

H. Academy 902

Chapter 902 InfernoKnight

Irina slammed her hands on her lap, gripping the controller tightly as she respawned. "Oh, hell no. These guys? Daring to talk?!"

Astron glanced at the chat, reading the messages without a shred of emotion. "They seem... chatty."

Irina seethed, her amber eyes narrowing at the enemy team's smug texts.

"LOL NICE THROW"

"CARRY DIFF GG"

"SUPPORT CAN'T LAND HOOKS XD"

Her eye twitched violently.

"They couldn't even step up in lane!" she growled. "They were stuck under turret the entire time, and now they wanna talk?! LOOK AT THAT GUY!"

She pinged the enemy carry, whose pathetic last-hitting was on full display.

"He can't even farm minions! What the hell is he talking for?!"

Astron remained quiet, dodging an enemy skill shot as he repositioned on the map.

Irina's rage meter continued to skyrocket.

"I hate this. I HATE when people all-chat like this. I WILL NOT LET THESE BASTARDS WIN."

Astron sighed lightly, keeping his eyes on the game. "It's just a game. Why bother?"

Irina's head snapped toward him so fast she almost dislocated something.

"No." She pointed at the screen, her jaw clenched. "I will make these guys lose."

Astron looked at her, studying her face.

She was angry.

No, furious.

Her teeth were clenched, her fingers tight on the controller, her entire body tense with competitive fury.

And then—

She started typing.

[InfernoQueen]: Wow. You talk a lot for a guy who had 0 lane control.

[InfernoQueen]: Hope you're enjoying that free turret gold we gave you, because that's all you're getting.

The enemy team immediately responded.

[Enemy Carry]: ??? XDD ur just mad

[Enemy Carry]: Support diff tbh

Irina's face twisted with pure rage.

"You wanna keep talking, huh?! FINE." She furiously typed back, her entire focus shifting from the game to the chat war.

But then—

Another message popped up.

[InfernoKnight]: Why are you talking when you're getting diffed by me? You're also losing to a new player. Maybe you should reconsider what to invest your time in. This is clearly not for you.

Irina stared at the message.

Then, she slowly turned to Astron, eyes wide in disbelief.

"Did... did you just flame him?" she whispered, almost impressed.

Astron remained focused on the game, his movements precise, smoothly catching each axe. "I'm just stating the truth."

Irina grinned. "Oh, I like this side of you."

The enemy carry instantly typed back.

[Enemy Carry]: now what? Are you defending your girlfriend? You guys are e-daters or something?

Irina let out a short, sharp laugh. "Oh, here we go. Classic."

She expected Astron to ignore it, or maybe respond with something dismissive—something logical, like "irrelevant" or "focus on the game."

Instead—

Another message popped up.

[InfernoKnight]: Yes. What if I am defending my girlfriend? Does that make you grow your CS number? Or are you jealous that I have a girlfriend I can duo with?

Irina choked.

She almost threw her controller.

Astron, however, looked completely unaffected.

Like he hadn't just casually dropped the most shameless message possible.

Irina's face burned. "You—! WHAT WAS THAT?!"

Astron finally glanced at her, his expression unreadable. "I thought you wanted them to shut up?"

"YEAH, BUT—!" Irina stammered, gripping her controller as if it was the only thing keeping her from losing her mind.

The chat blew up.

[Enemy Carry]: XD! i would rather play with a child than play with an e-girl.

[InfernoKnight]: That kind of looks suspicious when you type it like that.

Irina gasped.

"Oh my god."

Astron just keeps going.

The enemy carry stopped responding, but another message popped up from the enemy top laner.

[Enemy Top]: wrgrfnawegeargaer I see it now KEKW

Irina burst out laughing despite herself. "You just made him look like an idiot in front of his own team!"

Astron hummed, unbothered. "I only pointed out the truth."

Irina wiped a tear from the corner of her eye, grinning wildly. "I swear, I am getting you into ranked after this. I need this energy in my games."

But before they could type anything else—

The game shifted.

A red marker flashed on the map.

Count Kisher—the game's biggest neutral objective—had spawned, again.

Irina gritted her teeth, staring at the minimap with pure, unfiltered rage.

"WHY IS OUR JUNGLE STILL ON BLUE? THE COUNT SPAWNED!"

Astron remained calm, glancing at the map. "He does that a lot. Maybe he is distracted?"

"Distracted?! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME IT'S SPAWNED!"

This game had gone way too long.

Most matches ended well before this point, but somehow, this cursed game refused to end.

Every single time Count Kisher spawned, something went wrong. Either their team wasn't positioned properly, or the enemy team caught them off guard, or some dumb mistake cost them the fight.

It was a mess.

But at least their top laner wasn't a complete idiot.

Their team finally grouped, and as expected, the fight broke out.

Count Kisher, the massive neutral boss, had already knocked several enemies down to half health, setting up an opportunity for a turnaround fight.

Irina clenched her jaw. "Alright, this is our chance. Engage when I hook."

Astron nodded. "Understood."

The moment Irina landed her hook, their top laner jumped in, unleashing his full combo, sending the enemy team into chaos.

Dravon's axes spun through the air, catching every opening he could.

The fight was messy, the health bars dropping dangerously fast.

Irina fought hard, throwing out every crowd control ability she had—until suddenly, she was hit by an enemy burst combo.

Her screen grayed out.

"Damn it! I'm down!"

Their top laner followed right after, falling to the enemy's last attack.

The fight was down to one person.

Astron.

Irina's heart pounded as she watched.

They had killed two enemies, but three still remained.

And Astron?

He was completely alone.

The enemy mid laner, top laner, and support turned toward him, realizing that he was the last threat standing.

But in their tunnel vision—

They forgot about one thing.

The Count.

Just as the enemy top laner charged forward, his blade glowing with power, ready to unleash a devastating final blow on Astron—

A massive, earth-shaking impact erupted beneath him.

Count Kisher's special attack landed right at that moment, launching the enemy top laner into the air, interrupting his skill.

Irina's eyes widened.

'Holy—'

That one second was all Astron needed.

His axes spun, his W reset, and he stepped forward.

The enemy mid laner cast his Q-E combo, the burst projectile flying straight toward him.

But at the last second, Astron dodged.

A smooth, perfect side-step, just barely avoiding the lethal ability.

And then—

His final axe flew through the air, catching all three remaining enemies.

Triple kill.

But it wasn't over.

The enemy support barely survived, escaping with a sliver of health.

Astron's health was also nearly gone.

The enemy support rushed to finish him off, launching one last desperate spell—

And at the very last moment, Astron threw his final axe before his own health dropped.

The screen froze for a second.

A delay.

Then—

SHUT DOWN!

Irina gasped.

Astron's champion dropped.

But then...the last enemy also collapsed.

ACED!

But before the respawn timers could even matter—

Their minions crushed the enemy base.

Victory.

The entire screen lit up with golden text.

"WE WON!"

The moment the victory screen flashed, Irina's entire body moved on instinct.

With zero hesitation, she lunged toward Astron and tackled him onto the couch.

"WE TAUGHT THESE BASTARDS A LESSON!"

Astron let out a slight oof as she crashed into his side, her arms practically wrapped around him in an excited, triumphant grip.

Her heart was racing, adrenaline pumping through her veins as she laughed breathlessly against his shoulder.

It had been so long since she had felt something like this.

Like, who would've thought?!

Who would've guessed that watching her duo make a clutch play in real time at the end of a game felt this damn good?!

Now she understood.

Now she finally got why people still played this dogwater game, despite how rage-inducing it was.

It was because of moments like this.

It was because of the sheer euphoria of a last-second victory, because of the thrill of a clutch play, because of that feeling when you and your duo just outplayed the entire enemy team.

Irina let out a shaky, exhilarated laugh, still clutching onto him.

"AHANAHA! You killed them all!"

Astron, who had been knocked back into the couch from her tackle, remained still for a moment, processing her reaction.

Then, slowly, Irina lifted her head.

And she froze.

He was smiling.

Not his usual small twitch of the lips.

Not a faint, almost imperceptible smirk.

A real smile.

And his eyes—those sharp purple eyes that were always so unreadable—

They were smiling too.

"Yeah," Astron murmured, his voice quieter than before.

"That was close."