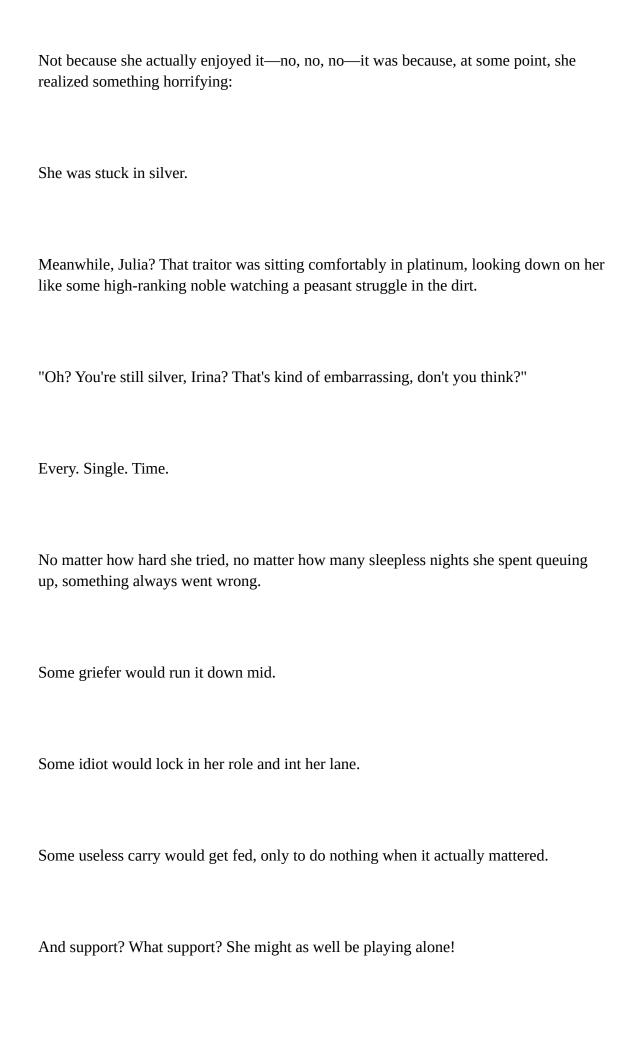
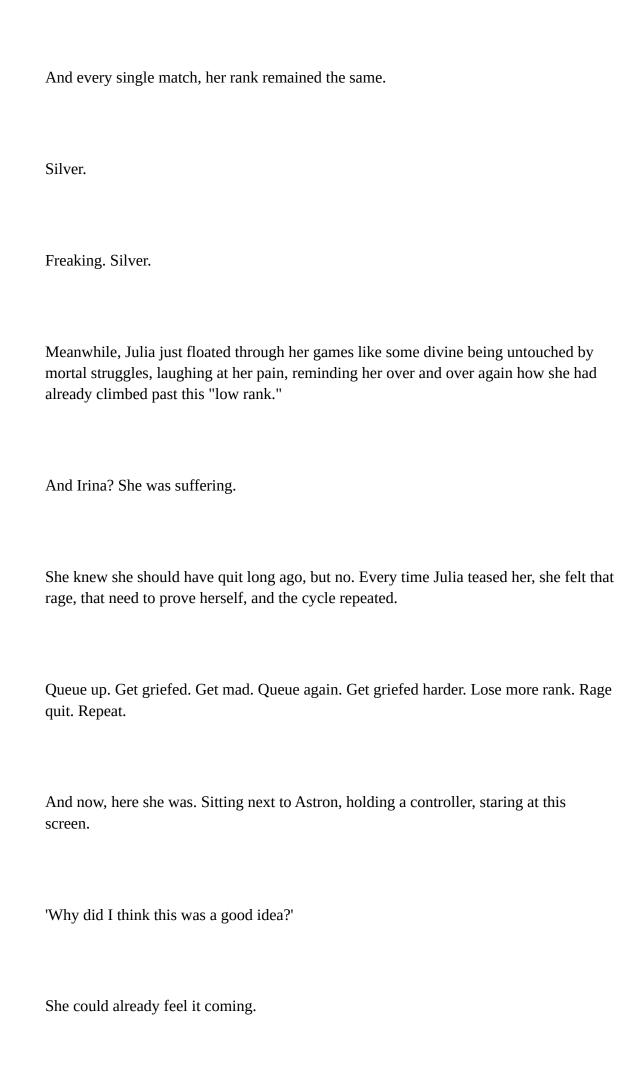
H. Academy 890

Chapter 890 - No title
Irina smirked on the outside, but deep inside, she was already hating this.
Why?
Because this game—this cursed, rage-inducing game—had been a stain on her pride ever since she had touched it.
She hadn't even wanted to start playing at first. But then, Julia—that smug, taunting menace—had introduced her to it.
"It's fun, Irina! It's all about strategy and mechanics! You'd like it!"
That was how it had begun.
And she had fallen.
Hard.







She stole a glance at Astron from the corner of her eye.	
The main reason she had brought him here wasn't just a	about the game.
It was because she wanted to spend time with him.	
It was becoming harder and harder to do that.	
Astron was always busy—training, scouting, analyzing she wasn't much better, always caught up in her own reresponsibilities, and ambition.	
Days, even weeks, passed where they barely had a mon	nent to themselves.
And that?	
That wasn't good.	
She didn't like it.	
Didn't like the feeling of them growing distant, of time	slipping through her fingers.

Didn't like how things felt different lately.
So, fine. If she had to use this stupid game as an excuse to keep him here for a little longer, then so be it.
If she had to suffer through one more ranked match, if she had to deal with griefers, useless teammates, and lane trolls—then fine.
At least he'd be here.
At least she wouldn't be dealing with all of it alone.
"Alright," she muttered, shaking off her thoughts as she rolled her shoulders. "Let's get this over with."
Astron raised an eyebrow. "You're making it sound like a battlefield."
She clicked her tongue. "Oh, trust me. It is."
He didn't argue. Instead, he simply adjusted his grip on the controller, his sharp purple eyes scanning the screen as if assessing the battlefield.



Silence.
Astron turned his head toward her, meeting her gaze directly. His sharp purple eyes studied her for a moment, unreadable as always, as if he was peeling back the layers of her reasoning.
Then, without argument, he shook his head. "No, it is not wrong."
Irina blinked.
And then—she smirked.
"Good," she said, lips curling as she leaned forward. "Then stop with the questions and boot up the damn game."
Astron let out a quiet sigh but didn't refuse, gripping the controller as the matchmaking queue began.
Irina grinned, stretching her fingers.
As the game loaded into the lobby, Irina shot a sideways glance at Astron, already anticipating what was about to happen.

