The rest of the space around them was divided into three equal parts—the Relax Area, the Sport Area, and the Developing Area. The first two areas sported hundreds of red points, each representing a different point of interest. For example, a bar in the Relax Area or a gym in the Sports Area. In stark contrast, the Developing Area had only three points—the 1st-year Class F dormitory, the 2nd-year Class F dormitory, and the 3rd-year Class F dormitory—nothing else.*

At first, Jacques thought there was a bug on his [Window], but as soon as he delved deeper into the Developing Area, he understood the true meaning of sheer desolation.

*It can't be real.* Grass as tall as he was danced with the wind, backgrounded by an orchestra of grasshoppers. The only proof that human civilization had once settled these lands was the ruins of ancient buildings, which, like coral islands, were slowly being absorbed into the sea of grass. *The Academy has left to dust one-third of its total surface? I thought this place was government-funded.* Jacques theorized that tax evasion was the only possible explanation for such an irrational decision.

After half an hour of walking on a dirty, unpaved road, the 'Javelinist' finally reached his dormitory. Despite being the most well-preserved structure in the Developing Area, it scarcely resembled a building at all. While attempting to reach the door, Jacques's feet crunched over various pieces of broken glass. He couldn't discern from which broken window they had come,

but he suspected it was the one sporting a massive hole beneath, large enough to allow the ivy covering the exterior to claim the inside as well.

The interior was no exception. Jacques witnessed the full glory of the Mold Kingdom, which, battle after battle, had spread its dominion across most of the white ceiling. Strangely, the smell wasn't as bad as he'd expected, but the temperature was too low due to the lack of any kind of radiators—his Basilisk-Leather overcoat couldn't protect his legs.

The ground floor's layout consisted of just a straight hallway with three doors on its left side, stairs at its end, and a lone door in the middle of the right wall. According to the message from the school staff, that door led to his classroom. Upon entering the room, his sight scanned the eight students—three females and five males—sitting at desks arranged in three columns of three desks each. There was no sign of the professor.

"Good morning," he exchanged greetings with his new classmates and proceeded to the only available seat—the last one in the first row. Jacques was forced to admit the room was in better shape than he had imagined. No mold, reasonably clean, and the termites had shown mercy on his wooden chair and desk—the only place in the Developing Area where the school had spent money.

Since the presentation was programmed for later, everyone kind of ignored each other, so Jacques started rereading his notes to pass the time. However, he was soon stopped by an unpleasant feeling. After a cold shiver, he instinctively turned his head to the right, and there, his eyes met the amber ones of the bronze-skinned girl he had seen at the Class Assignment.

"Hello." She didn't reply, but her eyes exuded a mix of hostility and fear. *She is clearly an immigrant from Naturia and probably still doesn't grasp Adamic very well. Mmh, let me think... By her look, she is probably from Enoch, a place that never interested me enough to learn the language. However, I remember that the Starship Commando had colonized that desert a couple of times, so maybe she can understand Startongue.* "God morgen. Mit navn er Jacques." She blinked several times with her large eyes, softening the intensity of her expression. The Naturian lady had black hair, mussed and very short, and wore a black leather suit, which covered the entirety of her debatably short body—typically used for training in areas populated by a large amount of insects. *She reminds me of my little black cat... damn.*

"O-oshira," she muttered softly. However, every other attempt at conversation failed, and after a while, Jacques finally gave up.

After that awkward moment, he turned his head, meeting the eyes of a tanned man rocking in his chair at the last desk of the third row. For an everlasting moment, time froze, and they both began to sweat. They pinched themselves, failing to wake up. Jacques tried to deny reality, but his delusions died when he saw part of a tattoo on the man's neck—three skulls and a vial of poison. *What the fuck is he doing here? He's a Marian, a filthy criminal, and most importantly, he's more than twenty years old!* Jacques was forgetting that he, too, was a Marian criminal who was lying about his age.

The 'Javelinist' pointed his index finger to his heart, moved it to his neck, and then tapped his forehead three times. *Me—you—forgot.* The tanned man translated in his head, and the next moment, his face was on his desk, whistling.

Jacques recovered from the seizure, breathing a huge sigh of relief, only to realize that Oshira had witnessed the entire scene, and that gave him an even stronger heart attack.

It took approximately one more hour for the professor to show up. The scent of alcohol lingered from stains over his lavish silk shirt, well-fitting with his unkempt three-day beard and eye bags under bloodshot eyes. *Literally me on Mario's Day.* Jacques respected his carelessness on his first day at the world's most prestigious academy.

The professor gestured in the air, scrutinizing each of his students. "Good. At least everyone is here," he noted as he massaged his tired eyes, emitting pained mumbles. "I am your professor, AAA-Class 'Raging Hornet' Esteban Diaz, and you nine are the only F-Class Essentias among thousands of freshmen—my condolences." He seated, hunching in his chair, the only object that appeared relatively new in that dilapidated classroom. "We'll kick things off with introductions, then delve into the 'lesson,' even though I don't see how it will ever benefit you. Nevertheless, duty is duty, and you are my penance for succumbing to pride." With his index finger, he pointed at the towering figure two desks in front of Jacques.

*He's even bigger than Chad.* The 'Javelinist' thought as the towering student positioned himself next to the teacher's desk to face his classmate.

"Good morning, everyone. I am Casi—" His presentation was interrupted by a chalk hitting his face.

"You are now an Essentia—ALWAYS your Class first!" Mr. Diaz yelled at him.

The big guy excused himself and restarted. "F-Class 'Scarecrow' Casimir Piekazt, my father owns a farm in the Emerald Lands, more precisely in the Zavagradsy Kulak. It's my first time living outside my farm, so please be patient with me. I hope we will all get along." Despite his powerful physique, the Sootish young man had an innocent, childlike face with blond hair, emerald eyes, and the most innocent smile Jacques had ever seen.

After his presentation, Casimir returned to his seat, and the slender student in front of Jacques took his place, facing his classmate with a hollow expression.

"FF-Class 'Gravedigger' Derserk Rouge," he somberly announced, adjusting his round red glasses. "I am the last descendant of the Rouge Family, thus making me the de jure Marquis of Bloodmarch. Thank you for your time." The wealthy region of Bloodmarch had been lost eight years ago, stolen by the Korinthian war machine during the bloodiest conflict in recorded history. The wounds it left on the HRE were still far from healed, much like those carved into the heart of that young man.

*His hair—unkempt, long, and greasy black—and his etiquette, too formal... almost maniacal. Despite having completely given up, he's still clinging to a thin thread of hope—a living paradox.* Jacques thought, feeling a little guilty. *Unlike me, he's a real orphan.* Jacques swallowed the pill and prepared for his turn. "FFF-Class 'Javelinist' Jacques Dreux, orphan from Beauté De Cristal. I hope these four years together will remain in our hearts as a warm memory." Not so many years ago, a major earthquake devastated the Auxerine city, leaving nothing but dust of the city's archives.

"FF-Class 'Data Analyst' Katrina Welf. I'm the daughter of the Minister of Economy, Jonas Welf. Despite my father hailing from the Aries Heights, I was born and raised in the Capital. Class F might not be exactly what we aimed for, so, at the very least, let's cooperate to make this dire experience profitable." The Arpine lady spoke calmly yet assertively, wearing an expression that, like poison, tasted sweet at first but the longer you looked, the more bitter it became.

*Her daddy was once the CEO of the Aries Bank, and if I remember correctly, my uncle has tried to murder him in a brothel at Beauté De Cristal—avoiding her is a must.*

"It's a pleasure to meet you all." The girl's smile exuded the warmth of a hot summer day, while her lovely tone was the much-needed soothing breeze. "I'm FF-Class 'Ego Witch' Carmen

Asturias, and I hail from a family of fishermen near the port of Suarez. Like Casimir, this is also my first time away from home, so please take care of me during these four years.” The Suzerain lady was a classic beauty of the South—long curls cascading gracefully over her olive skin.

*Suarez? Better keep an eye on my purse from now on.* Despite Jacques believing her city deserved to be razed to the ground and salted to be sure that nothing would ever grow again, her chestnut eyes were bewitching him. *She really looks like her...*

The next speaker was supposed to be the little black cat, but despite Mr. Diaz’s repeated calls, she didn’t move from her desk. Not until a bronze-skinned boy, seated in the middle of the third row, spoke to her in a language Jacques had never heard before. “...F-Class ‘Copper Blade’ ...Oshira,” she hastily stammered, gave a quick bow, and returned to her seat.

”FFF-Class...’Clown’ Connor McMalley, Scion of the High Kingdom of the Highlands, direct descendant of the Hero Lionárd.” He paused for a moment, taking a deep breath. ”I’m going to fight against my destiny. That’s all I want to say.” Despite having lost his prideful plumage, everyone in the room recognized the knight who had humiliated himself during the Class Assignment. In his eyes, they could still see the redness—remnants of tears that had washed away his dreams. *If life is a cruel joke, then we can just laugh at it.*

”F-Class ‘Tin Blade’—Sahel Ibn-Shin. I’m Oshira’s brother. We’re the children of an Aramashy merchant who settled in the Empire. We still have some trouble with the language, but we’re proud to become citizens of the greatest of nations, and to have been admitted to the most prestigious academy in the world to prove we’re worthy of that citizenship.” Sahel clearly had no problem with the language, but what truly caught everyone’s attention wasn’t his lie but his appearance—he looked like a toddler.

*Merchant? Maybe Oshira saw me during one of her father’s expeditions. Dangerous...* While Jacques tried to recall his trips to Naturia, the tanned man reluctantly began the final presentation.

”FFF-Class ‘Mafioso’ Jacques...Dreux...orphan from...Beauté de Cristal...Ahah, I know, what a funny coincidence, ain’t it?...haha...” Even Mr. Diaz, who had half-snubbed his students until then, twitched.

*Fuck you, Uncle. Fuck you!* Jacques had spent an entire year preparing his new identity. But he had made the massive mistake of entrusted the documents to his JR.

”I won’t waste time getting confused between you two. The ‘Javelinist’ will be called Jacques, and the ‘Mafioso’ will be called Jude. Understood?” To their surprise, no one was paranoid enough to find it strange enough to care. ”Yes!” Jacques and Jude shouted in unison, both relieved that the situation had been resolved without further issues.

”Now that we’ve finished with the introductions, we can begin today’s lesson: the basics of being an Essentia—the ability to manage our magic through the [Status.Window].” Professor Diaz began writing on the chalkboard without bothering to stand, nudging his chair along using nothing but the inertia generated by his own ass.

”Mr. Durere has already covered enough for your first day, but let’s go over this topic once more nonetheless. Thousands of years ago, people needed years of study and harsh training just to perform the simplest of magic. That until the Holy Trinity bestowed Roland and his Holy Companions with the first Gifts and since then, we Essentias have been able to cast even the most complex spells effortlessly at the cost of limit ourselves to a finite set of possible magic—our Class.”

”Mr. Diaz, how can we use magic?” Carmen asked, ready to jot down everything in her yellow notebook.

"I appreciate the enthusiasm, but let's go step by step. What the Vice-Principal forgot to mention is that each Essentia emits magical waves containing all the data about our hollow souls—the Radiation. A [Status.Window] can be defined as a dashboard that automatically translates our Radiation into alphanumeric strings and images, making it easier for we to understand and use magic. Now, open yours. To do that, you just have to say—[Status.Window]!"

"[Status.Window]," each of the nine students followed the script, and nine blue floating rectangles materialized in front of them. Yet, each of them could only see their own.

STATUS WINDOW

Stats

Inventory


SkillTree

Contacts

"Today, we'll examine three of these features. Let's start with the [Inventory.Window]. By manipulating our Radiation, we can shrink or expand the space between the atoms of any physical object without disrupting their chemical bonds. This allows us to create a portable warehouse that occupies no physical space in the real world—try it yourself."

"[Inventory]," Jacques said, and a grid materialized in front of him. He took the leather bag his uncle had given him and pressed it against the [Window]. After a flash of blue light, the bag disappeared, and a lone icon now occupied the first box of the grid.

Inventory



EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY
EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY
EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY	EMPTY

Weight: 0.1 kg/37 kg

"As you can see at the bottom of your [Window], there's a weight limit. This limitation also applies to your equipment. If you have 20kg left and decide to 40kg armor, you will only feel 20kg on your body. However, no object can weigh less than 37% of its original weight."

"Mr. Diaz, I've only got 8kg. Is this normal?" Casimir asked worriedly.

"You're a Class F—nothing is normal for you," Mr. Diaz replied with a shrug. "Next, the [Contacts.Window]. Since we emit Radiation, we can also manipulate it to convert unique alphanumeric strings into waves that another Essentia can receive and decrypt, enabling long-distance communication. But, before that, you have to form a [Party]." A soft smile adorned Mr. Diaz's face. "Your first companions are never forgotten. Anyway, since there are nine of you, let's create three groups of three, and I'll leave the decision entirely up to you—there's no way to balance a Class F [Party] anyway," the Raging Hornet concluded with a shrug.

The first to speak was Carmen, who placed her hands on the shoulders of the other two girls. "We girls must stick together, shall we?" Katrina gladly accepted, while Oshira glanced briefly at Jacques before nodding her agreement.

"Then let's do the same for our row," Connor announced. "Sahel, Jude—I have a dream. To be the first to break the curse of being a Class F. And to do that, I'm going to need your help—let's fight our destinies together!" The Highlander Knight bowed to the two plebeians, who replied with military salutes.

"Well, it seems that, starting today, we will see each other very often. So, let's try to get along." Casimir reacted enthusiastically, while Derserk offered him a shy smile.

"Join your right hands and say [Party.Formation]," Mr. Diaz ordered.

**PARTY REQUEST**

**Members:** FFF.Javelinist - F.Scarecrow - FF.Gravedigger

**Requirements:** Members limit - 0/5 - respected.

**WARNING:** Some of the data obtained cannot be decrypted. Do you still want to proceed?

YES
NO

"Yes." All the students shouted at the same time.

**PARTY REQUEST**

**OPERATION COMPLETED**

---

**Party Skills obtained:**

ImperfectDilemma : Cage yourself and your enemy within a fighting dome.

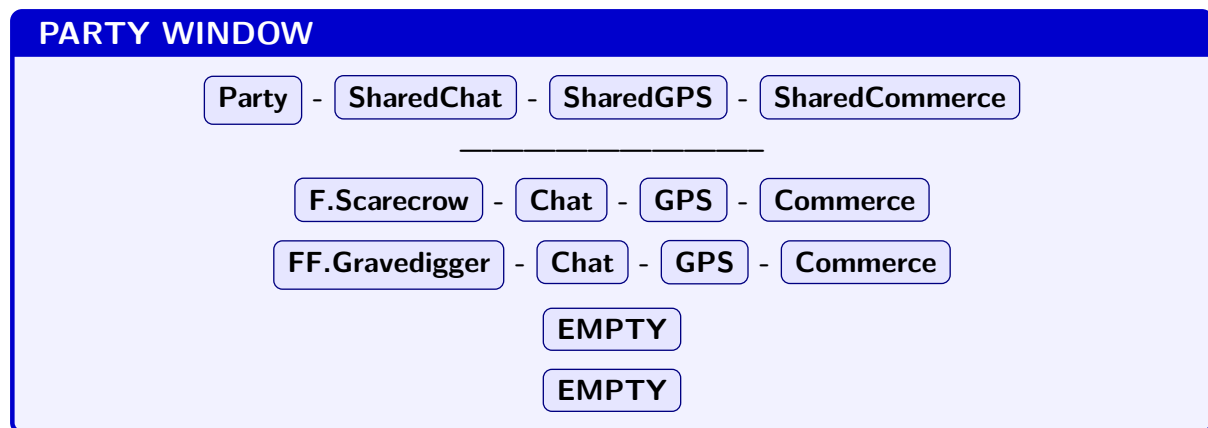
PersonalJavelin : Turn yourself into a javelin.

*A long-range Class fighting in a limited space? Becoming a weapon that breaks after the first use? Meh, I love my odds.*

"The [Skills] you've just unlocked are unique to your party members and will remain available as long as the team is formed. Now, say [CompleteView]." Jacques obeyed and above everyone's heads, the name of their Class appeared, while only over the heads of his own teammates, three long, colored rectangles showed up—the [HP], [MP], and [SP] bars. "Don't worry, you'll be able to see your enemy's [HP] during fights. Now open your [Contacts.Window], then your [Party.Window]."

**CONTACTS WINDOW**

Email  
Party  
ESNet  
ERROR.DONOTOPEN



”[SharedChat] allows for stealthy communication during fights because, unlike [Emails], those messages can’t be intercepted or decrypted. The only drawback is their short range.”

In front of Jacques, a keyboard materialized.. *It’s similar to a typewriter, but way better since you can fix the typos—let’s try.*

”I received your message, Jacques.” The ‘Javelinist’ had typed “Hello World,” and the ‘Scarecrow’ replied with “Good morning.”

”[Emails], short for ‘Essentia Mail,’ are used for communication between two Essentias outside a [Party]. To send them, you need two [Email.Addresses]—your own and your addressee’s. Mine is—hard-hornet74@miraval.edu.rol. You can create your own the first time you access the [Email.Window]—or insert one if your rich parents already bought you a private address in advance. Oh, and one last thing. In the address name—NO CAPS.”

**EMAIL CREATION**

Create address name: @miraval.rol

OR

Insert pre-registered address:

*I need a name that’s easy to remember yet impactful...* Jacques thought about it for a bit.

”Now exchange them with your classmates, but be wary of sharing them with people you don’t trust—I hate spam!”



**ADDRESS LIST**`hard-hornet74@miraval.edu.rol.``scarebbage@miraval.rol``moon&grave@miraval.rol``data_queen@aries.com``eg(^o^)witch@miraval.rol``oxyra@miraval.rol``connellie1@hiland.gov.rol``tin_blade_sahel_ibn-shin@miraval.rol``373737@seafall.anon`

"How the hell did you get an 'Incognito Address'?" A shocked Mr. Diaz asked Jude.

"I just value my privacy. Is it a crime?" Watching the Young Butcher act so shyly was something Jacques had never imagined witnessing.

"Lastly, the [Es-Net]. It's a fairly new system. A public network of [Status.Windows] accessible from, technically, everywhere, mostly used for discussions, commerce, and jobs. However, this island is currently isolated from the rest of the world, so learning about it's pointless. Also, and this is important—never post sensitive information on the ES-NET. Otherwise, a Class D inside the 'MIMT' will blackmail you—no joking." Grim flashbacks gave the professor cold shivers.

*Still, if I can bypass the regional block, I might use it to contact my uncle secretly. Maybe using Jude's [Contacts.Window] for extra security.*

"And finally, let's conclude this lesson with the [Stats.Window]," the Raging Hornet announced, pulling a knife from his [Inventory]. "Let's start with the most critical of the [Dynamic.Stats]—the [HP]." A red bar appeared above his head. Then, in one swift motion, the 'Raging Hornet' sliced his own throat.

"Eeeek!" Carmen shrieked as a pound of blood spilled from Mr. Diaz's neck onto his desk.

"Don't worry, 'Ego Witch'—I'm fine," he announced, unbothered. Although his neck was soaked in blood, there was no visible damage, and Jacques noticed something odd—the wound hadn't regenerated, as if it never existed in the first place. The only change was a small gray segment on his [HP] bar.

"Let's clean a little bit." Mr. Diaz casually retrieved a Leech Cloth from his [Inventory], absorbing blood at each swap. "As long as you have [HP], you won't take damage. Any injury, wound, and even amputations will be nullified. Though you'll still feel pain, it's dulled enough to let you keep fighting." He paused, wiping the blade one last time. "Now, if you run out of [HP], that's a different story. Let's say you're down to just one [HP], and Hero Roland himself hits you with his [JudgmentDay]. You'd walk away completely unharmed—just with [HP=0]. From that point on, your survival depends on the ordinary rules of your physical body."

"Is it possible to regenerate our [HP]?" Sahel asked.

"Sleep restores everything, but there are also certain [Skills] that can also do the job. Another,

more expensive option is potions, but they don't directly restore [HP], they just enhance your natural recovery rate. In short, you can spend two thousand Marini to fully recover your [HP] in three hours, or you can sleep for the same amount of time and do it for free—your choice.” He concluded, turning back to the blackboard and writing a new term across it.

”[SP] functions similarly, allowing you to perform physical activities without succumbing to exhaustion. The key difference is that, unlike [HP] and [MP], everyone has a natural recovery rate for [SP] that works even during combat. This is why, in team battles, it's common to coordinate attack turns with your companions to optimize its use.”

”Next, we have [MP], the fuel required to activate the [Skills] granted by our Classes. For that reason alone, [MP] is the most critical [Dynamic.Stat] in combat scenarios. It doesn't regenerate naturally during a fight, but it can be restored through sleep or by using Blue Potions, which, unlike Red Potions, instantly replenish your Blue Bar. However, I wouldn't recommend relying on them—unless you're filthy rich and don't mind developing a crippling addiction.”

”Mr. Diaz, I have a little question. What is the average number of [HP], [SP], and [MP]?” Jacques asked, trying to satisfy a lingering curiosity.

”Legends claim Hero Roland had [HP=9999], but that's obviously an exaggeration. Even the strongest Class S has never gone above [HP=5000], while the majority of Essentias fall between [HP=2000] and [HP=3000]. As Class F, you'll likely start around [HP=500] and may reach [HP=1000] by graduation.” Everyone in the classroom nodded, confirming his statement, while Jacques let out a low whistle.

”Now, let's move on to the [Static.Stats]—[STR], [DEX], [COS], [PER], [INT], [WIS], and [LUK]. Don't be deceived by their names. These stats don't directly determine your intelligence, agility, or strength. They solely dictate the power output of your [Skills]. For instance, someone with [INT=300] might still be a complete idiot, and someone with [STR=400] might still struggle to open a stubborn jar.

”Values range from 000 to 999, but even the strongest Essentia in history—Hero Roland himself—only surpassed 500 in [STR]. Your Class mostly determines both the ceiling and the distribution of these stats.” Mr. Diaz's expression darkened. ”And this is why the destiny of a Class F is a tragedy. Your starting [Static.Stats] are all below 100, and, worse, you can't even evolve your Class—you're doomed to be less than mediocre for the rest of your lives.”

The room grew heavy with the weight of his words. The realization of their limits crushed the students' spirits, leaving them with a bitter aftertaste, except for Katrina, who shrugged—she was rich—and Oshira, who didn't understand the language.

”I won't accept it—never!” Connor stood up, fierce determination blazing in his eyes. ”I'm going to be the first Class F to evolve and reclaim my honor!” He slammed his fist over his heart—the sacred oath of the Highlander Knights.

”Don't make me laugh—'Clown.'” Mr. Diaz's voice was cold, unflinching. ”No Class F in history has ever succeeded in evolving—you ought to accept your fate. Your life isn't over. There are still opportunities for a Class F—just not the ones you wanted.” A sights war ignited between them, their gazes locked with raw intensity. But then, Diaz's tired eyes betrayed him. ”If only you knew how bad things really are. Do you have any idea how long it takes to increase your [Static.Stats] by just 100 points? Let's say, hypothetically, you spend the next ten years training every single day. Congratulations—you'll maybe hit 200. Meanwhile, the laziest Class C would still outmatch you—It's useless!”

”Has anyone ever tried?” Connor shot back. ”Trying is still better than living with regret. Let reality crush my dreams—but no one else!” They slammed their fists onto their desks at the same

time, igniting a new sights war. And once again, Mr. Diaz's tired eyes betrayed him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Diaz. I noticed a plus sign in front of the [Static.Stats] values. Does that mean they can also be negative?" Jacques asked to satisfy another lingering curiosity.

"Good question." Mr. Diaz nodded, visibly pleased. "Negative stats do exist, but they're rare. They are usually found in Class B to bring equity to otherwise overpowered situations. For example, a severely negative [STR] might be paired with an extraordinary [DEX] or [INT]. The more negative one stat becomes, the more positive another may be—it's called balancing. In the right team, they can be incredibly dangerous. Alone? Complete utter garbage of the worse kind."

"Another question," Jacques said. "We all know Roland was the strongest Essentia—but who was the weakest?"

Mr. Diaz raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Another interesting question...and I actually know the answer. FFF-Class 'Tangerine' Marcel Manet. Nothing about him is known, except his extreme misfortune. Before the process was automated with the invention of the Miraval's Hand, Class Assignments were conducted by the actual hand of a member of the Miraval Family. Some were lucky. Some were not. And then, there is Marcel, who met the worst Miraval in history. The result? All of his [Static.Stats] hovered around 40, while his [Dynamic.Stats] barely reached 200—you all are 'Class S' compared to him." The room erupted in laughter, with the exception of Jacques who stayed silent, eyes fixed on his own [Stats.Window].

#### STATS WINDOW

Name:

Class:

---

HP:

SP:

MP:

---

STR:

DEX:

CON:

PER:

INT:

WIS:

CHA:

LUK:

---

Passive Skills:

*Valentino has always told me that I am a special kid—why the hell is he always right about everything? Well, at least not all of them are negatives.* Jacques shrugged. There was nothing he could do about it, and crying wouldn't fix his problem.

"The last of the three types of [Stats] are the [Passive.Skills], which are subdivided into [Malus], [Bonus], and [Intrinsic]. However, it's pointless to spend too much time learning about something that works on its own."

"Mr. Diaz, is the lesson over? All my bags need to be unloaded—it will take a while," Katrina asked as she glanced at her expensive watch.

"Just one thing before you all go." Mr. Diaz pulled a folded piece of paper from his desk. "You Class F students are a burden to us. What we invest in you will never return a any kind of profit. The only reason you're even here is thanks to the benevolence of His Holiness's Most Savvy Council. However, due to recent budget cuts—you'll now be required to pay for your own accommodation out of your own pocket." Except for Katrina and Connor, the news hit hard. "Above our heads is your dormitory. The entire first floor of this beautiful building is yours—but you have to pay for it. Trust me, you won't find a better price in such an elitist city," Mr. Diaz chuckled.

"Excuse me, will the girls be sharing the dormitory with the boys?" Katrina asked, her expression reminding Jacques of the one his cousin Giulietta made every time she saw him in the morning.

"Nope. You ladies will be assigned a free room in the Class C dormitory. However, this benefit will not be extended to the men," Carmen rejoiced as the boys groaned angrily, cursing society itself.

"Class C? Eww," Katrina's expression worsened. "Carmen, Oshira, don't worry—tonight we are going to sleep with the Class A." Carmen told her it didn't matter, but the needs of the 'Data Analyst' demanded only the best available in the market. Oshira understood nothing, limiting herself to nodding at everything the Arpine lady said.

"I'll pay for my room out of pocket, but not in this shack. Jude and Sahel, if you agree, I'd like you to come live with me at my expense. We're a team from now on, and you'll repay me by helping me with my rebirth." The two warmly accepted.

"Poorserk, my great friend. Your nobility is warming our hearts. How about supporting your unlucky companions in the journey we are going to undertake together?" Jacques pleaded, kneeling in front of him.

"I'm Derserk, not Poorserk," the Bloodmarcher Scion said uncomfortably.

"Sure, dude. So, do you accept?"

"My homeland fell long ago. My family was exterminated, and my wealth plundered. I'm sorry, but my surname is all I have left to prove my nobility." His words shattered Jacques's hopes, despairing as Katrina laughed at him.

Frustrated, the 'Javelinist' turned away from Derserk and locked eyes on Mr. Diaz, who sat casually in his chair, reading a newspaper—The Revolution Express.

"Mr. Diaz, I don't have a single Marino. May I ask how I'm supposed to pay for this shithole?" Jacques shouted.

"Not my problem," Diaz shrugged, moving to the next page.

*You filthy Paisano...* "Mr. Diaz, would you raise your lazy ass from your chair for just one second? Maybe we can find a solution together. I know it's challenging, but I believe in you." Jacques sneered while the professor processed the insult.

A shocked Esteban Diaz folded his newspaper, stood up from his chair, and leaned over him, looking straight into his eyes—their two faces were just a few centimeters apart. Despite his disheveled appearance and unkempt clothes, Jacques thought his disorder was stylish, as if it had been carefully designed.

"GET A JOB!"

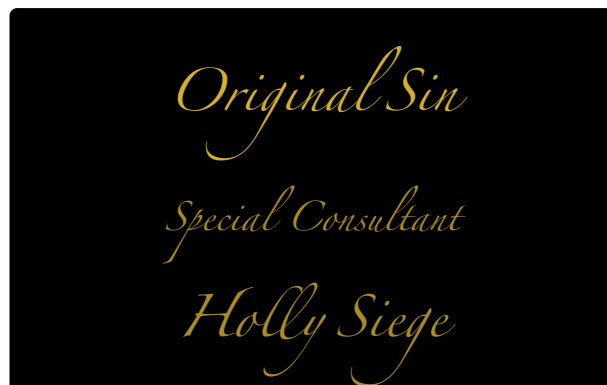
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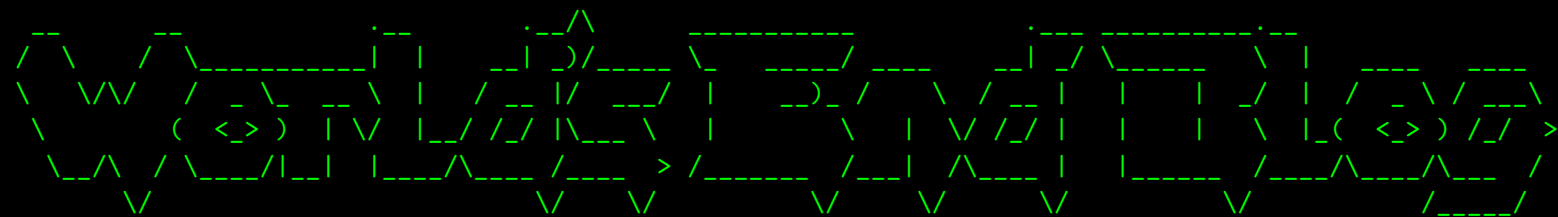
Jacques had visited every single island of *Miraval City*, but was rejected by everyone, even the Marian Mafia in the Slum Zone had turned him down.

After hours of fruitless wandering, he slumped onto a bench of the Miraval Park, on Park Island, staring into the dusk while reflecting on the downward spiral his life had taken. *My dream of glory is dead as a Class F, I've made an enemy of the Queen, and I don't even have a place to sleep—and it's only been a single day. Another thirty-six hours like this, and I'm gonna drop out.*

His thoughts were interrupted when he noticed a strange man standing beneath a streetlamp. The figure wore a beige overcoat, sunglasses, and a fedora. After glancing left and right, the man slowly walked toward him.

"Psst. Hey kid...do you want a job?" He whispered, sliding Jacques a business card.





Your only uncensored source of news on the ES-NET,

## MIRAVAL CITY



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- MACROAREA: North-center area of the Pacific Archipelago.
- DEMOGRAPHICS: 1.096.234 inhabitants.
  - Port Island: Around 550,000.
  - Demi-Circle: Around 150,000.
  - Fercheval: Around 200,000.
- POLITICS: Capital of the Miral Commonwelt, Holy Rolandish Empire.
- FAMOUS FOR: Miraval Academy, corvée slavery, and weapons of mass destruction

*Anonymous373737*: A city of wonders and horrors beyond human imagination. It's a surreal place where the most corrupted of sinners may regain the long-lost dignity, while the most faithful of angels may lose its wings in ways that could shame the Devil's pride. If you're reading this entry from a working perspective, you're wasting your time. This little Garden of Eden is as secluded as a virgin's private treasure to us, common mortals. However, if greed is blinding your common senses---contact me...I may know a way to break through the tungsten curtain.

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## MIRAVAL ACADEMY



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- MACROAREA: Academy Island, Miraval City.
- DEMOGRAPHICS: 15.934 memebers
  - Students: Around 10,000.
  - Professors: Around 1,000.
  - Service providers: Aroud 4,000.
- POLITICS: A public school financed by the Imperial Government despite being privately owned and managed by the Miraval Family.
- FAMOUS FOR: Groomings Kids.

*Anonymous373737*: As I'm writing this entry, hundreds of flashbacks from my younger years at the Academy are drowning me in nostalgia---how simple life was back when I didn't have the entire Imperial Intelligence trying to terminate my blog and my life alike. But, sadly, times have changed, and those memories are now permanently stained. Why? Because this shithole has become a shadow of its former self, a place where spoiled kids run the show, spreading their parents' rot to the innocent souls around them, while professors turn a blind eye to protect their own worthless lives. If these people are the future of our Unholy Rotten Confederation, then we'd better start learning Korinthian or Startongue as soon as possible.

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## Gianroberto Di Mario



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- PLACE OF BIRTH: Maria, Free City of Maria.
- AGE: 45
- PROFESSION: Maria's Podestà, Head of the Di Mario Family, and woodworker.
- FAMOUS FOR: Scamming people and govenrnaments alike.

*Anonymous373737*: There is a legend about an avalanche triggered by Gianroberto's mighty voice while he was yelling at an employee. I know the truth, 'cause I happened to be that employee, and most versions of the story conveniently omitted the village of unwilling sellers wiped out by the snow. As that famous Starfolk widespread about the Marians says---'It is safer to reject an ultimatum from a lion than friendly advice from a hyena.'

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## Maria's Podestà



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- CATEGORY: Political title.
- DEFINITION: Mayor of Maria.
- DATE OF CREATION: 25 A.D., by Hero Mario, following his signing of Lo Statuto Mariano, which granted all inhabitants of Maria the same legal privileges he held, and instituted the role of the Podestà - their leader, the first among equals.
- FAMOUS FOR: Being a thorn in everyone's side.

*Anonymous373737*: Despite being merely the mayor of a single city within the nation, Maria, alone, generates over 90% of the GDP, making the Podestà one of the three most powerful Marians. Every three years, an election is held to chose the new Podestà and---in classic Marian fashion---it's usually bloodier than an actual war.

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## Gift



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- CATEGORY: Blessing from the deities.
- DEFINITION: For Chaotians---A hole in the soul.
- DATE OF CREATION: For Chaotians---13 A.D., when Roland and the Holy Heroes received the first Gifts from the Holy Trinity.
- FAMOUS FOR: Classism.

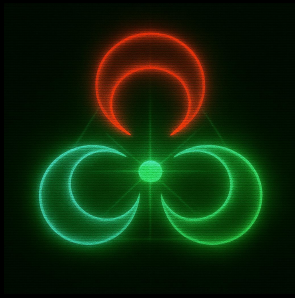
*Anonymous373737*: If you can log into the ES-NET, you must be one of the lucky few with a hollow soul filled with Crude Mana. Whether the Gift fits better under a religious or scientific field remains unclear. What we do know is this---as long as they exist, the world will continue to gravitate around their holders. Yes, even the Korinthians---your biggest hater is usually the one most attracted by your gravitational field

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## Holy Trinity



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- PLACE OF BIRTH: Eden, Euralia (though no one really knows).
- AGE: At least 10,000 years old.
- PROFESSION: Gods.
- FAMOUS FOR: Assisting Adam in the creation of the human species, saving humanity from the Chaotic Gods, and aiding Roland in the defeat of the Twilight Queen---sad.

Anonymous373737: Fuck off, you all. I didn't open a blog to start an online crusade. [THIS ENTRY HAS BEEN BLOCKED.]

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## The Holy Rolandish Empire



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- MACROAREA: Eastern Chaotia.
- DEMOGRAPHICS: 503,908,234 citizens.
  - Cisarpine Chaotia: Around 170,000,000.
  - Transarpine Chaotia: Around 210.000.000.
  - Outerdune: Aroud 120.000.000.
- POLITICS: His Holiness Most Loyal Government, which consists of a constitutional monarchy featuring a three-chamber parliament and an elected head of government.
  - Tricar of Adam on Earth: Julius III Rolandsson.
  - Münzemessermarterrittert: Afledt Von Sternenstaub.
  - Vox Populi: Saladí De La Guadalupe.
  - Wisest Lawman: Rey Jay Winkastle.
- FAMOUS FOR: Constantly being on the brink of collapse.

Anonymous373737: To the Von Sternenstaub bootlickers who have accused me of 'UN-PATRIOTISM,' I want to remind you all that critiquing the planned suicide of my nation does not make me a Demmie.

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## Maria



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- MACROAREA: Tip of the Rotting Peninsula, Cisarpine Chaotia.
- DEMOGRAPHICS: 9,327,884 citizens.
  - Città Nuova: Around 1.200.000.
  - Città Vecchia: Around 3.600.000.
  - Tugurio: Around 4.400.000.
- POLITICS: Capital of the Free City of Maria.
- FAMOUS FOR: Pizza, Mafia, and gold-based currencies.

Anonymous373737: Let's settle this once and for all. I've named this entry 'Maria' because it's about the city itself. The term 'Free City of Maria' is a poor translation of 'Comune Mariano'---literally, the Marian Commune---the official name of the Marian government. However, their definition of 'commune' and ours is completely different, which has forced us to use the more fitting term available in our dictionary---'Free City.' So stop bitching about it in the comments.

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## Essentia



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- CATEGORY: Gifted Magician.
- DEFINITION: A human with an hollow soul filled with Mana.
- DATE OF CREATION: 13 A.D., when Roland and the Holy Heroes received the first Gifts from the Holy Trinity.
- FAMOUS FOR: Sacking, raping, and murdering everything they can.

*Anonymous373737*: I will never be able to fathom the Korinthian hypocrisy. 'Everyone is equal to another?' My brother in Adam, God Himself said we Essentias are superior.

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## Marini



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- CATEGORY: Currencies.
- DEFINITION: Money backed by the Marian gold reserves and printed by the Aries Bank.
- DATE OF CREATION: 189 A.D., when Podestà Luciano succeeded in creating the first trade route between Western and Eastern Chaotia.
- FAMOUS FOR: Being the only currency accepted worldwide.

*Anonymous373737*: Have you ever read about the only time someone actually succeeded in counterfeiting a Marino? It was a honey pot set up by the police to see how money actually circulated within the criminal ecosystem. Therefore, don't believe anyone who claims otherwise... except me, of course. Oh, come on, do you really think anyone can remain anonymous all these years without some tricks?

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## Logic Assembled Armor



### IMPORTANT INFO:

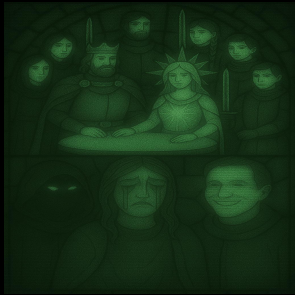
- CATEGORY: Armor set.
- DEFINITION: Armor whose blueprint is static, but its shape, material, and appearance may change according to a complex determiner.
- DATE OF CREATION: 344 A.D., when the mathematician Gu-Su divided the parts from the whole while preserving the itself.
- FAMOUS FOR: Banishment of its users from this dimension.

*Anonymous373737*: Good luck finding anyone shipping any of these in the 'HRE' without calling the cops.

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## Twelve Holy Heroes



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- CATEGORY: Band of Heores.
- DEFINITION: The Holy Knights chosen by the Holy Trinity to "liberate" Chaotia from the iron grip of the Twilight Queen.
- DATE OF CREATION: 13 A.D., when Roland and the Holy Heroes received the first Gifts from the Holy Trinity.
- FAMOUS FOR: Love dramas, nepotism, and creating the worst political system in history.

**Anonymous373737:** Countless legends speak of love at first sight between Roland and Stella. The 'Shining Star' was parading through the crowded streets of Ashura, seated atop a magnificent chariot drawn by three Pegasi, alongside the other Twilight Dolls and the Queen herself. As the beautiful ladies waved gracefully to their adoring subjects, a little girl lost hold of her ball. Slipping from her mother's grasp, she followed her toy into the middle of the road, directly in the path of the white, winged horses. Stella, thanks her light-speed sight and reflex, saw everything, but before she could move, something struck the animals, slowing them just enough for an unexpected hero to dive into the road, rolling away just in time to avoid being stampeded on. After calming the little girl, the 'Hero' raised his sight and met her gaze, never looking away until the carriage left the plaza.

HOW THE HELL WAS NAGOE SUPPOSED TO COMPETE WITH THAT?!

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## Scion



### IMPORTANT INFO:

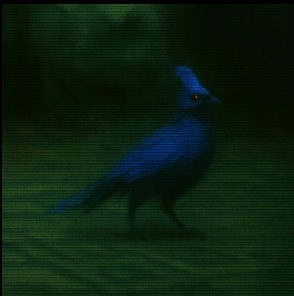
- CATEGORY: Nobility Title.
- DEFINITION: Historically, the person next in line for succession of a fiefdom. Recently, the term has been used in a broader context, such as in corporations and political movements.
- DATE OF CREATION: 37 B.R., after Hero Roland's death, Heroine Anna sent a letter to the Twilight Madness, expressing her many fears about the stability of their newly founded nation, which included the famous part: "My dear Stella, if even the 'Hero' can't escape the cold kiss of death, then our future shan't be clung to our shadows. We need an Emperor who will the old regime, turning its horrors into a blurried memory." Since the official language of diplomacy was Shurapatri, the verb to cut was written as scindere, and over time, it evolved into Scion.
- FAMOUS FOR: Being always worse than their predecessors.

**Anonymous373737:** Do you want to know who the Scion of the World's End Blog is? No one. When I submit the last entry, there will be nothing more left to write about.

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Phoenix  
Caeruleus  
Minimus



IMPORTANT INFO:

- CATEGORY: Cryptoid.
- DEFINITION: The illegitimate children of the sea and sky.
- DATE OF CREATION: 3000-4000 B.R., based on the earliest known written account of the bird.
- FAMOUS FOR: Filling authors' plot holes of myths with its clairvoyant powers

Anonymous373737: The idiots in the comments still don't get it? BIRDS AIN'T REAL.  
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Gli Incredibili  
Delitti  
dell'Ispettore  
Casanova



IMPORTANT INFO:

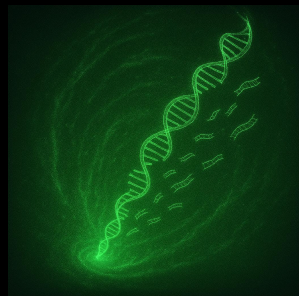
- CATEGORY: Series of books.
- DEFINITION: Mysteries featuring a sex-addicted Marian policeman solving crimes while attempting to get laid with the victim's widow, daughter, etc.
- DATE OF CREATION: 33/08/1989, with the publication of the first entry in the series---'Le Amanti Assasine.'
- FAMOUS FOR: The culprit always being a Suzerain.

Anonymous373737: The brainlets in the comments are so pathetic. Why is the culprit always a Suzerain, you idiot? To challenge the reader. By knowing from the start who the culprit is, the game's flavor changes. Chapter after chapter, the clever author makes it less and less plausible for our main suspect to be the killer, to the point where even I said to myself, 'The motherfucker has done it. This time, the killer won't be a Suzerain.' Only for my delusion to be crushed by the astonishing solution. 10 out of 10, these thirty-seven books are all masterpieces.

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GENE CENTRIFUGE



IMPORTANT INFO:

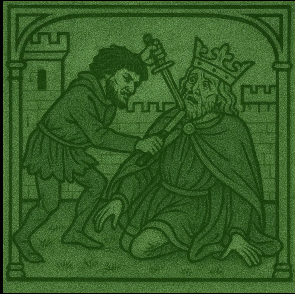
- CATEGORY: Biogenetic Technology.
- DEFINITION: A machine capable of separating and recombining the genes of a DNA.
- DATE OF CREATION: 1977, by Charlotte De Miraval following the success of 'PROJECT DEUS EX NOVO.'
- FAMOUS FOR: Various controversy controversies and moral debates.

Anonymous373737: NO! YOU CAN'T GENETICALLY ENGINEER A GIRLFRIEND WHO LOVES YOU!

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## the 37 Years of Anarchy



### IMPORTANT INFO:

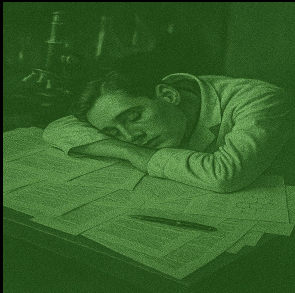
- CATEGORY: Historical Period.
- DEFINITION: The time period between the Low Dark Century and the High Dark Century.
- DATE OF CREATION: 142 A.D., following the Ambush at the Moravian Groove, where Emperor Sayn I Rolandsson and his children met their end, leaving a power vacuum that destabilized the entire continent.
- FAMOUS FOR: Being the 'HRE's' darkest hour.

*Anonymous373737*: It's amazing to see so many Dark Century patricians in the comments. I've always been disgusted by how such an important footnote in our Empire's history has been demonized, just because more nobles and intellectuals than usual got killed. Thousands of peasants get massacred? No one cares. A degenerate writer who raped underage girls gets impaled? National tragedy, and his killers labeled as the worst humans who ever lived.

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## Jack Blues



### IMPORTANT INFO:

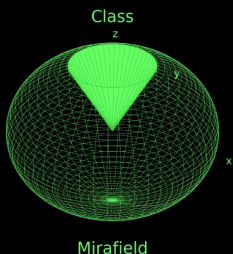
- PLACE OF BIRTH: Brückest, Königsberg, Jankeelands.
- AGE: 101
- PROFESSION: Miraval Academy's prosser, 'MIMT' consulent, and Hydromechanic.
- FAMOUS FOR: Creating the ES-NET.

*Anonymous373737*: By far my favorite professor during my time at the Academy, and the one of the main reasons I succeeded in creating this blog. If you're reading this entry to see whether it's possible to commission him some illegal toys, you're wasting your time---he has never done anything for money. The Miraval Family subsidizes his research without imposing any conditions, fully aware that anything that comes out of 'Thermal Elegance' is always worth the price.

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## Mirafield



### IMPORTANT INFO:

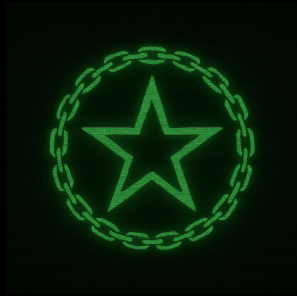
- CATEGORY: Abstract Set.
- DEFINITION: The set of all possible magic spells.
- DATE OF CREATION: First theorized in 1514 by Emperor Mandrake I Rolandsson, but formally defined in 1590 by the Miraval family.
- FAMOUS FOR: Starting the Second Magical-Industrial Revolution.

*Anonymous373737*: By the way, the graph in the picture is just an oversimplification. Is the Mirafield a 2D, 3D, or even 4D object? We don't know. Are the Class's spells located near each other in the graph, or are they just scattered points? We don't know. What should we call the graph's axes? We don't know that either. However, that doesn't mean the graph is wrong. Despite its many flaws---it works.

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## The Starship Commando



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- MACROAREA: Euralia and various puppet states and colonies throughout Southern Lawfullia and Enoch.
- DEMOGRAPHICS: 144,451,884 Chaotians living in Euralia; the official number of Naturians, Lawfullians, and the various mixed races remains unclear.
- POLITICS: A complete shitshow.
- FAMOUS FOR: Punishing hubris.

Anonymous373737: I really wish there were a way to ban all users from a certain island.  
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## The Highlands



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- CATEGORY: Mountain range
- DEFINITION: The vast series of mountains situated in the northeast part of the world.
- DATE OF CREATION: According to the plate theory, it formed millions of years ago from the collision of the Hyperborean Plate with the Draigesque Plate.
- FAMOUS FOR: Being the homeland of griffins.

Anonymous373737: Probably the only place in the world where you can still find griffins living freely, rather than caged in the stables of some noble. Witnessing their battles during mating season was unforgettable. The victor earned the right to reproduce, while the loser freefell from over ten thousand meters, vanishing into the clouds.

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## Enoch



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- CATEGORY: Cultural Region.
- DEFINITION: A term used to identify the area of Naturia inhabited by the heirs of those who followed the Code of Enoch.
- DATE OF CREATION: Unclear - probably sometime between 50,000 and 5,000 B.R., after the followers of the Gupta Creed and Anarchy migrated east and south,
- FAMOUS FOR: Being an overused setting for adventure novels... and slavery.

*Anonymous373737*: Probably no one posting here remembers, but, a decade ago, a piece of news bewitched the entire world---the discovery of the 'Imperfect Temple.' There wasn't a single day without some new detail stole all the headlines, but after a couple of weeks, I bought my morning newspaper and I noticed something weird---there was news about the temple. I checked the other papers, finding nothing. I asked the newsstand owner, but he had no idea of what I was talking about. And the same happed with everyone I knew. If Jack Blues gave me the means to create this blog, this was the casus belli ---the cold shower that woke me from this artificial reality. Naturally, I didn't waste my time trying to find the temple. I knew perfectly well I couldn't compete alone against an entire system. So I expanded my horizon to a place where neither wealth nor power could influence the outcome of our match---Enoch. Here there's proof that will prove I'm not a madman.

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## MIRAVAL CITY



### IMPORTANT INFO:

- MACROAREA: North-center area of the Pacific Archipelago.
- DEMOGRAPHICS: 1.096.234 inhabitants.
  - Port Island: Around 550,000.
  - Demi-Circle: Around 150,000.
  - Fercheval: Around 200,000.
- POLITICS: Capital of the Miral Commonwhelt, Holy Rolandish Empire.
- FAMOUS FOR: Miraval Academy, corvée slavery, and weapons of mass destruction

*Anonymous373737*: 'Miraval City' comprises thirty-seven islands united by the 'Miraval Bridge.' All the islands are enclosed within an imaginary circumference, with the top semi-circle occupied entirely by the large 'Port Island' and the bottom one hosting the other thirty-six islands. At the center of the circumference stands a gigantic pyramid made of smooth, magical crystal, housing the 'Miraval Institute of Magic and Technology,' the 'Saint Miraval Hospital,' and the various offices from which the 'Miraval Commonwealth' is governed. 'Port Island' occupies more than half of the city's surface area, hosting over half of its population. It is the only part of the city accessible to foreigners who have been granted a twelve-year visa, primarily to provide a low-skilled labor force. The island is divided into three main zones: 'Slum Zone,' the area where immigrants reside; 'Bazaar Zone,' the point of connection between the city and the rest of the world; and 'Industrial Zone', where the vast majority of the population is employed to produce whatever the 'Miraval Institute of Magic and Technology' demands. The other thirty-six islands make up the true 'Miraval City,' envisioned with the elegant and modern design of the 'Miraval Family,' creating a small utopia with virtually no crime, homelessness, or dirty streets. These islands are divided into three main zones: 'Royal Zone,' comprising the twelve eastern islands, this zone offers high-quality housing and entertainment for the city's wealthy residents; 'Administrative Zone,' focused on providing the city's essential public services; 'Commercial Zone,' providing work and housing for middle-class citizens.

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