

The World 571

Chapter 571 - Nineteenth Year (5)

I relentlessly pounded into Trill's pussy, gripping Yr's delicate hips with firm hands as I used her petite frame to drive myself deeper. The rhythmic collision of our bodies echoed throughout the room, the wet, obscene sounds of flesh meeting flesh reverberating off the walls, intensifying the raw, carnal atmosphere.

At some point, Titania stirred, her body shivering slightly as she recovered from her earlier orgasm. Her eyes gleamed with mischief as she watched me, her lips curving into a seductive smile.

"You really are working hard, Leon," she teased, her voice dripping with playful wickedness. "Are you enjoying your surprise that much?"

I was utterly lost in the pleasure, my body driven by pure, primal instinct. Not only was this an unparalleled experience, but the sheer thrill of it was magnified by how unexpected it was. A foursome with my three girlfriends—I had anticipated that something like this might happen eventually, but I never expected it to be tonight.

Titania glided over to my side, her movements graceful and tantalizing. She wrapped her arms around my neck, pressing her soft, warm body against mine as she pulled me into a deep, sensual kiss. Her tongue slipped into my mouth with practiced ease, swirling around my own in slow, deliberate motions, teasing and tasting me as our mouths danced together.

The lewd, wet sounds of our passionate kiss mingled with the obscene symphony of flesh slapping against flesh, accompanied by Trill's sweet, desperate moans beneath me. Her body trembled with every forceful thrust, her pussy tightening around my cock as she writhed in pleasure.

Yr, perched atop Trill, looked back at me over her shoulder, her eyes wide and pleading, her cheeks flushed a deep crimson. Her petite frame quivered, her breaths ragged as she watched me mercilessly fuck Trill. The desperate longing in her gaze was unmistakable.

After a few more powerful thrusts into Trill's dripping pussy, I prepared to switch to Yr, my cock throbbing with anticipation. But before I could pull out...

"Let me," Titania purred, her voice sultry and commanding. Her delicate fingers wrapped around my slick shaft, guiding me as she slowly withdrew from Trill's stretched, twitching pussy. Then, with a wicked smile, she aimed my cock at Yr's smaller, tighter entrance.

I didn't hesitate. With a powerful thrust, I drove myself deep inside her. Yr's body stiffened, her back arching as her tight folds struggled to accommodate my girth. Unlike before, her walls parted more easily, her pussy yielding to me inch by inch, the intense heat enveloping me completely.

"Ah... Haaa..."

Yr's breathy moans were like music, her voice trembling with each inch that filled her. Her tight walls clung desperately to my cock, squeezing and massaging me with every movement.

"Aaah... Ahhhh!"

I sank my entire length into her, my tip pressing firmly against her cervix. The sensation of her inner walls molding to my shape was electrifying, a feeling of absolute conquest that made my blood surge.

"Ahh, aaaah... Hnnn..."

I tightened my grip on her delicate hips, my fingers digging into her soft skin as I began to pound into her with unrelenting force. Titania's lips found mine again, her mouth hot and hungry as her tongue invaded me, her large, supple breasts pressing against my side, their softness molding against my body.

"Aaah, aaaahn, aah! Aaaaah, aaaah, so-so rough... good... So good... Aaaaah...~!"

Yr's voice was a heavenly melody, her cries of pleasure echoing through the room as I ravaged her tight, quivering pussy. Her walls tightened around me with each thrust, the soft ridges and silky flesh wrapping around my cock like a warm, velvety vice, refusing to let go.

The sensation was overwhelming, like being enveloped in the sweetest, most sinful embrace. Her pussy was so tight, so hot, squeezing me as if trying to milk me dry. The pleasure was intoxicating, a dizzying euphoria that made my body move on pure instinct, thrusting harder and faster into her.

It felt like I was lost in time, completely submerged in the ecstasy of it all. It reminded me of the carefree days of my childhood, those moments of wild excitement where nothing else mattered, where I could lose myself completely without a single worry.

After thoroughly ravaging Yr's trembling body, I pulled out and immediately plunged back into Trill, her pussy twitching eagerly as it welcomed me back. Her slick, velvety walls enveloped me, clenching around my shaft with desperate need. I alternated between the two, relentlessly filling them both, my cock stretching their tight, dripping pussies to the brim.

"Ahhh, aaah, aaah, aahhh, aaaahnnn~!"

"Ahhh, aaaah, aaaah, aaahhhhh~!"

Their voices harmonized, an exquisite symphony of pleasure that filled the room. I didn't hold back, driving into them mercilessly, my cock plunging into their sopping wet pussies, again and again, each thrust harder and deeper than the last.

Their bodies writhed beneath me, trembling with ecstasy as they lost themselves in pleasure. At some point, overwhelmed by the sensations, Yr and Trill turned to each other, their lips colliding in a heated, passionate kiss. Their tongues tangled together, their moans mixing as they surrendered to their desires.

Watching them kiss while I fucked them both was beyond erotic, the sheer lewdness of the scene driving me wild. Titania clung to me, her mouth hungrily devouring mine, her body pressing against me as if trying to merge with me.

It was as if we were all connected, our bodies moving in perfect, synchronized rhythm. My cock buried deep inside them, their lips locked in a passionate kiss, and Titania's tongue dancing with mine.

The room was filled with the sounds of raw, unbridled pleasure—the wet, obscene sounds of bodies colliding, the sweet, desperate moans of the girls, and the rhythmic slapping of flesh on flesh. It was a symphony of lust, a crescendo of ecstasy that seemed to echo endlessly.

I lost myself in the overwhelming sensations, my body driven by pure instinct, my mind blank with pleasure. I didn't stop, didn't relent, my hips moving with relentless vigor as I fucked them both mercilessly, their tight, dripping pussies squeezing me with every thrust.

It was pure, unadulterated bliss.

Chapter 572 - Nineteenth Year (6)

I thrust into their sopping, messy pussies, switching between them with each powerful movement. Every time my cock plunged into their tight, wet depths, obscene squelching sounds echoed through the room, accompanied by their sweet, wanton moans.

"Aaah, ah, ah, ah, aaah, aaahnn~! Aaah, aaah, yaaan, aaah~!"

"Aaah, ah, ah, aah, aaah, fuaaah, aaah, yaaan, aaaah~!"

Their pussies grew wetter with every thrust, coating my cock in their slick juices, making each movement smoother and more intense. I watched as my shaft gleamed, drenched in their arousal, plunging in and out of their swollen, needy folds.

"Aah, aaah, aaah, aah, mnnn..."

"Mnnnn, aaah, mmmm..."

Their lips locked together, tongues entwining as they kissed each other passionately, their moans muffled by the sloppy embrace. The wet, lewd sounds of their mouths meeting only fueled my desire as I continued pounding into them. Meanwhile, Titania's mouth never left mine, her tongue greedily sucking on mine, her lips warm and soft.

I thrust into them relentlessly, switching after each powerful plunge while they continued to kiss. The pace was so fast, so seamless, that it felt as if I were fucking one person, their bodies perfectly synchronized in pleasure. Their pussies gripped me tightly, their inner walls clamping down with each thrust, their hips moving in rhythm with my movements.

"Hmmm, nnnaaa, aaah... I feel... Ahhhh!"

"Aaah, hnnn, aaah, aaaah, aaaah!"

Suddenly, they pulled away from each other, their lips parting with a lewd, wet pop, strings of saliva connecting them before snapping. At the same time, their pussies started tightening around me, their muscles quivering as they neared their climax.

"Aaah, I'm about to cum...! Cum... cumming... I'm cumming soon..."

"Aaahh, aaah, aaahh, ah, aaah, aaah~!"

Their voices were breathless, trembling with anticipation. Their bodies pressed together, breasts squishing against each other as they held each other close, faces flushed with ecstasy.

"Let's cum... together...! Yr...! C-Cum together... All of us... cum together!" Trill moaned, her voice thick with lust as she pulled Yr closer, their bodies intertwining even more.

I felt my orgasm building as well, a fierce, overwhelming pressure that surged through me. My thrusts grew stronger, deeper, timing each powerful plunge to match their impending climaxes. Titania's lips were captured once more by mine, our tongues dancing as my need to release grew more intense.

"Aahhhnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~!!!"

"Uaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Their bodies tensed, backs arching as they came simultaneously, their pussies spasming and clenching around my cock, milking me with ferocious tightness. That was all it took.

I groaned as my own orgasm hit, a blinding rush of pleasure that surged through me. I drove myself deep into Trill first, my cock throbbing as hot jets of cum burst forth, flooding her womb. Her insides quivered, her body shuddering as she was filled, her belly swelling slightly from the sheer volume.

"Haaaaaaa~! Aahh, aaah, ahnn~!"

Without wasting a moment, I pulled out of her dripping, stretched pussy, strings of cum connecting us before I plunged into Yr's slick entrance. Her walls were just as tight, just as hungry, and I emptied myself inside her, pouring load after load until her womb expanded as well, distended with my seed.

"Uaah... Aahh, aahh, ahhh, hnnnn... Ah~!"

I withdrew from her slowly, my cock glistening with a mixture of our fluids. Cum oozed from Yr's stretched hole, flowing down and pooling onto Trill's crotch, where it mingled with her own overflowing juices. The combined fluids dripped onto the bedsheets, staining them with the evidence of our intense, raw union.

"Aaahh, haaa, haa... Haaa... Haa..."

"Haa... Haa, haa... Haaa..."

Their chests heaved as they gasped for air, their bodies pressed together, trembling with the aftershocks of their shared climax. Their skin was flushed, glistening with sweat, their faces wearing expressions of pure, blissful exhaustion.

"So, Leon..." Titania's voice broke through the lingering haze of pleasure. Her tone was sweet, playful, yet dripping with lewdness. Her eyes glinted mischievously as she lay back, spreading her legs wide for me, her drenched pussy still twitching from arousal.

"Did you have a good time?" Her words were sultry, teasing, her body on full display as she beckoned me closer.

"Now then, would you want some more?"

Her invitation was irresistible. I immediately covered her body with mine, my cock sliding into her slick entrance with ease. Her tight heat enveloped me completely, her pussy squeezing me greedily.

"Ah! Your cock... It's inside me! So good!"

I claimed her breasts with my mouth, wrapping my lips around one pert nipple while my fingers teased the other. Her taste was sweet, her body soft and warm beneath me.

"You sure love breasts, Leon." Titania looked down at me, her eyes half-lidded with pleasure as I suckled on her nipple. "But you don't only like big ones, right? Considering you also like Yr's."

"Well, I like boobs of all sizes," I replied before thrusting into her deeply, earning a loud, shameless moan from her. Her body rocked beneath me, her hips rising to meet every powerful plunge.

"Aahh, yess... Aah, aaah, aaahh, nnnaa, aaah, hhhnnn, aaah~"

Her voice was musical, a symphony of pleasure that filled the room. Her pussy clenched around me with each thrust, her insides rippling as she approached her climax once more. I alternated between her nipples, sucking and licking, then pinching the other, drawing even louder cries from her.

"Aahh, aaah, hhhaaa, ahhh, so good~! So good~!!!"

My cock moved relentlessly within her, plunging deeper and harder, feeling her walls tighten and tremble around me. Her moans grew louder, more desperate, her body writhing beneath me as I pushed her closer to the edge.

"Aaahnngg~, aaah, aaah, aaahnn~!!!"

The room was filled with the erotic sounds of our coupling—skin slapping against skin, wet, lewd noises from our joining, and Titania's shameless moans echoing against the walls.

I continued to pound into her, relentless and powerful, driven by the overwhelming need to make her climax again. Her body arched, her legs wrapping around my waist as she pulled me in deeper, her inner muscles squeezing me with mind-numbing intensity.

"Aaahhhnnn, aaa, yaaann~!!!"

The pressure built once more, ready to explode as Titania's cries grew louder, her body quivering on the brink of release. And I was ready to push her over the edge... again.

Chapter 573 - Nineteenth Year (7)

I came inside Titania again, flooding her with my thick, hot cum. Her pussy clenched tightly around my cock, her inner walls spasming uncontrollably as they milked every drop from my throbbing shaft. The rhythmic contractions were relentless, squeezing me with a desperate hunger that refused to let go until I was completely drained.

"Haaa... That felt really good~" Titania murmured, her voice weak and trembling with lingering pleasure. Her face was flushed, eyes glazed with ecstasy as her body lay limp and satisfied beneath me, a dazed smile curling on her lips.

I slowly pulled out, watching as my cum dripped from her gaping pussy, a lewd trail connecting us before it snapped, pooling beneath her. Her womanhood twitched, still spasming from the intense orgasm, and the sight stirred my arousal once more.

Before I could catch my breath, Trill approached me, her eyes locked on my glistening cock.

"Let me clean that," she purred seductively, lowering herself before taking my shaft into her warm mouth. Her soft lips sealed around the sensitive head, and she began to suck with a slow, deliberate rhythm, her tongue swirling around the tip, coaxing out the last remnants of cum.

A shiver ran through my spine as I felt her skilled mouth work its magic, the wet, obscene sounds echoing in the room. I placed my hand on the back of her head, guiding her gently as she continued to suck, her cheeks hollowing with each pull.

Trill's eyes met mine, full of lust, as she kept sucking with an insatiable hunger. Finally, she pulled back, a trail of saliva connecting her lips to my cock. She opened her mouth, revealing the thick load she had gathered on her tongue before swallowing it in one go.

"Your cum is always so thick, Leon," she teased, licking her lips seductively, making sure not to waste a single drop. Her expression was pure lust, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

"Me too..." Yr suddenly chimed in, her eyes filled with longing. Without warning, she grabbed Trill's face and pulled her into a deep, passionate kiss. Their tongues intertwined, dancing wildly as Yr tried to taste the remnants of my seed from Trill's mouth.

But Trill had already swallowed it all, leaving Yr disappointed as she pulled away, a thin string of saliva stretching between their lips before breaking. "Aw, there's nothing left..."

Yr's eyes then drifted to Titania's pussy, still leaking my cum. Driven by desire, she moved between Titania's trembling legs, her face hovering just above the messy, dripping slit. With a small grin, Yr's tongue darted out, tracing the slick folds before she started lapping up the flowing sperm.

"Ah... Ah, ahhnnn, ah! Y-Yr! I just orgasmed!" Titania cried out, her body convulsing as fresh waves of pleasure surged through her overstimulated nerves. Her legs trembled, toes curling as Yr's tongue relentlessly explored every crevice, savoring every drop of cum.

Ignoring Titania's pleas, Yr continued her merciless assault, moaning as she tasted the mixture of juices. The sight was unbearably erotic, and my cock throbbed, aching for release once more.

I moved behind Yr, positioning myself as my swollen shaft pressed against her dripping entrance. Her pussy was already soaked, ready to take me in. Without hesitation, I pushed forward, feeling her tight walls stretch and wrap around my cock as I drove deep inside her.

Yr's body shuddered, her moans muffled as she continued licking Titania's cunt, her hips instinctively grinding back against me, desperate for more. I gripped her firm, round ass with both hands, pulling her closer as I began to thrust with powerful, rhythmic strokes.

"Ahhh! Ahh, n-noo...! D-Don't suck it...! Aahhhhhnn~!!!" Titania's screams echoed through the room, her back arching as Yr's relentless tongue pushed her into another climax.

"Nmmm... Nn... Mnnn... Nnnn..." Yr's muffled moans vibrated against Titania's pussy, her own cunt tightening around my cock as I continued to pound her from behind. Her body trembled uncontrollably, trapped between my merciless thrusts and her obsessive desire to taste every drop of cum from Titania.

Trill approached from behind, pressing her voluptuous breasts against my back, her hard nipples poking through her soft skin. Her hands roamed over my chest, fingers teasing my sensitive nipples as she licked the nape of my neck, her hot breath sending shivers down my spine.

The sensation was overwhelming, pleasure flooding every nerve as I continued to ravage Yr's tight pussy. Her walls clenched around me, milking my cock with desperate intensity as she moaned helplessly into Titania's drenched folds.

I felt my climax building, my thrusts becoming erratic as I lost control. With one final, deep plunge, I buried myself inside Yr, my cock throbbing as I erupted, filling her with my hot, thick cum.

Yr screamed in ecstasy, her body convulsing as she came, her pussy tightening around me as if trying to squeeze out every drop. Her tongue continued to lap at Titania's clit, sending the trembling woman into another orgasm.

But I wasn't finished. Turning to Trill, I pushed her down, her legs spreading eagerly as she gazed up at me with anticipation. Her wet, inviting pussy glistened, ready to be filled.

"So good~! I love it! I love it! I love your cock! It's filling me so much! I love you~!!! Nnnnnnnn~!!!" Trill cried out as I plunged into her, her body arching as I drove myself deep. Her inner walls gripped me, squeezing rhythmically as I pounded her with unrelenting force.

Her moans grew louder, her nails digging into my back as she clung to me, her body writhing beneath my relentless assault. Her face twisted in pleasure, eyes rolling back as she lost herself to the overwhelming sensations.

I could feel her tightening around me, her pussy spasming as she neared climax. Unable to hold back any longer, I drove myself as deep as possible, my cock pulsing as I came inside her. Trill screamed, her body arching as she came hard, her pussy clenching and milking my cock as her juices gushed around me.

After our intense session, we decided to take a short break and showered together. But our naked, wet bodies pressed against each other reignited our desires.

Chapter 574 - Nineteenth Year (8)

"Ahhh, ahh! Aaaaah! Hnnnn, aaah, aaah, aaahhhnnn, aaaah, yaaan, aaah, haaaa, aaaah!!! Hnnn!!!"

Yr's voice echoed off the tiled bathroom walls as I lifted her by the thighs, her back pressed firmly against me. Her legs were spread wide, and I thrust upward, my cock buried deep inside her dripping pussy. The wet, lewd sounds of our bodies colliding filled the room, mingling with her cries of pleasure.

Her head fell back onto my shoulder, her mouth open as she moaned shamelessly, her body trembling with each powerful thrust. The sensation of her tight, hot walls squeezing me was intoxicating, driving me to pound her even harder.

My cock plunged in and out of Yr's tight, quivering pussy as I lifted her effortlessly, her petite body bouncing in my grasp. Her weight was almost nonexistent, allowing me to move her up and down with ease, each thrust sending her moaning wildly.

"Aah, fuuaah, aaah, aaah!" Her voice was high-pitched, breathless with pleasure, her body trembling as she clung to me, completely at my mercy. Her pussy clenched around my cock, squeezing rhythmically, desperate for more.

It was almost like using an onahole, her light frame allowing me to control every motion, every thrust perfectly synchronized with my own movements. Her inner walls spasmed, tightening around me as I slammed into her again and again.

"This is for the thing you've done earlier," Titania's voice chimed in playfully. She kneeled down in front of me, her eyes glued to the obscene connection between my cock and Yr's dripping pussy. Her gaze was curious, almost mesmerized as she watched my shaft plunging in and out, glistening with Yr's juices.

"Oh, so it looks like this... This is the first time I've seen it this close. So this is how sex is like... It's wonderful how Leon's cock can stretch out such a tiny hole." Her words were laced with fascination and lust, her cheeks flushed as she observed the lewd spectacle inches from her face.

"Ah..." Yr moaned softly, her voice trembling as Titania's intense gaze only seemed to amplify her pleasure. Her pussy tightened even more, hugging my cock as if trying to keep me buried deep inside her.

Then, Titania's tongue flicked out, lightly teasing Yr's swollen clit, the sensitive nub twitching under her delicate touch. She trailed her tongue down, licking along the length of my shaft where it entered Yr, her warm, wet tongue sending shivers up my spine.

"Ahhh, n-noo... Fuhiii!!! Aaaahn, aaah, aaaah, yaaaaaan~! Ah, ah! Don't lick there... Kuhiiii!?! Ahhhhh!" Yr cried out, her body shaking uncontrollably as her pussy clamped down on me, the intense sensation almost unbearable. Her legs quivered as her hips bucked helplessly, grinding against my cock as if begging for more.

Titania continued her playful torment, her tongue skillfully dancing over Yr's clit before swirling around the base of my shaft, licking the spot that hadn't fully entered. Her saliva mixed with Yr's juices, creating a slick, sticky mess that coated my cock, making each thrust even more obscene.

"Aaah, nooo~!!! Aaah, yaaan, fuaaaaah...!!!"

I was already overwhelmed by the tightness of Yr's pussy and the sensation of Titania's teasing tongue, but then I felt something wet and warm flick against my ass. My eyes widened as I looked over my shoulder, seeing Trill behind me, her face buried between my ass cheeks. Her tongue was moving expertly, trailing down to my balls, licking and sucking as her hands gripped my hips, pulling me closer.

"Kuh... Nghh..." I groaned, my body shuddering as the overwhelming pleasure threatened to break my composure. Trill's tongue swirled around my entrance, teasing the sensitive area before trailing down to my balls, sucking them into her mouth one by one, her tongue swirling around each orb.

My body jerked involuntarily, the combined sensations from Yr's tight pussy, Titania's playful licking, and Trill's rimming driving me to the edge. It was sensory overload, my nerves tingling as waves of ecstasy crashed over me.

"Aaah, yaaan, hhhnnn, aaaah, fuaaaaaaah!? Leon, I'm going to fly~!!! Yr's going to fly againnnn~!!!! Leon!!!!"

Yr's pussy spasmed around me, her orgasm hitting her hard as her entire body shook in my grasp.

"Flyingggggggggggg~!!!"

Her juices gushed out, coating my cock as her inner walls convulsed, milking me mercilessly. Her voice was hoarse, screaming my name as she lost herself to the pleasure.

Titania lapped up the overflowing juices hungrily, her tongue greedily tasting the mixture of my cock and Yr's cum. Her eyes were hazy with lust as she continued to lick, her mouth sucking on Yr's clit, prolonging her orgasm.

Meanwhile, Trill's tongue never stopped its wicked dance, flicking over my entrance before moving to my balls, her mouth sucking and licking with fervor. Her hot breath tickled my sensitive skin, her hands caressing my thighs as she continued her relentless assault.

The overwhelming stimulation was too much. My cock throbbed, swelling inside Yr as I felt my climax building, my balls tightening as the pressure became unbearable. With a guttural groan, I thrust deep into Yr one last time, burying myself to the hilt as I came hard, my cock pulsing as I flooded her womb with my thick, hot cum.

"Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!? Nooooooooo!!! Ah, aaaah!? Aaah, so hottttt!!!"

Yr's body convulsed, another orgasm ripping through her as she felt my seed pouring into her, filling her to the brim. Her pussy tightened, milking every drop.

Titania watched in awe, her fingers plunging into her own dripping pussy as she witnessed the intense climax. Her own body shuddered, cumming just from the sight alone.

Trill licked her lips, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction as she watched my body tremble from the mind-numbing orgasm. Her hands continued to caress my thighs, soothing me as I slowly came down from the high.

As I looked at the three beautiful women surrounding me, their bodies covered in sweat and cum, I couldn't help but think that this was the best birthday present I could ever ask for.

Chapter 575 - New Motives (1)

Three weeks had passed since the surprise birthday celebration my three girlfriends had arranged for me.

Under normal circumstances, today would be just another ordinary day. But something had been off since the very beginning of the school year, a lingering tension that refused to settle. It was like a faint whisper at the back of my mind, something I couldn't quite grasp yet couldn't ignore either.

And the reason for that unease? Duncan and Raymond.

The two had been missing from class ever since the start of the semester. At first, I brushed it off, thinking they would return soon, but as the days turned to weeks, their absence became impossible to ignore. It was as if they had simply vanished.

What the hell were those two up to? Their rankings in class had been plummeting, their chances of moving up to the upper class slipping through their fingers like grains of sand. If they kept this up, they'd be left behind completely, their futures spiraling into uncertainty.

A strange feeling twisted in my chest—worry, irritation, and a creeping suspicion that someone knew more than they were letting on.

And that someone was Estelle.

Determined to get some answers, I sought her out.

"I don't know."

The moment I found her sitting in the cafeteria, effortlessly elegant even as she picked at her meal, those words left her lips without a shred of hesitation. A small shrug accompanied her response, her expression unreadable, her eyes flickering with a hint of amusement.

"You don't know?" I repeated, my brows furrowing. "But didn't you go on a date with Duncan and drag Raymond along? Something must have happened. Did you do something to make them act this way?"

She sighed dramatically, setting her fork down with an audible clink against the porcelain plate. "Big bro, why do you sound like you're blaming me?" Her lips pursed, annoyance creeping into her voice. "I really don't know anything this time."

I studied her carefully, searching for any sign of deceit. Estelle was good at hiding things when she wanted to, but this time... she didn't seem like she was lying.

It was difficult to believe her outright, but since she didn't seem to be lying, I decided to press her for any small details she might remember.

"Then at least tell me what you do know," I pressed.

She exhaled, as if debating whether or not to humor me, before finally relenting.

"Like I said, I don't know much," she admitted, tapping her fingers against the table. "We were just walking together, the three of us, when suddenly, those two started arguing out of nowhere. I didn't catch what they were fighting about, and honestly? I wasn't interested." She rolled her eyes, as if the whole ordeal had been nothing more than an inconvenience to her. "But then, they overheard some adventurer talking about a big lump of gen hidden in a dungeon near a prince's country—a Principality, I think. And just like that, they said goodbye and left. I was just as confused as you are."

I narrowed my eyes, letting her words sink in. A dungeon? A Principality? What the hell had those idiots gotten themselves into?

I wasn't sure whether to believe her completely, but she looked sincere enough. There was no hesitation in her words, no flicker of deception in her gaze. Yet, a part of me remained wary, unwilling to take things at face value.

While I had no solid reason to believe her, I also couldn't accuse her of lying. The best course of action was to remain neutral and keep both possibilities in mind.

"A Principality, huh?" I muttered, the words rolling off my tongue like an ominous whisper.

"Yeah, I forgot the name, but it was a small country ruled by a prince." Estelle leaned forward slightly, a smirk creeping onto her lips. "What? Are you planning to go after them, big bro?"

I sighed, rubbing my temple. "I guess I have no choice. I am getting worried about them."

"Then let me come too!" she chirped, her eyes lighting up with excitement.

I immediately recoiled. "Uh? No. I'd rather not."

"Aw~... But I miss Senior Duncan too!" She pouted dramatically, crossing her arms. "I mean, after our date, he just disappeared! I haven't gotten any lovey-dovey time with him at all! He's my boyfriend, big bro!"

Before I could react, she grabbed my hand and started shaking it insistently, her fingers tightening around mine. A playful gleam danced in her eyes.

I sighed, rubbing the back of my head. "Well, I guess you can join."

"Really?! Yay~!!!"

Estelle looked really happy...

Also, this couldn't have been mere coincidence, could it?

The words of those two adventurers I had spoken to three weeks ago echoed in my mind. According to them, Rose was in the Principality of Cohona. If my assumption was correct, the Principality Estelle just mentioned was the same one. A slow, burning anticipation curled within me. Depending on how things unfolded, I might have the chance to bring Rose back into my life.

As I conversed with Estelle, a faint murmur stirred behind me—just loud enough to reach my ears. The hushed whispers carried a weight of intrigue and disdain, creeping into the air like venomous tendrils.

"That's him, isn't it?"

"Yeah... I heard he's dating three girls at the same time."

"Two of them are princesses—one from a kingdom, the other from a beast tribe."

"I saw them just yesterday. The princesses? Absolute knockouts. And even though the other one can't compare in the bust department, she's cute as hell. Can't believe that guy has all three to himself."

"Not just that. I heard he's already fucked them. Right in his dorm room."

"Lucky bastard. I hope he dies."

"Seriously. How does someone like him get to live the dream? He doesn't even have an ability."

"Think he's going after that girl over there too?"

"Wouldn't put it past him. With how many girls he already has, it's not like it'd be impossible. If that happens, though, he's an absolute scumbag for cucking his friend."

It seemed that malicious rumors about me had spread like wildfire among the underclassmen, circulating at an alarming pace despite the school year having only just begun.

I never imagined I'd gain this kind of reputation at the academy. But in the grand scheme of things, did it even matter?

Estelle chuckled beside me, her eyes shimmering with amusement as she propped her chin on her hand.
"Not looking too great for you, big bro. At least, reputation-wise."

I merely shrugged, letting the weight of their words roll off me like rain against stone. "I don't care about my reputation. Or what others think of me."

They could think of me however they pleased—call me vile, detestable, or anything else that satisfied their pathetic envy. Let them gossip and sneer in their little corners. None of it mattered to me. None of it mattered to me in the slightest.

Estelle and I made plans to travel to the Principality of Cohona over the weekend. To make things more convenient, I asked Gabrielle to assist us with transportation. Driving myself would have been preferable—the roads leading there were well-paved, making the journey by car effortless—but I had no interest in dealing with the questions that would inevitably arise. But explaining how a young man like me had access to such a vehicle would have been a hassle. It was far easier to have an adult with a legitimate occupation accompany us.

The days drifted by, indifferent to the trivialities of the world. Soon enough, the day of our departure arrived.

"Whoa!" Estelle's eyes widened as she took in the sleek vehicle before us. The glossy exterior reflected the early morning sunlight, giving it an almost ethereal sheen. "I never expected to ride in one of these! This is so cool!"

I arched a brow. "Is this your first time in a car?"

"Well, up until now, I've basically been living under a rock, completely unaware of what was happening in the world around me. So yeah." She gave a sheepish shrug.

For some reason, that admission struck a chord in me. I had never given much thought to Estelle's past before she enrolled in the academy—never asked, never pried, partly because I had my suspicions about her. But now, I couldn't help but wonder if she had endured a rough life.

"Are you two ready?" Gabrielle called from the front seat.

After we confirmed, she started the engine, and with a smooth hum, the car lurched forward, gaining speed as it merged onto the road. The world outside blurred past in streaks of green and gray, the countryside stretching endlessly on both sides.

The journey ahead would take an hour, perhaps two.

The gentle hum of the engine, combined with the warmth of the morning sun filtering through the windows, made it the perfect moment to close my eyes.

Leaning back against the seat, I shut my eyes. This was as good a time as any to get some rest.

Might as well take this time to rest.

Chapter 576 - New Motives (2)

At long last, we had arrived.

The Principality of Cohona—a land so small it barely registered on most maps, with a population that struggled to reach even tens of thousands. A place once tethered to a kingdom that had long since crumbled into dust, leaving this fragment of history to carve out its own fate. When the kingdom fell, the duchy that once served it broke free and declared itself a principality. But freedom, as it turned out, did not bring prosperity.

The air here was thick with stagnation, carrying the scent of damp stone and unwashed bodies. The buildings that lined the streets were a mismatched blend of decay and reluctant endurance, their wooden frames warped with time, their roofs barely holding together under layers of patchwork repairs. Though the roads were paved, a jarring contrast to the dilapidated homes, the uneven stones bore cracks like veins of a dying land.

At the entrance, a handful of guards stood watch. Their leather and chainmail armor bore the marks of wear and age, dull and poorly maintained. They clutched spears that had likely seen more rust than battle, their expressions hollow with the kind of exhaustion that came from living under a ruler who bled his people dry.

This country was rotting from the inside out.

The so-called prince—if one could even call that slob a ruler—was a grotesque caricature of gluttony, a parasite who gorged himself on the hard-earned taxes of his suffering people. Meanwhile, his citizens lived in squalor, trapped in a cycle of poverty so deep they couldn't even dream of escape. They had no means to start over elsewhere, no way to flee this prison of a nation.

A miserable place. But then again, was there any country in this world that wasn't drowning in corruption and suffering?

The only thing Cohona had going for it was the wealth buried beneath its land—dungeons teeming with precious gems and crystals. Because of this, adventurers flocked here, seeking fortune amid the filth. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if those so-called guards were adventurers themselves, taking up mercenary work in between expeditions.

"Tch. This country sucks~!" Estelle's voice carried a distinct note of distaste as she scrunched her nose, crossing her arms while taking in the bleak surroundings.

We had barely set foot in the principality, and she was already voicing her complaints.

Gabrielle, on the other hand, wasn't with us. She had mentioned meeting a friend near this region and planned to rejoin us after we had finished our business here. I had no idea who she was referring to, but given that Gabrielle had spent part of her childhood in this area, it wasn't surprising that she had connections.

"You shouldn't say things like that when you're right in the middle of the country," I muttered, though I understood where she was coming from.

Even I, after indulging in the luxuries of the Kingdom of Milham, could feel the weight of the squalor pressing down on me.

Everything about this place felt wrong. The modern roads were an illusion of progress, failing to mask the crumbling homes and desperate people that surrounded them. The world here was drained of vibrancy, leaving behind only shades of muted brown and gray. The air itself carried a weight, as if burdened by the suffering of those who walked these streets.

I exhaled, forcing down the unease creeping into my chest.

"Hmm... Now then, where should we begin?"

Duncan and Raymond—those were the ones we had come here for. But in a place like this, where information was as valuable as the gems buried deep underground, finding them wouldn't be easy.

Perhaps the best place to start was the adventurer's guild. If there was anywhere in this forsaken land where rumors flowed freely, it would be there. And if I was lucky, I might even find a lead on the dungeon that held the richest veins of gems.

As I approached, the murmurs of the gathered crowd blended into a single hum of anticipation. The fountain at the city's heart, a once-grand centerpiece now worn and chipped, served as a makeshift stage for a lone performer.

A woman stood atop the fountain's edge. Dressed in a flowing cloak with patches of faded embroidery, she held a worn lute in her hands. Her fingers danced over the strings, coaxing a haunting melody from the instrument—a song that carried a weight deeper than mere entertainment.

Then, she sang.

"Oh, the prince sits high on a throne of gold,

While the people shiver in the cold.

He drinks fine wine from stolen coin,

As children starve and beg for loins."

Her voice was rich, steady, yet laced with sorrow, each word cutting through the hush that had fallen over the audience.

"The roads are paved, the paths seem bright,

Yet homes crumble in the dead of night.

The prince feasts well, his belly round,

While graves grow plenty in this town."

A few nervous glances darted through the crowd. This was dangerous—singing about the prince's corruption so openly. And yet, no one interrupted her. If anything, people leaned in closer, as if starved for the truth she wove into her lyrics.

"The guards they stand with rusted steel,

No strength to fight, no power to wield.

For who defends the weak and poor,

When greed locks every open door?"

The bard's voice grew sharper, her eyes scanning the crowd as if challenging them to acknowledge what they already knew.

"Oh, tell me, people, will you stay?

Bound in chains you wear each day?

Or shall you rise, shall you fight?

Shall you reclaim what is your right?"

A heavy silence settled over the square as the last note faded into the air. The air seemed to crackle with an unspoken tension, a mixture of fear, frustration, and a flicker of something dangerous—hope.

I narrowed my eyes, studying the woman. She wasn't just singing. This was a call to arms, a spark in the dry kindling of a desperate people.

And sparks had a way of igniting wildfires.

Bold of her to do that.

Then, suddenly, the clanging of armor echoed through the streets as heavy footsteps charged toward the crowd.

"Stop that this instant!" barked a man clad in chainmail, his uniform stiff with authority. He was rushing toward the gathered people, his expression twisted with anger.

The bard's body tensed. Without hesitation, she turned on her heels and bolted, but her escape was cut short. Almost immediately, armored figures emerged from the alleys, boxing her in.

"You've been causing trouble in our country," the lead guard sneered, stepping closer. "If you don't want to get hurt, surrender now. And don't do anything foolish unless you'd like us to break a few bones."

The bard gripped her lute tightly, clutching it to her chest as if it were the most precious thing in the world. Her back pressed against the cold stone wall as the guards steadily closed the gap.

"I have nothing to say to you," she spat. "I know exactly what fate awaits me if I surrender. I won't give in! Not when I know what I'm doing is right!"

"You're making this far more difficult than it needs to be." The guard's voice was edged with irritation. "Capture her!"

The guards lunged forward, hands reaching to subdue her.

I sighed. I had no real stake in this country, nor did I have any reason to interfere. But watching this unfold left a sour taste in my mouth.

In an instant, I vanished from where I stood and reappeared beside the bard.

"Eh?"

That was the only sound she managed before I seized her by the waist. And in the next breath, we were gone.

"T-Thank you for saving me back there," the bard stammered. Her breath was still uneven from the sudden escape. Now that I had a closer look, she was undeniably beautiful. Her golden hair shimmered faintly under the dim light, and her striking green eyes held both wariness and resolve. Her skin was a shade darker, sun-kissed, and smooth. She looked to be around my age.

"If you hadn't saved me, I have no doubt the prince would've punished me for singing those songs in the streets."

"Yeah," I said, leaning against the rough bark of a tree. "You were practically asking for trouble. If no one had stepped in, you'd probably be facing execution right now."

"I doubt execution would be the worst of it..." she murmured, voice tinged with something darker.

I exhaled sharply. She wasn't wrong. A corrupt prince like him wouldn't waste an opportunity to inflict suffering. Before killing her, he would likely torment her, rape her, violate her, make an example out of her. Anything to keep the people in fear.

"So why take that risk?" I asked, meeting her gaze. "Why sing those songs knowing exactly what would happen?"

Her green eyes burned with defiance. "Isn't it obvious? I want this country to change. And if no one else will fight for it, then I will. I want the people to rise up against our corrupted ruler."

What she said was bold—dangerous, even. She wasn't just some bard looking to entertain. She wanted to stir rebellion, to plant the seeds of a coup d'état.

It was reckless. It was suicidal.

But given the state of this wretched country, I couldn't exactly blame her.

Chapter 577 - New Motives (3)

"The country of Cohona... This principality has been ruled by Prince Lyren Cohona since he was merely fifteen," she said, her voice steady yet laced with an undercurrent of sorrow. "During his reign, countless changes have swept through this land, but not for the better. The economy withers like a dying tree, its roots rotting from within. Prince Lyren, blind to the suffering of his people, has surrounded himself with the most corrupt and incompetent men, allowing them to feast upon the kingdom's wealth while the common folk starve. And he is no better—no, he is the worst of them all. Children waste away in the streets, their ribs pressing against their skin like frail birdcages. Families die with empty stomachs, their bodies left to rot in alleyways. I cannot—no, I will not stand by and watch as this land crumbles beneath the weight of its own decay. I will bring change. I will break the chains that shackle our people to this ruler's greed."

Her words struck like thunder, reverberating through the silence between us.

I wanted to believe in her. I wanted to share her hope. But how could she possibly expect to topple an entire regime with nothing more than a song?

The idea was absurd. Admirable, yes—but hopelessly naïve. In a world like this, justice without power was nothing more than a fragile illusion, destined to be crushed beneath the boots of the strong.

"You do realize," I said, my voice low, "that this will get you killed?"

She looked at me, her emerald eyes flickering like torches.

"You were lucky I was there today. If I hadn't been, you'd already be in the prince's grasp—reduced to nothing more than his toy, his entertainment."

I did not sugarcoat my words. I wanted her to grasp the grim reality that awaited her should she be caught. However, instead of fear, her eyes remained steady, filled with the same unshakable determination as before.

"I understand the risks," she said. "But I will never give up. As long as there are still people suffering—people who cry themselves to sleep, who wake up with nothing but despair—I will fight. No matter the cost."

For a moment, I said nothing.

The sunlight, stretching shadows across the cobblestone road, and the wind carried the distant cries of a hungry city. In the face of all this suffering, her determination felt almost blinding—like a star burning too bright, too fast, doomed to be swallowed by the vastness of the night.

Her conviction was so firm that, for a fleeting moment, I found myself wondering if she could actually pull it off. The likelihood of her succeeding, however, was abysmally low—so low, in fact, that it was even lower than the chances of Princess Myrcella successfully usurping her father.

Both of them sought the same goal: to remove the current ruler from power and bring prosperity to their people. However, their circumstances were vastly different.

Her chances of success? Laughable.

If Princess Myrcella herself—someone born of royal blood—struggled to overthrow her father, what chance did a mere bard have? The gap between their positions was insurmountable. Myrcella was royalty. This woman was nothing but a voice in the wind. And yet, despite the overwhelming odds stacked against her, she dared to believe.

"Once again," she said, dipping into a deep bow, "thank you for saving me. I am eternally grateful."

She straightened, eyes gleaming like polished gems. "And please, if you value your life, never attempt something like that again. Well then, I must be on my way. There are still many songs to be sung, many people who must hear the truth of this kingdom."

Then, without another word, she turned and walked away, her silhouette disappearing into the streets.

I watched her go, and though I could not say for certain that what she was doing was right, I could not deny the strength of her determination. She sought to bring true change to this decaying nation. If the people were ever in need of a leader, then it had to be someone like her.

Estelle was waiting for me in front of the adventurer's guild, seated alone on the worn stone steps leading up to the entrance. Her elbows rested on her lap, hands gently cradling her head, her hair cascading over her shoulders. There was something strangely fragile about the way she sat there, like a lost child abandoned in the chaos of the world.

Then, movement.

A group of adventurers approached, their voices cutting through the air.

They were hitting on her.

Their postures were relaxed, but their intentions were anything but innocent. They surrounded her like vultures, grinning and gesturing as they tried to coax her into joining them. Estelle, however, simply raised a hand, offering them a small, polite smile—a silent refusal wrapped in courtesy.

But that only seemed to set them off.

One of them, a broad-shouldered man with a jagged scar running down his cheek, clicked his tongue in irritation.

"Bitch, don't look down on us!" he snarled, stepping closer. Without hesitation, he reached out and grabbed her wrist, his fingers clamping down like a vice. A cruel smirk curled at the corners of his lips. "Come with us and shut up. If you resist, you'll just make things worse for yourself."

The atmosphere shifted.

Something dark unfurled in the air, an unspoken tension that coiled tight around the scene.

I was about to move—

But before I could, Estelle acted.

With a single, fluid motion, she twisted the man's arm.

A grotesque crack echoed through the street.

"GUAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!?"

His agonized scream split the air as his limb bent in an unnatural direction. The bone jutted at an impossible angle, his fingers spasming uselessly. He staggered backward, his breath coming in ragged gasps, his face twisted in sheer, unfiltered agony.

"Don't touch me," Estelle said, her voice as cold as ice.

The other adventurers recoiled, their hands instinctively moving to their weapons.

"Bi-Bitch! What the fuck did you do?!" the wounded man rasped, his face contorted in disbelief and terror.

Estelle didn't answer.

She only stared at them—her gaze void of warmth, void of humanity. In that moment, the Estelle I had come to know was gone, replaced by something else. Something ancient. Something terrifying.

It was like staring into the abyss itself.

"Fuck this! Get her!"

The command was barked, and the remaining adventurers lunged.

Estelle didn't even flinch.

She stood there, motionless, her expression unreadable. Then, in a voice that carried like a whisper of death, she spoke.

"You're all scum," she murmured. "Why don't you all just kill yourselves?"

A stillness fell over the street.

The men froze mid-stride, their bodies locked in place as though time itself had stopped. Slowly, their eyes turned toward one another. Their pupils were vacant, devoid of thought, of will, of reason.

Then, they moved.

Steel glinted under the lantern light as their own blades rose. Without hesitation, without struggle—without even a flicker of resistance—they plunged their weapons into one another.

Blood sprayed into the air.

The sound of metal carving through flesh, of bones snapping, of bodies crumpling to the ground—it filled the silence like a haunting symphony of death.

I exhaled, my breath shallow, my mind racing.

Lilith's powers had been split between us. I knew she possessed five abilities—the power to copy any skill, the ability to craft an unbreakable thread that could slice through anything, the nullification of magic, and two more. Those abilities were split between us.

And Estelle...

She wielded dominion over life and death itself.

If her ability truly held such power, then what I had just witnessed was merely a fraction of its true horror.

The last one standing was the leader.

As he took in the carnage before him—the lifeless bodies of his comrades, their blood pooling at his feet—his face twisted in sheer, unrelenting horror. He had thought they were just dealing with some helpless girl, easy prey for a bit of fun. But now... now he realized he had tried to bite off more than he could chew.

A shudder wracked his entire body as he turned his gaze to Estelle.

She wasn't human. She couldn't be.

His breath hitched, his knees trembled, and then—

Pssshhh

A dark stain spread across the crotch of his pants as a hot, steaming liquid trickled down his legs, pooling on the cold stone beneath him.

His voice came out in a broken, desperate wail.

"No! I'm sorry! I made a mistake! Please, forgive me! I won't do it again, I promise!"

He dropped to his hands and knees, his entire body shaking like a leaf in the wind.

Estelle simply looked down at him, her expression unreadable. Then, slowly, she smiled.

A bright, innocent, almost cheerful smile.

"Oh, you're sorry?" she said, tilting her head playfully. "Well, I guess I have no choice but to accept your apology then!"

For a moment, she was the Estelle I knew—bubbly, kind, full of warmth.

But then, as if a switch had been flipped, the light drained from her eyes.

Her smile faded.

And what was left behind was something cold, something inhuman.

"Do you really think I'd just say that?"

"Eek—!"

The man let out a pitiful shriek and scrambled to his feet, spinning on his heel in a desperate attempt to flee. His breath came in ragged gasps, his legs barely obeying him as he stumbled forward—

"Kill yourself."

Estelle's voice rang through the air, quiet yet absolute.

The man stopped.

His entire body locked in place, frozen mid-step. Unlike the others who had killed each other in empty-eyed silence, his face twisted into something far worse—pure, primal terror.

His fingers trembled as they curled around the hilt of his sword.

"N-No... please—!"

He fought against it, his muscles shaking with resistance, but his own body was no longer his to command.

Tears streamed down his face, his lips quivering as he raised the blade.

"I—I don't want to die! Please! Please! I don't want to die—!"

His cries fell on deaf ears.

The steel bit into his throat.

Blood welled up, thick and dark, gurgling from his mouth as his body convulsed violently. It was slow. Painful. Agonizing.

A death that no one would wish upon themselves.

And yet, it was inevitable.

Chapter 578 - New Motives (4)

"Leaving me alone here, big brother... That's not what a big brother should do." Estelle pouted, her lips forming a delicate frown as she locked eyes with me.

The shift in her demeanor was almost instantaneous, like a switch being flipped. One moment, she had the presence of a seasoned killer; the next, she was a petulant younger sister. It was eerie how easily she could shift between personas.

"I didn't think you'd go ahead and kill them all, though."

"Oh? Is something like this too raw for you, big bro?" she teased, tilting her head with a playful smirk. "I'm sorry you had to see it that way." Her tone was light, yet the ground littered with corpse told another story. "Did I make a mistake by killing them? This hasn't inconvenienced you, has it?"

I shrugged. "Not really," I said, my gaze flickering to the lifeless bodies scattered around us. "In fact, I doubt anyone in this country even cares if adventurers die in the streets."

The houses near the adventurer's guild stood eerily silent. At the first sound of clashing steel, the residents had slammed their windows shut, locking themselves away as if this were just another ordinary day.

Brawls between adventurers weren't uncommon, and deaths resulting from them were even less so. But the sheer indifference of the townspeople struck me. No one even considered stepping in or checking to see what had happened. This country was in a worse state than I had imagined.

"Should we just leave the bodies here?" she asked, nudging one with her foot.

I shrugged again. "Since no one actually saw you kill them, I don't see a reason to clean up."

"You're the boss, big bro," she said with a sly smile.

That was when I noticed it—her hands were trembling. Just slightly, but enough for me to catch.

She followed my gaze, then looked at her own hands as realization dawned on her. For a moment, she seemed taken aback, as if she hadn't even noticed.

"Oh, this? Don't worry, big bro." She flexed her fingers as if to shake off the tremor. "I was just in a similar situation once, where I almost got violated. But it's fine—nothing happened, and I killed them all with my abilities. I'm still a virgin."

"That's not what I was concerned about," I replied flatly.

A dark past, then. It was hard to reconcile that with her usual teasing, lighthearted nature. But I supposed you could never truly judge a book by its cover. Even someone from Lilith's ranks could carry wounds that never fully healed.

Perhaps I should be kinder to her.

"Well, you don't have to worry about the past, big bro. Nothing happened to me, right? So there's really nothing to dwell on."

"I'm not thinking about it," I said. "Let's just go inside."

With that, we stepped into the adventurer's guild.

The moment we entered, I immediately noticed something off. The place was deserted. Not a single adventurer loitering around, no drunken mercenaries, no rowdy groups discussing quests.

There was only one person here.

Her attire immediately drew my attention. It was wholly inappropriate for a receptionist—not exactly obscene, but it left little to the imagination.

The upper part of her outfit was little more than two strained pieces of fabric that barely managed to contain her ample chest. The material clung tightly to her curves, and without a bra, her nipples pressed visibly against the cloth.

Her face was caked in makeup, layers of foundation and thick lipstick staining her lips a deep crimson.

It was obvious at a glance—she was a prostitute.

Why the hell was a prostitute working as a receptionist?

"Oh, hello there," the woman greeted, her voice carrying a lazy drawl as she leaned against the counter. The dim glow of the lanterns overhead flickered, casting uneven shadows across her face. "Is the fight outside finally over? Ugh, I hope no one got killed. It would be a damn shame if people just left the corpses to rot outside the guild again. If that happens, no one will want to come here, and there goes my income..."

Her tone was casual, indifferent even, but there was an unmistakable annoyance in her voice—not for the dead, but for how they might inconvenience her business.

"There are bodies out there, actually," I replied flatly.

She let out an exaggerated groan. "Ugh..."

Disgust twisted her expression, but there was no real shock in her reaction. It was confirmation of what I had already suspected—death in this city was nothing more than background noise, another mundane inconvenience to the people here.

She crossed her arms, tapping her fingers against her elbow. "I just hope the damn guards come and clean them up before they start stinking. Then again, those lazy bastards never do their jobs. They'd rather stand around scratching their asses and flirting with barmaids." She sighed, shaking her head.

The resignation in her voice spoke volumes. This was just another day for her, another reminder of how rotten this country had become.

Her gaze flickered between me and Estelle before she tilted her head. "So, what brings you two here?" Her lips curled slightly. "I hope you're not about to ask me to spread my legs for you. I'm exhausted. If that's what you want, then piss off."

Then her eyes locked onto Estelle.

A slow, sultry gleam surfaced in them, and her lips parted slightly. The shift in her demeanor was subtle, yet unmistakable. "But..." she murmured, her voice dropping to something smoother, more playful.

She leaned forward, resting her elbows on the counter, giving Estelle a slow, deliberate once-over.

"I wouldn't mind going for the girl, though," she admitted, her tongue flicking out to wet her lower lip. "And if you're up for it, I don't mind a threesome either."

My expression remained unreadable. "That's not why we're here," I said, my tone firm.

She blinked, then sighed as if thoroughly disappointed. "Ah, is that so?" she said, sounding as if she had just lost interest in us altogether. "Then what do you want?"

I didn't answer. Instead, I reached into my coat, pulled out a heavy pouch, and dropped it onto the counter with a solid thud.

The weight of it sent a deep, metallic jingle reverberating through the air. The sound of countless coins shifting inside was unmistakable.

The woman's reaction was immediate.

Her entire posture changed. Her lazy, indifferent expression vanished, replaced by something far more alert. I could practically see the glint of greed flash across her eyes. Her pupils widened ever so slightly, almost like a slot machine rolling to a stop before landing on a jackpot.

Her fingers twitched, itching to grab the pouch. "What do you want?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper. Her eyes never left the money, and a thin strand of saliva glistened at the edge of her lips.

"I need information on a certain dungeon," I said, watching her reaction closely. "The one rumored to have countless gems."

She let out a quiet hum, finally tearing her gaze away from the money—though just barely. "Oh? So that's what you're after."

Even as she spoke, her fingers inched toward the pouch, her nails scraping lightly against the fabric.

"The dungeon is in the Dark Valley Mountains," she said, her voice still laced with distraction as if speaking was merely an obligation. "It's a treacherous place. I'd advise you to stay away, considering you don't exactly look like the type who can handle himself in a real fight."

Her lips quirked into a smirk. "Getting into the dungeon is difficult. The beasts lurking in that region are no joke. And from what I've heard, the dungeon itself is a death trap."

Dark Valley Mountains, huh?

I already knew about that place. Its odd name had always stuck with me, burned into my memory. It was mentioned in the Geography of the World classes, one of the few subjects that had actually managed to hold my interest. Barely, though.

Without another word, I let go of the pouch.

Clink.

She lunged forward, snatching it up like a starving animal sinking its claws into a fresh kill.

Her hands trembled slightly as she pulled the drawstrings loose, her breath hitching the moment she peered inside. The dim lighting caught the gleam of the gold within, illuminating her face in a warm glow. Her expression shifted from greedy anticipation to raw, unfiltered joy.

"Holy shit..." she breathed, as if unable to believe her luck.

She ran her fingers through the coins, the metallic chime of gold brushing against gold filling the space between us.

Then, as we turned to leave, her voice rang out once more.

"Hey, mister!" she called after me, her tone dripping with newfound enthusiasm. "If you ever want to fuck, just come back here!"

The desperation in her voice was almost comical.

It seemed that, in her eyes, my value had skyrocketed after a simple transaction. That amount of money was enough to make her throw any semblance of professionalism out the window.

Not that I cared.

I had no intention of coming back.

Chapter 579 - New Motives (5)

"So, tell me, brother. Do you enjoy handing out money for information like that?" Estelle asked, her voice laced with playful curiosity.

"Well, at times, it's a necessity," I replied, keeping my tone indifferent.

People act based on two things: pleasure and money. Without one or the other, no one moves. It's a fundamental truth—one that dictates how the world operates. That's why, in this era, one must indulge or entice others with either to bend them to their will. It's the perfect method—to loosen their tongues, to keep them in your pocket, ensuring they remain useful when the time comes.

Estelle let out a soft hum before flashing me a knowing smile.

"I see. I suppose you must have had a rather rough start in life to think that way," she mused, hands folded behind her back.

Her pace was light and carefree as she skipped along the path, her long black hair swaying with each step. Despite our destination—a dungeon teeming with dangers—she looked as though she were merely out for a leisurely stroll. From time to time, monsters lunged at us from the darkness, but they were nothing more than nuisances. With swift, effortless strikes, we dispatched them before they could even register our presence.

Considering we were both part of Lilith, this level of ease was expected. Yet, I couldn't help but feel unsatisfied. There was no thrill—no challenge.

I craved more.

Then, voices carried through the air, rough and urgent.

"I already told you! I swear, I'm telling the truth! There's a monster inside—something beyond anything I've ever seen! Maybe even beyond anything any of you have seen! That thing... It isn't just a monster. It's a nightmare made real!"

"Calm down, Bathron. What exactly did you see that got you this shaken?"

A sharp inhale. A moment of silence. Then—

"I saw a demon."

That piqued my interest. That certainly sounded serious.

"Should we move forward, big bro?" Estelle asked, her steps slowing as she listened in.

Just ahead, the gaping maw of the dungeon entrance loomed, its darkness swallowing the light. A cluster of adventurers stood at the threshold, their voices tense as they exchanged words.

"No, let's wait. I want to hear more," I said, my gaze locked onto the scene.

There was no reason to ignore free information when it presented itself.

"Like I said before—information costs money. If we come across some without spending a dime, we'd be fools not to take it."

Estelle merely shrugged, lips curling into an amused smile.

"A demon?" one of the adventurers pressed. "What do you mean by that?"

Bathron, I'm assuming his name was, swallowed hard. His skin had gone pale, his hands shaking as he clutched his own arms. When he spoke, his voice was hollow, laced with the kind of fear that etched itself into a man's bones.

"It wasn't just a monster," he said, his breath unsteady. "Even the creatures inside the dungeon—vicious, bloodthirsty beasts—they stood no chance. The moment I heard its voice, I knew I was dead. And those eyes... those glowing green eyes that stared at me from the abyss... it was as if the abyss itself had come alive to devour me whole."

His body trembled violently now, the memory clawing at his sanity.

"And its fur—thick, long, a sickening shade of green. Just being near it... it felt like the air was being sucked out of my lungs, like the weight of its presence alone was enough to crush me. I've seen horrors in my time, but nothing—nothing—like this. There was no other way to describe it... It was a demon. And the monster we were fighting? It didn't even have time to react. It was torn apart before our eyes. We never stood a chance. Its speed—"

His words faltered. His breathing grew erratic.

It was pure, unfiltered terror.

But then—

Something stirred in the back of my mind.

Green hair. Green eyes.

A chill ran down my spine. The description was oddly... familiar.

"Hiiik!?"

A strangled cry ripped through the group. Instantly, weapons were drawn, the air thick with tension. Every muscle in the adventurers' bodies coiled like a spring, ready to unleash their fear-driven instincts at the slightest provocation.

And then—

From the dungeon's entrance, something gleamed.

A pair of luminous emerald orbs, piercing through the darkness like twin beacons of death.

No—those weren't just lights.

They were eyes.

"The demon! The demon!"

One of the adventurers shrieked, voice cracking under sheer panic, before turning and bolting without a second thought.

Like a dam breaking, the others followed suit. Their weapons clattered to the ground, abandoned in their desperation to escape. Footsteps thundered as they scattered in every direction, fear overriding reason.

But what emerged from the abyss was no demon.

A woman stepped forward.

Her hair, a deep, forest green, cascaded in wild waves down her back. Her emerald eyes gleamed with something unreadable, their depths unfathomable. Draped over one shoulder was the massive corpse of a slain beast, its blood still trickling down her arm.

She stood there, unbothered. Unfazed.

And with a single glance, I knew—

This was no ordinary woman.

I had finally found her. Rose was here.

She emerged from the dungeon's entrance, bathed in the dim light that barely outlined her silhouette. Draped over her shoulder was the hulking corpse of a monstrous, bear-like creature, its lifeless form

dangling as if weightless in her grasp. Without hesitation, she turned and vanished into the distance, swallowed by the shadows.

I didn't follow her. Now wasn't the time. Just laying eyes on her again was enough.

A voice pulled me back.

"Are you sure you don't want to talk to her, big bro? She was one of your lovers, wasn't she?"

Estelle's gaze lingered on me, her golden eyes sharp with understanding. She had already pieced it together—Rose and I shared a past. She had once been mine.

"It's not necessary right now." My voice was steady, but the weight in my chest lingered.

"Is that so? Well, I suppose that's fine." She shrugged, her expression unreadable. Then, with a slight smirk, she gestured ahead. "Now then, shall we?"

With that, we stepped forward and entered the dungeon.

The moment we crossed the threshold, the air shifted. A suffocating pressure wrapped around us like an unseen force, thick with raw mana that crackled against my skin. It was potent—almost terrifying.

"Are you really going in unarmed?" I asked, glancing at Estelle.

"It's fine." She chuckled, completely unfazed. "With my ability, I can handle myself. Besides, I have you, big bro."

She flashed a grin, her confidence unwavering.

"I suppose that's true."

Considering she could end lives with a mere flick of her fingers, the idea of her carrying a weapon felt almost redundant.

I conjured a flame at my fingertips, the flickering light casting shifting shadows against the damp stone walls. The further we walked, the more oppressive the mana became, its presence slithering through the air like unseen tendrils.

The deeper we ventured, the heavier it grew.

"Big bro." Estelle's voice cut through the stillness. "Looks like people have been mining here."

I glanced around, noting the fresh marks carved into the walls, the scattered debris from excavation.

"You're right."

Glinting in the dim light, raw gemstones jutted from the cavern walls like exposed veins of treasure. Even within the first hundred meters, the sheer quantity was staggering. If this was only the surface, then how deep did this dungeon's wealth truly go?

Then—movement.

Up ahead, two figures lurked in the darkness. Their features were obscured, their presence almost ghostly in the absence of light. Instinctively, my muscles tensed, but as they stepped closer, the fire illuminated their faces.

Familiar faces.

"Huh? Leon? And Estelle? What are you two doing here?"

Raymond's eyes widened in shock, his voice laced with confusion.

Beside him, Duncan mirrored the same stunned expression.

"That's what I should be asking you two." My gaze sharpened. "You've been missing from the academy for weeks now. I was beginning to wonder where the hell you both had disappeared to."

Estelle crossed her arms. "Yes, I accompanied Senior Leon because I was just as concerned."

For weeks, they had been nothing more than ghosts—vanished without a trace.

And now, at last, we had found them.

We decided to take our conversation outside the dungeon. The oppressive darkness within swallowed sound and sight alike, making it an inappropriate place for any meaningful discussion. The air was thick with mana, and the lingering scent of damp stone and earth made it all the more stifling.

Once we stepped outside, the contrast was stark. The cool breeze brushed against my skin, a refreshing change from the suffocating atmosphere inside. The sky stretched overhead, vast and open, offering a much-needed sense of clarity.

I turned to them, my expression firm.

"So? Why exactly are you two here?" My gaze flicked between them, scrutinizing their uneasy postures. "Well, considering you came to a place like this, I can only assume you're after wealth. But that doesn't

make sense—not for you two. You've always been more focused on academics and securing your futures first. So why are you suddenly trying to conquer a dungeon? And adventurers, at that?"

Duncan and Raymond exchanged nervous glances. Their hands instinctively rose to the backs of their heads, scratching awkwardly as if buying time to piece together an answer.

Finally, Duncan sighed and spoke.

"Well, uh... we wanted to impress Estelle."

I raised an eyebrow. "Really? Of all the ways to impress someone, you thought throwing yourselves into life-threatening danger was the best choice?"

Raymond winced. "I know, I know. You're right." He exhaled heavily, his shoulders sagging. "But we don't have anything else to offer. We're still in our second year, Leon. No solid professions, no real achievements that would make us stand out. You get what we mean, right?"

He continued, his voice quieter but no less resolute. "Our futures aren't guaranteed. We're still stuck in the bronze class, and if we don't do something now, we might never break free from mediocrity. This... this was our chance to change that."

I studied them for a moment. Their desperation was evident, etched into the creases of their furrowed brows and the uncertainty in their eyes.

Chapter 580 - New Motives (6)

Raymond's words carried an air of frustration, but beneath that, there was something else—a creeping sense of desperation. What he was trying to convey was simple: they were experiencing something akin to a mid-life crisis. Even now, in our second year, we hadn't managed to break past bronze rank, let alone reach silver. The realization was gnawing at them, weighing down their every decision. A future still uncertain, aspirations slipping further away with each passing day—it was only natural that they'd start to panic.

I supposed they still didn't have enough faith in Princess Myrcella's grand ambition. Her plan to restructure the academy—allowing all three classes to graduate with equal opportunities, even the chance to become Magic Knights—was revolutionary. Yet, as it stood, tradition dictated otherwise. For decades, only gold-class cadets had been allowed the prestigious title. But Myrcella wasn't one to bow to tradition.

She was bold, some might even say reckless. To challenge a system that had stood firm for centuries required more than just determination—it required an iron will. She intended to dismantle it all within the short span of her term, and if necessary, she would seek re-election to see it through. However, if she failed to make tangible progress during her first term, she risked losing the students' support altogether.

Even I wasn't sure if she could pull it off. To be honest, I had my doubts. But this was Princess Myrcella we were talking about—cunning, calculating, a woman who could make even the impossible seem plausible. If there was anyone capable of rewriting the academy's future, it was her.

But back to the matter at hand.

I wouldn't exactly call this a mid-life crisis, not in the literal sense. They weren't middle-aged, after all. But their situation mirrored that of university students who had chosen a major only to regret it in their later years.

They were beginning to grasp the harsh reality—that they needed a safety net, a backup plan in case their dreams crumbled before they even had the chance to take flight.

A faint breeze rustled through the trees, carrying with it the scent of damp stone and lingering mana residue from the dungeon behind us. Raymond's expression looked tense, uncertain, as if he were wrestling with thoughts he couldn't quite put into words. Duncan, on the other hand, had remained silent, his eyes flickering toward the ground, deep in thought.

Then, Raymond spoke again, his voice low but sharp. "Now then, what about you, Leon?" His gaze narrowed. "What exactly are you doing here with her?"

There it was—that underlying suspicion.

I tilted my head slightly, studying him. I never would have imagined Raymond of all people being affected by a girl like her. Too bad the one who had ensnared his interest was a sly, playful manipulator who probably saw him as little more than a fleeting amusement.

I glanced at her. She was seated atop a weathered stone, her posture lazy yet poised, as if she owned the very air around her. Elbows resting on her knees, chin propped against her palm, her crimson eyes shimmered with something unreadable. Was it amusement? Calculation? I couldn't tell. She was far too skilled at masking her thoughts.

The way she watched us felt unsettling—like a cat lazily observing mice scurrying about, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

I merely shrugged. "She came with me because she's just as worried about you two as I am."

Raymond blinked, his glasses catching the faint glimmer of light. "R-Really?" His voice was unsteady, as though he wanted to believe it but couldn't quite bring himself to.

I nodded.

"She doesn't really have to... I mean, Duncan and I were planning to return today anyway." His voice wavered, uncertain.

I arched an eyebrow. "Oh? I thought you planned to stay longer."

Raymond exhaled, running a hand through his hair in frustration. "We realized we can't afford to be away from the academy for too long. Otherwise, we might end up getting expelled."

That was an exaggeration. The academy didn't enforce strict attendance policies, at least not to the extent of expelling students for absences. However, neglecting their training and studies would result in their rankings plummeting, and in a cutthroat system like ours, slipping even a single rank was as good as sealing your own fate. Prolonged absence would undoubtedly cause their rankings to plummet—something they clearly couldn't afford.

"I suppose that's good," I murmured, exhaling softly. "Honestly, I thought the two of you had gotten yourselves killed or something. I never expected you both to take up adventurer work."

Raymond let out a quiet chuckle. "Like I said, I've been reconsidering my future in case my intended path doesn't work out. Besides..." His gaze softened as he glanced at Estelle. "I want to give the woman I love the most precious things I can."

"I feel the same way," Duncan added with a firm nod. "I want to provide my girlfriend with as much as I can—be it wealth or happiness." His words, while simple, carried a rare sincerity. For a muscle-headed brute like him, this was likely the most eloquent way he could express himself. Poetic speeches weren't his strength, but the honesty in his voice made up for it.

As we spoke, a sudden shift in the air made my skin prickle. A dense, heavy sensation pressed against my chest, an unsettling pulse of mana emanating from deep within the dungeon.

I turned to them, my voice sharp. "Are you both certain that the monsters here are only Class B at best?"

Monster classifications determined their level of danger. The higher the class, the more devastating they became. A Class B monster posed a serious threat—enough to wipe out an entire village if left unchecked. However, a well-coordinated party of ten skilled adventurers could handle it with the right strategy.

But this...

What I was sensing from within the dungeon was far beyond that. The raw, suffocating aura spilling from the depths wasn't something that a mere Class B monster should be capable of producing. It gnawed at my instincts, sending an eerie unease creeping down my spine.

"Well, there are Class A monsters here too," Raymond admitted after a moment. "But since we've been working as a party, they've been manageable. Even Duncan managed to take one down."

Then what the hell was this?

The oppressive energy lingering in the dungeon's core was wrong—unnatural. It felt malicious, coiling in the air like a predator waiting in the shadows. There was no way a mere Class A creature could exude such a presence.

As I stood there, deep in thought, Estelle suddenly spoke up.

"Seniors! I want to explore deeper into the dungeon! May I?!"

Her voice was lighthearted, but her eyes flickered with an understanding that didn't match her playful tone. She had sensed it too. She was making an excuse—giving us a reason to go deeper.

"I-It's dangerous..." Duncan stammered, raising his hands as if trying to physically push away the idea. His usual bravado was nowhere to be found.

"Come on, just a little peek won't hurt, will it?" Estelle pressed, her smile unwavering.

Raymond and Duncan exchanged uncertain glances before exhaling in defeat.

"Alright," Raymond conceded. "But only within the boundaries we've already explored."

"Yay~!" Estelle chimed cheerfully.

I shot her a grateful look. I needed to see for myself what was lurking down there. The sheer magnitude of the mana presence made my gut churn. Something was terribly off, and there was no way I could ignore it.

We reentered the dungeon, the stale, earthen scent thick in the air. The torches flickered as we walked, their flames casting twisting shadows along the damp stone walls. Raymond and Duncan were dressed in proper adventurer gear this time, their hands gripping their weapons with practiced ease.

Torches crackled in their grasp, embers drifting lazily through the dim passageways. While magic could provide illumination, it drained mana over time. Torches, on the other hand, required no such cost—making them a pragmatic choice in the depths of an unknown dungeon.

"There are so many gems here," Estelle murmured, her voice tinged with wonder.

The cavern walls shimmered with embedded crystals—blue and green gemstones protruding from the rock, their faint glow pulsing like living veins within the stone. Light refracted off their smooth surfaces, casting ghostly glimmers across the tunnel. Even at a glance, it was clear that many had already been harvested, yet an abundance still remained.

Blue and green gems weren't the most valuable; red gems held far greater worth. However, the sheer abundance here was staggering. Even though these particular stones weren't the rarest, the total value of this deposit easily amounted to at least a hundred thousand gold coins—a small fortune by any standard.

"I suppose I understand now why you both came here," I murmured, my gaze sweeping across the cavern.

The sheer number of blue and green gems embedded in the walls was staggering. They gleamed under the dim torchlight, catching the flickering flames and scattering their glow in fragmented reflections. It was no exaggeration to say that the wealth contained within these walls alone was beyond imagination.

"Well, yeah," Raymond admitted, glancing at the shimmering minerals. "But there's still something deeper inside. The further down we go, the rarer the stones get." He paused, shaking his head. "Honestly, though, I don't think it's worth the risk. Mining these alone is more than enough."

So there was still more hidden in the depths? Something even greater than this vast fortune before us?

I narrowed my eyes. "What kind of gems are we talking about?"

Raymond exhaled, his expression serious. "Not ordinary gems." His lips curled slightly as he uttered the word.

"Diamonds."

A heavy silence followed, as if the mere mention of them had shifted the weight of the air.

Diamonds. Of course. It made perfect sense.

A single diamond was worth a thousand gold coins. Just finding one could change someone's life forever, elevating them from an ordinary adventurer to a person of wealth. But discovering a vein of diamonds? That was an entirely different level of fortune—enough to make anyone impossibly rich for the rest of their days, with enough left over to last generations.

And yet... if such riches lay in the deepest part of this dungeon, what kind of horrors lurked down there, guarding them?