

The World 91

Chapter 91: To The Black Market (3)

I eyed them both up.

"Well, the night's just getting started, so I reckon a beer for now. But I'm also in the mood to rent some company," I remarked.

The two women exchanged glances before refocusing their attention on me, striking seductive poses. It was clear they were competing for my attention, trying to stake their claim. This place was their hunting ground, after all. Every customer who walked through that door was their potential prey. And when the clientele was thin, it turned into a fierce competition to see who could snag the most.

It was almost like playing an MMO game, but with real-life stakes.

"Alright then, which one of us would you like to spend some time with?" the first woman asked. She sported short pink hair and a nose piercing, the classic look of someone from the red light district. Under the harsh lighting of the pub, I noticed a difference in the texture of her skin on her face, ears, and neck. It was subtle, but it became more apparent as I focused on it.

She was definitely wearing makeup, which made her appear younger than I initially thought—probably in her early thirties.

"Choose wisely now," the other woman chimed in. Her hair was a vibrant green, cropped short, and she seemed younger than the first. She had a more understated appearance compared to the first woman. Average height, her chest wasn't exactly small, but it didn't scream for attention either.

Her waist was slender, but it didn't cinch in dramatically like the first woman's, giving her less of an hourglass shape. Her hips were about the same width as her chest. Her features were soft, and her makeup was more subtle.

"Before I make my decision," I interjected, "can you both tell me if you've got any skills, and if so, what are they?"

I asked because having no skills wasn't exactly rare. About a quarter of the population in this world didn't have any skills.

"I do," the first woman replied. "I've got this skill called Hair Growing. It's not super useful though. I can only make my hair grow with it." She demonstrated, and her pink hair extended for a moment. It wasn't exactly a combat skill, but it could come in handy for disguises.

"I've got one too," the second woman added. "Mine's called Dash. Problem is, I've got no clue how to use it properly. Every time I try, I end up tripping. I'm not exactly great at fighting..."

Her skill wasn't half bad either. Using wind magic to dash was decent, but having a real skill like hers could come in handy in the long run.

With that, I told them, "Alright then, I'll take both of you."

Both of them widened their eyes. Artemis looked shocked, like she couldn't believe what I was saying. But I meant it. I could even pay triple what they usually make from those adventurers. Their skills might not be mind-blowing, but I found them intriguing.

"Uh, Master... I don't think we're allowed to do that..."

"We're not supposed to go off-menu, Master..."

In pubs like these, which were essentially brothels, the women were choosy about their clients and what they were willing to do. They weren't keen on getting down with their fellow prostitutes either. But I had a plan for that.

I slid four gold coins onto the table. Their eyes widened at the sight. Usually, a working girl would be lucky to get five bronze coins from a customer for the night, and their nightly earnings rarely exceeded 1 or 2 silver coins. So, essentially, what I was offering could cover nearly two hundred nights of work for them in just one evening. The four gold coins made them think twice.

"Do you reckon you both can make it work?" I asked with a sly smirk beneath the mask I was wearing.

"We'll give you all we've got, Master," they chorused. With that, they sauntered over to the barkeep to grab some beers. Soon enough, they returned with a basket full of booze and settled themselves on either side of me, their chests pressing against my arms. It was a good feeling.

I glanced over at Artemis, who seemed to be in shock, just standing there. "What are you waiting for? Take a seat."

Finally snapping out of it, Artemis hurriedly took a seat on the opposite side of the table from me.

"Alright, let's kick things off with this," the first woman said.

They proceeded to make me chug down the beer. I knew their game, of course. Flashing that much cash was like waving a red flag in front of their greedy eyes. They were aiming to get me sloshed so they could try to swipe whatever wealth I had on me. Too bad for them, I was a seasoned drinker and wouldn't easily succumb.

After a while, they started getting curious.

"Hey, let's see that handsome face of yours. Take off that mask," one of them urged.

"I bet you're a real looker under there," the other chimed in.

So, I obliged. As I removed my mask, they stared at my face intently. With Artemis using her Mirage skill, I appeared older, with wrinkles and a beard, giving the impression of a man in his thirties. When they saw me like that, the women blushed. I guessed my older look wasn't too shabby.

After a few rounds of drinks, the night reached its climax. I left the pub with both women on my arms, Artemis trailing behind us like a worried mother hen.

The two women failed to get me wasted, but they didn't seem too mad or frustrated about it either. My appearance seemed to have them all hot and bothered, I reckon. The four of us strolled into a dark alley.

"Y-You're really gonna do it here?" Artemis piped up from behind us, sounding unsure. We didn't stop, just kept on walking.

"What's wrong with getting a little frisky outside, huh?" the pink-haired woman retorted, her hair now longer thanks to her Hair Growing skill.

"Exactly," the green-haired one chimed in. "Doing it outdoors adds a bit of excitement, doesn't it?" She pressed her modest breasts against me.

Deeper into the alley we went, until they released my arms and leaned against the wall, presenting their asses to me. They wiggled them enticingly, as if beckoning me. I grabbed hold of each cheek and started kneading them with my hands.

"Hmmm..."

"Haaa..."

The two women trembled under my touch. I ran my hands along their thighs in a lewd manner. In my world, this would be textbook sexual harassment, but they didn't resist. Instead, they let out soft moans and squirmed in pleasure.

An unprecedented arousal surged through me as I gazed at them. After teasing their thighs for a while, my hands found their way to their crotches. Their jeans were so short that I could easily slip my fingers beneath them and under their panties, touching their pussies directly. The moment my fingertips made contact, they began to breathe heavily.

"Mmm..."

"Ohh..."

Their wetness coated my fingertips as I fingered them, sending waves of pleasure through their bodies. After a while, I withdrew my fingers, and the two of them glanced back at me over their shoulders.

I commanded, "Both of you, get down on your knees and give me a blowjob."

"Yes..." they chorused. They turned around and dropped to their knees, their hands moving to my crotch. Both of them rubbed my dick through the fabric of my pants. When they felt its girth, their eyes widened in surprise, and they exchanged a glance, seeming to understand just how well-endowed I was.

Looking up at me, they spoke in unison. "We'll serve you now, Master." With practiced skill, they undressed me, pulling down my pants and underwear. As they pulled them down, they finally got a good look at my dick.

"Wow, I-I've never seen a dick this big before..."

Both of them gulped audibly. Bringing their faces close to my sizable member, they began to lick.

"Lick... Mmm... nnnn, mmmh..."

"Lick... Mmmm... nmmm..."

The pink-haired woman's tongue slithered from the right side, tracing circles around my shaft. Simultaneously, the green-haired woman's tongue worked its magic from the left, coating my dick in saliva as they both went to town.

"Chu.. Mmm... nnn..."

"Mmm... lick..."

Before I knew it, the pink-haired woman had enveloped my penis with her lips, sucking and slurping on it eagerly. The green-haired woman, witnessing her partner's technique of meticulously caressing my shaft

from tip to base, followed suit, mimicking her motions. I watched as they expertly fondled every inch of my cock, from the head to the base, exploring every contour and crevice.

As seasoned professionals, they certainly knew their way around a man's member.