

## H. Academy 905

### Chapter 905 InfernoKnight

Irina's lips pressed against his, the heat of the moment swallowing her whole.

She expected hesitation. Expected him to freeze, maybe even pull away.

But Astron didn't move.

Didn't resist.

Didn't stop her.

His breath was steady, warm against her skin, and the realization sent something sharp, something hot curling deep in her stomach.

'Damn it...'

She was the one who started this, but now—now she felt like she was the one losing control.

Her fingers curled against his collar, tightening ever so slightly.

She kissed him again, harder this time.

And still—Astron let her.

Let her pour everything into it, let her grip him like she was trying to anchor herself, let her press closer without a single word of resistance.

Because this wasn't just impulse.

It wasn't just heat.

It was everything—everything she had been holding back all night.

All the lingering glances, the way her pulse spiked whenever he spoke in that unreadable, low voice of his, the frustration of wanting something but refusing to acknowledge it—

She had buried it. Suppressed it. Told herself this wasn't why she had invited him over, wasn't why she had made him stay so late.

And yet—

She wanted this.

Had wanted it from the moment she realized how much she enjoyed just being near him.

Astron finally moved.

Not to pull away.

Not to break the kiss.

But just enough to tilt his head slightly, letting her deepen it—just enough for her to feel the shift in his breath, the barely-there tension in his jaw.

Irina's chest rose and fell, her heart hammering against her ribs.

'Why...?'

Why wasn't he stopping her?

Why wasn't he teasing her?

Why wasn't he saying something to break the tension, to throw her off like he always did?

Her pulse quickened, her hands fisting tighter into his shirt as if daring him to react.

But Astron—damn him—just let her.

Let her be selfish.

Let her take.

Let her want.

And the worst part?

She could feel him.

Feel the warmth of his skin through the thin fabric of his shirt, feel the steady rise and fall of his chest beneath her palms, feel the quiet restraint in the way he simply let her do as she pleased.

It wasn't rejection.

It was something worse.

It was him letting her decide.

Letting her be the one to break.

Irina let out a sharp breath against his lips, her mind spinning.

This was dangerous.

This was not a game.

This was—

She pulled away.

Barely.

Just enough to hover close, their breaths still mingling, her forehead almost touching his.

Her amber eyes flickered open, burning with something she refused to name.

Astron's sharp purple gaze was already on her.

Watching.

Always watching.

Irina swallowed, her grip still tight on his collar, her fingers still refusing to let go.

She was breathing too hard.

Her heart was racing too fast.

And he—

He was still calm.

Still unreadable.

Still just... letting her.

Her lips parted slightly, words forming on the tip of her tongue—

Irina's breath came in shallow, uneven pulls, her grip still tight on his collar, her mind spiraling into chaos.

'This isn't the first time.'

That thought rang louder than any other.

Because it wasn't.

This wasn't the first time she had kissed him. Wasn't the first time she had felt this fire burn through her veins, consuming her from the inside out. Wasn't the first time she had lost herself in the feel of him—his warmth, his quiet presence, the way he always just let her.

But tonight—tonight, it felt different.

Because tonight, she knew.

Knew what she had told him. Knew what she had convinced herself. Knew that she had said—or maybe she had only thought it?—that she didn't invite him here for this.

She hadn't, right?

Right?

Irina's mind raced, replaying every moment, every excuse, every time she had almost caught herself staring for too long, sitting too close, waiting just a little too eagerly for him to show up at her door.

'Shit. Did I actually say it? Or did I just think it?'

Now, everything was messy. Everything was blurred.

Because the truth—the ugly, undeniable truth—was that she had wanted this.

Maybe not from the start. Maybe not consciously.

But somewhere between the teasing, the back-and-forth, the way he had let her get lost in the game, the way he had looked at her like that—calm, patient, unreadable but there—it had built.

Simmered.

Boiled over.

And now?



Now she was here, again, breathless, heart pounding, gripping him like she wasn't sure she could let go.

Astron breathed.

A slow, steady inhale, followed by an exhale just as measured. The kind that spoke volumes. The kind that told her—he knew.

He had always known.

And then, he looked at her.

Not smug. Not teasing.

Just watching.

And then, with that same infuriating, unreadable calm, he tilted his head slightly.

"Did you have your fill?"

Irina's eyes snapped up.

Her grip on his collar twitched.

'This. Bastard.'

She glared at him, heat flaring sharp and immediate in her chest.

Look at him. Look at this smug, infuriating, completely composed bastard.

Sitting there like that, like nothing had just happened, like she hadn't just kissed him senseless, like he wasn't even bothered.

He was doing this on purpose.

She knew he was doing this on purpose.

The way his voice carried that infuriatingly smooth tone, the way his purple eyes barely wavered, the way he knew exactly what he was saying.

He was waiting for her to react.

He was letting her dig herself deeper.

'Oh, you absolute piece of—'

Irina clenched her jaw, her pulse still wild, her fingers curling tighter into the fabric of his shirt. She refused to give him the satisfaction of seeing her flustered.

She forced herself to scoff, to roll her eyes, to summon that biting confidence she knew was still buried beneath this whirlwind of chaos in her head.

"Ha. You wish that was enough for me," she sneered, forcing a smirk onto her lips even as her heart still pounded.

Astron blinked, unfazed. "Is that so?"

His voice—low, steady—carried something else now. Something quieter.

Something dangerous.

"Yeah."

Irina held his gaze, refusing to waver, refusing to give him even the smallest edge in this battle of wills.

'If he's going to play like this, fine. I'll raise the stakes.'

With a slow, deliberate movement, she shifted her grip from his collar, sliding her arms up and around his neck. She felt the way his body tensed, just for a fraction of a second, before he returned to that maddening calm.

She leaned in, her lips barely brushing the shell of his ear.

"I did not."

Her voice was quiet, but the weight behind it was unmistakable.

And then—

"Carry me to bed."

She felt his breath still.

Felt the way his body stiffened ever so slightly.

And when she pulled back, just enough to meet his eyes—

His sharp, ever-composed purple gaze was wide.

It was a flicker of surprise, a brief crack in that unreadable expression, and Irina felt something smug curl in her chest.

Until—

"This... Are you sure you are aware what this means?"

Irina's mind stopped.

Her confidence shattered instantly.

'...Wait. What?'

The heat on her skin intensified at an alarming rate, her own words crashing back down on her.

'Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no—'

She did it again.

She did it again.

Just like last time. Just like during the semester break, when she had stupidly said something without thinking, completely unaware of the implication until it was too late.

Her entire body locked up.

"I—"

Her breath hitched.

"I didn't mean it like that."

Astron blinked once, and then—

"Figured."

His voice was so damn neutral. Like he had already known she was going to panic.

Like he had expected this.

Like he was already winning.

Irina clenched her jaw, barely holding back the urge to strangle him, but before she could fully process her humiliation—

Astron moved.

Effortlessly.

Before she could react, before she could shove him away, before she could even breathe—

He scooped her up.

A clean, flawless motion.

One second, she was sitting there, struggling to recover from her own damn words—

And the next?

She was in his arms.

A princess carry.

Irina froze.

Her entire system shut down.

Her legs were off the ground.

His arms were supporting her with infuriating ease.

And worst of all—he was looking at her with a straight face.

"But I guess, when InfernoQueen wants it, I shall comply."

He said it so flatly, so calmly, that it took Irina a full two seconds to even register the words.

And the moment she did—

She facepalmed.

Hard.



"Put me down."

Astron blinked. "Was it not good?"

She let out a slow, agonized exhale through her fingers. "No."

"I see."

There was a brief pause.

Then, with absolute seriousness—

"I will try to do better next time."

Irina groaned into her palm.

'I am going to kill him.'