

The World 89

Chapter 89: To The Black Market (1)

Leon's POV

After returning from the abruptly concluded joint training, I headed to Martha's location. Using an elevator, I descended to her level. It wasn't surprising to find an elevator here, given that Amon had engineered and designed the entire building. Still, I couldn't help but be impressed by her capabilities.

Upon reaching my destination, I found myself surrounded by walls painted white. I continued forward until I reached a sight that stopped me in my tracks – Martha encased in ice. This was our way of preventing her decay.

I reached out and touched the ice, feeling its freezing cold. It was almost enough to make my fingers go numb.

After a moment, I sensed someone behind me.

"Master," Amon greeted with a bow. "Everything is ready."

I looked at her as she remained bowed. After she raised her head, she continued, "Let me lead the way."

She led me into a room, its walls coated in pristine white, mirroring the sterile atmosphere outside. At the far end stood a mannequin adorned with a black suit, complete with a white long-sleeved undershirt, black tie, and matching pants.

"I've upgraded your suit, Master," Amon explained, gesturing towards the ensemble. "It's now impervious to magic and slashing attacks. Embedded within are powerful magic circles that provide instant healing in case of injury during battle. Additionally, it's projectile-proof, ensuring any incoming projectiles bounce harmlessly away."

My gaze shifted to the nearby mask, a comedy mask resting beside the suit.

"This mask shares the same enhancements," Amon continued, her tone matter-of-fact. "It's immune to magic, projectile-proof, and contains magic circles that heighten your senses while wearing it. Crafted from a powerful metallic substance, it's virtually indestructible. And with a voice-changing magic circle inside, your voice will be altered while wearing it."

I scrutinized the mask, its intricate surface adorned with a mesmerizing array of colorful magic circles, each pulsating with arcane energy. As I examined it, a hidden compartment in the wall slid open, unveiling an impressive arsenal of weapons. Daggers, swords, firearms, and an array of projectile weapons lay before me, each gleaming ominously in the soft light of the room.

Setting the mask aside, I approached the weapons, feeling the weight of power in the air. My hand reached out, selecting a dagger from the collection. Its blade shimmered with a deadly allure, promising swift and efficient execution. With a practiced grip, I tested its balance, feeling the potency thrumming beneath my fingertips.

It was a weapon forged for precision, crafted to cut through flesh with the ease of a hot knife through butter.

After a moment of contemplation, I returned the dagger to its resting place, turning my attention back to Amon. "Did you craft all of these?" I inquired, my curiosity piqued by the impressive display before me.

"No," she responded, her voice tinged with pride. "Among our ranks are women skilled in the arts of engineering and weaponcraft. One such individual, Beatrice, is a master blacksmith and craftsman. She is responsible for creating many of the weapons you see here, including the dagger you held."

"Beatrice, huh?" I mused, trying to recall her. Amidst the women who held my attention, her name didn't ring a bell.

"She's the one with the Ore Appraisal skill," Amon clarified.

"I see..." I muttered, still unable to conjure a clear image of her in my mind. Regardless, I knew I had to show my appreciation for her hard work somehow. "Well, when the opportunity arises, I'll make sure she receives her due reward."

"She'll surely appreciate it," Amon replied, her smile warm and reassuring. "She's expressed her gratitude for your intervention, mentioning that she wants to repay you."

"Is that so?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," Amon confirmed. "She admitted that she was grateful for being saved from a potential life of prostitution, and expressed her willingness to repay you. I assured her that you weren't seeking anything in return, but if she insisted on repaying you, she could offer herself. Blushing profusely, she agreed, stating that if her body was sufficient, she'd be more than willing."

Now, I found myself intrigued by the dynamics unfolding among the women under my care. Initially, they harbored fear, uncertain of what I had in store for them. However, after nearly a month of working alongside me, I sensed a tentative trust beginning to form.

Well, except for Ayane, who seemed to harbor lingering doubts, particularly since her first requirement for domination remained unfulfilled despite my intervention to save her from a life of prostitution.

But such matters were secondary at the moment. With the trap failing against Norman, the only recourse left was to confront him head-on. This meant venturing into the Black Market to rescue Martha and Charlotte. This time, I resolved not to beat around the bush. I would confront him directly.

Gabrielle's warnings about maintaining a low profile and refraining from taking matters into my own hands echoed in my mind, but after the string of failures I'd faced while laying low, I couldn't sit idly by any longer.

After informing Amon of my intention to reward Beatrice upon my return with Norman and Charlotte, she bowed respectfully before proceeding to dress me in my Mephisto outfit. This attire consisted of the mask and the sleek black suit, albeit upgraded from its previous iteration.

The suit hugged me perfectly, tailored to fit my frame just right. It was evident that every stitch had been crafted with precision, a garment designed specifically for me. I couldn't help but wonder how Amon had managed to acquire my measurements so accurately.

As she deftly adjusted the tie, our concentration was interrupted by the entrance of a familiar figure - Artemis, her long ears concealed to appear human.

"What brings you here?" I inquired.

"Are you disappointed that my plan failed?" she asked.

"Why would I be?" I replied casually, allowing Amon to adjust my tie without a glance in Artemis's direction. In truth, I harbored no disappointment. "If anything, the fault lies with me for placing too much faith in your plan."

"It sounds like you're disappointed, though," Artemis persisted. "Would you allow me to make it up to you for the failure I've caused?"

"By doing what?" I inquired, curious about her proposed form of compensation. From the determined glint in her eyes, it was evident that she wasn't suggesting compensating with her body.

"By accompanying you," she declared.

This revelation caught me off guard. "You want to come with me?"

Artemis nodded. "Yes. I believe it's the best way to make amends for my failed plan. Plus, I have my own score to settle with Norman. He's not just responsible for Martha's predicament, but also for kidnapping many of my people."

I met her gaze, absorbing her words. Gabrielle had previously informed me that some of Artemis's people had been ensnared in the black market, forced into prostitution by Norman's machinations. He was undoubtedly culpable for the disappearance of many of her elven kin. However, there were still countless others unaccounted for, and Norman wasn't the sole perpetrator.

It indicated a more extensive network of individuals involved in the nefarious trade.

It dawned on me that Artemis's desire to accompany me likely stemmed from a desire to seek justice for her people.

'Honestly, it'd be more efficient for me to handle this alone,' I admitted, weighing my options. Despite Artemis's capabilities, I didn't want her to slow me down. However, considering her rank as the top of the gold class fourth years, I knew she wasn't one to be underestimated. Allowing her to accompany me might prove beneficial after all.

"Alright," I conceded. "If you insist. Besides, having you with me might offer some reassurance, especially as we venture into brothels along the way. I'd rather not risk being stabbed in the back by one of the women there."

Her eyes widened in surprise. "Wait, you're planning to visit brothels? And what do you mean by finding relief with me around? You're not planning anything untoward, are you?"

"I'm a man of my word," I assured her, meeting her gaze evenly. "I promised you that I wouldn't touch you until we've found your people. I won't go back on that. Besides, as the saying goes, it's sweeter to taste the fruit you've cultivated and let it ripen, rather than indulging in unripe fruit."

"I don't think I've heard that saying before..." Artemis remarked, her brow furrowing in confusion.

"Well, now you have," I replied nonchalantly. "The point is, I'm not going to fuck you yet, Artemis. Not until I've helped you."

"What are you trying to do with me then?" she inquired, still puzzled by my intentions.

"I'll let you guard me while I fuck," I explained bluntly, a mischievous glint dancing in my eyes. "Is that really so hard to understand? I'd rather not risk getting stabbed in the back by some knife-wielding woman while I'm at it, you know?"

Artemis stared at me incredulously, as if questioning my sanity. However, she remained silent, indicating her reluctant acceptance of my suggestion, albeit begrudgingly.

Meanwhile, a faint metallic chime echoed in the recesses of my mind, signaling the completion of the first requirement.

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1. Agree to help Artemis

Completed!

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The second requirement had been unlocked.

2. Convince Artemis to give you a blowjob