

## The World 51

### Chapter 51: Midterm Examination (5)

I waited for the two to emerge from the shop. We had decided to head back to the lair and report to our leader. Technically, it wasn't necessary since the leader probably already knew, but for the sake of convenience, we were heading back there.

After a few minutes, both of them finally stepped out. They had shed their shop uniforms and were now in battle gear.

Mr. Conrad's machete hung menacingly from his hip, and Miss Arianne wielded a metallic stick, a device capable of morphing into a bow with a simple press of a button. I had already switched into my own gear – brown jeans, a snug black undershirt, and a sleek black leather jacket. Twin holsters adorned my waist, each housing a lethal firearm.

As we prepared to embark on our journey back to the lair, Miss Arianne's voice cut through the air, questioning my decision to accompany them.

"Are you sure you want to join us in heading to the base?" she inquired, her words laced with a hint of curiosity.

"Yes," I responded with conviction, my gaze unwavering.

The atmosphere shifted as she continued, her tone taking on a mischievous note. "Aren't you worried about the fact that your boyfriend is currently alone with another woman in an inn's room? I mean, I

don't know if Princess Titania is the type to let loose, but that young man seems quite adept at seduction and... well, you know, skilled in bed."

I clicked my tongue in annoyance, dismissing her insinuations. "What are you on about? He's not my boyfriend. I don't care what those two get up to if left alone."

"Hmm~" A sly hum resonated from Miss Arianne. "If you say so."

"Arianne, cut it out with the teasing. You don't want to find out how painful Miss Shredica's punch can be," Mr. Conrad warned.

"Oh, come on, Dad. Shredica wouldn't lay a hand on me. She reserves that for the men," she chuckled. "And can't I be intrigued by Shredica's love life? This is practically the first time I've seen her with a young man her age. I've fought alongside her for four years, but never once witnessed her interacting with a man."

I was almost convinced she leaned more towards women, so seeing her with a young man was a shock."

"Well, I was shocked too, seeing her studying so meticulously together with a guy. I thought that this day was the day of the end of the world." Mr. Conrad burst into laughter.

". . . ."

I maintained silence as the two continued their banter, gracefully traversing rooftops on our journey. The cityscape below us painted a canvas of twinkling lights as if celebrating the peculiar spectacle unfolding above.

While navigating the heights, I couldn't help but think that what they were discussing wasn't applicable to me. Romance? I had no time for such frivolities, and a boyfriend was the last thing on my agenda. My focus was set on scaling the peaks of my ambitions, not fumbling in the valleys of fleeting passion. Besides, I had no interest in any man. Sure, I was together with Mr.

Leon, and I figured we'd spend more time together, but my attraction was solely strategic – he was my pawn, a piece in my intricate game. That's the only connection that mattered.

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Titania and I were left alone in the room at the inn. She was attempting to teach me, but her words were simply passing through one ear and out the other.

Titania pouted, "Muu~ Leon, you're so ungrateful," she complained.

"What do you mean? I haven't done anything to be called that, have I?"

"That's where you're wrong. You're not doing anything. What will happen to you tomorrow if you don't study well?" she scolded.

"Even if I fail, I can just retake the exam, you know."

"That's not an option. You'll be excluded from the joint training if you fail," she explained.

"That's fine. I wasn't planning to join anyway."

"That's not fine!" she exclaimed, standing up and placing her hands on her hips. She loomed over me, her gaze piercing. "If you don't participate, I'll be sad!"

I blinked in confusion, "Why would you be sad?"

"B-Because you won't be there," she confessed, her cheeks tinted with a rosy hue. "Geez! You're really forcing me to say it, aren't you?! What I mean is, I want to be with you during the joint training! I-I want to partner up with you! Is that clear?" Turning away with a pout, she muttered, "So ungrateful!"

You should have understood the first time I said it. Why are you making me repeat myself?"

So, that's why she was enduring the task of teaching me, huh? I knew Titania wasn't the type to readily teach anyone, given her pride. But for the sake of ensuring my success and participation in the joint training, she persisted. It seemed she was genuinely invested in making me her follower, and I suspected the same reason applied to teaching her as well.

"Well, if that's the case, then I should take this seriously," I declared.

Titania tried to suppress a smile at my newfound determination, but her lips betrayed her, curling upward. "If that's the case, let's not waste any more time. We have less than thirty minutes, so let's make the most of it. Let's continue with magic spells and theor—?!"

Suddenly, she toppled backward. The movement was so abrupt that even someone as reflexive as me couldn't react in time. It seemed her excitement got the better of her, causing her to lose her balance. Despite the suddenness, I did my best to cushion her fall. Slipping an arm behind her, I positioned my hand to absorb the impact, trying to minimize any potential harm.

Additionally, I attempted to lift her slightly to lessen the impact on her.

We ended up falling together on the floor in the process, but fortunately, it seemed that Titania didn't get hurt. My hand sustained only a minor injury, so that wasn't a significant concern.

"Are you okay?" I asked her just to be sure.

"Ah... Un..." she nodded, her eyes fixed on me. "I didn't get hurt. Thank y—"

It was then that we heard it. Moans echoed from the other side of the room. In an inn, such sounds were only natural. The moans permeated our room, creating an odd and awkward atmosphere, made even more uncomfortable by the fact that I was now on top of Titania.

Titania blushed, and in that moment, she looked even more beautiful. The situation left me uncertain about what to do next. Would it be acceptable to let myself be swept away by the moment? Titania didn't say anything, and I remained silent too. Was it alright to proceed like this? Logically, no.

However, despite my brain signaling otherwise, my body seemed to move on its own, succumbing to the atmosphere. I could sense Titania's body responding in a similar manner.

"Can I touch you?" I asked just to be sure.

She averted her gaze, but the blush persisted. "Go ahead..." she nodded.

With her consent, my hand ventured under her clothes and beneath her bra. I seized the well-developed breasts, and my face drew near to hers. Despite her initial uncertainty, she closed her eyes and pursed her lips. The nipple beneath my touch hardened. While it wasn't my original plan to have sex with Titania so soon, there was no turning back now. My lower region showed no signs of objection either.

However, as our lips hovered inches away from each other, a knock rudely interrupted our moment. "You've got fifteen minutes left before your rental expires. Would you like to extend?"

Immediately, both Titania and I recoiled from each other. I approached the door and informed the person outside that we wouldn't be extending our stay.

The voice on the other side reminded us to prepare to leave soon. I relayed the message to Titania, who, although not making eye contact, agreed that we should get ready. An unmistakable awkwardness lingered in the air, and it wasn't coming from me—I wasn't a virgin. Observing Titania quietly gathering her belongings, her face flushed a shade redder than a tomato. It was evident she was embarrassed.

What should I do?

"Uhm... I'm sorry, I got carried away by the mood," I confessed.

"N-No. It's okay," she replied. "I got carried away too. Anyway, you should be grateful that you got to touch the breast of a princess like me. Where's your gratitude?" Her tone, though not accompanied by direct eye contact, hinted that her attitude was returning to normal, even if the awkwardness lingered.

"I'm grateful for that."

The room still held traces of awkwardness, though it wasn't as palpable. While the days ahead might carry a lingering sense of unease between us, I believed this incident wouldn't mar our friendship.

"Leon," she began after we left the inn. "I don't want you to forget what happened, but I hope at least you won't distance yourself from me because of this. Y-You see, I-I... I don't know why, but I've been feeling different lately. There's this desire to always be close to you, to be together with you. And when we were closer back there, I felt an overwhelming urge to be with you.

I don't understand this feeling; it's the first time I've felt this way, so, um, what I'm trying to say is..." she took hold of my cheeks, tiptoed, and captured my lips. It was an awkward kiss, but it exuded love. "I'm saying that... I really, really want to be with you, so please make sure you pass this exam," she confessed, her face and body ablaze with embarrassment.

I smiled at her, "Don't worry. I'll pass it," I reassured.

She smiled, "Good." It was a breathtaking smile, the first time I witnessed her wearing it. Titania, a proud princess, had momentarily shed that pride just to be with me. She was evolving, transforming bit by bit, and I was confident that in the upcoming days, she'd develop the charisma to amass a significant amount of followers, propelling her toward victory as the next student council president.