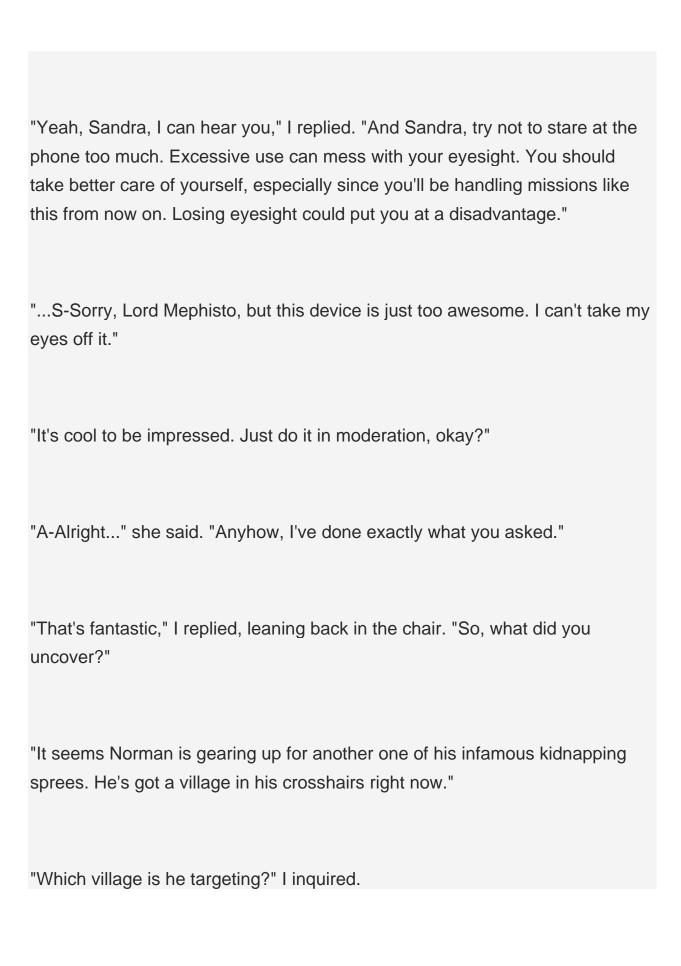
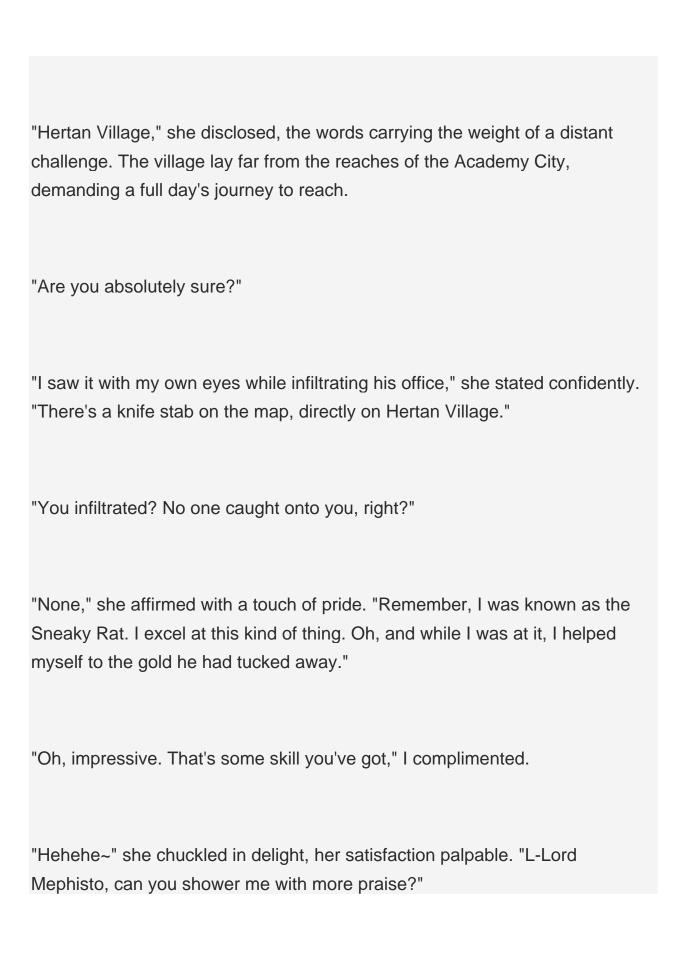
The World Is Mine For The Taking

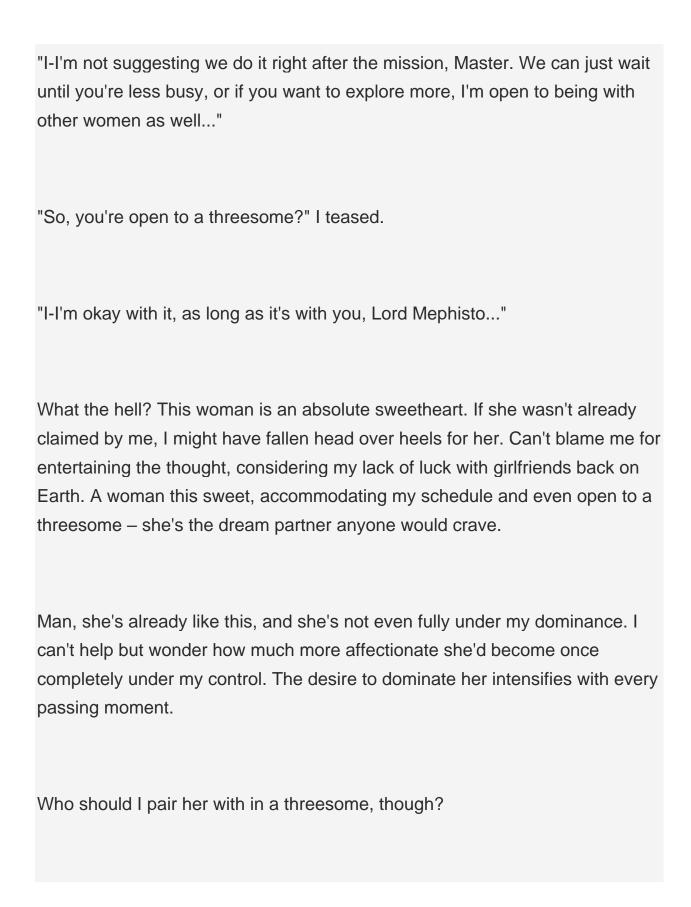
Chapter 47: Chapter 8 - Midterm Examination (1)

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?"









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

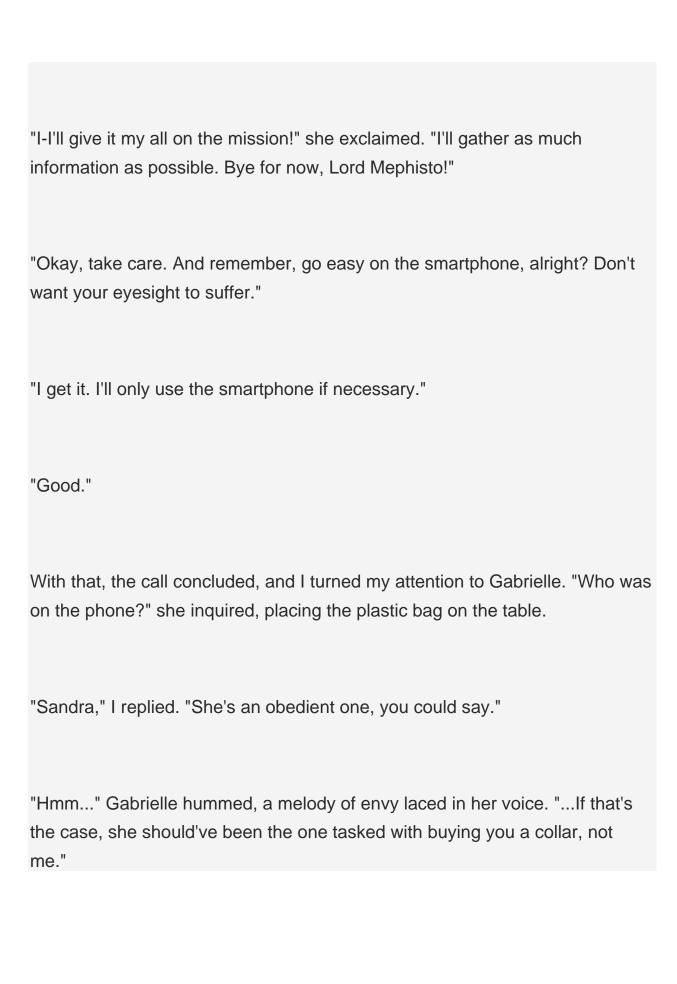
"Jeez... I can't believe the amount of work you're putting me through. If you want a dog collar for your pet, buy it yourself..." she muttered in frustration.

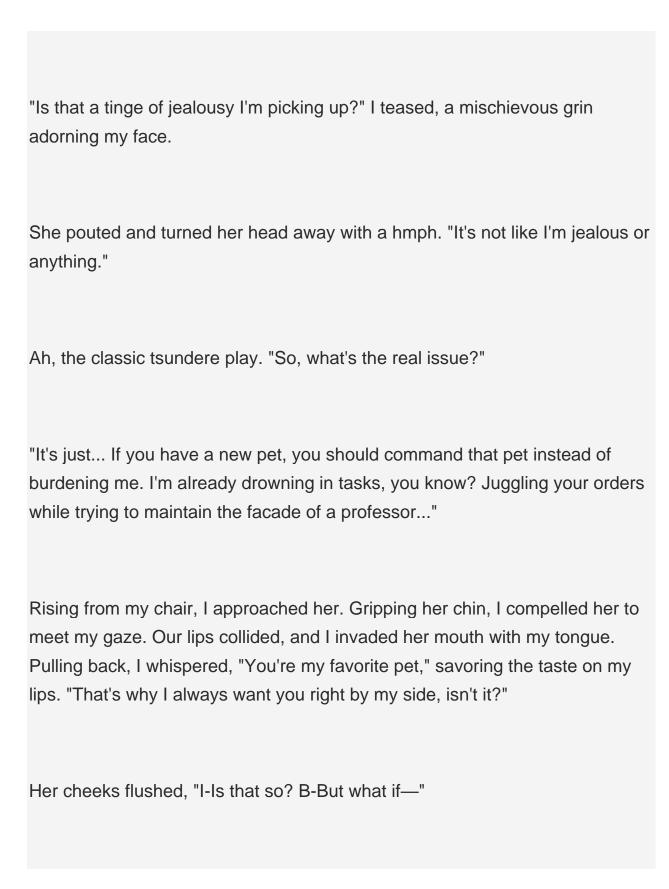
In that instant, a mischievous thought danced through my mind. Two masochists, both adorned with dog collars – the visual was tantalizing.

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.





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?"

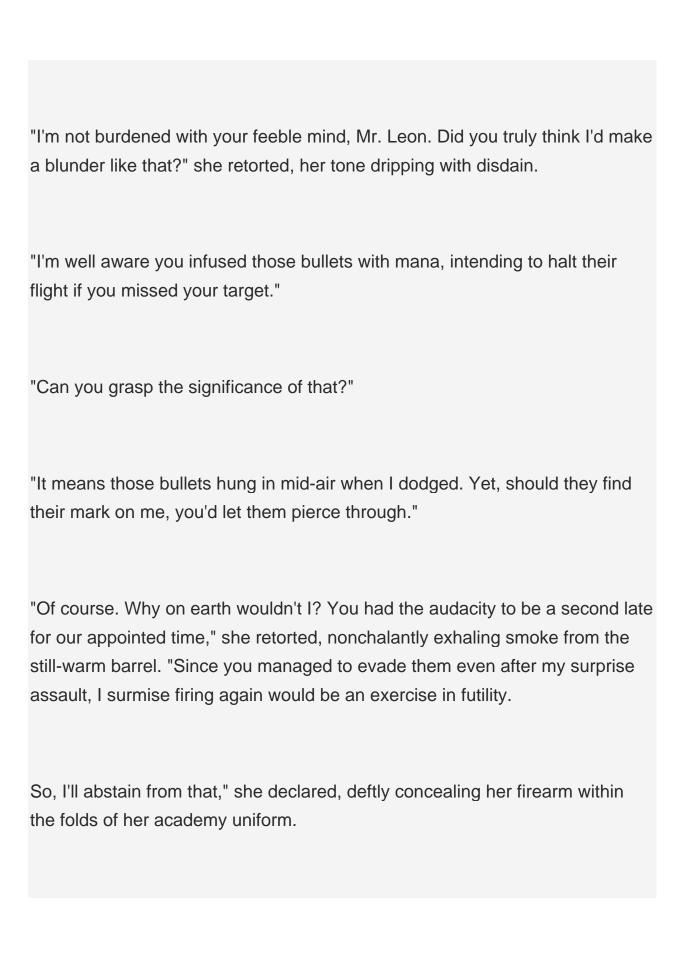
"Oh, and grab me another collar. I've got another pet I want to put on a leash," I casually requested.

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 stillwarm 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.



"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."