

H. Academy 901

Chapter 901 InfernoKnight

The game loaded in, and Irina stretched her fingers, preparing herself for what was to come.

If Astron was going to play Dravon, then she needed a champion that could set up fights properly for him.

So, she had picked Ironjaw, a hook-based support who could initiate battles by dragging enemies toward them.

She hadn't played much of this champion before—usually, she preferred enchanter or peel-based supports—but from what she had heard, hook supports were the best match for Dravon.

It wasn't her comfort pick, but she was sure she could manage.

They headed to bot lane, settling into their positions.

Astron's Dravon threw out his first axe.

The spinning weapon arched forward, hit a minion, and then bounced into the air.

Astron moved to catch it—

And missed.

The axe clattered to the ground, vanishing.

Irina smirked, suppressing a laugh. "Tough, huh?"

Astron narrowed his eyes slightly, already adjusting. "The angle changes depending on my movement."

"Yep. You throw, you catch, and as long as the axes are spinning, your damage is insane. But if you drop them, you lose pressure."

Astron tested it again.

This time, he caught the axe.

Then he threw another.

Caught it.

Another.

Caught it.

Irina's smirk faltered.

'Wait. No way. Already?'

His movements became smoother, his champion weaving between minions, grabbing each axe at just the right moment to keep his damage flowing.

Irina narrowed her eyes slightly.

Dravon was one of the hardest carries to master because his power relied on movement control. Most players took hours, even days to get used to the rhythm.

But Astron?

He had figured it out in minutes.

"Alright, InfernoKnight," she muttered.

She spotted an opening.

One of the enemy laners stepped forward carelessly.

Her instincts kicked in.

She pressed the hook skill—

And it landed.

"Go!" she shouted.

Astron reacted instantly, stepping forward—

And missed both axes.

The enemy barely took damage.

Irina clicked her tongue. "Yeah, that's what I thought. Hook fights are different."

Astron adjusted his position slightly, his champion still moving forward. "Explain."

"When I land a hook, you don't have time to reset your axes properly. You're still supposed to move to hit the enemy, but you also need to stop at the right moment to catch the next axe."

Astron remained silent for a few moments, his eyes scanning the abilities on the screen as he processed everything.

Then, almost as if speaking to himself, he muttered, "This W skill resets... Does it reset each time I catch the axe?"

Irina blinked, her fingers hovering over the controller.

"...Uh."

She shrugged. "I dunno."

Astron turned his head slightly toward her, as if waiting for an explanation.

Irina coughed. "I don't play this champion much, alright? I barely see it in my matches."

That part was true.

And the reason?

She always banned it in ranked.

Ever since Julia told her to.

"If you see Dravon, ban him. Trust me."

That had been Julia's advice ages ago, and Irina had never questioned it.

The champion was annoying. The players who used it were even worse. And the one time she had let it through, she had been absolutely obliterated.

She had no interest in dealing with that nonsense again.

So yeah. She had zero idea how this champion actually worked.

Astron, meanwhile, was already reading the ability description.

His sharp purple eyes skimmed through the text, and after a few seconds, he nodded to himself.

"I see," he murmured. "So, my W resets when I catch the axe... And it gives movement speed to reach the enemy."

Irina narrowed her eyes at the screen.

"That's a thing?"

Astron hummed. "It's quite a consistent design. Not bad."

Irina clicked her tongue, leaning back slightly.

She hated how quickly he understood these things.

But at the same time...

She was curious.

Would he actually be able to master it mid-game?

There was only one way to find out.

"Alright," she muttered, cracking her fingers. "Let's see if you can actually use it properly."

As the match progressed, Astron gradually adjusted to the champion's mechanics.

At first, he was slightly slower, not moving as smoothly as he had with the other ranged carries he had played before. The playstyle was just... different.

Unlike his previous champions, where he could just auto-attack continuously and let the damage flow naturally, Dravon required constant adjustments.

The axe-catching mechanic forced him to move strategically, making him position himself more aggressively while keeping an eye on where the spinning axes would land.

And on top of that—

His attack speed was lower.

Astron narrowed his eyes, taking mental notes.

'This champion does not attack as consistently as the others I've played so far. However...'

The moment he chained his abilities properly—the damage skyrocketed.

His W ability reset every time he caught an axe, giving him extra movement speed, allowing him to keep chasing down targets.

His passive granted him extra gold whenever he secured a kill, making him snowball harder than the other carries he had played.

Irina, watching from the side, could see him figuring it out mid-game.

At first, he played too safely, trying to trade like he would with other ranged carries.

Then, when he realized his damage was frontloaded instead of consistent, he started timing his engages differently.

And when Irina hooked an enemy, Astron's instinct was still to kite backwards instead of going all in—but with this champion it was reverse, and he finally recognized that he needed to step forward, catch the axes, and chase with W.

Irina smirked.

He was getting the hang of it.

Faster than expected, of course.

Astron let out a small exhale, adjusting his grip on the controller as he secured another kill. The moment the enemy champion collapsed, the screen lit up with a dramatic kill announcement, and his character let out a deep, victorious laugh, twirling the axes in hand.

"HUAAAH!"

Astron blinked, taking in the moment. "This kind of feels nice," he muttered.

Irina glanced at him, arching an eyebrow. "What does?"

"This," he gestured vaguely at the screen. "The enemy deaths, the announcer's voice, the character's lines after each kill... It has a satisfying rhythm. The reward loop is well-designed. The dopamine hit is... effective."

Irina snorted, shaking her head. "Hah! So it's finally getting to you, huh? That's gaming addiction, my friend. Welcome to the club."

Astron didn't respond immediately, dodging a stray enemy skill shot as he snatched his next axe mid-air.

"I can see why people enjoy this," he admitted.

Irina smirked, nodding. "Yeah, Dravon's got some of the coolest animations in the game. He looks badass when he's winning. The problem is, playing against him is miserable."

Astron hummed in agreement, catching another axe before slamming down his ultimate ability, cutting through another enemy. The moment he landed the killing blow, his champion let out another loud, triumphant laugh.

"Dravon does not follow orders. Dravon gives orders!"

Astron blinked at the screen, then glanced at Irina. "This character is dramatic."

She groaned. "Oh, you have no idea."

But just as she said that—

The game took a turn.

Somehow, after snowballing early, everything descended into a chaotic mess.

Astron and Irina started getting caught in bad fights.

Their teammates weren't helping much either—running into fights at the worst times, splitting up across the map, getting picked off one by one.

The clean, calculated play from before?

Gone.

Now?

It was a full-on fiesta.

And to make matters worse—

The enemy team was chatting.

"LOL NICE THROW"

"CARRY DIFF GG"

"SUPPORT CAN'T LAND HOOKS XD"

Irina's eye twitched.

"Oh, hell no."