

The World 90

Chapter 90: To The Black Market (2)

Artemis's POV

To be honest, I severely underestimated him. But then again, maybe it's not surprising that I did. After all, he's just a young man, likely hasn't seen much of the world yet.

His magical prowess was downright abysmal, granted, and he had the physique and stamina of a seasoned fighter (I mean, making two women faint and still standing strong in the nether regions is quite a feat), but it didn't really knock my socks off. I've crossed paths with countless formidable wizards and fighters over the centuries. Compared to them, his skills were rather run-of-the-mill.

Yet, what I failed to grasp was that this young man was a mere eighteen years old, whereas the other greats I've encountered had lived through scores of decades. He hadn't even hit his prime yet, but he already possessed remarkable combat prowess and had a harem of women ready to cater to his every whim.

I underestimated him, plain and simple. In all my centuries on this earth, I'd never come across a young man with such raw power.

My mother once told me of a prophecy, a prophecy about a man of unparalleled strength destined to arise once in a million years. She, being the venerable queen of the elven race, had never encountered such a man herself. She believed this man would one day rescue our dwindling race from the brink of extinction. You see, elves, we only possess one gender—female.

Centuries ago, countless males perished in the war that raged among the four continents: the Demi-human lands, the realm of the Beastfolk, the dominion of Humans, and the territory of Demons. Many male elves perished in that brutal conflict, leaving us to propagate through magical means alone. Our method involves a spell, one that conjures forth offspring without the need for a man's seed.

Elves are selective in their choice of partners, hence resorting to such methods.

However, the magic involved in crafting offspring within the womb was perilous. There was always a catch, as reality often dictates. The success rate of this spell was a meager 10%, and failure meant certain death. My mother, fortunate enough, managed to survive the process, birthing me into the world.

She imparted upon me the belief that a man wielding immense power could be the savior of our race. With only around 300 elves remaining—dark and white alike—she envisioned this man revitalizing our dwindling population and ushering in an era of prosperity once more.

Could this really be the man my mother spoke of? I still harbored doubts, finding her words difficult to believe. It all sounded like a tale spun from fiction. Yet, despite my skepticism, I couldn't deny the potential of this young man. His mere presence had the power to send any woman's very womb into a frenzy, and his stamina seemed inexhaustible.

If he truly was the man my mother described, then perhaps there was hope yet for our kingdom of elves to rise from the ashes and reclaim its former glory.

Shredica's POV

After the joint training event abruptly concluded, I made my way back to the lair of the Silver Blade. As I approached the secret entrance, I uttered the code to gain access. With a soft hum, the concealed doorway parted, allowing me to step inside.

"Ah, welcome back, Shredica!" greeted Miss Claire, her form seamlessly passing through the wall thanks to her Permeation skill. "Already returned from your excursion?"

"I didn't go on vacation," I replied. "Anyway, is the leader present?"

"Hmm, I don't believe so," Miss Claire responded. "She's been absent from the lair for quite some time."

"Do you have any idea why?"

"Well..." Miss Claire paused, pondering. "I'm not entirely sure. However, she did mention something about seeking retribution against Norman and the Black Market for our recent losses. Seems she's strategizing her next move."

"...And the leader hasn't breathed a word of this to anyone?"

"Nope."

With that settled, I turned to leave the lair.

"Hey, Shredica, where do you think you're off to?"

"If the leader's not around, there's no point in me sticking around either," I stated, without a glance back.

"Eh? But you just got back!" Miss Claire emerged from the wall, her nude form revealed. "Can't you stay a while? How about we talk about that boyfriend of yours? I bet you two had quite the time together at the academy event, huh? I even lent you my heels, although they weren't exactly meant for that, to help you wrap things up with him.

So come on, spill the juicy details!"

"I didn't borrow them for that reason," I halted in my steps, though I didn't bother to turn around. "And I've reminded you repeatedly, he's not my boyfriend."

With that clarification made, I continued on my way, lost in thought. I believe I understand why the Leader has been keeping her plans under wraps. She must have deemed it necessary to maintain secrecy, not trusting us entirely. It's a rational decision, considering the circumstances. However, her behavior may lead to discord within the Silver Blades.

The future of our group hangs precariously, poised between potential dissolution and internal strife.

In light of this, I don't require her approval to return to the Black Market. I'll pursue my own agenda. With that resolve in mind, I embarked on my journey to the Black Market.

Leon's POV

We finally arrived at Pleasure City, both of us cloaked in black hoods. Under normal circumstances, our attire would raise suspicion, but Pleasure City wasn't exactly normal. It was a haven for those with power, where they could indulge in pleasures under different identities. Adventurers, mercenaries, and all sorts frequented this place, seeking companionship of various kinds.

Unlike the illicit Black Market, this city was legal, sanctioned by the previous king. Rumor had it that he frequented the place himself, which likely contributed to its legality.

Night had already descended upon the city when we arrived.

"Let's find a place to rest for now," I suggested, and Artemis nodded in agreement.

We entered a pub. Muscular men, likely mercenaries or adventurers, occupied tables, some engaged in lively conversation, others with women hidden beneath their tables. Artemis paled at the sight.

"What in the world is this madness?" Artemis exclaimed.

"Is this your first time witnessing such debauchery?" I inquired.

"I knew men were creatures who enjoyed pleasure, but I never imagined it would be to this extent," she replied, visibly disturbed.

To be honest, even I found the scene unsettling. I mean, this pub was practically a haven for orgies. But compared to some of the other establishments in Pleasure City, it was relatively tame. Some pubs bordered on the grotesque, enough to make you want to wash your eyes out. At least here, they valued discretion and didn't engage in such activities openly.

"Well, you're going to witness me indulging as well, so I suggest you brace yourself," I informed her.

"Wait, you're going to partake in this here too?" she asked incredulously.

"Don't fret. I won't be engaging right here in the open. A secluded spot will suffice. Perhaps a dark alley," I reassured her. "But you'll stand guard while I take care of business."

"You're not even considering finding a more discreet location like a room? And you expect me to guard you while you... do that?" Artemis stammered, clearly taken aback.

"As I mentioned, some women here aren't above betrayal, especially in the heat of the moment. I have a tendency to let my guard down, so I'll need you to intervene if things get dicey," I explained.

Artemis regarded me with a mixture of shock and disbelief. "Y-You're serious about this?"

"Why would I jest about something like this?" I responded. "This is an opportunity for me to bolster my strength."

"S-Stre...?" she faltered, clearly confused. "W-Wait. What do you mean?"

"Well, perhaps now's the perfect time to enlighten you. Since you'll be accompanying me, there's no harm in divulging," I continued. "I derive strength from sex."

Her eyes widened in astonishment. She must have been itching to inquire further, finding my statement rather peculiar. However, I didn't offer any additional explanation and simply made my way to one of the tables.

Almost immediately, two scantly clad women approached me. Their short jeans barely covered anything, revealing glimpses of their panties with every movement. Their midriff crop tops left their navels exposed, and the strings of their panties peeked out from above their jeans.

They dressed provocatively, flaunting their skin with their tight-fitting outfits that showcased their toned stomachs and thighs.

They were cute, but not overly so, unlike my own women who were breathtakingly beautiful, surpassing even goddesses. These women were just right.

As they approached me, they began to dance with fervor, their movements designed to seduce any man who laid eyes on them.

"Master, what can we do for you?" they asked in unison. "Would you like some beer, food, or perhaps the company of a woman tonight?"