

## H. Academy 903

### Chapter 903 InfernoKnight

Irina stared into his eyes, her breath still slightly uneven from all the excitement.

Astron was still smiling.

A real, genuine smile.

And now that she was actually looking at him like this, sitting on top of him, her hands still gripping onto him from when she tackled him—

This looked a bit... strange.

Her face heated up slightly, but she didn't move.

A part of her—no, a big part of her—didn't want this moment to end so quickly.

So instead of backing away, she smirked, placing her hands on his chest, feeling the steady rise and fall of his breathing beneath her palms.

"Did you enjoy it?" she asked, her voice teasing.

Astron didn't answer right away.

Instead, his sharp purple eyes met hers directly, searching, thinking.

Then, slowly, he nodded.

"Yeah," he admitted, his voice calm, steady. "I did."

Irina felt a flutter in her chest—one she refused to acknowledge.

Instead, she clicked her tongue, smirk widening. "Tch. Look at you. I've created a monster."

Astron tilted his head slightly. "A monster?"

"Yeah." She leaned in slightly, narrowing her eyes. "You just trash-talked in chat, won a clutch fight, and now you're smiling like you actually had fun. You're turning into a real gamer."

Astron let out a small hum, his gaze still locked onto hers. "And that's a bad thing?"

Irina hesitated.

Her fingers curled slightly against his shirt as she thought about it.

'No. Not at all.'

But that wasn't something she was going to say out loud.

So instead, she chuckled, sitting up slightly while still keeping her hands against him.  
"No, it's just unexpected. You—you never react like this to things."

Astron's eyes softened just slightly. "Maybe it's because you're here."

Irina's brain crashed.

For a second, she forgot how to function.

'Wait. WAIT. WHAT?'

Her smirk wavered for a fraction of a second before she forced it back. "Hah! Look at you. You're just saying that because you won."

"Maybe," Astron said simply, but his eyes were still on her.

Still watching her.

Still smiling.

And somehow, that felt more dangerous than anything else.

Irina cleared her throat,

Irina cleared her throat, forcing herself to focus.

But he was still looking at her.

Still watching.

Still smiling.

She swallowed hard, feeling something unsettling creep up her spine—not fear, not discomfort, but something far more dangerous.

Then, in that same calm, composed voice, Astron spoke again.

"Will you keep sitting like that?"

Irina blinked. "Huh?"

Astron subtly tilted his head, his eyes lowering slightly.

Then, with minimal effort, he signaled toward her position.

That was when reality hit her.

She was straddling him.

Her legs were on either side of his waist, her bare thighs pressing against him because of the comfortable, loose clothes she usually wore in her dorm.

Her entire body was basically on top of his.

Her face went completely red.

And then—it got worse.

Because Astron, without breaking eye contact, said,

"I remember telling you that I am a man as well. Did you forget?"

Irina froze.

Her brain stopped functioning.

But her body did not.

Because she felt it.

Her legs, pressing against him.

Her hips, touching.

Everything about this position suddenly became very, very clear.

And Astron?

He was still calm, still unfazed, but there was something in his gaze.

A quiet challenge.

A test.

Irina's fingers twitched slightly against his chest, her breath hitching for just a second.

But she refused to lose so easily.

So she tilted her head, smirking through the raging heat in her face.

"What if I did?" she said, keeping her voice steady.

Astron hummed, his hand resting casually on the couch, his fingers tapping slightly against the fabric.

"If you did forget," he murmured, "then I need to remind you."

"How?" Irina asked, eyes narrowing slightly.

Astron's gaze darkened just a fraction.

"In a way that you may not want," he said smoothly, "right at this moment."

Irina's heart skipped.

She understood what he meant.

She understood completely.

And because she understood, she reacted instantly.

With zero hesitation, she jumped off him, scrambling away like her life depended on it.

She landed on the floor, blinking rapidly as her brain struggled to process everything at once.

"Huh..."

She exhaled sharply, hands on her knees, trying to steady herself.

A breather.

She needed a breather.

Astron, still leaning against the couch, watched her with that same unreadable expression.

But his lips—

They were twitching slightly.

Like he had won.

Irina gritted her teeth, pointing at him.

"You—!"

Astron raised an eyebrow. "Yes?"

Irina clicked her tongue, turning away with a deep, frustrated sigh.

"Damn it. I walked right into that one," she muttered.

She heard a small exhale from behind her.

A laugh?

No way.

She turned, narrowing her eyes—but Astron was already looking back at the screen.

As if nothing just happened.

Irina groaned, running a hand through her hair.

This guy...

This guy was too much.

Irina stretched her arms, letting out a deep breath, when something on the side caught her eye.

The clock.

She blinked.

"Oh?"

She leaned forward, squinting at the numbers.

It was already midnight.

"...What?"

She turned back, processing the realization. They had been playing together for hours.

Not just one or two. A long time.

When had it even gotten this late?

And then, as she shifted her gaze, she saw him.

Lying there on the couch, still relaxed, his arms resting lazily at his sides, his sharp eyes already on her as if he had been waiting.

"Now noticed the time?" Astron asked.

Irina raised an eyebrow. "You noticed?"

"I did."

"Then why didn't you say anything?"

Astron tilted his head slightly. "You looked like you were having fun. And I was having fun too."

Irina stilled for a moment.

Her fingers curled slightly on her lap, something tugging at the edge of her thoughts.

"...Oh."

Astron watched her reaction, his expression unreadable. "Is there a problem with that?"

Irina crossed her arms, lips pressing into a thin line. "Yes, there is."

Astron blinked, waiting. "What?"

Irina frowned, shifting in her seat, knowing full well she was acting a little unreasonable.

And she didn't care.

"Because now it's late," she muttered. "And you're still here."

Astron raised an eyebrow. "I was here because you wanted me to be."

Irina looked away. "Yeah, well—now I'm blaming you for that."

Astron exhaled lightly, a hint of amusement flickering in his eyes. "I see."

Irina glared. "No, you don't."

Astron leaned back slightly. "You're upset because time passed too quickly."

Irina clicked her tongue. "That's not—"

But it was.

And he knew it.

And she hated that he knew it.

Astron's gaze softened just slightly. "I don't see the issue."

Irina grumbled, turning away.

It was his fault.

If he wasn't so damn fun to play with, if he wasn't so easy to talk to, if he didn't make the game feel so different—

She wouldn't be feeling this way.

But now, the night was over, and for some reason, she didn't want that.

And that pissed her off.

"You don't want to sleep?" Astron asked.

Irina let out a deep sigh, crossing her arms and sulking. "Tch. Shut up."

Astron watched her for a moment before speaking again. "You look like a little kid whose toys were taken away so that her parents could make her sleep."

Irina snapped her head toward him, glaring. "Excuse me?!"

Astron didn't react, as usual.

Instead, he simply stood up.

Irina frowned as he walked over to the window, his movements calm, precise. He stopped beside her, looking outside at the academy grounds.

"The view from here seems not bad," he murmured.

Irina scoffed, still grumpy. "If you want this view, you can just hit the top 10."

Astron glanced at her briefly, then looked back out the window. "If I were to hit top 10, I would see this view every day. And it would soon lose its meaning."

She couldn't retort it.