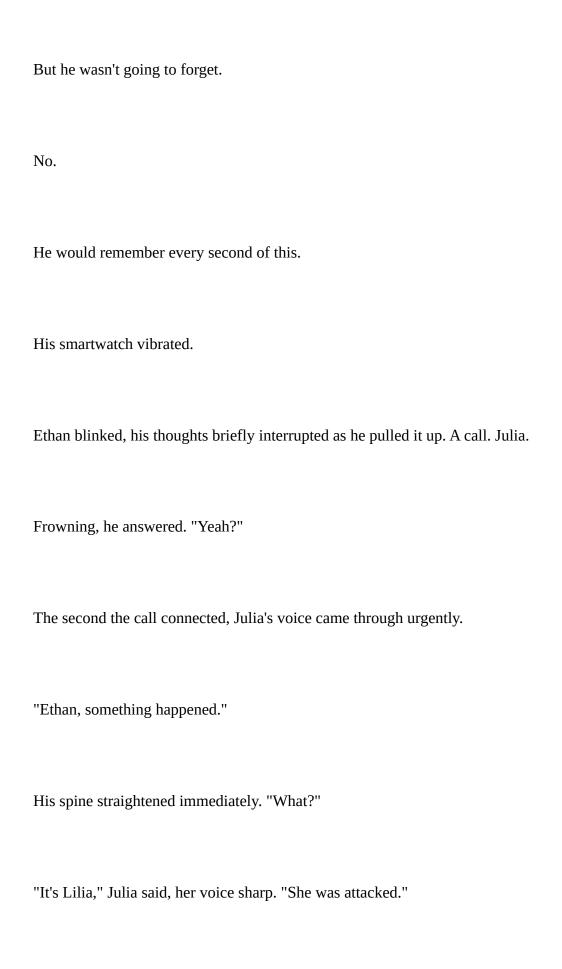
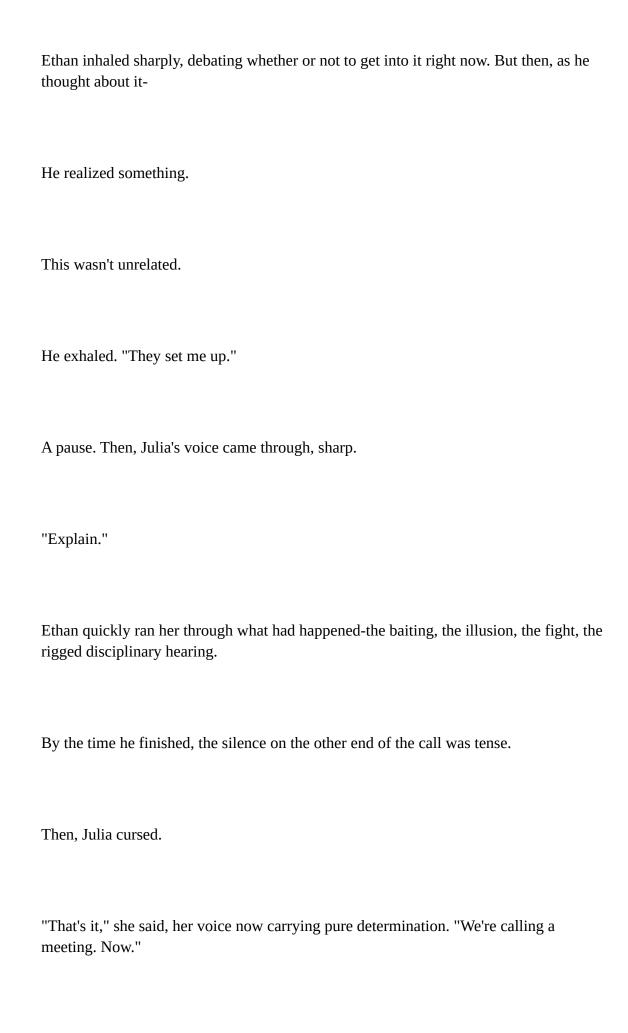
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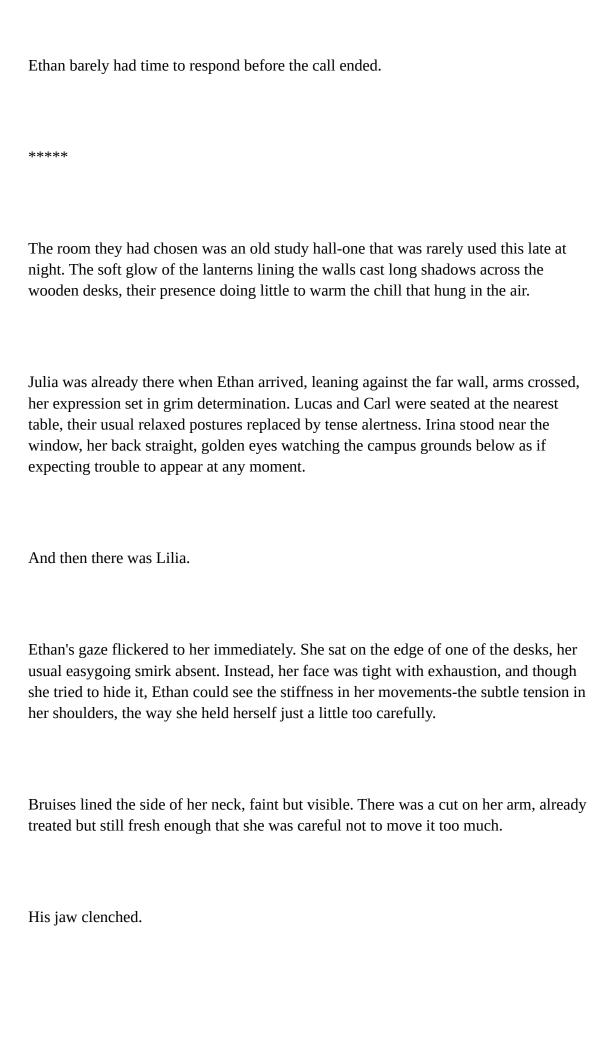
Chapter 928 Aftermath
Ethan walked along the dimly lit pathways of the academy, his hands tucked into his pockets, his mind churning with frustration. The cold night air did little to cool the burning in his chest.
A reprimand and a suspension.
That was the outcome.
That was what they decided after everything.
He clenched his jaw, his fingers curling into fists in his pockets. His body still ached, his ribs sore despite the healing, but the real pain wasn't physical. It was the fact that Melanie had gotten away with it. Again.
The way she had smiled. The way Grayson had protected her so effortlessly.
They had already decided the outcome before he even stepped into that office.
Ethan exhaled slowly, forcing his breath to steady.

"They want me to take this loss. They expect me to just move on like it never happened!





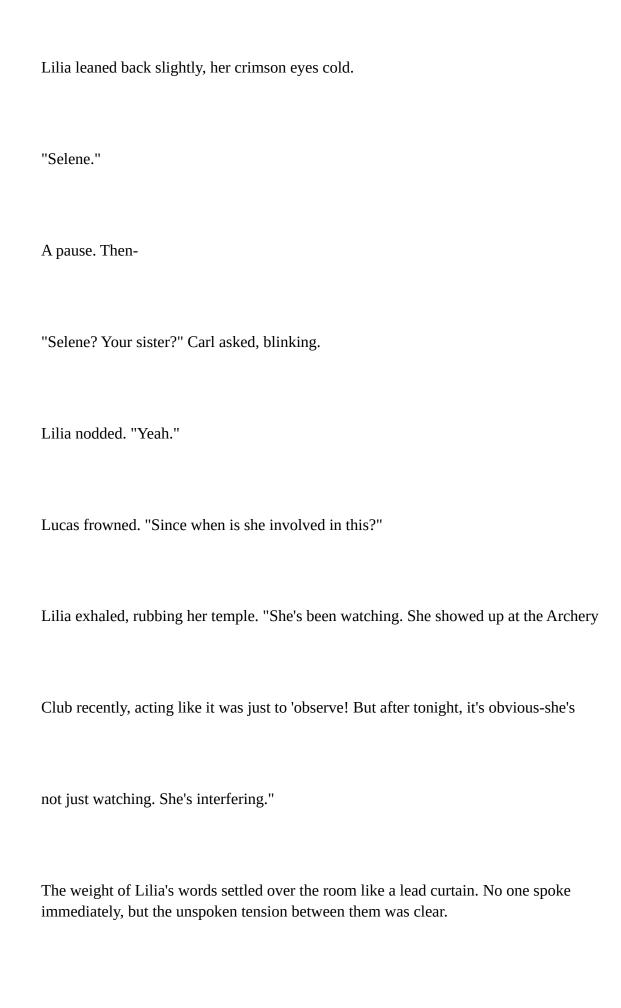


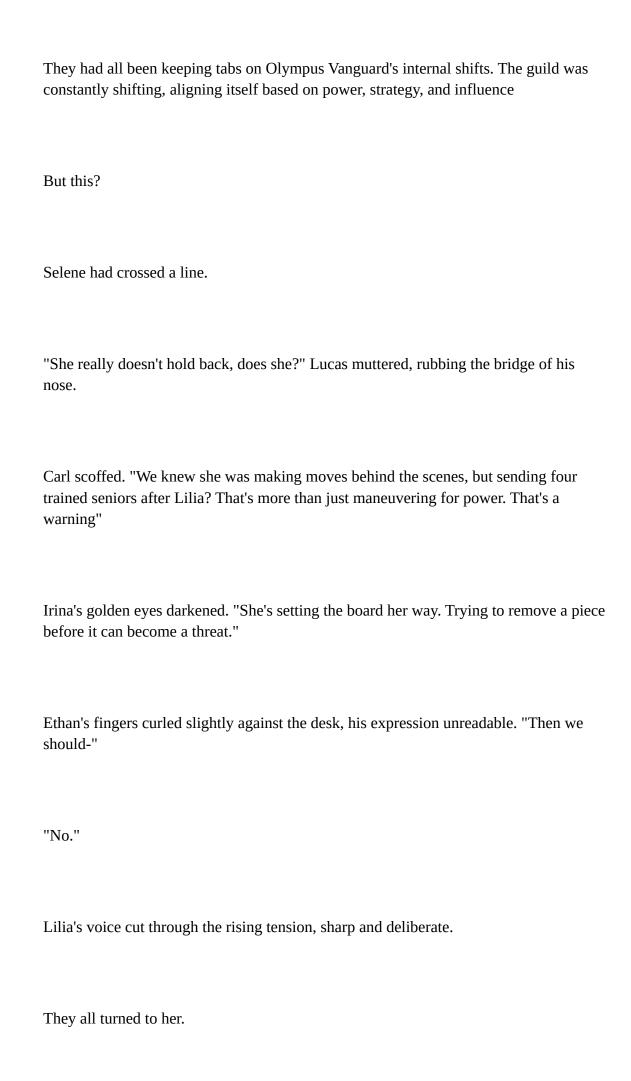




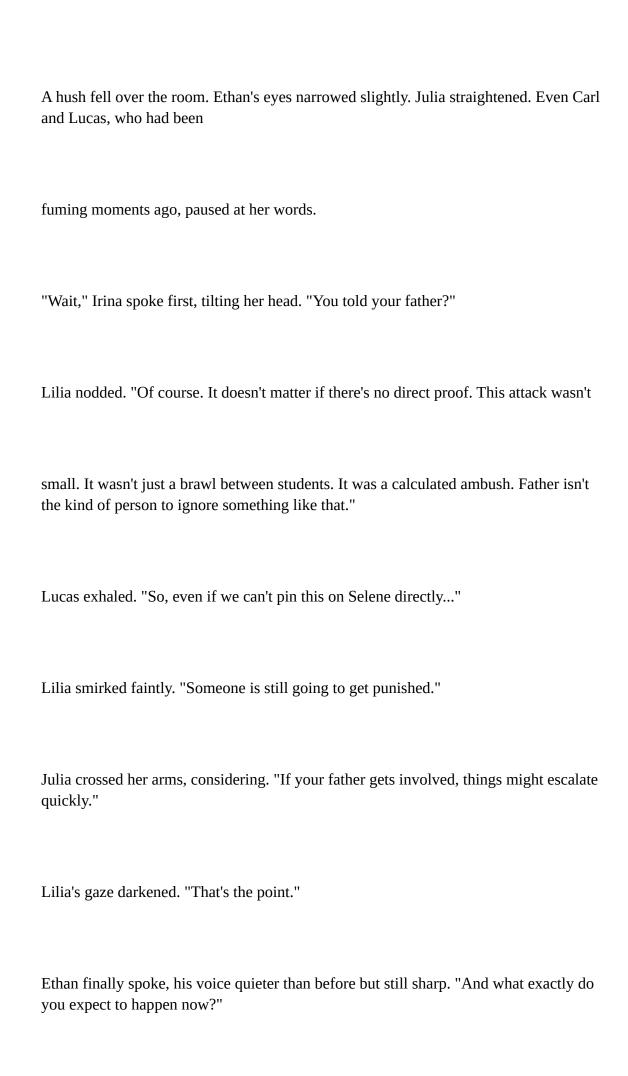
Lilia sighed, rubbing the back of her neck. "Whoever jumped me wasn't trying to kill me. They were just making a point."
The tension in the study hall thickened as Lilia's words settled over the group. Ethan leaned against one of the desks, his arms crossed tightly as his sharp gaze remained fixed on her.
Julia exhaled, tilting her head slightly. "Alright, let's start from the beginning. Tell us exactly what happened."
Lilia rolled her shoulders, wincing slightly at the stiffness still lingering in her muscles. "I was training at the archery grounds when I sensed some people approaching. At first, I ignored it-students come and go there all the time. But then the door to my section opened, and before I knew it, I was dodging a mana strike."
Irina frowned, stepping away from the window. "A direct ambush? In a public training space?"
Lilia let out a dry chuckle. "That's the thing-it wasn't public at the time. The security cameras were 'coincidentally' under maintenance"
Lucas and Carl exchanged a glance.
Julia narrowed her eyes. "So they planned this."







Julia frowned. "What do you mean, no?"
Lilia exhaled, sitting up straighter despite the lingering soreness in her body. "We don't have proof." Carl blinked. "Lilia, you were beaten. How much more proof do you need?"
Lilia shook her head. "Selene's not sloppy. If we try to bring this up now, without evidence, do you know what'll happen?"
Lucas let out a frustrated sigh. "She'll act like she had nothing to do with it."
"Worse," Lilia corrected, her tone bitter. "She'll make it look like I'm trying to put dirt on her. That I'm just being paranoid, bitter over a loss, stirring up trouble where there isn't any."
A silence stretched between them.
Carl let out a breath. "You're right."
Lilia leaned forward, her crimson gaze unwavering.
Lilia leaned forward, her crimson gaze unwavering. "Aside from that," she continued, her voice even but carrying weight, "I already informed Father."



Lilia exhaled, glancing toward the window, the campus bathed in the soft glow of night. She already knew.

"I assume," she said, her voice calm but certain, "that we'll be seeing some drastic changes very soon."