

# The World Is Mine For The Taking

Chapter 46: Chapter 7 - Disciplining The Naughty Bandit (5)

Sandra's expression had already melted into pleasure, the light of reason extinguished from her eyes. All that remained was her insatiable desire for more pleasure, embracing my every move with her body. As I continued thrusting my dick deeply inside her, I released my grip on her legs, allowing her to move more freely.

When this was done, Sandra hastily placed her hands on my chest for support, initiating an intense sway of her hips.

"Ahhh, amazing, amazingg! Moree, please do it moreee!"

I gyrated my waist in a circle. Simultaneously, I reached out my hand to pinch her clit, drenched in love juices, and pulled on it.

"Ahhhh! That, that feels good, it's so goodd! I.... I'm cumm...ingg!"

At that moment, her voice soared up an octave higher.

"That's it. Let go! Cum as hard as you can...!"

"Aahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!"

Sandra's body arched backward as she convulsed and vibrated in pleasure. Soon after, I released my cloudy fluids deep inside her.

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After that, it was my turn to take charge. At my command, I directed her to assume an all-fours position on the bed, pressing her upper body against the mattress, creating a sensuous arch with only her ass raised in the air. The underwear she wore beneath was saturated, incapable of absorbing any more of her love juices, causing the lewd droplets to cascade onto the bed.

I sensually peeled it down until it clung to her thighs.

Gripping her hips, I drew them toward my dick, plunging it into her nectar-soaked pussy.

"Ahhh..."

I refrained from moving my hips. Instead, I maneuvered Sandra's well-developed buttocks back and forth.

"Ahh, ahhn, Y-You're being... so rough... Ahhh, ahhh! I love it... Ahh...!"

With each thrust, more love juices dripped onto the bed, already saturated with her cum and sweat.

While fucking her, I couldn't help but break into a wicked smile. This sensation was beyond exhilarating. The overwhelming sense of domination fueled my desire to make her body entirely succumb to me, to have her devote herself to me, to serve me as her master. Masochists were truly a delight, bringing out the raw, authentic self within. The sadistic side of me was resurfacing.

"Ahhh! Y-Yes...! Ahhhn~ J-Just like that, Master! Dominate me more!"

I was more than willing to comply, so I seized her arms, pulling back on her upper body while thrusting into her from behind. The rhythmic motion set her bell-shaped tits into a hypnotic dance.

"Ahhhhh~ Incredible, Master! I-I've never felt anything so good!"

Witnessing her lost in pleasure exhilarated me. This bandit, who had dared to cross paths with me earlier, whose face had worn a menacing scowl, now wore an intoxicated expression. As the feeling of conquest intensified, I drew her body back against mine and then seized her jiggling tits to fondle them.

"Ahhhh, that's... so good... ahhh, ahn! Ahhhhhhhh! Y-Yes!"

She was completely at my mercy. Well aware of her vulnerabilities, I continued relentlessly drilling my dick into the precise spots that promised maximum pleasure. My firm grasp on her body restricted any attempt to move her hips as she desired, leaving her without an outlet for the overwhelming urge to writhe in pleasure coursing through her.

The pinpoint strikes of my penis head bombarded her most sensitive point, each precise hit elicited an increasingly intoxicated and debauched expression from her already pleasure-addled face. Her eyes rolled back, and her tongue slipped out of her mouth, drool cascading from the corners due to the overwhelming pleasure.

"Ahhhh! Y-Yes! Ahhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

I sensed the familiar tightening of my dick within the grip of her pussy walls.

"Hoah! Ahhh! Ahhh! I'm cumming!"

"That's no good," I asserted. "Don't cum yet. Save it for when I fill you up!"

She gritted her teeth, but it was in vain.

"Ahhh! N-No good! I'm cumming...! Cumming...!"

I released the hold on her upper body, letting it fall back onto the bed. Gripping her well-developed butt tightly, I resumed thrusting, this time with even more force.

"I'm cumming...! I'm cumming! Your dick is making me cummm!! I'M—"

Plunging myself into the deepest recesses of her, I released my semen deep inside.

"CUMMINGGGGGGGGGGG!!!!!"

Sandra clutched the bed sheets with all her strength, arching her body backward like a bridge and letting out a loud shout. Her eyes rolled back to the point where only the whites were visible. The intensity of her orgasm tensed her entire body. Given the heightened sensitivity induced by the aphrodisiac, I could only imagine that this orgasm had blown her mind.

After emptying all of my cum deep into her womb, I withdrew my dick from her pussy. Sandra went limp, losing consciousness to the enveloping darkness. A completely melted expression of satisfaction adorned her face.

With a contented smile, I looked at her while grabbing her clothes to clean my dick. Suddenly, a metallic chime echoed in my mind.

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1. Have Sex With Sandra And Stop The Effects Of The Aphrodisiacs

Completed!

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The second requirement had been unlocked.

2. Give Sandra A Job

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Fulfilling the second requirement proved straightforward. All I had to do was provide her with employment, and the task would be accomplished...

While contemplating that, another metallic chime reverberated in my head.

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

Lady Luck (Original) - A skill that passively triggers, enabling the user to narrowly escape certain death. Upon activation, the user's mana depletes entirely, rendering them unable to utilize it temporarily until they recover from mana overexertion.

Warning: Sandra 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]



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Her skill was quite impressive, I must admit. It explained how she managed to escape my attack earlier. This skill might prove useful. However, considering its current weakness, copying it now might further diminish its effectiveness. Therefore, I decided to choose no.

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The next morning rolled around.

"Sandra, take these bags to the orphanage in the village of Rukan," I instructed, pointing at the two bags filled with gold coins. They were the spoils from the national bank of Milham heist.

Sandra, already on one knee, lowered her head obediently. "Yes, Lord Mephisto."

Sandra had become my shadow, tasked with gathering information and tailing individuals for me. After learning about her background and recognizing her

potential for the role, I assigned her this job, unlocking her third requirement in the process.

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The third requirement had been unlocked.

### 3. Purchase a Dog's Collar for Sandra

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The third requirement seemed odd, but executing it appeared straightforward. It seemed like the reason behind it was her desire for me to become her master. I wasn't complaining; in fact, I was planning to fulfill that role.

"While you're at it, I need you to look into something for me in the Black Market," I said, motioning for her to come closer. She stood up from her kneeling position and approached me. Leaning in, I whispered something in her ear, my voice sending shivers down her spine, judging by her trembling reaction. After sharing the details, I leaned back. "Think you can handle that for me?"

She dropped to one knee again, placing a hand on her chest. "I will," she affirmed. With that, she stood up and swiftly exited the establishment to carry out my order.

Later that day, another metallic chime rang in my head, prompting me to check what it was.

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1. Donate anonymously to the orphanage.

Completed!

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The second requirement had been unlocked.

2. Visit the orphanage once a week for eight times (0/8).

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With a confident smirk, I soaked in the fact that everything was going surprisingly well. Currently stationed in the classroom, I lounged in my chair, eagerly awaiting the commencement of the class.

After a brief moment, the first bell chimed, signaling the official kick-off of the class hours. Just then, Professor Irene strolled into the room, casually placing the attendance sheet at the podium. Scanning the room with a quick glance, she proceeded to take attendance. Once that was done, she dropped a bombshell, announcing, "Next week is the onset of your midterm examination week.

Brace yourselves for the impending challenge. While it may seem unnecessary to mention, the results of this test are intricately linked to your rankings. Your performance could either propel you to new heights or plunge you into the abyss. For those grappling with doubts about their combat prowess, consider this an opportunity to inch your way up the rankings, even if only slightly.

My advice is you should immerse yourselves in rigorous study to ensure success. And heed this warning—those falling below the passing mark will

find themselves trapped in a cycle of retakes until they muster a passing grade."

The students around me seemed unswayed by the gravity of the revelation. Engaged in casual banter, some rested their heads on armrests, while others were engrossed in the digital worlds of their smartphones. Their nonchalant demeanor ignited a twinge of envy in me; back on Earth, I'd be spiraling into panic at the mere mention of midterm week.

However, Professor Irene wasn't done. She dropped another bomb that sent shockwaves through the room, "Oh, and pay attention to this. Those who can't master every retake by the semester's end will find themselves rewinding a year."

This revelation prompted the students to snap out of their casual reverie, setting off a cacophony of murmurs that morphed the bronze class into the epicenter of a storm.