

The World Is Mine For The Taking

Chapter 47: Chapter 8 - Midterm Examination (1)

Back in the present.

I headed to Gabrielle's office. Once there, I plopped down on her chair and pulled out my smartphone to check the message.

"Master, I've done what you asked. Can I give you a call?" the message read.

I replied with a simple "Yes."

Almost immediately, my phone vibrated. Did this woman have her eyes glued to the phone the whole time? I needed to warn her about the potential eye strain. I pressed the answer button and held the phone to my ear.

"Hello? Lord Mephisto? Can you hear me?"

"Yeah, Sandra, I can hear you," I replied. "And Sandra, try not to stare at the phone too much. Excessive use can mess with your eyesight. You should take better care of yourself, especially since you'll be handling missions like this from now on. Losing eyesight could put you at a disadvantage."

"...S-Sorry, Lord Mephisto, but this device is just too awesome. I can't take my eyes off it."

"It's cool to be impressed. Just do it in moderation, okay?"

"A-Alright..." she said. "Anyhow, I've done exactly what you asked."

"That's fantastic," I replied, leaning back in the chair. "So, what did you uncover?"

"It seems Norman is gearing up for another one of his infamous kidnapping sprees. He's got a village in his crosshairs right now."

"Which village is he targeting?" I inquired.

"Hertan Village," she disclosed, the words carrying the weight of a distant challenge. The village lay far from the reaches of the Academy City, demanding a full day's journey to reach.

"Are you absolutely sure?"

"I saw it with my own eyes while infiltrating his office," she stated confidently. "There's a knife stab on the map, directly on Hertan Village."

"You infiltrated? No one caught onto you, right?"

"None," she affirmed with a touch of pride. "Remember, I was known as the Sneaky Rat. I excel at this kind of thing. Oh, and while I was at it, I helped myself to the gold he had tucked away."

"Oh, impressive. That's some skill you've got," I complimented.

"Hehehe~" she chuckled in delight, her satisfaction palpable. "L-Lord Mephisto, can you shower me with more praise?"

I couldn't help but smirk. "Is that all you desire?"

"A-And after this, can you..."

"Can I what? I won't know what you're after if you keep it vague," I remarked, casually placing my feet on Gabrielle's table.

"Uuuu...." she whimpered. "Uhm, I-I want to do it again with you."

"Sex, you mean?" I clarified.

"Y-Yes..."

"Hmm... But I'm pretty swamped right now with midterms and all," I mentioned. Not to mention the constant stream of texts from a persistent woman demanding my presence since earlier. "What do you suggest we do~?"

"I-I'm not suggesting we do it right after the mission, Master. We can just wait until you're less busy, or if you want to explore more, I'm open to being with other women as well..."

"So, you're open to a threesome?" I teased.

"I-I'm okay with it, as long as it's with you, Lord Mephisto..."

What the hell? This woman is an absolute sweetheart. If she wasn't already claimed by me, I might have fallen head over heels for her. Can't blame me for entertaining the thought, considering my lack of luck with girlfriends back on Earth. A woman this sweet, accommodating my schedule and even open to a threesome – she's the dream partner anyone would crave.

Man, she's already like this, and she's not even fully under my dominance. I can't help but wonder how much more affectionate she'd become once completely under my control. The desire to dominate her intensifies with every passing moment.

Who should I pair her with in a threesome, though?

As I contemplated the possibilities, the office door swung open, revealing a fatigued Gabrielle. She clutched a plastic bag containing something she had purchased.

"Jeez... I can't believe the amount of work you're putting me through. If you want a dog collar for your pet, buy it yourself..." she muttered in frustration.

In that instant, a mischievous thought danced through my mind. Two masochists, both adorned with dog collars – the visual was tantalizing.

Gabrielle, upon noticing me seated in her chair, began to utter something, likely a reprimand. However, I silenced her with a gentle gesture, placing my finger near my lips.

"How about this, Sandra?" I suggested, a sly grin on my face. "Ace your mission, and in return, I'll give you a return gift far more enticing than what you're currently yearning for. What do you say?"

A brief silence ensued on the other end, stretching into a minute. Did the line get cut off? I checked the screen, but everything seemed fine. Focusing my hearing on the other side, I detected heavy breathing. The idea of the promised gift must have stirred some anticipation.

"I-I'll give it my all on the mission!" she exclaimed. "I'll gather as much information as possible. Bye for now, Lord Mephisto!"

"Okay, take care. And remember, go easy on the smartphone, alright? Don't want your eyesight to suffer."

"I get it. I'll only use the smartphone if necessary."

"Good."

With that, the call concluded, and I turned my attention to Gabrielle. "Who was on the phone?" she inquired, placing the plastic bag on the table.

"Sandra," I replied. "She's an obedient one, you could say."

"Hmm..." Gabrielle hummed, a melody of envy laced in her voice. "...If that's the case, she should've been the one tasked with buying you a collar, not me."

"Is that a tinge of jealousy I'm picking up?" I teased, a mischievous grin adorning my face.

She pouted and turned her head away with a hmph. "It's not like I'm jealous or anything."

Ah, the classic tsundere play. "So, what's the real issue?"

"It's just... If you have a new pet, you should command that pet instead of burdening me. I'm already drowning in tasks, you know? Juggling your orders while trying to maintain the facade of a professor..."

Rising from my chair, I approached her. Gripping her chin, I compelled her to meet my gaze. Our lips collided, and I invaded her mouth with my tongue. Pulling back, I whispered, "You're my favorite pet," savoring the taste on my lips. "That's why I always want you right by my side, isn't it?"

Her cheeks flushed, "I-Is that so? B-But what if—"

She seemed on the verge of another self-deprecating remark, something along the lines of "What if I grow old, and my beauty fades? Would you still keep me?" So, I silenced her with another passionate kiss. I despised hearing my women berate themselves, so I made it a point to shower them with the attention they craved, ensuring such thoughts never crossed their minds.

Our lips danced for a minute, and then, I pulled back.

"You don't need to worry about that. I won't abandon you, even if you age like a grandma," I reassured her. I'd been actively searching for a way for us to become immortal, but if I came up short, spending my life with them was more than enough. "Oh, by the way," I added, "I'm planning to join the King's Game next month, so if you could help me get in, that'd be great."

"King's Game? Why on earth are you joining that?" she inquired.

"I've made a pact with a devil, so unfortunately, I can't spill the beans," I replied cryptically.

She shot me a skeptical glance with her emerald green eyes. "You and your secrets..." she sighed. "Fine. I believe I can pull some strings for that. Anything else?"

"Oh, and grab me another collar. I've got another pet I want to put on a leash," I casually requested.

At that, Gabrielle stared at me as if I had just declared I could speak to aliens.

Around 5 P.M., I strolled back to my dormitory, or at least I would have if it weren't for someone incessantly texting me. Glancing at my phone, I couldn't help but think, "Goodness, this woman really doesn't understand the concept of breaks, does she?" Given it had been a week since our last conversation, I figured I might as well see what she wanted.

As I reached the designated meeting spot, a barrage of gun bullets came flying toward me. With swift, minimal movements, I dodged them effortlessly. After evading the bullets, I focused on the woman who had just fired them. She held the gun at mid-level, a menacing wisp of smoke trailing from the still-warm barrel.

"Stray bullets keep flying until they hit something, you know? What if they hit a person and you accidentally kill them?" I voiced my concern.

"I'm not burdened with your feeble mind, Mr. Leon. Did you truly think I'd make a blunder like that?" she retorted, her tone dripping with disdain.

"I'm well aware you infused those bullets with mana, intending to halt their flight if you missed your target."

"Can you grasp the significance of that?"

"It means those bullets hung in mid-air when I dodged. Yet, should they find their mark on me, you'd let them pierce through."

"Of course. Why on earth wouldn't I? You had the audacity to be a second late for our appointed time," she retorted, nonchalantly exhaling smoke from the still-warm barrel. "Since you managed to evade them even after my surprise assault, I surmise firing again would be an exercise in futility."

So, I'll abstain from that," she declared, deftly concealing her firearm within the folds of her academy uniform.

"Get to the point. What do you desire from me now?" I demanded.

"Don't forget the 'Master' there."

Exhaling with a mix of annoyance and acceptance, I closed my eyes briefly. When I reopened them, I locked eyes with her. "What do you desire from me, Master Shredica?"

A devilish grin crept across her face. "Good boy."