

## The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 1171 - 179 - A Miraculous Reunion (1) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 1171 - 179 - A Miraculous Reunion (1)

### Chapter 1171: Chapter 179 - A Miraculous Reunion (1)

#### Kaori's POV

"Hey, Tsubasa."

I said his name while he was doing exactly what I expected him to be doing—sitting quietly, eyes lowered, completely absorbed in a book. He always looked like that when he read, like the rest of the world had faded out and only the words in front of him mattered.

"What are you reading?"

"Nothing," he answered without even looking up. "It's not going to interest you anyway."

I frowned at that. "What? It's not a porn manga, is it?"

He finally lifted his eyes, clearly unimpressed. "Of course not. Do you seriously think I'd read something like that here?"

"Well," I said, leaning closer, "you're not letting me see it, so how would I know?"

Before he could react, I reached behind him, grabbed the book, and yanked it straight out of his hands.

"Oh my!" I said dramatically, flipping it around. "It *is* a porn manga!"

"It's not," he sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose like he was already exhausted. "I don't know what kind of image you have of me, but that's obviously just a shoujo manga."

"Oh. Okay," I said, lowering my voice as I actually looked at the cover properly. I flipped through a few pages. "Huh. I read this before. This is actually... really good. Honestly, it's a nice twist on a shoujo manga. And it's set in a fantasy world too."

"Well," he said calmly, "that's exactly why it's interesting. At least to me."

"It's about a romance between a knight and a princess," I continued. "And it's actually pretty well-written. Don't you think the drama is interesting too? The princess already has a fiancé, because she can't marry the one she actually loves—the knight. But the

knight keeps trying, using everything he has to be with her. It's kind of tragic, but also really sweet."

"It's an overused trope," he admitted, "but the monologues and the dialogue make it work. That's what hooked me."

I glanced at him sideways. "Oh? Are you sure it's just that? Or is it actually the sex scenes?"

"The sex scenes are just a cherry on top," he replied plainly.

"Right?" I said, grinning.

Moments like these were honestly the best.

I was in his room, just like always, and we were doing something completely mundane—reading manga together. Yet somehow, it never felt boring. It was one of those quiet pastimes that didn't need excitement to be enjoyable.

I was used to being here. So used to it that I didn't even think twice about lying down on his bed like it was my own. That had become normal for us over time.

Usually, I'd stretch out on his bed while he sat on the floor, leaning against it, both of us reading our own manga in comfortable silence. No pressure. No awkwardness. Just... peace.

"You know," I said suddenly, staring up at the ceiling, "I'm really having fun like this."

He paused. "Where did that come from?"

I didn't really know myself. The words had slipped out before I could stop them, like my heart spoke faster than my head.

"I don't know," I said honestly. "I just felt like I needed to say it. Like... something bad is going to happen, and if I don't say it now, I won't get another chance."

"What's that supposed to mean?" he said, his tone sharpening slightly. Then he sighed. "You know what, you should go home now. Or I'll kick you out myself. It's already late."

"What?" I protested. "At least let me stay for another hour."

"You're just going to laze around on that bed and do nothing anyway," he said. "Just come back tomorrow."

"Really?" I said, smiling without thinking. "I love you, Tsubasa!"

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When I opened my eyes, the first thing I felt was pain.

My entire body felt heavy and restrained. Cold metal pressed against my skin. I tried to move, but the moment I did, the chains tightened, biting into me and making it painfully clear that I couldn't move at all.

My wrists, my legs, my torso—everything was bound.

"Oooh, looks like we got one. We lost a lot of people, but at least we managed to grab her. She's going to fetch us a lot of money."

"Money's fine and all," another voice said, "but can we have a go with her first? It's been stressful as hell. We attacked what was basically a den of monsters and didn't even get to do any pillaging. We could've fucked some villagers, but those people were monsters. We couldn't even get through."

"We're lucky they hesitated to kill us," someone else muttered. "Most of them did."

"Yeah," another agreed. "If they hadn't, we'd be completely screwed."

My head was pounding, every sound echoing too loudly in my skull. My thoughts felt sluggish, tangled, like I was wading through thick fog. It hurt just to think.

The last thing I remembered was... getting captured.

Still... I guess it was worth it.

I saved the mother and her child.

I was too late to save the father, but he protected them until the very end. He put himself in harm's way so they could live.

That scene...

It reminded me of Tsubasa.

That's right.

Tsubasa saved Chihara during the accident. He pushed her out of the way, and because of that, he was the one who died.

Was this the same thing?

Was this the same kind of choice the father made?

Was it because Tsubasa loved Chihara that he saved her?

I didn't know.

Maybe it really was that simple.

At that moment, I didn't know what I was supposed to feel. Everything inside me felt tangled and heavy.

It felt like Tsubasa was slowly drifting away from me, even before he died, while he got closer and closer to Chihara. That jealousy... that ugly feeling—that was what made me hate her. More than the fact that it was her fault he died, it was my own jealousy that poisoned my heart.

If I had been honest about my feelings sooner, maybe I could have stayed by his side.

But it was too late now.

My feelings had nowhere left to go. I had betrayed him in my own way, and maybe this was my punishment. Maybe this was my karma.

I didn't know what was going to happen to me next.

But I knew one thing.

It wouldn't be good.

I know you're not here, Tsubasa, but...

"Save me..."

## **Chapter 1172: Chapter 179 - A Miraculous Reunion (2)**

### **Leon's POV**

The message from Myrcella hit me like a hammer to the chest. It was short, rushed, and carried a kind of weight that didn't need extra words to explain itself. Something had happened with the heroes. Something bad. I didn't waste a second. I gathered myself and moved immediately, pushing my body and mana to get to their location as fast as I could.

When I arrived, the atmosphere alone told me everything I needed to know.

The air felt wrong. Heavy. Like the aftermath of a storm that had torn through and left nothing but wreckage behind. The ground bore signs of chaos—disturbed earth, broken

equipment, scattered traces of a struggle that had clearly ended poorly. It was an awful sight, one that settled deep in my gut and refused to leave.

I hadn't heard about any of this earlier because, frankly, I was distracted. I had been having sex with Erica and the Starry Knights last night, completely cut off from the outside world. I had no alerts, no reports, and nothing. By the time Myrcella finally managed to contact me, whatever happened here had already unfolded.

"Leon!"

My name was practically torn out of her throat the moment she saw me. Myrcella came rushing toward me, still wearing her sleepwear. The fabric looked thin and rumpled, completely out of place in a scene like this. That alone told me how sudden everything had been. She hadn't even stopped to change.

She reached me and wrapped her arms around me immediately. The hug was tight, desperate, and so sudden that I didn't even have time to think before my body reacted. I felt her shaking slightly.

"Thank goodness you're here," she said, her voice unsteady.

Before I could respond properly, someone else stepped into my view.

"Oh, it's been a while," I said, forcing a small, tired smile.

"It really has."

Shredica stood there in a magic knight uniform. The armor fit her surprisingly well, both practically and visually. There was something about the way she carried herself now. She was more grounded and more composed, I guess. I hadn't expected to see her here at all, and that alone made the situation feel even heavier.

"I've already been briefed on the situation," I said, shifting into focus. "My people are already working on tracking where the bandits escaped to."

I watched Myrcella closely as I spoke. Relief washed over her face, but it didn't last long. Worry lingered underneath it, and it was stubborn and impossible to hide. I didn't need her to explain why. She had already told me earlier. The one who had been kidnapped was her disciple. Anyone in her position would be terrified.

"P-Princess Myrcella."

That voice.

The moment it reached my ears, my entire body stiffened.

I was twenty years old in this world now. I had lived here for two full decades. I had built a life, relationships, as well as memories. And yet, despite all of that, there was absolutely no way I could forget that voice.

Slowly, almost unwillingly, I turned my head toward the source.

The instant I saw her, it felt like something inside me cracked apart.

Of course.

That possibility had always existed, hadn't it?

The chances were unbelievably small, almost laughable to think about—but never zero. There was always the chance that someone summoned to this world would be someone I knew from my past life.

"Hasegawa-sensei...?"

The name slipped out of my mouth before I could stop it. My voice was quiet. It was barely more than a breath. Thankfully, she didn't hear me. She was still a short distance away, focused entirely on Myrcella.

Myrcella, on the other hand, caught the words immediately. She glanced at me, but she didn't say anything. For that, I was grateful.

"T-Thank goodness you're here..." Hasegawa-sensei said, her voice trembling as she addressed Myrcella. "Um, A-Asada-san... Asada-san was kidnapped... W-We... we need your help."

The moment she said that name, my thoughts froze.

My mind went completely blank.

I hadn't thought of Kaori right away. How could I have? Twenty years had passed for me. I assumed she had long since graduated. That Hasegawa-sensei was simply teaching a new group of students.

But hearing that name again, spoken like that, pulled me straight back into memories I thought I had already buried.

I didn't understand what was happening. Maybe time here didn't flow the same way it did on Earth. Maybe months there were years here—or the other way around. Nothing made sense anymore.

"Leon?"

Myrcella's voice broke through my thoughts. She was looking at me with concern now, clearly noticing how shaken I'd become.

"Are you okay?"

I met her gaze. She looked worried, genuinely worried, and that alone helped ground me.

"Yeah," I said after a brief pause. "I'm fine." I took a breath. "Myrcella, I'm going to pursue the kidnappers. Can you stay here with the others and heal their wounds?"

She studied my face for a moment, as if weighing something internally. Then she nodded.

"Alright."

She trusted me. She always had.

Now the only question was whether I'd be fast enough.

These were bandits. There was no guarantee they were just holding their captive. The worst possibilities crept into my mind no matter how much I tried to push them away.

"I'm coming with you," Shredica said firmly.

I looked at her, searching her expression for hesitation. There was none. After a moment, I nodded.

While all of this was happening, Hasegawa-sensei suddenly ran toward me. Before I could react, she grabbed my hands tightly.

Her hands were cold. That was the first thing I noticed. The second was how different they felt. The softness I remembered from my past life was still there, but layered over it were callouses—proof of months spent surviving and enduring in a world far harsher than the one we came from.

That single touch shattered any remaining illusion that this might be a dream.

"Please, sir... please..." she said, her voice breaking completely now. Her eyes were red, tears streaming freely down her cheeks. "Save my student..."

I didn't have an answer right away. The weight of her plea pressed down on me harder than any enemy ever could.

As she spoke, several of her students ran up to her. I recognized some of their faces instantly. Even after all this time, they were familiar. For me, twenty years had passed. For them, it looked like only months had gone by since my death.

That alone convinced me—time truly did move differently between worlds.

"I'll save her," I said at last, my voice steady despite everything. "Don't worry."

I turned toward Shredica, and without another word, she headed straight for her wyvern. I hadn't known she'd managed to tame one, but right now, that detail didn't matter.

"Hop on, Leon," she said, already climbing up. "It's much easier to search from above."

I exhaled slowly.

Well. At least I wouldn't be walking.

With that, I mounted the wyvern behind her, gripping tightly as its wings spread wide, ready to carry us toward whatever awaited next.