

H. Academy 908

Chapter 908 Good morning

Irina exhaled sharply, forcing herself to push down the humiliation that was still crawling up her spine.

She had more important things to focus on.

Like the fact that Astron should not be able to do this.

Not this quickly.

Not this easily.

She sat back, arms crossed, her gaze still locked on him, trying to process what she had just witnessed.

Because this...

This was not normal.

"You..." Her voice trailed off, thoughts tangling together faster than she could sort through them. "This doesn't make sense."

Astron glanced at her, flipping another page. "What doesn't?"

Irina stared at him.

At his ridiculously calm expression. At the fact that he was treating this like some casual hobby instead of one of the most difficult magical disciplines to exist.

She clicked her tongue. "You're not supposed to be this good."

Astron hummed, but didn't argue.

Irina narrowed her eyes. "Do you even understand how ridiculous this is?"

"Explain," Astron said simply.

Irina sighed and ran a hand through her hair, trying to piece together a way to make this clear.

"Psychic magic is... different," she muttered. "It's hard. There's a reason there aren't a lot of psychic mages out there. Even among casters, people avoid it because of how much of a pain it is to learn."

Astron nodded slightly, waiting for her to continue.

She gestured vaguely, trying to put her thoughts into words.

"With normal magic, you can just focus on the basic blocks of the spell—the core structure—and once you have that, you just build the sequence from there. Like stacking pieces together."

She clenched her fist slightly, summoning a flicker of flame between her fingers to demonstrate. The fire responded immediately, natural and effortless.

"But with psychic magic..." She trailed off, clicking her tongue before shaking her head. "It's not that simple. On paper, it works the same way, but in practice?"

She let the flame die out, fixing Astron with a sharp look.

"You're dealing with the mind. The soul."

Astron didn't react, merely listening in that unreadable way of his.

Irina leaned forward slightly. "That means every single connection, every interlink between those blocks—it doesn't just sit there neatly like in fire or water magic. It's unstable. It shifts. It reacts to things you're not even aware of. The deeper you go, the harder it is to control."

She gestured to her head. "It's inside you, Astron. You're not controlling an external force—you're shaping your own thoughts, your own mental structure, and if you mess it up even slightly, it can collapse in on itself."

That was why psychic magic wasn't widely practiced.

It wasn't that people couldn't learn it.

It was that the risk of failure was too high, the requirements too complex, and the level of precision needed was beyond what most mages could handle.

It was also why she had never bothered to go deeper into it.

Sure, she could have.

She had the talent for it. She had learned the basics.

But it wasn't worth the effort—not when she could just burn her enemies to ash in half the time it took to shape a single high-level psychic spell.

So for Astron to have learned it this fast...

Irina frowned slightly, the thought coming to her before she could stop it.

"Do you have a skill or something?"

It was half a joke, half a genuine question—just something she threw out because, really, how else was she supposed to explain this?

Astron paused.

Then, without hesitation, he replied, "You are quite accurate. Didn't expect you to predict it."

Irina stared.

Her brain lagged.

Wait.

Hold on.

She had just said that randomly.

"You..." Her voice slowed as she processed his words. "You actually have a skill?"

Astron nodded. "Yes."

Irina blinked, sitting back slightly.

That was... unexpected.

Astron wasn't the type to talk about this kind of thing.

Not his abilities, not his skills, not anything related to his personal advantages. She had spent enough time around him to know that he kept those details to himself, locked up and unreadable like everything else.

But now?

Now, he was just telling her.

Just like that.

Her fingers twitched slightly.

She wouldn't say it out loud, but...

That was nice.

The fact that he trusted her enough to tell her.

The fact that he wasn't treating this like some classified secret, like something he had to keep hidden even from her.

She let the moment settle before leaning forward slightly, curiosity getting the better of her.

"Alright, spill. What kind of skill?"

Astron didn't hesitate.

"It's a passive skill. It helps me learn psychic magic more efficiently."

Irina blinked.

Wait. That was it?

She tilted her head, expecting him to continue. "That's it?"

Astron nodded. "Yes."

Irina squinted.

That was... underwhelming.

She had expected something grandiose—some kind of hidden, absurd ability that would explain how he had picked up psychic magic so quickly. Something like 'Absolute Mental Control' or 'Mind Sovereign'—something ridiculous, something fitting for how absurd his progress had been.

But no.

Just a passive skill.

Just something that helped him learn better.

She exhaled, rolling her shoulders. "I see..."

Honestly?

It was kind of nice.

Passive skills with a psychic attribute were rare. If someone did have one, it usually meant they were born with an affinity for psychic magic, making it easier for them to grasp the difficult interlinking nature of the spells.

And given how much of a nightmare psychic magic was to learn, having something that actually eased the process?

Yeah.

She wouldn't complain.

Irina leaned back slightly, crossing her arms. "Guess that explains a lot."

Astron hummed. "It does."

Irina exhaled, clicking her tongue. "Still, you didn't have to go and surpass me like this."

Astron blinked, tilting his head slightly. "Is that jealousy I hear?"

Irina scoffed, looking away. "Tch. As if. I'd rather burn things rather than working with souls."

Astron exhaled lightly. "That is so like you."

Irina smirked, pleased with herself. "Of course it is."

She stretched her arms, letting out a long breath before slumping back down onto the bed. The warmth of the morning sun had made her feel lazy, and if she was being honest, she had absolutely no desire to leave.

Without thinking too much about it, she shifted closer and rested her head against Astron's shoulder.

A comfortable silence settled between them.

She could feel the steady rise and fall of his breath, the familiar warmth of his presence, and—honestly?

She could stay like this for a while.

"Don't want to go to class?" Astron asked, his voice low and smooth.

"No."

"Is that so?"

"Mhm..."

Astron didn't say anything for a moment.

For a split second, Irina thought he might actually let her get away with this.

Then—

"We should get out."

Irina groaned dramatically. "Ughhh. You just had to ruin the moment."

Astron's expression remained calm, unimpressed. "You need grades to maintain. Do you want your mother to mark me?"

Irina twitched.

That... was actually a valid concern.

She grumbled under her breath, but Astron wasn't finished.

"She has already marked you," she pointed out, smirking slightly.

"Yes," Astron admitted. "At least don't give her any reason to reinforce it."

Irina sighed. Damn it.

He knew how to get her moving.

Because, yeah—she liked to mess around. She liked to act lazy. But she wasn't actually careless about her responsibilities.

With a slow stretch, she finally pushed herself up.

"Fine, fine," she muttered. "I'm getting up."

Astron simply nodded, as if this outcome had been inevitable.

Irina rolled her shoulders, shaking off the last remnants of sleep, before glancing at him.

"Next time, don't remind me of responsibilities when I'm comfortable," she said, smirking.

"Noted," Astron replied.

Though, judging by the faintest flicker of amusement in his eyes—

Yeah.

He was definitely going to do it again.