H. Academy 927

Chapter 927 A	ftermath
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Eleanor walked briskly through the academy halls, her heels clicking sharply against the polished floors as she made her way toward the Headmaster's office. The corridors were quieter than usual-most students were still in their designated areas, training or attending lectures-but the silence only served to amplify the thoughts swirling in her mind.

The call from the Headmaster had been expected, yet the timing of it was... suspicious. She could already guess the subject.

The growing divide between the freshmen and sophomores had been simmering for some time now, but these recent spikes in aggression? They weren't natural.

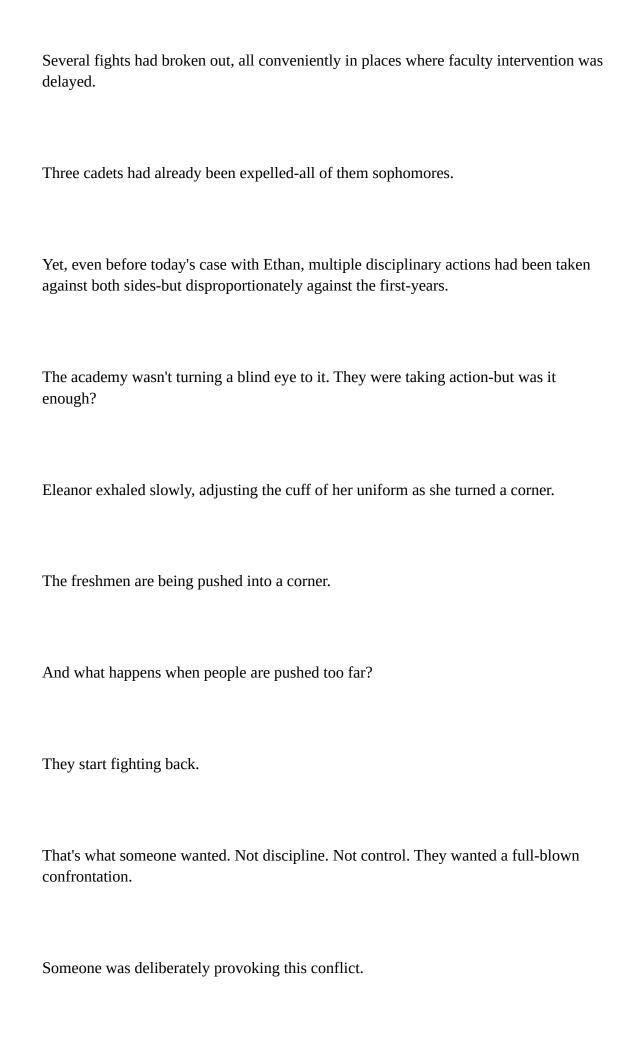
This wasn't just a case of upperclassmen asserting dominance.

Someone was pulling the strings.

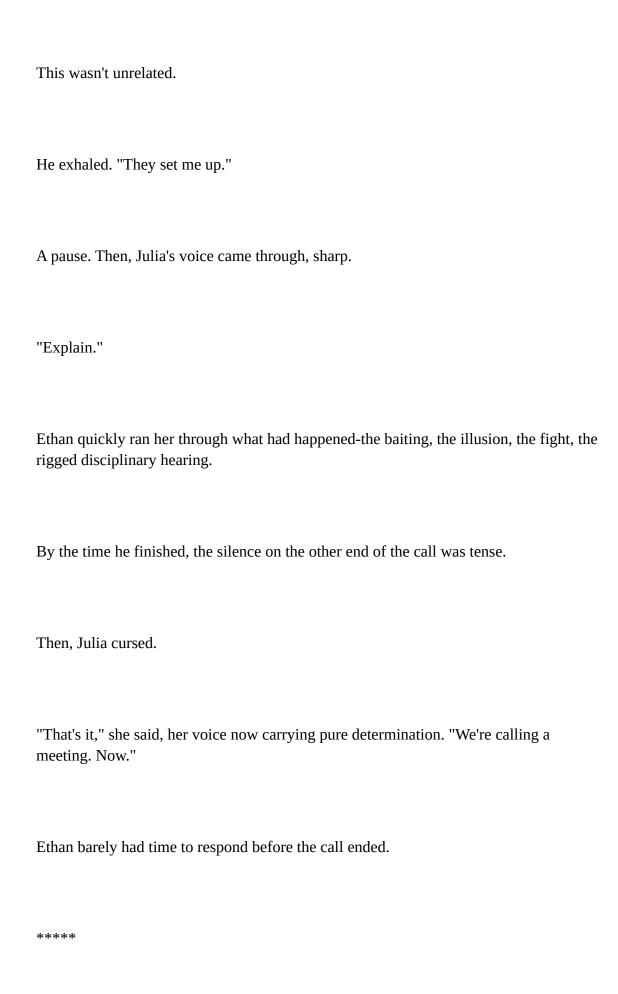
She knew it. The academy knew it. But no one could prove it--not yet.

Too Many Incidents. Too Many Patterns.

In the past three weeks, tensions had escalated rapidly.







The room they had chosen was an old study hall-one that was rarely used this late at night. The soft glow of the lanterns lining the walls cast long shadows across the wooden desks, their presence doing little to warm the chill that hung in the air.

Julia was already there when Ethan arrived, leaning against the far wall, arms crossed, her expression set in grim determination. Lucas and Carl were seated at the nearest table, their usual relaxed postures replaced by tense alertness. Irina stood near the window, her back straight, golden eyes watching the campus grounds below as if expecting trouble to appear at any moment.

And then there was Lilia.

Ethan's gaze flickered to her immediately. She sat on the edge of one of the desks, her usual easygoing smirk absent. Instead, her face was tight with exhaustion, and though she tried to hide it, Ethan could see the stiffness in her movements-the subtle tension in her shoulders, the way she held herself just a little too carefully.

Bruises lined the side of her neck, faint but visible. There was a cut on her arm, already treated but still fresh enough that she was careful not to move it too much.

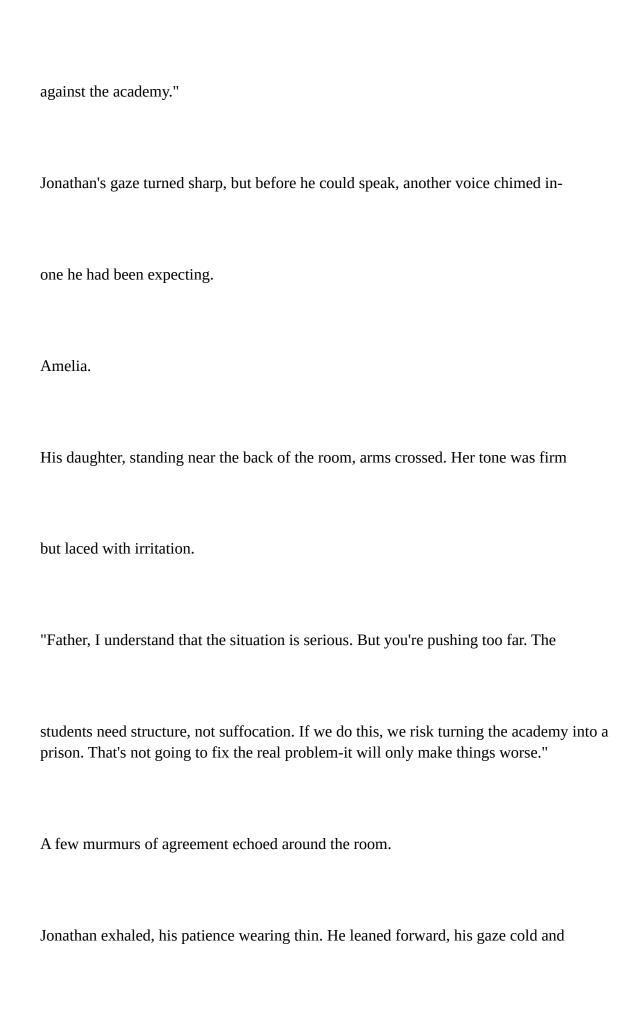
His jaw clenched.

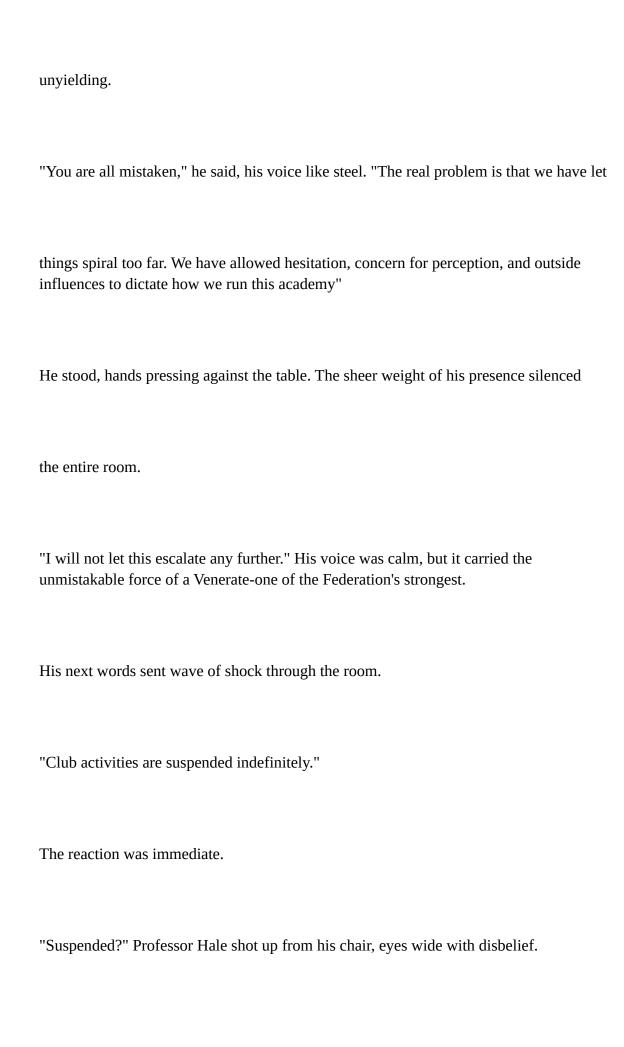
Lilia noticed his stare and rolled her eyes. "Relax, Mountain Boy," she said, voice lighter than it should have been. "I'm not dead yet."

"You look like hell," Ethan said bluntly.









"Headmaster, that's absurd! The clubs are a vital part of the academy's structure!"
"They are also one of the few places where students gather unsupervised. And in this current climate, that is an unnecessary risk," Jonathan countered, his voice unwavering.
"This is going too far!" Another professor objected. "Club activities keep the students
engaged, they foster teamwork and camaraderie-if we take that away, what do you think will happen? They will resent us."
"They already resent each other," Jonathan shot back coldly. "And that resentment is being manipulated. Someone is fanning the flames of this divide, and until we uncover who and why, I will not allow the academy to provide them more opportunities." A voice of protest rose once more-this time from Amelia. "This is not the way to handle this, Father." She stepped forward, her frustration
evident. "By shutting down the clubs, you're taking away one of the only things
keeping the students grounded. If you strip them of their sense of normalcy, you're going to push them further apart."
Jonathan's gaze met his daughter's-steely, unrelenting. "And if I do nothing, we risk more than a few disgruntled students."
The room remained tense, filled with unreadable expressions. Jonathan had made his decision, and they all knew it. The discussion was over.

After a long silence, Eleanor finally spoke. "Headmaster if we're doing this, then we
need to prepare for backlash. From the students. From the families. Even from the
guilds." Jonathan exhaled, nodding slowly. "I know." His voice was quieter now, but no less firm. "But we cannot afford to be complacent."
He turned toward the rest of the room, his gaze sweeping over the gathered faculty.
"We do not serve the guilds. His voice was clear, unwavering. "We do not serve the families. We do not serve the government."
He straightened, his presence filling the room like an unshakable force.
"We serve the academy. And we will do what must be done to protect it."
Silence followed.
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One by one, the professors gave reluctant nods. Some still looked dissatisfied. Some
outright frustrated. But none dared to challenge him further.
Amelia standing near the back clenched her fists but said nothing. She knew better

than to fight him on this now. But the battle between them was not over.

Eleanor sighed inwardly. This was going to get worse before it got better. Jonathan took one last look at the room before finally giving his final command. "Dismissed."