

The World Is Mine For The Taking

#Chapter 31 - 5 - Raising A Flag (5) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 31 - 5 - Raising A Flag (5)

Chapter 31: Chapter 5 - Raising A Flag (5)

"It looks like things got sorted out without us lifting a finger," I told my father, who was still at the shop attending to customers, using this newfangled device called a smartphone. Someone from our organization discovered its use for long-distance communication, and now we've embraced it for the sake of convenience.

"How's the Duke's daughter?" my father inquired from the other end.

"She's good. Our new guy is bringing her back to the shop, I guess," I replied, keeping an eye on the boy who single-handedly took out the kidnappers and rescued the Duke's daughter. He had her in a princess-carry, jumping from roof to roof.

"You guess?"

"Yeah. I don't know what his deal is, saving the Duke's daughter and all."

"Keep an eye on them. If the boy deviates from the path leading to the shop with the Duke's daughter, stop him at any cost."

"Got it."

After ending the call, I slid my smartphone back into my pocket and silently shadowed the young man, leaping from rooftop to rooftop. Thanks to my Scout skill, I was practically invisible. Even someone with a heightened presence detection skill wouldn't catch a whiff of me. It was the perfect ability for covert information gathering and tailing, and that's why the Silver Blade hired both me and my father. He had a keen sense of every nook and cranny in Milham, courtesy of his Mind Mapping skill. With just a snippet of information, he could pinpoint your location, no matter where you were in the kingdom.

Speaking of which, the smartphone was really an impressive device. The creator must be a genius. I wish our leader would recruit them; they'd be a valuable asset. And that boy, too – I was certain he'd be an asset to us as well.

We finally reached the shop and gently lowered Charlotte, who screamed every time I jumped from roof to roof, onto the ground. Her legs were shaky at first, so I steadied her

by grabbing her shoulders, ensuring she could stand on her own. Once her legs stopped trembling, she straightened her skirt and looked at me with an embarrassed expression.

"T-Thanks... again," she stammered.

"Don't mention it," I replied.

"It's not like you were just taking a casual stroll in the park or something. Saving someone from a kidnapping is a pretty big deal, you know?" Her head lowered while she blushed. "S-Someday, I'll find a way to repay you."

"It's fine. No need for that."

"But!"

"I didn't save you expecting some repayment. I did it because I don't like letting evil people have their way."

I wasn't lying. I genuinely felt that way. But it wasn't because I had some heroic aspirations. I wasn't trying to be a hero. After all, heroes don't exist, and even if they did, I wouldn't be one of them.

"N-No. It's not right for me not to repay my savior. I will! Ask me anything! My father is a duke! I believe he can give you anything!"

It seemed she wouldn't let me off the hook unless she could repay me. Well, I did need something from her, so I might as well take her up on her offer. "Okay, I'll take you up on that. How about you go on a date with me? Just once will be fine. Is that good?"

If I wanted to make an impression on her, I needed to be around her more. That way, she might favor me over the other guys vying for her attention.

When I stated my request, she just blinked. "A... date? Is that really all you want?"

"That's right. Oh, if a date is not allowed, then I'll gladly accept anything you offer me."

"N-No, a date is fine."

"That's good, then."

"Where to, though?"

"How about right here at the shop when you have a break? After lunch?"

"O-Okay. That sounds good," she said, her cheeks turning a shade of pink. After a few flustered movements, she added, "Uh, then I'll see you on the next break. I'm heading home now. M-My father will worry if I stay out too long."

"Do you want me to go with you?"

"Y-Yes, please," she replied, looking genuinely relieved. It seemed she was still haunted by the recent incident. I couldn't blame her, though. Even someone strong would struggle to sleep soundly after enduring a kidnapping. If I were still on Earth and got caught up in something like that, I'd be scared shitless and probably pee my pants.

I decided to accompany her and guard her back to the Duke of Sierra's residence, which wasn't too far from Market City. In just an hour or so, we'd arrive. This meant I still had some time before meeting Shredica. Before that, though, I needed to inform the shop owner that I would be quitting. I was sure they'd be shocked at my decision, considering it was my first day, but I believed they would understand. After all, I was still a student, and my primary concern was studying, so they should allow me to leave the job.

When I announced my decision, the father and daughter exchanged a glance before saying, *"It's fine. We're glad to have had you here, Leon, even if it was just for a short time."* They were such understanding folks. It felt a bit bad leaving them high and dry, especially when they were struggling to manage the shop on their own. I hoped they could find a replacement soon.

While discussing my departure with them, I sensed someone approaching from behind. Without bothering to look, I could tell that, in this moment, this someone was pouting.

"Leon," she said.

I glanced back and saw her truly pouting, her arms crossed beneath her ample breasts. Now that I was looking at her, it was refreshing to see her in casual clothes instead of our uniform. She looked cute, with a gal-like appearance. Yet, it wasn't the kind that screamed she was into compensated dating. There was still a purity vibe about her.

"...Hi, Princess Titania. What can I do for you?" I said.

"What do you mean?" she shot me an angry look, though her anger didn't diminish her cuteness. "Why did you ignore me? I called your name, didn't I? But you didn't come over. Aren't you really ungrateful for ignoring me like that, even though I called your name?"

"Uh, I've got something to do... And I didn't ignore you. I just didn't hear you well."

I was lying, of course. I heard her perfectly fine and intentionally ignored her.

"Liar!" she exclaimed, moving closer to me, then pounded her fists against my chest. Her punches didn't faze me; they didn't hurt. "Liar! Liar! Liar! Liar! I hate you, Leon! You cheater!"

I had no clue why she was calling me a cheater, but oddly, watching her like this weirdly put my heart at ease. Her actions reminded me of my friend back on Earth. She used to pound my chest like this whenever I didn't comply with her wishes. However, before I could fully dive into those memories, I forced myself to shut them out. My memories from Earth were nothing but painful and filled with regret. I didn't want to subject myself to any more of that pain.

As she continued her playful assault, the welcoming bell chimed, announcing that someone had entered. Glancing over, I saw Charlotte had walked in.

"Uhm, is this gonna take much longer? I-I'm sorry if it seems like I'm being impatient, but I really need to head home now."

"Oh, alright. Let's get going then. Princess Titania, if you please excuse me," I said to Titania, who was now eyeing Charlotte and me with curiosity, realizing that we were engaged in a conversation that seemed a bit more than casual.

After a moment, Titania shot me a look with eyes smoldering with irritation. She spoke up, planting her hands firmly on either side of her hips. "What's the meaning of this?" she pouted.

I couldn't spill the beans about rescuing Charlotte from a potential kidnapping earlier and now escorting her home for safety. So, I offered a vague explanation, "She hired me as her escort to get back home."

"Why on earth did you accept it?" Her pout deepened, her cheeks puffing out like a disgruntled pufferfish.

"I'm kind of... short on cash right now. That's why I'm working. I'm sorry if I can't make time for you, Princess, but I promise I'll set aside some time for our... conquering-the-school thing."

The pout vanished, but her eyes still shot daggers at me. "Promise?"

"Yeah, I promise."

"Fine, then. It's a promise. Don't screw it up."

"I won't."

Even after assuring her that I'd make time for our school domination plans, she remained downcast, pouting and shooting side-eye glares at Charlotte.

Sorry, Titania, but as important as you are, Charlotte holds some cards too. I still didn't know why the Eclipse organization was after her, and there was a risk she could get nabbed again if she headed home alone. So, I decided to personally escort her. There was an undercurrent here, and I didn't want to miss it. I had a gut feeling that taking Charlotte home would uncover more about this Eclipse group.

Chapter 32: Chapter 5 - Raising A Flag (6)

The main market sprawled across an open-air plaza, stalls lined up in rows hawking various goods, from dairy and meat to vegetables and fruits, and some... sketchy stuff I couldn't confirm as edible. Well, people were buying them, so I guess it's safe to assume those sketchy things weren't poisonous.

The fading sunlight spilled through the narrow gaps between the buildings surrounding the plaza, casting a warm orange glow that turned the whole scene into something out of a fairy tale.

I was with Charlotte Sierra, guiding her back home. She was a petite woman, brown hair tied in twin tails with ribbons. An incredibly attractive lady, her face could give models a run for their money. Her legs seemed long, maybe accentuated by the short skirt she wore, or maybe they were naturally that way. Those white, long legs were adorned with calf-high white socks, adding a touch of eroticism. She sported casual clothing you'd typically see on a date, making her stand out even more in the crowd. The men, in particular, couldn't help but eye her with interest.

I could easily tell from her look that she'd be one of those cheeky underclassmen, always throwing sassy remarks and wearing a mischievous grin when you're around. Well, technically she's my upperclassman, but that didn't really change my impression of her.

But right now, she was playing the meek card. Probably because it's our first interaction. Despite her cheeky appearance, she seemed a bit shy with strangers.

"Uhm, once again, thanks for saving me. And sorry for inconveniencing you like this," she suddenly spoke up, maybe trying to spark some conversation during our walk.

"No big deal. Don't worry about it."

"But because of me, you quit your job..." she lowered her head and mumbled.

"It's fine. I didn't need that job anyway."

After that, an awkward silence hung in the air. What the hell was going on? I thought someone like her would be all friendly and chatty, but I guess I read her wrong.

"A-Anyway, let me introduce myself. I'm Charlotte. Charlotte Sierra," she said, her voice a soft melody against the backdrop of the busy marketplace.

Oh, right. We still hadn't done the whole introduction thing, had we? "I'm Leon," I replied, my words hanging in the air, a low hum amidst the lively chaos of the market. No need for fancy titles or family names. Keep it straightforward.

She looked down, her eyes tracing invisible patterns on the cobblestone path. A quiet mumble escaped her lips. "Leon, huh?" After a moment, she lifted her gaze, locking eyes with me. "I see you're not surprised to hear my name."

"Well, I know you, after all," I said, the words flowing effortlessly, as if acknowledging an inevitable truth. The bustling sounds of the market seemed to fade, creating a bubble around us. "It's not exactly hard to be in the loop about the Duke's daughter on the brink of hitting the gold class."

Not to mention, she's the only one outside the royal family with that royal blood. Her old man tied the knot with the then princess of Milham. Sadly, her mom died during childbirth. That's the intel Gabrielle dished out, by the way.

The conversation continued as we strolled along. It mostly revolved around Charlotte talking about herself and throwing questions my way. However, my mind wasn't really in it, so my replies were pretty vague at best. I felt sorry for her, but right now, engaging in a conversation just wasn't on my agenda.

Someone had been keeping a close eye on our every move. No, even back when I was fighting those kidnappers, this mysterious figure was already watching me. The thing was, I couldn't sense their presence. It was probably their skill at work. How did I know someone was spying on me, you ask? The answer lies in my senses. Even if I couldn't feel them, I could sense their gaze on me. Their skill masked their presence but couldn't erase the feeling of being watched.

Admittedly, it was a nifty skill, despite that little flaw. Perfect for tailing someone and gathering information, unless, of course, your target happened to be one with heightened senses—a rarity. Too bad for the watcher; this happened to be one of those rare cases. Still, as I mentioned, it was a commendable skill. While I could sense their eyes on me, an ordinary person would be oblivious. Here's hoping the wielder of this skill was a woman.

Finally, I managed to get Charlotte back to her estate. She wanted me to stick around for a bit, but I told her I had something to take care of, so I split right after dropping her off. The person who had been watching me seemed to vanish once Charlotte was safely home. Were they just making sure I got her back? Well, whatever.

I still had an hour before my meet-up with Shredica. It would only take me three minutes to get there from here. Plenty of time on my hands.

I pondered how to make the most of this remaining time as I strolled back toward the main marketplace, hands in my pockets. That's when I heard an intriguing sound emanating from one of the nearby buildings.

I licked my lips, a mischievous grin forming. *Why not have a bit of fun with my free time? No action today yet, and while Elise provided some entertainment earlier, it didn't quite quench my insatiable thirst. I hadn't relished the warmth of wet flesh with her, so why not indulge in some spontaneous pleasure with a random woman whose moans hinted at a good time? Plus, there was the chance of acquiring a new skill, making it a two-birds-one-stone kind of deal.*

I cast my illusion magic to cloak my presence, fading away in the midst of the bustling crowd.

When I got back home, I flopped onto my bed, convinced this day would stick with me, even as I aged. First, I endured a date with Daemon, a guy who couldn't stop boasting about how amazing he was, claiming he could outdo Prince Jacob and Professor Sesillian in everything, even in bed. I couldn't fathom why he was so confident about that, but his incessant prattle about satisfying me made my skin crawl. Seriously, couldn't he dial it down on how much he lusted after my body? Even a perv wouldn't bluntly tell someone to their face that they wanted to get laid.

Fed up with his nonsense, I ditched the date, only to end up getting kidnapped. Yep, you heard it right. After a disappointing date, I found myself in the clutches of kidnappers. And guess what? My date didn't swoop in to save the day; instead, he bolted, tail between his legs. Talk about a lousy day, huh?

Fortunately, though, someone did step in to rescue me. A young man with jet-black hair and fiery crimson eyes, sporting a waiter's getup. He was good-looking, seemed around my age. This guy single-handedly saved me from the kidnappers, effortlessly taking them down.

And then, not only did he save me from that mess, but he also made sure I got back home safely. I told him I'd reward him someday for this, but all he wanted was a date with me. I couldn't help but wonder if that was enough of a reward for him, so I asked if there was something more, but he just told me that having a date with someone like me was more than enough.

"Leon... the young man bringing up the rear in the bronze class, huh?" I mumbled to myself.

It was hard to believe that he ranked the lowest in the first year's bronze class. I mean, with the kind of fighting skill he showed and his incredible magic, you'd think he was at least from the gold class. But no, he wasn't. I couldn't shake the feeling, thinking about how effortlessly he took down those kidnappers one by one. Did those fighting capabilities really belong to someone from the bronze class? I had my doubts. I knew it was wrong, given that he saved me, but I couldn't stop feeling that way.

Oh well, whatever. Maybe he's just hiding his true power. Maybe he doesn't want the attention. Whatever the case, it didn't really matter. I still planned to repay him for what he did for me.

While lost in those thoughts, a knock echoed through the door.

"My lady, someone sent you a letter," a voice came from the other side.

"Come in," I replied.

A maid opened my room's door, entered, and approached me with a letter. After handing it over, she bowed and exited.

I glanced at the sender's name, and my heart quickened. I opened the letter with care, not wanting to ruin the envelope, especially since it was from *him*. I delicately pulled the letter out and began reading.

"How are you doing? I hope Daemon didn't cause you any harm. If this letter reaches you, please send a reply immediately so I know you're safe."

"Professor..." I mumbled after absorbing the short message. Despite its brevity, I could sense his genuine concern. So, I hurried to my study table and penned him my reply.

Chapter 33: Special Chapter 1: An Unsatisfied Married Woman (1)

[Author's Note: Special chapters are considered canon but have minimal impact on the overall story. The characters introduced here will not be part of the harem and may only appear sporadically in the series with no significant plot relevance. If you have scene suggestions, feel free to comment, and I'll try to incorporate them into future special chapters. Enjoy this first special chapter to your heart's content.]

I've been married to my husband for a solid decade. We've got two kids, a seven-year-old boy, and a girl who's reaching that sweet age. On the surface, we're the picture-perfect happy family. But if you asked me if I was content with my married life, well, a straight-up yes would be a big fat lie. The truth is, I find no joy in my husband.

Back in my wilder days, I was, let's say, quite adventurous. I played around with all sorts of people, men and women alike. That liberating feeling was the absolute best, you know? I did what I damn well pleased.

Unfortunately, reality kicked in, and I had to hang up that carefree lifestyle. Responsibilities came knocking, so I bid farewell to my days of freedom. That's when I stumbled upon my husband. He was a mercenary. Adequate in bed, though not entirely satisfying. It sufficed, and for the sake of stability, I settled for "okay." I'd been with my fair share of men, but he topped the list. But thanks to his mercenary gig, he was always away, leaving me wanting in bed.

Currently, I was getting myself off. It was the only way to ease the persistent ache in my pussy, craving a good fuck. But let's face it, jerking off only goes so far. My fingers couldn't quite reach that insatiable desire. I craved something more substantial, but all I had were my fingers.

"I need it... Something thick and hard!" I moaned, working three fingers deep into my pussy. "I want a thick shaft stirring up my insides every night like it used to! Ahhh...! Someone, fuck me! Anyone...!"

The frustration was reaching its peak. I grabbed one of my breasts, lifting it so I could reach the nipple with my mouth. And then, without holding back, I bit down on my own nipple.

I felt the rush of flying as I approached the climax. So, I picked up the pace of my fingering until I felt my pussy clenching around my fingers. The familiar coiling sensation signaled my peak, and then it hit—I came.

"Nnnnhhh!!!"

Releasing my nipple from my bite, I arched my back. After that orgasmic rush, my back gently descended onto the bed. I lay there for a moment, breathing heavily. There was a fleeting sense of satisfaction, but deep down, I knew it was just a brief respite. This kind of contentment only lasted for a few minutes. It was temporary. It amazed me how horny I'd become lately. They say women get hotter and hornier as they hit their forties. I guess that was no joke.

Suddenly, the horniness came rushing back. I'd just climaxed, and yet, the ache returned already? Now, I knew there was no cure for this other than getting fucked. The problem was, my husband wasn't around, and there wasn't a good man in sight who could possibly satisfy me in this place.

"But I really need a dick..." I muttered to myself. Just then, a man's voice near me piped up.

"I can help you," he said.

"Kyaaa!" I screamed, hastily grabbing the bedsheet to cover myself. Glancing to my side, I saw a man sporting a white comedy mask, a black suit, and black pants. He lounged on the chair next to the bedside table, his eyes peering through the mask holes, locked onto me. "W-What are you doing here? Where did you come from? And how the hell did you get here?" I demanded, gathering mana into my palm and conjuring a fiery sphere.

"Don't be so guarded. I came here to give you what you want."

"What I... want?" My gaze involuntarily dropped to his crotch. I almost slapped my hands over my mouth because, even though he still had pants on, it was already clear that he was packing quite the equipment.

The noticeable bulge in his pants hinted at an impressive package underneath. I couldn't help but let my imagination wander, contemplating the size of the real flesh concealed within. Shaking my head, I reminded myself that while I did say "anyone" earlier, I wasn't too keen on getting down and dirty with someone whose identity I had no clue about.

"Yes, I can give you what you want," he whispered, his voice weaving a seductive spell that sent shivers down my spine. "If you're hesitant, why not take the reins, control the tempo yourself? I'll simply comply with your desires, playing the part of a pleasure object. How does that sound?"

"What... do you mean?"

"You can use my dick to satiate your cravings, taking charge entirely. Pretend it's just a solo session, envision my dick as a tool crafted solely for pleasure. And fret not. Once this clandestine encounter concludes, I won't stir any trouble. Our little secret will remain safe."

I gulped, the sound echoing in the charged atmosphere.

"What's your choice, madam?" he inquired.

What was my choice here? Would I let this opportunity to be fucked by a big dick slip away, or would my rationale hold, cautioning me against engaging with a stranger? The answer seemed clear enough.

"I... accept."

My sanity teetered on the edge; weeks without getting laid had pushed me to the brink. The ache demanded satisfaction, and the only remedy was to get thoroughly fucked.

So, that had to be the answer.

I gazed at the woman straddling me, a sly smile playing on my lips, while she reciprocated with a lewd expression. Since I'd handed her the reins, I leisurely stripped off my clothes and reclined on her bed. My dick wasn't fully erect yet, but when she caught sight of it, she mumbled, "It's bigger than any dicks I've had before." Pride swelled within me. Never having bedded women with experience, I hadn't known how my dick measured up. To hear her, someone with a wealth of experience, give it a high score filled me with a sense of accomplishment.

The current tableau featured the MILF on top, grinding against me unconsciously, ensuring every inch of her pussy felt the searing heat of my manhood. Lust juices flowed abundantly, drenching my cock entirely. The exquisite sensation of her wet pussy sliding along my length gradually coaxed my member to attention.

"Ahh... Can't believe these juices are coming out of me... And... Your cock is massive. I've never seen anything like this before~" she moaned, closing her eyes to immerse herself in the building pleasure. The rhythm of her gyrations quickened, saturating my crotch even more.

"I'm really going to enjoy this..." she purred, licking her lips as she worked my cock faster and faster. Her pussy, already dripping with love juices, anticipated penetration. "Haa... umm... Just rubbing against this dick is turning me into a puddle~ How amazing... it must feel even better once it comes inside... Ahh~ I can't wait already..."

With those words hanging in the air, she delicately wrapped her fingers around my pulsating member, guiding the throbbing tip to her sopping pussy. The slick wetness sent electric pulses down my spine as she, with a deliberate slowness, lowered her hips, letting my dick inch into her soaked haven. The marriage of lustful juices and velvety walls enveloped my manhood, each inch greeted with a warm and gentle embrace.

"Ahhh~ It's been so long~! B-But it doesn't feel anything like the other men I've slept with... This feels beyond amazing...!" she moaned, completely enraptured by the intoxication of the moment. "Oh my, I think I'm going to cum just from being penetrated! Amazing! I'm cumming!" Her head threw back, her back arched, her pussy clenching around my dick as if trying to ensure I'd never escape its grasp.

"Ahhh~ That felt good! I've never felt like that before~ Ahh... I want to feel it again. I want to cum like that again... Ahhh, ahh, ahh!"

She lifted herself up and down on my lap, her pussy squirting out love juices as it eagerly swallowed the entirety of my cock. The tip of my dick reached deep inside her, directly hitting her womb.

"Ah! It's reaching so deep inside me... Such a delicious cock... driving my pussy wild... Ahhh! Hmm... I'm getting high on this feeling."

She was getting even more into it than before, riding me with increased ferocity, her smile taking on an even lewder quality.

"More! Give me more!"

With that command, I complied, thrusting upwards suddenly, causing a spray of love juices to cover us both.

"Ahhh~ t-too deep..."

The woman melted into putty, and despite my earlier assertion that she'd be in control, I now found myself in a dominant position. And in this dominant position, it seemed only right to reach out and grab one of those huge, round, and plump breasts. Who could resist? They bounced all over the place as if begging to be touched.

"Ahhh! My nipples are tingling~ they're getting stiff..."

At this moment, the woman had completely surrendered to the overwhelming pleasure I was bestowing upon her.

Chapter 34: Special Chapter 1: An Unsatisfied Married Woman (2)

I never thought in my entire life that I'd get to fuck a busty MILF with such massive tits. It's the kind of dream every hentai enthusiast like me wishes to fulfill at least once.

"I can't stop... squirting...! It feels so good~!"

Her enthusiasm surpassed my expectations. I gave her the green light to use my throbbing dick for her pleasure, and she was relishing every second of it.

"Oh, ah... so good, g-go deeper..."

Determined to fulfill her desires, I seized her legs and plunged into the deepest recesses of her, creating a sensation as if tearing through a veil, opening a small gateway in her cervix. She was very voluptuous, so when I grabbed her legs, my fingers sank into that soft flesh. With my dick enveloped in her warmth, I experienced a sensation as if I were on the verge of melting. Was this the taste of a woman accustomed to bearing and giving birth? It was undeniably exquisite.

"Waahh~~" she screamed, the echoes of pleasure reverberating through the room as my dick plunged all the way inside her. "Ahhh~ The spot... The spot no man could have reached... Your dick found it! Ahh! P-Please, move those hips! I want to feel you fuck me too!"

Now, she insisted I take control. So, I did as she asked, slamming my hips hard into her, making my glans touch her womb.

"Ahh.... It feels so good! I love this~!"

With my hands gripping her legs, I thrust my dick into her repeatedly. It went in and out like a pile driver, and every time I hit her womb, she sweetly moaned.

"Ahhh! Th-There's a bulge on my belly! I'm gonna break, you're gonna break meee!"

Even as she said this, she twisted her hips, as if trying to milk the juices out of my cock, forcing it deeper inside her. Her hip movements made her ample breasts jiggle elegantly with every motion. When she lowered her hips, the melting sweetness inside her intensified, while she skillfully tightened or loosened her pussy to stimulate every part of my cock as she pleased. As expected of an experienced woman, she knew how to work it.

"Amazing... I can't even think straight anymore—"

The woman right in front of me ditched the facade of an adult married woman, revealing herself as nothing more than a creature of desire. Even though I had no intention of claiming this woman as mine, I still craved to see her face twisted in debauchery and drowned in pleasure. So, I went all out, thrusting further and deeper. I wanted to witness how thoroughly this woman's pussy could be melted.

"Ahhh!"

Her ass jiggled as I plunged all the way into her pussy. I rubbed the tip of my dick against her womb, and her cervix trembled against my glans, providing exquisite stimulation.

"Oh, yes. Right there! Yesss~ I'm cumming! I'm gonna—"

She was on the brink of orgasm, so I sped up my thrusts until she couldn't hold back any longer. She gritted her teeth, threw her head back, and tensed up.

"Cum! I'm cumming!"

The moment she surrendered to the sensation, a torrent of lusty fluids gushed out of her pussy, drenching my lower half in a cascade of juices.

"G-Give me more of that pleasure like just now... Give me an orgasm~"

I didn't want to waste any more time, and since I wanted to cum soon, I decided to take charge. I positioned her beneath me, making her get on all fours. I guided my dick,

which was now out of her, back into her sopping pussy. However, I didn't ease it in like she did; instead, I thrust it all the way inside her in one swift motion.

"Eeekkk!"

With a voracious hunger, I initiated a relentless assault from behind. The electrifying jolts of pleasure to her sensitive pussy, so soon after her climax, proved almost too much for her to handle. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and as I spanked her ass, treating it like a delicious punishment, she responded with pleasure, her body quivering with every impact.

Each slap sent a tremor through her, and her pussy clamped down on my throbbing dick. When I had caught her pleasuring herself before, any semblance of adult dignity on her face had already been minimal. Now, in the throes of our passionate encounter, even that last trace of dignity evaporated, leaving her entirely exposed and vulnerable.

A sinister grin played across my face as I seized her by the hair, intensifying the rhythm of my relentless thrusts.

"I can feel it, right where babies are made! Hmm~ it's happening, I'm cumming!"

Her velvety folds clamped down fiercely, releasing a torrent of love juices that spilled like an overflowing fountain. The crescendo of her body's response to orgasm surged, each wave of pleasure causing her to convulse with an exquisite ecstasy.

This time, I flipped her onto her side, digging my fingers into the leg I lifted high, spreading her crotch as wide as possible. Pressing my body against her smooth back, I eagerly penetrated her with a hunger that mirrored the heat of our entangled passion.

"My orgasm... Can't stop~~ Hmm ahhh~~ I-I'm such a naughty woman~"

The rhythm of my pulsating erection seamlessly synchronized with the relentless dance of her drenched pussy. Her breasts, hypnotically jiggling to the same cadence, beckoned me. Captivated by their undulating motion, I seized one with my hand. As I did, she threw her head back, causing the line of her chin to stretch taut in ecstasy.

The velvety walls of her vaginal embrace created a pulsating ascent of pleasure along the entire length of my dick. It felt like I was teetering on the precipice of filling her up completely. Sensing the imminent release, she turned her head, looking over her shoulder and breathed the words to me.

"Cum for me, I want your cum~"

As soon as she uttered those words, I released the pent-up pleasure that had built up within me.

"Iyaaahhhh~~~!!!"

She cried out in pleasure as her mind soared to the furthest reaches of ecstasy.

Hot cum erupted in copious amounts, pouring into her voluptuous body. After unloading my semen into her, she slumped against my body as if her battery had run out.

"Hah... mmm... hah..."

Listening to her panting like that, I withdrew my dick and stepped out of bed, laying her on her back. I looked at her with a smirk on my face.

"Haaa... I'm all out of strength... I can't move anymore... I'm so warm inside..." she mumbled with closed eyes, breathing heavily, her breasts rising and falling with every breath.

While observing her in that state, I heard a metallic chime ringing in my head. Unlike the metallic chime signaling that I had piqued a woman's interest, this one had a different sound. I checked the notification and discovered that I could now copy her skill.

"Let's see," I muttered to myself.

--

You had sex with Marisa. Now you can copy her skill.

Hellfire (Original) - A skill that turns the flames you unleash into an inferno that can only be quenched by holy magic.

Warning:

Marisa hasn't been fully dominated yet.

Copying it now will result in a weaker version. Are you sure you want to copy it?

[Yes] / [No]

--

Her skill was decent, but it didn't hold a candle to Amaterasu, a skill possessed by one of the academy students. Still, it was worth copying, so I went with yes.

--

Congratulations! You've acquired a new skill.

Hellfire (Copied) - A skill that turns the flames you unleash into an inferno that can only be extinguished by holy magic and water magic.

--

After acquiring the skill, I hastily grabbed my clothes and slipped them back on. Once fully dressed, I noticed the woman had regained her senses and was gazing at me.

"Is this... a one-time deal?" she asked, a hint of sadness in her eyes.

"It is, but if I find myself with some free time and a craving for a rendezvous with a sexy older woman, I'll come looking for you."

As I uttered those words, her face brightened. After a brief pause, she posed another question. "Can I know your name?"

Sharing my name wouldn't hurt, and it might even add to my reputation, so I replied, "They call me a playwright and a virtuoso. Sometimes, they label me a showman. But I do have a name, one not meant for just anyone. However, since you've given me a good time, I'll share it with you. So clear your mind and listen. My name is..." I gathered mana at the tip of my finger and continued, "Mephisto." With that, I pointed my finger at the floor and cast a spell. Instantly, smoke enveloped me, concealing my entire figure.

Marisa, as I learned her name to be, initially appeared shocked, frantically attempting to locate me within the dissipating veil of smoke. However, by the time the smoke cleared, I had already vanished from her sight.

Unbeknownst to her, I had ascended to the rooftop of the adjacent building, observing her futile search. As the realization hit her that I had departed, she clasped her hands together, holding them close to her chest in a gesture resembling a prayer.

Then, in a soft murmur, she uttered, "Lord Mephisto."

A grin played on my lips, and with that, I vanished from the rooftop.

Chapter 35: Chapter 6 - Making A Deal With The Devil (1)

I, Shredica, silently traversed the shadowy alley, each step shrouded in the veil of darkness. Upon reaching the alley's ominous terminus, a solid wall confronted me. A cautious scan of my surroundings ensured the absence of prying eyes before I approached the imposing barrier, my knuckles rapping on its cold surface.

Suddenly, a voice resonated from the other side.

"What sound can be heard at the horizon today?"

I replied, "The melodious chirping of birds."

In response, the wall seemed to come alive, shifting and revealing a concealed entrance. Without a moment's hesitation, I stepped through, and as I did, the entryway sealed behind me. Correction—it wasn't a mere closure; it was a deliberate act by someone. Emerging from the very wall itself, the person who closed it revealed most of her body still seamlessly integrated into its structure.

"Welcome back, Shredica," she said.

It was a woman with short white hair, sporting a face that could only be described as cute. However, my focus remained unwavering, devoid of any reaction to her charms. My heart, encased in cold resolve, resisted the easy melting effect of cute or even beautiful faces.

"Don't just pop out like that in your state," I remarked. The woman before me was stark naked, but her fusion with the wall concealed her nudity, revealing only her head and shoulders.

"What can I do about it? I can't use my ability with my clothes on."

Her skill, Permeation, allowed her to phase through all matter. Yet, the catch was that every time she employed her power, she inadvertently left her clothes behind, rendering her naked each time.

"If that's the case, why not create clothes that don't come off every time you use it? Aren't you embarrassed being butt naked in a space teeming with men?"

As I uttered those words, a crimson blush painted her cheeks, and she began to breathe heavily. Her hand found its way to her cheek, and she seductively licked her lips, "Isn't that the most thrilling thought? Picture men pulling me out of this wall and engaging in a wild gang bang right then and there—it's enough to make my pussy wet. I mean, a beautiful young maiden like me would be utterly defenseless against such barbaric men, right? So, all I can do is take it."

I shot her a cold glare, then turned away and continued on my path.

"Hey, wait. Where are you going, Shredica? I'm still talking to you!"

"I don't want to talk to you," I retorted, pressing forward.

"Why are you being so distant? Haven't we faced countless life-and-death situations together?" She caught up by phasing through the hallway walls. "Aren't we friends now? War buddies?"

I continued to ignore her, maintaining my brisk pace.

"Hmm? Shredica, you look different today. Don't tell me you're heading out... on a date?"

At that, I finally halted, acknowledging her presence. As I did, a grin stretched across her face from ear to ear.

"Hahaha! I nailed it, didn't I? You're off on a date, huh?!" She exuded so much joy that I could practically envision her wagging her rear like an excited dog within the wall she was phasing through.

"It's not a date," I clarified.

"But you're meeting someone, right? I was almost convinced you had zero interest in men and were more into women, but I need to make sure. You're meeting a man, aren't you?"

Why did she assume I leaned towards women? Perhaps it was because, since joining this organization, I'd always harbored a disdain for men and kept my distance from them. That might have led her to think I was a lesbian. However, that wasn't the case. My heart wasn't really into romance. It had been frozen since birth, so I doubted men or women could thaw it.

"Yes, it's a man."

As I stated that, her grin widened even more.

"So, it's a date, after all."

"Like I said, it's not a date," I reiterated, but she paid no attention.

"Ah~ I thought the likelihood of you landing a date with someone was about as probable as urban legends coming true."

Since there was no stopping her now, convinced it was a date, I decided to ignore her and erase her from my mind. However, as I took a step, my smartphone rang. Someone was calling me. I pulled it out of my pocket and checked the caller.

"Oh, is that the lucky one going on a date with Ice Queen Shredica?" She peered at my phone, half of her body emerging from the wall, revealing her breasts. When she saw it was one of our comrades calling, she sighed in disappointment.

Disregarding her, I answered the call. The voice of my comrade echoed from the device.

"The mission of safeguarding the Duke's daughter is a resounding success, Shredica. Please, deliver this triumph to our leader."

"I see. Understood. I'll make my way to her immediately and ensure she receives the news of our successful mission," I affirmed.

The mission unfolded flawlessly, huh? Our leader certainly possesses an acute understanding of how the Eclipse orchestrates their moves.

Intent on reaching our leader without delay to share the news, I braced myself to take a step forward. However, before my foot could land, the voice on the other end offered additional information.

"Oh, and kindly relay to her the suggestion to consider recruiting the individual I'll be forwarding in the message. He boasts remarkable combat skills, and the success of our mission owes much to him. We didn't even raise a finger when the kidnappers struck. When the Duke's daughter fell prey to the Eclipse, he swiftly intervened, dismantling the assailants with unmatched proficiency."

"Really now?" I replied, my voice laced with a hint of intrigue. It was a rare spectacle for someone within our organization to endorse another to our esteemed leader—no, scratch that, it was an unprecedented event. The fact that my comrade saw this individual as essential to our cause piqued my curiosity. "Very well. I'll personally deliver the message to the leader."

"Thank you," the voice on the other end conveyed gratitude. *"Oh, and by the way, Claire spilled the beans about your upcoming 'date.' Is that true? I never thought someone of your caliber could land a date with anyone. Well? Is it a man or a woman?"*

How did this woman get wind of that information? That was the question I was supposed to ask, but a swift glance at the figure behind me, engrossed in her smartphone, unveiled her as the informant, even before the person on the other end hinted at it.

"It's not a date," I asserted. "Anyway, is that all? If so, I'll conclude the call."

"Okay. Have an exceptional time on your date, Shre—"

Before she could finish her sentence, I promptly ended the call. Turning away, I strolled off. Claire, the woman with the ability to permeate, shot me a mischievous smirk and said, "Bye, bye! I hope your date goes well!" before seamlessly melding into the wall.

I continued forward without a backward glance, slipping my phone back into my pocket. After walking for a while, I reached an entrance at the end of the hallway. Though I was still some distance away, the lively clamor from within reached my ears. Upon entering, I beheld numerous individuals engaged in conversation, their weapons casually slung as if part of the decor in this expansive room that resembled a casino. No, it wasn't just the setting that exuded a casino vibe; nearly every person was entangled in various

forms of gambling, giving this room an unmistakable casino ambiance. *Even though it technically wasn't one...*

Spotting me, someone from the crowd energetically waved their hands.

"Oh, Shredica, there you are. We were just talking about you," a woman with fiery red hair, resembling a lion's mane, called out. She sat at a table surrounded by six people, currently enjoying beer with them.

"Leader..." I breathed out, my disappointment hanging heavy in the air. Witnessing our leader involved in such activities, however skilled she was at guiding us, cast a shadow over my mood.

"You're looking grumpy as always, Shredica. What, did your date turn out to be a dud or something?" she teased.

I knew it was futile to ask, but I inquired anyway, "How did you find out about that? And for the record, it's not a date."

"Oh, darling. Claire spilled the beans to everyone about your impending 'date.' And with a man, no less. I never envisioned you as one for the opposite sex, Shredica. I assumed you were more inclined towards women, but it seems my speculation about your preferences missed the mark.

Defending myself seemed as futile as ever, but I still tried. "Like I said, it's not a date."

She chuckled wickedly. "Oh, you. No need to deny it. I mean, being alone with a man practically constitutes a date, doesn't it? Even without you explicitly saying it, we could already tell just from that." Her grin stretched from ear to ear, cheeks flushed with the telltale signs of excessive alcohol consumption. Judging by the crimson hue of her cheeks, it seemed she'd been hitting the bottle since morning. "So, after your 'date,' what's gonna happen? Is our little darling Shredica finally gonna graduate from being inexperienced? If so, should I be the one to teach you the art of pleasuring men?"

Her words dripped with a seductive allure. I distanced myself from her.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not in the mood for your jests, Leader," I retorted. Simultaneously, I felt my phone vibrate in my pocket. "I'm here because Arianne informed me that the mission is completed."

"Oh, well done. I had faith in the father-daughter duo's capabilities to handle the job," she chuckled heartily.

"And also," I added, retrieving my phone from my pocket, "she expressed a desire to recommend someone." As I opened my phone, ready to hand it over, I froze. The person Arianne recommended was the very individual I would be meeting tonight.