

The World 57

Chapter 57: Irene (4)

Dominic Risern, the heir to the Risern Marquess, was the second son of the Risern Family. Originally not destined to be the heir, an incident a year ago reshuffled the cards, making him the legal successor. However, due to his unsavory behavior that rubbed many people the wrong way, especially those from other noble families, opposition arose against him inheriting the Marquessate.

Despite this, Dominic still maintained enough status to assemble his own group of hangers-on. Well, they were essentially drawn to him for his wealth and social standing.

However, there was something fishy about Dominic, and I had a hunch. When I tasked Sandra with digging into the Black Market, she happened to come across Dominic. She also mentioned that Dominic once approached her former bandit crew for something, though she wasn't around for that particular job, so her knowledge on the matter wasn't too solid.

So, I instructed Gabrielle to look into it, and she dove into the investigation. What we uncovered was a web of connections. Dominic Risern had ties to the underworld, operating under the influence of Norman Amarathea. Dominic played a crucial role in facilitating Norman's entry into a city whenever he planned a kidnapping spree.

The unfortunate victims often ended up as prostitutes, slaves, and, on occasion, as Dominic's sex slaves. While Dominic was undoubtedly a scumbag, he lacked the serpentine cunning of Norman. That's precisely why Gabrielle could extract information on him.

Now, standing right in front of me was Dominic Risern himself. I looked at him with a smirk, playing the part of nonchalance. However, unbeknownst to the spectators around us, I was staring him down, emanating a palpable sense of bloodlust. As I did so, his eyes betrayed a hint of fear.

Approaching him, still maintaining my smirk, I closed the distance until I could casually rest a hand on his shoulder. Leaning in, I whispered into his ear, "I heard from your brother that you're a very naughty little brother who'd do anything to get what he wants."

"W-What?" He widened his eyes, and I felt his body shiver under the weight of my words.

"Your brother," I clarified. "He suggested I handle you if you misbehave again."

Dominic trembled. His thoughts must have been racing, likely along the lines of 'How could this be?' This reaction was expected, I supposed. After all, his brother was already dead, and the one responsible for his demise was none other than Dominic himself. He could have dismissed it as a bluff, claiming there was no way I could have known his brother. Yet, fear seemed to paralyze him.

"So, what punishment should befit this mischievous little bro?" I mused. "How about... let's see... something akin to what you did to your big bro?"

"H-Huh?"

"What exactly did you do to him? Ah, right. After abducting him with the help of someone from the underground, you peddled him as a sex slave catering to those with certain inclinations. Then, you drove him insane by pumping him full of drugs. Once he lost his sanity, you decided to end his suffering, selling his organs for... ten gold coins, wasn't it?"

That's what happened, right?"

I scrutinized his face, now drained of color, and he was audibly breathing heavily. Panic seemed to grip him as he grappled with the mystery of how I had come by this information. It was all thanks to Gabrielle's investigative prowess that I had unraveled his secret.

"N-No..."

"...And what's the reason behind it?"

"...S-Stop, please..."

"N-No more..."

"It's because you wanted to secure your position as the legal heir, right?"

"I..."

"You orchestrated all of this just so your Papa could be prouder of you than your big bro, the one you've envied since childhood."

"I d-didn't..."

"What a truly mischievous little bro, resorting to such mischief against his big bro out of sheer jealousy..."

"...St-Stop..."

Tears welled up in his fear-filled eyes, spilling forth.

I smirked, "But even after everything you did, dear ol' Dad still couldn't muster any pride for you."

That appeared to be the breaking point, as he began to sob openly.

"Now, let me make you feel the pain your brother endured in his last moments."

I couldn't fathom the agony his brother went through, but considering the circumstances, it must have been excruciating. Losing his sanity, being killed while alive, and having his organs sold to unknown buyers—pure horror. I harnessed my bloodlust, projecting it onto him. Although it couldn't physically harm him, this power had the potency to inflict deep emotional and mental wounds.

I aimed to use my bloodlust to drive him to the brink of madness.

Why was I doing this? Well, technically, it shouldn't have been any of my business, but his mother proved to be a valuable asset to me. Thus, I decided to dismantle his house, starting with this act, and then proceed to acquire his mother.

After the ordeal, he wailed, and steaming liquid pooled on the ground beneath him. Stepping back, I observed him with a smirk. This marked the end of the Risern Family unless the current Marquess took decisive action, sealing the fate of their house. It would be the opportune moment for me to infiltrate.

'Now that's done, I suppose I should attend to her...' I mused.

I glanced at Professor Irene, donned in a plain dress that made it challenging to discern her true identity. Truth be told, I found her even more appealing in this attire. I employed my skill on her.

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

Name: Irene Brightspear

Race: Human

Requirements to dominate Irene:

1. Have Sex With Irene

2. Unlock

3. Unlock

4. Unlock

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The first requirement was another straightforward one, but I suspected it would be more challenging than with Sandra. Frankly, I had no idea how to approach completing this requirement. It was bound to be a tough task.

Approaching her, I scooped her up into a princess carry.

"Whuh?!" she exclaimed.

"Grab onto me if you don't want to fall," I instructed. Activating my wind magic, I boosted our jump and landed on the rooftop. As I distanced myself from the bar, I felt a skill effect dissipate. Before arriving, I had Artemis alter my appearance slightly. She was present in the bar too, as her skill could only work within a limited range.

That explained why the effect vanished the moment I moved away from the bar. I made a mental note to thank her for her assistance.

I peered down at the woman in my arms, finding her gaze fixed on me, her cheeks tinged with a pink hue. Oblivious to her slightly crooked glasses, she seemed deeply engrossed. It appeared that she had caught on to the fact that I was her student. I guess when you know each other, it's inevitable that you'll figure it out.

"I'm sorry, Professor," I apologized. "For handling the situation in that manner."

"Huh?!" she snapped to attention. "Y-Yeah. You should have handled it more diplomatically. What you did back there isn't what I'd expect from a student at the Academy!"

"Yeah, I should have followed the teachings from the Academy," I admitted. "That's why I apologize. As a gesture of goodwill, how about I treat you to something?"

"Th-Treat me?"

"Yeah, anything you like."

"Do you even have the money for that?" she questioned skeptically. "I mean, you're just a student. And an orphan, no less. W-Wait. If you do have the money, where did it come from? If I find out it's from some dirty dealings, I won't accept it.

I'll make sure those coins go where they belong!"

"Come on now, Professor. Don't just jump to conclusions and picture me as some kind of thieving scoundrel. I work during breaks, you know?" I retorted.

"I-Is that so? My apologies for the assumption..." After a brief pause, she requested, "H-Hey, can you put me down now?"

I descended to the ground and gently released her. She smoothed out her slightly crumpled long skirt, and then fixed her crooked glasses. She then looked at me, "Alright, I'll take you up on your offer. But, I don't think any cheap alcohol will suit my refined taste, you know?"

"Great," I said with a confident grin. "I know a place that serves the finest selection."

She raised an eyebrow, "Is that so? Well, I hope your taste matches your confidence."

I think Amon was done with something I'd asked her to do. Given her capabilities, she would undoubtedly have completed the task. It had only been a week since I assigned it, but considering she crafted a smartphone in just about three months, I believe she could've finished it already, especially with the support of the fifty-two women under her.

While it might seem like I'm setting high expectations, Amon has consistently exceeded them in the past, so it's not just wishful thinking.

With this in mind, both of us headed to Leonamon's.