

The World Is Mine For The Taking

Chapter 42: Chapter 7 - Disciplining The Naughty Bandit (1)

"Fuck, what the hell do we do? I don't know jack shit about anything covered in those tests! I mean, seriously. This is the first time I've heard about the three basic principles of swordsmanship!" exclaimed Duncan. He was one of my buddies, good physique but lacking in the brains department—a classic meathead.

"It's because you're not paying attention that you're clueless. And what do you mean it's the first time you've heard of the three basic principles of swordsmanship? It's basically the fundamentals they've been drilling into us since childhood, you know? How can you not know that?" replied Raymond, the guy with round glasses. He was another friend I made at this school.

Unlike Duncan, Raymond was on the thinner side but excelled in academics. They were the classic odd pair of friends.

"How am I supposed to remember something they told me in childhood?!" protested Duncan.

Raymond sighed, "What are the crucial things to remember in sword fighting?"

"Uhh... I think I got those. First, focus on imbuing your entire blade with aura. Then, strike a stance that gives you an advantage. And then... oh, right.

Understand the swings and blocks, like upward swings, thrusts, and sideward swings. Isn't that it?! I'm right, right?!" The clueless Duncan looked at Raymond with anticipation.

"That's right, idiot. Those right there are the holy trinity. The basic principles. Aura, Stance, and Strikes."

"Oh, I see... Now, I've got a trio of answers for the damn test." Duncan smirked to himself, his confidence misplaced like a blind swordsman in a duel.

The three of us were gearing up for the midterm examination happening this week, huddled in the library for what was supposed to be a group study session. Well, calling it a group study would be a stretch. Among us, only Raymond was actually hitting the books. Duncan and I hadn't touched a single one.

"Should we clue him in, Raymond?" Leaning in, I whispered into Raymond's ear, "That it's not the three basic principles of swordsmanship being covered in Swordsmanship class, but the three importance of swordsmanship?"

Raymond shifted away, his discomfort palpable. "Don't murmur in my ear like that; it's sensitive. And as for that, well, I reckon you should let him revel in his ignorance. Passing the test isn't in the cards for him, even if he dedicates ten days to mastering those three aspects. It's not like that's the only thing on the test."

"Hmm..." I hummed, closing my eyes, and let the weight of Duncan's impending academic demise settle in. "I guess you've got a point."

Sorry, Duncan, but it seems like you're on a one-way trip to flunking those tests.

"Anyway, got some pressing business to attend to, so I'm making my way back to my dorms now."

"Is that right? Well, okay. Bye, Leon," said Raymond, not sparing me a single glance.

"Bye, Leon," mumbled Duncan.

Without giving them a second thought, I sauntered out of the library. The moment I stepped into the open air, my phone vibrated in my pocket. Swiftly pulling it out, I checked the message sender – Sandra.

I sighed, "What the heck does Sandra want now?" I muttered to myself.

Now, you might be wondering who the heck Sandra is. If so, let's rewind to last week.

Artemis and I found ourselves in the office, the very place where I had proposed a threesome to both Gabrielle and Amon.

True to my audacious style, I hadn't bothered adorning myself in any clothing, leaving my form unabashedly exposed.

"Aren't you planning to cover up? It's a bit much, witnessing your presence swing left and right with every move," she remarked, eyeing the spectacle before her. "And seriously, how is it not reacting, even with me right here in front of you?" She whispered those words, thinking I wouldn't catch them, but unfortunately for her, I did. I chose to ignore her comments.

"Just bear with it. I still have someone to deal with using this setup, so for convenience's sake, clothes are staying off for now. Anyway, let's shift gears. What about you? The student council president masquerading as a trainee prostitute – never thought I'd see the day. You must be on the brink to stoop that low."

She remained silent. While she kept quiet, I accessed her conquering requirements. Her interest had ignited during that bandit battle, but I hadn't checked her requirements until now.

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You've captured the interest of Artemis Qinrel. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Artemis Qinrel

Race: Elven

Requirements to dominate Artemis:

1. Agree To Help Artemis

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

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The first requirement seemed straightforward, but I had my doubts about the subsequent ones. Nevertheless, it was an ideal moment. Artemis was one of the women I aimed to have. Her skill, Mirage, intrigued me. It allowed the user to create optical illusions, making others see things that weren't really there.

But that wasn't all; she could also alter her appearance, albeit not drastically, with this skill. Hence, nobody in the academy knew she wasn't human but an elf, concealing her pointed ears all the while.

It was a potent skill, and I desired to incorporate it into my arsenal. Additionally, I wanted Artemis in my harem. She was an exquisite woman, an elf at that. On Earth, I used to indulge in fantasies about sexy elves, resulting in a search history full of elf-related content. Now in this fantasy realm, the prospect of having an elf, particularly Artemis, excited me just as much.

"And seriously, using your real name while slipping into the role of a prostitute in training? Isn't there a rule about adopting a fake name when you're in disguise? It's rather comical how you just nonchalantly dropped your actual name with a poker face, as if the thought never even crossed your mind," I teased.

"Well, um, I'm not the best with fake names, so I stuck with my real one. That's the reason. Besides, there's no point in hiding my identity from you, right? You already know what I look like."

"Yeah, the moment I laid eyes on you, I knew you were the president. Even with your skill subtly adjusting your appearance, it couldn't hide the familiarity of your face. It remained unchanged. The only difference was the ears – human for the president, elven for the 'prostitute in training.' Even someone with blurry vision from the academy could easily connect the dots," I detailed.

"But I'll confess, seeing you draped in the attire of a courtesan sent a shockwave through me. It was a visceral jolt; I almost leaped out of my skin."

"You're exaggerating..."

"Well, maybe a tad. But you get my drift, don't you?" I grinned. "Now, what about you? How did you figure out I'm from the Academy, just like you?"

A subtle smile graced her lips. "Oh, did you forget I'm the president? I know every face in the academy. Plus, you're quite famous, so recognizing you wasn't much of a surprise, right?" The warmth in her expression vanished in an instant, replaced by a more serious tone. "A supposedly skillless individual, labeled as the weakest. That's not exactly the picture I painted from earlier.

"You're hiding your strength, aren't you?"

"Am I?" I replied with an air of nonchalance.

"You're really going to play the fool, huh? Do you believe you can dance around my suspicions? That wealth, having a demon by your side, and Professor Gabrielle to top it off... and that display of power earlier... Even someone blind to many things would instinctively raise an eyebrow, you know?"

"Are you planning to wield this against me as leverage for my assistance?"

"Blackmail you? No way. Do you really think I'd stoop so low? Besides, resorting to blackmail might come back to haunt me someday. And don't worry, I won't utter a single word to anyone at the academy. Not a soul."

"What if I decline to help you?"

"Then that's that, I guess. There's nothing I can do. I'll navigate the situation on my own."

I locked eyes with her, her earnestness palpable. The gravity of her offer echoed in the air – assistance wasn't compulsory if I chose otherwise. Still, I intended to help her—after all, it was the first requirement for conquering her.

However, I wasn't about to offer my help without some conditions. She had mentioned earlier that she would give me her body, right? That meant I could indulge without going through the process of domination first.

"I'll help you," I said.

"Judging by that sly smile, I assume there's a catch. Well, of course, there's a catch. Why wouldn't there be?" she retorted. "And I think I know what that catch is." Her gaze shifted down to my crotch, where my dick pointed skyward.

"Oh? Did my dick give it away? Well, as you probably guessed, I'll help you, but it won't be free. Your body is the cost," I said with a sly grin.

Artemis, without a hint of disgust, replied immediately and without hesitation, "I will give it to you, once we find my people."

"Deal," I affirmed. I approached her, my dick swaying with every step. Unfazed, Artemis kept her gaze fixed on mine. I extended my hand for a handshake.

She took it without hesitation.