

The World 62

Chapter 62: The Battle At The Black Market, Part 1 (2)

"Her injuries are a real fucking mess..." I muttered, my gaze fixed on the woman's battered face. It was a gruesome canvas of purples and reds, compliments of that heartless bastard Norman. It blew my mind that he'd go to such lengths, even with his own sister. "Well, I guess that's par for the course for the guy known as the Don of the Black Market."

Once I'd liberated her from the restraints, I lifted her lifeless form and navigated out of that hellhole. The diversion I'd set up seemed to have worked like a charm. Now, my main focus was hauling ass out of the Black Market and back to Lord Mephisto. But before all that, I had to deal with her. If she didn't get some treatment soon, she'd be in a world of pain.

Failing Lord Mephisto wasn't an option. That was the last thing on my mind. Guiding her into a dark alley, far from Norman's lackeys, I gently propped her against the wall.

"Hold tight for a moment," I said, easing the woman down. My magical prowess might not be top-tier, but I damn well knew my way around healing abilities. As a former bandit always navigating dangerous situations, healing magic proved more valuable than its offensive counterpart.

I extended a hand towards her battered face, letting the surge of my mana flow through it. An intense green glow immediately emanated from my hand, casting an eerie light in the dark alley. Her lifeless features began to regain a semblance of vitality, and the harsh hues of purple slowly receded.

My healing magic wouldn't perform miracles, but it should be enough to prevent her from succumbing to the severity of her injuries.

Amid the healing process, a faint sound echoed behind me.

"Who's there?" I snapped to attention, my dagger unsheathed, poised for confrontation. In the Black Market's shadows, anyone lurking wasn't to be trusted.

"You don't need to be so defensive," a man's voice reverberated in the darkness. "I'm just curious why two women would find themselves in a place like this. Hmm? Is that one woman alright? She looks pretty messed up."

The man lingered in the abyss of darkness, his form shrouded from view, yet a single eye emitted an eerie glow, cutting through the obscurity like a sinister beacon.

". . . ."

A heavy silence enveloped the alley as I maintained my vigilant stance against this enigmatic figure concealed in the shadows.

The man, unfazed by my caution, emitted a resigned sigh. "I'll stay right here; no need to be overly guarded. If you wish, I can mend the woman there. Just need to pose a few questions in return."

"Why should I put my trust in someone lurking in the shadows?"

"Because I'm the sole entity capable of aiding your escape from this place," he declared. A bone-chilling sensation crawled down my spine, hinting that this concealed figure was not one to be taken lightly.

My hand trembled, causing the blade in my grip to waver. What was this sensation? Was it fear? No, it felt much darker, more sinister. As I contemplated, I realized the moon shone so brilliantly that it could penetrate every corner of the Black Market. So, why did the alley I stood in remain cloaked in an impenetrable darkness?

Ah... I get it now... He's...

"Y-You're him!" My voice, fraught with realization, sliced through the oppressive silence. "Shit!"

Without hesitation, I swept up the woman, cradling her in a princess carry, and sprinted away from that cursed alley.

This is disastrous! This is catastrophic! This is fucking apocalyptic! Gerald's warnings echoed in my mind about this enigmatic figure—the one who cast a shadow of terror over the underground society. A force so formidable that none dared to delve into the depths of his power.

"I guess you can't trust me, huh? Well, that's to be expected..." His voice echoed through the distance, taunting and laced with a hint of disappointment. "Too bad. I was even willing to help you escape and heal her, but since you're not up for it, I guess there's nothing I can do. Okay, you can do whatever you want with them now."

"Jeez, I'm not your fucking lapdog, you know." A figure emerged from the shadows, his face twisted into a devilish smirk. Blue hair flowed like an otherworldly stream, and his eyes gleamed with a menacing glint.

Norman?! He was with Norman?! I hadn't sensed his presence at all!

"Now then..." Norman unsheathed his dagger, the metal catching the moonlight with a malicious glimmer. "How about you hand over everything you stole from me? The fucking gold and my little sister you're carrying over there?!" He propelled himself towards me, his movements almost too swift to comprehend. He closed the distance in an instant, materializing right in front of me. "Boo!"

He slashed his dagger toward me, and in a moment of instinct, I halted my sprint, leaping backward just in time. Fortune favored me; the blade sliced through the air mere inches from my form. A narrow escape.

Norman, undeterred, lunged towards me with an ominous intensity, his dagger flashing with intent. "How dare you try to snatch my fucking belongings, huh, you slut?!"

I raised my dagger to intercept his attack, but with the woman cradled in my arms, I couldn't muster enough strength to block his onslaught. The clash of blades sent my dagger flying.

Shit! This is going downhill fast! With no other choice, I reached for my handgun holstered at my waist, aiming it at Norman. The mere sight of the firearm halted his advance.

He sighed, "Why the fuck do people resort to long-ranged weapons when they find themselves beaten in close combat? This is seriously fucking cheating, dude..." His dagger smoothly found its way back into its sheath, a testament to his nonchalance.

"...You're pretty ballsy, sheathing your dagger even though I've got a gun aimed at you," I shot back.

He smirked devilishly, "It's not like you can hit me with it anyway."

"Are you sure about that?"

"I'm fucking sure. Why don't you try if you think I'm bluffing?" He spread his arms wide for emphasis. "But I'm warning you, though. The moment you shoot a fucking bullet out of that gun, you'll be the one getting hit."

His confidence intrigued me, yet I paid little heed to his warning. Without hesitation, I tightened my grip on the trigger. A bullet erupted from the gun's muzzle, hurtling towards Norman. Unperturbed, he stood there, the eerie grin on his face undisturbed. The projectile streaked towards him at a perilous speed, an imminent collision that seemed certain to end him.

I was certain he would be hit, perhaps even killed.

Just as I was savoring the sense of control, an abrupt depletion of my mana sent a chilling shock through me. A bullet whistled perilously close, teasingly grazing a few strands of my hair. Lady Luck, my skill, seemed to have activated, but the question was – why?

Norman's dark chuckle echoed, "Hehehehehe. Lucky dodge there. Without your precious luck, your brains would be decorating these streets."

Confusion swirled in my mind. Had someone stealthily approached from behind and taken a shot? But then, how did Norman manage to sidestep the bullet?

"You look quite flustered. And now that I'm really seeing your face, you're a damn gorgeous woman. Keeping you as a sex slave feels like a far more rewarding endeavor. How about I fuck you together with my sister?" He drew his dagger, licking the blade with a sinister grin. "Sounds like an appealing idea."

In that moment, everything went haywire. He kicked the air in front of him, and suddenly, I felt the force of that kick in my hand, sending the gun flying into the air. He lunged at me the moment my gun soared into the air. Overwhelmed and flustered, I struggled to comprehend the unfolding chaos. My mana depleted, I couldn't rely on magic to counter his attack. What options did I have?

Gently placing the woman in my arms on the ground, I shifted into a defensive stance. Despite my proficiency in martial arts, facing someone armed with a blade seemed daunting. Nevertheless, it was my only recourse. Attempting to kick the blade from his hand, my strike was met with his arm, and in an instant, he closed in with the knife.

"What a feeble kick. You're not cut out for this, so just surrender!" he sneered.

Ah, right. The mana depletion left my body sluggish, making it challenging to mount a significant counterattack. It felt like everything was spiraling into hopelessness. I'm sorry I failed you, Lord Mephisto. But fear not, I won't allow this man to violate my body. No one but you will ever touch it.

I won't betray you. I'll always belong to you. So, before this man can do anything to me, I'll fight back. If it comes down to it, I'll bite my own tongue and kill myself.