

The World Is Mine For The Taking

Chapter 43: Chapter 7 - Disciplining The Naughty Bandit (2)

Now, the discussion turned to how we should go about locating Artemis' people. To my disappointment, however, even after infiltrating a brothel by posing as a prostitute in training, the woman before me hadn't gathered any noteworthy information.

"Well, that's a bit tricky," I mumbled to myself, a hint of frustration evident as I uncrossed and recrossed my legs.

"Can you cut that out?" Artemis snapped.

"Cut what out?"

"That. You uncrossing and recrossing your legs like that. You do know that you're still naked, right?"

"Oh, that? Well, that's not our top concern right now, is it? Let's focus on the task at hand," I replied with a sly grin, giving my legs another little show.

"Seems like we're in a bit of a bind, Artemis. Are you absolutely sure there's no lead? Nothing?"

"Nothing," she sighed, her eyes attempting to divert their attention from what lay between my legs. "But I did pick up from the old lady in the brothel that Martha's brother played a role in the women ending up there. Does that count as a lead?"

"Well, yeah," I said, a glimmer of optimism breaking through. Actually, it was better than a big fat zero. "Do you know the brother's name?"

"Norman Amarathea," she replied.

After that chat, Artemis headed back to her assigned room, while I made my way down to the Dungeon. As soon as I cracked the door open, the fragrance of a woman teased my nostrils. The scent had a mesmerizing quality, causing a haze to settle over me, and I found myself drawn towards it. Was this what they called pheromones? It sure seemed like it.

The woman I had earlier drugged with an aphrodisiac lay sprawled on the bed, arms and legs in abandon. The bed itself was soaked, not just with sweat but also her, well, juices. She lay there with her eyes only visible as white orbs. For a moment, I wondered if she'd gone and kicked the bucket from sheer arousal, but a closer look revealed the rise and fall of her chest.

Her face glowed crimson, and each breath escaped her parted lips as a misty sigh.

In simpler terms, she was on the brink. As I approached, her head turned in my direction. Her eyes, once rolled all the way back, now returned to their rightful place, revealing a mix of pleasure and desperation.

"A, A, A... A man," she gasped, the words trembling on her lips.

What was this? Was it because she was teetering on the edge that her awareness of the surroundings had become so acute?

"Aaaahh~! P-Please, slide your thing inside me! I'll go crazy if you don't, I swear!" she screamed, attempting to break free from the bindings holding her

to the bed, but her efforts were futile. "Ahhh! What are these restraints?! Just take them off, and let me have that thing right now!

If you don't embrace me, this aphrodisiac will drive me insane!"

The woman before me didn't need to elaborate on the aphrodisiac's effects. I could already discern from her fevered state that denying her the pleasure she craved would push her to the brink of ecstasy-induced madness.

"Oh? Is that so?" I said with an air of indifference.

Her face flushed even deeper, and it wasn't just the aphrodisiac amplifying her emotions; it was a simmering anger. "What do you mean, 'is that so'? How can you be so blasé about this? You're the reason I'm in this state. Hurry up and take responsibility! If you don't, I'll genuinely lose it!"

"I have no idea what you're talking about. Responsibility? What have I supposedly done that requires me to take responsibility?"

"What are you saying?! You've done this to me!"

"Oh, really?"

"Grrr...." she growled, staring at me as if I were a cold-blooded murderer who had just wiped out her entire family. In that tense moment, a metallic chime resonated in my head. I promptly checked the requirements for dominating her.

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

Name: Sandra

Race: Human-Beast Hybrid

Requirements to dominate Sandra:

1. Have Sex With Sandra And Stop The Effects Of The Aphrodisiacs

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

....

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The first requirement was straightforward enough, getting straight to the point. I could halt the effects of the aphrodisiacs by simply fucking her. But handing it over so easily? Nah, I needed something from her first.

"Well, let's just say I did something to you that demands me to be responsible," I said, snagging a chair and placing it beside the bed. I sat on it backward, arms resting on the upper part of the backrest. Grinning, I

continued, "What are you willing to surrender for me to take on that responsibility?"

Her gaze met mine, a vivid blend of arousal and anger coloring her flushed face. "I'll give you anything. Just give me your cock!"

My grin broadened. "Anything?"

"Yes! Anything! I'll offer you my virginity! Just please, take me!"

She must have been truly at her wit's end, judging by how she was tossing her virginity at me without a second thought. But that wasn't exactly the currency I was looking for in this negotiation.

"Then..." I leaned in, my voice low. "Tell me who you're working for."

Anticipating resistance, I was taken aback when she spilled the beans without a moment's hesitation. "Gerald Rancas."

Well, that was unexpected. I had assumed she was in cahoots with Norman Amarathea, but it seemed my guess had missed the mark.

"And who is this Gerald Rancas?"

"My boss," she responded.

"A bandit leader?"

"Yeah. He headed our bandit crew. But he's six feet under now, all thanks to you. So, I'm jobless. If you give me your dick right now, I'm all in to work for you. How about it?"

"Just give it to me already!"

"Shush," I hushed her with a finger on my lips. "Don't be so impatient. I'll give it to you. But first, let me ask you: do you know who hired your bandit group, and what was the reason behind it?"

I harbored no illusions that Sandra held the key to those elusive answers. She wasn't the bandit leader, so any ignorance on her part would be understandable. Yet, against my expectations, she possessed the sought-after information.

"I think the name is Norman," she revealed. "He mentioned his 'pets' escaping, so he tasked us with catching them before they slipped away."

"Hmm..." I hummed, genuinely impressed. "And how did you come by this knowledge?"

"Gerald likes me, so he spills everything. But I never let his hands defile me because I can't stand the man. His breath reeks, and he's just plain fat. I despise him with every fiber of my being. Thanks to you, though, I'm finally free from that torment," she continued. "Is that all?"

If so, fuck me already! I'm practically dying here!"

"That's not the information I need, but I appreciate it anyway," I replied as I rose from the seat. "However, I require more details about this Norman person."

Her eyes widened, "W-What?! You're still not going to do it after all of that?! I've been at my wit's end here!"

"I assure you, I'll give it to you once you provide me with clearer information about this Norman person."

"Tsk!" she clicked her tongue, fixing me with a look that practically screamed murder. "Fine. But promise me, after I spill the details, you'll take me! My lower regions are practically throbbing with need, and I can't endure it any longer!"

"I promise," I said, leaning in. "Now, who is this Norman person?"

A pause.

"He's the puppet master behind countless kidnappings in various villages," she began, her voice low. "A serpent in the shadows, slipping through unnoticed. You won't even realize someone around you is missing until it's too late. Sometimes, even the victims themselves don't know they've been taken. They only find out when someone tells them."

Norman isn't just skilled at kidnapping; he's a master of outsmarting, a blackmailer with a silver tongue. Some even call him the devil's advocate. Gerald always spoke highly of his cunning, describing him as a formidable force. I've never met him in person; everything I know is from Gerald's mouth. But I do know something about him. He's known as the Don of the Black Market."

"Hmm..." I mused. "That was some precious intel," I acknowledged, strolling over to a nearby table. The drawer opened with a creak, and I retrieved a key, the metallic clink resonating in the room. Returning to the bed, I held the key in my hand. "So, as pledged, I'll give you what you desire," I declared. "But you must assure me that hostility is off the table."

Any inkling of aggression, and I'll cease immediately, leaving you hanging dry and chained to that St. Andrew's cross right over there. Is that crystal clear?"

She nodded vigorously.

"Let the fun begin," I whispered, approaching her restrained form. With a deliberate slowness, I inserted the key into the handcuffs, the metallic clasp unlocking with a satisfying click.