

The World 76

Chapter 76: Joint Training (3)

The situation sounded alarming, and the professor's words raised red flags. As Gabrielle had warned, this man was indeed suspicious. However, it was too early for me to make a move; rushing in impulsively wouldn't be wise. So, for the time being, I opted to listen, reserving any intervention for the moment Charlotte's purity seemed at risk.

"Y-You want to be with me tonight? W-What do you mean?"

"It's exactly what I said. I want to be together with you tonight. As long as you want, that is." The professor's response resonated with a hypnotic quality, his words dripping like honey into the void. It felt as though he wielded an enchantment, drawing Charlotte closer, much like a firefly lured to a lamplight in the midnight gloom.

With deliberate steps, the professor closed the distance between them, his approach marked by an almost predatory elegance. Charlotte, rooted to her spot, emitted an audible gulp, her anticipation etched across her face.

She seemed to anticipate what would unfold. Eventually, they were mere inches apart. The professor only needed to extend his hands, and he could touch Charlotte. However, she didn't retreat; instead, she looked at him with a blush on her face.

"Don't you want to?" Professor Sesillian inquired, appearing rather insistent. It was as if he were a boyfriend eager to engage in sex after a year of dating.

"I-It's not that... but here? W-What if someone comes and sees us?" Charlotte hesitated.

"Don't worry," he reassured, tugging at her waist to pull her closer. "No one will be able to see us here. It's dark, after all."

I felt like I was being cuckolded right in front of me. The feeling was unpleasant, but I forced myself to maintain composure. I needed to understand Sesillian's intentions better.

They locked eyes for a while, and eventually, the professor cupped her cheek with his hand. Charlotte didn't resist; instead, she seemed to desire it. Despite her earlier protests, her facial expressions revealed a hidden longing. She began to pucker her lips, closing her eyes in anticipation.

She waited, breath held in anticipation, but the anticipated moment never arrived. Sesillian didn't lean in; instead, he stood there, a menacing grin etched on his face. It was a dark, foreboding smile that would send anyone running if they caught a glimpse. However, Charlotte's eyes remained closed, unaware of the true intentions lurking behind the man she admired.

The professor, admired by many female students, now bore the countenance of a devil with that unsettling smile.

Sensing the situation spiraling into unfamiliar territory, I felt the need to intervene. Before I could, though, a presence made itself known behind me. Turning around, I saw a young man with a broken-hearted expression. His eyes reflected betrayal. Sesillian noticed him too, diverting his gaze in that direction. Only then did Charlotte open her eyes, following Sesillian's line of sight.

Shock painted her face when she saw the young man standing there.

If my memory serves me right, this young man is the second prince of Milham Kingdom, Julius Hovan Milham II. He's one of the three men vying for Charlotte's attention and happens to be her childhood friend.

After Julius stood there, visibly shocked and heartbroken, he dropped his head and abruptly spun around, making a run for it.

"Prince Julius, wait!" Charlotte yelled, attempting to chase after him, but Sesillian grabbed her arm, holding her back. Charlotte shot a quick glance at the professor, who seemed to convey a silent 'stay' with his eyes. Ignoring it, she peeled his hand off and muttered, "I'm sorry, Professor," before taking off after the prince.

Left alone, the professor stood there, his expression turning dark as he watched them disappear into the distance. His face was blank, his eyes void of any light. This must be the man's true nature, I thought, observing the scene.

I pondered on what this man could want with Charlotte. I had no clue. Did he possess a skill similar to mine, allowing him to copy abilities? It was a possibility, but nothing was certain. Either way, sticking around here wasn't going to reveal more answers. With that in mind, I decided to finally walk out.

The prince must've been wrecked seeing his longtime crush swept away by someone else. I get that. I've been down that road in my past life back on Earth. Witnessing that scene dredged up memories I'd rather not dive into any further. I wanted to erase the existence of those feelings for that girl from my mind, forget it all. But my stubborn brain wouldn't let me.

After regaining my composure, I headed to Titania's cabin. The muffled sounds of a lively discussion reached my ears from inside. Many women seemed to be in there, but I couldn't catch Titania's voice. Probably because no one dared to chat her up. Not because she was getting bullied or anything, but talking to her was a tough nut to crack.

Being a princess, especially of a different nation, coupled with Titania's somewhat troublesome personality, made it hard for people to approach her.

Taking a few deep breaths, I knocked on the door. The lively conversation inside abruptly ceased. After a brief pause, footsteps approached, and the door swung open.

"Yes?"

As the door opened, I expected to see Titania, but instead, it was Zeruel. So, they shared a cabin. Interesting.

"Uh..." Zeruel appeared shocked to find me standing right at their cabin door. "W-What do you need?"

"I'm here for... Princess Titania. She told me to come here," I explained. "Is she around?"

"Um... s-she's—"

Before Zeruel could finish, Titania's voice rang out, "Leon! You finally came!" She rushed towards me, pushing Zeruel aside and wrapping her arms around one of mine, squishing her ample breasts against it. "Now then, let's get inside."

She practically dragged me into the cabin. As we entered, the occupants, a mix of different year students, all looked shocked to see me. One of them started to stand up, ready to say something, but as soon as she saw Titania was the one pulling me in, she quietly sat back down.

So transparent...

Titania then pulled me into her room. The cabin had ten rooms, but they were all cramped. Only the bed could fit inside, so when we entered, Titania and I were practically glued together, as you'd expect. She motioned for me to sit on her bed, and she did the same, sitting next to me. I didn't know what was happening; it felt like everything was moving so fast.

"Hehehe..." Titania's laughter, echoing in the small space, held an almost mischievous tone.

"Why are you laughing?" I questioned, my curiosity piqued.

"Because you're in my room," she revealed with a grin. "It's the first time I've allowed someone inside, excluding my family and royal guards."

"But this isn't technically your room, is it?" I pointed out.

"Yeah, but it's the first time I'm sharing a confined space with someone of the opposite gender," she said. A subtle blush crept onto her face as she added, "And not only that, but it's you."

A hushed stillness enveloped us. I felt her warm breath caressing my skin as it escaped her lips. Her eyes, illuminated by the moonlight pouring through the window, sparkled with a hidden tenderness. A blush painted her face, and, whether real or imagined, I could swear the air pulsated with a subtle rhythmic beat. Was it the echo of her heartbeat?

"It's weird," she eventually confessed.

"What is?"

"Me opening up like this with someone. And to a man, no less. I always assumed I'd be forever alone in the academy."

"What's so strange about that?"

"That's not what's odd. It's you who's odd," she clarified.

"How am I odd?"

"The first time we spoke, you were all stuttery, kind of shy, and had these adorable quirks. Now, you're not as jittery, and you're not... as cute as before, at least not in my eyes."

"What does that even mean?"

"I don't know," she giggled. "Regardless, you should be thankful I still find you cute."

"But you just said I'm not as cute as before..."

"What's with that attitude? Where's your gratitude to your princess for calling you cute?" she huffed, cheeks puffing up like a disgruntled squirrel.

"...I'm grateful that you called me cute."

"Good," she smiled. "See, I knew it. You're weird."

"Like I said, how so?"

"It's because you're putting up with me even though I have this kind of personality," she revealed. Reaching her hands, she cupped both of my cheeks, her touch gentle yet firm. A blush adorned her face

as she did so, like the rosy hue of a sunset painting the sky. "My parents tolerate it because I'm their child. My guards do it out of unwavering loyalty.

Some people endure it because they know I'm a princess. But you're different. I don't know why I think that, but I'm sure it's different."

I could feel her pulse quickening on her wrists pressed against my cheeks.

"...I've been feeling peculiar lately, and I think I know the reason," she confessed. Briefly closing her eyes, she reopened them, revealing a vulnerability beneath the surface. "...I think the reason is... I'm in love with you, Leon."