Prologue:

The results for the entrance exam of the well-known Science and Magic Academy, St. Louisiana Academy, just got released and the students are heading towards their respective locations.

Walking down the hallway towards the West wing’s lecture hall, a boy stood by the wall as he greets the girl with a smile.

“Congrats, Harumi.”

The girl, Harumi, looked down not responding to the boy.

The silence continued for a while until she spoke the words that she’s been holding back for quite some time.

“Are you sure about this?”

Her words were filled with clear sadness towards the boy and herself.

“Well, I really can’t do a thing about it. The rules are the rules.”

Trying not to get the gloomy atmosphere the boy still continued to smile for his friend.

“Still…”

The girl’s words were interrupted midway by the boy. After their long friendship, he already knew what she was about to say but he didn’t want to hear it again.

“Come on, shouldn’t you be cheering up. You got into the Special Ace Class. The most respected and best class for elites, you should be happy for yourself. Even I’m happy for you.”

“But I don’t want it if you’re not there! Being away from you is…”

Harumi cried out. Even the boy was stunned but he already expected this to happen, after all…

“Being in a different class from you is hard enough for me already. But for them to drop you…”

“I can’t help it. Apparently the exams were too much for me.”

Trying his best not to burst, the boy continued to put a smile.

“But, you’re better than me! We all know that.”

“It still doesn’t change the fact that I failed to meet their standards. Don’t you dare throw this great opportunity for you just because of me, Harumi!”

The boy was unable to bare the sight of his friend cry, he almost yelled at her.

“Uh…”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be rooting for you from now on. If you would be able to continue being a great mage, I’ll be very happy.”

Giving it his all to smile, he patted her head as they parted ways.

“Special Ace Class huh?”

Remembering the results of the examinations, the boy can’t help but make a bitter laugh.

During the entrance exams, he felt it was easy, too easy. The boy wasn’t contended as he didn’t even have to put any effort in either the written test or the physical aptitude test.

At the end, he decided to flunk everything and did many unnecessary things. When it was an essay, he wrote sarcastically and sometimes veers off topic just to prove a point. When it during magic test, he purposely interrupts his spell and make it fail. He got bored of the exams that he had high expectations of and thought it wasn’t worth it.

Of course the instructors noticed his behavior and dropped him. Even there were some students that can’t make basic spells and end up in the lowest class but the boy was simply dropped.

*A drop-out*

“Honestly it sounds good to me. These things are very pointless.”

This academy is determined to train the weak and bring out the potential out of every student. Even if they aren’t capable of magic, they can still get admitted into a specific class. Even the trouble students have their own classes.

Getting kicked out or not qualifying was a very rare case. But still…

“For them to make a class for drop-outs, how more dedicated can they get?”

The boy smirked at his idea.

Yes. There is a class for those who didn’t get admitted. But it was kept off the record for classified reasons. The moment the boy heard this, he was told to keep it a secret and the class was just for record. He had no obligation to attend since that class doesn’t really exists and isn’t in operation, it was all for formalities.

But earlier, a staff member told him to attend to this location for his class. It was odd since it didn’t look official. Maybe it’s just another announcement? The boy thought.

It didn’t feel that it was mandatory but he still bothered anyway. He didn’t have anything else to do anyway.

And so, he went to the proposed location and went on with his life…

An irregular life that started as he opened the door to the classroom.