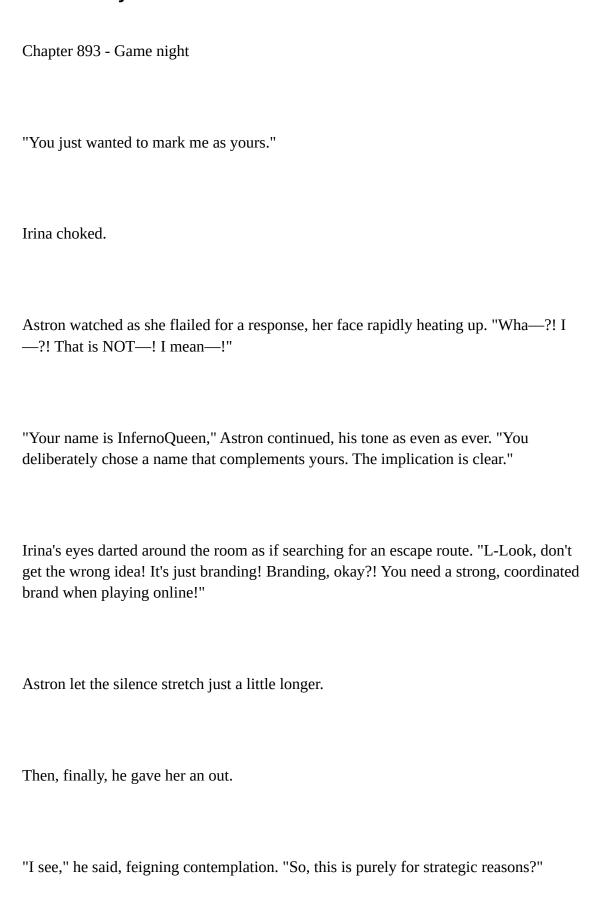
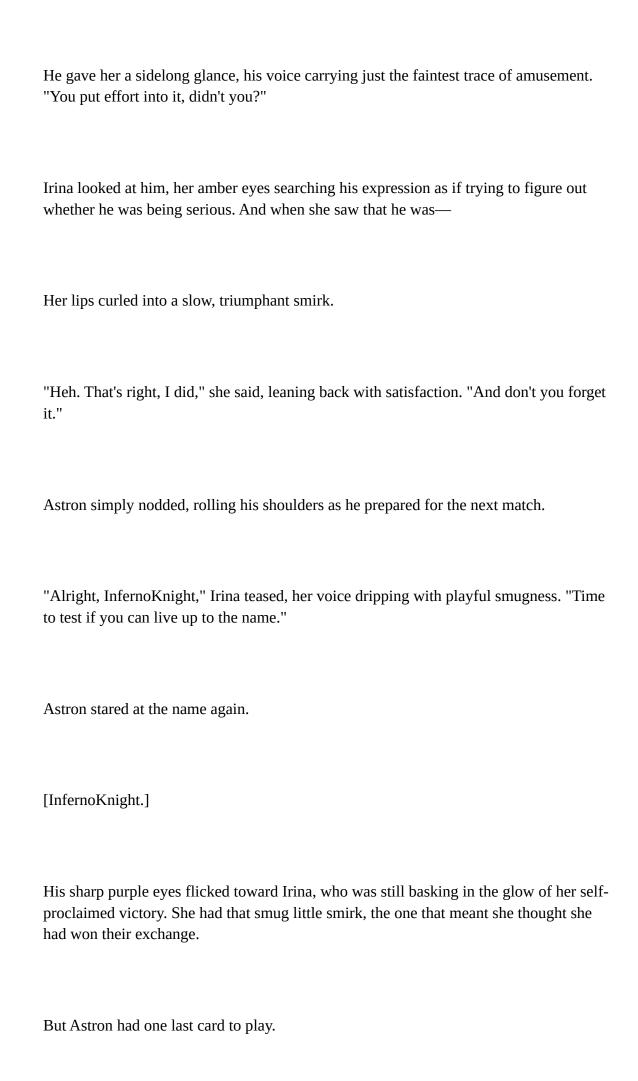
## H. Academy 893



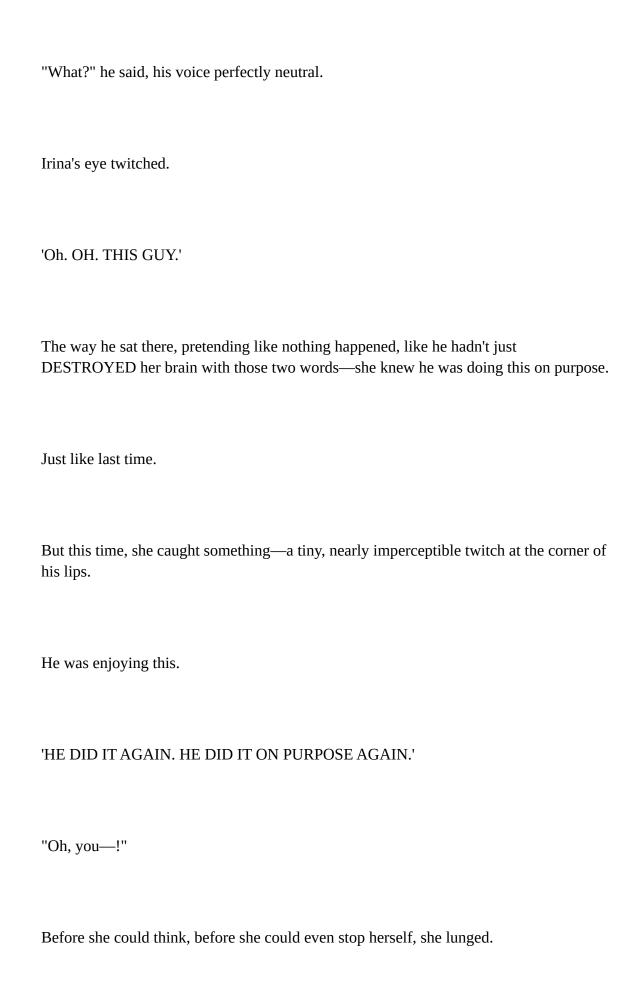




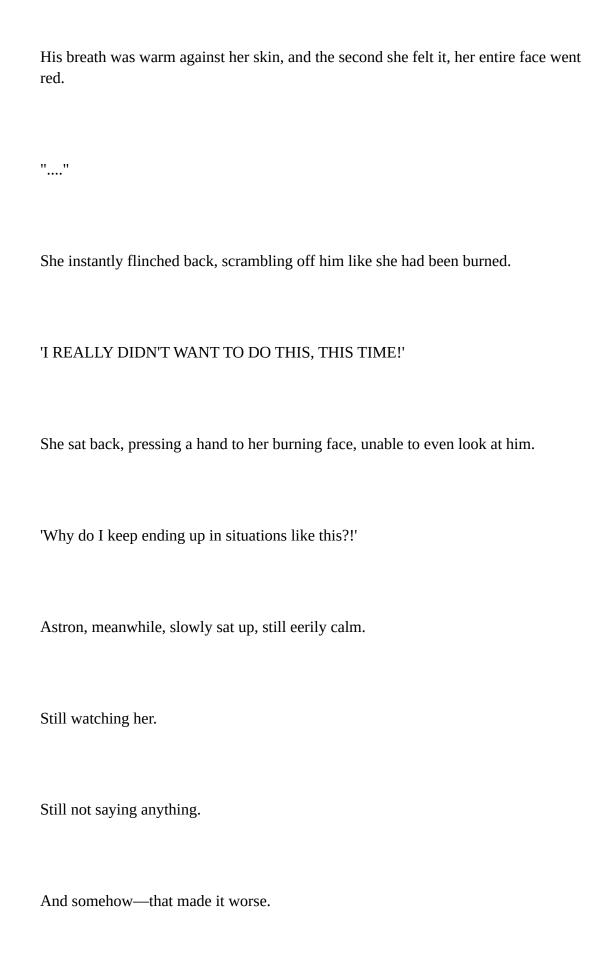
He tilted his head slightly, voice calm as ever. "It's an odd choice."
Irina blinked. "What?"
"A knight being the carry," Astron elaborated, tapping his fingers idly against his controller. "Shouldn't it be the other way around? The queen is the one who commands, while the knight protects. Wouldn't it make more sense for me to be the support and you the carry?"
Irina stiffened.
For a split second, her eyes darted to the side—clearly trying to come up with some kind of rebuttal.
Astron waited.
Then, just as he expected—
She flailed.
"T-That's—!" Irina's voice caught in her throat before she huffed, crossing her arms. "It's not like everything has to be logical! Just—just enjoy it!"

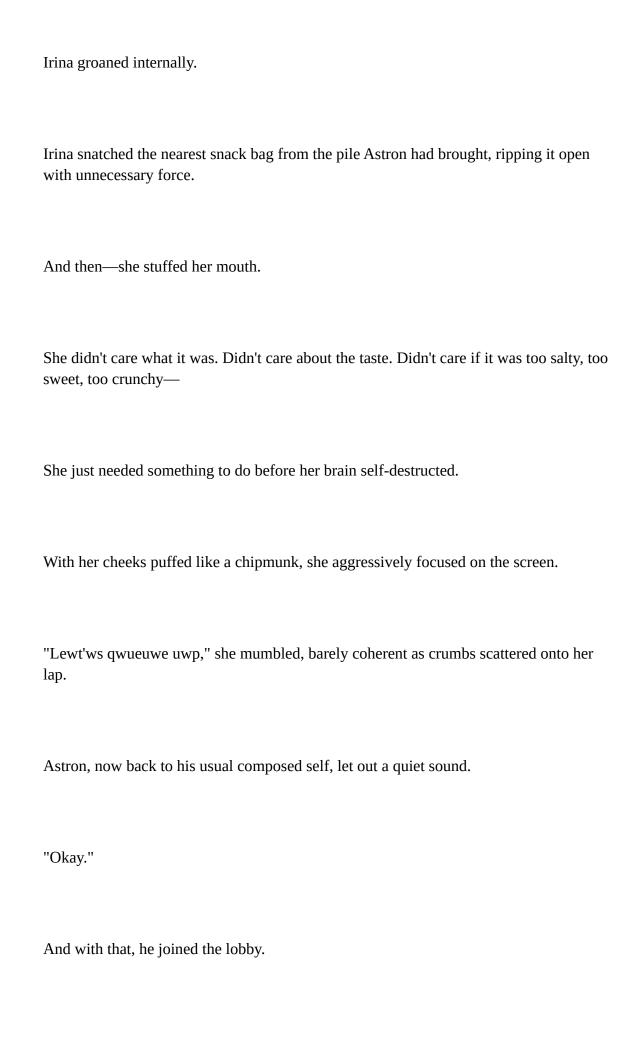
Astron's lips twitched ever so slightly. "So logic doe	esn't matter now?"
"Not in this case!" she snapped, her face slightly flu don't need to overanalyze every little thing!"	ished. "Names are about style! You
He hummed, as if considering her words. "I see. So 'InfernoKnight' can be what, her personal vangua	-
Irina straightened in her seat, her confidence returni	ing. "Exactly! See? You get it now."
Astron exhaled softly, rolling his shoulders. "Yeah, grip on the controller. Then, almost too quietly to be	,
"My queen."	
Irina froze.	
Her entire body went rigid, her amber eyes widenin	g in alarm.
Astron didn't look at her. He didn't need to. He coul shifted the moment those words left his mouth.	d feel the way the atmosphere
There was a moment of pure, stunned silence.	



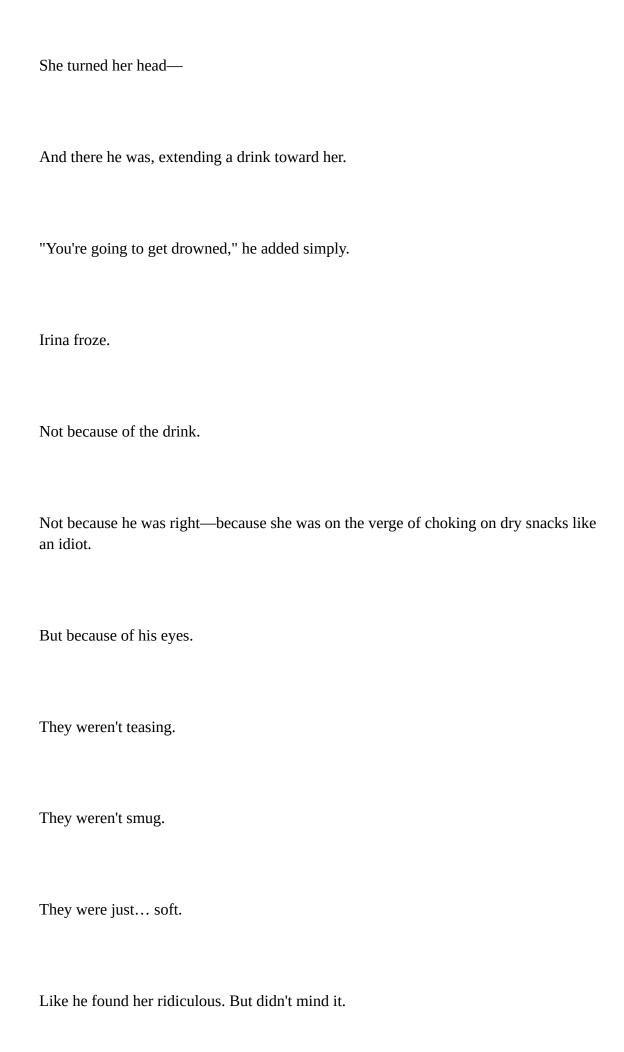


Astron's eyes widened slightly as she toppled him over, pushing him down onto the couch.
His back hit the cushions, and before he could react, Irina was above him, pinning him in place.
Her hands were planted on either side of his neck, effectively caging him in.
"You're messing with me," she accused, glaring down at him.
Astron blinked, momentarily caught off guard.
For once, he hadn't expected this.
He stared up at her, his sharp purple eyes searching hers as if processing the situation.
Irina, breathing heavily from her sudden movement, realized something.
They were close.
Too close.





Irina reached for the controller, ready to slam the queue button, ready to bury this entire moment in the depths of bot lane farming—
But then—
Something blocked her view.
A shadow loomed over her, cutting off the screen.
She blinked.
And then—
And then—
"Here."
Not because he was right—because she was on the verge of choking on dry snacks like
an idiot.
But because of his eyes.
Due occurse of his cycs.
Astron's voice was calm as ever, but there was something else behind it. Something
gentle.



Like he was used to dealing with her like this.
Like he was—
'Don't think about it.'
She grabbed the drink instantly, looking away so fast she probably gave herself whiplash.
"Twank ywou," she mumbled, still chewing, her face slightly red.
Astron said nothing.
Just watched her.
And somehow, even though it embarrassed her—
It made her happy, too.