

With the bandits' leader lying lifeless on the ground, I couldn't help but stand still for a moment, trying to come to terms with what I had just done. It was a rush of emotions that I couldn't quite put into words. But as I focused on my inner self, I could feel a newfound power. I felt the very essence of the bandit's skill and made it my own. I-I really stole his skill. I could feel it. I was now stronger, more capable, and more dangerous than ever before. It was a thrilling feeling.

"Darx, are you okay?" I heard Syvis say from behind me.

As Syvis approached, her eyes wide with concern, I offered her a reassuring smile, "I'm fine," I said, my voice steady despite the adrenaline still coursing through my veins, "Not even a scratch."

She nodded, her gaze lingering on the place where my wound should be, which I healed with this new skill, "That was an incredible skill, back there," She remarked, "I've never seen you use a skill like that before. What was it?"

I glanced around, ensuring that the others were close, before leaning closer to Syvis, "It's something new," I began, my tone low, "It's the skill that appeared on my adventurer card after my encounter with the goddess. Somehow, I can steal an opponent's skill and use it as my own."

Syvis's eyes widened with surprise, "What? T-That's incredible," She breathed, her expression a mix of astonishment and fascination. "I had never heard of a skill like that. What's more, I have no idea how something like this is even possible."

My awakening as an adventurer was very different from anyone else's, so I was never able to understand many things about being an adventurer. Yet, I think I have an idea now. When I asked Ryul or Shalia how they learned their skills upon awakening as adventurers, they told me that it was as if the information about their skills and how to use them was suddenly in their minds. They said it was a strange feeling, like unlocking a suddenly forgotten memory. Something similar happened to me once I saw my adventurer card and saw my new skill written on my adventurer card. Although I already felt different after my encounter with the goddess, it wasn't until I saw my adventurer card that I understood what that sensation I had been feeling was.

I looked at Syvis and continued, "I don't fully understand it myself. As for why I haven't mentioned it before, I only discovered it recently. It's as new to me as it is to you."

She nodded in understanding, her trust in me evident in her gaze, "We'll talk about it more later when we have the time," She said, her voice soft, "But for now, we should check on the survivors and make sure they're alright."

Together, we joined the others who were already tending to the survivors. Harris, Craig, and Shianne had provided them with bandages and water, doing their best to ease their suffering.

The survivors, though battered and bruised, were resilient. Their expressions held a mix of relief and gratitude as they looked up at us, their eyes reflecting the glimmer of hope that had been restored in them.

"You saved us," I hear from afar, the older woman among the survivors said to Harris, her voice trembling with emotion, "We thought we were done for, but you all came and defeated those bandits. Thank you!"

Harris nodded, "We couldn't stand by and let innocent lives be taken. We're just glad we arrived in time."

Syvis and I approached the old man. He was crying beside the lifeless body of a man. His eyes, filled with grief and tears, met ours. His pain was palpable, etched into the lines on his weathered face.

"Did you know him?" I asked.

The old man nodded, his tears flowing freely, "Yes...", He managed to say, his voice cracked with emotion, "My son was brave. He tried to protect us, but those bandits... they were merciless."

As the old man recounted the attack, his voice quivered with a mix of anger and sorrow. They were returning to their village, blissfully unaware of the tragedy that awaited them on the road. His son, driven by bravery and the instinct to protect his father and the rest of the people in the carriage, confronted the bandits, hoping to shield them from harm. It was a courageous act that had cost him his life.

Syvis placed a comforting hand on the old man's shoulder, her touch gentle, "We didn't let their sacrifice be in vain," She assured him, "The time he gained was not in vain, and thanks to that, we were able to arrive on time and save you."

With a heavy heart, we left the old man to grieve by his son's lifeless body.

Walking towards Harris and Shianne, I saw Craig close to the destroyed carriage, his face a mask of grim determination, carefully checking the bodies of the other victims scattered around the carriage. His marten companion, agile and vigilant, assisted him in this solemn task. They moved with a practiced efficiency, although their eyes held a sadness that mirrored my own. One by one, they examined the fallen, their movements methodical and respectful. Craig's sharp eyes scanned for any signs of life, his hands gentle yet purposeful as he checked for pulses and breaths. His marten, equally skilled, sniffed the air, perhaps hoping against hope for the faintest scent of life.

I decided to approach Craig while Syvis went with the rest of the survivors. "Any survivors?" I asked quietly, my voice barely audible over the whispers of the wind.

Craig shook his head, his expression heavy with sorrow, "No," he replied, his voice laced with frustration, "They didn't spare anyone."

Shortly after, Frank exited the carriage and offered to take the survivors to the nearest village. With the carnage left behind by the bandits, it was clear that staying in this forested area was no longer safe, and the survivors needed medical attention and a safe place to rest. Syvis and the others nodded in agreement.

Harris stepped forward, "I agree. We'll manage the crowding. The priority is to get them to safety and ensure they receive the care they need."

"That's a kind gesture," The woman said, her voice carrying a note of gratitude, "We appreciate your help."

Frank smiled, though there was a hint of sadness in his eyes, "It's the least we can do," He replied, his rugged features reflecting the weight of the situation, "No one should suffer such a fate."

Harris and Shianne began to assist them onto the carriage with the utmost care and, at the same time, also gathered the few belongings they could carry. While the survivors huddled inside the safety of the carriage, Craig diligently combed through the bandits' corpses, his keen eyes scanning for anything of value.

"We'll ask for help to recover the bodies once we reach the nearest village," Frank told the old man who didn't want to leave his son's body there, "No one should be left behind in this forest."

Inside the carriage, the survivors exchanged weary glances. The day's events had left them in shock, their lives forever altered by the sudden brutality they had witnessed. Harris offered a reassuring smile to the youngest survivor, a girl who clutched a worn teddy bear to her chest, attempting to find comfort in the familiar even in the face of tragedy.

The group clung to the limited space. Craig went to sit outside with Frank. Meanwhile, in the confines of the carriage, Shianne sat on Harris's thighs, and Syvis settled onto my thighs, our bodies pressed close due to the lack of space.

After a while on the road, the rhythmic motion of the carriage beneath us sent waves of sensations through both of us, sensations that were difficult to ignore. I know it was neither the time nor the place, but my member started to get hard feeling Syvis's soft ass on top of me, accompanied by her weight and the jumps of the carriage that did not help. It's actually been a long time since Syvis and I have done it. Since the quest started to be more exact. Syvis seemed to feel my penis throbbing against her ass, but she didn't move or say anything, perhaps so as not to embarrass me. With effort, I managed to control myself, but without a doubt, I was eager to be alone with her soon.

As the carriage trundled forward, the world outside grew darker, the only illumination coming from the crescent moon and the lanterns attached to the carriage. Then, finally, we reached the village. It was a medium-sized village where we could surely find a place to sleep. We all got out of the carriage. The old man, his face etched with gratitude, thanked us profusely. His eyes held a mixture of sorrow and relief, understanding the precariousness of their situation. Beside him, the woman and the two girls clung to each other, their expressions mirroring the elder's gratitude. They insisted on compensating us for our aid. However, Harris gently refused their offer, "We cannot accept payment for helping you." He said, his voice firm yet gentle. Shianne nodded in agreement. The others and I agreed that we didn't need any payment, and after another thank you, they left.

After a brief discussion among us, it was decided that Harris and Shianne would take the task of reporting the attack to the village guards. Their mission was clear: to ensure the fallen were respected and collected, their bodies given the proper rites. Frank needed to tend to the horses. Meanwhile, Syvis, Craig, and I went to the Inn to reserve rooms and get something to eat.

As we made our way to the Inn, Craig caught sight of an elegant carriage adorned with intricate gold trim, gracefully rolling out of the village. He nudged me, his brow furrowed in curiosity. "Hey, take a look at that. What's a carriage like that doing in a village like this?"

"That carriage belongs to the church," Syvis said, her eyes narrowing slightly as we watched the vehicle disappear into the night, "It's the kind they usually use."

I glanced back at the fading silhouette of the carriage, "But why would a church carriage be out at this hour? It's not safe to travel in the dark, especially in these parts."

Syvis shook her head slightly, "The church's movements are often shrouded in secrecy. It's hard to discern their motives or understand why they do what they do."

We exchanged glances and then continued our walk to the Inn. Still, the mystery of the church carriage lingered in the back of my mind. I know that the goddess told me to rely on her followers, but there is something about the church that doesn't convince me. I'm still not sure how much I should trust them.

Upon entering the Inn, we were greeted by the innkeeper, a portly man with a friendly smile. The aroma of freshly baked bread and hearty stew hung in the air, teasing our senses and reminding us of the day's exhaustion and hunger. The Inn was filled with a motley crew of travelers and locals alike – their voices blending into a lively conversation.

"Do you have empty rooms?" I asked the innkeeper.

"Yes, there are three unoccupied rooms with double beds." He replies.

"Perfect! I missed sleeping in a bed," Craig said with a smile, "I guess I'll have to share a room with Frank."

"We will use the rooms." Syvis told the innkeeper.

The innkeeper nodded, handing over the keys to our lodgings for the night.

"By the way," I said to the innkeeper, "Do you know what people from the church were doing in this village?"

The innkeeper glanced around before leaning in closer as if sharing a secret, "Upon their arrival," He said in a hushed tone, "They were asking everyone if they knew anything about a strange light that's been seen in the forest around here in recent weeks."

"A light?" I echoed, my mind racing back to the illuminating sight I had witnessed in the forest the previous night.

The innkeeper nodded, "Yes, a light. Some travelers passing through here mentioned seeing it at night, dancing among the trees. Some call it a Fairy, and for some reason, the church seems to be quite interested in it. To be honest, I'm relieved that they're out of here since there are several people in this village who don't really believe what the church says."

Craig interjected, his eyes narrowing in thought, "So that's why they ventured out at night. Hunting for this fairy would be much easier in the dark because of its brightness."

"If it truly is a fairy, meeting her would be impossible unless she wishes it. Fairies are known for their elusive nature and tricks." Syvis responded.

The church's interest in a fairy, coupled with the peculiar light sightings, added another layer to the enigma surrounding our current situation. With the keys to the rooms in our hands, we sat at one of the tables, and after the others joined us, we ate together. After having our bellies full, everyone retired to their respective rooms.

Upon entering our room, we saw that it was a typical inn room with only the necessary things. Syvis and I continued our conversation about the enigmatic fairy and my new skill. As the topic naturally waned, Syvis mentioned her intention to take a bath. She left the room, her silhouette disappearing behind the door, leaving me alone with my thoughts in the soft glow of the room's lighting. Minutes ticked away, and I found myself lost in contemplation—the mysteries of the church, the elusive fairy, and our encounter with the bandits.

When Syvis returned, the atmosphere had changed. Her presence in the room was charged with an enigmatic intensity, her gaze a mix of seriousness and seduction. With every step she took, the air seemed to crackle with a newfound energy. She stood before me, her eyes locked onto mine, a silent understanding passing between us.

In that charged silence, she spoke, her voice a velvet whisper, "Tonight," Syvis began, "I'm going to make you feel good. You just have to relax."

Syvis was a sight to behold as she began to undress in front of me. Her movements were slow and seductive, each garment falling away to reveal more of her stunning body. First, her blouse slipped from her shoulders and fluttered to the floor, revealing her huge breasts contained within a black lace bra. I couldn't help but stare, transfixed by the sight of her curves.

Next, her skirt pooled at her feet, and I could finally see the full extent of Syvis's beauty. Her skin was a unique shade of grayish-brown, which contrasted beautifully with her long, fiery red hair. Her figure was stunning, with a small waist that flared out into wide hips and long, toned legs. I felt my heart race as I took in every inch of her perfect form.

Despite feeling slightly overwhelmed by her beauty, I couldn't look away as Syvis climbed onto the bed. She moved forward on her knees, her eyes locked on mine as she reached out to me. My heart pounded in my chest, anticipating her touch. She slowly leaned forward, her warm lips closing in on mine. Gently, she nibbled at my lower lip. My hands ran up her arms, stopping at her shoulders. Pulling her into me, I returned her kiss. Her hands cupped my face, her fingers running through my hair.

Breaking our kiss, her lips trailed down my neck, biting gently every now and then. My whole body shuddered at the sensation, "S-Syvis," I stammered.

She smiled, "I'm only starting."

Her hand moved from my face, tracing a line down my body. At my waist, her fingers slowly worked their way over to my cock. I could feel my heart pounding inside of my chest, my breath coming in quick gasps. Her soft fingers felt cool in contrast to my hot skin when I felt them wrap around my erection.

Syvis gave my cock a playful squeeze, a mischievous smile on her face, "Are you enjoying this?"

"Y-Yes." I stammered, trying to hold back a moan, "S-Syvis, it feels so good."

"That's good to know," She said, her lips curving into a grin.

Her hand ran up my leg, stopping at my sac. I let out a little moan, running my fingers through her hair, enjoying the sensation of her hand on my cock and the feeling of her hair as it ran over my skin. She lowered her head, and put her lips on the tip of my cock. Her hot breath sent a chill down my spine.

She began to suck, her lips slowly moving down my shaft. After a few moments, I felt the tip of my dick hit the back of her throat, and she pulled away. Her hand returned to my cock, pumping it lightly. She began to alternate between licking my cock and sucking on the tip, driving me to the edge of pleasure. My hips were moving now, trying to push deeper into her mouth.

I could feel the tension building in me, "Syvis," I gasped, "I'm close."

Her hand began to pump harder, and her mouth returned to my cock, taking me as deep as she could. I felt my back arching, my entire body tensing up. Her hand was moving quickly now, moving up and down my cock. Then, Syvis pulled her head away.

"I want to taste your cum," She said.

"S-Sure," I stammered, gasping for air.

Moving forward, Syvis put her lips back over my cock. Her tongue darted out, flicking my cock as her hand continued to move up and down. I could feel myself getting closer and closer to the edge. Syvis seemed to know exactly what I was feeling. Her hand was moving faster now as she sucked my cock, taking it deeper into her mouth with every down stroke.

"Cum for me," She said between sucks.

Her hand moved faster. Her mouth began to move faster. I could feel my cock getting more and more sensitive. I was so close now.

"I'm..... Syvis.... I..."

Her head bobbed up and down faster, her lips pressing hard against my shaft. I could feel every ridge and contour of her mouth as she sucked me hard. Her hand moved even faster until, all at once, I came.

"I'M... AGGGG!!!! AHH!!!!"

"Syv....."

Her lips continued to move down my shaft, taking it deeper down her throat. Her mouth moved up and down in perfect harmony, coaxing every bit of cum out of me. The pleasure was almost too much for me to take. My body shook as I came hard.

Syvis continued to suck me dry, her lips alternating between sucking and licking. I could feel my cock softening in her mouth as she moved up my body, laying next to me on the bed. I felt her hand run through my hair as my breathing began to slow down.

"I'm glad you enjoyed that." She said with a warm smile.

"It was amazing," I said, smiling right back at her, "Now it's my turn."

I couldn't resist the urge to explore her body. I began by planting gentle kisses on her neck, relishing in the way she shivered with pleasure beneath me. From there, I trailed my lips down to her breasts, taking my time to savor every inch of her soft skin. Moving lower, I peppered kisses across her abdomen, feeling her muscles tense and relax with each touch. Finally, I arrived at her hips, where I positioned myself between her legs. Looking up at her with a hungry gaze, I brought my face to the level of her pussy, eager to taste her and make her moan with pleasure.

Using just one finger, I gently pushed aside the fabric of her underwear, revealing the delicate folds of her pussy. Millimeters away was the pink slit of her pussy covered only on top by a bit of pubic hair. I could feel the tip of my tongue pressing against her pussy lips. I flicked my tongue, tasting her. She was so warm and wet. It was too good to be true.

"O-Oh, Darx....," She moaned.

Opening her legs wide, Syvis gave me full access to her pussy. I could feel her shaking beneath me. Her chest was heaving up and down, her breath coming in short gasps. Her pussy was covered in a liquid that was thin and salty, and I couldn't wait to taste more of it. I licked slowly, savoring every drop of her juices. Her sweet scent filled my nostrils, sending a rush of blood to my cock. I could already feel my manhood getting hard again at the prospect of what was to come.

I moved my tongue in circles around her pussy. She quivered beneath me in anticipation. I could tell she was close to cumming just from my teasing, so I lashed out with my tongue, giving her pussy a long, hard lick.

My tongue sent a shockwave through her body. Her legs spasmed underneath me, tensing like she was about to cum. I could feel the tension in her body, and I was going to tease her a bit more. Leading her on, I moved my face away from her pussy, kissing my way up her thigh.

"Ahmn... I... Cumm.. I'M CUMMING!!!!" She moaned, trying to thrust her hips forward and force my tongue into her, "CUMMING!!!!"

She was breathing hard now, trying to contain herself. I licked one last time, moving up her body, taking my time to taste every inch of skin on the way. When I reached her lips, I kissed her.

The night seemed to be just beginning. Syvis got up and sat on top of me. She took off her underwear and bra, leaving herself completely naked in front of me. Now, her enormous breasts were uncovered for me to admire as I pleased.

Syvis smiled and said, "Just relax. I'll be the one who makes you feel good tonight."

Moments later, she removed my pants completely. Without hesitation, she climbed back on top of me, positioning herself so that her pulsing, wet pussy was pressing against my own throbbing erection. Then she began to rub her slick folds against my hard shaft. Every movement sent shockwaves of pleasure coursing through my body, giving me a taste of what was soon to come.

"Ready for this?" She asked.

"Mmhmm," I nodded.

Slowly, she began to lower herself onto my cock. Her hot pussy engulfed me, and she began to grind her hips, making me feel every ridge and contour of her wet, sensitive pussy. She began to move her hips more rapidly, taking me deep into her. Before long, she was moving her hips up and down my shaft. Her breasts were bouncing in rhythm with her thrusts. I caressed her arms as I tried to hold on, enjoying the sensation of her tight pussy gripping my cock. Syvis continued moving for a long time, intensely making me think she wanted this as much as I did.

"D-Darx..." She moaned.

"S-Syvi," I groaned, "I'm close."

Moaning with pleasure, Syvis increased her pace, taking my cock deep into her pussy. I could feel the tension in my body growing, and Syvis seemed to be nearing her own orgasm.

"I'm gonna cum," I gasped, "I'M CUMMING!!!!"

"CUM WITH ME!!!!" Came Syvis's response.

A moment later, I felt my cock being pulled deeper into her, and I knew what was about to happen. I felt Syvis's pussy tighten around my cock as she came, her body quivering in pleasure. I began cumming, filling her with my hot, sticky seed.

"AHHHHH!" I groaned, cumming harder than ever before.

My body continued to shiver for a few moments afterward as I came down from my orgasm. Then, Syvis collapsed on top of me, her head nestled against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her close to me.

As I lay there with Syvis in my arms, a sense of contentment washed over me. Her presence was comforting, her touch reassuring. Yet, amidst the tranquility, a faint whisper of unease threaded its way through my thoughts. I couldn't put my finger on it, but there was a subtle shift in Syvis, an elusive nuance in her demeanor that tugged at the edges of my consciousness. I gazed at her, searching for answers, looking at her face. Her expression was serene, yet I

sensed an undercurrent of something unspoken. It was as if she carried a burden carefully concealed beneath her composed exterior. Could it be that I'm overthinking things? Whatever the case that night, I slept better than I had in years.

The morning sun peeked through the curtains, gently waking me from a peaceful slumber. I hear Syvis calling my name. Her touch was light, her fingers brushing my shoulder, and as I opened my eyes, I was met with her familiar, serene gaze.

"It's time to leave," She said, her tone gentle yet resolute.

I nodded, stretching the stiffness from my limbs. The affectionate Syvis from the previous night had retreated into the depths of her being, replaced by the composed and not very expressive woman I had grown to know. Strangely, there was comfort in her return to this familiar demeanor. We left the room together, stepping out into the crisp morning air. Outside the Inn, our companions were already prepared to resume our journey.

The atmosphere, initially serene, quickly shifted when Shianne noticed something amiss. Her sharp eyes scanned our faces, and her gaze settled on Craig, who seemed slightly disheveled and fatigued.

"Didn't sleep well, Craig?" Shianne inquired, her curiosity piqued.

Craig turned his gaze toward Syvis and me, a mischievous grin playing on his lips, "Well, let's just say my room was next to Darx and Syvis's," He said, emphasizing the last words, his tone laced with teasing implications.

For a moment, Syvis and I exchanged puzzled glances, the innuendo flying over our heads like a wayward bird. But comprehension dawned almost simultaneously, painting our cheeks red with embarrassment. We both blushed furiously, our embarrassment mirroring each other's, an unspoken acknowledgment of the shared intimacy of the previous night.

Syvis recovered swiftly. She cleared her throat, "We shouldn't waste any more time," She said, her voice steady, although her cheeks remained red, "Let's get going."

Shianne, Harris, and Frank, on the other hand, erupted into laughter, their joviality filling the morning air. Frank, in his usual boisterous manner, clapped Craig on the back, "Ah, to be young and in love. I remember those days."

Shianne grinned, her laughter infectious. "Love is a beautiful thing," She said, her tone playful. "But let's not forget we have a journey to continue."

Harris chuckled softly, then gently touched my shoulder, "Don't worry, lad. It happens to the best of us."

With the awkward moment diffused by laughter, we walked toward the awaiting carriage.

The rest of the way to the capital was without any setback, and several days later, we finally arrived at the outskirts of [Riledo]. As we approached the towering walls of the city, my heart swelled with a sense of happiness and anxiety. I couldn't wait to be back home, surrounded by familiar sights and sounds. It had been far too long since I had last seen my mother, and I was eager to reunite with her again. Still, there were things that needed to be clarified and issues that needed to be addressed. I knew that there were questions that needed answering, and I was determined to seek out the truth no matter what. But for now, I'm just happy to be back.

However, little did I know at that moment that my life was about to take a drastic turn in the following days.