H. Academy 889

Chapter 889 - No title

Irina strode ahead with a confident air, the grand doors of her dorm unlocking at her mere presence. As they stepped inside, the entryway was illuminated by soft mana lights, casting a warm glow over the polished floors and elegantly structured space.

She made a sweeping gesture with her hand. "Welcome to my humble abode," she said, smirking as she turned toward Astron. "Two floors, a grand garden, private facilities—everything one needs to live comfortably."

Astron's sharp gaze scanned the area, taking in the high ceilings, the seamless blend of elegance and function, and the sheer space that separated this place from the standard dorms. "Lavish," he commented simply.

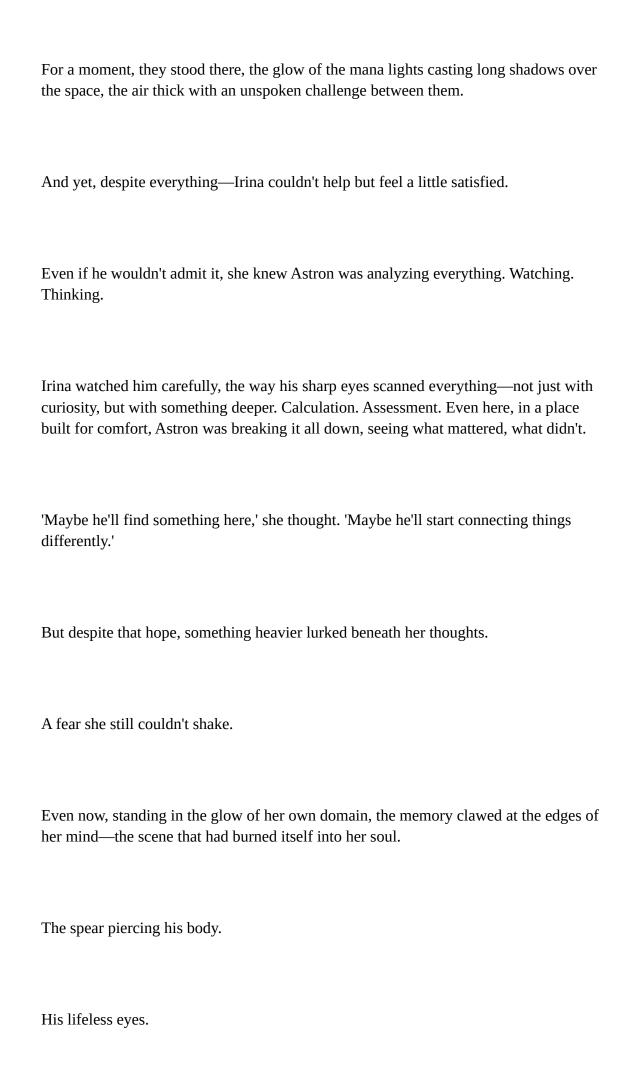
Irina snorted. "You haven't even seen the best parts yet."

She led him through the first floor, pointing out the fully stocked kitchen—not that she used it much—then the lounge, lined with bookshelves and mana-enhanced furniture designed for relaxation. At the back, wide glass doors led to her personal garden, a sprawling area with glowing flora, a small pond, and carefully arranged pathways.

Astron's gaze lingered on it for a moment before she pulled him toward the stairs. "Second floor has my personal quarters, study, and a few other rooms I may or may not use," she said, waving a hand. "But what's even more impressive is the compound outside."







His form twisting, warping, signs of demonic corruption spreading like a cursed flame.
The moment when she knew—he had sold himself to demons.
Irina's fingers curled into fists at her sides. Damn it. Even now, it wouldn't leave her. No matter how much time passed, no matter how much she tried to bury it under everything else, that image stayed.
She could still hear the words from back then, a haunting echo buried deep inside her:
"Even after trying to achieve my revenge in the pursuit of the very beings that made my life hell, I learned the enemy I deemed had never been the ones I sought."
"It was then I realized it's not the weak's fault for being trampled, nor the strong's fault for using their power. It's this world's fault for giving power to the wrong people."
Those words—his words—still unsettled her.
'That's why'
She looked at him now, standing there calmly, his expression unreadable, as if none of this affected him.



Astron sighed but complied, sitting down as she did the same beside him.
Then, after a brief pause, Irina turned toward him, eyes glinting with mischief. "You do you play games?"
Astron blinked, his sharp gaze shifting to her. "Games?"
"Yes."
"I don't."
Irina smirked, already knowing the answer. "I knew it." She leaned back, resting her arm against the back of the couch. "You probably find them a waste of time, huh?"
Astron remained quiet for a second before exhaling. "Well. They are a waste of time."
"Heh."
Irina let out a small chuckle, her fingers twitching slightly. Without another word, she raised her hand, and the air before them shimmered. A pulse of mana connected to the runic structure embedded just beneath the lounge area.
Then—click.

Right in front of them, a sleek, arcane console activated. Its interface, a smooth black panel lined with glowing golden inscriptions, pulsed as it scanned them. The mana screen in front of them flickered to life, adjusting instantly to their seating positions.
Astron's sharp purple eyes flicked toward it, taking in the sudden change. "Hmm?"
"What, hmm?" Irina smirked, grabbing a pair of floating controllers as they materialized before them. She handed one to him, fingers barely suppressing her excitement. "Today, we're playing games."
Astron stared at her, then at the controller in his hand, then back at the screen. "This was your plan?"
Irina leaned forward, a glint of challenge in her eyes. "You're the one who thinks it's useless, right? Let's put that theory to the test."
For once, Astron didn't immediately refuse. Instead, he looked down at the device in his hand, assessing it.
Irina's smirk widened.
'Got him.'