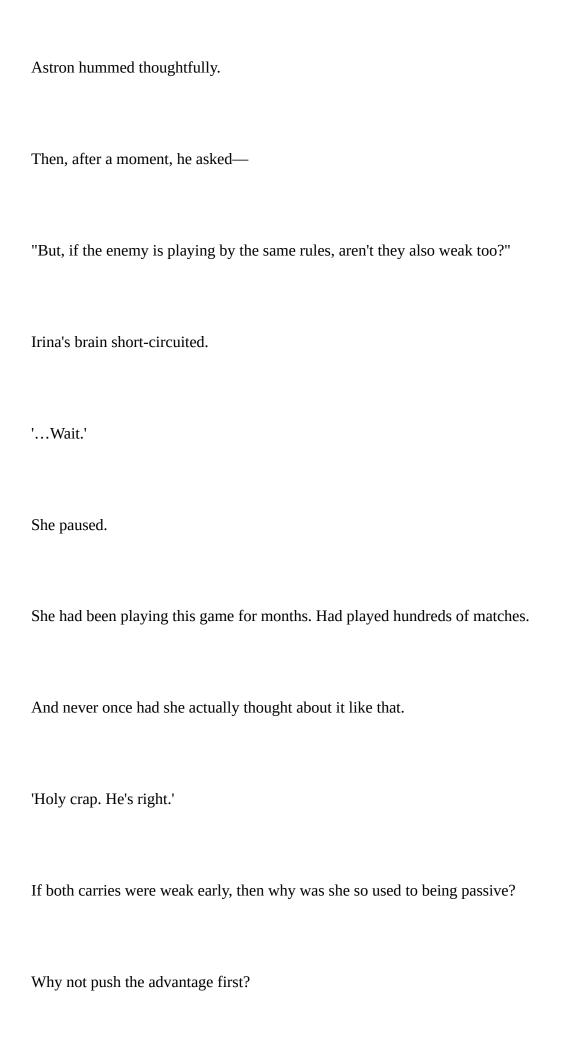
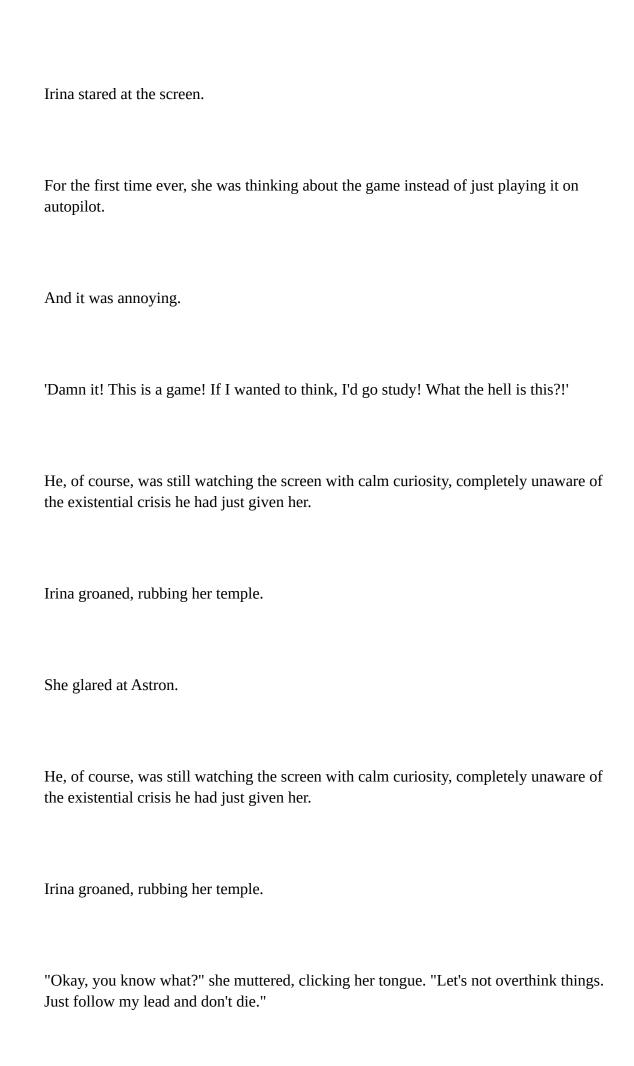
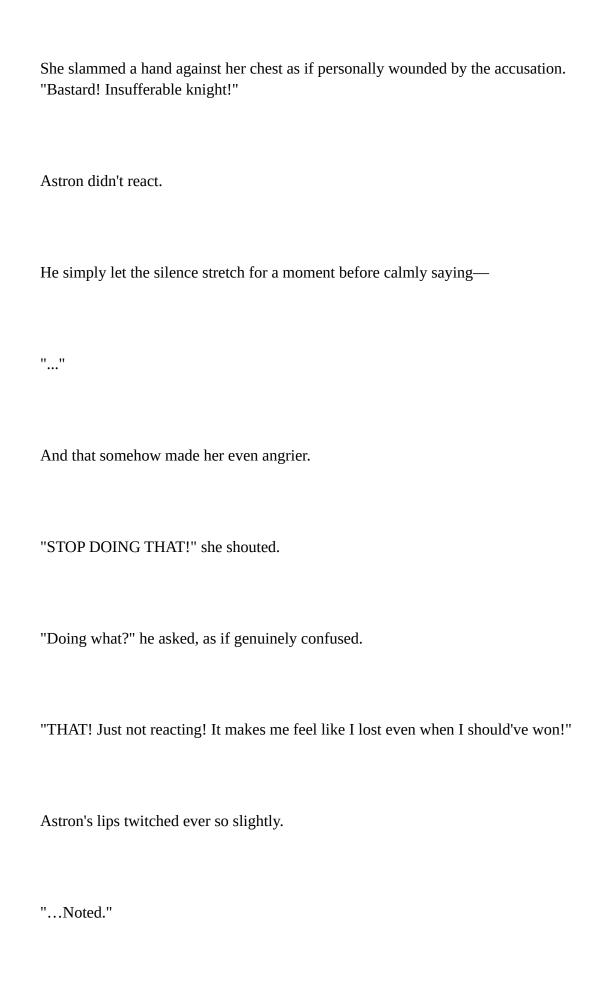
H. Academy 894

Chapter 894 - Game night
As the match loaded in, Irina's competitive instincts flared up.
'Alright. No more weird moments. No more distractions. It's game time.'
She cracked her fingers, eyes locked on the screen as their champions spawned in the base.
Astron's ranged carry stood beside her support champion, the two of them ready to head to bottom lane.
Irina immediately shifted into teacher mode.
"Alright, listen up," she said, gripping the controller. "We're heading bot lane. That's your main spot as the carry."
Astron nodded, following her movements. "Understood."
She smirked. "Now, your job early on? Stay safe. You're weak as hell right now—glass cannon types like you don't do much damage early, so it's usually better not to fight."

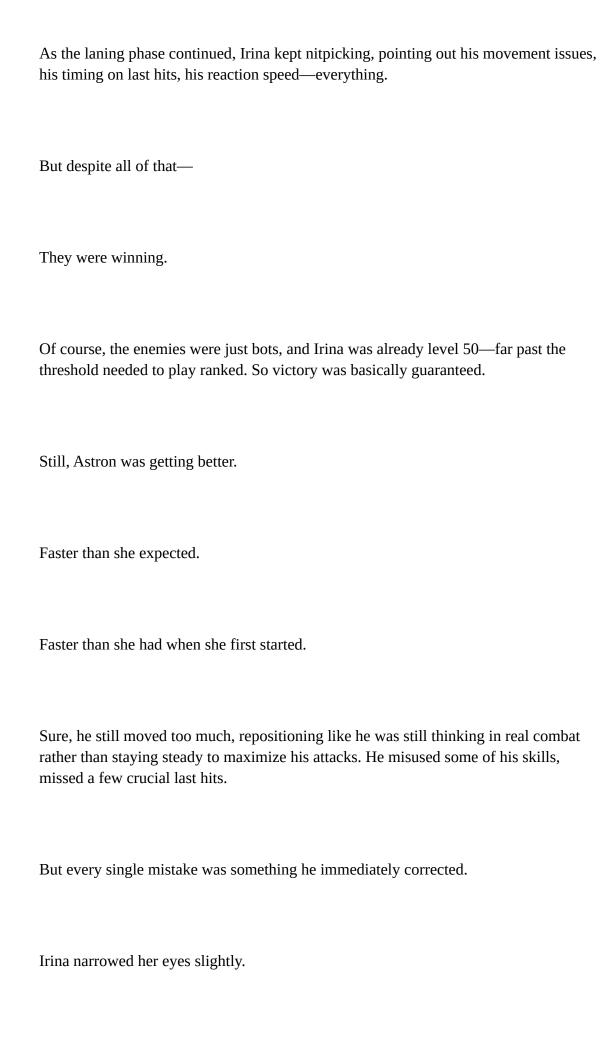


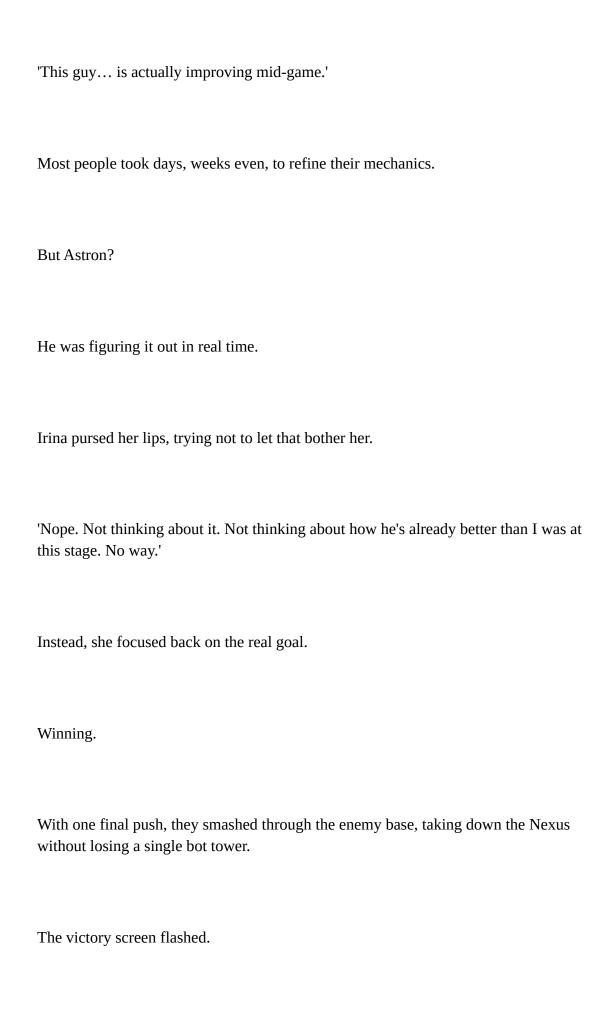


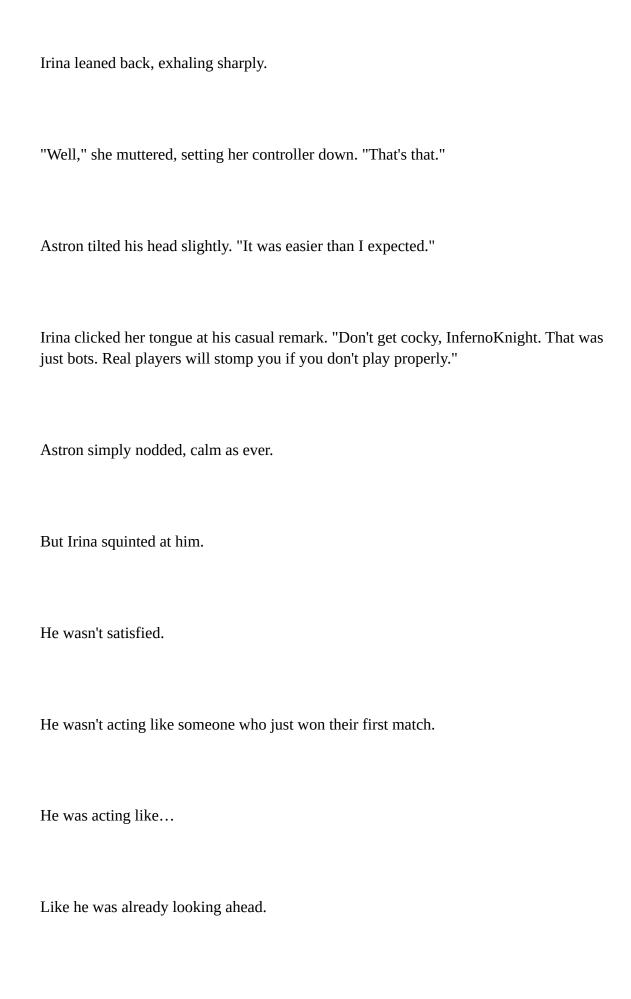




Irina exhaled sharply, glaring at the screen to stop herself from launching another counterattack.
"Alright, InfernoKnight," she muttered, stretching her fingers dramatically. "Time to show me you can actually play."
Astron nodded. "Understood."
The match began, and as soon as they stepped into lane, Irina was already nitpicking.
"Too far forward," she muttered as Astron's champion stepped slightly past the minion wave. "You're going to get hit if you stand there."
Astron adjusted his position immediately, his character shifting just slightly behind her.
Irina nodded approvingly, but a second later, she clicked her tongue. "Now you're too far back! You're missing gold!"
Astron didn't react, simply moving forward again, this time carefully threading the space between safety and efficiency.
'Tch. He actually listens fast.'

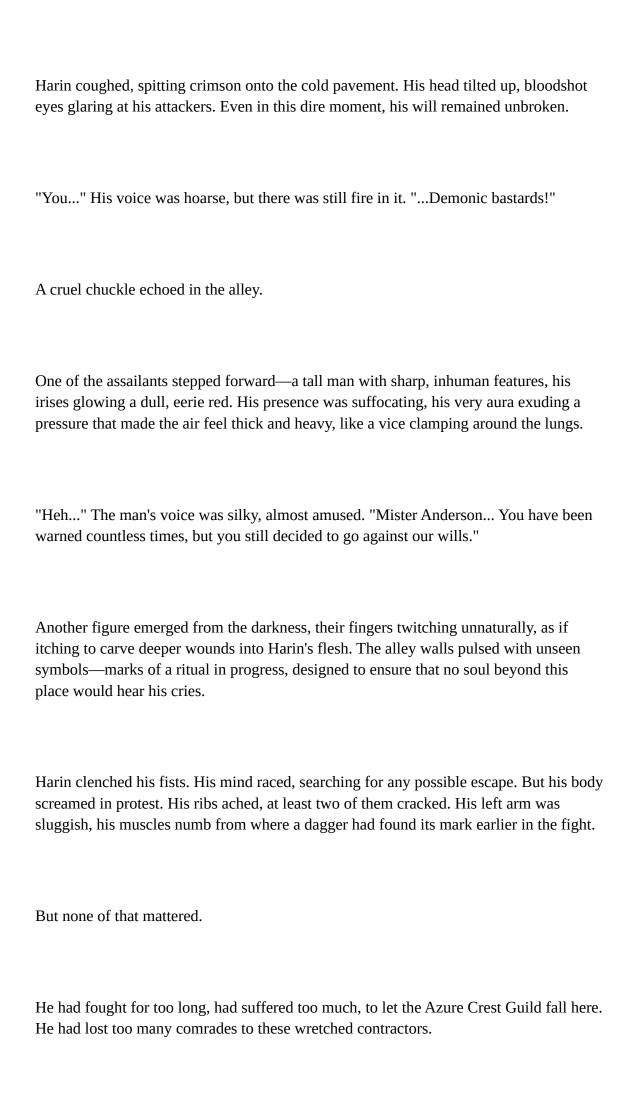






'Oh no. No, no, no. Don't tell me—'
Astron turned toward her.
"Let's queue again," he said.
Irina's eye twitched.
'Damn it. He's actually enjoying this now.'

Harin Anderson staggered back, his body slamming against the damp, soot-covered wall of the alley. His breath came in ragged gasps, every inhale a struggle as blood seeped from a deep gash in his side, soaking through his tattered coat. His legs trembled, barely able to support his weight, but he refused to kneel.
Not to them.
The flickering lamplight above cast long, distorted shadows across the narrow alleyway, illuminating the figures surrounding him. They moved with unnatural grace, their bodies hidden beneath black coats that seemed to ripple, as if the very fabric of their garments was alive.



A slow, deliberate clapping sound filled the space. Another of the demon contractors, this one a woman with violet, pupil-less eyes, smiled mockingly. "You really thought you could resist forever?" she mused, tilting her head. "That a mere human guild could stand against us?"

Harin exhaled sharply, his fingers tightening. His nails dug into his own palm, the pain snapping his thoughts into focus.

'I will need to use that.'