

# The World Is Mine For The Taking

Chapter 44: Chapter 7 - Disciplining The Naughty Bandit (3)

I'm losing my mind.

That's the only thought echoing through my head.

I've been tied up to the bed and forced to consume an aphrodisiac, then left alone abruptly. Initially, I didn't worry much, thinking I could handle the effects of the aphrodisiac. But I underestimated its potency. Within the first five minutes of ingesting it, I was already incredibly aroused, to the point of driving me mad.

I desired to pleasure myself, to ease the throbbing in my pussy, but being tied to the bed with my hands cuffed to the headboard hindered any attempt. All I could do was endure the intense arousal and await the man who had forcefully fed me an aphrodisiac.

However, I was naive to assume he would return immediately. The man proved to be merciless, leaving me waiting for hours on end as my arousal reached a torturous peak. Every inch of my body was scorching, and it felt like the slightest touch could make me cum.

He forced me to wait until I squirmed in the bed, desperate to relieve the burning ache in my pussy with my hands, but the restraints kept me helpless.

I lost track of how many hours I waited. How many times I screamed until my throat ached for him to return. How many instances I wished for someone to come and fuck me. How many times I felt like biting my tongue off just to escape this torment—it all blurred at a certain point.

How did it even come to this? Oh right, it started when my father, a booze-addicted mess, sold me to a prostitution den. I managed to escape after just a few hours, but by then, I'd already lost my home. My father had sold me, and returning would be futile. I was certain he'd sell me off again the moment I stepped through that door.

So, I became a thief. Roaming alleyways, stealing money and food to survive. A young thief searching and stealing by day, sleeping on the streets at night.

As I grew up, I became notorious, known as the Sneaky Rat. The name might not sound perfect for a woman like me, but I grew to like hearing it on the streets. I even had a bounty on my head. I liked it. Felt like I was being praised, you know?

Everything crumbled when someone finally caught me. It was inevitable; no matter how skilled a thief is, they're bound to be apprehended. That fate caught up with me when I pilfered from someone who supposedly was a big bad guy, and I ended up on his wrong side. Fortunately, I endured relentless torture, and he allowed me to join his crew.

It turned out that the reason that someone spared me and welcomed me into his crew was his desire for me to become his woman. That someone was Gerald, the person I despise most in this world.

Life by his side became a daily struggle. I endured his intense desire to fuck me, to ravish me, to thrust his disgusting and diminutive dick into me. His vulgar remarks echoed, 'Just let me fuck you just once,' as he shamelessly pleased himself in front of me. Every inch of his repulsive body made my stomach turn. Fortunately, he refrained from forcing himself upon me.

It appeared he held a peculiar standard, claiming to detest engaging in sex with a woman who didn't share the enthusiasm. For this small mercy, at least, I was thankful.

Sometime after joining Gerald's bandit group, my skill awakened—Lady Luck. The skill description stated that it would intervene in deadly situations, ensuring my survival when death seemed inevitable. However, it could only be triggered in situations where certain death awaited me, so I couldn't use it proactively.

Additionally, every activation of the skill drained all my mana, meaning if I survived a fatal blow once, I wouldn't escape if faced with it again.

I had never encountered a situation dire enough to activate this skill—until the ambush we planned on the plains of Santuria, where Gerald's entire bandit group was wiped out. Lady Luck saved me from certain death. The reason behind the bandit group's demise? It was all due to one man, the one who subjected me to this.

He subjected me to a torment where, despite my body burning with lust gone astray, I couldn't do a damn thing about it.

I was on the brink of losing my mind, going insane, and practically dying from overwhelming arousal when the man finally showed up. After a bit of questioning, he finally released me from my restraints. As soon as I was free, I grabbed his arm, pulled him onto the bed with me, and straddled his waist.

He was already butt-naked, but I was still clothed, so I stripped down until I was left with just my cheap underwear.

"You're really in a hurry. Do you crave my thing that much?" he said with a smirk.

Despite being well aware of my desire, he took pleasure in teasing me. The audacity of this man...

Honestly, I wanted to punch him in the face. However, knowing he'd leave me if I turned hostile, I gritted my teeth and bore it with a grin. All that consumed my thoughts was his dick. I craved it.

I was so aroused that thinking straight was out of the question. As a virgin, the idea of losing my virginity under the influence of an aphrodisiac should have given me pause, but the overwhelming desire clouded any semblance of reason.

My fingers eagerly wrapped around his pulsating dick, feeling its powerful throb. I pulled aside my damp underwear, guiding it with anticipation to my pulsating entrance. The moment my wet pussy made electrifying contact with

the tip of his rock-hard cock, a delicious shiver of pleasure danced down my spine, sending a surge of desire through every fiber of my being.

Finally, finally... I'm going to be filled. I can cum.

I tried to tighten my cheeks, but I couldn't suppress the smile on my face.

Cock... Cock... Cock... It's finally here.

All I could focus on was the anticipation of how good it would feel to have his cock inside me. I felt like a hungry animal craving to be fucked desperately.

Suddenly, I found myself beneath him, his weight pressing down on me.

"Huh?"

"Now, now. Don't be so impatient. Let's savor this nice and slow," he said, a wicked gleam in his eyes.

His words grated on me. "What do you mean, nice and slow?! Do you even grasp how badly I crave this?! Huh?!"

In a futile attempt to break free, I discovered his strength was an unyielding force. A deep well of sadness began to bubble within me. This was beyond frustrating. Why was he withholding his throbbing dick from me? What was he seeking from me?

"Hey, don't shed tears like that," he said, brushing away the tears forming at the corners of my eyes.

"Uuuu... You're cruel..." I sobbed. It felt like he was tossing me aside, reminiscent of what my father had done. "Don't abandon me. Don't cast me out like this. I'm begging you.

Please," I implored. This marked the first instance of me begging in my life, and it was for something like this. I was sinking into hopelessness, but what other option did I have? I yearned for it with an intensity that bordered on despair.

"Do you really ache for my dick so much that tears would spill for it?" he inquired, bringing his grotesque, taut meat stick inches from my eyes. The aroma teased my nostrils. In that moment, the sorrow dissipated, replaced by

an intense arousal once more. My throat involuntarily rippled as I yearned to smell more, even though it had a certain stench.

"I..." I began, pausing briefly before meeting his gaze and declaring, "I want it. I want your cock!"

"Does that mean you'll become mine?"

"Eh? W-What does that mean?"

Rather than answering my question, he repeated his inquiry, this time with a louder, more demanding tone. "You'll be mine, won't you?"

The man got carried away and pressed his rod against my cheek. Annoying as it was, the fresh heat and the intoxicating scent left my head spinning. Eventually, I gave in with a nod.

"I... I'll become your thing."



Even though I had turned down Gerald's proposal to be his woman, here I was readily accepting the advances of a man whose name remained a mystery. I truly felt hopeless now.

"I'll become yours!"

As those words left my lips, the edge of his mouth twisted into a satisfied smile. I feared I had said something irreversible, but that wasn't my primary concern at the moment. I could contemplate the consequences later. Right now, I needed it.

"That's why give me your cock!" I demanded.

The man's sinister grin widened, "Well then, from now on, I will take very good care of you."

With a predatory gleam in his eyes, he smeared the slick, sticky fluid from the tip of his pulsating dick across my cheeks, leaving a trail of anticipation. Slowly, he guided the glans from my flushed cheek to my lips.

"Nnn?!"

My lips forcefully parted, allowing the rod to invade my mouth. The scent of his dick, with a certain stench that strangely appealed to me, wafted into my nose. The texture of the raised veins brushed against my tongue.

Involuntarily, I found myself pursing my lips. As soon as I did, my tongue wriggled lewdly, and I began moving my head back and forth.

Oh no... I might have truly reached a point of hopelessness, with no escape from this man anymore. If I don't stop now, I'll become like a well-behaved dog to him. But why... Why can't I stop... Ahh, is it because I like it?

I like being treated like this... I like it. I don't know why, but I like this. Maybe it's not so bad...

At that very moment, the woman known as Sneaky Rat on the street had unmistakably plummeted into a abyss of utter hopelessness.