

H. Academy 915

Chapter 915 Politics

Trevor sat in his dimly lit room, his back pressed against the cool leather of his chair. The curtains were drawn, allowing only the faintest slivers of sunlight to filter through. The holo-projector flickered before him, casting the imposing figure of his father into the room.

Trevor had skipped today's lectures. Not because he was avoiding anyone—not because of yesterday. He told himself that wasn't the reason. This was more important. This was real power.

And from the way his father's smirk curled at the edges of his lips, it was obvious.

The Philips family had won.

"Well done, Trevor," his father's voice came through the transmission, smooth, pleased, like a general surveying the battlefield after a successful purge. "Your actions worked."

Trevor exhaled slowly, keeping his expression neutral despite the growing satisfaction curling in his chest.

"They were sloppy," his father continued, arms crossed over his broad chest. "Too comfortable. Too reliant on their own importance. The Hartley Guild has been a thorn in our side for years, but now?" He leaned forward slightly, his dark eyes glinting. "Now, they're bleeding."

Trevor's fingers tapped against the armrest. "Twelve dungeons, all hit in a single night," he murmured, repeating the report he had received earlier. "Three of their high-ranking members are gone."

Marin Kont. Royce Grant. Valencia Marlowe.

Trevor wasn't a fool. He knew who those people were. They weren't just assets—they were pillars.

And now, they were corpses.

With Kaya Hartley occupied at the academy, it had been so much easier. She was the real force behind the Hartley Guild's operations. With her out of the picture, their coordination was sluggish, vulnerable.

And vulnerability meant opportunity.

"Azure Crest was targeted too," Trevor muttered, shifting in his seat. "Seems like the attacks weren't exclusive to the Hartleys."

His father's smirk didn't falter. "Of course. You think I'd be content just clipping one guild's wings?" He exhaled, tilting his head slightly. "Azure Crest is weaker, but their alliances make them dangerous. Wiping out one of their elite teams sends a message. They'll hesitate before making any more moves."

Trevor absorbed that in silence. He had expected a major operation but hearing the full extent of the chaos they had unleashed...

It was perfect.

"The capital is in disarray." His father leaned back, looking entirely at ease despite the bloodbath he had orchestrated. "The Hartleys are scrambling, losing ground. Olympus Vanguard is getting nervous. If we push just a little more, they'll be forced to pull back entirely."

Trevor let his lips curl into a small smirk.

"And Kaya?"

His father chuckled.

Trevor watched as his father's smirk widened, the satisfaction practically dripping from his expression.

"You did well bringing her to the academy," his father said smoothly, his voice filled with undisguised approval. "Kaya Hartley joined the mentorship program, just as planned. And while she was playing teacher, we tore her family's foundation apart."

Trevor exhaled, his grip tightening slightly on the armrest of his chair.

"We already had knowledge of her schedule," his father continued, completely at ease, as if discussing business strategies rather than a calculated act of destruction. "We knew exactly when she would be within the academy's walls. And the moment she was locked in, we made our move."

Trevor nodded slightly. It had been the perfect execution.

Kaya Hartley, one of the most dangerous individuals within her guild, had been neutralized without a single battle.

Not killed. Not injured. But made useless.

Instead of defending her guild, instead of leading counterattacks, she had been left watching helplessly from the sidelines, stuck within the academy while her family bled.

"And the chaos within the academy," his father added, tilting his head slightly, "was a brilliant touch."

Trevor smirked. "The fight between Emma and Ethan, plus the tension between the first and second years—it kept the faculty occupied. No time for them to interfere with what was happening outside."

His father chuckled, resting a hand under his chin. "It's beautiful, isn't it? A well-placed distraction is far more effective than brute force. Make them look left while you strike from the right. And you, my son, have done that well."

Trevor sat back, nodding slightly at the praise.

But then—his expression shifted.

The smirk faded. His jaw tightened. His fingers stilled against the armrest.

His father's eyes sharpened immediately.

"Something wrong?"

Trevor exhaled slowly before answering. "Yes."

His father studied him for a moment before leaning forward slightly. "Go on."

Trevor's eyes darkened. "There's someone I want to make disappear."

A moment of silence.

Then, his father's smirk returned—intrigued now.

"Oh?" He leaned back, raising an eyebrow. "And who might that be?"

Trevor's voice was steady, his tone cold and absolute.

"Astron Natusalune."

His father's expression didn't change immediately. He seemed to turn the name over in his mind, analyzing it, weighing it.

Trevor continued before his father could speak.

"He's... an anomaly," he said, his voice calm but carrying an undercurrent of something tighter, more personal. "He wasn't supposed to be anything. He was a nobody. But somehow, he keeps surviving."

His father exhaled through his nose, tapping a single finger against his chair. "And what has he done to warrant such special attention from you?"

Trevor's jaw clenched for just a second before he forced himself to stay composed. "It's not just me. He's been getting in the way of everything. No alliances. No political backing. And yet, he keeps slipping out of situations that should have crushed him."

His father hummed thoughtfully. "Interesting. And what's more interesting is that you, of all people, are this invested in his removal."

Trevor didn't react. He knew his father was testing him, trying to gauge whether this was emotional or strategic.

So he kept his voice measured. Controlled.

"He's unpredictable. He doesn't belong anywhere, and yet people keep gravitating toward him. And worst of all?" Trevor exhaled, his fingers tightening slightly.

"He's standing next to people he shouldn't be standing next to."

Ethan Hartley.

Maya Evergreen.

And worst of all—Irina Emberheart.

The names flashed through Trevor's mind, one after the other, like glaring mistakes in an otherwise perfect calculation.

His father watched him carefully, then gave a slow nod.

"Fine," he said, his tone smooth and deliberate. "I'll give you full authority over how you want to handle him. But Trevor—"

Trevor sat there, unmoving, as his father's gaze bore into him. The dim blue light from the holo-projection flickered, casting faint shadows across the walls of his room.

His father leaned forward slightly, his fingers steeped together. Calculating. Measuring.

"Are you certain?" he asked, his voice slow, deliberate. "Is this truly a strategic move... or are you acting out of personal frustration?"

Trevor's body tensed for a fraction of a second.

His father had always been like this. He didn't do emotions. Didn't entertain weakness. Everything had to be logical, precise, profitable.

If Trevor was making a personal move, rather than a tactical one, then this entire request would be seen as a waste.

And Trevor couldn't afford to waste.

He inhaled slowly, keeping his expression calm, his voice steady.

"He may be a threat," Trevor said, careful with his words.

"May be?" His father's gaze didn't waver. "You're uncertain."

Trevor's fingers curled slightly against the armrest. "He's unpredictable," he repeated. "He doesn't belong anywhere, yet people follow him. He's been at the center of too many incidents that should have buried him, yet he keeps coming back."

His father remained silent, watching him.

Trevor forced himself to continue. "He's... gaining influence. Not in the conventional way, not through politics or legacy, but through people. The ones around him aren't just nobodies. They're the type who can shift the balance of power if they choose to."

His father exhaled through his nose, his expression unreadable. "A nobody who has the potential to become a somebody is still nothing until they prove otherwise."

Trevor hated that answer.

Because it meant his father still wasn't convinced.

His father tilted his head slightly. "If you waste too much time and resources on this, you know what will happen."

Trevor's throat tightened.

He knew what that meant.

It was the same rule his father had always instilled in him since childhood.

A failure was tolerable.

A waste was not.