

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

## **#Chapter 4 - 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (4) - Read The World Is Mine For The Taking Chapter 4 - 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (4)**

*Chapter 4: Chapter 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (4)*

"You know, how about we settle this in the courtyard later to remind you who truly is superior between us?" Hereon declared, his gaze turning into a piercing challenge, cutting through the air like a sharpened blade.

"Really?" Shredica sighed exasperatedly, her eyes narrowing. "Can't you already tell with the glaring disparity in our ranks?"

"Rank means squat to me. I'm not sweating over all this study crap. Do you honestly believe those at the peak earned their spots with skills? Nah, it's all about influence. If I feel like it, I could easily claw my way to the summit and swipe their spots. Unlike those clowns, I've got the sway and power to back it up. So, if you think I'm lagging in the course, how about settling it in a damn duel later?"

Murmurs buzzed around me, a volatile energy swirling in the air. Hereon had thrown down the gauntlet, challenging Shredica to a duel. Now, it was all up to Shredica to decide whether she would accept or not. However, as she parted her lips, just before she could utter a word...

"Alright, class! Sit tight in your seats! We will begin the class shortly."

The commanding voice reverberated through the room, cutting through the tension that lingered between Hereon and Shredica. Slowly, their intense gaze on each other waned, and they retreated to their respective seats.

In walked a striking woman in a sleek black suit, exuding an air of authority and sensuality. Her legs, accentuated by a tight miniskirt, boasted a graceful allure, leading the eye to an enviable hourglass figure. But, it didn't stop there. Her breasts were nothing short of substantial – so voluminous that her suit teetered on the brink of bursting open. The provocative display was heightened by the partially unbuttoned middle section of her suit, revealing a captivating expanse of deep cleavage.

And then there were those tantalizing pantyhose that embraced her legs—back on Earth, I held a deep appreciation for such attire, including stockings and tights. Surprisingly, my affinity for them not only persisted after reincarnating into this world but had flourished into an even more fervent passion.

My gaze lingered on those legs, my tongue instinctively licking my lips, craving the taste of those meaty delights. The desire to explore more surged within me, envisioning scenarios where I could ravish her—perhaps tearing apart her pantyhose while fucking her senseless or dressing her in a seductive fishnet bodysuit or even a tantalizing bunny suit. The possibilities seemed endless, all of them perfectly suited to amplify her intoxicating sexual allure.

The craving intensified, my thoughts consumed by the primal desire to take her, to feel the warmth of her juicy ass against my throbbing meat stick, to drench her in the ecstasy of my cum. Ever since encountering this captivating woman on the first day of school, my primal instincts had been steadily awakening. Now, two months into the semester, the insatiable urge to fuck her had reached a boiling point, threatening to burst forth.

The professor's purple locks danced in the air, and her ample breasts bounced enticingly as she leaned forward, gripping the podium at the center of the lecture hall. This captivating figure, our history professor, bore the name Irene, a woman who effortlessly commanded attention with her magnetic presence.

Behind the glasses, her eyes gleamed crimson, sweeping over the entire lecture hall with a commanding presence. Despite the ongoing hushed conversations typical of this class of supposed "losers and garbages," including delinquents and the like, Professor Irene cast a deliberate gaze at them before redirecting her attention to the day's lesson.

"Yesterday, I delved into the heroic exploits of the party that conquered the demon lord, revealing their members, histories, and lives. Today, we turn our focus to the 100-year war that unfolded six centuries ago," she declared. Turning away, she presented us with the view of her back—an aspect that proved strangely enticing. Never before had I felt such a potent desire for a woman, a craving to possess her at any cost.

But it wasn't just her body that held my interest. There was an allure beyond the carnal—a knowledge that as a professor in this esteemed institution, Irene had graduated, likely from the silver or even gold class. This meant she possessed valuable skills that could benefit me in the long run.

I was already privy to her formidable skill—Atlantis. A power allowing her to manipulate water at her whim. Distinct from conventional water magic used for healing and hydration, Atlantis offered combat capabilities. It was a skill that resonated with my needs as much as my craving for her body.

As she lectured, most of the guys couldn't help but fixate on her alluring, swaying, plump ass. Every move she made set those plump curves into motion. And even the subtle act of jotting something on the board caused her breasts to tease with a gentle sway. With each step, her hips rocked provocatively, almost as if they were daring me to reach out, grab them, and thrust my hard meat stick into her slit.

Several dudes in the room couldn't conceal their carnal desires, some sporting visible erections as they ogled her. She emanated a seductive aura, almost like a succubus. Considering Amon's demonic origins, the existence of succubi in this world wasn't entirely implausible.

I wasn't an exception. While I wasn't sporting a boner at the moment, I found myself captivated by Professor Irene. According to Gabriella, she was single, and gathering information about Irene wasn't challenging given her fame. However, Gabriella possessed details that went beyond the public knowledge. Apparently, they used to be close, sharing the same school year before drifting apart due to some unspoken conflict.

Unexpectedly, Gabriella's acquaintance with Irene intrigued me. When I mentioned Irene might be the next target, Gabriella pouted, revealing a conflicted sentiment. I couldn't help but wonder about the nature of the disagreement that caused them to drift apart.

Nevertheless, it wouldn't deter me from pursuing this. Apologies to Gabriella, but even before you shared about your past with Irene and the discord between you two, I had already indulged in thoughts of a threesome with both of you. I mean, who wouldn't entertain such fantasies? Engaging in a threesome with two sexy professors has been a persistent desire of mine since my time back on Earth.

As my mind wandered into the realm of fantasies, I found myself lost in vivid daydreams, to the point where I was practically drooling.

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Our classroom had earned itself a rather unique moniker—Classroom of the Oddballs. A hundred students composed this peculiar group, each one a walking oddity in their own right.

Various oddities adorned the space, including a woman who exuded a gal-like aura. Her presence was distinctly gal-esque as she lounged back in her chair, hands folded behind her head, causing it to tilt under her weight. Nonchalantly, her feet found a place atop the desk. She wasn't your typical gal, reminiscent of those you'd find in Earth's school corridors—blonde hair, half-unbuttoned uniform, and skirts short enough to reveal their panties. No, she surpassed that. While sharing similarities, what set her apart was a pair of unmistakable cat ears. She was a beastfolk.

Among the peculiar characters present, one woman also stood out with her rather distinctive attire. Her eyes showcased a blend of blue and red hues, yet it didn't take much scrutiny to discern that they were just the result of colored contacts. Most of the time, she concealed one eye—the red eye—with an eyepatch, and today happened to be one of those instances when it was off. Bandages adorned one of her arms as she sat at her seat, elbow propped on the desk, and hand positioned near her red eye.

In a theatrical proclamation, she declared, "Kufufu. You mortals should consider yourselves fortunate to witness the eye of the demon god today, as I've momentarily lost the seal covering it. But exercise caution, for looking directly into it will devour your soul. However, for your sakes, I shall keep it hidden and perpetually closed. Show gratitude to an heir of the demon lord, and kneel at her feet."

It was rather amusing to witness a woman indulging in Chūnibyō in this world. I suppose people here share some similarities with those from my previous world. After all, I, too, had grandiose delusions back then. Fortunately, they've subsided. Well, not entirely.

There was another woman just sprawled out, snoozing with a trail of drool escaping her mouth. Silver ash-colored hair framed her face, and her blue eyes were shut tight. It was impressive how she could sleep through all the commotion surrounding us.

While the classroom was filled with numerous students, my attention was drawn to three specific women, the ones I had my sights set on. Though perhaps not as seasoned as Professor Irene, these women exuded their own allure. Upon entering the classroom, I had already decided to make these three mine.

Gabrielle had dutifully supplied me with detailed information about all the women in this school, spanning from first to fourth years, highlighting their skills. In this particular class, my focus zeroed in on these three. In the silver class, I had identified four targets, and in the gold class, three had caught my eye.

These women held a certain significance in the grand scheme I was brewing against the kingdom's reigning king.

As I sat there, my mind silently wove scenarios of how I would execute my plans, envisioning the skills I would acquire and the roles these women would play. My eyes, however, were more fixated on Professor Irene's substantial assets than on the lecture she was delivering.

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The class zipped by while I was in a trance, and it was time to head home. I got up, slung my bag over my shoulder, and strolled towards the exit. Shredica walked beside me, but when I stole a glance at her, she maintained a determined gaze ahead, refusing to acknowledge my presence.

As we exited the lecture hall, an ominous and hostile gaze pierced through the air, not directed at me but at the woman walking beside me. I didn't bother turning to confirm what I already knew—who was behind that intense stare.

*'This looks interesting,'* I mused.

I subtly slowed my pace, creating a gap between Shredica and me. The footsteps behind us multiplied, a chorus of many, indicating a sizable group tailing us, or more precisely, tailing Shredica. Understanding that I was about to get entangled in this, I diverted from my usual path to the dorms and followed Shredica instead.