

The World Is Mine For The Taking

Chapter 26: Chapter 4 - Ayane, The Spirit Fox (7)

After dispatching all of them, I strolled back to the carriage, ready to step inside. But then, a lingering sense of life caught my attention among the fallen bandits. Glancing back, I spotted someone struggling to stand. On closer inspection, like the now lifeless bandits, the figure was dressed in bandit attire—safe to assume the figure was one too.

I extended my hand, forming a makeshift gun with two fingers, poised to unleash a spell. But as I prepared to cast, a realization struck me—she was a woman. If she managed to avoid my lethal spell, maybe she had skills worth exploring. Perhaps sparing her could prove advantageous?

With that notion in mind, I shot behind her at a breakneck speed, executing a chop to the nape of her neck that sent her collapsing. Swiftly, I caught her before she hit the ground. Taking a moment to inspect her, I observed a cloth mask concealing most of her face, leaving only her closed eyes visible. Tendrils of golden hair teased out from the edges of the fabric, and her attire subtly accentuated a distinctly feminine figure, with curves that hinted at allure. It even seemed plausible that she might boast a more generous bosom than Amon.

I made no attempt to unveil her face, leaving the mask in place as I carried her back to the carriage. The moment the women inside laid eyes on me, save for Artemis, a wave of fear swept through them, trembling in the face of my return. It wasn't surprising to see the other two women quaking; they were clearly scared of me. However, Ayane's visible fear caught me off guard.

I had assumed Ayane to be fatalistic, someone who accepted fate as an inevitability, believing her descent into prostitution was preordained. In my misguided assumption, I had thought all the women shared this mindset, figuring that to ease their fears, I should bluntly declare they'd become my playthings rather than dangle prospects that would only heighten their anxiety about their fate in my hands. Yet, it appeared I was gravely mistaken.

As I entered the carriage with the unconscious bandit woman in my arms, the atmosphere shifted dramatically. The women inside, excluding Artemis, trembled in fear, their eyes wide with apprehension.

I carefully laid the bandit woman on the floor of the carriage and took a moment to observe the disquiet that had settled among the others. Were they scared of me? That seemed more likely. But well, there was nothing I could do about it.

Dread.

That's what coursed through me when bandits descended upon our village.

Powerless, I watched as many men assaulted my mother, and my father was forced to witness before they killed him right in front of me.

Our clan, known as the most beautiful among the beastkin, often drew the attention of bandits. It was no surprise they sought to prey on us.

But I was a unique find among them all. Unlike my kin, I possessed nine tails instead of the typical singular tail of the fox clan.

That's why, instead of merely assaulting and ending me right then and there, they chose to keep me as a pawn, a source of profit.

At nine, I wasn't deemed ready to be a prostitute, so they embarked on training me for that role. They drilled into me how a woman should act, how to satisfy men—every despicable detail. Each lesson left me on the verge of vomiting, but I gritted my teeth and endured it. To resist meant the possibility of being sold to those who sought the company of children. I forced a grin and bore the unbearable.

Fast forward nine years, and I was now eighteen. The day loomed when my virginity would be ruthlessly taken away. No, it loomed over all of us. Martha's brother would arrive to deflower each one of us before consigning us to the shelves.

I had long reconciled with my fate as a mere commodity, a prostitute. I had embraced that grim reality. There was no lingering hope for a knight in shining armor to rescue me. Those tales belonged to fiction. In this narrative, I was nothing more than a background character.

But today, a man barged in and purchased all of us. He resembled the knight in shining armor from my dreams, yet the aura around him set off alarm bells, warning me to keep my distance. I didn't want to be with him. Truth be told, I had a gut feeling that in his hands, I would still end up as a prostitute, treated as nothing more than a sex slave. I was certain that he would make me do anything he pleased. That's why I couldn't simply believe his claim that he only intended for us to work for him. It was hard to believe—too good to be true, even.

I reluctantly accepted the prospect that he might turn us into his playthings. It seemed easier to think that way. Without clarity on what he planned for us, unease would linger in our lives.

However, as I witnessed his display of power—the terrifying control over his mana and the devastating light magic that obliterated every bandit surrounding the carriages—fear reared its head once more. What lay ahead for me? Would I become his sex slave, or

perhaps something even more twisted? Strangely, I found myself entertaining the thought that it might be better if he just turned me into his sex slave.

At last, we reached the grandeur of the capital city of Milham. The guards stationed outside the imposing front gate brought the carriages to a halt, their eyes widening as they peered inside. The spectacle of numerous women within each carriage elicited clear surprise. The captain of the guards approached me, suspicion etched on his face, insinuating potential involvement in human trafficking. However, I promptly silenced him by presenting a bag brimming with gold coins.

Money, it seemed, held incredible sway, even in this world.

With that, we gained entry without further issues. Along the route, bystanders gawked at the extensive procession, their expressions betraying a mix of confusion and curiosity. Yet, they refrained from prying into the true nature of our arrival, allowing the mysterious entourage to proceed unhindered through the bustling streets.

After a short journey, we finally arrived at a grand establishment named Leonamon. Positioned outside was a woman donned in a Victorian maid outfit. The coachmen eyed her with desire, but she paid them no mind. I had explicitly forbidden her from even glancing at any men other than myself, after all. As I stepped out of the carriage, she offered a bow.

"Welcome back, Master."

Amon greeted me, a smile gracing her face as her brown hair swayed with the bow. After straightening up, she glanced at the women emerging from the carriages.

"Are these the new workers?" she inquired. I had already informed her that I had acquired workers for the company.

"Yes, they are. I'll fill you in on how you'll be supervising them later. For now, let's head inside. We're attracting attention out here," I advised.

"Of course." Amon nodded and then turned toward the establishment. An undeniable tension seemed to grip her legs—were they subtly pressed together? Was she harboring arousal? It certainly seemed that way, given the sultry gazes she cast my way and the deliberate sway of her buttocks, almost as if she was enticing me to reach out and grab them.

I averted my gaze from that tempting display and directed my attention to the women, signaling for them to follow us. Initially uncertain, they reluctantly trailed behind.

Upon entering, I discovered that the establishment resembled a convenience store, with phones as the sole displayed product.

Continuing to walk, I asked Amon, "How many phones can you produce by yourself in a day?"

"I can make two to three smartphones, give or take," she replied, casting me a lustful gaze without breaking stride.

"Do you think these women can assist you?"

"I believe they can, in more ways than one," she responded with a suggestive tone.

Does that mean in a lewd way too?

"I certainly look forward to it then," I said with a sly grin.

Maybe in the future, I can revel in the ecstasy with the girls in this establishment as I please. I mean, I did explicitly tell them they'd be my playthings, right? I made it clear I wouldn't force them into it, but since they couldn't believe me, it might be better if they just think of themselves that way. If not, they'll only squirm in unease. Should they decide on that path, I'm all in. Presently, though, a palpable unease lingered among them. Was it the result of my flamboyant display of power earlier? It likely was. They now harbored uncertainty about their impending fate. I yearned to alter that perception. To restore their ease, I needed to firmly establish that they were destined to be both workers and playthings under my command. How might I achieve that? My gaze shifted discreetly toward Artemis. Perhaps making an example of her would be effective.

"Anyway, Master? What's with that woman on your shoulder?"

"Ah..."

Oh, right. All this time, the bandit woman I knocked out earlier dangled over my shoulder, still out cold. My plan for her involves stashing her away and squeezing intel on her employer. Bandits usually swim in cash. I'm damn sure this woman's boss is a goldmine. I'll gather the intel, then raid that bandit boss. While I might be sitting pretty in the wealth department, there's an undeniable rush in stacking more riches by toppling bandit overlords and snatching their dirty gains.

"After I brief you on how you'll supervise them, get me a room. I'm planning to school a naughty little bandit here a lesson," I said with a wicked smile.

Chapter 27: Chapter 5 - Raising A Flag (1)

After briefing Amon on the details of how she'd supervise the ex-prostitutes in training, I followed her guidance to the supposed best place for doling out punishment. It was

tucked away somewhere at the bottom of the establishment. Amon guided me there with graceful steps until we reached a set of stairs leading down. She led me through, and at the bottom, there was a door. She opened it, allowed me to enter, bowed, then promptly left the room, closing the door behind her.

What an obedient maid. I'd have to reward her later...

Now, as I glanced around the room, I couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow." This was undeniably an S&M room. The array of tools left little room for doubt. Strap-ons, handcuffs, dildos scattered here and there, and even a butt plug. This was really a room designed for disciplining someone.

How the hell did Amon procure these tools? Wait a minute, didn't I explain what sex toys were to her? Did Amon assemble all this based on my words? What a genius.

Anyway, now wasn't the time to marvel. I laid the unconscious bandit on the bed, adorned with red sheets, perfectly fitting for an S&M room. Grabbing both of her hands, I placed them over her head. I reached for two leather handcuffs, locking her wrists into them, and then secured the other ends to the headboard. Her hands were now tied in place. I also snagged a leg spreader bar, attaching her ankles to the leather cuffs, then forcibly parting her legs wide open. Escape, in her current state, was a futile endeavor.

After that, I took in her entire form. I couldn't help but lick my lips in anticipation. I'd once fantasized about indulging in some S&M discipline with a woman, but the lack of sex toys in this world had made it seem like just that—a fantasy. Thanks to Amon, though, it seemed like I might finally get the chance to bring that desire to life.

Smirking, I reached for the mask and yanked it off her face. Lo and behold, a beautiful visage was revealed. She sported golden hair, just grazing her shoulders, with a single red streak swept to the right side of her face.

To say she was a beautiful woman would be an understatement. She exuded a captivating sexiness that was hard to ignore.

"If I weren't so busy today, I'd have some fun with this beautiful face and punish it exactly how I want, for as long as I please. Too bad there's something far more important on my plate right now," I said, reaching for her face and tucking the strands of hair that fell over it behind her ear. "So, for now, how about I prepare you for the punishment that's coming later?"

I made my way to where the tools were stashed. Knowing Amon quite well, she should have the necessary equipment for this kind of play. I needed the right gear for this disciplining session. I opened a cabinet nestled in the corner of the room, beside the stockade, a wooden St. Andrew's cross, a wooden horse, and a pillory. Honestly, this room had all the vibes of a torture dungeon. Let's dub it the Dungeon, just for the sake of convenience.

As the cabinet creaked open, my eyes fell on exactly what I was searching for. It was a treasure trove of aphrodisiacs.

I grinned. That demon maid really knows what tickles my fancy.

I snatched a small bottle of aphrodisiac. Despite its size, this stuff packed a punch. If a guy guzzled it down, he could go for up to five rounds without pulling out. For a woman, it would make her clamp her legs around you like a vice grip, her pussy clinging to your dick like it was trying to suck you dry. That's the kind of potent stuff we were dealing with here. And I was about to unleash it on this woman right now.

"You know... this bottle not only amps up sexual arousal but can also drive someone insane if they can't satisfy their carnal desires," I said, as if musing to myself. "In a way, this bottle is a one-way ticket to madness. Sure, they can make the aphrodisiac's effects disappear without actually getting it on. That's where masturbation comes in. However..." I cast a glance at the women who were bound at every limb. She couldn't exactly indulge in self-pleasure in that state. "I wonder what'll happen to someone who can't have sex and can't even use their hands for a good ol' masturbation session?"

The bandit woman quivered ever so slightly on the bed when she heard that. I was well aware she had regained consciousness while I was tying her up, yet she persisted in the guise of playing possum. It appeared she thought I remained oblivious to her awakening, plotting to seize an opportune moment for an unexpected strike.

Little did she know, my guard was perpetually raised. Drawing near, I leaned in with the bottle, aiming the potent aphrodisiac toward her mouth. In a feeble attempt to thwart my advance, she tried to use her head as a weapon, aiming for a collision with mine. But, effortlessly, I sidestepped her assault.

"Oops. Too bad," I grinned, relishing the futility of her effort.

"Tsk," she clicked her tongue, registering her failed maneuver. "So, you know that I've awoken, huh?"

"Yep. I've known all along," I retorted.

"What are you going to do to me?" she demanded, her eyes ablaze with anger. Red eyes, seething with defiance.

"I believe you already know, don't you? You've been privy to my soliloquies this entire time," I remarked.

"I'm telling you right now, if you do something to me, I swear, you'll regret it!"

With her defenses utterly compromised, I seized her by the chin, pinching it with intent. Her mouth, forced open, took on the appearance of a fish gasping for air. My response came with a devilish grin, "I swear to you, I won't regret it."

With a swift motion, I extracted the cork from the bottle using only my thumb. The thick, potent liquid within awaited its deployment. I directed the tip toward her mouth, commencing a deliberate pour. The viscous substance cascaded into her mouth, an unstoppable torrent that she struggled against. Her futile resistance only fueled my determination, ensuring she swallowed down every drop of the aphrodisiac. Initially, she resisted, but as the thick liquid overpowered her, she succumbed, reluctantly swallowing it down.

Finally, I withdrew the bottle, leaving her in a state of violent coughing. As the coughing fit subsided, she shot me a resentful glare, her eyes ablaze with defiance.

"You...!" She tried to jump at me, but being tied up, she couldn't. I just smirked and placed the bottle back where it belonged. Didn't want it too close to her – it could be a way for her to escape. I've seen enough movies to know even something as insignificant as a matchstick could be a ticket out of situations like these. Didn't want to take that chance.

"Well, let's discover your state when I return at midnight," I announced, shutting the closet. As I moved towards the door, I shot her a knowing look. Her breathing had already intensified, and her face was now flushed, courtesy of the potent aphrodisiac. However, beneath the lust, anger still etched her features. I couldn't help but smile at the contradiction.

I faced the door, opened it deliberately, and stepped outside, closing it with a deliberate thud.

Once outside the room, I took a deep breath. "Now then..." I muttered to myself, pulling out my smartphone. Glancing at the time, I saw it was already 1:30 P.M. "Later than my planned time, but still good enough." *Time to get the daughter of a duke interested in me.*

Just as I was about to slide my phone back into my pocket, it erupted into life, buzzing with urgency. A text message awaited.

"Exact sunset, at the bridge of Tilein. Late will be met with consequences."

This business-like text was from none other than Shredica. I had hoped she'd forget our encounter last night, and I was starting to think that hope might become reality, but this text crushed that expectation.

"Honestly, if she weren't becoming more intriguing, I wouldn't even give her the time of day," I muttered to myself, stowing the phone away and ascending the stairs. Yes, had

she not started to unravel as a complex character, she wouldn't register on my radar. She used to be just another dismissible woman, a mere blip on the radar of my interests. But that mindset was now outdated. Perhaps Shredica had depths beyond the surface. That's why, against my initial inclination, I found myself playing along with her.

As I ascended, I noticed the women gathered, absorbed in what Amon was sharing with them. They listened intently, some even jotting down notes. When Amon caught sight of me, she shot a smile my way and waved. The women, however, reacted differently; fear rippled through them as their gazes locked onto me.

It seemed my reputation still struck terror into their hearts, but that was inconsequential for now. There was a specific destination calling my name—the Market City. And that's exactly where I needed to be.

Chapter 28: Chapter 5 - Raising A Flag (2)

Market City was the go-to spot for women like me with a keen interest in fashion. On days with a bit of free time, like the weekly school break, I, Titania, navigated the bustling city where a plethora of products adorned the streets.

...And yes, I was flying solo.

I did extend invitations to some of my classmates for a shopping escapade during the break. I told them, "Consider yourselves lucky to spend your break with someone like me tomorrow."

However, they just flashed wry smiles and politely declined. Frankly, I couldn't fathom why they would pass up this once-in-a-lifetime chance to shop with me.

After strolling for a while, I reached my go-to spot for leisure—a store that indulged my sweet tooth. Sure, the treats were just sugar-coated bread, a far cry from the sweets back in my homeland, but they still hit the spot.

Approaching the entrance, I pushed the door open, and the welcoming bell chimed as I stepped inside. The door closed behind me automatically, shutting out the outside world. Yet, to my annoyance, none of the customers spared me a glance. Seriously? No applause for my entrance? Weren't they grateful for my presence? I crossed my arms beneath my chests and pouted.

Frustrated by the lack of the warm welcome I deserved, I grew impatient and headed straight to the counter to place my order.

The cashier, a woman with ample assets, flashed a smile upon seeing me approach.

"What can I get you, ma'am?" she asked.

"Sugary bread and cow milk," I stated.

"Sugary bread and... cow milk," she repeated, jotting it down on a memo pad. "Got it." With a warm smile, she added, "I'm grateful that you're gracing us with your presence again."

She knew me well, given my frequent visits during breaks. It was only natural for her to treat me accordingly. I raised my chin high, arms still crossed beneath my chests, and replied, "Glad you recognize that."

Having placed my order, I sought out a secluded table. Finding one bathed in solitude, I settled in, awaiting the arrival of my delectable treats. While the anticipation lingered, I retrieved my smartphone from my pocket and delved into my contacts. Only one person there—Leon. A fleeting urge to hit the call button and summon him crossed my mind, but each time I contemplated it, my finger hesitated just inches away from that button. Strangely, my face heated up, and my heart raced at the mere thought. What was going on? Was I catching a fever or something? Hmm...

As I mulled over the mysterious stirrings within me, the familiar chime of the welcoming bell announced the arrival of someone new. Initially, I dismissed it, uninterested in diverting my attention. Yet, the collective hum of excitement around me demanded notice.

"Oh, man, look at that. Isn't that the daughter of the Duke of Sierra?"

"I-It's really her!"

"Check out those legs!"

"She's like a living doll..."

"She's a goddess. No mere mortal could boast such a face."

What?! I'm right here, in all my glory, and yet, not a soul acknowledges my existence. Instead, they gush over someone who can't hold a candle to my magnificence? These people are nothing short of ungrateful!

Turning around to identify the individual stealing the spotlight from me, I had to begrudgingly admit that the woman who entered exuded grace. She sported sharp, purple eyes and brown hair fashioned into twin tails, held in place by purple ribbons. While her breasts were on the modest side, there was no denying her overall allure. *Still, she stood no chance against me! I'm way more seductive, and I've got the curves to prove it! So, why were these people acknowledging her more than me? I was undeniably prettier, right? Plus, I held the title of princess, whereas she was just a duke's daughter. Clearly, these people need their eyes checked, and they're downright ungrateful.*

Pouting once more, I surveyed the onlookers in the establishment, all captivated by the woman's entrance.

After a brief interval, a new figure entered the scene—a man around the same age as the woman.

"You're late," she scolded, her tone tinged with a hint of displeasure.

"Sorry, sorry. The coachman driving my carriage got entangled in some mess on the way here, delaying my arrival beyond our agreed-upon time."

"Trouble?" the woman queried, raising a skeptical brow.

"Yeah, but nothing too serious. Don't worry about it. Anyway, shall we proceed?"

"I've already taken the liberty of ordering our food. Your only task now is to locate our seats."

"Okay. I'll lead the way then."

As I observed them more closely, a spark of recognition lit up within me. Ah, yes. These two also attended Milham's Academy, and they were currently in their second year. In other words, they were my upperclassmen. The woman, Charlotte Sierra, held the coveted top spot in the Silver Class, while the man, Daemon Serscz, resided as the twentieth in the Gold Class.

Were they on a date today? The vibes suggested as much, but judging by the aura Charlotte exuded, it didn't seem like a joyous occasion. At least, I could surmise that they weren't exactly on a romantic outing.

But who cared, really? It wasn't any of my business who was dating whom. The people around me, however, were clearly invested. The spotlight now graced these two, leaving me lingering in the background. *I should be in the spotlight. Why weren't they shining it on me? These people were utterly ungrateful!*

While I sat on my seat, pouting sulkily with my arms crossed under my chests, the food I ordered finally arrived.

"Here's your order, ma'am," said a guy in what looked like a waiter's getup. I glanced up at him.

"You should count yourself fortunate to have earned the privilege of delivering my food," I quipped. However, as I focused on his features, my eyes widened in disbelief. The person standing before me was none other than... "Leon?!"

"Huh? Oh, Princess Titania. Surprise to find you here."

"W-Well, it is a break after all. B-But how about you? Why are you here? And why are you wearing that?"

"Huh? Isn't it clear? I'm working here," he said, placing my order on the table.

"T-That's news to me."

"Well, yeah. Just started today, after all."

He shot me a smile, and I swear, if he kept flashing that grin, my heart would burst right out of my chest. *Come on, Leon, cut it out.* I had no clue why my heart was acting up like this, and to top it off, I was feeling all hot and bothered. Maybe I caught a fever...?

"Anyway, since I still have work today, I'll, uh, catch you later," he said, heading back to his duties to fetch another round of orders. I had a feeling I'd be lingering here longer than I initially intended.

I tried to conceal the shock that washed over me upon seeing Titania—key word, tried. It was genuinely surprising to stumble upon that woman here. Well, hopefully, she wouldn't interfere with my objectives here. Oh well, that's what I hoped, at least.

I poured the steaming hot tea from the kettle into the waiting cups, my eyes wandering to the other two Milham Academy students engaged in conversation at one of the tables.

The woman was my target, none other than Charlotte Sierra, the daughter of the Duke of Sierra. She was a stunning beauty, possessing a face and figure that could easily rival that of a model. Yet, my interest in her went beyond her looks. It was her skill, Perfect Spiritual Energy Manipulation, that had drawn me to her. The name pretty much said it all – the ability to flawlessly manipulate spiritual energy.

Spiritual energy, or aura as it's commonly known, is something inherent to a person. In my world, it's akin to Chakra, or qi, and the like.

Aura, at its core, shared common threads with mana manipulation. However, it diverged from the ostentatious displays of magical invocation, remaining concealed to the naked eye. It stood as a potent technique, unleashing explosive enhancements to physical power and defense. The process involves enveloping the entire body or a specific body part in spiritual energy, forming a dense mantle. Unlike specific training regimens, individuals naturally grasp its usage the more they train their bodies.

However, I had no clue how to use it. Was it because I wasn't originally from this world, hindering me from grasping it naturally? That seemed plausible. Regardless, understanding how to manipulate aura was crucial for me. It had the potential to amplify

my power to extraordinary levels. That's why I needed to claim Charlotte. I needed to dominate her. I needed that skill.

Yet, a couple of obstacles stood in my way. First and foremost, that bastard lingering around her – Daemon, a second-year in the gold class. He was hell-bent on getting into her pants. Then there was a prince and a professor, both vying for her attention. Charlotte found herself in a reverse harem situation, with three attractive men trying to win her over. Presently, she seemed more inclined towards the professor, growing more comfortable with him than the other two. However, her heart wasn't fully committed, keeping her single and unattached. That meant I still had a shot. I planned to divert her focus from those three to just me. I was determined to make Charlotte mine.

Balancing a plate with two teacups, I approached Charlotte and that bastard Daemon. With a sly grin, I delivered, "Here's your orders, ma'am and sir."

Chapter 29: Chapter 5 - Raising A Flag (3)

When I brought over their orders, they didn't bother giving me a glance as I placed the dishes on their table. Since they were acting that way, maybe I should try a bit harder to grab their attention.

"Uhm, ma'am, sir, anything else you'd like to add?"

"Not really," Charlotte replied in a curt tone, not even bothering to look my way. Well, that crushed my hopes of catching her eye. But hey, it was still early in the day. I could make her interested in me before the sun sets... at least, I hoped.

I sauntered away from their table, heading back to where the orders were being prepared. The cook wasn't busy because there were no new orders. That meant I could take a breather for now.

"Good job," the cashier said, giving me a warm look. She had this onee-san vibe going on, even more so than my actual sister in this world, who oozed nothing but sexual energy.

"Yeah, you did well too," I replied.

"It's a relief to have a new worker. Managing this store with just my daughter and me has been a bit tough," the cook chimed in.

"Oh, so she's your daughter?"

"Yeah. We don't really look alike, do we? People are always surprised when I mention it."

"Nah, I think you two look pretty similar," I said.

The only noticeable difference was their build, considering Cook Papa was a dude and the Cashier girl was all woman. Both sported orange hair, with Cook Papa even rocking an orange beard. Couldn't help but wonder if the carpet matched the drapes for the cashier. Well, no time to find that out now; I had a certain objective in mind.

Since I was on a break, it seemed like the perfect time to gather some intel. Sharpening my senses, I zeroed in on Charlotte and Daemon's conversation.

"Don't you think we should... take it to the next level now, Charlotte?"

Whoa, this guy wasn't wasting any breath, huh? Starting with that? Wasn't the standard move to build it up, tease a bit, so the lady wouldn't be caught off guard? I've navigated through my fair share of eroge games in my world, and the playbook dictated a smooth approach to capture those heroines. What was this guy thinking? I bet he'd veer off into a bad end if he kept this up. Well, for me, that might be the ideal outcome.

"Next level? In what?" Charlotte asked.

"In our relationship."

Oh, wow. No beating around the bush with this one, huh? Straight to the point. I sort of admired the guy for being so unapologetically direct, but at the same time, I couldn't stand him for it. Reminded me of some dude back in my world. Well, at least this guy wasn't as much of a bastard as that one.

"I've already told you, Daemon, I'm not ready to dive into a relationship. Can't you see I'm swamped with my studies and training? Entering a relationship would only distract me from reaching the gold class."

"It's just our second year. There's an eternity ahead for you to ascend to the gold class. You're already ruling the roost in the silver class, right? Scaling up to gold should be a breeze for you now. And if that's truly your desire, how about I shake up the lowest-ranking chick in my class? She'd plummet back to silver, and you could swoop in to take her spot. I can orchestrate it, all you gotta do is go out with me."

Now that's a cringe-worthy line.

"What in the hell are you even talking about?"

See that? Furrows etched deep into her forehead now. You're steering full throttle toward that bad end, pal. Keep this up, and you might find yourself catapulted out of the picture with one swift kick.

"Listen, if you give me a shot, I can work some magic, bring down the lowest of the gold class even further. Then, when that happens, you can easily snag her spot. You're the silver class queen, after all. That prince trailing you can't pull off such maneuvers,

because he's stuck in the same class as you. Professor Sesillian, bound by the rules, can't toss a lifeline your way either," he smirked.

Confident that he had the upper hand, he was blissfully unaware that he was just digging his own grave.

"Oh, and let me throw this in—bet that prince is a total dud in bed. He exudes inexperience; you can practically smell his virginity from a mile away. As for Professor Sesillian, sure, he might have some notches on his belt, but do you really think he'd commit to you, Charlotte? It's glaringly obvious he's just lusting after your body. Now, on the flip side, I'm head over heels for you, and I've got some serious bedroom expertise. If you take the plunge into a relationship with me, I promise you'll be drowning in satisfaction."

That was another cringe-worthy move.

Charlotte gritted her teeth, tightly clutching the teacup in her hands, and I feared it might shatter. I could easily guess what was running through her mind. Then, without a moment's hesitation, she hurled the still-steaming hot tea right into Daemon's face.

"Asshole! How dare you!"

"Gah! W-What the...?! What the fuck are you doing, Charlotte? Ah, fuck! It's hot! It's hot! It's so fucking hot! Agh!"

"Do you really think I need your help to reach the gold class?! I'm perfectly capable on my own, and I can reach that class just fine without your twisted assistance! I want to get there fair and square! And don't you dare think I'm an easy woman!"

"How dare you do this to me, Charlotte?! You will pay for this!"

"I hope this finally gets you off my back," Charlotte said, rising from her seat and striding away from the table.

"Wait! Where are you going?! I'm not done with you!" Daemon also shot up from his seat, hot on Charlotte's heels.

I observed them as they exited the establishment, and I wasn't the only one. Everyone's attention was on them, except for Titania, who muttered under her breath, "*Why are they looking at them instead of me? How ungrateful!*" I brushed her off for now and focused on eavesdropping on Charlotte and Daemon. Even from outside, I could still catch their conversation.

"What are you doing?! Let go of me!" Charlotte protested. It seemed that Daemon had caught up to her.

"I won't. You'll run away from me if I do that, right?" he said.

"That's right."

"Listen to me for a moment. Can you consider the benefits of going out with me? I mean, I'm the heir of the Hunters Guild, and I'm currently in the gold class. Not to mention, I'm handsome. All the women in the academy are dying to have a relationship with me. Isn't it really beneficial to be with someone like me?"

This guy was beyond direct. I'd bet he's the type to jump straight into the action without bothering with foreplay. And why the hell was he pushing the idea that being handsome is some kind of superpower? That's just pure, unadulterated narcissism. And as a crucial note, not every girl in the academy is falling over themselves for him.

"Is that all? Then release me," Charlotte declared, her voice now a cold, cutting edge. Understandably so, given the bomb Daemon just dropped on her.

"W-Wait, Charlotte! Can you genuinely find happiness with someone other than me? That professor won't do jack for you, I swear! And that pathetic, virgin prince will never deliver the joy you seek! I'm the superior choice! You should be with me!"

I heard Charlotte sigh after his desperate plea. "Is that all?" she repeated, unimpressed. "Then, I should go now. Bye." It seemed she finally managed to slip out of Daemon's desperate clutches.

Yes! This meant Daemon was now out of the picture. However, there were still two bugs I needed to deal with. And, of course, I had to spark her interest in me.

As I thought that, I heard something unsettling—footsteps that definitely didn't belong to Charlotte. Several pairs of footsteps, and they were closing in on her.

"Huh? Wh-What? What's happening? What are you going to do to me?"

"Shut your mouth if you wanna live."

"Eeek!" A suppressed scream clawed its way out of Charlotte's throat. "D-Daemon! Help me!"

Her desperate plea hung in the air, but Daemon, once the relentless pursuer, had transformed into a spineless coward.

"Huh? Uhm... T-There's no way I can deal with this many! You think I'll risk my neck for a woman who just rejected me?! No way. I'm outta here!"

"You jerk! Wait up! Don't leave me here!"

"I said shut the fuck up! Or do you want me to slit your throat?!"

Daemon bolted, abandoning Charlotte to her fate. As the echoes of his retreat faded, I couldn't shake the perplexity. What the fuck was unfolding?

Chapter 30: Chapter 5 - Raising A Flag (4)

Feeling the mysterious presences fading, I hastily excused myself from the owner without explaining and made a beeline for the door, driven by the urgency to save Charlotte.

As I rushed out, Titania called after me, "Leon, where are you going?"

Ignoring her, I sprinted out of the establishment, but the surroundings were eerily empty. Despite the bright 4 P.M. daylight, they dared to kidnap someone? These abductors were audacious, pulling off their crime in broad daylight. Shameless, whoever they were.

Regardless, I was determined to extract every bit of information from them after rescuing Charlotte. No one messed with my prey without consequences. I swore to squeeze every detail about this kidnapping of the duke's daughter from them, including who was behind it.

Launching off the ground, I broke into a full sprint, following the lingering trace of Charlotte's presence. Even if they attempted an escape, I was confident I could catch up. Activating my wind magic, I harnessed the air to boost my speed. While this magic was typically used for offense and defense, the people of this world had no clue it could be handy in situations like this.

I could sense Charlotte's presence entwined with seven others. That meant there were seven of them, though I couldn't rule out the possibility of skills hiding additional presences. They were roughly seventy to a hundred meters away from me. If it were Daemon in this situation, I wouldn't bother breaking a sweat to rescue him. Charlotte, however, was crucial, and I had to get her back.

Her skill was a prize I couldn't afford to lose.

I pushed my pace, infusing more mana to summon winds around me, propelling myself forward. Soon enough, my eyes locked onto their figures—seven of them leaping from roof to roof.

Gathering mana at the soles of my feet, I propelled myself upward using wind magic. I ascended, gracefully landing on the rooftops. The kidnappers wore expressions of shock as they witnessed my sudden appearance. Four of them came to a halt, momentarily startled, while the other three, one of them carrying Charlotte, persisted in their escape.

Were these idiots planning to throw down? The answer became clear as they unsheathed their daggers. However, these guys were nothing more than puny flies, not even worth unleashing my full power or drawing a blade. So, armed only with my fists, I charged toward them.

The four of them lunged at me with their daggers, but I effortlessly sidestepped their feeble attempts. Even a scratch from those blades could mean instant death, thanks to the poison coating them. However, they needed to land a hit first, a feat that proved impossible as I skillfully evaded their every move.

Swiftly dodging, I unleashed a punch straight to one guy's face, followed by a kick to the stomach for another. Using that momentum, I spun in the air, delivering a powerful kick to the third guy's face. Then, using the spinning motion, I landed another forceful kick to the fourth guy's head. Since my blows weren't infused with aura, they wouldn't be fatal.

Wanting to rectify that, I ensured their demise by smashing their heads into pieces with my bare fists before they could come to their senses.

After leaving their lifeless bodies behind, I pursued the remaining three. Chasing them down wasn't much of a challenge; it took mere seconds to dispatch the first four, so I remained in close proximity. In the blink of an eye, I closed the gap on the trio. The two not carrying Charlotte immediately cast powerful spells at me, but I effortlessly deflected their magic using Guardian.

Their widened eyes betrayed their shock at witnessing me effortlessly block their top-tier magic. Despite their high-level spells, I swatted them away like annoying insects, so it was only natural for them to be shocked. Seizing the momentary advantage, I swiftly incapacitated them by coating my fists with Guardian and crushing their skulls.

Now, only one adversary remained. As I turned my attention to the last one, I noticed he was resorting to the desperate tactics of a cornered rat. His dagger pressed against Charlotte's neck.

"Don't you dare come any closer! I'll... I'll kill her!" he snarled, the dagger's edge pressing against her delicate skin.

Charlotte's gaze bore into me, on the verge of tears, silently pleading, *'Please, do as he says.'* And so, I complied, refraining from making any sudden moves but keeping a vigilant eye on the man.

The moment he dropped his guard, I'd strike him down in an instant. Yet, loosening his guard would prove to be a challenge; he possessed a primal awareness, likely a result of his skill at play.

As I maintained my silent vigil, he took the initiative to break the silence, "Who sent you?"

I remained tight-lipped, deeming conversation pointless with someone destined to meet their end. However, his next words compelled me to break my silence.

"Is it the Association or the Silver Blade?"

"I beg your pardon?"

The mention of the Association resonated with me. It was an organization tasked with overseeing the Adventurers and Mercenaries Guild during national crises such as monster infestations or rogue dragon attacks. However, the second one, the Silver Blade, was a mystery to me.

"Heh. The Association and the Silver Blade have been breathing down our necks lately. Judging by how young you look, I'd bet you're from the Silver Blade. Am I right?"

I smirked inwardly but maintained a poker face. *Sorry to disappoint, but you're wrong. Besides, I have no clue what this Silver Blade is. First time I'm hearing about it. But hey, you can think whatever you want; it works for me. Right now, I'm more interested in getting some information. I want to know who's pulling the strings behind this kidnapping. So, I'm going to use the chance you've given me.*

"The Silver Blade always stays three steps ahead of whatever your boss is scheming, you know?" I bluffed, playing the role of a Silver Blade member. "Our leader sent me here because they anticipated your fishy moves."

"It seems the boss failed to account for someone like you. Well, I guess I did too. I figured only small fry Silver Blade members would be keeping an eye on us. Never thought they'd send someone as powerful as you."

"Bad luck for you, huh?"

"Yeah, no kidding."

The man kept a watchful eye on me, searching for an escape route in this precarious situation. He used our conversation as a ploy, attempting to lull me into a false sense of security and catch me off guard. Little did he grasp that I had allowed him to survive solely for the sake of extracting information. I could end him right now and rescue Charlotte without breaking a sweat. However, in the world of intelligence, juicy intel was as good as gold—it often led to hidden treasures.

That's the only reason I bothered talking to him.

"Why the hell is someone like you working for the Silver Blade? You're not naive enough to believe a bunch of rebels can overthrow the current monarch of Milham, are you? You do realize they're protected by the magic knights, right?"

"I'm aware," I replied nonchalantly, though I took note of the revelation that the Silver Blade was formed by rebels. This aligned with Amon's earlier mention of a group forming in the country—an unfolding mystery that piqued my interest and excitement.

"So, why then? Is it because you don't like how the monarch runs his kingdom? Or are you just sick of monarchies altogether? Hah! That's a dumb perspective. You'll never get rich playing the justice card. Why the fuck do you even care about how monarchs run their cities? It's not like the commoners are treated well. Well, they are, but do you really think you have the power to change it? To stop the privileged ones from trampling on the underprivileged? You're fucking stupid if you think so!"

It irked me when he threw the "stupid" label my way, but I bit back my anger, plastering a smile on my face. Suppressing the urge to end him right then and there, I focused on unraveling the mystery at hand. I couldn't afford to let trivial matters cloud my judgment.

"Honestly, thinking about it now, you might be onto something," I admitted.

"Well, if you're on board with that, how about joining Eclipse? They'll take excellent care of someone as powerful as you. Anything you desire—money, power, women—they can make it happen. Just name your price!"

Bingo. Finally, I had the information I sought. So, this kidnapping was orchestrated by an organization named Eclipse. This revelation was news to me, but I welcomed the intel.

"That sounds like a tempting offer. However..." I paused, then swiftly pointed my two fingers at him like a gun. A beam of light shot out from my fingertips like a bullet, piercing through his skull. "I'm pretty loyal to *my* organization, you see." I wasn't referring to the Silver Blade; I didn't even know it. My loyalty lay with an organization I had yet to name.

"Eek!"

As the man crumpled under my light beam attack, I rushed toward him, swiftly taking Charlotte from his grasp. He tumbled alone from the rooftop, his eyes still wide, seemingly caught off guard to the point of not realizing he was dead. A thud echoed as his body hit the alley below, devoid of any witnesses. Blood seeped out, forming a pool of red beneath him. I kept my gaze fixed on the lifeless eyes, and after a while, I shifted my attention to the person now in my arms, her purple eyes meeting mine. I couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief.

"Are you okay?" I asked, flashing her a smile. It felt like a move pulled straight from the playbook of someone I despised in my world, but in this situation, it served its purpose.

"...Uh. I-I'm fine. T-Thank you," she stammered.

The moment those words escaped her lips, a metallic chime rang in my head. I immediately checked the notification to see the requirements for conquering her.

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You've captured the interest of Charlotte Sierra. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Charlotte Sierra

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Charlotte:

1. Go On A Date With Her For Three Times (0/3)
2. Unlock
3. Unlock
4. Unlock

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