

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

## **#Chapter 2 - 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (2) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 2 - 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (2)**

*Chapter 2: Chapter 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (2)*

I released the seventh explosive load of my cum, a culmination of desire, onto Gabrielle's thoroughly ravished body. She lay sprawled on the table, back arched in the aftermath of our intense encounter. Heavy breaths escaped her, her breasts, now adorned with the evidence of our fervor, rose and fell with each exhausted breath. Every inch of her being was marinated in the consequence of our passion.

Gabrielle, an embodiment of pleasure, had reached the pinnacle 20 times, each climax intensifying the storm of ecstasy we shared. Even as she convulsed in pleasure, I relentlessly continued to fuck her, the peaks of her pleasure accentuated by moments when she came while squirting. It was no wonder she lay there, spent and utterly exhausted. On the contrary, having unleashed seven torrential loads of cum upon her, I stood unfazed, an insatiable hunger still lingering. Alas, time constraints denied us the luxury of another round.

"M-Master... Couldn't you have taken it easier on me?" she gasped, her voice a melodic symphony of pleasure and exhaustion. "I thought I was a goner. I literally saw my vision turn white when I came for the nth time..."

The room was now a chaotic scene of spilled cum and love juices. I made my way to where her clothes lay, using her lab coat to wipe my dick and body before returning to my own clothes.

"Don't be ridiculous," I asserted, the air thick with post-coital tension. "There's no way you'll meet your end from sex, especially with the guardian skill and being considered one of the most powerful Magic Knights."

Now, you might be curious about my connection with this enchanting lady. She's a member of the Magic Knights, once hailed as the most beautiful among them. Beyond her stunning exterior, she possesses the guardian skill, a power allowing her to erect potent barriers and endlessly heal herself.

This intriguing combination of beauty and prowess caught my attention. Alongside Amon, my first servant, we engaged with her, gradually weaving the threads that led her to fall deeply in love with me. It wasn't an overnight feat; it took time and effort, but the seeds we planted eventually bore fruit. One memorable night, the culmination of our

desires unfolded. I vividly recall how I fucked her relentlessly until her legs could no longer support her.

Following that marathon of passion, I decided to unveil my true motives. To my surprise, she didn't react with anger. Instead, having already fallen under my spell, she offered her assistance. Overflowing with affection, I seized the opportunity and fucked her again that very day.

After our escapade, she strategically chose to work at this school, providing me with the perfect cover. I had become a person of interest, having stirred up trouble for those accustomed to the safety of their chairs. To keep a low profile, I decided to enroll in this prestigious institution.

Milham's Magic Knight Academy—a haven crafted explicitly for honing the skills of magic knights. However, not everyone who emerged from its halls would ascend to the coveted status. Only those who carved their place in the top 100 would automatically earn the title of a magic knight, with the top ten securing high-ranking positions.

Why did I choose this institution? It was a melting pot of potential, a cauldron brimming with exceptional skills. It was a nest of eggs, and I, playing the role of the snake, couldn't resist the desire to sink my fangs into them.

In my quest to maintain a low profile, I assumed the persona of an unassuming magic knight trainee. I pretended to lack any skills or talent in both magic and swordsmanship, positioning myself as the lowest ranks among them all.

You may be curious about how I managed to infiltrate this place despite being a wanted figure. Well, as I mentioned, I have a lady here, Gabrielle, who's been instrumental in my endeavors. She played a pivotal role in securing my entry. I orchestrated for her to work at the institution for a year, and when the time came for me to enroll, she became the key to my seamless admission. The process unfolded so smoothly that, upon entering without arousing any suspicion, I indulged in a night of unrestrained passion, fucking Gabrielle in every hole until she was thoroughly loosened.

"Anyway," I nonchalantly remarked, the sound of my pants being yanked up punctuating the air. "I agree with the idea of laying low, but I also believe it's beneficial for me to make calculated moves every once in a while."

Gabrielle, finally sitting up straight, gracefully slipped off the table. Her steps were a tad unsteady on the floor, but she skillfully maintained balance using the table for support. "I guess. It does seem like a good idea, after all. But..."

"But what? Are you feeling a tinge of jealousy? Haven't we already hashed this out?" I probed.

"I-I'm not particularly jealous. I comprehend that, for your plan to succeed, you need more women. It's just that I'm worried. Worried that if you encounter a younger girl, you might grow bored of me and discard me like a pebble picked up on a whim. Once you lose interest, you'll just cast me aside," she expressed with a subtle vulnerability.

I approached her once I finished getting dressed, enveloping her in a hug from behind. "Do you really think I'd do something like that to you?"

"I don't, but..."

"But you can't help worrying, huh?"

"Yeah."

Her adorable demeanor tempted me to push her down for another round, but time wasn't on our side. For now, let's express our love for her, not through the intense physical connection we shared, but with words.

"I love you, Gabrielle," I declared, gently tilting her chin to meet my gaze. "And I'm not just saying that. The moment I took your first time, you became my woman. Once you're mine, I won't let you go, no matter what. I'll bind you to me forever."

She blushed from ear to ear, radiating an undeniable cuteness. My mind, however, was preoccupied with explicit desires, envisioning a scenario where I thoroughly ravished her until she lay there, my semen coating her entire body. But for now, a simple kiss would suffice.

Our lips met, tongues entwining in a passionate exchange. In that heated moment, a sudden whooshing sound caught my attention.

"Huh?" I pulled away, approaching the window to investigate. Peering downward, I spotted a lone woman with dark purple hair and piercing blue eyes. She swung her sword with determination, clad in the same uniform and color as mine. A classmate, apparently, but one I hadn't remembered. She didn't stand out, lacking any noticeable skills. In contrast to me, who feigned incompetence, she genuinely had none.

Normally, skills awakened as you came of age. Yet, when they failed to manifest, it meant a lifetime of skilllessness. And she, unlike me, was bound to remain that way.

"Gabrielle, who's that?"

Gabrielle joined me by the window. "Her name's Shredica. She's in the same class as you, master. No skill, but she's got a solid grip on her sword and some magic competence. That's how she ended up here."

Interesting, but a woman without any skill held little interest for me. I left it at that and turned my attention to Gabrielle.

"Now, how do we go about making Zeruel fall for me? Got any juicy intel?" I asked.

"Yes. I've got the whole dossier on her," she replied.

"Spill it then."

"Very well," she said. Then, a golden panel materialized before her, and she casually wiped some lingering cum off her glasses before delving into the contents. "Apparently, her mother's health is on the decline, and she has a younger sister. To avoid burdening her mother, who's unable to work due to her frailty, Zeruel decided to take on the responsibility. However, her mother couldn't permit her to take a break from school. So, she worked hard to enroll here as a scholarship student. To maintain that status, she needs to stay in the top 10. If she slips, she loses it all."

I nodded, understanding the situation. It explained her earlier words to me. Now, the real challenge: how do I make her fall for me? Honestly, I had no clue.

"I think it's better if you choose another target, Master," Gabrielle suggested.

"Got any better options?" I inquired.

"The top 70th. You know, the princess who's always so full of herself?"

"Titania, huh?"

I knew Titania, of course. She possessed the skill Butterfly Effect, though its complexity left her clueless on its usage. But apparently, her swordsmanship was top-notch, a detail that I cared little about. All I needed was her skill, after all.

"Well, you better start unraveling the secrets to make her fall, Gabriella," I asserted.

With a subtle adjustment of her glasses, she queried, "And the reward for a job well done?"

"A mind-blowing fuck, naturally."

"In my ass next time," she declared.

"If that's your desired reward, then that's precisely what you'll receive."

Simultaneously, the chime of the bell reverberated, a melodic signal marking the conclusion of our courtyard sparring with other classes. It was time to venture towards my own classroom. Before stepping out, I meticulously groomed myself—smoothing

out the faint wrinkles on my pants and sleeves, and ensuring no rogue cum stains adorned my uniform. Fortunately, all was pristine.

Approaching the exit, Gabrielle beckoned me back for a parting word.

Grinning, I planted a teasing kiss on her lips. It had to be brief; otherwise, it might escalate into another steamy fucking session. After that enticing kiss, I departed from her office.