

# Earth's Greatest Magus

## Chapter 8: Magus Class

### *8 Magus Class*

Emery pondered the meaning of that sentence. But he was torn whether he wanted to go back or not, after all, was there anything else that would make him want to go back? His father had been killed, his entire estate had been burned to the ground, and even the princess. The princess who had said they couldn't even be at least friends. Maybe revenge against the marauders? But what power did he have to defeat them? He was weak and frail. Whatever excuse he could come up with to return, he always had something to contradict it with. For now, he just followed the group of young people in front of him.

Julian and Thrax were still giving each other a deadly stare while Chumo was still silent on the side, keeping a suspicious eye to everything around him. A beautiful woman, however, invaded Emery's vision and thoughts.

"Hello, you. Emery, right?" asked the bronze-skinned girl with her sweet voice. She added, "I hope you're different from that boy trying to pick a fight."

Emery slightly jumped back. This girl startled him. She was too close. He recollected himself and looked at this young lady.

Unconsciously, he compared her with Gwen. Gwen was like an ember for Emery, something warm and something he still couldn't touch but could get close to without getting burnt. But this girl, Klea, Emery felt like she was a fire that would eat him up if he got too close. Klea was young, the same age as them, but her dark hair, big round eyes coupled with black linings on the edges, and attire that showed off her brown curvaceous body, was enough to make Emery's heart jump against his chest. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had this unique womanly appeal that Gwen didn't have.

Klea gracefully crossed her arms and said, "I'm surprised you aren't more excited."

"Excited? What do you mean?" asked Emery, confused.

"We are in a mystical place." Klea pointed upward and added, "Look up there, there are floating islands and houses in the sky. They couldn't compare to the pyramids our mighty pharaohs built."

Emery followed the direction of her finger and fell into deep thought. She was right, how come he didn't notice it before? He stood there in awe of the magical events happening all around him.

"...Em... Emery? Hello, are you there? Emery!"

Emery shook his head and mindlessly asked, "Yes?"

Klea put her hands on her hips and leaned her face closer to Emery.

Emery could smell the wonderful fragrance emitting from her body and see the smooth curves that were the pride of women. His face felt flushed.

"Emery! Do you think I'm beautiful?"

"If that's the case, then listen when a beautiful woman is talking to you, understood!" said Klea in a sharp tone, but it was still like a melody to the ears.

Emery didn't have other choice but to nod multiple times.

Klea was about to lecture him more when their line suddenly stopped. They both looked in front.

"All who are in class 77, enter from this portal," said a man with the black and gold armor.

Portal was a term Emery hadn't heard off. However, based on what Emery had seen so far, this 'portal' acted like a door even though this door looked like it was made from the wind and light. It had a circle shape and appeared to be shining and there was nothing behind it.

"Let's go, Emery! That's our class!" exclaimed Klea without fear of the unknown. She grabbed his hand and dragged Emery toward the glowing circle.

"Aaa, wait." He tried to protest but her soft hand gripped him tight.

The boy and girl passed through the portal and their whole surroundings changed. They were now in a place that had white tiles, white walls, and golden pillars neatly arranged in symmetry. It was so elegant that the Lioness' throne room couldn't hold a candle against this.

The room had a platform in the middle while there were rows of stairs coupled with desks in each row, forming a semicircle. There were already other people, who appeared to be the same age as him, already seated facing toward the platform in front where a woman wearing a pointy hat that matched with the purple dress she had on her.

It was a unique sight for all of them, except for Julian who seemed to have been in a similar place before. He walked in front of the other four and took the lead to sit in the front row where there was another group of boys and girls sitting.

One of the boys though stood up and pointed on his chest. "You don't belong here, lower world citizens! Sit behind in the corner!"

Julian stayed silent but not shaken. He looked at the black haired boy wearing black and white uniform from head to toe.

Thrax, on the other hand, made his way in front of Julian and proceeded to shout. "What do you mean lower world! Are you looking for a fight!"

He readied his fist and the rest of the boys and girls in uniforms stood up. They were ready to fight.

Julian was still confident and touched Thrax on the shoulder before blocking him. He then smiled and said, "Sorry, sorry. I understand, we'll sit in the back."

He turned around, pulled Thrax and waved his head at the Chumo, Emery and Klea. They followed him.

After taking their seats, Thrax crossed his arms, spat on the floor and said, "Roman pig, coward!"

"Stupid, barbarian. Use your brains not muscles," replied Julian, unconcerned.

Thrax knew what Julian meant, however. After all, they were in an unfamiliar place and unfamiliar people. Still Thrax hated that boy in the black and white uniform's guts. He was always like this, fist first before talking.

Emery silently sighed to himself. It was the same even in a different world. There were always class differences, statuses, privileged people in all places.

Emery made a mental note to himself regarding these four people he had been interacting with. Julian, Thrax and Klea had open personalities while Chumo remained mysterious. In fact, since the beginning, Chumo just kept a knowing look at the others and didn't reveal anything other than his name and city of origins.

The portal closed and not long after, the woman dressed in purple from top to bottom clapped her hands that resounded throughout the whole room and began to speak. "It looks like everyone is here. Let me welcome all of you. The 100 new acolytes of class 77. You may call me Minerva and I will be your guide for the next 7 days. Listen to my instructions and if you are lucky, maybe a few of you can become a Spirit Magus."

"Spirit Magus?"