

The World 83

Chapter 83: The Kidnapping Incident (2)

We locked eyes for a moment, the tension palpable, thick enough to cut with a knife. But before either of us could make a move, the sound of chimes echoed from my room, signaling an incoming call.

I glanced in the direction of my room, breaking our standoff and momentarily lowering my guard. Thankfully, the purple-haired woman didn't seize the opportunity to attack. Instead, she relaxed her stance and spoke up. "That sounds important. Are you sure you want to engage in a fight with me instead of answering that?"

Her words made me reconsider. With a nod, I decided to head back to my room to take the call. It must be urgent, considering only Prince Julius and the Professor had my contact information. Since the Professor didn't typically call me, I assumed it was Prince Julius on the line. Whatever it was, it seemed more pressing than getting into a scuffle with the woman before me.

"I should probably apologize to him," I muttered quietly as I pushed open the door to my room and stepped inside. Without hesitation, I grabbed my phone and answered the call without bothering to check the caller ID.

"Hello, um, Prince Julius... I—" I began, only to be interrupted by a voice that wasn't his.

"My, am I unwanted now?" the voice teased, unmistakably belonging to the Professor.

My eyes widened in surprise. "Professor?! W-Why are you calling me?" It was highly unusual for him to reach out like this. Typically, he preferred written correspondence, and so did I.

"Why did I call, you ask? Well, what other reason than missing you?" he responded softly. "Due to the incident today, I won't be able to see you for the rest of the day. I'll miss you terribly. That's why I took the liberty of calling you. I just wanted to hear your voice.

Although, it's regrettable that I can't see you..."

His voice was so sweet and enchanting, sending shivers of delight down my spine as it caressed my ears. My heart raced at an unusual pace, his proximity through the phone making my breaths heavy. He couldn't hear it on the other end of the call, could he?

"Um, we could still meet if you want," I suggested, my voice trembling slightly.

"Hmm... I don't think it would be wise to meet in the village," he replied thoughtfully. "With the increased surveillance following today's incident, it might not be safe. How about meeting outside the village instead?"

"Outside the village?" I echoed.

"Yes, the surveillance only covers the village area, so we'd be out of sight once we're beyond it. What do you think?" he proposed.

"That sounds good to me," I agreed. "When should we meet?"

"The staff of the academy doesn't monitor the surveillance as closely at night, so I was thinking we could meet then," he suggested.

"Sounds perfect," I replied eagerly, excitement coursing through me.

"I'll catch up with you later then," he declared before abruptly ending the call, not giving me a chance to respond with a "See you later." However, that wasn't a priority right now. I had a meeting with Professor later tonight, and I needed to make sure I was presentable. With that in mind, I set about preparing myself.

I decided to text Gabrielle and ask her to come to my room so she could update me on the progress outside. Once she arrived at my assigned cabin, she knocked on my door. Luckily, all my cabin-mates were inside their own rooms, so they didn't know she was visiting. If they had seen her, they would probably be stunned.

Gabrielle was one of the most renowned and powerful knights when she served as a magic knight. Not only that, but she graduated at the top of her class in the gold class. Plus, she was undeniably sexy and beautiful. It was natural for them to be surprised by her presence here.

As she knocked on my door, I opened it to find her with a slight pout on her lips. I cocked my head in confusion. "What's wrong?"

"...Nothing," she replied, entering my room. For some reason, her aura seemed to radiate a hint of irritation, but I couldn't quite pinpoint the cause.

I gestured for Gabrielle to take a seat on the edge of my bed. Since the bed wasn't particularly large, I remained standing, opting to be a gentleman given her current mood.

"So..." I began, breaking the ice, "anything noteworthy happen?"

"Not really," she replied, her voice carrying a sulky tone. "They were searching for the missing student, all the professors and staff. They've ventured out of the village in search of any signs. The staff attempted to contact the student's parents to confirm if he was home, but luckily, the student doesn't own a smartphone, and their home is quite far.

It'll take hours for the message to reach them, and even longer for a response. Without that information, the staff will continue reinforcing the magic circle beneath our feet to prevent such incidents in the future. Your plan seems to be working quite well. Good for you."

I fell silent for a moment, studying Gabrielle's demeanor. Why was she upset with me? I wondered.

"What's really bothering you? Did I do something you didn't like?" I inquired.

"Not really," she muttered.

"Are you sure?" I persisted, closing the distance between us and gently pushed her onto the bed. As she lay on her back, I positioned myself atop her, my gaze fixed on her.

Even in this intimate moment, she avoided making eye contact. Determined to coax out her true feelings, I ventured to touch her beneath her clothes, running my hand up to cup her breast, slipping beneath her bra to feel her directly. Her nipple responded to my touch, hardening against my palm, yet she still refused to meet my gaze, maintaining her pout.

Desperate for a reaction, I pinched her nipple, eliciting a muffled gasp as she covered her mouth to stifle any further sounds. Finally, she looked at me, her glare piercing. Whatever had upset her, she was clearly still angry, though the cause remained a mystery to me.

"...If you think you can charm me with this, you're mistaken," she declared, her tone firm. "I won't be swayed so easily."

It appeared her defenses were unyielding, perhaps even stronger than Guardian's.

"...Is that so? Well, your body speaks louder than your words," I observed, noting the subtle tension in her thighs. "Why don't you just tell me what's truly bothering you?"

Still wearing a pout, she remained resistant, but after a bit of teasing with her nipples, she finally relented. Fixing me with a glare, she voiced her true concern. "You fucked her, didn't you?"

"I fucked who now?" I questioned, baffled by her ambiguous inquiry.

"Her. Irene," she clarified, her voice tinged with accusation. "You've already had sex with her, haven't you?"

Ah, Irene. Gabrielle seemed to hold some deep-seated resentment toward her, a feud of which I was entirely unaware. Perhaps something had transpired between them during their academic years...

"You can't deny it," she pressed on, her voice tinged with accusation. "Judging by the way she walked, she had already lost her virginity. And since I know for sure that she doesn't have any relations to any of the staff or professors at the academy, I can only assume that you did it! And when I asked her, the reaction she gave me confirmed it!

You fucked her!" she accused, her words sharp like daggers.

I realized that dodging the truth would only make matters worse, so I chose honesty. "I did. But you knew that was my intention from day one, didn't you?"

"I did," she admitted, her tone softening slightly. "But still, you could have informed me. I don't appreciate discovering that you fucked someone I know and dislike without you confiding in me."

"It just happened," I explained, trying to rationalize. "It was a spur-of-the-moment thing. I didn't have the chance to inform you. And you can't expect me to stop in the heat of the moment, can you?"

"I understand," she said, finally revealing a small smile amidst the tension. "It's just your nature, I suppose. You wouldn't pass up an opportunity like that. But now I see," her smile faded as she clicked her tongue disapprovingly, "that bitch seduced you," her voice dripping with disdain.

I chuckled at her remark. "If we're talking about who seduced whom, I'd say I was the one doing the seducing," I quipped.

She shot me a disapproving glare, but her smile quickly returned. "Just a heads up, mister. Once you're done with your little conquest, keep her far away from me. I'd rather not lay eyes on her any more than necessary. And," her voice took on a deeper, more threatening tone, "don't you even think about arranging a threesome with her and me. That's one arrangement I won't entertain."

I maintained my smile, understanding Gabrielle's stance. A threesome with Irene was out of the question for her, no doubt about it. She'd sooner jump off a cliff than entertain such a notion. With that in mind, my response was clear.

"I'm afraid that's not an option."