

# The World Is Mine For The Taking

*Chapter 36: Chapter 6 - Making A Deal With The Devil (2)*

I glanced at the time on my smartphone, the luminous display indicating the arrival of 6 PM. The person I was meant to meet hadn't graced the scene yet. Contemplation of abandoning this meeting crossed my mind, opting to unleash my wrath on him for his tardiness at our next meeting. However, just as the notion solidified, he finally arrived.

"You're late," I declared.

"Can you please quit staring at me like I'm about to face a firing squad? It's bloody unnerving, you know? And late? What do you mean? I'm perfectly on time."

"I specifically said 'exact sunset,' didn't I? Look at the time," I said, thrusting my smartphone toward his face. "It's 6:01."

"It's just one minute..."

"If a bomb were planted here set to explode precisely at 6 PM, it would be entirely your fault for the deaths of countless people."

"Don't compare a bomb threat to me being fashionably late. That's not a valid comparison."

"But it's the exact comparison," I asserted with an unwavering gaze. "Now, brace yourself for the impending consequence."

"You're not playing around, are you?"

"Of course not. Why would I jest about this? I'm deadly serious," I replied, smoothly extracting my gun from beneath my jacket to reveal its ominous presence. "Now, where would you like to take the hit? Since you've graced us with your belated presence, I'll ensure it's a locale free from vital damage—somewhere a mere flicker of healing magic can mend. And rest assured, there's no need to worry about me missing. I'm a seasoned sharpshooter, capable of hitting my mark with my eyes sealed shut. Furthermore, this firearm comes equipped with a silencer, ensuring your punishment remains a clandestine affair."

Instinctively, he distanced himself from me. "You're downright spine-chilling, you know? And why in the world are you toting a gun on a date?"

"Insurance, of course. One can never predict what a man might attempt when in the company of a lady."

"Yeah, well, I get that. But I highly doubt anything of that sort would happen to you." He sighed, shaking his head. Even with a gun in his face, he remained surprisingly calm. As expected, this man is... "Anyway, could you perhaps grant me a reprieve just this once? I arrived precisely at 6 PM on this bridge, and it took me a full minute to locate you. Hence, the one-minute tardiness."

"That's quite the excuse, but do you honestly believe it'll sway me?" I scrutinized him.

"If you'd pinpointed the 'exact' meeting spot, sure, I'd be considered late. But you just mentioned 'the bridge' without a clear indication—whether it's the far end, the other end, or smack in the middle. So, you can't fault me for being tardy, can you?"

"You certainly possess a knack for crafting persuasive excuses," I remarked, smoothly holstering the gun back into my jacket. His audible sigh of relief echoed the lifting tension. "I'll let it slide this time, but don't make a habit of this."

"As I suspected, this won't be the last time, huh?"

"Of course not. Starting now, consider yourself my pawn."

"Goodness. No beating around the bush, huh? So, what's your grand plan for utilizing me?"

"That's a secret for now," I said, turning away from him. "Anyway, shall we embark on our journey into Pleasure City?"

"...Lead the way."

And so began this not-a-date date.

\*\*\*

We finally arrived at Lala Land. Legend has it that this place was specially crafted for the then-seven-year-old princess of the Milham Kingdom, who suffered from an unidentified illness no healer could diagnose. In a desperate attempt to bring her joy before her inevitable demise, the king commissioned the construction of this whimsical haven. Tragically, on the very day it was completed, the princess passed away. The place was named Lala Land in her honor.

"This place is truly magnificent, wouldn't you say?" I remarked to Mr. Leon, who walked alongside me.

"I suppose so. I mean, it's got quite the legendary tale behind it, right? The spot where the hero's daughter savored a moment of life."

"The hero king later declared to the kingdom that everyone was welcome to come and enjoy. It's a shame that subsequent rulers, including the current one, have turned this place into a profit-driven land."

After our brief exchange, we continued our leisurely walk. As we meandered through the vibrant surroundings, we eventually stumbled upon a lively area teeming with people. A jester had captivated a sizable audience with their lively performance, prompting us to stop and immerse ourselves in the spectacle.

"Are you certain this is your preferred starting point?" Mr. Leon inquired.

"I'm certain," I affirmed with conviction.

"It's rather surprising that you'd opt for this, considering your infrequent smiles, let alone laughs."

"What do you take me for? It's not as if I'm devoid of the ability to laugh, you know?" I retorted, redirecting my focus to the jester who skillfully juggled seven balls of varying colors with only two hands in the air. "Laughter and smiles are embedded in the essence of being human, acquired and expressed instinctively during infancy. As quintessential and biologically ingrained human expressions, they serve as the very fabric of our humanity. Thus, for that reason, I am as inherently human as they come."

"I don't see you doing it, though."

"That's because a genuine smile is coaxed out when one is in the company of someone who brings comfort and ease."

"Does that mean you're not at ease with me, then?"

"Exactly."

"I see. I'm not at ease with you either."

Our conversation came to an abrupt halt as we redirected our focus to the jester. The performer had elevated the act by incorporating daggers into the juggling routine, seamlessly adding them to the seven balls already in play. Another jester made an appearance, bowing his head while holding a beautiful woman by the hand, who also bowed alongside him. The jester proceeded to guide the woman to a circus target, securing her in place with tight bindings around her wrists and ankles. After a brief moment, the woman found herself restrained on the target, her limbs sprawled apart. The juggling jester then turned his attention to the bound woman, while the other jester initiated the spinning of the circus target. With the woman rotating in place, the juggling jester skillfully hurled each dagger he was juggling toward her.

The spectators reacted with each throw of the daggers, but the jester showed no sign of stopping. He continued the mesmerizing act, hurling the daggers one after another. Even as the audience gasped and cheered, he remained relentless. Once all the daggers were hurled, the jester ceased juggling the seven balls, turning to face his captivated audience. With a humble bow, the other jester halted the spinning circus target, revealing that not a single dagger had struck the restrained woman. Swiftly, he untied her and guided her back to the center of the stage, where they both bowed in unison. The spectators erupted in applause.

Yet, neither I nor Mr. Leon shared the sentiment. We remained unimpressed.

Amidst the applause from the audience, I opened my mouth to say, "Did you know that jesters have demonic origins?"

"That's news to me," he responded.

"That's because the Church has concealed it from the world," I explained. "Only those uninterested in the Church's teachings know about it. I assume your ignorance stems from being raised by nuns, correct?"

"Is that so? Well, I can certainly envision the Church pulling such manipulative tactics, so I'm not entirely surprised."

"But did they not instill in you the warning to steer clear of jesters?"

"They didn't. And just to set the record straight, the nuns who raised me aren't exactly in league with the Church. Their devotion lies solely with the Goddess of War, Jeanne."

"Is that so?"

After our brief conversation, the crowd's applause finally ceased. The jesters transitioned into acrobatics, accompanied by the woman's graceful dance.

While my eyes were fixed on the performance, my mind wasn't truly engaged with it. Instead, I was contemplating, striving to understand the person beside me. *Who was he, really? And what motivated him to enroll in the Academy, assuming a facade of weakness among the students? I needed to comprehend him, as he could either become an ally or a hindrance.* Though the notion of ending him had crossed my mind, I refrained, recognizing the potential utility he might offer. Hence, I focused on comprehending him, seeking to decipher the enigma that surrounded him. However, as I delved deeper into this intricate pursuit, doubts emerged regarding my ability to extract cooperation from someone of his caliber. Consequently, I opted for a different tactic—to establish a form of control.

"Oh, by the way, I managed to capture something quite intriguing earlier," I casually mentioned, retrieving my phone from my pocket with a calculated ease. Unlocking the device, I presented a photo to him.

"Recognize this face?" I inquired, knowing full well that the man in the picture bore an undeniable resemblance to the one standing beside me. There was no room for denial. "This man entering a brothel—doesn't that look like you?"

The chessboard had just been set, and despite the early stage of the game, I found myself firmly holding the upper hand.

*Chapter 37: Chapter 6 - Making A Deal With The Devil (3)*

*Or, at least, that's what I believed.* Yet, when I turned my gaze to him, he appeared unfazed. In fact, his expression was inscrutable, cold, devoid of any visible concern. It was as if my possession of such a photo held no weight for him.

"How did you get this?" his voice trembled.

*Oh. He might have seemed indifferent, but it appeared my initial assessment was just a mere illusion.*

"That isn't important," I replied dismissively. "What matters is that you could be in serious trouble if this picture circulates. Imagine what the school would think. A student from their prestigious institution caught visiting a brothel. The Academy strictly prohibits such behavior, right? It's clearly stated in the Book of Rules under number 136 that no student shall engage in or be associated with acts of prostitution. The penalty is immediate expulsion. I presume that's not an outcome you'd desire, is it?"

There existed a loophole in this rule, however. As long as one avoided getting caught, engaging in such activities wouldn't lead to expulsion. This meant that if there was no concrete evidence of one's actions, they could safely indulge in such pursuits. Many students, especially men, took advantage of this loophole. However, the caveat was that as long as there was no evidence and no one could prove it, everything would be deemed fine. This detail was explicitly outlined in the rules; lack of evidence equated to no wrongdoing. But as he could clearly see, I held evidence in my hand, rendering that loophole ineffective.

Mr. Leon attempted to snatch my phone away, but I skillfully evaded his grasp. He shot me a look of contempt.

"I see. So this is what it's all about, huh?" he remarked. "You plan to blackmail me. And for what? To use me as a pawn, just as you mentioned earlier?"

"That's correct," I affirmed, sliding my phone back into my pocket, out of his reach. "I figured asking you politely wouldn't yield any results, so I had to resort to this."

"Were you tailing me earlier this morning, hoping to find something to use against me? I never thought you were such a passionate individual, Miss Shredica."

"I am always passionate, as I strive to achieve my desired outcomes. And for the record, I wasn't tailing with the intention of finding dirt on you. This is merely something I stumbled upon by pure coincidence while shadowing you."

"Why were you tailing me, coincidentally?"

I had only been investigating him, attempting to glean more information, but stumbled upon this situation by chance. Hence, I captured a photo of him entering a brothel, just in case I might need leverage. But of course, I wasn't about to tell those details to him.

"Do you really think I'll tell you? Not even a stalker would open their mouth, you know?"

Ironically, if he hadn't taught me how to use a smartphone, I would probably have nothing to hold against him. So, I suppose I should thank him for that. *Just in my thoughts, though...*

"I guess I underestimated you. I never expected to be trailed so early in the morning, and I let my guard down. To think that a classmate would be shadowing me..." He placed his hand on his forehead, sighing as if lamenting this unforeseen situation. "But do you truly have proof that I did something there?"

"That's a good question, and unfortunately, I don't have a direct proof, but this picture speaks volumes on its own."

"That's flimsy evidence, if you ask me."

"Then let's strike a deal. How about we unleash this photo on the masses and see the fallout? What will they think? Will they demand more evidence? Imagine their minds racing as they witness you entering a brothel. Do you believe they'd dismiss it as a mere wrong turn? No, of course not. Humans, in their raw instinct, will swiftly jump to the conclusion that you ventured into that den of pleasure to indulge in the company of a woman. It's the only logical assumption. I mean, what other pursuit befits a place devoted to pleasure and lust?"

Mr. Leon just gazed at me in silence, seemingly unable to conjure any alternative purpose for a visit to a brothel.

"People anchor their decisions based on expectations, casting aside anything that contradicts their preconceived notions. That's the raw, unfiltered truth of human nature." I locked eyes with him, ensuring his gaze wouldn't evade mine, wouldn't escape me. "It's only natural for people to jump to the conclusion that you went there to bed a woman. It's the only logical, natural assumption. Do you really think they need anything more than that photo to know your intentions?"

I kept looking at him. I refused to let him off the hook, and he wasn't looking away either. In those eyes, I could sense smoldering anger. "You sure know how to back someone into a corner. Your research was spot-on. People are rife with expectation biases. The moment someone steps into a brothel, it's immediately assumed they're there for a roll in the hay with a woman. But I guess that's the beauty of being human. They screw up all the time."

"To err is human, as they say. And with that evidence, I can deduce that you're human too. You made a mistake."

"What have you thought of me until now, then?"

"A robot. A programmed person with a fake smile."

"Hey, I do genuinely smile sometimes. Although, as you mentioned, it's something coaxed out by someone I'm comfortable with," he said. His lips curled into a smirk, "So, spill it. What wicked plan do you have for me? That's your game, isn't it?"

"That's right. Let's cut to the chase. I need your help to climb up to the gold class," I stated.

In that fleeting moment, a glimmer of surprise danced in his eyes. "You want me to... assist you in reaching the gold class?"

"That's right," I confirmed, my tone unwavering. "But this isn't the place for such discussions. We need a more discreet setting."

"Good idea."

Once we settled into a spot for our discussion, a bench intended for two people, though I was the only one sitting while Mr. Leon remained standing, I laid out the purpose behind my attempt to blackmail him.

"I'm aiming for the gold class. No matter what it takes."

"That's quite a broad objective. Care to share why?"

"You don't need to know."

"How do you expect me to cooperate if I have no idea what you're scheming?"

"By revealing the photo to the public."

"...You're a hell of a lot more cunning than I initially gave you credit for," Mr. Leon grumbled. "Can't you pull this off on your own? I mean, you've got the strength to climb up there solo, right? Why the hell do you need my help?"

"I thought you'd be slow on the uptake and ask these questions, but I didn't expect you to be even dumber than I thought, throwing them at me so early," I shot back.

Mr. Leon clicked his tongue, irritation simmering. Oddly enough, it only fueled my desire to mess with him more. "...Well, well. Seems like you're a more interesting woman than I gave you credit for. Anyway, are you gonna spill the answers or not?"

"Don't worry. I'll answer your questions," I said. Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath, then exhaled before fixing my gaze on him. "The answer to your first question is straightforward. Yes, I can do it on my own. However, the administration doesn't fancy the idea of a skillless woman like me ascending. In simpler terms, it's not a matter of capability; I'm deliberately being held back."

Mr. Leon's expression remained stoic, showing no surprise at my revelation. "I guess that's par for the course. After all, they only recently allowed us skillless in. The administration probably isn't exactly rolling out the red carpet for us. I'd bet it'll take a century before they warm up to the idea. They're likely holding you back as a matter of pride."

"That's the harsh reality of it. I went to Professor Irene and vented my frustration, but she made it clear it wasn't her call and that her hands were tied. Same story when I approached Professor Gabrielle. It seems the professors can't do much, so I thought I'd showcase my raw skills and strength, hoping to catch the administration's eye. But no matter how hard I pushed, they stayed indifferent." I glanced down at my clenched fists, a brief moment of frustration flashing across my face before I locked eyes with him again. "And that's where you come in."

He maintained his silence, his gaze unwavering, prompting me to continue.

"Mr. Leon, I need you to flaunt your capabilities too, so the administration can't turn a blind eye to us skillless any longer."

Mr. Leon didn't even flinch and promptly responded, "That's not gonna happen."

"I expected you to say that," I remarked, pulling out my smartphone once again and presenting the photo. "But there's absolutely nothing you can do about it except follow my lead, is there?"

*Chapter 38: Chapter 6 - Making A Deal With The Devil (4)*

Mr. Leon once again lunged for my smartphone, his movements desperate, but I effortlessly sidestepped his grasp. Despite myself, a triumphant grin adorned my face as I flaunted the smartphone tantalizingly in front of him. "Enough with the foolish games, Mr. Leon. You're utterly outclassed."

"You're reveling in this, aren't you? I never pegged you for the sadistic type, but witnessing this side of you, it seems you're on the path to becoming a true sadist," he growled.

"I'm not one to delight in witnessing someone harm themselves. The sight and scent of blood hold no allure for me," I replied.

"Being a sadist doesn't necessarily entail enjoying inflicting pain on others. At times, it could mean savoring the agony of others. And in this case, you're clearly finding pleasure in my torment."

"Enough with the banter, Mr. Leon. I'm not here for games." I pocketed my phone. "So, what's your decision? Ponder it carefully. It's about your fate in the academy, whether you'll face expulsion or continue your stay."

Mr. Leon fell into an ominous silence, his intense gaze penetrating into my soul. The enigma within his eyes left me hanging in suspense, unsure of how to navigate the impending revelation. After an elongated pause, he sighed, his fingers raking through his hair in an admission of surrender.

"I doubt this scheme will bear fruit, Miss Shredica," he confessed. "You've crafted a misguided image of me. I lack the prowess you seem to attribute to me."

"Don't weave a tapestry of deceit, Mr. Leon. I'm no stranger to the aura of a seasoned fighter," I asserted. "You won't elude me. I'll ensnare you and command your submission."

Mr. Leon's eyes narrowed, a subtle challenge in his gaze. "And how, pray tell, do you plan to accomplish that? Will you once again resort to brandishing that damning photo?"

"Indeed, Mr. Leon. What purpose would there be in procuring it if I didn't intend to wield it as a weapon against you?"

"You're undeniably an audaciously ambitious soul..."

"Who will tread any path necessary to seize her desires," I concluded, a sly smile etching its way onto my lips.

"And what an overwhelmingly compassionate approach to achieving dreams."

My smile lingered on my lips. "I know. That's why I despise myself at times."

A brief silence enveloped us, the only audible sounds being the cheers, laughter, and melodies wafting in from the enchanting atmosphere of Lala Land. After a while, he spoke up.

"Alright, look. I meant what I said about not having anything to offer, so I can't fulfill your request."

"I'm sorry, but it's challenging to believe that."

"Should I beg for your belief? Kneel before you? Maybe even lick your toes?"

"Don't mistake me for someone who relishes in degrading acts for amusement. I'm not inclined that way, and I certainly don't have the time to contemplate my preferences. Although, I must admit, seeing you kneel and beg does hold a certain appeal."

Mr. Leon met my gaze for a fleeting moment before releasing a heavy sigh. He then gracefully descended to his knees, arms outstretched as if presenting himself, a faint smile playing on his lips. "There you go. Happy now?"

"Even with that display, my order remains unwavering."

His arms fell limp at his sides, and he directed his gaze downward, exhaling in resignation. "I can't decipher this woman..." After a muttered reflection, he lifted his eyes to meet mine. "Look, I genuinely can't comply, alright? If you seek my cooperation, discard this type of order. How about we negotiate a change?"

I arched an eyebrow. "Negotiate?"

"Exactly. Revise the order. What if we approach the headmaster? Professors may be powerless against the administration holding you back, but the headmaster might wield some influence, don't you think?"

"It's an intriguing proposal, one that doesn't displease me," I admitted. "Yet, we face a hurdle. The headmaster is an elusive figure, someone even graduating students don't encounter. Do you really think we, mere bronze class students, stand a chance, especially when even the graduating students couldn't?"

"There is a way." he said.

"What is it?"

"The King's Game."

A pregnant pause enveloped us as the weight of those words lingered in the air. I allowed a moment of contemplation before the realization dawned on me. "...Of course."

While I hadn't personally partaken in any King's Games, the concept was etched into my understanding. It was a grand tournament, welcoming a hundred participants to the fierce battleground of Milham's Forest. The ultimate objective—emerge as the sole survivor.

To claim victory in the King's Game, one had to be the last contender standing. The reward for such triumph was boundless, ranging from wealth and power to even the companionship of women, all within the King's discretion. It was a ruthless competition where the winner could request anything within the realm of the King's capabilities.

"If we secure triumph in this game, we can petition the king to orchestrate a meeting with the headmaster."

"Exactly," affirmed Mr. Leon.

"Hmm," I hummed, genuinely impressed. "I always assumed you were a bit dim, Mr. Leon, but I might have to reconsider my opinion of you."

"Thanks, I guess," he responded, rising to his feet and dusting off the dirt from the knees of his pants.

"With that settled, I'll be entrusting myself to your care. Or should I say, you're now under my purview, as I'll be the one holding the leash?" I remarked, standing up from the bench and extending my hand for a handshake.

Mr. Leon eyed my hand for a moment, then shifted his gaze to me. "It seems I'm making a deal with the devil..."

"I assure you, there's nothing devilish about my intentions. I simply aspire for world peace."

"I see..." he mused, then accepted my hand. "Then I'll willingly play the role of a slave, dutifully following the commands of my mistress."

After our handshake, we relinquished our grasp on each other's hands. My gaze remained fixed on his eyes, searching for any underlying emotions, but all I found was a void.

"Can I take my leave now?" he inquired.

"Yes, feel free to go. Expect occasional messages from me. Neglecting them might earn you a punishment for being a disobedient slave."

"I understand. I just hope your requests won't veer into the realm of the unreasonable."

"Fear not, everything I ask will be well within the bounds of reason."

"Forging a pact with a devil has been a perilous endeavor since time immemorial. Finding solace in such an alliance might prove elusive for me. Regardless, I shall take my leave. Other matters await my attention."

"Granted, you may go."

With that, Mr. Leon executed an about-face, striding away from me. With him now under my influence, the realization of my goal loomed closer. Yet, the challenge ahead lay in earning his genuine trust. Deceiving Mr. Leon might not be an insurmountable task, but gaining the authenticity of his trust would be a gradual process.

As his figure gradually dissipated from my view, I, too, exited the vibrant confines of Lala Land. The implications of this newfound alliance remained veiled, and only time would unveil its consequences.

Unbeknownst to me, I had just forged a pact with the devil.

\*\*\*

I now stood atop one of the buildings in the heart of Milham's main capital. Inhaling deeply, I stretched my arms wide, taking in the grandeur of the city below. Today, I uncovered secrets that had been unfolding behind my back—Eclipse and Silver Blade. Additionally, I learned of significant changes in the underground society.

"It's been a mundane three months since my last spree through this town. Perhaps it's time to inject some exhilaration before I dive into the delightful task of disciplining a mischievous bandit," I whispered to myself. "That might just hit the spot."

My gaze ascended to the night sky, captivated by the unusually radiant and expansive moon. As I stared, lost in thought, the echoes of my recent conversation with Shredica played in my mind, triggering a low, sinister chuckle.

"Fufu..."

*I'm pretty damn furious, Shredica. You've been tailing me, poking around where you don't belong. Your incessant pursuit, your nosy intrusion into my affairs—it's enough to boil my blood. But what truly, truly, truly, truly, truly riles me is your attempt to manipulate me. I've straddled two lives, met my end at eighteen on Earth, and treaded eighteen years in this world. That tallies up to a whopping thirty-six years of existence. I've had my fill of people who play the ally card only to betray you when they've squeezed what they wanted. And let me assure you, Shredica, you're about to pay dearly for it.*

*I'm going to play along and dance to your tune, Shredica. I'll willingly and deliberately dance in the palm of your hands while you remain clueless, thinking you're the one in control. I'll make you believe you have me on your strings, all the while manipulating and using you for my own gain.*

"Careful what you wish for, Shredica, lest you find yourself plummeting into the abyss."

With those words hanging in the air, I cast my gaze down upon the sprawling cityscape beneath me. A twisted grin twists my lips as I secure a comedy mask over my face, concealing the storm of emotions beneath.

*Chapter 39: Epilogue 1 - Start Of A New Era (1)*

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows across the room, a maid delivered news of a letter that had arrived for me. The air hung heavy with anticipation as I heard the message, and a weary sigh escaped my lips. "I knew it," I mumbled to myself, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. My hands clenched so tightly that they turned bone-white. "Those bastards failed miserably. I didn't expect much, but this... this is a whole new level of disappointment." Leaning against the circular table, I propped my elbow, my hand finding its way to my forehead as I released a heavy sigh into the dimming room.

Addressing the maid stationed outside, I instructed her to dispose of the letter in the trash. The contents were all too predictable – just another futile attempt at a woman's feeble expression of affection. Such sentiments were an unwelcome intrusion on my precious time.

"You're ruthless... Casting aside a letter from an admirer into the trash," a voice echoed from the opposite side of the room. The speaker, confined to a wheelchair, was shrouded in bandages from head to toe.

"If you think tossing a letter is cold, you should witness how I shatter a woman's heart," I retorted. Shifting the conversation, I turned my attention to the man in the wheelchair. "What brings you here? Judging by your discontented demeanor, I assume your exchange with Eclair didn't unfold as planned?"

"Exactly. Well, I didn't expect much from a tête-à-tête with that barbaric woman fixated on finding her missing brother," the man responded, his tone reflecting a tinge of resignation. "You know the saying – don't harbor high expectations if you wish to avoid disappointment. Looks like that adage isn't doing you any favors, though."

"...Get straight to it. I don't have the patience for a drawn-out conversation."

"You're getting more impatient these days..."

"Given my current workload, my patience wears thinner than paper."

"Well, what did you expect? You're a professor. It's still hard to fathom that someone of your stature, renowned in the underworld, would choose such a profession. What's the story behind your choice, Sesillian? Or should I stick with Professor Sesillian now?"

"Sesillian is fine. I'm not exactly enamored with this profession anyway."

I cast a glance at the man before me, once hailed as the strongest force in the underworld. Witnessing his reduced state was genuinely startling. The one who brought him down was a man of many faces. Some knew him as *The Man With The Comedy Mask*, while others dubbed him *The Playwright*, *The Showman*, *The Scriptwriter*, or *The Virtuoso*. The power he wielded left the man in front of me utterly powerless. No, it wasn't a matter of standing a chance; he couldn't stand at all. Personally, this figure, known as the man with many faces, seemed like a fantastical creation to me.

"I'm here to divulge the very reason that brought me to you, Sesillian," the man declared. "I've come seeking your aid."

"Aid? For what?"

"To dominate this world," he uttered, leaning in. "The world is in flux, undergoing a metamorphosis. A new era is unfurling, and it's only a matter of time before it sweeps over us. That's why we must seize this moment before rivals hinder our ascent."

"Is that why you've been collaborating with Norman Amarathea lately?"

"Amarathea serves as a valuable pawn. He's a master of his craft, deeply entwined with the underworld's heavyweights. Able to traverse towns without arousing suspicion, he's knee-deep in human trafficking. A crucial source for acquiring human workforces—slaves, essentially. His proficiency is such that he abducts scores of people unnoticed. However, relying on him in the new era? Impossible. Amarathea is as cunning as a snake, but that's the extent of his cunning. It's only a matter of time before that snake bites its own tail. That's why I need something mightier than a snake. I need a dragon. I need the leader of the Eclipse. I need you, Sesillian."

His singular eye, untouched by the swathes of bandages, locked onto me with an intensity that cut through the shadows.

"What's in it for me?" I said.

"All the desires you crave."

A sinister grin etched its way across my face. "Then," I declared, fixing my gaze upon him. "Bring me Charlotte Sierra. Deliver her to me, living and breathing. Only then will I acquiesce."

Under the veils of bandages concealing his face, I couldn't discern his expression, but a malevolent satisfaction seemed to lurk within. "Consider it done."

\*\*\*

I found myself on the run from the magic knights summoned when I looted the national bank of Milham, two hefty sacks of gold in tow. Truth be told, I didn't really need all this cash; I just wanted to have a bit of fun.

In the chase, one of them managed to catch up, blocking my path.

"Stop right there!"

It was a woman adorned in the standard uniform of a magic knight—a black military garb adorned with glistening gold buttons, each bearing the insignia of a magic knight: a shield adorned with a dragon design. With black hair cascading and piercing black eyes, she wielded a katana in her grasp.

"My name is Robyn Lockes, and I am a Grade Four Magic Knight! I have come to stop you!"

"A Grade Four, you say?" I remarked, genuinely intrigued. "Well, well, this is quite the surprise. The first time I've had my path blocked, and by a Grade Four magic knight, no less. However, much to your dismay, missus, I'm afraid I can't linger. I have an appointment to keep."

Swiftly, a cloud of smoke enveloped me, obscuring my entire form. She likely assumed I was using the smoke as cover for a hasty escape, as she roared and charged towards me, attempting to skewer me with that katana. Regrettably for her, all she managed to pierce was the smoke. Physically impossible, as stabbing smoke typically lacks the resistance felt when impaling someone. She glanced back at the dissipating smoke, bewildered. By the time it cleared, I was long gone.

"W-What...?"

Looking down at her from atop a nearby rooftop, I couldn't help but mutter to myself, "Seems like she'll be something..."

Turning around, I vanished from the scene. Tomorrow, news would reveal that a substantial amount of money mysteriously appeared in front of an orphanage. But that was a story for tomorrow. Tonight, I had something else in mind.

When I arrived at Leonamon's, I immediately sought out Amon in the likely spot she'd be. As expected, she was with Gabrielle.

"Welcome back, Master," Amon greeted, standing up from her seat and bowing.

Gabrielle, on the other hand, didn't bother standing and simply remarked, "You finally returned."

I approached them, licking my lips. *I hadn't tried this before, so there was a fear of messing up, but the beauty of being inexperienced had its charm, didn't it? Soon enough, I'd be well-versed in the matter.*

I took hold of Amon's chin, leaning in to capture her lips. Gabrielle clicked her tongue, observing us. I released Amon's lips and turned to Gabrielle, gesturing for her to stand up.

"What... What are you planning to do?"

I remained silent, continuing to beckon her to stand.

Amon caught on, gasping, "I... I think Master is going to do it."

"Do... it? You mean...?"

Amon nodded at Gabrielle, indicating they had discussed the possibility of this happening in the future.

"...B-But I'm not ready yet," Gabrielle hesitated, her cheeks flushing. "And I'm embarrassed to do it."

"I'm embarrassed too, but Master seems to want it now," Amon replied, a subtle excitement in her voice.

Gabrielle shot me a sultry glance through the lenses of her glasses, a mixture of defiance and allure. "Pervert," she muttered under her breath, before sighing and rising to her feet. She approached me with an air of reluctant curiosity, wrapping her arms around my neck and pulling me into a heated kiss. Our tongues engaged in a sensual dance, swirling and intertwining in an intoxicating rhythm.

Not wanting to be left out, Amon joined the passionate embrace. The three of us now connected through the artful choreography of our entwined tongues. My hands boldly ventured, exploring the unique textures of their asses – Amon's plump and irresistibly soft, Gabrielle's less plump but equally alluring. I felt the undeniable twitch of my dick in my pants as I indulged in the exploration of their tongues and asses.

After a while, we reluctantly pulled away, our intoxicated gazes and heavy breaths revealing the intensity of the moment.

"...Uhm, Master? I have a room for you... to do this kind of thing," Amon suggested, her voice laced with a lingering desire.

I grinned at her, saying, "Why don't you lead the way, then?"

With an unmistakable arousal in her expression, Amon took a step back, gesturing for me to follow as she began walking. Gabrielle cast me a longing look before joining Amon, trailing closely behind. I indulged in the enticing sight of their swaying asses as they led the way.

I was certain this night would be etched into memory.

*Chapter 40: Epilogue 1 - Start Of A New Era (2)*

Now in the space Amon had led me to, a sprawling bedroom unveiled itself, featuring a heart-shaped bed that could comfortably accommodate ten people. Amon playfully labeled it my Love Nest, a haven meticulously designed for reveling in the carnal delights of simultaneous encounters with multiple women. Her thoughtfulness in creating such a space didn't go unnoticed.

Fully naked, I reclined against the headboard of the expansive bed. Amon and Gabrielle, also undressed, flanked me on either side, their tongues fervently exploring every contour of my exposed form. Trailing up and down my chest, their wet tongues lapped at my nipples. As their exploration continued southward, tantalizingly navigating the terrain of my chiseled abs, it inevitably reached the point of no return—where they embarked on an enthusiastic act of fellatio.

"Nn... Mmm... *lick*... Nnn... *suck*... Mmm..."

"*lick*... Haaa... Nnn... *lick*... *suck*... Nnn..."

The two misty-eyed women skillfully and lewdly worked their tongues and lips around my throbbing dick. Alternating between entwining their tongues and sucking at my hardness, they left a trail of wet warmth down my pole until it was thoroughly soaked. With an almost hypnotic rhythm, they transitioned their tongues to a sensuous dance on my balls, intensifying the erotic symphony unfolding in the room.

Observing them in this position, their asses elevated with backs arched and tongues lavishing attention all over my throbbing dick, I, reveling in the pleasure they provided, placed my hands on their heads—left and right respectively. They responded with a delighted, nasal hum, intensifying their efforts to service my dick more ardently.

As they continued their fellatio, lewd sounds emanated from the act, and before I knew it, their hands joined the sensual symphony. Amon and Gabrielle skillfully serviced my left and right nuts with their mouths while simultaneously stroking my dick with their hands. The explicit combination of fingers and tongues heightened the pleasure coursing through me, the intensity building in my lower abdomen as I instinctively thrust my hips upward.

In the throes of ecstasy, I released my semen. The two of them shifted their hands just above the tip, allowing my cum to spurt out like a fountain, raining down on their faces.

"Ahh... Nn, haah...."

"Ahh... Haah"

Amon and Gabrielle shamelessly extended their tongues, eagerly welcoming the torrent of my potent semen. As the culmination of my prolonged release subsided, the two indulged in an indecent display, licking my essence from each other's flushed cheeks with lascivious intent. With lewd sounds accompanying each gulp, Amon and Gabrielle cast glazy-eyed gazes toward my still-engorged dick.

"...I guess it's about time we start," I declared.

Detailing the position I desired for the night's conquest, Amon assumed the pose dictated by my whims. She sprawled on her back on the bed, legs obscenely spread. Atop Amon, Gabrielle positioned herself on all fours, as if guarding her. Aligning their pulsating pussies, they found themselves in a configuration where their most sacred spaces fervently rubbed against each other. With their sensually wet and sensitive areas pressed together, I thrust my throbbing dick into the intimate fold.

"Nnn... Ahh..."

"Ahn..."

The duo harmonized their moans, synchronized with the rhythmic dance of my throbbing dick teasing their eager clitorises. With a firm grip on Gabrielle's voluptuous ass, I orchestrated a symphony of lust by moving my hips, thrusting my engorged member in and out of the two conjoined, pulsating pussies. The sensation was intoxicating, and after savoring it for a while, I abruptly intensified the experience by seizing Gabrielle's derriere and impaling her with my hardened member. Her readiness was palpable, with an abundance of juices facilitating the seamless movement of my engorged member without any hint of resistance.

"Haaaaaaaaaannnnn!!!"

Gabrielle's ecstatic cry filled the room, echoing the pleasure of the moment.

"Mmmm ahh ahhh~ Master's meat stick is too big! My pussy is all filled up! You're... so amazing..." she moaned passionately atop Amon, cupping her breasts and sensually rubbing them against Amon's. "I-It's too much~ It's s-so tingly inside... so good~~"

Embracing the primal intensity of the moment, I plunged into Gabrielle's pussy relentlessly and violently, each thrust akin to a powerful pile driver. Her responsive pussy met my roughness with a flood of lustful arousal, the explicit sounds of wet friction filling the air.

After indulging in this erotic dance for a while, I swiftly withdrew from Gabrielle, creating a momentary void before penetrating Amon.

"Fuaahhhhhhhhh!"

Amon's fleshy cavity presented a distinct contrast, firm and tight as if she was still untouched. The lustful juices and the enveloping fleshy walls embraced my throbbing rod inch by inch, offering warmth and gentleness.

"Ahhh~ M-Master, it's so good~"

Each powerful thrust into Amon's pulsating pussy resonated with a symphony of moans and wet sounds. Simultaneously, Amon skillfully moved her hips, embracing every thrust of my engorged member, losing herself in the intoxicating pleasure.

After thoroughly savoring Amon's passionate response, I withdrew, leaving a momentary void before plunging back into Gabrielle's eager, awaiting entrance.

"Aaaa, aaah, haa, haaaaah, ahhhhhhhhnnn!"

The room echoed with Gabrielle's euphoric cries as I delved into her depths once more.

Without hesitation, I returned to Amon, relishing the symphony of lustful voices and the indecent, rhythmic sounds that accompanied each transition.

"Haaa, nnnnn, yaaaaaa, aaaaahhhh!!!"

Each switch between the two girls produced a beautiful symphony of lustful voices and indecent, sloppy sounds that reverberated in my ears. These sounds heightened my lust to an incredible degree, akin to music playing to my most primal desires.

Never in my wildest dreams did I fathom the reality of indulging in two pussies simultaneously. It was a once-dreamt-of fantasy, a vivid image conjured during solitary moments of pleasure. Yet, here and now, it was my newfound reality—a realm where I could immerse myself in the pleasure of two pussies at will, unrestricted by time or place.

"Ahhh, haa, ahhh, nnn, fuaahh..."

"Ahhh, M-Master~ ahhh, so good..."

I observed them with an indulgent smile playing on my lips as I continued to plunge into the warm depths of their eager pussies with my pulsating dick. Amon's tight, velvety walls juxtaposed against Gabrielle's dripping, soaked folds, both embracing and squeezing me with every rhythmic thrust. The symphony of moans and wet sounds echoed in the decadent chamber, amplifying the lascivious atmosphere of our tryst.

The juxtaposition of sensations from Amon's snug embrace and Gabrielle's sultry grip created an intoxicating blend that only a decadent threesome could offer.

At some point, the boundary between Amon and Gabrielle dissolved into a hedonistic haze, lost in the carnal fervor. My engaged member embarked on a tantalizing journey, descending into the depths of the double pussy stack and ascending again, creating a tantalizing fusion of Amon's essence melded with Gabrielle's sweet nectar.

"Ahhh, it feels so good... I-I can't hold back any longer... ahhh, I'm cumming, ahhhn, I'm cumming, I'm cumming...ahhhhhhhhh... I'm going to cum!"

"Ahhh... M-Me too. I'm going to cum, Master!"

The pleasure crescendoed, a tidal wave of desire to fill these women to the brim with my essence. With a deliberate pull, I withdrew my throbbing dick from Amon's clenching pussy, only to thrust my meaty spear back between their dripping, swollen pussies. The pace heightened, each forceful thrust sending ripples of pleasure through their quivering flower buds.

"Ah, ahhh, ahhh, aaaaaaAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

"Ahn, ahhhh, haaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"

Consumed by the waves of ecstasy, the two women sought solace in each other's arms, their bodies entwined in a passionate dance of pleasure. The sensation of soaring through the heights of passion prompted an instinctive tightening of my grip on Gabrielle's lush, inviting ass. In that moment, I adjusted my posture, unleashing a torrent of unrestrained desire as I violently penetrated Gabrielle, pouring myself into her with a primal force.

"FUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

A symphony of moans and primal roars filled the decadent chamber as I pumped into her for a few tantalizing seconds before withdrawing. My throbbing dick, now a pulsating emblem of raw desire, found its place on Amon, unleashing another torrent of potent seed into her eager womb.

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

Amon's scream echoed in harmony with Gabrielle's. After filling them to the brim, I controlled my breathing, withdrawing my dick from Amon. Examining the aftermath, I marveled at the erotic tableau I had created—the two women stacked against each other, semen cascading from their entwined pussies, mixing with their sweat and nectar to form a sticky waterfall.

A satisfied smile played on my lips. Threesomes, truly the epitome of pleasure.

Amon and Gabrielle, recovering from their intense orgasms, turned their gaze toward me.

"T-Threesomes... might not be that bad," gasped Gabrielle, catching her breath. "I might get hooked on this."

"M-Master is incredibly powerful... to make us both climax like that," Amon added, also catching her breath.

They gazed at me with desire in their eyes before approaching to eagerly lick the traces of semen left on my pulsating shaft. The sensation reignited my still-erect dick, hardening it even more. With a sly grin, I addressed them, "Girls, after that intense workout, I'm feeling a little sweaty. How about we head to the bathroom and clean ourselves up?"

They halted their lascivious endeavors, ceasing the exploration towards my arousal. Their eyes locked onto mine, mischief gleaming, as they grinned and uttered, "Yes."

The three of us ventured to the bathroom, each of my hands boldly grasping one of their ass-cheeks.