

Chapter 23: Andrew is sick?

Once Celia returned, Ethan entered the school premises and stored his stuff in the locker room. Taking a turn up the stairs filled with students, Ethan arrived at his class.

Mio pushed Celia. "Now fuck off to your class."

Celia slowly turned her head. Her twisted grin caused Mio to shudder and step back.

"Y-You, you bitch. Don't tell me—"

Celia drew closer and pressed her hand on Mio's cheeks, silencing Mio with ease. "I hate to abuse my power, but I couldn't bear to stay away from my darling. Thus, I transferred to your class."

(Miss Densford changed classes?)

(Shit. That's huge. It's going to be on the front page tomorrow.)

The students overheard Celia and scrambled away as if they had obtained the greatest treasure in the world.

Ethan smiled wryly under his mask and stepped into the classroom. A commotion also broke out from Celia's appearance. A simple introduction effectively silenced everyone.

Mio and Celia snatched the front and back seat of Ethan, who glanced at his wristwatch. Twenty more minutes until the teacher arrived.

"You two, don't fight. I am gonna head over to Andrew's class."

"Fine."

Mio smiled. "Say hello to that bastard."

"...Sure."

He waded through the swarm of students begging for Celia's attention and peeked into Andrew's classroom. The second last, and the seat beside the window—the so-called protagonist seat—was empty.

"He isn't here?"

Ethan shuffled out his phone from his pocket and called him. As the ring chimed, a hand fell on his shoulder. Ethan gripped the phone and wheeled around.

"Maria?"

"Sorry if I scared you..." The brunette Maria, Andrew's new girlfriend, scratched her head. "Are you Ethan?"

"Yes, just a cold and some minor issues in my eyes."

Maria rubbed her chin. "I hope you get better. I was just looking for you to tell Andy's message. His head is throbbing from the late-night party, so he is home resting."

"I see... typical of him, isn't it?"

Maria sighed. "It's the first party he attended after we got together."

"Then he is getting back on track. Keep trying, I am sure you can whip that cunt in shape."

Maria chuckled, her eyes twinkling. "I will. What about you? I heard about you and Miss Densford came in the same car. Already dating?"

"Yeah."

"Well, congratulations. Andy will throw another party if he hears this. Take care of Mio too, kay?" Maria teased with a wink. "Well, see ya tomorrow. Have to power through some assignments."

Maybe she will last longer with Andrew than every other girl.

Praying for the success of his friend's love life, he returned to his classroom. Celia's poke didn't allow him any peace of mind while Mio kept glancing back at him.

These two...

He shook his head and called the only girl prepared to do anything for him without asking in return.

'Alyssia?'

"Master?"

'Can we talk now?'

"I am free... though I don't do anything nowadays."

'Tell me more about time related things in Avalon. How many hours are there in a day?'

"There are three hours."

'That's really particular. Is there any special reason behind this?'

"The three Deities made it as such. Lord Brilliance, Mistress Luna, and the Golden Tree. The dawn of everything—the beginning ten hours—belongs to the Golden Tree. The day's luminance—ten hours after that—belongs to Lord Brilliance. The sun remains at its peak during Lord's hours. Then the darkness creeps into the sky, the domain of Mistress Luna spreads throughout the world. Thus, the next ten hours belong to Mistress Luna."

Ten hours of morning and then hours of hellish sun. It was hard to see the difference in the forest. The cultural difference reminded him that Alyssia spoke in English, despite being from another world.

'What about the number of days in a month and year?'

"A year spans for three hundred days, with nine months containing varying days."

Their culture revolved a lot around 3.

A pat on his shoulder stopped his thoughts. "Ethan, it's your turn."

"Roll number seventeen. Ethan Carter!" A low, intimidating voice flowed in the silent classroom.

Ethan snapped his hand up. "Here."

Miss Emma creased her thick brows, the wrinkles on her face becoming striking compared to her dark, brown hair.

Why was this woman staring at him? Did his disguise fail to prevent his Aspect from charming the old lady?

Beads of sweat dripped down Ethan's forehead. Milfs were charming but not *gilfs*. He would hide in a hole if a granny started pursuing him.

Miss Emma took her eyes off him. "Roll number eighteen."

"Here," Celia hummed.

Ethan released a long sigh.

"Master? Everything okay?"

'It's nothing... I need more info. How strong is the average person in the world?'

"The commoners barely reach the threshold of Iron-rankers. The majority of knights and explorers hit their limit at late bronze. Honored knights and gifted explorers are silver-rankers, while a few rare nobles are diamond-rankers with the help of their older generations."

"The sacrificial ceremony?"

"Yes."

'My world is full of twisted fucks but yours is on another level.'

"I cannot deny that."

He left the explorer's topic for the moment.

'Who is the strongest person in the world other than the three deities?'

"That's a tricky question, Master. I am sure the Elven land has several strong people close to the level of Lord, the title for the existences above level 300. But none of them comes close to the three Human Overlords, also known as the Protector of Humanity."

Miss Emma's lecture slipped past Ethan's ears but Alyssia's rang right in his ears.

"Level 300... I am only level 4."

Even a commoner could beat him to death.

'Is Magic Lord one of them?'

"Indeed. Magic Lord Faust, the human chosen by the Golden Tree."

His shoulders slumped and he rested his head on the desk. Miss Emma asked something but he felt too drained to open his mouth.

The more he learned about Avalon, the more terrifying its image formed in his mind. That was without asking a word about the

dragons. He sure as hell knew the fire lizards were near the peak of the world.

Ethan closed his eyes for a nap. Fuck classes, he already knew most of his course.

"Dragons."

A soft whisper reached him. The voice lacked any cheerfulness and youthfulness of Alyssia's voice but he was sure it belonged to a female.

"They are born to rule. Born to protect. Born to spread their wings and soar to the peak. Born to... kill."

'Kill...'

The face of the bald goblin popped into his mind. The shithole deserved to die after how he imprisoned him for some lord. He would be damned if the Lord turned out to be some magician who could read his mind.

'Who are you?'

"I am your..."

'Your what?'

'Hey, answer me!'

Ethan waited but the voice refused to answer.

Why am I having a bad feeling about this...?