

The World Is Mine For The Taking #Chapter 3 - 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (3) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 3 - 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (3)

Chapter 3: Chapter 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (3)

The bronze class classroom stood before me, and I lingered just outside, observing it. I'd been around for two months now, playing the role of a student with no discernible skills in swords or magic.

I held the prestigious title of being the lowest in the school's ranks. It might not sound glamorous for someone trying to stay under the radar, but being the least impressive was precisely the cover I needed. After all, who suspects someone lacking proficiency in everything and devoid of any skills?

The answer: no one.

Gabrielle had advised me to maintain an average profile, believing it was the best way to avoid unnecessary attention. I considered her counsel, but a part of me yearned for a tad more excitement.

I mean, why not add some excitement to life instead of just lurking beneath the radar of those on the lookout for me? It's way more thrilling that way, don't you think?

In the off chance that someone uncovered my true identity, I relished the idea of their shock, seeing me—a seemingly useless, skill-less individual—revealed as someone extraordinarily powerful. That thrill led me to adopt this gimmick instead of heeding Gabrielle's advice. In essence, I wasn't playing the role of the main character or a villain; I embraced the role of a mere background character.

Yet, that background character can turn out to be a badass villain in the end, just lurking in the shadows, observing those main characters while they're oblivious to him. That's the kind of character I crave. I've always been a fervent enthusiast of genres where the main character is actually a villain, but they keep it under wraps until the opportune moment.

Enrolling here wasn't a random decision either, and choosing Milham's Magic Knight Academy wasn't just a game of eeny meeny miny moe between academies. There's a specific motive behind it; I've got my reasons, you know? If I wanted to crank up my strength, this was the place to do it. Now, you might be wondering about the connection between enrolling here and getting strong. Well, it's about time I spill the beans on my skill.

But before we dive into that, let's chat about skills. A skill is something that kicks in when you came of age, something unique to each person. It's like your personal power-up that no one else can snag. Well, except for me, that is.

I possess a skill called Goddess of Succubus's Heir, something that awakened when I hit the ripe age of 18. Not in this world, though. Yep, you got it right. This special ability of mine kicked in back when I was still an 18-year-old on good old Earth. In simpler terms, I got reincarnated here. The whole shebang started when I bit the dust saving some woman from a truck collision. I pushed her out of the way, took the hit myself, and bam, game over.

Next thing I know, I'm reborn in this place with a fresh new body.

I came into this world without the luxury of a prestigious background. I still vividly recall being cradled by a nun when my parents left me at the church. Let's skip the unnecessary details; the bottom line is that I was raised by the nuns.

Enough with the flashbacks; let's focus on my unique skill—the Goddess of Succubus's Heir.

This skill allows me to replicate any skill I desire. However, there's a catch—I must engage intimately with the person possessing the skill I want to copy. The effectiveness of the copied skill depends on whether I've dominated the person or not. If I've successfully dominated a woman before copying her skill, not only do I replicate her skill, but my version surpasses hers.

It was an absolute blast, you know? This whole thing felt like diving into some eroge game. Only, instead of sitting back and watching a character on the screen pound the heroine, I got to be the one in the driver's seat, personally fucking them senseless.

At this very moment, I've got two women firmly under my control—Amon and Gabrielle. Conquering Amon was a piece of cake; I swooped in and saved her from being carted off to a slave market in a carriage. When I fucked her, she was still untouched, a virgin. It seemed those slave traders were cautious about that, knowing virgins fetch a higher price. That wild encounter happened about two years ago when I was still sixteen, and Amon was the same age.

Then came Gabrielle. She turned out to be a tougher nut to crack than I initially thought. There were more hoops to jump through to conquer her, but after some time, I finally had her under my thumb. Gabrielle, now 24, is a stunning woman with a mature, alluring body. The privilege to fuck her whenever, wherever I please is something I still savor to this very day.

Now, I'm set on a conquest, aiming to claim the women within these school walls as my own. It's not your usual game; I've got to delve into some shady dealings—investigating them, pulling them into my orbit. Once I've ignited their curiosity, I unlock the intricate

requirements to conquer them. As of now, I haven't managed to stir a single spark of interest among the women here; after all, I'm playing the part of the number one loser. It's a glaring truth; no woman in this dreary guise would cast a second glance my way.

Yet, with Gabrielle by my side, I can craft a strategy to make these women start questioning who I am. Once their curiosity is piqued, conquering becomes the next logical step. Still, I must remember, this is merely a side quest. My grand mission is all about dominion over this entire world. I'm gunning for societal supremacy, control over the underworld, and dominance over realms most folks don't even fathom. Yes, I'll rule it all, with a colossal harem at my beck and call.

So, it's not about mindlessly fucking women without a care, like some insatiable beast. Well, I am, but that's not the crux of the matter. What I mean is, the women I aim to conquer have to be more than just vessels for pleasure. Take Zeruel, for instance. She possesses not only breathtaking beauty but also wields a killer skill that I desire.

Enough about that, though. I have to head inside my class now. Being late to Professor Irene's class is out of the question, especially since she's one of the two I've got my eyes on right now.

"Alright," I muttered, clenching my hands to appear as naive as possible to the prying eyes around.

I swaggered into the classroom, and as expected, all eyes locked onto me. It was only natural; after my theatrics confessing my love for Zeruel, the odd looks and sneering faces were par for the course.

Especially Hereon, the noble's offspring whose incompetence matched his parents' inability to establish a reputable legacy. He perched on his desk, sporting a comically funny expression that practically begged for a punch in the face.

However, being someone currently laying low, I resisted the urge and instead lowered my head, making my way to my seat positioned just in front of him.

As soon as I settled into my seat, a sharp kick jolted my chair forward, causing me to accidentally bump my head against the person in front of me.

That person, a woman with piercing blue eyes and dark purple hair, shot me a glare as she turned around. It was Shredica, the same woman I had seen swinging her sword solo.

"I-I'm sorry," I stammered.

Shredica glanced forward and simply replied, "It's fine. It's not like it's your fault, right?"

Her forgiveness contrasted with the perpetual glare etched on her face. It caught me off guard, to be honest.

"Oh," Hereon exclaimed with an exaggerated air of interest. "What's this? The two skill-less ones seem to be hitting it off, huh? How utterly amusing."

Despite the mocking tone dripping from Hereon's words, Shredica remained unmoved, her attention steadfastly refusing to acknowledge his presence.

Hereon, visibly irritated by Shredica's indifference, surged from his seat and advanced towards her. He positioned himself by her desk, his voice cutting through the air as he called out, "Hey."

Shredica turned her gaze towards him. "What? What do you want? Keep it brief, please. I don't want to get too involved with someone like you."

"For a skill-less, you sure know how to move that mouth, huh?" Hereon closed the gap, drawing uncomfortably close. Their noses hovered mere inches apart. "Do you truly believe that the two of you belong here? Do you honestly think skill-less individuals like yourselves can become Magic Knights? If so, you're wrong to cling to such dreams. You lack the ability and talent to achieve that. So, quit your sword practice and face the harsh reality."

Shredica leveled a fierce glare at him, a departure from the usual intensity in her gaze. This one carried a palpable undercurrent of hostility. "Why are you assuming I won't ascend to the ranks of the Magic Knights just because I'm skill-less? Choose your words carefully, won't you? Remember your place. I'm 50 ranks above you. So, don't talk to me like you're destined for greatness when you're beneath someone skill-less like me."

"What the hell did you just say?" Hereon seized her collar, forcefully pulling her closer.

Shredica remained composed, her eyes unwavering. "You heard me right. Sure, you have a skill, but what good does that do if you're utterly incompetent and lacking in smarts? Even now, you're showcasing your idiocy in a lecture hall meant for, well, lectures. If you're yearning for a confrontation, why not take it to the courtyard, where we're meant to battle it out? But I guess your brain is too feeble to figure that out."

I came close to standing up and throwing words like, 'Do you have a response for that?' but opted to remain seated. Despite acting as if I were trembling like a newborn deer struggling to find its footing, I couldn't deny that I was quite enjoying the spectacle unfolding before me.