

I Created 126

Chapter 126 126: Darkhold City

These female monsters are highly sought after, as they possess exotic and alluring features that human women cannot match. Some have wings or tails, while others have fur or scales. Their eyes glimmer with an otherworldly beauty, and their bodies are often curvier and more voluptuous than those of human women.

These creatures are often seen as exotic and desirable, with rich people eagerly buying them as status symbols and even as concubines.

The laws of the Dark Moon Clan were enforced only on the poor and the weak, who are often caught stealing or committing minor crimes. The rich and powerful are free to indulge in their darkest desires without fear of punishment, and they often use their wealth and influence to protect themselves from any legal consequences.

The treatment of these slaves was often brutal, with many subjected to constant abuse and mistreatment. The laws in this region do little to protect them, and they are often at the mercy of their owners. The Dark Moon Clan has become a hub for the slave trade, attracting all manner of unsavory characters who were willing to pay top qi stones for these creatures.

Despite the horrors that occur in this region, the Dark Moon Clan remains a place of intrigue and fascination for many. Its reputation as a lawless land where the strong rule over the weak has drawn many adventurers seeking to test their skills and gain power. However, those who venture into this dark corner of the Azure continent should be warned – the dangers that await them there are as numerous as they are deadly.

In a Darkhold City where the Dark Moon Clan was located, ten times bigger than Skyhaven City, and on the surface, it was not much different from the main cities of the other two top forces. However, if you go to secluded places and the locations of powerful people, you will hear a cry for help and a cry of pleasure.

In a dimly lit alleyway, a group of men gathered around a woman with wings and a long, slender tail. They were rough and brutish, their faces twisted with lust and greed as they pawed at her body.

The woman tried to resist, but she was outnumbered and outmatched. She whimpered as they ripped her clothes off, revealing her soft, pale skin and curves that seemed to defy the laws of nature.

Suddenly, a figure emerged from the shadows, her eyes flashing with righteous anger. It was Vesper, a skilled cultivator and a disciple of the Radiant Holy Lands, who had come to this place on a secret mission.

"Get away from her!" she bellowed, drawing her sword.

The men sneered and turned to face her, their hands reaching for their own weapons.

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"You're a long way from home, little girl," one of them said with a smirk.

Vesper didn't flinch. She was used to dealing with scum like this. "I won't ask you again," she said firmly. "Step away from her, or face the consequences."

The men hesitated, sizing her up. Vesper was small, but she carried herself with an air of confidence that suggested she was not to be underestimated.

One of them made a move towards her, and Vesper sprang into action. She moved with blinding speed, her sword flashing in the darkness as she cut down the men one by one.

The woman with wings huddled in a corner, trembling with fear and gratitude. When it was all over, Vesper went over to her and wrapped a cloak around her shivering form.

"Come with me," she said gently. "I'll take you somewhere safe."

The woman nodded, tears streaming down her face. Vesper took her by the hand and led her out of the alleyway, her heart heavy with the knowledge of what went on in this city every day. She knew that there were many more like this woman, trapped in a world where they were nothing more than commodities to be bought and sold.

But for now, she would focus on the task at hand. She had a mission to complete, and she would not rest until she had achieved it.

In the heart of the city, a wealthy merchant known for his love of exotic slaves was entertaining a group of guests in his luxurious mansion. The air was thick with the scent of incense and the soft murmur of conversation as the guests sipped wine and admired the decor.

In a secluded chamber off to the side, the merchant was indulging in one of his favorite pastimes – a beautiful female monster with wings and a tail was lying on a plush bed, moaning softly as he explored her body with his hands. The merchant was a rough and demanding lover, and he enjoyed the power he had over his slaves.

The female monster, however, seemed to be enjoying herself despite the rough treatment. Her eyes were closed, and her breathing was becoming more labored as the merchant continued to touch her in all the right places. Suddenly, she arched her back and let out a cry of pleasure, her wings and tail thrashing about in ecstasy.

The merchant grinned triumphantly, pleased with his own skill in pleasing his slave. He leaned down to kiss her, but before he could do so, she suddenly sat up and snarled at him, her eyes glowing with a fierce light.

The merchant was taken aback by the sudden change in his slave's demeanor, but before he could react, she had grabbed him by the throat and lifted him off the ground with surprising strength. The other guests, who had heard the commotion, burst into the room just in time to see the female monster snap the merchant's neck with a sickening crunch.

The guests were shocked and horrified by the sudden violence, but they knew better than to cross a slave who had just killed her owner.

One of the guests, a tall and imposing figure, spoke up. "Why didn't the slave mark activate to stop her from killing her master?" he asked, his voice cold and measured. No one in the room could answer, as they were all too stunned by what had just happened.

Just then, the doors to the room burst open and a group of guards entered, weapons drawn. "What is the meaning of this?" demanded the lead guard, looking around the room. His eyes fell on the dead merchant and the female monster standing over him, still snarling and growling.

Without hesitation, the guards rushed forward and attempted to apprehend the slave. But she fought back with a ferocity that took them by surprise, tearing into them with her claws and fangs. In the

chaos, the guests scrambled to get out of the way, some tripping and falling as they tried to escape the carnage.

παπα---nova| com It was a brutal and bloody battle, with the slave holding her own against the guards, despite being outnumbered. But eventually, she was overwhelmed and subdued, her limbs bound with sturdy chains.

As the guards dragged her away, the guests exchanged worried glances, knowing that they had just witnessed something that would not be easily forgotten. The question of why the slave mark had failed to control the monster would haunt them for days to come, as they tried to make sense of the chaos that had engulfed the room.