

# The World Is Mine For The Taking

*Chapter 9: Chapter 2 - The Woman Named Shredica (3)*

Leonamon's Smartphone. That was the name of the device currently in my hand. This gadget was a sensation in the kingdom, selling like hotcakes the moment it hit the shelves. And it wasn't exactly budget-friendly either – a whopping 99 gold coins. I couldn't fathom why they didn't just round it up to 100, but expensive nonetheless.

As I, Titania, strolled along the path towards the dormitory, my gaze remained fixed on the device. I already had images, or as they called them, pictures on the smartphone screen, all showcasing smiles. One, in particular, was used to spearhead my campaign for the student council presidency. The incumbent president was about to step down, now being in her fourth year, and I aimed to take her place.

"Why start the planning now, in the first semester?" one might question. Well, I believed it was better to begin preparations early rather than scrambling in the final semester.

What I didn't expect was that the top student from the second year was also gearing up for the race this early. She had amassed quite a following, while I... still had none.

A sigh escaped my lips. Why wasn't anyone rallying behind me? Wasn't it enticing enough to have the princess as their leader? Why weren't they choosing to follow me?

Well, deep down, I knew the reason. It was my overbearing personality. I had to admit that I could be a bit much, and while I tried to change, self-transformation wasn't as simple as taking candy from a baby. I couldn't just become a different person overnight.

Engrossed in my phone while strolling, a flicker of movement caught my attention. Lifting my gaze, I spotted a man engrossed in studying my poster on the bulletin board, situated in the heart of the academy, near the fountain. His eyes glittered with intrigue as he absorbed the image.

Seeing him like that, an unintentional smile played on my lips. I swiftly dashed towards him and exclaimed, "Hello~ Interested in joining forces to rule this school with me?"

"Huh?! Uh, ah... Well..."

Finally getting a good look at the young man, I observed his black hair and red eyes, his face bordering on handsome and cute. A rather slender build. Oh, I knew this guy.

"Huh? Aren't you the one who confessed his love to Zeruel yesterday?"

"Ah. Y-Yeah, that was me."

Of course, that wasn't the only reason I recognized him. He was famous at the academy, though not for the best reasons.

"I have to hand it to you, confessing to Zeruel when you're practically standing in different galaxies. Can't decide if you're brave or just shameless. It's a pity that Zeruel has her sights set solely on strength. But," I flashed him a wide smile while playfully patting his back, "who knows, maybe someday you'll work some magic on her!"

The young man winced, as if an unseen force had grazed him. My gestures weren't exactly a powerhouse, so it couldn't have been my doing. He should be grateful, if anything.

"I think it's impossible," he said, sporting a troubled smile. He looked rather cute... when he smiled like that. Cute? Why was my heart suddenly doing somersaults at the sight of him smiling? He continued, "I mean, as you said, we're galaxies apart. No one would date the lowest-ranking student in the school, right? So, I decided to give up and just admire her from afar."

"Aw~ You're sweet," I cooed with a smile. "Oh well, if you're free, how about we conquer this school together?"

"Conquer? You mean take over this class? Through war?"

"No, silly~ Not through war. We're going to conquer by winning the race for the presidency of the student council."

The young man wore a troubled smile, his fingers absentmindedly tracing patterns on his cheek. "Are you saying that you're going to make me your follower?"

I recognized the subtle gesture – a prelude to rejection. It was a familiar dance, one I'd seen countless times. I needed to alter his perception, but how? Perhaps soften my approach, steer clear of being overbearing? Alright, let's give it a shot.

"Yes," I stated firmly. "I want you to become my follower."

In response, he dipped his head, a cascade of black hair veiling his eyes. "I don't think it's possible," he mumbled. "Becoming your follower might lead to losing without even getting a chance to fight, you know. I'm sorry." He bowed, the apology evident in his gesture.

Ahh... Is that so...

"You should feel remorseful for not aligning with my desires," I shot back, my inherent personality surfacing. "I've graciously extended an invitation for you to follow me, even taking the initiative, despite your status at the bottom. How ungrateful can you get?"

I should cease talking, but the compulsion held me captive. Why couldn't I just stop? Why was I plagued by this incessant need? All I yearned for was some genuine companionship.

That's the truth. My motivation for running for president lacked the noble goal of enhancing the school experience and fostering camaraderie among students. Those were just hollow justifications.

The position itself didn't truly interest me. Not until I laid eyes on her.

Artemis, the reigning top student of the fourth year and the current president of the student council, shared the same royal status as me.

Observing her strolling through the campus with a throng of followers, treating her with camaraderie, sparked envy within me.

Ah, I yearned to be like her, I thought. I yearned for the companionship of many friends, to be someone who commands such loyalty.

She was constantly surrounded by a crowd of people, while I, in contrast, had none. Even in our kingdom, I had no friends, always existing in solitude. Witnessing others form connections fueled my bitterness, contributing to the development of my resentful personality.

*"You should be grateful that you're even allowed to breathe the same air as I do." "You should be grateful that all of you are in the same class as the magnificent me." "You should be grateful that all of you have been permitted to share the room with me." "You should be grateful...."* The words echoed relentlessly, a phrase I detested. Why couldn't I cease uttering it for once?

"You should be grateful that I even took my time to talk to you, and yet, here you are, being ungrateful and rejecting me!" I declared to the young man.

"W-Wait, I'm not rejecting you!"

"...Say what?"

I abruptly stopped my verbal barrage. He wasn't rejecting me? But I thought...

"In fact, I want to join you in your faction, but I think it will be impossible to win with me at your side!"

"Why?"

"Because I am the lowest-ranking student here!"

Oh, I see. He was right. Despite his fame and recognition, everyone in the school knew him, but that wouldn't help us amass votes once the election started.

"T-Then, why are you apologizing?"

"I'm apologizing in advance that you might lose because of me."

So, he wasn't apologizing because he didn't want to be with me. Instead, he was saying sorry because he feared I might face defeat with him by my side. My heart pounded like a drum in my chest, the rhythm echoing through my veins, and I felt a surge of emotions, like a tumultuous sea crashing against my insides. It was a strange mix, almost bringing tears to my eyes. However, I managed to summon the strength to hold back those tears, replacing vulnerability with a defiant, ear-to-ear grin that masked the internal whirlwind.

T-Then, you're gonna be my follower?!"

"I already said I think it's impossible for you to win because of me. Are you really sure you still want me as your follower?"

"Of course! I don't care even if we lose. We can always try again next year, right?"

The reason I gave for not caring about losing was a lie. The truth was... I didn't mind losing because I finally had a follower by my side. For now, having a follower was enough. I hoped that in the future, we could become more than that—maybe even friends.

"Yeah, we can always give it another shot next year," he grinned, his eyes reflecting a shared determination.

I wanted to hug him, but I knew it wasn't acceptable. Being a princess, if someone caught me embracing a guy, my guards would probably flip out. I didn't want anything bad to happen to him, so I resisted the urge.

"Oh? You got a smartphone on you?" he remarked, his gaze fixated on the device in my hand.

"Yeah. Wait, you have one too?"

"Of course. Just got it today," he declared, proudly showcasing the sleek device. His possession of such a luxury surprised me. Where did he find the funds for this, I wondered briefly. But I swiftly banished that thought. "Here. Let's swap numbers so we can hit each other up through this."

"Huh? It can do that?"

He beamed at me with a daring grin, exuding an air of pride as if he held the key to a forbidden treasure. "The mastermind behind this device is nothing short of a genius, you know. They managed to cram a petite voice crystal in there and even tossed in a messaging crystal. With this, we can have our calls and trade messages without relying on some mailman. It's a marvel."

"Yeah, it really is," I responded, feeling a surge of excitement matching his own. "So, where's this mystical number you're talking about?"

"Oh, it's right around here."

As we exchanged numbers, I couldn't help but feel a flutter of anticipation. Glancing at my phone, a new entry stood out boldly, displaying his name like a proclamation. His name was Leon, and it felt like the beginning of something new.

*Chapter 10: Chapter 2 - The Woman Named Shredica (4)*

I watched as Titania waved at me, her hand held high in the air, a big smile lighting up her face as she ran away from me.

"Y-You're gonna trip if you don't watch where you're going!" I faux-stuttered.

"I know~" she shouted back, finally turning around. Then, like a clumsy ballet, she tripped on her own—no obstacle in sight. "Oops," she said, lifting herself up and dusting off. "Oh, well. That was embarrassing. I'll be more careful now. Consider yourself lucky to witness my graceful stumble."

Lucky indeed. I also got a sneak peek at her panties, a pristine shade of white.

I watched her vanish into the distance, and then I heard a metallic chime.

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You've captured the interest of Titania Bethlan. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Titania Bethlan

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Titania:

1. Expand her circle to 5 people
2. Unlock
3. Unlock

#### 4. Unlock

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A holographic window appeared before me, suspended in mid-air. To dominate Titania, I needed to fulfill the requirements listed here. Every woman had 10 criteria for domination. Interestingly, I could engage in sexual activities with her even before domination, and I had the option to copy her skill now or later. If I chose to copy her ability before domination, it would be weaker than the original. Waiting until after domination would result in a copy stronger than the original.

Regarding the unlocked requirements, I still had to fulfill the first to unlock the second, then complete the second to unlock the third, and so on.

How the hell am I supposed to expand Titania's circle when I've got about as many friends as a hermit crab? Oh, wait. Those two guys. But I'm not thrilled about other dudes crowding around the woman I plan to conquer... This is turning into a goddamn maze. Maybe I should have just followed Gabriella's advice to blend in as just your average Joe? Well, no point shedding tears over spilled milk. Besides, dominating Titania wasn't the main event right now.

Since I stepped out of the dormitory en route to the academy to sweet-talk Gabrielle into vouching for my absence from class, I've felt a set of eyes glued to me. I could practically taste the familiarity of those eyes—they belonged to none other than Shredica.

Why the hell was she tailing me? Shredica had been skulking around, doing her best ghost impression for a while now. While I could just let it slide, it would be a pain if rumors started swirling about me and Gabrielle since I had plans to meet her. Even though Shredica seemed like a lone wolf who wouldn't spill the beans to others, I didn't want her sniffing around my connection with one of our professors. It could turn into a real headache if she kept shadowing me like this.

How the fuck was I going to put a stop to this? No clue. For now, I just needed to keep walking and head towards where the crowd was thickest. It was only 4 P.M., and students were still buzzing around campus. The library was a viable option too. Plenty of people there.

She's got quite the knack for disappearing, huh? Is this some natural battle instinct of hers? It seemed likely. Shredica might lack specific skills, but that didn't mean she was a pushover in a fight. If rankings were based solely on combat prowess, she could easily secure a spot in the top ten.

Taking a deep breath, I veered into the path leading to the library. Let's see if we can slip away from her watchful eyes.

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The young man I was tailing made a sharp turn toward the library. He appeared clueless about his surroundings, but a nagging feeling persisted that he knew I, Shredica, was on his tail. Logically, it was impossible, given that I was currently masking my presence. Yet, I couldn't shake off the sensation that he was somehow aware of my existence.

I tailed him with even more discretion this time.

Eventually, he reached the library and slipped inside. Figuring out how to follow him without alerting him posed a challenge, given the audible chime at the entrance. Screw it. I needed to delve deeper into this young man's background. There's something about him that just doesn't sit right with me.

When did this suspicion start creeping in? Right, it was just yesterday. When he took a hit from that clown's enhanced fist, I couldn't help but notice he wasn't as banged up as one would expect from such a blow. I think I know why. I've pulled that move myself multiple times. The instant the punch was about to land, he jumped backward, ensuring he didn't take the full force. Only individuals with finely tuned battle senses, instincts, and reflexes could pull off such a maneuver. To possess those, you either need to have trained your entire body or been steeped in combat your entire life.

If that's the case, then it's possible this man was cut from the same cloth as me.

As I entered, I did my best to move inconspicuously, blending in like a whisper passing through. It was then that I noticed the library bustling with people... yet the young man I sought was nowhere in sight.

*Huh? Where the hell did he vanish to?*

As soon as I stepped into the library, I turned on my heels and exited immediately.

*Where did he go? Did he just slip out of my sight? No way. I've never failed at tailing someone before.*

Frustration clenched my fist as I scanned the surroundings. It was then that I realized he'd outsmarted me. So, he did catch on to me following him.

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I peered down as Shredica scanned the surroundings. It was then that a metallic chime echoed in my head.

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You've captured the interest of Shredica Princifilia. You can now proceed to dominate her.

Name: Shredica Princifilia

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Shredica:

1. Agree to work together to boost her rank all the way up to gold
2. Unlock
3. Unlock
4. Unlock

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"Seriously...?" I muttered to myself. I couldn't believe I could conquer this girl, especially since she had no skills for me to copy.

Undoubtedly, she was a stunning woman. Despite her cold-hearted, apathetic demeanor and perpetually grumpy expression, her ample bust made her undeniably attractive. I wasn't complaining about the prospect of conquering her.

Yet, was it really necessary? She had no skills to offer, and attempting to conquer her would be a futile waste of time.

"She's intriguing, but that's all there is to it."

In this world, skills were what mattered, and if you lacked one, you were deemed useless. Having spent 18 years in this realm, I grasped this fact early on.

Gazing into the cold eyes of a woman perpetually sporting a frosty expression, I decided to dismiss the information displayed on the panel. I wouldn't bother dominating Shredica. She held no value for me.

After that, I faded away from where I stood, vanishing like a ghost.

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I made my way to Gabrielle's office without bothering to knock. The door swung open at my whim, and I didn't waste any time.

"Gabrielle, I want to fuck you right now. Put on the usual attire you wear when we fuck."

"W-What?! What are you saying?!" she exclaimed. She had been casually perusing documents and sipping tea when I barged in. My blunt command caught her off guard, causing her to spit out her tea, and she shot me a disbelieving look that screamed, 'I can't believe you!'

"Just kidding," I said with a devilish grin, enjoying the shock on her face.

"Jeez, you're so bad..."

"But you like me that way, don't you?"

A subtle blush tinted her cheeks. "W-Well, I guess I do, but don't just do that. You're going to get me all excited, you know. Anyway, what's your agenda here?"

I cleared my throat, leaning in slightly as I replied, "Make an excuse for why I didn't attend class today. I got so carried away with Amon that I lost track of time. Can't blame me for indulging; it's been months since I last did it with her."

"You really are incorrigible... Well, okay. I'll do it. Anything else you want?"

Reaching into my bag, I retrieved something and handed it to her. "Here," I said, revealing another phone.

"What's this?"

"Amon made it for me. It's incredibly useful. With this, we can plan more discreetly."

A spark of curiosity flickered in her eyes. "Oh, is this the device you've been wanting?"

"That's right."

She eyed the device with a mix of curiosity and surprise, intrigued by its functions. Patiently, I guided her through its usage, and it took a good hour for all the nuances of the phone to imprint on her mind.

Now, the scene transformed into a passionate encounter. My lips locked with hers, hands exploring beneath the layers of her attire, teasing and fondling her breasts. Simultaneously, she reciprocated by rubbing my eager dick beneath the fabric of my pants. Our backs leaned against her desk for support as we engaged in these activities.

After a heated exchange, I released her lips, and as I observed her, the blush on her face was unmistakable, illuminated only by the soft moonlight seeping through the windows.

"...Jeez, I haven't even showered yet. Can you at least wait until I am clean?"

"You haven't yet? Really? But you smell so tempting right now. Besides, what's the use of cleansing when you're inevitably going to be coated in my cum? Let's save the shower for after."

"Oh, Master, you truly are incorrigible."

With that, I lifted one of her legs and began to passionately kiss her again.