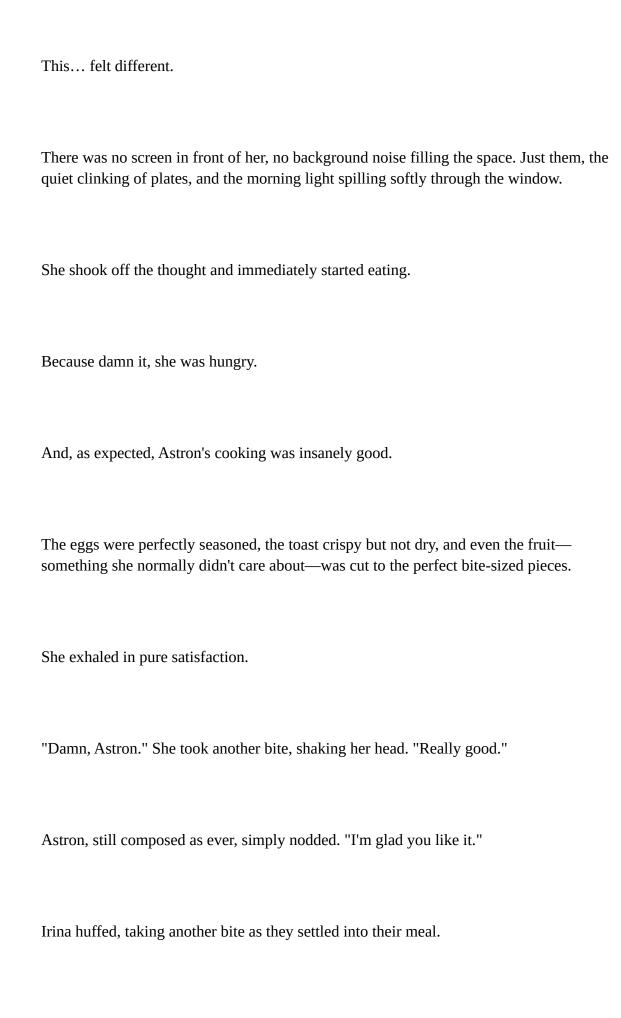
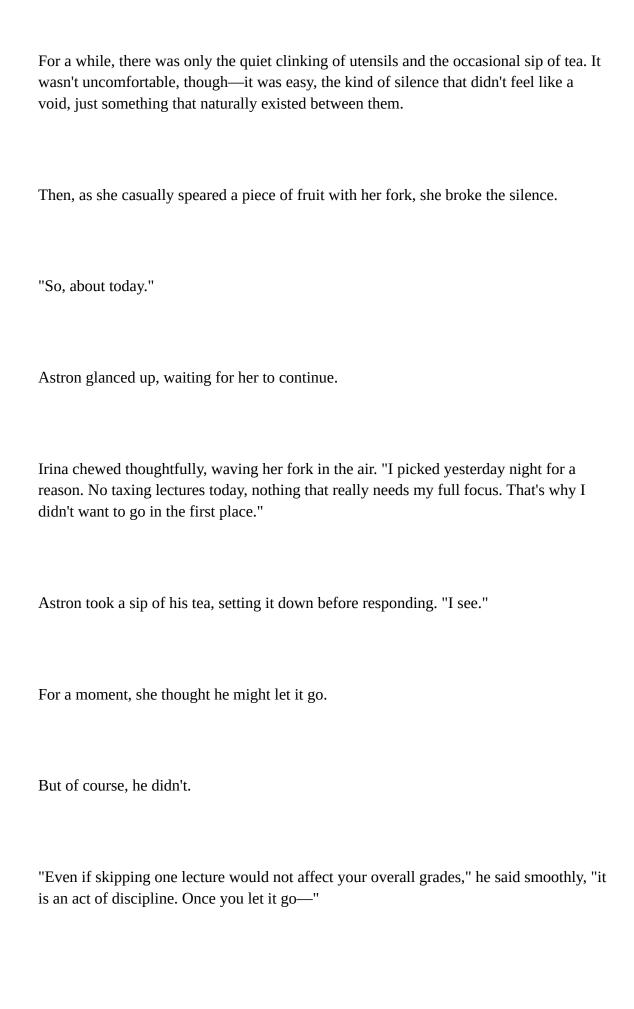
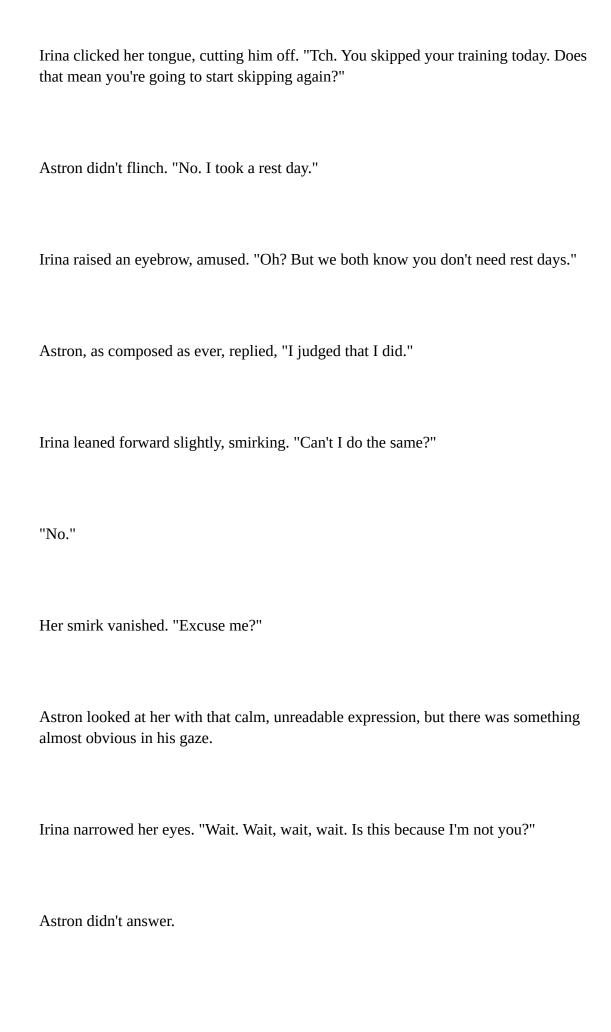
H. Academy 910

Chapter 910 Good Morning
Irina sat down across from Astron, her eyes briefly scanning the table before her.
It was a sight.
Normally, when she ate alone, she didn't care about presentation. She'd just grab a plate toss some food onto it, and call it a meal. Most of the time, she'd be watching somethin—videos, highlights, even just random streams while she mindlessly ate.
But now?
She paused.
The table was neatly set, the food arranged in that effortless, aesthetic way Astron always managed. Nothing extravagant, but clean. Balanced. Like something out of a magazine photo rather than a hastily thrown-together breakfast.
It wasn't intentional—she was sure Astron wasn't even thinking about the way he plated the food—but it still looked perfectly put together.
For a brief second, she besitated

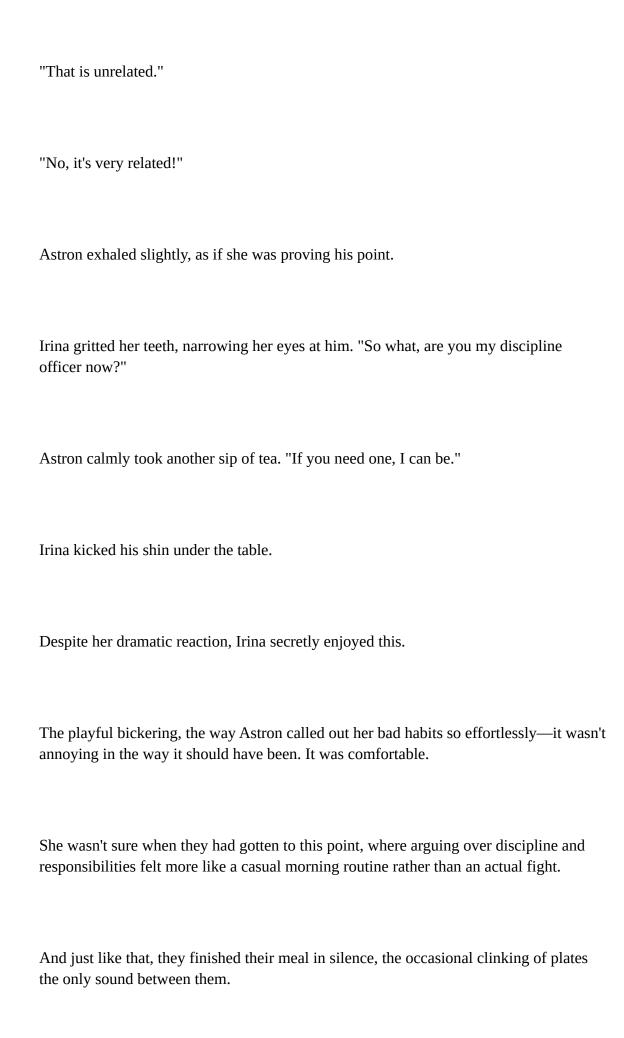










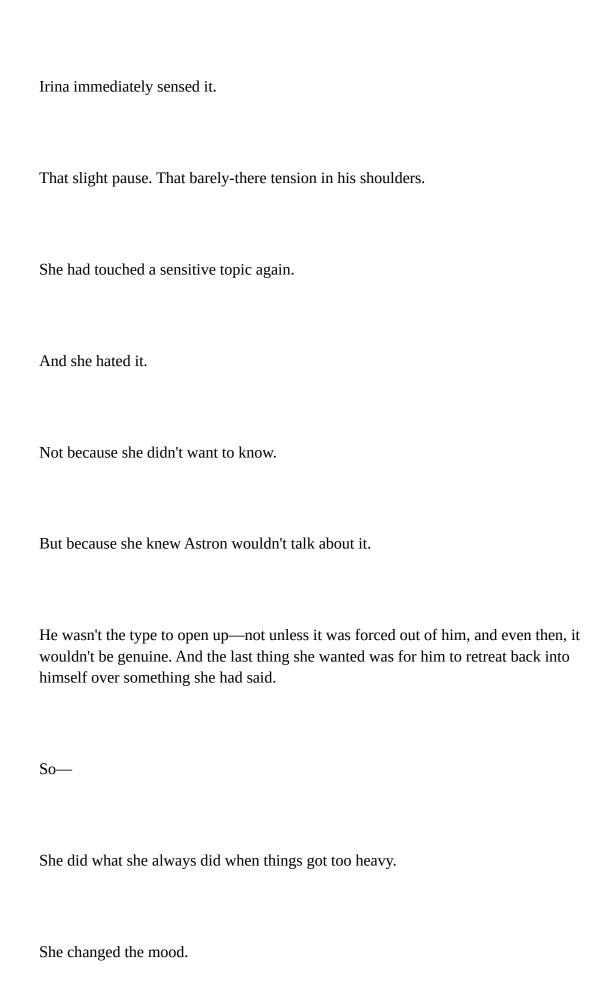






Astron sighed, walking over.
And just like that, he combed her hair.
Irina expected him to be awkward, maybe rough, maybe unsure—
But no.
He was weirdly good at this.
His fingers moved through her hair with ease, gathering strands, brushing them into place with an almost practiced smoothness. His motions were methodical, gentle but firm—like someone who had done this before.
Irina raised an eyebrow.
She squinted at him through the mirror.
"Alright, spill. When did you get this good?"
Astron didn't react.

She narrowed her eyes further. "Who else's hair did you comb?"
She meant it as a tease, something lighthearted, maybe even to see if he had been doing this for another girl—
But—
Astron's hands paused for half a second.
His eyes dimmed slightly.
"Someone that is no longer here."
Irina froze.
And immediately— She remembered.
Estelle.
His sister.





Astron didn't even dignify that with a response.
Instead, he finished with her hair, stepping back like nothing had happened.
Irina smirked, shaking her head before standing up and stretching.
"Alright, I'm done here."
She turned on her heel and left the room, not waiting for a reply.
Just like that, they left the dorms.
Irina adjusted the strap of her bag, walking beside Astron as they stepped out into the academy halls. The crisp morning air greeted them, the usual quiet hum of early activity filling the space as students moved about.
Everything seemed normal.
Until—
"Heh?"

A voice.
Irina halted mid-step, her eyes flicking up—
And right in front of them stood a girl with silver hair, her sharp, icy blue eyes locked directly onto them.