

# **The World Is Mine For The Taking**

## **#Chapter 1 - 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (1) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1 - 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (1)**

*Chapter 1: - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (1)*

Greetings, I'm Leon—just as unassuming as the name suggests. Today, here I am, battling the nervous tremors as I stand before a girl. She, on the other hand, seems nonchalant, casually examining her nails. A first-year like me, she reigns from the Gold Class, holding the prestigious fifth-place spot.

Her name's Zeruel, and she's got this badass skill called the Blessed Sword. Even the name sounds cool.

Here I am, facing her from a distance. Honestly, even a chimp would know she's top-tier material. And let's not kid ourselves, even that same chimp would recognize she's way out of my league.

So, you might wonder, why am I subjecting myself to this spectacle?

I'm about to confess. Yes, spill my guts. It's the kind of move a guy attempting to defy fate and infuse some unforgettable youth into his life would make.

I scanned her from head to toe. Damn, she oozed sex appeal, and it's mind-blowing that she's just as young as me. Black hair, side-swept bangs, clad in our Magic Knight trainee uniform—hers in sultry black, mine in innocent white. Notable distinctions, like my bronze-colored goldwork against her gleaming gold. Below, a skirt adorned with black tights that, I must admit, shimmered enticingly. Man, I'd kill to bury my face between those legs. Let's take the fantasy up a notch, perhaps even become those tantalizing tights...

And let's not forget, she's a freaking sensation. Blessed Sword skill, drop-dead gorgeous, and wielding sword and magic skills that would put many veterans to shame, all at the tender age of 18. Summing up my impression? I'm like an ant on her radar—practically invisible.

But here's the kicker. I'm not the only daring soul vying for Zeruel's attention. Just two months into the school year, and over a hundred fools have tried their luck.

And every single one faced the same brutal reality: "Not interested." She'd casually stroll away, leaving the poor soul gazing at her retreating figure, drowned in the bitter taste of rejection.

And now, here I am, taking my shot with her.

"L-L-L-Lady Zeruel! I've been harboring these feelings for you for a while now! Please, consider going out with me!" I stuttered, my voice hitting a cringe-worthy low as I dramatically bowed my body at a painful 90-degree angle, extending my hand toward her. The stakes were high – if she touched my hand, it meant the green light. If not, well, it was time to gracefully accept defeat.

Zeruel sighed, casting an exasperated gaze my way. "I've given this same spiel to countless others, but for the hundredth time, I'm not interested," she declared, her tone dripping with icy finality.

I peered up at her, feigning shock. "Eh?! But why?! Is it because of some class distinction?"

She shot me a cold glare, crossing her arms under her bountiful chests. "No, not that. I'm simply uninterested in you altogether. I mean, why in the world would you even dare to confess your feelings to me? And right in front of the entire school body? Have you lost your mind? Or do you just lack shame altogether?"

That's right. Here I was, in the sprawling courtyard of the school, confessing my feelings amidst the hustle and bustle. This open space, where students of all classes trained and sparred, had become the unexpected stage for my audacious move. Every eye was on me, ranging from shock to outright laughter at my gall. A voice in the crowd even chimed in, "Does he really think he stands a chance? The so-called 'very useless' in this school sure has some guts, I'll give him that." It was my so-called friend from the same class, sharing a laugh with another bespectacled friend who remarked, "Kind of funny, honestly."

*Come on, guys, a bit of support wouldn't hurt...*

Zeruel, unimpressed and clearly annoyed, interrupted my train of thought. "Ugh. I can't believe I'm wasting my time even talking to you when I should be training. You're not even worth the effort. I mean, you're the lowest among all of us first-years. Actually, if I may be blunt, you might be the lowest in the entire school. I can't fathom how the school allowed your entry here. Must be some connection, right? Well, whatever. I don't care what kind of magic or whatever little skill you used to get in, but can you at least keep to yourself, be quiet, and not intrude on those who genuinely earned their place here?"

She sure had a way with words, huh? It honestly felt like a punch to the gut, the way she assumed I'd stoop low enough to use connections to get in here. Okay, I did get in through connections, but not the kind she was insinuating.

"What's going on here?" Our professor, a medical staff member who also taught basic swordsmanship and healing magic fundamentals, approached, seemingly sensing the brewing commotion. Draped in a black turtleneck and a matching slacks over her white

lab coat, she exuded an air of authority. Golden hair framed her face, and her emerald green eyes peered through glasses, giving her a sophisticated yet alluring look. I couldn't help but entertain some decidedly inappropriate fantasies involving those stiletto heels she wore while she glared at me in apparent disgust. This seductive teacher went by the name of Gabrielle.

"Nothing, professor," Zeruel replied, finally tearing her gaze away from me to address the professor. "Just this guy causing trouble."

Professor Gabrielle shifted her attention to me, her penetrating emerald green eyes drilling into me through her glasses. "You again, huh? How many times have I told you not to stir up trouble?"

"I-I haven't done anything," I stammered.

Professor Gabrielle surveyed the vicinity, her emerald gaze sweeping over the onlookers. "Are you sure? Judging by everyone's stares, it seems that what transpired tells a different story. Can you enlighten me on the situation in my office, Leon?" she inquired.

"Y-Your office again?" I muttered.

"Oh? Do you have an issue sharing a space with me?"

"I-It's not that, but I haven't done anything. If confessing is wrong, shouldn't others who've confessed face punishment too?" I reasoned.

"Listen here, confessing isn't typically a bad thing. But your confession is. You know your reputation, right?"

"I know. I'm the lowest, right?"

That's right. In this school, I was the lowest. Not the lowest of the low, mind you—someone else held that title. I was the lowest in terms of strength. Out of all the students here, including those above us, I held the unenviable position of being the weakest.

"If you know, shouldn't you be making an effort not to attract so much attention?"

I looked down. She had a point. I should make an effort to avoid drawing attention.

"Now that you've settled down, follow me to my office."

I walked with my head low, enduring the laughter and some even throwing stones. Professor Gabrielle activated her shield magic to deflect the stones aimed at me. As the students realized that the professor was protecting me, the jeers and insults escalated. I

guess the reputation of being useless and the lowest is truly damaging. Should I keep a low profile for the rest of my four years here?

"It's kind of enviable that he can go to Professor Gabrielle's office. He might be the only one who's been inside there, right?" my friend remarked.

My other friend pushed up his glasses, "Now that I think about it, you're right. Ah?! Do you think they're doing some kinky stuff in there? Like she's wearing a leather tights bondage queen uniform sexy underwear?! And he's on his knees, tying his hands, while she uses her stiletto to make him cum?! Oh my goodness! If that's the case, I should've chosen not to be a goody-two-shoes student and started causing trouble from day one!" His glasses gleamed eerily.

As I walked behind Professor Gabrielle, my face devoid of emotion, my gaze involuntarily fixated on the sway of her butt, still noticeable even through her lab gown.

Once we were out of the courtyard and a considerable distance away, with no one around, I stopped walking. "Why did you stop me, Gabrielle?"

My voice was now cold. The moment she heard that, she halted as well, peering over her shoulder. "Just like I said earlier, you should make a conscious effort not to stand out. What will happen if they discover who you really are?"

"I should lay low, huh?" I said, closing my eyes. "And what about the plan? Who will ensure it works out smoothly?"

"We will," she said, her voice a sultry promise. "Why won't you trust us? Is playing solo really your thing? Show some faith in us once in a while."

Closing the distance, I placed my hands on her shoulders, locking eyes with her. "Gabrielle, I trust you. But I don't want you and Amon tackling everything alone. Remember, I'm your master."

"You are, and that won't change. But as the master, loosen the reins a bit. Let your subordinates handle some matters like this." She effortlessly removed my hands from her shoulders and continued walking. "Now, let's head to my office. Speaking here risks our conversation being overheard. In my office, I can ensure complete privacy."

She pressed forward, and I followed. Once we stood in front of the door to her office, she opened it and stepped inside. I gave her a push.

"Waa?!"

I leisurely unbuttoned my uniform, fixing my gaze on her. "For a subordinate, you sure enjoy giving orders to your master a lot."

"W-What are you doing, Master?" she stammered, her voice a mix of anticipation and hesitation. The term 'master' slipped from her lips now that we were safely inside where prying ears couldn't interfere. "Aren't we going to discuss our next moves?"

"Oh, that can wait," I replied, discarding my uniform and swiftly unbuckling my belt. "We've got ample time for a full-fledged fucking session right now. Why waste it on mere conversation?" With a teasing flourish, I lowered my pants, unveiling my throbbing magnum opus to her gaze.

A soft gulp escaped her as she stared in awe. The sexual tension had been building up, and now, with privacy on our side, I was ready to let loose.

I locked eyes with her and commanded, "Turn that tempting ass around and place your hands on that table."

Without a moment's hesitation, she followed my directive, presenting herself for what was about to unfold. I closed the distance, standing before her in all my naked glory.