

The World Is Mine For The Taking

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Chapter 6: Chapter 1 - Welcome To The Classroom Of Oddballs (6)

Damn, that was a close call. I thought I was a goner. If Gabrielle hadn't shown up, I'd be in the same boat as that clown over there.

"Oh goodness, what on earth transpired here?!" Gabriella exclaimed, a hand clasped over her mouth, a facade of horror adorning her features as she surveyed the gruesome spectacle of Hereon's battered and bloodied form sprawled out like a macabre masterpiece. I knew she was playing a role; her interest never ventured beyond the orbit of yours truly. "Shredica! What are you doing?!" She caught Shredica gearing up for an encore performance on some other poor soul.

"Nothing, Professor," Shredica retorted, releasing her vice-like grip on my collar. "Just to set the record straight, I wasn't the architect of this particular masterpiece." She gestured toward me.

"Mas-?! Um, I mean, Mr. Leon? Did he wander into trouble again? This pint-sized troublemaker has a knack for turning me into a slave to toil." Gabriella sighed, pressing her palm to her forehead, releasing a breath of exasperation.

Apparently, I've been branded as the troublemaker now. Well, it looks like I'll have to fuck her into oblivion until she taps out for flinging that tag my way. And I'll sweeten the pot for nearly letting slip a "master" in public.

"Is he alright?" Gabriella inquired.

"Can't say for certain. He took a brutal hit from that guy's skill."

"Speed boost, huh?" Gabriella mumbled, casting a meaningful gaze in my direction. Despite my closed eyes, her scrutiny was palpable, courtesy of my heightened stats. "And you? Holding up well?"

"As you can see, I'm holding my own."

"You're bleeding from your fist. You sure you're alright?"

"I... I'm fine, yes. Don't worry about me. More importantly, shouldn't we transport them to the infirmary?"

"Ah, right. Yes, I suppose we should," Gabriella conceded. She hoisted me up, intertwining my arm around her shoulder. The aroma emanating from her was reminiscent of the intoxicating scent I encountered when I thoroughly fucked her earlier.

Suddenly, my urge to fuck her surged, intensifying the desire to make her scent uniquely mine again. As my arm settled into place, my hand boldly explored the territory where her breast lay, taking firm possession. Beneath the layers of her lab coat and clothing, I could feel her nipple responding eagerly. No conventional bra hindered its prominence—this was something more provocative, an exposed nipple bra. Clever.

She had evidently gathered intelligence on how to ensnare Titania, the 70th-ranked first-year, and one of the three women I had set my sights on in the gold class. Now, she anticipated the well-deserved reward for a job executed with precision.

Internally grinning, I played with her taut nipple, eliciting a seductive moan.

"Hn~"

"What was that, Professor?"

"N-Nothing. Anyway, assist me in carrying him. I'm not exactly endowed with the strength to lift a young man on my own, you know?"

"Well, I suppose I can extend a helping hand," Shredica reluctantly offered. She guided my other arm to rest on her shoulder, and together, they embarked on their journey. Upon reaching Hereon's battered figure, Shredica inquired, "What about him?"

"Just let him be. I'm pretty sure he won't meet his maker even if we ditch him here."

"Are you absolutely sure? His injuries appear graver than this one."

"This guy here lacks any skills, making him more vulnerable."

Internally, I couldn't help but savor a silent chuckle at Gabriella's attempt to rationalize evading the responsibility of carrying Hereon. It was rather amusing how she could artfully conjure reasons to sidestep the burden of carrying anyone other than me. Well, I wasn't about to permit her touch another man—I had already asserted my claim over her. No way in hell was I going to allow that, even if it seemed inevitable.

Funny how I'm turning out to be so possessive. Seems like I learn something new every day.

After settling me into the infirmary, Shredica gracefully bowed to Gabriella and stated, "Well then, I shall make my way back to my dorm now."

"You should," Gabriella responded, her tone firm.

With that, Shredica pivoted on her heels, her silhouette disappearing into the distance as she headed back to the dorms. I maintained the facade of unconsciousness until the echo of Shredica's footsteps and her presence dissipated entirely.

Once the atmosphere was clear, Gabriella released a weary sigh, "How long do you plan on playing possum?"

Gradually, I eased myself upright. "I don't know. Perhaps for a little while. Today has left me utterly drained," I confessed.

"Drained? From what?"

"Attending classes. My intellect is gradually decomposing under the weight of these monotonous lectures."

"Oh, please. It's not like you're absorbing any of it, right?"

"You've hit the nail on the head," I responded, arching my back and releasing a slow, deliberate yawn. "Anyway, what brings you to me this time?"

I knew the answer, of course—that she had some information for me and was now anticipating her well-deserved reward for a job well done, which, in this case, was an anal fuck. Still, I figured I should ask her anyway. In case she didn't deliver a job well done and the information was unsatisfactory, then she wouldn't earn her reward.

"I've acquired information about Titania," she announced. A luminous, golden panel materialized in the air before her, reminiscent of the interface found in those web novels featuring intricate systems. Adjusting her rimless glasses, which sparkled in the moonlight, she continued, "Titania is gearing up to vie for the position of student council president in the upcoming third semester. However, her somewhat overbearing pride and egotism have left her with no followers. Despite her attempts to assemble a support base and find a companion to serve as her assistant, her approach leaves much to be desired. She phrases her requests more like orders, asserting things such as 'You should be grateful to work alongside me, to walk beside me, and even breathe the same air as me.' When faced with rejection, her retort is, 'What? You're unwilling to toil alongside me on the path to becoming the ruler of this school? What's wrong with you? You're ungrateful for declining my offer when I graciously provided you this opportunity.' Predictably, no one is willing to assist her. To compound her troubles, she's up against the top student in the second year. Her odds of prevailing against such formidable competition? Slim, at best."

Well, this was news to me. Titania aiming for the position of student council president was a revelation. It almost brought a sly smile to my face, contemplating how foolish she was for pursuing such a goal, fully aware that victory was beyond her grasp. That

overbearing personality of hers seemed like a considerable obstacle in her path, rendering her incapable of achieving anything with such an approach.

"Slim, huh? More like nonexistent," I remarked.

"I was attempting to phrase it delicately, but leave it to you to just voice that out. Well, you're correct, though. She stands no chance against Francesca of the second year's gold class," Gabriella replied. She gracefully shed her lab coat, letting it cascade from her body, and then proceeded to peel off her turtleneck clothes.

As I observed her, my thoughts drifted to the woman Titania intended to challenge for the presidency.

Francesca happened to be one of the women currently captivating my attention, but being a second-year student posed a challenge in terms of dominance. If I wanted to assert my control over her, I needed to find a way to get closer.

If that's the case, supporting Titania could prove to be a shrewd move. Her bid for the presidency might pave the way for me to engage with Francesca. In this scenario, the prospect of interacting with both women I sought to conquer seemed like a tantalizing opportunity. Who would pass up a chance to dispatch two birds with one stone?

"Nice job, Gabriella. You've done well," I complimented, my gaze lingering on her. She stood before me, adorned in nothing but alluring lingerie. Her thigh-high black stockings, held up by a lacy floral garter belt cinched high on her waist, oozed an undeniable allure. The bra, featuring slits to expose her nipples, revealed meticulous preparation for this encounter.

"Can I have my reward now?"

"That can wait. We have plenty of time. How about you get on all fours and come to me here."

"O-Okay."

She adopted the posture of a submissive pet, gracefully moving on all fours towards me. A captivating blush adorned her face, and warm, steamy breath escaped her parted lips, casting a seductive aura as she looked at me with eyes brimming with unbridled lust. My gaze, initially an observer, gradually succumbed to the same fiery desire. It felt surreal—this captivating professor was mine. Who would believe that a loner like me in my past life could claim a woman as sexy as her? The thought was inconceivable.

Sliding off the bed, I towered over her, eventually seating myself on her back while she remained on all fours. My hand boldly ventured to her shapely ass, securing a firm grasp on one cheek.

"Now, then," I uttered, placing the entirety of my weight on her back. Her arms trembled under the strain, shaking unsteadily as they endeavored to bear my imposing load. Yet, she exhibited remarkable resilience, holding on without faltering. "I suppose it's time for me to conquer Titania."

I raised my hand, the one firmly gripping one of her ass cheeks, and delivered a resounding smack onto the supple curve of her backside. The distinctive sound of flesh meeting flesh reverberated through the air, a testament to the intensity of the impact.

Chapter 7: Chapter 2 - The Woman Named Shredica (1)

The capital city of Milham's Kingdom housed the majestic castle of Milham, the residence of the royal family.

Concealed beneath my hood and enveloped in a dark cloak that shrouded my entire form, a sinister smile adorned my face, illuminated only by the moonlight.

I inhaled deeply, arms outstretched, taking in the familiar air of a place I hadn't seen in two months. Nostalgia enveloped me as I gazed upon the city once more.

Once, I called this place home, dwelling here for a year alongside Amon. Half our time was spent scheming to conquer the world, and the other half indulging in carnal pleasures. Vivid in my memory is the image of Amon walking the streets like a submissive dog, a leash around her neck. I also recall the location where I had her urinate like a docile pet. Ah, those were the days.

I leaped off the rooftop where I had been perched and activated Levitation—a magic spell born from the skill Magic Spell Creation, a power I gained from dominating Amon.

This particular magic combined elements of wind and gravity, allowing me to float in the air. Draped in a cloak that billowed like a cape in the wind, I hung in the air momentarily before deactivating Levitation. As I began my descent, my cloak trailed behind, creating an imposing silhouette against the night sky until my feet gently met the pavement.

Swiftly, I cast illusion magic, concealing my presence as I moved. I couldn't afford to attract attention; someone adorned in this peculiar attire strolling the streets at night would surely prompt a call to the magic knights. While navigating the shadows, I noticed someone in an alley just across the street.

"Give everything you have to me," I overheard, thanks to my heightened senses. It seemed a mugging was unfolding.

Back in my world, such occurrences were relegated to dramas and mangas, spectacles I'd only witnessed on screens. If I were still on Earth and stumbled upon such a scene, I'd likely scamper away with my tail between my legs. However, in this new realm, armed with magic and skills for self-defense, I approached without hesitation.

Closing in for an intervention, I was poised to strike the mugger when, unexpectedly, the assailant's head soared through the air. It created a gruesome arch before it thudded onto the concrete.

I came to an abrupt halt. That was exceptionally macabre. Witnessing a decapitation unfold in such a cathartic manner was a first for me.

I endeavored to identify the perpetrator of the beheading and soon laid eyes on a woman, precisely my age. She brandished a blade, stained with lingering traces of blood, the crimson droplets descending onto the concrete. Her icy gaze fixed on the head at her feet as she picked it up by the hair. The decapitated man's eyes were wide with wickedness, his lips twisted in a sinister smirk. It was evident that the man had no inkling of his demise or what had brought it about.

The woman maintained her cold stare at the gruesome spectacle before turning her attention to a paper affixed to the nearby wall. The poster depicted the same man, mirroring the expression he wore in death—wide-eyed with a malevolent smirk. What were the chances of being dispatched by a bounty hunter with the exact facial expression featured on your wanted poster?

However, my focus wasn't fixated on that peculiar coincidence. Instead, my attention honed in on the woman herself. I recognized her, someone I had been with just earlier. She was a classmate, a formidable presence atop the bronze class hierarchy—Shredica.

What was Shredica doing here, engaging in such shady activities like bounty hunting?

Students of Milham's Magic Knight Academy were explicitly prohibited from engaging in bounty hunting, given the notorious reputation attached to that profession. Although not all bounty hunters were inherently malevolent, the Milham Kingdom classified them as vigilantes, or in other cases, outlaws. If Shredica were to be caught partaking in these illicit activities, the consequences could range from expulsion from the Academy to banishment from the country. In the worst-case scenario, she might even face execution.

Lost in contemplation, I observed as she gracefully navigated the dark alleyway, her silhouette discernible even in the subdued light. She maintained her grip on the severed head, blood dripping and staining the concrete a deep crimson.

Abruptly, she stopped and turned around, as if sensing something. Could she see or feel me? I had illusion magic active, but it seemed as if her gaze pierced straight through it.

"Must be my imagination," she muttered before resuming her journey.

I followed her more cautiously this time, growing increasingly intrigued by the woman who held the top position in our class—a woman devoid of any skill, relying solely on her sword and magic. Why was she drawn to bounty hunting under the cloak of midnight? What secrets was she harboring?

Honestly, this marked my first time feeling intrigued by her. Initially disinterested due to her lack of a skill that I could replicate, despite her standing at the top of our class, the events of this night piqued my curiosity.

As the alleyway reached its conclusion, she halted at a dead end. Then, she muttered something under her breath. Despite my heightened senses, the words eluded me. What could it be?

As I pondered this, a door camouflaged as a wall suddenly swung open, and she swiftly entered. In that moment, I attempted to dash towards it at top speed, but before I could make my move, the door slammed shut. Damn.

I gleaned no information about Shredica during that encounter. Subsequently, I didn't make any further attempts to enter through that entrance. It likely had a secret code for access. I supposed it was best to stick to our original agenda.

Moving from rooftop to rooftop, I leaped effortlessly from one to the next. This was something I had always desired to do, but as a non-superhuman on Earth, attempting it had resulted in a broken leg. It wasn't worth the risk, so I abandoned that aspiration. However, in this world of swords and magic, sustaining injuries like a broken leg seemed trivial. If I were to slip as I traversed the roofs, I could easily heal it with magic.

After indulging in rooftop acrobatics for a while, I entered a house through an open second-floor window. Upon landing, a person promptly greeted me.

"Welcome back, Master."

She was adorned in a maid outfit—Victorian-style. Despite the outfit concealing most of her body, her allure was undeniably present. While everyone in my previous world seemed to have a soft spot for maids, I wasn't captivated solely by the outfit; rather, it was this woman embodying its elegance.

With long brown hair, warm brown eyes, and a charming smile, she looked at me warmly. Being met with those gentle eyes after enduring two months of judgment felt incredibly reassuring.

Ah, how nostalgic.

Even her scent triggered a surge of sentimentality. I had truly missed her.

"Yeah. I'm back Amon."

Approaching her, she immediately discerned the purpose behind my advance, and her smile widened as she spread her arms wide in anticipation.

As I drew near, I allowed myself to descend onto her, my head making a satisfying thump against her ample bosom. Her arms encircled my head, pressing me further into the embrace of those voluptuous breasts. The urge to fuck her right there and then surged within me. It had been a while since I'd indulged in Amon, and the desire to ravish her was strong. However, there were pressing matters I needed to address first.

"How's the situation here, Amon?" I inquired, my voice muffled by my face buried between her cleavage.

"The magic knights are scouring and investigating the entire city, Master. They're on high alert, anticipating your next move. Furthermore, the king has dispatched his executioner to oversee the magic knights' investigation and hunt for you, effectively serving as their commander. Regarding the king himself, his health is deteriorating with each passing day. I estimate it won't be long before he draws his last breath. I've confirmed that the first prince will succeed him. His coronation will coincide with his wedding to the duke's daughter, who is set to become the future queen of the kingdom."

"I see."

"Also, there's additional intel that might pique your interest."

"Go on."

"There's a palpable movement in this city."

"Movement, you say?" I looked up at her, with half of my face still ensconced in her bosom.

"Yes," she gazed down at me with warm eyes, "A revolutionary force is gathering and fortifying its presence here. Though currently outmatched by the magic knights, their numbers are burgeoning. While their exact motives remain unclear, it appears to be a concerted effort to topple the monarchs. Hence, the magic knights are not just keeping an eye on you; they're also vigilant about the growing revolutionary threat."

"Interesting."

I had sensed a palpable tension in the air upon my return, and now it made sense. A revolutionary army was taking shape here.

"Also," Amon divulged. Was there more? If it wasn't something that would captivate my interest, then I supposed I should initiate my "own movement" now. My hands found

their place on her voluptuous buttocks. Her ass, now notably fuller, evoked a sense of nostalgia as my fingers traced its contours. While I indulged in the tactile sensation, she continued speaking, "Our business is accumulating more and more wealth. At this juncture, we'll have the capacity to establish branches across this kingdom."

"Huh?" I abruptly ceased the motion of my hands. "B-Business? Amon, what do you mean by business?"

"Smartphone business."

What the heck happened while I was gone?!

Chapter 8: Chapter 2 - The Woman Named Shredica (2)

Amon explained to me that night that after I enrolled in the academy, she embarked on a project titled the *"Create a Smartphone for Master"* project.

Two years ago, I casually remarked to myself, *'Damn, I want a smartphone.'* Amon overheard me and inquired, *'What is that?'*

I explained what it was and mentioned that it didn't exist in this world since technological development here lagged behind Earth.

Intrigued, she then asked me about how it was made. Since I wasn't actually aware of the specifics, I improvised by concocting a mishmash of ideas and incorporating elements I at least knew existed in a smartphone. Amon diligently took note of everything I said, her expression earnest throughout the process.

After that, it seemed she immersed herself in a quest for items resembling the ones I had mentioned. For those that eluded her or perhaps didn't yet exist in this world, she skillfully fashioned them herself. This undertaking commenced immediately after my departure for the academy.

After collecting an array of materials and crafting numerous prototypes, she succeeded in creating the first-ever smartphone in this world. And this accomplishment unfolded just a month after my departure for the academy.

I couldn't help but stand in awe of Amon's brilliance. The original creator of the cellphone likely toiled for years in its development, and for the device to metamorphose into a smartphone, it undoubtedly underwent a prolonged evolution. Yet, she achieved this milestone in a mere month.

Overwhelmed with pride in her achievement, that night, I engaged in passionate, intense lovemaking with her until she was so utterly drained she fainted. Following that, I allowed myself to luxuriate in rest, drifting into slumber alongside her in bed.

The early morning hours were upon us, and although I lacked the visual cue of a clock, I estimated it to be around 4 A.M.

Glancing to my left, I beheld a brown-haired beauty still immersed in slumber, her naked form serenely resting on her side. Memories of the previous night flooded back, recalling how I thoroughly pleased her in every conceivable way. From intense exploration of her every orifice to engaging in kinky roleplays and indulging in elements of S&M, it had been an exhilarating and memorable night. One might even go as far as to call it a fantastic night.

I couldn't entirely fault myself for pushing Amon to her limits, especially considering the significant effort she had exerted on my behalf. Desiring a smartphone and yearning for her company, I might have gone a tad too far last night. Well, perhaps more than a tad.

"Hm~"

The voluptuous woman stirred, rousing from her deep slumber. The scant sheet that had barely clung to her feet slipped away entirely, descending from the bed. Gradually, she opened her eyes, fixing her gaze upon me. Her stare lingered, the flush of her cheeks deepening to a vivid crimson that extended up to her ears. Eventually, she graced me with the warmest morning smile.

"Good morning, Master," she greeted. "How was it? My body, that is."

"It's as intoxicatingly incredible as ever."

"Really? That's a relief."

"Why?"

"Because I thought you might be weary of my body now that you have a new girl by your side."

She referred to Gabrielle. Both of my women were undeniably the jealous type. I wasn't complaining, as a hint of jealousy was cute in its own right. Yet, did they truly believe I would abandon them just because I was adding more women to my collection? Did they lack that much trust in me?

"Nonsense. Why would I ever grow tired of a body as astonishing as yours?"

"T-Thanks," she said with a blushing smile as she sat upright on the bed. When she realized I wasn't getting up and just staring at her, confusion flickered in her eyes. "Aren't you going back to the academy? You'll be late if you don't move soon, you know."

"Don't worry about me being late," I replied. "I want to stick around a bit longer."

Amon blushed. "Um, Master, I don't think I'll be able to work efficiently if you're planning on doing it again with me."

She must have thought I was up for another round, ready to go until she collapsed. As tempting as it was, I had to hold back; otherwise, I'd be seriously late.

"When I said I want to stick around, I meant I want to be close to you," I explained.

"Oh. I-Is that so?" she responded, a hint of curiosity in her eyes.

"That's why I need you to move over here for a sec. Let's indulge in some pillow talk or something."

"A-Are you sure nothing... unusual is going to happen?"

"It's just cuddling. Don't worry."

"O-Okay," she replied hesitantly, sinking down next to me. My gaze lingered on her, and I reached out to caress her cheeks. They gradually warmed under my palm, and it felt incredibly relaxing. I wanted to stay in this moment for a while.

"It's strange," Amon suddenly confessed.

"What's strange?" I probed.

"Being with a man," she admitted, a vulnerable look in her eyes.

"What's so unusual about that?" I questioned.

"I never thought I'd find happiness like this. When those bandits had me, I believed it was all over. I resigned myself to the idea that I'd never experience something like this with a man. I was teetering on the edge of being sold as a sex slave, you know? I genuinely gave up on the notion of sharing an intimate connection like this with a man. Just accepted my grim fate as it was."

She extended her hand, delicately intertwining her fingers with mine as I continued to caress her flushed cheeks.

"That's why I'm grateful you saved me that day. Without you, I'd probably be trapped in some hellhole, my body used by people without a shred of decency."

"Do you resent our life together now? Since I practically command you in a sexual manner, treating you like my plaything?"

"Resent it? No way," she responded without hesitation. "Even if you treat me like your plaything, I don't really mind. I've dedicated myself to giving you my body, my soul, everything I have to offer. That's why I won't despise the life I'm in. This life, entwined with the man of my dreams, is pure bliss."

"Amon..."

"I love you intensely, master. It feels like I wouldn't survive if you were to abandon me."

"Abandon you? Ridiculous. I won't leave you. You're my woman."

Amon giggled, a playful melody that echoed in the room. "Hehe, that's right. I'm yours. As your possession, I'll willingly follow you to the very end of time."

Amon was so incredibly sweet and cute that my morning wood turned into a raging beast.

"Sorry, Amon. But you're to blame for this," I said, lunging at her like a hungry animal. It took three rounds of intense pleasure and filling her up with my cum before I finally relented.

Afterwards, we headed to the bathroom where I couldn't resist fucking her once more. Then, with a promise to meet again next month, I bid her farewell.

By now, it was 9 A.M., and I was seriously late. Deciding to skip class altogether, I planned to instruct Gabriella to come up with an excuse for my absence.

I eyed the smartphone Amon had gifted me.

Well, damn. What the hell? It legitimately resembled a smartphone. Sure, no internet, but it operated like the real deal.

Clock, calendar, calculator, music, and even a camera – it boasted all the features you'd expect from a smartphone in my world.

Opting to explore the camera first, I opened it, and a spark of surprise lit up my eyes. Ah, so she infused it with some magic to make it work. Crafty move, Amon. I decided to capture a selfie, my grin etched in a frozen moment. Upon reviewing the photo, I was astounded by its quality. It outshone the camera on my Earthly smartphone.

"Sheesh, now I can capture moments with the women I fuck using this, huh? Looking forward to documenting my conquests," I mumbled, casually swiping the photo to the left. Another image emerged – this time, a snapshot of Amon straddling me. I had taken it earlier, intending to relish the memory of how divine she looked as I fucked her.

Turning my attention to the calendar, I delved into the intricacies of this alternate time system. A year here aligned with Earth's, but the months danced to a different tune. One spanned a mere 25 days, while another stretched out luxuriously to 35. My birthday, the 24th day of the 11th month, earned the prestigious label of 'Master's Day,' as per this realm's calendar. Classic Amon, sculpting a holiday in my honor.

"Well, next up is the clock," I muttered, delving into its workings. Mirroring Earth's, the clock ticked away 24 hours a day, a touch of gravity magic thrown in for good measure. How Amon stumbled upon these principles was a mystery. Was she the clandestine descendant of Einstein, unraveling the secrets of time dilation in a fantasy realm? Intriguing.

Enough musings on that. Time to dive into the realm of music. Expecting emptiness, I was met with a delightful surprise – a song titled in the language of this world. The track, *'I Love You, Master,'* adorned the screen, the vocalist none other than Amon herself. I stared at it with a wry smile. She was undoubtedly devoted.

Eager to fill the musical void that had persisted for 18 years in this music-less world, I played the song. To my surprise, it was genuinely good.

"My master is a good man who always tends to my needs ?. Sure, he's a bit naughty, but that's precisely why I adore him so much ?. My master is the love of my life, an affection so deep that living without him is unfathomable. I'd willingly lay down my life for his sake ?. Oh~ Master, my love for you knows no bounds..."

Despite the sincerity embedded in the lyrics, a wry smile refused to vacate my face. The sweetness of it all was becoming almost overwhelming. Seriously, now anyone with a smartphone could tune into this sentimentality? Ugh, I just wanted to bury myself in a hole and hide.