

The World 921

Chapter 921: Reunion With Artemis (4)

Artemis moved around the pub with practiced ease, her tray balanced steadily in one hand while she weaved between tables. The clinking of mugs, the smell of ale, and the loud chatter of mercenaries filled the air. She was constantly on her feet, shifting from one table to another, placing down mugs of beer with her usual calm grace.

But then, one of the mercenaries, already flushed with drink and arrogance, reached out boldly, his hand snaking toward her butt.

Before his filthy fingers could even brush against her, Artemis reacted. Her body moved like a gust of wind. Her movements were very quick, fluid, and she was practically untouchable. His hand sliced through nothing but air.

"Huh?" he muttered, clearly not expecting her to dodge so effortlessly.

Artemis straightened, her expression calm but her tone firm. "I'm sorry, sir, but behavior like that is not welcome in this establishment. I suggest you take that kind of inappropriateness elsewhere before we kick you out."

The mercenary gave a low chuckle, his lips curling into a disgusting smirk. "Oi, come on now. What's the harm in a single butt touch, eh? Nobody's gonna get hurt. Why don't you just give me that little ass and let me have a feel? I bet you'd end up enjoying it more than you think—even if you tried to avoid it."

The way he said it, with that vile grin plastered across his face, sent an ugly ripple of laughter through the group of mercenaries sitting near him. They banged their mugs on the table, egging him on, treating it like some crude joke.

But Artemis's eyes stayed sharp. She didn't flinch and didn't back down. She stood tall and firm.

"This is the last warning I'll give you," she said, her voice colder now. "Put that filth away and take it somewhere else. Otherwise, I'll personally throw you out of this pub."

She wasn't bluffing. She wasn't saying "we" would kick him out. Now, she was making it very clear that it would be her.

The drunken idiots kept laughing, but the shift in the room was obvious. I could see the other mercenaries, the ones not part of his little group, watching quietly. Their faces weren't amused. No, they looked more like they were waiting, curious to see how badly this man's arrogance would backfire on him.

I could see that Artemis had built a reputation here. She wasn't just some barmaid to them—she was someone who had earned their respect.

The mercenary leaned back in his chair, laughing louder now, almost manic. "Hahahaha! And what the fuck do you think you can do, huh? Maybe you don't know who we are, missy. We're a famous mercenary group! The Empire's already considering us for knighthood! We've been to war, invaded countries, pillaged villages, taken whatever we wanted. We've fucked around with luxury, lived like emperors while the weak begged for mercy! You think stopping me from touching your ass would be hard? It'd be the easiest thing in the world! So quit talking big and let me have it!"

His voice carried across the pub, arrogant and loud. He was too drunk on his own pride to realize how heavy the air around him had become.

Without hesitation, his filthy hand darted toward her ass again.

That was it. That was the last straw.

Artemis's expression sharpened, and in the blink of an eye, she acted.

She tossed the plate and mugs from her hand straight into the air. Before anyone could even react, her body spun in a graceful arc. Her legs snapped upward, locking his arm tightly between her thighs. With perfect control, she hooked her foot against his shoulder, trapping his head. Then, with a fluid midair twist, she wrenched his arm brutally to the side.

The entire move was so fast and so clean that everyone watching froze in stunned silence.

And before the mugs she'd tossed could even fall, she caught the plate back in her hand—beer inside untouched with not a single drop spilled.

Then came the sound.

CRACK!

The sharp noise cut through the laughter like a blade, echoing off the pub's wooden walls.

"Graaaaaaaa!!!" The mercenary's scream ripped out of his throat, high and raw, as pain contorted his face into something almost monstrous. His earlier smugness was gone, replaced by pure despair and terror.

It was obvious. He regretted everything in that moment.

The others in his group scrambled to move, chairs screeching against the floor. But the instant they even looked like they might draw weapons, a chorus of metallic clicks filled the room. Blades shifted in sheaths. Crossbows cocked. Axes were lifted. Even guns were readied.

They froze.

Slowly, their eyes darted around, realizing they were surrounded. Every other mercenary in the pub had drawn steel, their expressions deadly serious. There was no laughter now and no joking. If the group moved a single muscle, they'd be cut down instantly. In a tight space like this, their small numbers wouldn't stand a chance.

"Didn't I already tell you?" Artemis's voice rang out, colder than before. "Take your inappropriateness somewhere else—or I'll kick you out myself."

The man trapped between her thighs started foaming at the mouth, his eyes rolling back. His breath grew ragged, fading fast. Artemis finally released him, unclamping her thighs. He slumped over like a broken doll, gasping desperately for air.

From the looks on the faces around us, though, I could tell one thing that plenty of them weren't focused on his suffering. No, they were jealous. Jealous of the fact that he'd been trapped between Artemis's thighs, even if it nearly killed him. She really was famous here.

The punks were dragged outside and tossed onto the street like trash.

The tension in the pub shattered into cheers.

"As expected, he didn't stand a chance!"

"You try that kind of shit around here, she'll choke you out without hesitation!"

"I wish I was the one caught between her thighs..."

"Dude..."

It was honestly a sight to behold.

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Artemis brushed off her hands and went back to her shift like nothing had happened, walking with the same poise as before. But as she turned, her eyes locked onto mine.

"Yo," I said casually.

"L-Leon...!" she squeaked, her tough demeanor crumbling instantly. Just seconds ago she'd been a total badass, but now she stood there flustered, like a cute elven girl caught off guard.

She glanced around, then quickly leaned closer. "Wait for me. My shift will be over soon."

"Well, I guess I can do that," I said, taking a seat at one of the tables and ordering a drink.

When she came back with my mug, she held it out, but her eyes lingered on me. There was a look in them. It was a flicker of hunger and a spark of something close to horniness. Yeah... it had been too long, after all.

I decided to tease her. Quietly, so no one else would notice, I reached out under the table and gave her ass a quick squeeze.

"Kya!"

Her small yelp made me grin. She didn't let anyone else touch her, but she didn't seem to mind when it was me. That alone told me everything I needed.

She shot me a sharp glare, though her cheeks were pink. Then she leaned in close again, her voice low. "I told you to wait. We can do it after this."

Ah. So that's what she meant.

"I'll be looking forward to it," I said with a smirk tugging at my lips.

After a long while, Artemis finally wrapped up her duty for the day. The heavy atmosphere of work that clung to her seemed to peel away as she slipped back into her much more casual attire. Her shoulders sagged the moment she was free of the formal front she had to put up, and for the first time all day, she let out a tired breath.

"Ugh, I can't believe you would just come and visit me like that..." she muttered, her tone a mix of disbelief and exhaustion, as if my sudden appearance had truly caught her off guard. She exhaled a deep sigh, her lips curling slightly with frustration. "If you'd at least told me you were going to visit, I would've freshened up first."

I tilted my head, half-smiling. "I don't really mind if you smell a little sweaty, you know?"

"Well, I do mind," she shot back instantly, her voice sharp but laced with a hint of embarrassment. "Do you even know how long I've been working today? Practically the entire day. And all of my customers were those ragged mercenaries. They were loud, filthy and rough. Naturally, I'd be drenched in sweat after dealing with them for so long. The least I want right now is to step into a shower before anyone even thinks of coming near me."

Even as she complained, I found myself distracted. The way her hair clung faintly to her neck, the subtle damp sheen along her collarbone, and the faint but intoxicating scent that came off her skin—it stirred something inside me. She didn't smell foul, not at all. It wasn't the reek of unwashed sweat. Instead, it was this strangely addictive mix of her natural scent softened by a trace of sweetness. A raw, earthy fragrance that made my chest tighten and my thoughts run wild.

I leaned closer without thinking, letting the subtle warmth of her body wash over me, and I inhaled.

"W-What are you doing?" she stammered, her voice trembling as her face flushed a deep shade of red. "Sniffing me like that in public... Have some shame, please." She tried to back away, but her steps were small, hesitant with her blushing expression betraying that she wasn't as against it as she wanted to sound.

The corners of my lips curled into a knowing smirk. "Well, I couldn't help it. The thought that you're letting me touch you like this while you push away every other man out there... it stirs up my sense of possessiveness. You make it impossible not to."

"You really are a pervert, aren't you?" she shot back, though her voice wavered. "Come to think of it, when we first talked, weren't you swinging your cock left and right while you were walking? Like you didn't even care who saw?"

"Now isn't that a nostalgic memory to bring up," I replied, letting out a low chuckle.

She wasn't wrong. Our very first meeting flashed in my mind. That time, I had bought all the slaves from Martha's brothel. Artemis had been there too, hidden behind her undercover mission, her eyes sharp but her demeanor carefully disguised.

It was during that encounter that she first approached me, her voice steady as she spoke of the dire state of the elven race. From that moment, we built a strange rapport—one conversation turning into another, trust slowly being exchanged. And then, before either of us realized it, our relationship deepened into something neither of us had expected.

"I remember how smooth of a talker you were back then," she admitted now, her expression softening. "I couldn't believe it myself, but my heart actually swayed toward you."

"Well then," I said, stepping closer, "why don't we start by remembering that exact moment your heart swayed?"

Her cheeks turned crimson as she stuttered, "W-We should wait until we're somewhere private."

I shrugged lightly. "I don't think this is much of a public place."

"Y-You can't be serious." She glanced around frantically, her voice dropping lower. "It's not even that dark yet. There are still people moving around. As much as I'd love nothing more than to be in bed with you right now, I don't think I'd have the mental strength to actually go through with it in a place like this."

Even as she said it, her voice trembling and her face completely flushed, her eyes told me the truth—she wasn't fully against the idea. Her words and her heart weren't lining up, and I could feel the heat radiating from her skin.

And honestly... that only made the thought of pushing her against the wall of a dark alley and fucking her right then and there even more tempting.

"Ah, Leon..." she breathed suddenly, her voice breaking the silence.

Her blush deepened, her lips parted, and her eyes darted nervously.

"Don't grab my butt like that," she whispered, almost squeaking.

I grinned. "Your cute little butt is just too irresistible. My hand seems to have a will of its own—it reached out all by itself, completely unconsciously."

"You really can't control yourself, can you? You pervert," she murmured, her voice trembling as if scolding me, though her face was glowing red.

"Well, I can't hold it back any longer. It's been way too long since we last did it," I told her, my voice heavier than before.

"Y-You pervert..." she muttered again, lowering her gaze before quickly darting her eyes around us, her blush spreading down her neck.

By chance, we had stopped near a narrow alleyway, the shadows stretching just enough to cover what the open street couldn't.

And then... with slow, deliberate force, she pressed her hand against my chest, guiding me backward as she led me into the dark alley.

Chapter 923: Reunion With Artemis (6)

Me and Artemis slipped into the darkness of the alley, the air heavy and damp around us. The faint smell of the street lingered with dust, rainwater, and something metallic all around the air, but all of it faded when her body pressed into mine. Both of us leaned closer, pressing so tight that the warmth of her skin spread through the points where we touched, seeping in deeper with every second.

Her body was firm yet soft, a contrast that made it impossible for me to ignore. Every curve as well as every line pressing into me sent jolts through my chest, through my stomach, and further down. I knew I shouldn't be focusing on something like this but I couldn't help it. There really wasn't helping it. She was soft and I mean too soft, and my body betrayed me by paying attention to every tiny detail that my hands, chest, and thighs brushed against. The longer I felt her, the more the heat pooled inside me, pulling me in with the unbearable urge to bury myself deeper against her warmth.

Our lips found each other in that darkness, colliding hard before settling into something slower and much more hungrier. We kissed deeply, our mouths pressing until the heat of our lips almost stung. Her tongue slid against mine, and mine pushed back, both of us twisting together as though trying to consume the other. Every stroke tasted sweet and wet, like we were sharing the ripeness of fruit with

our juices mixing. Saliva passed between us, hot and messy, but it felt natural. It was so natural in fact that it was as if our bodies had been built to exchange it.

When we finally pulled apart, the sound of our lips parting lingered for a second. Both of us stared at each other in the dim light, our breaths ragged and hot. Her eyes carried a heat that matched the fire burning through my chest, and I knew mine must have been the same.

"You really are hopeless, aren't you, Leon?" Artemis whispered with her lips still wet.

"Funny, considering you're clinging to me like you don't want to let go. What's up with that?" I shot back, still panting.

"I-It's just that... I can't help it, can I?" she said, her voice shaky. "It's been a while since we last did it. Naturally, I should get some kind of reward, shouldn't I?"

She was pretending to act composed and pretending it was just me who was hopeless. But we both knew the truth that she was just as hopeless for me as I was for her.

"A-Are you sure you want to do it here though? I mean, aside from this being public... I haven't even showered yet."

I laughed softly. "We're already here, and now you're having second thoughts?"

"Well... thinking about it now, it's kind of embarrassing," she admitted, shifting her gaze away.

Yeah, this was embarrassing. But honestly, compared to the things we'd already done together, this was nothing.

"You had a threesome together with your mother, didn't you?" I reminded her. "Wasn't that way more embarrassing than doing it here? And besides, it's not like people need to shower first before going at it. They're just going to end up sweaty again, so showering's pointless."

"You really are hopeless for saying something like that." She groaned, rolling her eyes. "But... fine. I guess you're right. Sleeping with you together with my mother was by far the most embarrassing thing I've ever done. That doesn't mean I'm shameless though. I've lived for years, Leon, and I can't believe the things I've gone through. Situations that make me so embarrassed I want to disappear, and yet... here I am again. It's honestly absurd."

And she was right. Having sex with me while Solaris, which was her mother, was there too wasn't something you could call normal. For most people, that would've been the ultimate embarrassing experience. But not for me. For me, that night was unforgettable. Having both Artemis and Solaris, a mother and daughter combo, wrapped around me at once had been intoxicating. It was so good that the memory burned itself into my brain, impossible to erase. Delicious in a way words couldn't describe.

I leaned closer, my shadow swallowing her in the dim alley. She flinched slightly at first and she was a little bit startled, but then stilled. Resisting now would've been pointless, and we both knew it.

My hands slipped under her skirt, fingers brushing the fabric of her panties before curling around the waistband. The heat of her thighs radiated against my skin, and I felt the faint stickiness clinging there. She was sweaty—whether from nerves or from heat didn't matter. I didn't mind it in the slightest. The sweat made her skin slick under my touch, and I loved it, every second of it.

Then I ducked my head under her skirt.

"Ah...! L-Leon, w-what are you doing?!" Her voice cracked with panic and heat.

The scent hit me instantly. A thick, intoxicating smell that drowned out everything else. It was raw and feminine, and it shot straight through me, crawling into my brain, taking root in every nerve until my cock twitched hard on its own. It was dangerous. It was too dangerous that I could get this aroused by scent alone. A part of me almost laughed at myself, thinking that if I kept going like this, I'd probably develop every fetish in existence, maybe even discover new ones no one had thought of. But right now? I didn't care.

"Relax," I muttered against her. "I just want to get a sniff."

"I-I told you I haven't showered yet! Nghhh...~!"

I pressed my nose right against her crotch, inhaling deep. The scent of her spread through me, sweet and sharp, a scent I could only describe as her. It was overwhelming, almost too much, and yet it was so lovable I couldn't stop myself.

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My fingers hooked into her panties, dragging them down along her sweaty legs, letting them slide slowly until her skin was bare to me. I didn't wait any longer and I pressed my tongue flat against her glistening pink flesh.

"Nghhh...!"

Her cry broke out instantly as her hands shot down, clutching the back of my head. She pressed me deeper against her, legs squeezing tightly around me as though she could trap me there forever. Every flick of my tongue made her shiver and made her thighs press harder. Her clit was already swelling, sensitive under every brush.

"Nghhh...~ L-Leon, I-I can't...! M-My voice... my voice is going to...~"

She tried to hold it in, biting her lip, as she was choking on her words. The alley was dark, but not hidden enough. A single sound could give us away, and she knew it. That was why she trembled with every moan that slipped out, terrified and aroused at the same time.

But I didn't care. I didn't let up. I ignored her pleas and kept devouring her, relentlessly.

The way her voice broke, the way her moans escaped despite how desperately she tried to hold them back... it was fucking intoxicating. Each sound was like fuel, and it only made me hungrier for more.

After a while, I finally stood up, my body still tingling from the lingering heat between us. Without a second thought, I leaned down and pressed my lips firmly against hers. Her eyes widened for a moment, then softened as I pushed in deeper, forcing her to taste herself. Her tongue curled and wrapped around mine almost desperately, as if trying to cling onto every bit of flavor I was feeding her.

Her tongue traced over every ridge and corner of my gums, flicking, sliding, and rubbing against me as if she wanted to memorize the shape of my mouth. I tilted my head, pushing harder, and let my saliva

flow into her mouth. It was thick and warm, mixed with her own juices, spilling from me straight into her throat.

She didn't resist. No—she drank all of it down, swallowing greedily like it was the sweetest thing she had ever tasted.

When I finally pulled away, a string of saliva connected our lips before snapping. Her expression was dazed, her cheeks flushed with her eyes heavy with lust. She looked completely intoxicated—her body and mind so drowned in this moment that resisting was impossible.

I turned her around and lifted her skirt in one swift motion, pressing her front against the cold wall.

"Ah...!" she gasped, her voice trembling.

Her ass wasn't big. Honestly, you could call it a small butt, almost modest compared to others. But something about it... the size, the shape, the way it curved just enough to fit perfectly in my hands—it was too irresistible not to touch. That same kind of ass that even that filthy mercenary earlier had tried to get his hands on.

It was the blood of an elf that gave her that figure. Solaris, on the other hand, had a bigger, fuller butt. Maybe Artemis would grow into something like that with time. However, how all the council members seemed to have flawless, breathtaking bodies. Was it because they were old elves? Or maybe because of the way their lineage worked with elves who weren't conceived through sex that perhaps they simply didn't develop voluptuous parts. Or maybe I was just overthinking with me getting lost in my own assumptions.

Either way... that didn't matter right now. What mattered was the small, perfect ass right in front of me.

I cupped her cheeks in both hands, and the feeling made my breath catch. Her ass molded so naturally into my palms, soft and supple, but with just the right firmness beneath the surface. Every squeeze I gave caused the flesh to push out between my fingers, then spring back the moment I let go, like it had a life of its own.

I pressed the swollen head of my cock right against the slick entrance of her pussy. Immediately, her juices began coating me, smearing across the tip, spreading warmth over my skin. I tightened my grip on her hips, my fingers digging into her smooth skin, and with one swift motion, I shoved my cock deep inside her.

"Hgnhhhhhhhhhh~!!!"

Her body convulsed. She slapped a hand over her own mouth, clamping it shut to stop the sound from escaping.

Her eyes rolled back instantly, her body trembling at the sudden, overwhelming sensation of me tearing into her all at once.

"W-Why did you enter me so suddenly like that?!" she asked, her voice broken and shaking.

I smirked. "Well, it was entertaining watching you try so hard to stay quiet. So I decided... why not test you? See what kind of reaction I'd get if I went all in without warning."

"Doing something like that... you're making fun of me, aren't you?" she glared at me, her voice quivering with both anger and desire.

"I'm not," I replied smoothly, though the smirk still lingered on my face, betraying me.

She sighed shakily, half frustrated, half aroused. "It's honestly baffling... your personality is..."

I cut her off by pulling her hips tighter and slamming my own forward, my cock burying itself deeper inside.

"Hnghh... yes...~ hahh, ahhhnghhh~, ah, ah, ahhh...~ T-That feels so good...~" she moaned, her voice muffled and shaky as she tried so hard not to let herself scream.

Her pussy was unbelievably tight. Almost too tight with every thrust made it feel like she was going to break me apart, yet I couldn't stop.

I kept pounding her, feeling her walls clutch at me from every direction. Each time I pulled out, her pussy seemed to suck me back in, squeezing, milking, and refusing to let me go. Then, as I drove in again, the walls spread and stretched, only to close tighter than before. She was doing it consciously, using every part of herself to trap me and to squeeze out every drop I had.

The feeling was unreal. It was so good I couldn't help but let groans slip from my throat.

"Nghhh, ahhnghhh... ahhhh!" I groaned, my body tensing.

"L-Leon, I'm going to cum...!" she moaned loudly, her voice trembling.

I couldn't last any longer either. The pressure in my spine surged forward, heat building fast, ready to burst out of me.

"Nghhhhhhhhhhh~! AHnghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Her walls clamped down so violently I had no choice but to give in. I erupted inside her, my hot cum flooding her womb, pouring into her in thick, heavy streams, filling her to the brim after so long of being untouched.

When I finally pulled out, my cock slid free with a wet sound, and her legs immediately buckled. My semen spilled out of her entrance, dripping down her thighs and painting her skin in white streaks.

Her ass was still trembling, her whole body shaking from the force of her orgasm as she looked back at me with hazy, half-lidded eyes.

"L-Let's continue... somewhere else, please..." she whispered in a weak, breathless groan.

Chapter 925: Reunion With Artemis (8)

We continued somewhere else.

The heat between us was unbearable, and we couldn't stop. We had rented an inn, and honestly, we didn't even bother giving the innkeeper more than a glance. His wide-eyed look told me he'd already guessed what was going on, but we didn't care. The moment he told us which room was ours, we shot straight upstairs, almost stumbling in our rush. The second the door closed, the world outside no longer mattered. I mean, it was just the two of us now and both of us were drowning in lust. I pushed her down and immediately started ravishing her with everything I had with either of us not holding back anymore.

I didn't stop thrusting into her, my body pressing harder against hers, and in return she became even more aggressive with her lips. Her kisses weren't shy at all now. Compare to earlier, they were hungry and desperate, with her tongue swirling wildly against mine, dancing and twisting as if she wanted to devour me whole. She was scooping every bit of saliva from me like she was addicted to the taste, like she'd never get enough.

The way her mouth moved was driving me insane. I could feel it in my skull, like it was frying my brain, short-circuiting every thought until all that was left was raw need. I grabbed her ass tightly, squeezing it in both hands, feeling how soft yet firm it was under my grip, and I yanked her closer against me until not even an inch of space was left. Her body molded against mine perfectly, and the heat radiating off us made the air thick with the smell of lust. It was intoxicating.

I couldn't stop myself—I shoved her onto the bed and pinned her down, covering her body with mine like a blanket of fire. My lips crashed onto hers again, and once more I kissed her with everything, pouring out all the desire boiling inside me.

We were past the point of return now. The pleasure was corrupting us, crawling into our bones and veins, twisting us into something that only wanted more. Every second made it harder to control ourselves.

"Leon, I want to try something new today," she whispered breathlessly, her lips brushing against mine.

"New?" I asked, pulling back just slightly, my curiosity piqued.

"Fufufufu..." she chuckled, her eyes glinting with mischief. "You know, I've been thinking of different ways to pleasure you. Working at the pub, I've met a lot of women, and they've told me there are so many ways to satisfy your man. Honestly, I've been dying to try it."

Her words made my chest tighten with anticipation. Just hearing that she'd been thinking of new ways to please me sent a surge of excitement rushing through me. What exactly did she have in mind?

Then, slowly, she raised one arm. The movement was teasing, deliberate, until finally her armpit was revealed to me.

"Did you know," she said softly, biting her lip, "that the sensation of being squeezed in the armpit feels almost the same as sliding between my thighs? If the armpit is wet enough, it can be used to pleasure too."

My eyes widened a little. An armpit job? That was the last thing I expected her to say. And yet, the thought of it instantly turned me on. The image of burying myself there, of using her in such a lewd way, sent heat shooting straight to my cock.

"Well... do you wanna do me here?" she asked with a wicked little smile, her fingers spreading the soft flesh of her armpit apart so I could see.

I swallowed hard, my throat suddenly dry. Watching her spread it open like that shouldn't have been so arousing, but fuck—it was. My cock throbbed with need, and I could feel myself losing every ounce of control.

I pressed the tip of my hardened cock against her armpit, the soft flesh molding against it. Even just pushing it there felt incredible.

"Fufufufu... I guess you do," she teased, her voice dripping with satisfaction.

We shifted into position, her body leaning just right so I could slide into her armpit from behind. She closed her arm around me, trapping my cock in the tight warmth of her skin.

The moment I thrust in, the sensation hit me like lightning. Her skin was sticky with sweat, my pre-cum coating the surface, making every push in and out smooth and wet. It was different, but fuck, it felt good.

"Nghhh... ahh...~" she moaned, her voice trembling, even though I wasn't inside her pussy.

Her armpit might not have been her most sensitive spot, but it was still an erogenous zone, and her body was reacting.

While I fucked the tight space of her armpit, she reached down with her free hand, sliding her fingers into her pussy. She started touching herself, her hips twitching slightly as she rubbed, matching the rhythm of my thrusts.

The sight alone was too much with me using her armpit and her pleasuring herself at the same time, all of it sent waves of heat crashing through me. I wanted to cum right there, but I gritted my teeth and forced myself to hold back.

The friction was insane. The heat, the slickness as well as the way her arm pressed down on me—it was frying my brain to pieces. I gripped her shoulder tightly for leverage, moving in and out of her armpit as if it was her pussy. The softness and plumpness made me crave more with every thrust.

Each time I buried myself, the head of my cock poked out on the other side, glistening with wetness. Seeing it pop out, swollen and twitching, only made the sensation worse.

And then—she leaned down and wrapped her lips around the tip whenever it appeared. Her tongue swirled around the sensitive head, teasing me, licking me, and sucking lightly.

"...that's unfair," I groaned, my whole body shuddering. The pleasure was too much, and my self-control was shattering.

My cock started twitching violently, trapped in the tight, slick squeeze of her armpit. I was at my limit—I couldn't hold it anymore.

She looked up at me with half-lidded eyes, her tongue flicking across the head of my cock, and it felt like she was giving me permission.

I dug my fingers into her shoulders, thrust hard one last time, and then—

"Nghhhhhh!"

I exploded, hot sperm shooting into her mouth in thick bursts. The sheer amount overflowed instantly, spilling out from her lips, some even shooting up into her nose as she moaned from the sudden flood.

Even though I'd already cum earlier, this load was still heavy and thick, coating her mouth completely.

She pulled her head back, cheeks puffed out, her lips sealed tight as she held all of it inside. Slowly, she tilted her head back and gulped, her throat working to swallow down the dense load.

It took a while, but finally she managed it, and then she opened her mouth wide, showing me the empty wetness inside as proof.

It was so damn lewd I couldn't stand it anymore.

I lunged forward, unable to resist anymore, and pinned her down again beneath me. Her body sank into the bed, her hair spilling over the pillow, and she looked up at me with flushed cheeks, her lips still glistening with the traces of my cum.

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The second I pressed myself into her, she gasped out, her body jerking from the sudden intrusion.

"Ahhhhnn...! L-Leon...~" she moaned, her voice trembling and raw, echoing in the small room.

I thrust in deeper, and her arms wrapped tight around my back, nails dragging across my skin as if she couldn't hold herself together anymore. Her legs instinctively hooked around my waist, pulling me in as though she wanted me buried as deep as possible.

Every movement made the bed creak, the sound mixing with her moans.

"Ahhh... ahhhhnnn...~! Nnnghh... it feels... so good...!" she gasped, biting down on her lip before another sharp cry escaped her throat.

Her pussy was clenching hard around me, wet and tight, sucking me in like it didn't want to let go. I could hear the lewd squelching of our bodies slamming together, her juices spilling down onto the sheets.

I couldn't stop myself—I grabbed her hips and started pounding into her, harder and faster. The rhythm echoed in the room, a constant slap of flesh against flesh.

"Ahhh—ahhh—ahhhnnnn~! L-Leon...! Too deep... it's too deep...!" she cried, her voice high-pitched, breaking into shameless moans that she couldn't contain.

I kissed her again, silencing her moans for just a moment, our tongues clashing violently, exchanging breath, saliva and everything, before she pulled back, panting and gasping for air.

"Nnnhhh... nghhh...~ I-I can't... I can't stop...! My body... it's melting...!"

Her hips moved on their own, grinding against me, meeting every thrust with desperation. She was losing control, and so was I.

The wet heat, the smell of sweat and sex, her trembling body quivering under me—it was too much.

"Ahhhhnnn... Leon... Leon... Leon!~" she screamed my name, voice cracking with every slam of my cock into her.

Her body arched up, her back lifting off the bed as she cried out again.

"Ahhhhnnnnnnn! I-I'm... I'm cumming! Nnnhhhhhhnnnn...!"

Her pussy convulsed violently around me, clamping down and milking me as her climax ripped through her body. Her moans were loud, broken and shameless, filling the room until nothing else existed.

I gritted my teeth, thrusting even harder, chasing my own release as her body writhed under me.

"Nghhh—nnnghhhh...! I-I'm gonna—!"

She looked at me through half-lidded eyes, her voice breathless but still begging.

"Cum inside me, Leon...! Fill me up! I want it all... ahhhhnnn~!"

Her plea broke whatever control I had left. My cock twitched violently, and then I exploded inside her, thick streams of hot sperm shooting deep into her trembling pussy.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhnnnnnnnn~!" she screamed, her whole body shaking as she felt the heat flooding her insides.

I kept thrusting, emptying everything I had, until I collapsed on top of her, both of us gasping, our bodies drenched in sweat, the room filled with the heavy smell of sex.

Her moans faded into soft whimpers, her arms still clinging to me like she never wanted to let go.

Her body was still trembling under me, her legs twitching as she tried to catch her breath, but even while she was gasping, her pussy was still squeezing me tight, refusing to let me go.

"Nnnnhhhnnnn... ahhh... it's still... inside...~" she whimpered, her voice weak, broken from moaning too much, yet still dripping with lust.

I lifted myself up slightly, looking down at her face. Her cheeks were red, her lips swollen from our rough kisses, and her eyes were glazed over with that needy, drunk expression that only came when she was completely consumed by pleasure.

Her arms wrapped around my neck again, pulling me down into another kiss. It was very sloppy and filled with hunger. Our tongues clashed messily, saliva dripping down the side of her lips as she moaned into my mouth.

"Mmmhhnnnn... nghhh... Leon... ahhhhnnnn...~"

She broke the kiss, her voice shaky, almost pleading.

"Y-You're still hard... aren't you? I-I can feel it twitching inside me... nghhhhhnnnn~!"

I thrust my hips slowly, just enough to make her feel it, and her whole body jolted, another loud moan escaping her throat.

"Ahhhhhhnnnn! Y-You're... nghhh... stirring me up again...! Nnnnghhh~!"

Her hands clawed at my back, leaving faint red marks, her nails digging in deeper every time I pushed forward. The bed creaked beneath us, the sheets sticking to our sweaty bodies, the smell of sex getting even heavier in the air.

I pulled almost all the way out, leaving just the tip inside, and then slammed into her again.

"Ahhhhhhnnnnnnnnnn!~"

Her scream echoed, raw and shameless, her hips jumping up to meet mine, as if she couldn't stand even a second of emptiness.

I started moving again, deep, slow thrusts at first, just to watch her body writhe under me. Every push made her moan louder, her head thrashing side to side against the pillow, hair sticking to her sweaty skin.

"Nnnghhh... ahhhhnnnn... it's so deep...! D-Don't... ahhhhnnnnnn~! Don't tease me...!" she begged, her voice breaking into sobs of pleasure.

I grabbed her thighs and spread them wider, pushing them up until her knees almost touched her chest. Her body arched beautifully, completely vulnerable, and completely mine. Then, I drove myself into her harder, deeper, and faster.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhnnnnnnnnnn! Yesss... nghhhnnnnnn! Right there! R-Right there! Nnnnghhhhhh~!"

The bed was slamming against the wall now, the rhythm violent and merciless. while I kept fucking her in this seed mating press. She was moaning nonstop, her voice echoing like a melody of lust, her body bouncing with every thrust.

Her pussy was soaking wet, juices splattering with every impact, the lewd squelching filling the room along with her screams.

"Ahhhhh—ahhhnnnn—ahhhhhhhnnnnnn! I-I can't stop... nghhhnnnn~! My body's gonna break...!"

Her words were trembling, but her hips kept moving, grinding against me, begging for more. She wanted it. She wanted everything.

I leaned down, biting her shoulder, and she cried out again.

"Nnnnghhhhhhhhhnnnnnnnnnn! B-Bite me more... ahhhhnnnnn! I love it... nghhhhhh~!"

Her voice was hoarse, but every moan was dripping with desire, her body shuddering every time my cock slammed against her deepest spot.

"Ahhhhhhhhnnnnnn! I-I'm... nghhhnnnn... I'm cumming again...! Nnnhhhhhhnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~!"

Her pussy convulsed violently around me, milking me harder than before, her body shaking uncontrollably as another orgasm ripped through her. Her scream tore through the air, pure ecstasy filling every sound she made.

I couldn't hold back anymore. My cock twitched, throbbing violently inside her, and I slammed down hard, burying myself completely.

"Nghhhhh—nghhhhhnnnnnnnnnnnn! I'm cumming...!"

Hot sperm exploded inside her again, filling her up until it was spilling out around my cock, dripping down onto the sheets.

She screamed again, a long, drawn-out moan that cracked into sobs of pleasure.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhoo!~"

Her nails dug into my back as she clung to me desperately, her body convulsing with every pulse of my cock releasing inside her.

Even after I had emptied everything, she was still shaking, her voice softening into whimpers and small moans, her pussy twitching around me like it didn't want to let me go.

We stayed like that, tangled together, bodies trembling, drenched in sweat and cum with her soft moans still echoing faintly in my ear.

Chapter 927: Reunion With Artemis (10)

Our bodies were still trembling with our sweat dripping down, breaths ragged and heavy. But before the afterglow even settled, the heat between us had flared up again. Our hips brushed again with our skin clinging together, and that wild hunger reignited like fire catching dry wood.

"Ahhh... nghh...~" a soft moan slipped out as I pushed back inside, her walls still sensitive and clenching tight around me. The sudden penetration made her body arch, her nails digging into my back, dragging

hard enough to leave marks. I groaned against her neck, the sound low and primal, and almost animalistic.

Our rhythm picked up fast with us almost getting desperate with me thrusting hard and deep, my hips slamming into hers with wet slaps echoing in the room. Her cries grew louder, high-pitched and trembling, each moan bouncing off the walls like music.

"Nghhhhhh... ahh... yes, yes, i-it feels good—hnnnhhh~!" she cried, her voice breaking as her body shook beneath him.

From my perspective, every squeeze of her pussy was maddening. It felt like she was trying to milk me dry, pulling me deeper, clinging greedily around my cock. I gritted his teeth, sweat dripping from my chin onto her chest as I pressed harder and faster, pounding into her with a relentless pace.

She was so fucking tight.

Her thighs wrapped around his waist, dragging him closer, her moans breaking into short, needy screams. "Ahhh—ahhhnn! Y-Yes! D-don't stop, please don't stop... ahhhhnnn~! Bend me over! Ravish me until I'm out of breath! Ahhngghhhhhhhhhhhhh~!! I love thissssss~!!"

I shifted suddenly, pulling out for just a second, flipping her onto all fours. Her ass lifted instinctively, glistening, her body begging without words. With one hard thrust I buried myself back inside, making her cry out with her face pressing against the sheets as her arms trembled from the intensity.

The wet sounds grew filthier, her pussy dripping messily as I fucked her from behind, hips snapping against her ass with loud smack, smack, smack

.

Her moans turned breathless, "Ahhh! Ahhh! Hahhhnn—deeper, d-deeper! Hhhhaaaa~!" Her body jerked forward with each thrust, but she pushed back desperately, meeting me, grinding against me, hungry for more.

I grabbed her hair, pulling her head back slightly, her mouth falling open with another scream.

"Nghhhh, ahhhngghggg~! Ah, ahhh... ahhhnnnn~! Ahhh, ahhh...!"

When her body began to collapse from the intensity, I switched again, lifting her onto my lap as I sat back, her legs straddling my waist. She bounced on my cock, her tits jiggling wildly with each movement, her cries growing louder and louder. My hands gripped her hips, guiding her up and down, with my mouth latching onto her nipple, sucking and biting as she screamed my name.

"Ahhhhnnn! Nghhh! Ahhh ahhh ahhh! I-I can't—ahhhhhh~!"

Our moans tangled together, raw and shameless, echoing like an endless symphony of lust.

Her body kept moving, bouncing on my cock, sweat dripping down her chest and stomach, her voice breaking into hoarse cries. My grip tightened around her waist, pulling her down harder each time, making her scream as I bottomed out inside her.

"Ahhhhnnn! Nghhh—y-you're hitting so deep, ahhh! I-I can't—ahhhh Ahhhngghhhhhh~!" Her nails clawed at my shoulders, her whole body trembling violently.

My cock throbbed inside her, twitching each time her walls clenched greedily, as if refusing to let go.

Suddenly, I shifted again with me rolling her onto her back, spreading her legs wide as I pinned her wrists above her head. The sudden change made her gasp, eyes wide, before another desperate moan tore from her throat as I slammed back inside, hard and deep.

Her breasts bounced with every thrust, sweat glistening over her skin, nipples stiff and sensitive as his body rubbed against hers. The wet slap, slap, slap of their bodies echoed in the air, mixing with their moans.

"Ahhh, ahhh! Hhhhaahhh—deeper, harder! Don't stop, ahhhhnnn~!" she cried, her voice cracking as her back arched off the bed.

From my perspective, the sight of her beneath me with her hair sticking to her sweaty face, mouth hanging open as she screamed his name—was enough to push me close to the edge. But I refused to finish yet. I wanted more. I wanted to break her apart with pleasure.

I pulled out again, flipping her over once more, this time lifting one of her legs over my shoulder as I drove back inside. The new angle made her scream instantly, her pussy tightening violently around my cock.

"AHHHHHHhhnnnnnn! Nghhhhhhhh—ahhh, I-I can't! It's too muchhh, ahhhhnnn~!" she wailed, her eyes rolling back as her body shook.

I gritted my teeth, groaning deeply as I pounded into her.

Her moans only grew wilder, tears pricking at the corners of her eyes from the overwhelming pleasure. She tried to say something, but it only came out as broken cries. "Ahhh! Ahhh! Hhhaahhh~! N-nooo, I-I'm... ahhhhnnnn!"

I leaned down, kissing her sloppily, our tongues clashing messily as we moaned into each other's mouths. Every thrust shook her body, her legs trembling uncontrollably around me.

And then—I switched again. Pulling her up, I pressed her against the wall, her legs wrapping around my waist as I lifted her easily. My cock slid back inside with one hard thrust, making her scream, her nails raking down my back.

"AHHHHHHhhnnnnnn~! Nnhhaaaaaa, yes, yes, YESSS! Ahhhhhhhnnnn!"

I slammed her against the wall with each thrust, her moans echoing louder, raw and breathless, the sound of their bodies colliding filling the room. My hands gripped her ass tightly, spreading her apart as I buried myself deeper and harder, my groans rumbling against her neck.

Our voices blended together with my guttural groans and her desperate cries, both of them lost in the storm of lust, our bodies burning hotter with every movement.

Her back slammed against the wall again and again as my hips crashed into hers, her cries bouncing around the room. Her nails dug deeper into my back, leaving red trails, her legs trembling as they tightened around his waist.

"AHHHHhhhhnnnn! Nghhh, y-you're—ahhh—fucking me so hard... ahhhhhhhhnnnn~!" she screamed, drool running down the side of her lips, her head rolling back in ecstasy.

I growled low in my throat, panting heavily, sweat dripping down my temples. My cock twitched inside her as I thrust harder and faster, driving myself in to the hilt every single time.

Chapter 928: Reunion With Artemis (11)

But I wasn't satisfied yet. I pulled her down onto the bed again, her body bouncing slightly as she landed. Flipping her onto her hands and knees, I grabbed her hips roughly, spreading her wide before plunging back inside with one deep thrust.

"AHHHHHHhhhhhh~! AHHhhhhnnnnnnn! S-so deep, too deep—ahhhhhnnnnnnnn!" she wailed, her voice breaking as her arms gave out, her face pressing into the sheets.

The wet sounds of my cock sliding in and out of her pussy filled the room, loud and lewd, mixing with our moans. I slammed into her relentlessly, my balls slapping against her ass, sweat dripping down onto her back.

From her perspective, the world was blurring into pure heat and lightning with each thrust exploding inside her like sparks frying her nerves. Her pussy clenched uncontrollably, milking me, refusing to let me go. "Ahhh! Ahhh! Nnnghhhnnnnnn! Nnnghhh, Leon, I—I can't stop—ahhhhhhhnnn~! My orgasm isn't stopping...~!"

I leaned over her, pressing her down, my chest against her back as I bit into her shoulder lightly, groaning against her skin.

She screamed louder, tears of pleasure streaking her face, as her body spasmed beneath me. But then—I pulled out again. She whined desperately at the sudden emptiness.

"Ahh, no..."

Before she could even breathe, I flipped her onto her back once more, hooking her legs over my shoulders as I bent her nearly in half. The angle forced me deeper inside her than ever before, making her scream the moment I slammed back in.

"AHHHHHHHHHHhhnnnnnnnnnn! Ahhhhhh fuuuuuuuckkkk—ahhhhhhhhhhhnnnn! It's hitting my insides, nghhhhhnnnnnn~!"

Her voice was ragged, her throat raw from moaning so much, but she couldn't stop. The sheer pleasure ripped the sounds out of her whether she wanted or not.

I pounded her mercilessly, sweat dripping onto her breasts as they bounced from the force of my thrusts. My groans grew harsher, deeper, with my cock throbbing violently inside her, with my body desperate for release.

"I'm going to cum, Artemis!" I growled, my voice ragged and breaking as the tension in my body reached its peak. My whole frame shook as I slammed into her, every thrust making it harder to hold back.

"Yesss! Cum inside me! Make me pregnant!" she screamed, her cries echoing through the room as her nails dug deep into my skin, leaving hot, stinging trails. Her back arched wildly beneath me, her breasts bouncing with every pound, her voice trembling with desperate, breathless moans.

I didn't stop. My hips kept pounding her, slamming against her, the sound of our bodies colliding filling the air along with her screams. My grip on her hips tightened so hard it was like I was trying to fuse her to me, refusing to let go. And then—I finally broke. My body convulsed, my cock twitched violently inside her, and I unleashed it all.

A rush of hot cum shot deep inside her womb, filling her, pouring into her without restraint. Spurt after spurt erupted, thick and heavy, until she was stuffed to the brim with my semen.

[illegible]

Her scream ripped out, raw and unrestrained, her face contorted into pure, unfiltered bliss. Her eyes rolled back, her tongue lolled slightly, and the dazed, lewd expression that overtook her was the perfect ahgao—her whole body trembling like she was drowning in the waves of orgasm.

I kept filling her, rope after rope, until it was overflowing inside her. Finally, when the last spurt left me weak, I pulled out, my cock glistening as her pussy quivered and dripped. Artemis collapsed against the sheets, panting heavily, her chest rising and falling as if she had just run a marathon. Her eyelids fluttered weakly, and every breath she exhaled was shaky, soft, and slow.

I sat on the side of the bed, still breathing hard, letting the warmth of the afterglow wrap around me. My body was drained, but my mind was on fire, soaking in the moment.

"Haaa... That was... amazing... spectacular, even..." she moaned breathlessly, her voice trembling, filled with satisfaction yet still carrying a faint whimper.

Spectacular. That word alone was enough to stroke my ego, to make me feel like a damn king.

After a while, we let ourselves calm down. We just stayed together, letting the silence turn into something comfortable. Of course, sex was great—unbelievably great—but talking with her and reconnecting, felt even better. It had been a long time since we last met, so naturally, catching up like this was just as good as fucking.

"It seems you're having fun, Leon. Maybe too much fun," she teased, her lips curving into a sly smile. "Sometimes I think you've already forgotten about me."

"Forgot? No way in hell I'd forget you," I shot back, smirking at her. "There's no way I could ever forget a woman who's part of my harem."

"Fufufufu... You're cheeky," she laughed softly, reaching out and gently tapping my nose with a playful bop of her finger. "Tell me... are you saying all this because you don't want me slipping away from you?"

"Well, yeah. That's part of it," I admitted without hesitation. "But more than that... I love you. I love you so much that I don't want to be apart from you for too long. I just want to keep you close, keep fucking you again and again."

My hand slid down to her ass, and I grabbed one of her cheeks firmly, making her gasp a little before smiling again.

"You really are hopeless," she said softly, though her eyes were warm. "Tell me, Leon... how many requirements do you still need before you can completely dominate me?"

By now, almost all of them were completed. In fact, there was just one left.

"Only one," I answered with confidence.

"Ohh?" she tilted her head, eyes sparkling with curiosity. "And what exactly is it?"

"I need to finish this mission," I said firmly. "Once it's complete, then you'll be fully dominated."

The mission was simple—I had to save 1000 elven slaves. With Artemis by my side, we had already saved about 500. And if we kept at it, freeing another 500 more would fulfill the condition. Then, she'd be completely mine.

"I wonder what it'll feel like, having my whole being devoted to you," she whispered, her voice soft yet tinged with excitement.

"Honestly, it won't feel much different," I told her. "At least, that's what Gabrielle said. You were already devoted to me before I even completed it. So once it's done, it'll feel the same."

Her expression shifted, lips curling into a slight pout. "That's boring... but at the same time, I can't lie. I'm excited. The idea of giving myself completely—body and soul—to you... it makes me feel good. Really good."

Her voice trembled with giddy anticipation, and just hearing it sent a rush through me.

And with Artemis, she would mark the tenth woman I had completely dominated.

Chapter 929: Slave Market (1)

The slave market was the most crowded place in the city, a suffocating pit where human suffering was concentrated into one area. All around us, cages lined the streets, packed with slaves who stared with hollow eyes or looked down in shame, their very existence reduced to property. The air itself felt heavy, thick with the stink of sweat, fear, and desperation.

"I've heard that there are many elven slaves here," Artemis said, her voice sharp, almost trembling with restrained fury. "But that's only what I heard. It's possible there aren't any right now. Elven slaves are always in demand. I mean, they're beautiful, graceful, and everyone wants them. They're almost always sold out. And because they're so costly, it isn't easy to get them."

The tone she carried made it clear just how much anger she was holding back. Her words sounded clipped, almost bitten out, as if speaking of it physically hurt her. Honestly, how could it not? These were her people, the same race that once walked with pride in forests untouched by humans, now reduced to merchandise. Treated like pets. Traded like livestock. The very thought of it was sickening. For Artemis, it wasn't just anger—it was personal.

"These people are truly evil... to put our people in such a situation," she said, teeth grinding together so hard it almost looked painful. Her hands curled into fists, trembling slightly.

"That's exactly why we're doing this," I told her quietly. I wanted her to know I meant every word. "To save your people."

That was our mission now. Our goal wasn't small. We were here to free as many slaves as we possibly could within the Empire. And, for now, we were lucky. Leonora hadn't betrayed me. She hadn't gone running to the emperor to sell us out, which meant the plan was still alive.

The next step was to see things with our own eyes as well as to step into the heart of this market and take in the reality of what was happening here.

To do that, we had to act. Right now, we were pretending to be a wealthy couple searching for a slave to purchase. Disgusting as it was, there was no other way to blend in. If we came here with our true intentions, we'd be exposed in seconds.

"By the way, Leon... are you sure you want me to wear something this expensive?" Artemis asked, tugging lightly at the fine silk of her gown.

She wasn't exaggerating. The dress she had on wasn't just expensive—it was the kind of piece that screamed wealth and influence at a glance. One of the most exquisite designs Leonamon had ever produced with delicate patterns stitched with flawless precision, the fabric flowing like water with each of her steps. Most people here had probably never even seen something like it before. To them, it was proof that we were no ordinary couple—we were people with status, the kind who could drop bags of gold without a second thought.

And it worked. The guards at the entrance didn't even question us. One glance at Artemis in that gown and at me beside her was enough to let us through without hesitation. People in the slavery business didn't care about morality, only money. And when they saw a pair who looked like they had plenty of it, their eyes lit up like predators spotting prey.

Even so, the bile rose in my throat. The fact that we had to even play along with this made my skin crawl. The truth was plain that this world thrived on such systems, and slavery wasn't just tolerated, it had become part of their culture. Part of my culture, actually. Something ingrained so deeply that most people didn't even question it anymore.

In the past, Jeanne had tried to change that. She'd fought tooth and nail to abolish slavery and to rip it out from the roots. But it backfired. She had been fighting against something that existed long before her time, an institution so old it was practically fossilized into society. Myrcella, too, was struggling with the same thing now with her trying to break apart a system that had lasted for centuries in the academy. Even Jeanne, the goddess of wisdom and war, a woman who had turned the tides during the hundred-year war, had been heavily criticized for it.

And maybe back then, it had been different. Not all slaves were dragged here in chains. Some sold themselves because they couldn't survive otherwise. They had no choice, so they offered their bodies and their freedom in exchange for a roof over their heads. In a way, not unlike prostitution.

But now? Things had changed. What once may have been desperation had become outright cruelty. Bandits and slavers prowled the lands, they were snatching people from their homes left and right, breaking families apart like they have a right to do it, and selling them like cattle.

"Good morning, customers," a man greeted us as we stepped further in. His smile was wide but slimy, his hands rubbing together with greed.

The sight reminded me instantly of Lord Cross, who, thankfully, was now rotting in his own dungeon. This man had that same look and that same disgusting, self-serving aura that oozed off him like sweat.

"Are you two looking for something?" he asked, his tone oily. "Perhaps someone good for hard labor? Strong backs, sturdy hands? Or maybe someone more... entertaining. Something to spice things up at night?" His eyes flicked to Artemis, his grin widening. "Although, with a wife like yours, I'd imagine you wouldn't need that. But... if you are curious, I can recommend a few. Some of the best sex slaves here are former prostitutes. Skilled, experienced... very good."

The way he said it made my blood boil. So casual. It was so shameless. Right in front of Artemis. But this was their world. They were filthy and vile, without a shred of decency.

Chapter 930: Slave Market (2)

"Well," I said, keeping my composure, "can I take a look at a list? Something that shows what's available. What kind of... uses you have on offer."

"Of course," he replied eagerly. "Here, browse as much as you want."

He handed me a book. The thing was thick, far thicker than any book I had ever seen in other markets. The weight alone told the story. Every page was filled with the lives of people reduced to property, every detail catalogued, sold, and stripped of humanity. It was no surprise, really—this was the Empire's largest slave market. If anywhere was going to have a record this massive, it was here.

When I opened the book and started flipping through the thick pages, my eyes froze on something that almost made my chest tighten. Three hundred elven slaves.

I lifted my gaze slowly toward Artemis. The moment our eyes met, I could see the way her face twisted, her jaw clenched, and the rage boiling behind her eyes looked like it could spill out and burn the entire market down. She looked like she might explode at any second. Three hundred of her people, locked up, catalogued like objects in this filthy ledger. Her kin reduced to nothing more than lines on paper, lined up for sale, and paraded like livestock. And worst of all—they couldn't do a damn thing about it. They were trapped in this nightmare, bound by chains, and stripped of their dignity.

The sight alone made my gut churn.

Of course, I had the wealth to buy them all. Every single one. I could snap my fingers, throw down the gold, and free all three hundred of them in a single sweep. I had enough money to not only purchase their freedom but still walk away with more than anyone here could ever dream of. With my fortune, I could end their suffering right here, right now.

But reality was cruel. Doing something like that would be reckless beyond reason. It would be less of a rescue and more of a declaration of war. It would shine a blinding spotlight on me, and that was the last thing I wanted. One move like that would throw our mission straight into chaos. It would undo everything we had prepared for. Sure, it might feel righteous in the moment, but it would also be the dumbest decision I could possibly make.

For now, I had to keep my head cool. I'd settle for two elves.

"I want to buy this one," I said firmly, tapping the entries in the book.

The first one was a former elven warrior. She had been listed under the warrior slave category, and from the description written down, it was clear the slavers had a rough time capturing her.

"Ah, this one, huh?" the man said, a sly grin spreading across his face. "She's a little feisty, but she's a good catch. An elven warrior, caught by some of our best. We actually planned to break her in as a sex slave, but she's too wild. No one can even get near her without risking serious injury. Still, if you're interested, we can provide a certain drug that'll help soften her up."

An aphrodisiac, plain and simple. They were already handing me the option of drugging her into submission.

"Well, I can take that," I replied calmly, even though the bile in my throat was rising.

"Also, because of her untamed behavior, we haven't managed to train her at all," the man continued, leaning forward like he was whispering a secret. "There's a high chance she's still a virgin. But, naturally, that makes her even more expensive. Virgins are rare and are very highly sought-after. Combine that with the fact that she's a fighter, and her price skyrockets. We can't put her on a cheap tag. You understand what I mean, don't you?"

I could see the twisted logic in it. Even in the world of prostitution, a girl's first time was always sold at an inflated price, valued like some kind of prized commodity. Her worth wasn't measured in who she was—it was measured in how much gold people would throw away to be her first.

"Then if you'll follow me..." he started, already rubbing his hands together like the greedy pig he was.

"I still have one more to buy," I interrupted.

His eyes widened. "Oh, y-you want another?" He hesitated, his voice faltering. "But the elf you picked is already extremely costly. I'm not doubting your financial strength—you clearly look well-off—but, well... let's just say most people wouldn't dare ask for more after that one."

He was trying to gauge me now, weighing if I was bluffing or if I really had the means. From the look on his face, he thought I was out of my mind. He couldn't even imagine someone throwing that kind of money around.

If only he knew the truth. I had more than enough to buy not just two but every single slave in this cursed place. I just wasn't stupid enough to do it.

"You don't have to worry about it," I told him flatly. "I can pay."

"I-I... if you say so, dear customer," he stammered.

Sweat trickled down his cheek. His confident smirk had already cracked, replaced by the unease of a man who suddenly wasn't sure if the ground under his feet was safe anymore. He probably thought I was insane. Nobody sane dropped that kind of gold so casually.

Still, he swallowed his doubts and let me continue browsing.

And then I saw it.

Not an elf.

A demon.

My eyes narrowed as I leaned closer to the page. This was the first time I had ever seen a demon listed in this place.

"What about this one?" I asked, pointing at the entry.

"Ohhh, the demon slave, huh?" His lips curled into a grin that screamed greed. "Now that's a prize. A flawless catch. No blemishes at all. Untouched. She's a virgin, as you can see from the records. Though I'll admit, I don't actually know what kind of demon she is. Doesn't matter much, though. She's valuable either way. In fact, we're already preparing her for her first customer. A high-class prostitution establishment is ready to buy her for around seventy thousand gold coins. That's how rare she is."

Seventy thousand. The number hit me like a weight. That was enough to build ten grand mansions, enough to live in luxury for a lifetime and still have more left over. That kind of gold could change entire cities. And yet, they were throwing that value on a single person's body, as if she were nothing more than an investment to be auctioned off.