

Solar Ascension

Chapter 36: Strings Of Fate

"You make my actions sound so malicious," he said with a chuckle, "after all, you're the one who let the game play out, lady Oracle."

The headmistress sighed, he wasn't wrong, but he wasn't right either. Unlike him, she needed Nox to tap into that little spark within him.

If he had died, then he really wasn't the being in her vision.

Though, she wouldn't tell him all that or even attempt to explain herself to a psychopath.

"But I guess in your case," the being borrowing the technician's body, "you must've seen something to allow your beloved kids to still remain in the test."

The being slowly walked forward, stopping just a small distance away from her desk, "would you mind telling me what you saw?"

The tone in which he asked made it seemed as if he was her long time buddy asking a favor, a simple favor...which was far from the case.

"No," the headmistress simply said.

"Fine," the being said with a small chuckle before stepping back, "I've already confirmed what I needed to anyway."

He then moved the technician's body back to a sitting position before adding,

"You can do whatever you desire to this body," he said as he leaned back, "after all, it has already served its purpose perfectly."

"And one more thing," he paused, "be expecting regular gifts from me every now and then."

With his words, the cold in the room suddenly receded and the technician's body went limp for a second and his head slumped forward.

Then as if his soul had returned, he slowly lifted his head, revealing his eyes that had gone back to normal.

He knew exactly what had just happened, well not exactly everything, but he knew that their master had chosen to use his body.

Slowly a blush appeared on his cheeks as he repeated the words in his head, the master had actually chosen HIS body to enter.

The technician wasn't worried about the headmistress finding out who he was anymore.

Why would he?

After all, right now he felt honored, elevated and sanctified.

He lifted his head fully, an almost worshipful smile stretching across his trembling lips before he suddenly froze.

Headmistress Aurielle was still sitting exactly as before, her leg was crossed over the other and her hands were calmly folded on her lap.

She looked at him like a disappointed parent, even though her eyes were not visible to him.

And that was when it hit him, the Master had abandoned him.

He was no longer under the veil of his master and he was no longer protected.

He was just... an abandoned piece.

But then again, a smile slowly crawled into his lips. Even to the very end, he had been of use to the master.

The technician started chuckling which soon became a full blown laughter as he changed with all the joy he could muster.

"Praise the Black Sun, praise the shadow that devours light."

He repeated over and over again with a blush on his cheeks, causing the headmistress to just sigh in disappointment.

Slowly, her fingers moved to her blindfold as she removed it, revealing her eyes again, an action which the technician hadn't noticed.

She closed them for a few seconds and the next time she opened them, they were glowing.

All around them, strings appeared each branching out to different locations but the one she was interested in was the one connected to the technician before her.

Aurielle grabbed it and the technician immediately froze, his eyes widening as he felt a great pressure descend on him.

"W-wh—"

SNAP!

He didn't even get the chance to finish his words before the headmistress suddenly snapped the string and he immediately went limp.

There was no cry of pain or any struggle, just one moment he was laughing and chanting, the next, he was completely unresponsive.

What had happened was that his string of fate had been cut, meaning that the world had no more use for him.

Though the cost for doing this wasn't exactly small, but the drawback depended on how much impact that person would have in the world.

And the technician?

He had none, he was only a puppet controlled by a much larger force, so Aurielle felt almost nothing from cutting his string of fate.

"Gifts, huh?" She muttered as she leaned back, "I hope you're ready for the challenges ahead, little light, after all, your journey has only just begun."

Nox let out a gasp as he shot up from the bed, his guard was completely up until he realized that he was out of the simulation and in what looked like a hospital or maybe, medbay...

"You good man?" A familiar voice spoke from his right causing him to turn and spot Devon laying on the bed opposite him.

"Yeah," Nox nodded as he slowly lay back down, relaxing on the bed and turning to him, "why are you here?"

"Well, turns out," Devon started with a chuckle, "fighting tier 3s ain't no joke, I managed to take down a few but my arm's all busted up."

He lifted his arm to show the cast that had been put on it, though the academy had top notch healing tech, his arm still needed a few days to completely heal, to avoid some kind of trauma or phantom pain.

Speaking of arms, Nox turned to the one the wolf-like Eclipsed had chomped on, expecting it to also be in a cast, but to his surprise, it wasn't.

If he wasn't laying in a hospital bed right now, he'd have thought it was all a bad dream because of how normal his arm looked.

Though, after taking down the Eclipsed he was sure a couple more were coming, so how the hell had he made it out safe?

Did Ayla protect him?

"Speak of injuries," Devon interrupted his thoughts with a smile on his face, "pretty boy over there thought he could square up with some tier twos. Shit did not go his way."

That was when Nox turned to his right and spotted Cassian peacefully asleep, he didn't seem as hurt as Devon was, so that meant nothing bad had happened.

"How bout you?" Devon asked, "what you doin' in here? You don't look beat up like the rest of us."

Chapter 37: Results

A few days after the disaster of a combat test, Nox found himself back in the auditorium with Devon and Cass by his side.

The entrance test had finally wrapped up....well, the academy was forced to wrap it up and cancel the Stealth test after the VR incident, which meant no new students for the Stealth division, not until something was figured out.

The students were also given a few days to recover from whatever shock or injuries they got from the test.

And today, was finally the day they'd find out who would have their cores upgraded to a more permanent one or have the temporary one removed entirely.

The auditorium was filled to the brim with students as they nervously waited. Their results were both going to be available on their watches and the floating screen above the platform.

Listening to the results were a couple of important people, one of which was from Helion Industries.

He was a handsome man with golden blond hair and blue eyes, kind of like someone Nox knew.

"That's my brother," Cass suddenly whispered with an uneasy look on his face.

Nox and Devon knew that he was from the family that owns Helion Industries, so this reveal didn't come as a surprise.

Besides, the man looked like a copy of Cassian, just older and a bit taller.

"Is y'all just a bunch of pretty boys?" Devon, whose cast had completely been removed, whispered, squinting at the man who just sat there looking bored. "'Cause ain't no way this is fair to the rest of us."

The man suddenly lifted his head and looked directly to where the trio were sitting, before he gave a smile towards Cass.

Now, Nox wasn't exactly an expert at reading people, but he was pretty sure that the man's smile didn't reach his eyes.

It felt more like a mocking smile, something that was confirmed by the way Cass reacted.

"What's your brother doing here?" Nox asked, looking directly at Cassian.

"Talent recruit," Cass answered, "he's here to identify talented candidates before the world even knows about them, so they can poach them as early as possible."

"So he's here for kids going into the Engineering division?" Devon asked, making a face, "man... if they're only scoutin' tech geniuses, I'm already out the damn race."

Getting a sponsor at this stage wasn't so bad, especially when you considered the amount of credits they gave as allowance every month.

"No," Cass shook his head, "they're looking for talents in every field."

Nox frowned a bit before asking, "isn't every Solar Knight expected to join the military?"

Well that's what he knew anyway, even the solar knights in the academy were part of the military, as far as he knew and they'd respond immediately if the Kingdom called.

"Normally, yeah," Cass said, lowering his voice a little, "but there's also a law that lets noble houses sponsor upcoming Solar Knights. And while those knights still have to answer the kingdom's call, they're officially tied to the sponsoring house."

"I see," Nox nodded and looked back at Cass's brother before asking, "and what are the benefits of being sponsored by a noble house?"

Cassian frowned at the question as he looked at Nox, then he just sighed.

"Resources," he answered, "training, access to better solar tech, sponsored knights get priority, sometimes even immunity from certain academy regulations."

"So all that just for you to be in their complete control," Nox said as he finally turned towards Cass again.

"Pretty much," Cass said with a sigh.

Devon nodded slowly, understanding dawning on him.

"So it's like... y'all get all the perks upfront, then spend the rest of your years repayin' the favor with your soul?" He said.

Cass was silent for a while as he looked at the two.

"Depends on the house, though," he eventually added with a shrug, "some treat their knights well. Others..." he glanced back at his brother, who was still wearing a smile, "...not so much."

"I see," Devon nodded.

Before any more words could be exchanged between the trio, a ding was suddenly heard, pulling their attention towards the platform below.

On the platform walking a pretty familiar face, Radiant Garron Boar, well, not like the students knew his name just yet.

He stood there, looking around, causing all the candidates to quiet down.

His eyes rested on Nox for a moment longer than other students, he felt like he was forgetting something important about this particular candidate, but he didn't know what so he just moved on.

He cleared his throat once the room was fully silent.

"Students," Garron began, voice booming through the auditorium without needing a mic, "your performance during the combat portion of the entrance test has been reviewed. Despite... unforeseen complications," a few murmurs broke out, "your results have been finalized."

Garron continued, "the list you are about to see determines what division you are placed and whether you'll have your temporary core upgraded or removed."

This caused the students to shift uncomfortably in their seats, most were nervous since this was a big moment of their lives, others, not so much.

They already knew whether or not they passed, so they saw no reason to be nervous.

Nox's watch vibrated.

He didn't check it just yet.

Because Garron Boar suddenly stepped aside, gesturing toward the floating screen and the results began to upload.

Devon nudged Nox with his elbow.

"Hey, bet you five credits I had a higher combat point," he said mostly because he could see that Nox was nervous.

Nox looked at him for a couple of seconds before sighing, "you're on."

The names appeared one at a time and by them, their scores in each test, arranged in a tabular form.

The students either had looks of happiness on their faces or dread as they saw the scores beside their names.

Devon leaned forward, squinting at the screen, "Man... they could've at least alphabetized this. My eyes ain't built for Where-Is-Waldo."

Well, he could've just easily checked on his watch but that part completely slipped his mind.

Cass ignored him completely, his eyes scanning the board really fast, which was unusual for his usually tired self.

"There," Cassian muttered, pointing at the approaching line of Cs.

Devon straightened in his seat, "aight, moment of truth—"

[CASSIAN BURNS — Combat: 15 | Craft: 120 | Knowledge: 200 | Final Score: 335 |

ELIGIBLE DIVISIONS: Engineering, Scholar.]

Chapter 38: Question Marks

[CASSIAN BURNS — Combat: 15 | Craft: 120 | Knowledge: 200 | Final Score: 335 |

ELIGIBLE DIVISIONS: Engineering, Scholar.]

"Damn," Devon muttered as he looked at Cassian's score, "the world really is unfair."

The highest for combat was hundred, a hundred and fifty for Craft, two hundred for knowledge and fifty for stealth, five hundred in total and Cassian had just gotten a perfect score on one of them.

Cass, on the other hand, didn't seem proud of the achievement, he looked directly at his brother who was looking back at him but with disappointment.

You see, though the Burns family was known for having the biggest solar tech company in all of Aureum, they were also known for something else:

Their obsession with producing powerful Solar Knights.

To them, engineering brilliance was expected. Combat prowess was demanded.

So Cass's perfect Knowledge score and near-perfect Crafting score?

To his brother and family, all of it was worthless.

What mattered was the embarrassing 15 in Combat.

Cass's throat tightened. The disappointment in his brother's eyes was visible for all to see, it was the same disappointment their father always looked at him with.

It was as if he had tainted the family name again, like he didn't even deserve the Burns last name.

"Yo," Devon nudged Nox before signalling towards Cass, "he good?"

Nox turned towards Cassian before following the direction he was looking before shaking his head, "I don't think so."

Devon followed their sight and it landed on Cass's disappointed brother before he looked back at Cass.

"Man, screw that," he suddenly spoke up, "if I had scores like that? I'd be floatin' somewhere above the atmosphere."

Cass didn't answer. His gaze was locked on his brother, who had already leaned toward another noble beside him, whispering something with an irritated smile.

Nox watched quietly.

Before he could say anything, the next name loaded in.

[DEVON ZUBERI — Combat: 98 | Craft: 15 | Knowledge: 60 | Final Score: 173]

ELIGIBLE DIVISIONS: Combat.]

Devon stared at the board for a full three seconds... then laughed under his breath, shaking his head.

"Well, that's somethin'," he said, more amused than anything.

His Craft score was trash, his Knowledge was barely passable, but that 98 Combat?

"You almost got a perfect score in combat," Nox muttered.

"Yeah," Devon shrugged, leaning back in his seat, "guess smackin' Eclipsed is the only thing I'm built for."

He then grinned as he elbowed Nox, "I told you I'd smoke your score. You owe me five credits."

But before Nox could say anything, the entire auditorium suddenly went quiet as a new name was displayed,

[NOX— Combat: ??? | Craft: 100 | Knowledge: 80 | Final Score: ???]

ELIGIBLE DIVISIONS: Undecided.

NOTE: PLEASE VISIT THE ADMINISTRATION OFFICE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT.]

The trio froze and so did all other candidates. Even the nobles from other families looked curiously at the result being displayed.

"How the hell?" Nox muttered to himself.

He clearly remembered his points being around two or maybe four hundred which when converted should be around the perfect combat score, so how the hell was it just question marks?

Did he forfeit all his points when he passed out?

He had no answers to any of this, not until he visited the admin building anyway.

Luckily, the results didn't come with pictures so he had successfully avoided being mobbed or looked at strangely.

But that would change the moment he stood up to go to the administration building. An action that would immediately draw eyes.

Even before he stood up, the whispers had already begun.

"Who's that?"

"Why does he have question marks?"

"Undecided division?? What does that even mean?"

"Is he special or something?"

"Or maybe he messed up the system?"

Devon leaned closer to him and whispered, "how many tier threes did you take down again?"

"Just one," Nox answered.

"Then how the hell—" he started but was interrupted.

"I have no idea," Nox answered before his question could be completed.

Cass frowned as he looked back at his brother, there was a look of interest in his face, one that told him that he just found discovered something interesting, which was never a good thing.

With a sigh, Nox stood up and all the eyes in the auditorium were immediately drawn to him.

He really hated being stared at like this, but there was nothing he could do about it except walk out faster.

He turned towards the exit and made his way towards the door, before he quickly opened and shut it, leaving behind a couple of varying reactions.

Some were of surprise, interest or even suspicion, some even recognized him as the insane hoarder from the Craft test, but no one said anything as they turned back to the screen, searching for their results.

Nox, meanwhile, walked out of the auditorium and towards the exit of this building, since he had no idea that any elevator could lead to the headmistress's office.

Soon enough, he was inside the administration building again and he walked towards the reception desk where Luna stood.

"Nox," she said when he got close enough, "the headmistress's waiting for you."

She pointed towards the elevator.

"Right," he muttered, trying not to look as nervous as he suddenly felt before walking towards it.

The elevator slowly moved up with Nox completely lost in thoughts, still trying to figure out why the test results had question marks.

Maybe it was because of his lack of core?

He didn't know, but what he knew for sure was that, that crazy lady would be more than excited if he failed, after all, she'd just have him chained in her lab as she studied him.

A terrifying image to imagine.

The elevator soon reached the top most floor and opened with a ding, letting him out.

The moment he stepped unto the floor, he immediately felt the massive amounts of SE in the air.

Though, this time, his body absorbed none, so he just continued towards the door, lifted his hand, but before he could knock, a voice said from within,

"Come in."

He pushed the door open and walked into the office.

The headmistress was sitting calmly behind her desk, but there were two more familiar faces in the office with her.

Astra Dawn and,

"Examiner Illyra?"

Chapter 39: Classes Begins

When Devon said that Cass was allergic to alarms, he wasn't kidding.

Nox stood by the bedside in a black uniform jacket and pants with golden lines around the neck and cuffs, with the Academy's logo on the left chest area.

On his left wrist was a more permanent version of the previous watch he wore during the test.

It had been a week since the results were announced and not much had happened... well, except for the fact that the other students had started growing unwanted interest in him.

Most were curious about what his scores in the combat tests were, had he failed so bad that the system just decided to give him question marks?

Or had he gotten a never before seen grade that even the system couldn't process?

That was the question on all their minds, and even if Nox wanted to tell them his combat test grades, he couldn't.

After all, the headmistress had refused to reveal what it was, only telling him that he passed and he NEEDED to attend both combat and Engineering classes.

Nox had tried checking his previous watch for a history on the amount of Eclipsed he took down, but there was nothing there.

So he just gave up, it's not like he had the skills to hack into the academy's database for just his combat test grades.

So now, normal academy classes had started and they were on the verge of being late because a certain someone refused to wake up.

"CASS!" Devon yelled, "if you don't wake yo' fragile genius ass up, we gon' be late!"

"Five more minutes," Cassian responded before turning over and wrapping the covers around himself.

"Whatchu mean five more minutes?" Devon said, "your ass is going to be late in two."

No answer, Cass was already deep in sleep and there was no waking him up now, except..

"Let me try," Nox said as he approached Cass's bed and crouched down before whispering, "all the important books in the library had just mysteriously gone up in flames, they're no more."

Cass's eyes snapped open so fast it was almost frightening.

"WHAT?!" he jolted upright and then froze, blinking in confusion as his brain rebooted.

He looked around, saw Nox and Devon staring at him, then slowly realized what just happened.

Devon burst out laughing.

"Ain't no way that worked," he wheezed, bending over, hands on his knees. "Man's immune to alarms but the moment you say books—"

"...Why would you say something so cruel?" Cass asked, feeling betrayed.

Nox stood up straight and shrugged, "You wouldn't wake up."

"But still—" he started again but was cutoff by Devon.

"You awake now, ain't you?" He said, tossing Cass's uniform jacket, which was of a different color, at him before walking towards the door, "now hurry up, If we're late on the first day of class, I'm not takin' the blame for you."

Nox followed soon after, leaving Cass alone in the room, who just sighed and hopped off the bed before walking to the bathroom.

A few minutes later, the trio were running through the Academy's corridor, despite the sign that warned them otherwise.

Cass was a genius... when it came to anything except physical activities.

Which was why he was currently trailing behind like some kind of asthmatic grandma.

"H—Hold on," Cass wheezed, clutching his chest with one hand while the other swung awkwardly, trying to catch up to the two.

"Hurry yo' noodle legs up!" Devon shot back without looking back.

Nox was slightly ahead, since he was used to running, especially from his landlord.

Compared to hopping off rooftops back in the slums, this was light exercise, hence the reason he wasn't even breaking a sweat.

The trio soon rounded a corner, almost slamming into a group of first-years, before skidding to a stop in front of the tall doors of Lecture Hall C.

A glowing holo-clock nearby read: 7:59 AM.

"See? Perfect timing," Devon said, pumping his fist.

The students looked at the three who had just arrived with a small frown on their faces, well, that is until they spotted Cass and their expressions immediately changed.

Half or pretty much the entire school knew he was from the Burns family, the owners of Helion Industries, especially after his results were revealed.

Well, it was more accurate to say that they knew after Cass's brother decided to reveal it during the result announcement.

Devon leaned toward Nox and muttered, "Man... look at all these folks suddenly actin' like they ain't roast his combat score a week ago."

Nox nodded slightly.

It was true, the moment Cass's results came out, half the students that had made it into the Combat division suddenly treated him like a walking glass ornament.

But to those in the Engineering and Scholar divisions? To them he was a shining beacon of connections and genius.

And fake admiration was still admiration... for most people.

Cass sighed, he was sure they'd immediately change their thoughts the moment they learnt he was basically a disappointment to the family.

He turned to the two beside him, thinking, maybe he was lucky to be in the same room as these two.

After all, they didn't seem to care if he was in the Burns family or not.

"C'mon," Nox said as the doors of the lecture hall slid open, "let's just find seats before we're actually late."

The hall was massive with tiered rows and holographic projectors floating above the lecturer's podium.

Nox could feel the SE powering every single thing within the room right now, but he just ignored it.

Most rows had already been filled and more were walking in. The moment they spotted Nox, a fresh wave of whispers rose again.

"That the question-mark guy?"

"He doesn't look special."

"What division do you think he'll join?"

"Undecided means he's strong, right?"

His eyes twitched as they continued talking about him.

Devon heard them too and leaned closer, whispering loudly enough on purpose, "Loud-ass gossipin' gremlins..."

Well that successfully got them to shut up and the trio continued to search for empty seats which they found by a familiar girl.

"Hello Linda," Cass greeted as they took a seat in her row.

She looked away from her tablet, before adjusting her glasses and looking at the three, "you guys are late."

"We weren't," Devon said, pointing a thumb at Cass, "and if we are, all blame rests on Mr. Five-more-minutes here."

Cass didn't even hear Devon's words as he focused on catching his breath.

"Water?" Linda tapped her watch, taking out a cold bottle of water from her inventory and handing it to Cass.

"Thanks," he muttered before taking it.

A few minutes after, the lecturer stepped in. He was a tall man with strange eyes behind round glasses and scales on his cheeks?

He stood on the podium, took a quick glance at the students in the room before saying, "alright then, let's begin."

Chapter 40: Solar History 101: Cass's Theory

Apart from division-specific subjects, there were a couple of subjects that were compulsory for all divisions, and this was one of them.

"First, congratulations on passing the entrance test," the lecturer said with a small, almost polite smile tugging at the corners of his scaled cheeks, "I am Professor Sirius Quinn, and I will be teaching Solar History and Theory."

His voice sounded so calm and serene that it made him seem like the nice big brother type, if not for the vertical pupils that made him seem like a half dragon from comics.

But everyone, well, most knew that he wasn't. He was human as most of them were.

Some students sat up straight at his words, while others leaned back; after all, they already knew about most of what he was going to teach since they had been lucky enough to get private tutors while they were young.

But Sirius didn't mind, he just smiled, turned to the holographic board, and tapped the tablet in his hand.

"Let's start with Eclipsed and what they actually are," he said, pulling up a 3D holographic model of an Eclipsed, "you might be curious as to what they are and where they come from—"

Before he could complete his words, someone cut in, "We all know that they come from rifts, so I honestly don't see the point of this class."

The one who spoke was a red-haired boy with a cocky expression on his face. He seemed like one of those spoiled brats from a noble family so none of the students said anything in response to him.

"Is that so?" Professor Sirius said, his face not losing its smile before he added, "Then am I right to assume you also know how rifts are created and what's beyond them?"

"That...." The red-haired boy started but paused, yes, his family had hired private tutors for him, but who would waste time in all this boring theory?

All he was interested in was combat and how Solar techs worked, especially now that he had finally gotten his core, not some boring lecture on Aureum's history and that was coming back to bite him.

Professor Sirius Quinn's smile didn't falter, though a faint glint of amusement in his eyes. He tapped the holographic board, and the 3D model of the Eclipsed slowly rotated.

"Exactly," he said calmly, "you know the surface, that they come from rifts. But knowing the how and why is what separates a Solar Knight from an idiot ready to just throw away their life."

This caused the red haired boy to blush in embarrassment before shrinking into his seat, he had been informed very early that his noble lineage would do nothing in this academy, so he didn't dare threaten the lecturer as he was used to.

Doing that would just mean that he'd be asking to be expelled which his family would very much not like, so he just shut his mouth allowing the professor to continue.

"As I was saying," Sirius continued, "there was a time in Aureum's history known as the age of gods but for reasons unknown to mortals, the gods suddenly abandoned us."

The attention of the students were successfully pulled as Sirius continued explaining, switching the hologram to different figures.

"The divine imbalance from the gods leaving birthed the beings we now know as Eclipsed," Professor Sirius said before pausing and looking at the faces of the students, "or that's what most believe."

While the professor looked around, he suddenly spotted a blonde haired kid who obviously had something to say, but was hesitant.

With a smile, he looked directly at the student and asked, "would you like to share something with us?"

Cass was a bit surprised at being called out, he was also nervous, but the urge to share his theory was greater than said nervousness so he stood up.

"I believe the Eclipsed weren't created by a divine imbalance," he stated, causing all other students to look at him.

They fought the urge to chuckle, since he was from one of the most influential families in Aureum but even they had to admit, he was making it difficult to ignore him.

After all, what fool would openly challenge a theory that had been built, refined, and defended by generations of scholars before him?

But Sirius didn't laugh or even look like he was about to, instead, he looked interested, very much so.

"And why do you believe that is the case?" He asked, looking at the kid.

"Let's take SE as an example," Cass said, "for SE to be corrupted and become umbra energy, it needs to be in an area with high umbra energy and even then it'd take years for that to happen."

Sirius nodded in agreement, still waiting for the kid to get to his point.

"But according to the timeline from the disappearance of the gods and the emergence of the Eclipsed," Cass took a steadying breath, glancing around at the room full of students, "the time gap is too short."

"From what we can tell, the Eclipsed appeared almost immediately after the gods vanished," he continued, his voice gaining confidence, "If umbra energy needs years to fully corrupt SE, then we can assume the same for whatever divine energy the gods use."

"So what you're saying is—" the professor started and his words were completed by Cass.

"The Eclipsed might've been there all along," he said, "maybe sealed, and the disappearance of the gods removed that seal."

Total silence.

Most students couldn't decide whether to laugh or not, after all, they weren't smart enough to debunk his theory, but one thing was for sure.

Cassian Burns was definitely crazy.

"Interesting theory," Professor Sirius Quinn said with a smile on his face, "but for now, let's stick to what the geezers have written down for us, we'll discuss your theory in detail...."

"Cassian," Cass said, "Cassian Burns."

"Ah, that makes sense," Sirius said with a chuckle, "let's get back to the lecture, Cassian."

"Yes sir," with that, Cass sat down with Nox and Devon looking strangely at him.

"What?" He turned to the two..

"Nothing," they responded in sync before turning back to the podium.