

H. Academy 916

Chapter 916 Politics

Trevor exhaled sharply, forcing the tension from his hands before reaching for his communicator. His father's words still echoed in his mind, but now wasn't the time to hesitate. He needed to act. He needed to move fast.

The call connected within seconds.

A deep, almost lazy voice answered from the other side. "Took you long enough."

Trevor's lips curled into a smirk. "Busy day, Leontius?"

A soft chuckle. "Aren't they all?"

The screen flickered to life, and the holographic image of Leontius Vargras appeared before him.

Leontius Vargras. The eldest son of the Vargras family, one of the oldest bloodlines that had actively worked against the Pentagon Alliance—the union of the five ruling families that dominated political and military power.

Unlike the Hartleys or the Middleton, who played by the rules of the system, the Vargras family had made their position clear:

They wanted the old world back. A world where strength dictated power, not alliances.

For generations, the Vargras family had raised warriors, not politicians. They were known for their brutal training, their elite mercenary forces, and their unwavering rejection of modern aristocratic diplomacy.

Their motto had been the same for centuries:

"Only the strong decide."

Leontius himself was a perfect representation of his family's ideals.

He was tall, broad-shouldered, with a presence that commanded a room the second he walked in. His jet-black hair was loosely tied behind his back, revealing the sharp angles of his face. His golden eyes held an amused glint, but there was always something predatory beneath the surface—like a beast waiting for an excuse to strike.

Despite his family's reputation, Leontius wasn't reckless. He was methodical. Calculating. He had an easygoing exterior, but no one mistook that for weakness.

Trevor knew this because he had worked with Leontius before.

They both understood how the world really worked.

"You didn't call just to chat, did you?" Leontius mused, running a hand through his hair.

Trevor leaned forward slightly.

Trevor leaned forward slightly, his gaze steady as the pieces of his plan began falling into place.

"It's time," he murmured. "Set the plan in motion."

Leontius's golden eyes gleamed, a slow smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. "Finally," he drawled, stretching his arms above his head before resting them behind his neck. "I was starting to think you were holding back."

Trevor exhaled sharply. "I needed the right timing."

Leontius chuckled. "And now?"

Trevor's smirk turned sharper. "Now, the academy is a storm waiting to happen."

Leontius didn't argue with that. He knew it too.

The Academy was filled with tensions that had been simmering for too long. The structure of power was fraying, barely holding together. And Trevor?

Trevor was about to tear it apart.

"The Pentagon Families have been ruling unchallenged for too long," Trevor muttered.
"It's time to remind them that they aren't the only ones with power."

Leontius hummed. "You sound a lot like my father when you say that."

Trevor smirked. "He's not wrong."

For years, the five ruling families of the Human Domain had held a tight grip on the political and military landscape.

The Hartleys, with their unrivaled spearmanship.

The Midletons, masters of swordsmanship.

The Emberhearts, hailing from Arcadia Dominion, born with devastating fire magic.

The Bravehearts, commanders of the Human Domain's military might.

The Thornhearts, their immense wealth and control over the Hunter industry keeping the entire economy in check.

Together, these five families formed the Pentagon Alliance, the cornerstone of Central's governance. Their unity had become the pillar of strength for humanity.

But things weren't always this way.

Before them, there were others—ruling families that had once stood at the pinnacle of human authority.

Families like the Vargras.

But they had been removed from the central, getting pushed back to outside and the border.

The Pentagon Alliance had taken everything from them. Their influence, their lands, their right to rule.

And the Vargras never forgot.

Especially not Leontius's father, who had spent decades waiting for the right moment to strike back.

And now?

That moment was here.

"You think the others will move if we start the fire?" Leontius asked, his voice casual, but the weight behind it was unmistakable.

Trevor smirked. "They won't have a choice."

This wasn't just about a personal grudge anymore.

There were many families—many factions—that had been waiting, watching, hoping for an opening.

The Vargras weren't alone in their hatred for the Pentagon Alliance.

There were others.

Families who had lost everything when the Pentagon rose to power.

Factions who had been forced into submission, their influence gradually eroded over time.

The Academy was a breeding ground for the next generation of leadership. The heirs of the Pentagon families were here. Their proteges, their future leaders—all gathered in one place.

If chaos took root here, if the foundations cracked from within, then the Pentagon's rule wouldn't last.

Leontius studied Trevor for a long moment, his golden eyes gleaming with something unreadable. Then, his smirk widened, slow and deliberate, as if he had been waiting for this very moment.

"If that's the case," he drawled, leaning back lazily, "then I have everything ready to strike Ethan Hartley."

Trevor's eyes sharpened slightly.

Leontius ran a hand through his dark hair, exhaling. "Adrian himself said he'd be taking Lilia Thornheart, but between you and me?" His lips curled, his tone dipping into something borderline amused. "I don't trust that bastard one bit."

Trevor scoffed. "Neither do I."

Adrian Castillo.

The captain of the Archery Club. A man with ambition, with a personal grudge against the Pentagon Alliance—but unlike the Vargras or Philips, his fight was his own.

His family didn't have the deep-rooted hatred that the Vargras did. They weren't a fallen ruling family, nor were they a family that had been directly exiled by the Pentagon's rise.

The Castillo family had once been a neutral faction, powerful in their own right, but never truly allied with the Pentagon.

And yet, Adrian had made his intentions clear.

His hatred wasn't for the entire Pentagon Alliance.

It was for Lilia Thornheart.

Trevor exhaled, his fingers drumming idly against his desk. "His cause isn't the same as ours," he muttered. "He's not in this for a grand movement, not for the fall of the Pentagon."

"He's in it for himself," Leontius finished, golden eyes narrowing slightly.

Trevor nodded. "But for now, our interests align."

Leontius chuckled, shaking his head. "You sound like my old man," he mused. "Allies of convenience. Temporary partnerships. Strings to be pulled and cut when needed."

Trevor's smirk didn't fade. "It's the only way to play the game."

Leontius exhaled through his nose, amused. "Still, if Adrian is serious about targeting Lilia Thornheart, then that works out just fine for us."

The Thornhearts were crucial to the Pentagon's control over the Hunter industry.

Their wealth kept everything moving—from the supply chains of dungeon cores to the development of next-generation artifacts.

Even outside the Pentagon, countless families were financially entangled with them.

If Lilia Thornheart was removed, the economic chaos alone would shake the foundation of the entire alliance.

Trevor exhaled, his expression darkening.

"And Ethan Hartley?"

Leontius smirked, stretching his arms. "Oh, don't worry. I have already a grasp of his weakness."

Trevor raised an eyebrow at Leontius's confident remark but didn't press for details. If Leontius already had a grasp on Ethan Hartley's weakness, then it meant he had

something solid. And Trevor trusted Leontius—at least, as much as he could trust anyone.

Instead, he exhaled slowly, shifting his focus.

"And Julia Middleton?"

Leontius tapped a lazy rhythm against the armrest of his chair, golden eyes gleaming with amusement. "For now, we let the others breathe. There's no need to move too fast. We focus on what's in front of us."

Trevor nodded. It wasn't hesitation, just strategy.

The break before the Club Competitions was the perfect lull in the academy's routine. Students would be distracted, training, relaxing, or making their final adjustments before the high-profile event.

That meant less scrutiny.

It meant they could act without drawing too much attention.

"Ethan and Lilia," Trevor murmured. "Just targeting them alone is enough to make the first crack."

Leontius grinned, stretching his arms behind his head. "Exactly. If we play this right, we won't need to force the others into the mix. They'll drag themselves in."

Trevor exhaled, considering the timeline.

The Club Competitions were a big deal in the academy.

Not just for the students—but for the families watching.

These competitions weren't just games.

They were territorial disputes, fights for dominance—a way to establish standing within the next generation of elites.

Trevor smirked slightly. "Once the cracks form, the rest will fall into place naturally."

Leontius chuckled. "And by the time anyone realizes what's happening? It'll be too late."