

The World 931

Chapter 931: Slave Market (3)

Demon slaves were ridiculously expensive, the kind of thing only nobles or insanely rich bastards could even dream of buying. That was because capturing one was almost impossible. Demons weren't like humans or elves you could just chain up—they were monsters in their own right, with power that made even trained slavers piss themselves. But sometimes, there were special cases. If a demon happened to be wandering around alone, cut off from any kind of group or protection, then—rare as it was—there was a chance they'd be overpowered and captured. That's what happened with Amon.

I was lucky enough to get to her before anything could be done. I'd managed to pull her out of that nightmare before it truly began, and from that moment on... well, the rest was history.

But now, standing here in this filthy, stinking market full of cages and half-broken souls, I was watching another demon who'd been caught and chained like some animal. Whether it was slavers or bandits, I couldn't be sure, but the sight made my blood boil all the same.

"I want to buy this one," I said firmly, my voice cutting through the murmur of the marketplace.

The slaver's eyes widened, his greasy face twitching nervously. "H-Huh? B-But she's already taken, dear customer. We can't exactly put her to you, since she's already been promised to someone else." His words tumbled out, shaky and panicked. "A-And besides, this is seven thousand gold coins we're talking about! Even with the money you have, you probably won't be able to pull it off. And even if you do... you might not recover financially from this."

Financial recovery, huh? That line made me scoff internally. If he was saying that, then the buyer must've been no ordinary customer. No, this had the stink of a high-class brothel all over it. Only establishments that catered to the rich and depraved would have that much coin to casually throw around on a demon.

"I can pay a hundred thousand gold coins," I said flatly, not even blinking. "Just give me the reins."

His jaw practically hit the ground. "A-A hundred?!" he shrieked, his voice cracking like he couldn't believe what he just heard.

Maybe I was getting ahead of myself—no, I knew I was. But there was something in me that couldn't let this go. Something about her. I couldn't ignore the feeling that there was... potential here, like I could actually build something from this, as insane as that sounded. Yeah, the whole thing turned my stomach—I hated that I even had to lower myself to buying a slave—but it didn't matter. This was the path laid out in front of me.

And if I was being honest, there was another reason. I was fascinated by her strange, unpredictable nature. One moment she was timid, shy and almost delicate according to her date here—and the next she was cold, sharp, and distant, like she could cut someone down with just her eyes. That change in mood swings... it pulled me in. I didn't understand it, but I couldn't shake it either.

"Is that okay with you?" I asked quietly, glancing over my shoulder at Artemis.

Originally, we had come here for something very different. The plan was to buy two elven slaves. Not because we enjoyed this filth or supported it, but because doing so would give us valuable insight into how this twisted market really worked. The elves, already trapped inside it, had the kind of knowledge we couldn't get otherwise. That was the mission—simple, direct, and clean.

But here I was, throwing the plan out the window for a demon slave. That wasn't part of what we agreed to. That's why I needed Artemis's answer.

She met my eyes and smiled gently, nodding without hesitation. She had no complaints and no resistance. Just silent approval.

"B-But still... she's already branded for someone else..." the slaver muttered nervously, shifting from foot to foot. "I can't exactly... I mean..."

Unbelievable. Even after I had slammed a hundred thousand gold coins down in front of him, he was still holding back. Didn't he realize how much that was worth? That kind of fortune could set him up for life—palaces, women, luxury until the day he died. With that much, he wouldn't have to touch the filth of this business ever again.

I clenched my jaw. If money was the only language he spoke, then fine—I'd drown him in it.

"How about I add another hundred on top of that?" I said, leaning in slightly. "Both the demon slave... and the elf."

The words made him go pale. Two hundred thousand gold coins was a staggering sum. To put it into perspective, the elf was priced at only three thousand. The demon was valued at seventy. Combined, they barely scratched a hundred thousand. By offering two hundred, I was practically tossing away another hundred and twenty-seven thousand just to shut him up.

"Of course," I added coolly, "that doesn't include the hush money."

"H-Hush money?" he stuttered, confused.

"Yeah. You keep your mouth shut about me buying them. There would be no names, no rumors, nothing." My tone was sharp, leaving no room for argument. "So... how about it?"

"R-Right away, Sir!" he yelped, bowing his head so quickly it was almost pitiful. "I-I'll show you the products you wanted!"

And just like that, he was leading us deeper into the holding area, the smell of sweat, blood, and despair growing thicker with every step. My gut twisted. No matter how I tried to justify it, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was dirtying my own hands by going along with this. To everyone watching, I was just another bastard lining up to buy flesh. But I shoved the thought aside. We had to play this game to get what we came for. It was the only way.

The slaver stopped in front of the first cell and gestured toward the bars. "Here she is..." he said, almost like he was trying to dress up the words to sound appealing.

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I stepped closer and peered through. Inside, an elf sat slumped against the wall, her skin scarred and broken. The wounds were raw reminders of the abuse she'd endured here.

"We're sorry the product is slightly damaged," he said with an awkward laugh. "As I told you already, sir, this one's quite feisty, and it was difficult to tame her. That's why we had to resort to some... unsavory methods. Unfortunately, it left her skin marked. But don't worry—it doesn't affect her value."

The way he said it made me want to smash his teeth in. Damaged product? That's what he called her? Just another thing to be bought and sold.

Artemis stood quietly at my side, but I didn't need to look at her to know what she was feeling. She was the princess of the Elven Kingdom, the future queen of her people. Hearing this filth talk about one of her kind—about her people—like that, as if they were just meat to be broken and sold, must have been tearing her apart inside.

But she didn't move. She didn't speak. She kept her face composed, though I could feel the quiet rage radiating off her like heat. She knew better than anyone that losing control here, now, would only make things worse. As much as she despised this, engaging him would've been a disaster.

We entered the cell. The sight hit me harder than I expected—she looked like she'd been broken down to nothing, thin to the point where her bones were sticking out beneath her pale skin.

"Do you know her?" I asked Artemis in a low voice, making sure the slaver couldn't hear us.

Artemis gave a faint nod. "She's Patricia. One of the guards from back then. She was reported captured when she tried to rescue three slaves from bandits... she succeeded in saving them, but she didn't make it back herself."

"I see..." I muttered.

Looking at her now, I could tell she didn't have the strength to fight anymore. She needed rest—real rest—and then she could be sent back to the kingdom where she belonged.

"We'll take her," I told the slavers.

"Great! N-Now, onto the next one," the bastard said quickly, waving his men over. They started moving with weapons in hand, ready to force her out.

"I don't want her harmed," I said sharply, my tone leaving no room for argument. "She's already hurt enough as it is."

"As you command, sir." He gave me a smile, but I could see the flicker of unease in his eyes. Patricia, or I think that's her name was, had a reputation in here as he told me—that she was super feisty and almost impossible to handle. They'd probably expected another fight.

But Artemis stepped in and spoke softly to her, words only they could share. Whatever she said, it worked. Patricia seemed to calm down and, despite her broken state, stepped out of the cage without resistance. She looked like she'd already given up everything.

The slaver was caught off guard, but when he realized there wouldn't be any trouble, he forced a smile. "W-Well then, follow me to the next one."

I followed, knowing exactly where we were headed—the demon slave.

This time, he led us deeper into the market. The path grew darker the further we went, the air thicker and heavier, like the shadows themselves were warning us to turn back. The slaver lit a lantern and held it out front, its weak flame barely cutting through the dark.

"Sorry," he said, his voice echoing slightly in the cramped space. "We've been keeping her at the deepest part. She's that valuable."

"I see..." I muttered.

After a long walk, we finally stopped.

"She's here," he said.

Unlike the other slaves, who were packed into cages, this one was locked behind a solid iron door. That alone spoke volumes about how dangerous she must have been.

"She's good," the slaver said quickly, almost like he was trying to reassure me. "We've locked her up with a power dampener. She can't use her mana, so she won't be able to go on a rampage."

I pushed the door open. The sight that greeted me made me pause.

A demon sat inside, her presence almost overwhelming. Half of her hair was black, cascading over one side of her face where her eye was equally dark. The other side was stark white, her eye on that side a pale mirror to match. She looked like a living embodiment of yin and yang, a perfect balance of two extremes coiled into one body.

"She's a good catch, right?" the slaver said nervously.

Good catch? He had no idea what he was holding. I didn't know what kind of demon she was, but everything in me screamed that she was dangerous. Even Guardian's voice in the back of my head whispered warnings, telling me to stay away from her. That alone told me she was no ordinary demon.

And this idiot was selling her for seventy thousand gold coins. A woman like this? She should've been worth five hundred thousand at least. That's how dangerous she was.

"Yes," I said, my eyes never leaving her. "I'll take her."

And with that, I knew I had just secured a powerful asset.

"T-That's great, but... I hope you're telling the truth about your end of the bargain," the slaver said carefully.

"I don't go back on my word," I told him plainly. "Where do I sign?" I asked.

"H-Here!" he said quickly, shoving a ledger and pen toward me.

I took it and signed my name—Christopher Faust. The moment the ink hit the page, his eyes widened, his whole expression changing. Clearly, the name rang bells.

"I-I wouldn't have expected... you're the Christopher Faust?! That explains why you're not afraid to throw your money around!" he said, half in awe and half in fear.

I slid a pouch across the table, heavy with ten thousand gold coins. "That's for keeping your mouth shut about this deal. Understand? As for the other payment, I will hand it all outside."

He swallowed hard and nodded. "Y-Yes, of course! You can count on me!"

"Good," I said simply.

Even if he eventually snitched, it wouldn't matter. This whole market wouldn't even exist in two months' time.

And with that, I walked away from this place.

Chapter 933: Slave Market (5)

Three sacks of gold. Heavy, bulging, and tied tight. Together, they were worth two hundred gold coins.

"O-Ohhhh..." The slaver's jaw practically dropped as his gaze locked onto the sacks. His greedy little eyes sparkled like gems, and his lips quivered as though he'd just stumbled across some long-lost treasure. He looked like a starving man who had suddenly been served a banquet fit for kings.

The longer he stared, the more obvious it became. Just the sheer sight of those sacks was enough to make him salivate. His throat bobbed as he swallowed down the drool that threatened to spill from his mouth. This had to be the very first time in his miserable life that he had seen this kind of fortune up close.

"I-If I may, dear customer... may I check the legitimacy of these?" His voice shook, words tumbling out carefully, like he was afraid I'd take the offer back in the blink of an eye.

"Well, be my guest," I replied, a faint smirk tugging at my lips.

Honestly, it was the smartest thing he could've done. If I were in his shoes, I wouldn't just take the gold at face value either. There were countless scams in this kind of business, after all. But I had nothing to hide—the coins were real, all of them.

At my permission, the guards stepped forward without hesitation. They had clearly done this countless times before. First, they tugged open the mouth of one of the sacks, their rough fingers spreading the fabric wide. The metallic glint immediately caught their attention, and they grabbed two neat stacks from the top. Holding them up against the light, they tilted the coins this way and that, watching the golden surface catch and throw back the shine.

The coins gleamed so brightly that the reflection almost blinded them, but instead of wincing, they studied it with a practiced eye before sliding them back neatly into place. Of course, they weren't about to sit there and examine every single coin—that would've taken all day. People like them didn't need to. Just one glance, one feel, and they could tell real gold from a forgery. They had been handling wealth like this far longer than I had.

But they weren't careless either. Checking only the surface would have been foolish, and they knew it. With a flick of a dagger, one of them slashed open the bottom of the sack. The fabric split, and a cascade of coins tumbled out, hitting the ground with a heavy, ringing clatter. The sound of gold spilling onto stone echoed in the air, sharp and intoxicating, like a symphony of wealth.

It was the right move. Too many crooks had tried filling the top with genuine coins while stuffing the bottom with fakes. But not this time. Their efforts would be wasted. Every coin that spilled out was the real deal, solid and flawless, each one carrying that unmistakable weight and shine.

When they were done, the guards exchanged a brief glance and nodded in silent agreement before turning back to their master.

"Pleasure doing business with you, Sir Faust," the slaver finally said, his grin stretching wide. As the daylight hit his mouth, I caught sight of something glinting. One of his teeth wasn't just polished—it was made of gold. How fitting.

I gave him one last smile, a polite little curve of the lips, then turned on my heel and walked away without another word.

We finally left the slave market.

It was only once we were out that Patricia seemed to find even the smallest bit of relief. She had clearly been suffering in that place for a long time, her body bearing the weight of untreated injuries. She looked frail, fragile, like someone who had been clinging onto life by a thread. Luckily, the wounds hadn't gone deep enough to kill her. We had made it in time—any later and things might've turned grim.

Now, Artemis was tending to her with gentle hands. She sat close, carefully blowing on a bowl of hot soup to cool it before bringing it to Patricia's lips. At the same time, she wrapped her in a thick towel, shielding her from the cold.

But even wrapped up like that, Patricia's condition was painfully clear. Her body was so thin that her bones pressed against her skin. The outline of her ribs stood out starkly beneath the towel, a cruel reminder of how badly she'd been neglected. She had been starved to the point of emaciation.

And yet... her spirit wasn't broken. Her eyes—sunken, tired, and rimmed with pain—still carried a sharp fire in them. That flame, that unyielding will, had survived where her body had withered.

"W-What are you doing here, Princess Artemis?" Her voice cracked, but there was no mistaking the surprise and disbelief behind it.

Even after years apart, Patricia had recognized her immediately. How could she not? Artemis hadn't aged a day.

"I'm here to save you," Artemis said, her voice steady, filled with certainty. The weight in her words made it clear—this wasn't coincidence, this wasn't pity. She had come here for Patricia and for the other elves as well. "I'm sorry it took me this long."

Patricia's lips trembled, her eyes glassy. "The fact that you came here at all to save someone like me is already more than I deserve, Princess. I'm truly happy... But... I can't be completely happy knowing I was

the only one taken out of there." Her weak voice carried raw honesty. "There are still so many of our people trapped inside, suffering far worse than I ever did."

The way she said it left no doubt. The situation inside was as terrible as I had feared.

Then her gaze shifted. She turned those wary eyes on me. Suspicion lingered there, sharp and piercing. Of course. To her, I was nothing more than a stranger suddenly standing at Artemis' side. Her thoughts were written all over her expression.

Chapter 934: Slave Market (6)

Who is this man? Why is he with her? What is their connection?

"He's Leon," Artemis said softly, her eyes firm as she introduced me. "He's going to be my husband."

"H-Husband? A human?" Patricia's eyes widened, her whole body flinching in disbelief.

I didn't take offense. It wasn't shocking, after all. Elves didn't take kindly to humans, and the thought of one marrying into royalty was unthinkable. Not that I was entirely human, but... I could understand her shock.

"He's the one who helped us rescue our people. He already has my mother's approval," Artemis explained.

"T-The Queen...?" Patricia's voice cracked, her disbelief deepening.

Artemis gave her a firm nod.

Even though confusion still lingered in her expression, Patricia said nothing more. She seemed to accept it—or at least, she realized she had no grounds to object.

"T-Thank you, Lord Leon... for saving me. And I pray you'll continue to save many more of our people too..." Her words were weak, barely held together by her fragile body, but she still bowed her head with effort, forcing herself to show gratitude.

"You don't have to thank me," I told her quietly. "I'm doing all this for Artemis and Solaris anyway."

The exhaustion finally overtook her. The moment her stomach was filled and her body warmed, her eyelids grew heavy. Within minutes, she was fast asleep, her breathing deep and even. I couldn't fault her—after what she had been through, sleep was the least she deserved.

While she was sleeping, I leaned closer to Artemis and asked if I could step out for a bit. She let out a soft laugh and told me I didn't need her permission to leave. I had only said it as a joke, but the truth was, watching her like this—her face heavy with sadness, pitying Patricia—it was something I didn't quite know how to handle. It weighed on me more than I cared to admit.

For now, though, I had to go meet the other slave I bought from that bastard.

When I opened the door to the room she was in, I found her sitting silently on the edge of the bed. Her small frame was curled inward, practically folded into itself, her arms wrapped tightly around her knees as if she were trying to shield herself from the world. She pressed her legs closer to her chest, her forehead almost buried against them.

I hadn't chained her down or locked her in. She was free to walk out if she wanted to, and yet... she didn't. She just stayed there, motionless, as if rooted in place by something heavier than iron.

I stepped closer, letting my voice break the silence.

"May I know your name?" I asked her.

The demon slowly raised her head to look at me. Her eyes were cautious, guarded, almost hollow. She looked young—maybe a year or two younger than me. That meant she must have been even younger when she was captured. The thought left a bitter taste in my mouth. But even as I waited, she seemed reluctant to answer.

"Don't you know your name?" I pressed gently.

"Su..."

Her voice was faint, fragile, but it was there. At least she could speak.

"Su?" I repeated.

She gave a small nod, the slightest movement, but enough to confirm it.

So that was her name. Just one short word—Su. I had no idea what it meant, but it felt like it carried more weight than it seemed.

"Do you want to go home?" I asked her.

Her eyes flickered up to mine again. For a moment, I thought I saw longing in them, like she really did want to return. But her answer told me otherwise.

"I have no home any longer," she whispered.

That hit harder than I expected. Damn... If she had said yes, if she had wanted freedom, I would've let her go right then and there without hesitation. But hearing that she had no home left—it was something I wasn't prepared for. Now I understood why she hadn't tried to run even though she wasn't restrained. It wasn't that she lacked the chance. It was that she had nowhere else to go.

"Then, is it fine if you stay with me? I promise I won't treat you badly," I said.

She hesitated for a breath, then gave a small nod.

"Mm..."

Her reply didn't sound forced. In fact, when I looked into her eyes again, I could swear there was more color in them now, more life than before. It was like the faintest spark of hope had been reignited inside her.

"I'm going to prepare something for you, so wait here for a bit, okay?" I told her as I pushed myself up to leave.

But just then, I felt it. It was an abrupt shift in the atmosphere. The air in the room thickened, heavy and sharp, crawling against my skin like static.

"Fufufufu..." A low, almost mocking laugh slipped out from her lips. "If you really want to take care of someone like us, then you'd better have something more lavish to offer. I don't know about the other me, but I'm not the type to be easily satisfied."

I turned back immediately. The girl sitting there was still Su, but at the same time... not. The timid expression she wore earlier was gone, replaced by a sly, knowing smirk that didn't belong to the meek girl I had just spoken to.

And her appearance—something about it had changed, too. Her hair and eyes had always been split with the left side black, the right side white. But now it had reversed. The left side was stark white, while the right side was pitch black. It was like I was staring at a completely different person wearing the same body.

"Well," I muttered, "looks like I didn't just buy Su from that bastard." I paused, narrowing my eyes. "Should I introduce myself first?"

"You don't have to, Christopher Faust... or is it Leon? Either way, it doesn't matter to me," she said with a cool, dismissive tone.

"You're not Su, are you?" I asked.

"I'm not that meek little girl, no. But we are the same. Two souls living inside the same body. You could even call us siblings. But don't get it twisted—sharing a vessel doesn't make us alike. She and I are

nothing alike. We have different personalities as well as different strengths. And unlike her, I'm much more powerful," she said, her grin spreading wider, her voice dripping with confidence.

"Who are you then?" I asked.

"Han," she answered, smiling.

Chapter 935: Perfecting The Plan (1)

Patricia laid everything out in front of us about the Slave Market. What struck me was that even though she had only been rescued three days ago, she already had the strength, or maybe the willpower, to take charge and start laying the foundation for the plan. She even managed to organize the details about the guards within the market.

Her voice was a little rough, and you could see she was still recovering, but there was this determination in her eyes that burned stronger than her weakness.

"If I don't tell this now, more and more days will just slip by... and with every single day that passes, our people will continue to suffer. I can't let that happen. So I have to say this now," she said, her tone wavering between exhaustion and resolve.

I guess I could understand her reasoning. Even though she hadn't really recovered fully, and even though speaking itself still seemed difficult for her with her voice literally cracking slightly as she was speaking—she forced herself to keep going. She was pushing her body and her mind to their limits just so we could perfect this plan from the ground up.

The plans we had made before we went to the Empire with the others were more like rough sketches... or just outlines created in the beginning without considering the other details or problems that might show up. But what we were doing right now, together with her guidance, was different. Right now, we were filling in the gaps and making the plan solid, something that could actually succeed and guarantee our success.

"The guards are stationed on every single level of the market," Patricia started, her words coming slowly but steadily. "The first level is where the humans are. Usually, you'll see about ten to twenty guards there, constantly patrolling and keeping watch."

I remembered that myself, and yeah, ten to twenty guards matched exactly what I had seen.

She went on. "The second level is where the demi-humans are kept, but only the weaker kinds. Beast people who aren't predators or the ones who aren't too dangerous."

So that meant beast people without fangs or claws. Those who didn't pose much of a threat.

"There are about fifty to seventy guards there," she explained before pausing briefly to catch her breath. "Then, on the third level, where the higher-level demi-humans are placed, you'll find at least a hundred guards, probably more. They're well-equipped too with them having full armor and plenty of weapons. The deeper you go into the market, the tighter the security gets. Mostly, elves are kept there. But sometimes, there are elves who can't be properly contained because of their high-level magic, so they get transferred to the last level—the fifth one. Though honestly, I doubt there are any elves left there now. They were either sold already... or killed for resisting."

Her words hung heavy in the air.

"And finally, the fifth level," she continued, her tone turning darker, "that's where those who can't be contained at all are locked up... the ones considered far too dangerous. Around a hundred soldiers guard it at all times, and the level of security there isn't something that can be easily breached. The cages aren't simple bars either. They're huge metallic doors like they were built to withstand anything."

She didn't stumble once while explaining all of this. Every detail she gave matched what I had already seen with my own eyes. But she also had some information I didn't know.

"There's also a guard there," she added, her voice dropping almost to a whisper. "She's more like a monster than a human. They say she can split a person in two, rip them apart with her bare hands. At night... you can even hear her moaning in anger."

The thought made a chill crawl down my spine. Something like that, as a guard?

Well, I guess it was only natural for the defenses to be so extreme at that level. Still, I never would've imagined there'd be someone like that in place. I mean, I didn't see her myself when I went there.

After laying out the numbers, Patricia didn't stop there. She even gave us directions, telling us where the elves were likely kept and the best ways to move through the place. She explained how we could invade without alerting the guards right away, buying us time before they even realized what was happening.

Her strategy made sense. Entering from the roof. It wasn't just clever. Well, it was exactly the kind of move that would catch them completely off guard. They wouldn't be able to prepare properly for an attack from above. And honestly, while I wasn't too worried about myself in terms of sheer fighting power, having a strategy like this, one so well thought out, was reassuring. A plan with a success rate close to 100%? Of course we'd go with it.

With her guidance, our plan for invading the Slave Market was finally solid, or at least, it was beginning to have a soul. It wasn't just some idea anymore and it was ready to be executed, in the most efficient way possible.

As for the other matter, about Su... or I guess Han, I still didn't have any idea what was really happening with her.

From what I noticed, after I talked with Han last time, it seemed like Su had taken over not long after.

Su and Han. Two different beings, but in the same body. Han herself claimed they were separate, which reminded me of what I was told—that my own body was a vessel for Lilith. That if I fulfilled all her requirements for her revival, she would return.

But if she did revive, what then? Would my soul be thrown out with her soul replacing this body? Or would it be more like Su and Han's situation with us being two separate beings in one body?

I didn't know the answer. I guess I'd have to ask when I got the chance to talk to her again. That would happen after I conquered Artemis. With Artemis, the number of women conquered would reach ten, and with that, I'd be allowed another conversation with Lilith.

Right now, though, I had to focus. This mission had to be finished properly. Its success wasn't just important because it was tied directly to conquering Artemis. That alone made it something I couldn't afford to fail.

All those thoughts ran through my head while I sat there across from Su, who was quietly eating her breakfast. The clinking of her spoon against the plate was the only sound filling the silence between us.

Chapter 936: Perfecting The Plan (2)

"Say, Su?" I called out to her while she was stuffing her face with food like there was no tomorrow. Her cheeks were so puffed out, she honestly looked like a damn pufferfish on the verge of exploding. The sight was almost comical—her little hands clutching at the food, her jaw working desperately as if she couldn't swallow fast enough.

"Hmm?" She looked up at me at last, her big eyes blinking as she tried to process my voice through her overstuffed mouth. That tiny, muffled sound and the way she tilted her head... it was ridiculously cute. But that cuteness hit me with a bitter edge, because I knew what it meant. She wasn't just eating greedily because she loved the food—she was cramming it down like someone afraid it would be taken away at any second. Her whole posture screamed it. Even when her gaze met mine, there was this flicker of wariness in her eyes, like she was guarding her plate against me, shielding what little she had managed to claim for herself.

It was clear enough that her life in the slave market must have been pure hell. I couldn't even begin to imagine what she'd been through. Still, I had the feeling that the only reason Su hadn't completely shattered by now was because of Han. Han seemed like her anchor and the thing keeping her from slipping over the edge. But Su... Su had already been close. She was so close to breaking down entirely.

"Do you have no idea where you came from?" I asked gently.

Her chewing slowed, and after a moment she swallowed. The tension in her shoulders eased a little when she realized I wasn't asking her to hand over her food or scolding her for wolfing it down. It was just a harmless question, nothing threatening. That was enough for her to lower her guard.

"I don't know," she said finally, her voice small but steady, "but I remember the dirt is redder there."

Redder dirt, huh? That clicked in my head immediately. That had to be the demon continent.

"Do you know exactly where it is?" I pressed.

She shook her head side to side, slow and deliberate. "No." Her voice carried no hesitation as well as no hints of pretending to know more. She really didn't know. Well, that was about what I expected.

But what I really wanted to ask her... was something different.

"Do you know..." I paused, watching her carefully, "that you have somebody else inside you? Someone else living beside you in that body?" I leaned in slightly. "Han. Do you know her?"

The effect was immediate. The hand that had been lifting food to her mouth froze midair. For a second, she just stared at me, unmoving, her eyes sharp and focused in a way that Su's never were.

And then... a smirk crept across her face. It was subtle, but unmistakable. I blinked once—and just like that, Su was gone. Han was the one sitting in front of me now, her presence completely different, her energy filling the air with something sharp and confident.

"You really are quite the busybody, Leon," Han said smoothly, her lips curling. "You're walking into dangerous territory with questions like that."

"It's baffling," I admitted, staring at her. "There isn't the slightest change in your body when the two of you switch. One blink, and it's you. I can't even begin to tell how it happens."

It was uncanny, almost unsettling. Too fast to follow. Too seamless to grasp.

Han chuckled softly, waving it off. "That's just your brain messing with you. Don't overthink it." Then, as if to dismiss the tension altogether, she glanced at the table with a smile. "By the way, this food is excellent. We're absolutely satisfied."

"Well, you said you weren't easily satisfied," I replied, leaning back, "so I went with the best professionals I could find to prepare it."

"Really now?" Her eyes glittered as she leaned forward slightly. "So you actually took my request to heart. Hah... I think I'm starting to take a liking to you, Leon." She let out a small sigh of contentment.

"Phew, that was a damn good meal. If Su had kept control, she would've stuffed herself until she couldn't even move."

Han plucked a toothpick from the side of the plate and lazily began picking at her teeth, like she hadn't a care in the world.

"And now," she said, her gaze locking onto mine, "what is it you want? You called me out on purpose, didn't you? You've got my full attention now. So, tell me—what do you really want from me?"

"You catch on fast," I admitted with a thin smile.

That had been my intention from the start—bring Han to the surface. She was the one I needed to talk to.

"Do you know who Lilith is?" I asked her.

Her expression shifted slightly, a trace of recognition flashing across her face. "Ah... the mother," she said with a faint laugh. "Of course. Who doesn't know her? I don't think there's a soul on the demon continent who wouldn't. She was famous or well... too famous. Bards sang her name endlessly, over and over again. Honestly, it got irritating after a while."

"For someone who ended up as a slave, you sure know a lot," I pointed out.

Her smirk widened. "You're quick to notice things, Leon. Always searching for faults." She leaned back slightly. "But it's simple. I just have good ears. That's all. Not that you'd believe me if I said that, right?"

"You could've escaped the slave market, but you stayed there," I said, narrowing my eyes. "Why?"

Han let out a soft chuckle, resting her elbow on the table. "I was curious, that's all. I wanted to see the world outside the demon continent. To someone like me, the human lands were... captivating. I found them fascinating. But fate's cruel, isn't it? I got caught by bandits instead."

"Is that really all?" I pressed again.

She tilted her head, smiling faintly. "What more can I say? There's nothing else for you to learn."

"Then, can I ask you something else?"

Her eyes narrowed just slightly, though she kept her smile. "Go ahead. While I'm still willing to indulge you."

I leaned in closer, lowering my voice. "That body... it isn't your original one, is it? It's nothing more than a vessel keeping you alive. Isn't that right, Han?"

For a moment, the room went still. Then she spat the toothpick from her mouth with such sharp force it shot across the floor and embedded itself in the wooden planks with a solid thunk.

Her smile faded into something darker. "You really are a damn nosy bastard, Leon," she said coldly. "I'm starting to think I might just end up hating you from here on out."

Chapter 937: Perfecting The Plan (3)

"You should have kept your mouth shut when you don't even know what you're talking about," she said, her tone sharp and almost cutting. There was a flicker in her eyes that it was something that told me she wasn't just throwing words around. It looked like she meant it.

"So... am I right then?" I asked her, my voice calm but carrying a little bit of pressure behind it. I wanted to see her reaction and to push her into revealing more.

She tilted her head slightly, her lips curling into a faint smirk. "What do you think?" she replied, her tone playful but with an edge, like she already knew I was walking into something deeper.

"Well, for one thing..." I paused, looking straight at her. "I don't think it's possible for two souls to coexist inside a single body at the same time. That just doesn't make sense. So the only thing I can think of is that some kind of special circumstance must've happened, and because of that, you ended up inside Su's body."

Her eyes narrowed slightly, but not out of anger—it was more like she was studying me and measuring my words carefully.

"Oh? So what you're saying is... you're comparing your situation with mine?" she asked, her tone slow and deliberate, like she wanted me to know she already had me figured out.

So, she already knew. She knew I was a vessel for Lilith. I didn't have a damn clue how she found out, but judging from where this whole conversation was heading, it wasn't really surprising. Maybe it was only natural for her to assume it. Either way, I couldn't shake the feeling that this talk between us was about to turn into something far more interesting.

"Unfortunately, Leon..." her voice softened, almost carrying a trace of pity. "I don't think our circumstances are that similar at all. For one, Su's body isn't carrying a great one who lived since the very beginning of this world—someone who survived countless years and only fell in the end to the Seven Deadly Sins." She leaned forward slightly, her eyes gleaming. "Me? I'm nothing but a lowly demon who just happened to find this vessel waiting for me. That's it. Nothing more, nothing less. That's why things turned out this way. I couldn't kick Su out of her body, because this is her original body. I was just a soul that had been sleeping inside her. Unlike you, who's carrying a great one. In your case, Lilith can just take control of your body whenever she wants, switching with you as easily as breathing. And honestly... I don't think that makes your situation much different from mine at all."

Her words rang in my ears. And well... I had to admit... what she was saying actually made sense. Or well, not really. But it lined up in a way I couldn't ignore. But still, even with that, I had no idea what would happen to me once Lilith resurrected. That thought alone dug deep into the back of my mind, gnawing away.

Even though I had no intention of ever bringing her back, it didn't feel like something I could avoid forever. Like no matter what I did, fate itself would drag me right into it.

It wasn't just some random feeling either. Every time, without fail, I ended up face to face with one of the fragments. It was almost as if fate itself was shoving me into these meetings, forcing me into them. And the only conclusion I could reach was that all of this was pointing toward Lilith's resurrection being inevitable—like it had already been carved into stone long before I even had a say in it.

Which meant... no matter how much I tried to bury it, no matter how hard I tried to turn away, it would still happen. One way or another, I would resurrect her. Even if I didn't want to.

"I hope you don't go telling Su about this," she said suddenly, her voice steady but holding an undertone of warning. "Even though I've been inside her since the day she was born, she has no idea that I exist. To her, it only ever feels like she randomly falls asleep. Then, when she wakes up, she has no idea where she was or what she'd been doing. That's because I was in control of her body during that time. And she doesn't need to know the truth."

"You don't want her to hate you, huh?" I asked, my tone carrying a hint of curiosity.

"Nope," she answered quickly, a small smile tugging at her lips. "Because if she ever found out the truth—that I've been inside her this whole time—then I'd completely take over. And if that happened, she'd never get her body back. Not ever again."

That... was honestly kind of terrifying. I couldn't lie about that. But at the same time, I had no idea what to fully make of it. I couldn't shake this feeling that there was something way more complicated going on between Su and Han than what I was being told.

For now though, I shoved all of that to the side. What mattered most was the plan.

We carried on with planning the invasion with us carefully laying out every detail. The main focus was on striking the establishments that were keeping elven slaves.

One of the prostitution brothels in the area had been confirmed to have two elves. The auction house was even worse as they were holding anywhere between five to ten. And then there were the noble houses... the so-called high and mighty families who were keeping elves as their personal sex slaves.

We mapped everything out piece by piece, weighing every possible risk as well as every possible angle. And after all of that, we finally settled on the day we'd strike.

"I think that day would be the best option," I said firmly, my voice carrying the weight of finality.

"I think so too," Artemis agreed without hesitation.

Chapter 938: Perfecting The Plan (4)

The day we chose was the Imperial Festival. It lined up perfectly with what we needed. During the Festival, the majority of the Empire's citizens would all be gathered in the capital, leaving far fewer eyes watching the other areas. Which meant the chances of us running headfirst into the Imperial Soldiers would drop drastically. Most of the soldiers would be busy attending to the Emperor, who was rumored to hold duels against criminals during the Festival—like a twisted kind of public execution put on for entertainment.

"If we don't move on that day, then we'll never get another chance this good," I said, looking around at everyone. "So it has to be then."

Artemis nodded, and the others followed. Asuza, Hilda, Frey, Verra, and Serra—all of them were here, all of them standing firm. They had been the ones out in the field who were investigating every lead and tracking down every location where elves were being held, and reporting back to us. They were efficient as hell, too. It hadn't even taken them a full week to cover the entire Empire and gather everything we needed.

With that, everything was ready. The plans were laid out with the targets marked as well as the timing decided. Now all that was left... was to wait. To bide our time until the right moment to strike.

The bath in Lord Cross's manor was massive, big enough to feel like a pool more than anything. His entire estate had become our stronghold as well as our base where we planned, slept, and plotted. It was here that we had carved out a teleportation magic circle, its runes etched deep into the stone flooring, waiting to be used. That circle would serve as the lifeline for the slaves we freed, whisking them directly to the Kingdom of Elves. Without it, most of them wouldn't even make it back as they were probably too weak and too drained to walk on their own.

I leaned back in the water, letting the heat wrap around me. Steam rose in gentle waves, fogging the air, while the cold stone walls pressed an odd contrast into the space. It was decadent, almost suffocating in its comfort, and yet I let myself sink into it for just a moment longer.

Then, the door creaked.

The sound of it echoed faintly in the mist. I turned my head and caught sight of Artemis stepping in. And trailing right behind her—Aegis.

The second Aegis's eyes landed on me, her gaze sharpened like a blade. She glared, lips pressed tight, as if I'd done something wrong before she even spoke.

"Oh, you're here, Leon," Artemis said, her tone casual as her eyes landed on me.

"Yeah," I replied, leaning against the edge of the bath. "What's up?"

"Nothing much. We just came to wash up." Her lips curved faintly as she glanced at Aegis. "It's been a long time since Aegis washed me. I kind of missed it, so I wanted her to do it again."

"I see..."

So that explained it. That was why Aegis was glaring at me. In her eyes, I'd stolen her chance to have Artemis all to herself.

"Do you want me to leave?" I asked, half-raising an eyebrow.

"No," Artemis said with a small smile. "Actually, I feel like this is perfect timing."

Perfect timing? My brow furrowed. What the hell did she mean by that?

"I heard from Aegis that you two haven't had sex yet," she said suddenly, her voice cutting through the mist.

"Y-Your Majesty!" Aegis's voice cracked as she shouted, her face instantly turning scarlet, the blush crawling all the way to her ears.

"What?" Artemis tilted her head, unfazed. "Didn't you tell me that, Aegis? That you two haven't had sex? I just want to know why. You've been with him for about a year now, right? Always by his side, close to him... and yet you still haven't done it. Why's that?"

Aegis turned toward me, her entire face burning with embarrassment. Her fists clenched at her sides, and I could see her chest rising and falling faster as she tried to breathe.

The truth was simple. There were two reasons. The first was obvious and that was she hated me. She made no effort to hide it either. Her hostility toward me was written all over her face, in every sharp look she threw, in every word laced with venom. I had never once met a woman who could openly make those kinds of expressions toward me before Aegis.

The second reason... was deeper. She actually swing the other way around. She didn't love men. She loved women. And the woman she loved was none other than Artemis.

That was also the root of her hatred toward me. Artemis was one of my women now and she was bound to me. To Aegis, it was like I'd NTR'd her and ripped away the person she wanted most.

And maybe, no... it was absolutely must have been he lack of men in the elven race that had pushed her down that path in the first place.

Artemis, however, seemed completely unaware of Aegis's feelings. Or maybe she knew but chose silence. After all, her heart was already with me with her being bound tightly, and even if she did notice, she couldn't return Aegis's affection.

"Well, you know... I don't really find Aegis all that attractive," I said flatly, meeting Artemis's eyes.

"What?" Artemis blinked. "You don't find Aegis attractive? Leon, I thought for sure you were the type who wouldn't care and would just fuck anyone on sight."

"Don't take me for someone who'd stick my dick anywhere," I shot back, my tone sharpening. "If anything, it's probably because Aegis clearly doesn't want it that I haven't even thought about it. Simple as that."

"Hm..." Artemis tilted her head slightly, studying me, her golden hair falling over her shoulder. Then she smiled faintly. "Alright then, how about this?"

She stepped closer, her presence filling the room, and leaned in. Her voice lowered, but her words carried sharp and clear through the steamy air.

"Why don't you have a threesome with the two of us?"

"H-Huh?!"

Aegis's eyes widened, and her shocked cry rang out so loud it bounced against the stone walls.

"A threesome... with both of you?" I repeated, stunned.

The suggestion hit me like a punch to the gut. It was insanely tempting and it was something I never would've thought Artemis herself would suggest. But then came the real question—was Aegis even okay with it?

"Is it okay with you, Aegis?" Artemis asked, turning her gaze on her.

Aegis swallowed hard, her throat bobbing visibly. She looked like she was caught in a storm, torn apart by emotions she couldn't control. She hated me—there was no question about that. But this was Artemis. Artemis, the woman she loved, standing right in front of her. There was no way she could deny her.

This was probably the only chance she'd ever get to be that close to her.

"I-It's okay..." she finally whispered.

Chapter 939: Elven Reverse Gangbang - Artemis And Aegis Part - (1)

For some reason, Aegis was blushing. Her cheeks which was normally so pale and cool, now carried this faint crimson heat that I had never once seen from her before. Honestly, it must have been the very first time I'd ever caught her wearing that kind of expression.

Usually, her face was set in that same old scowl with it sharp enough to make it feel like she was constantly glaring a hole through me. It was the kind of look that seemed to say she'd rather do anything than be near me—like even hearing my voice, or simply seeing me step toward her, was enough to make her visibly disgusted.

But right now, none of that hostility was there. That scowl was gone and it was being replaced by something almost fragile. It was strange... unsettling even, but in the best way possible. It was like Artemis's presence alone had melted that cold exterior, stripping away the armor Aegis always wore. She looked softer, almost vulnerable, as if Artemis's influence reached deep enough to make her consider doing something she would never have done otherwise. To the point she was even willing to go so far as agreeing to a threesome—just because Artemis was part of it.

Well, not that I was about to complain. No matter how bizarre the circumstances that led to this, if the end result was something that promised pleasure, I had no reason to reject it. Quite the opposite—I almost felt like thanking Artemis for pulling me into this opportunity.

"J-Just so you know, don't get the wrong idea," Aegis stammered suddenly, her voice sharp but shaky, her eyes darting at me as if I was some twisted demon who only lived to torment her. "Don't think this means I love you or anything like that. You're not assuming something stupid like that, are you?"

Her words were barbed, but the redness on her cheeks betrayed her.

"You don't have to worry," I replied calmly. "If that's what you want, then I'll comply."

She had already made up her mind to go through with this. There was no hesitation anymore. So naturally, there was no stopping me either.

"With that out of the way, then there's really only one thing the three of us can do, right?" Artemis's playful voice cut through the heated air.

And just like that, she loosened the towel wrapped around her, letting it fall from her body. Steam clung to her skin, but it didn't hide anything. Her entire naked form was laid bare in front of my eyes. Even through the hazy mist, I could see the alluring outline of her body.

Her chest was small, modest compared to her mother's, but it suited her perfectly. It was probably due to her elven heritage—most elves carried that slim, delicate figure. Elder elves like Solaris sometimes grew fuller, bustier figures, though no one seemed to know if that was due to age, experience, or simply something mysterious about their kind. Artemis, though... she wasn't flat. There was still softness as well as a hint of shape that pressed against her chest. It was something small but undeniably feminine. An A-cup bordering on a B, maybe. Her hips, however, curved beautifully, jutting out in just the right way, her waist narrowing before flaring into a perfect, enticing shape.

"Now then, how about you, Aegis?" Artemis teased, turning her gaze toward her companion, who still clutched her towel as if it were her last line of defense.

Aegis met my eyes with a sharp glare, her blush deepening.

"S-Stop looking!" she snapped, the words breaking with embarrassment. It seemed she'd only take off the towel if I turned away. But Artemis wouldn't let her escape that easily.

"Leon should be looking," Artemis said firmly, her tone carrying that natural authority of someone who always got her way.

"H-Huh? B-But..." Aegis faltered, her voice cracking.

"You won't get used to it if you don't show yourself to Leon," Artemis pressed. "All you need is a little courage... and everything else will fall into place naturally."

And with that, Artemis stepped closer, her bare skin brushing and pressing against Aegis's still-covered body. The contact was immediate and almost kind of intimate in a way, and it sent Aegis's composure shattering in an instant. She blushed even harder, trembling faintly. Of course, it made sense—she loved Artemis. Having the person you adored press their naked body against you... it was enough to make anyone weak, no matter how stubborn or cold they tried to act. Aegis wasn't immune to that.

"Show your body to Leon," Artemis whispered like it was the most natural order in the world.

And, as if compelled by nothing more than Artemis's words, Aegis's fingers loosened. Her towel slipped from her hands and fell away, revealing everything she had been hiding. Her bare body came into full view before me.

Her figure was breathtaking. Beautiful to the point that it almost stunned me. My eyes couldn't leave her, even if I wanted to.

Her skin was flawless, smooth and unblemished, not a single trace of excess fat on her frame. Of course it made sense—she was a warrior, someone who had honed her body through endless training, pushing it to its limits day after day. She was strength sculpted into beauty.

Her breasts were about the same size as Artemis's—modest, but firm and perky. And when my gaze drifted lower, I couldn't help but notice her pussy wasn't tightly closed, even though she was still a virgin. Maybe her hymen had been torn long ago from harsh training... or maybe it was from nights of desperate, secret masturbation.

"Fufufu... Isn't she beautiful, Leon?" Artemis purred, her eyes glinting. "You know, Aegis and I were inseparable when we were kids. I've probably memorized every inch of her by now. Even as a woman, I can say without a doubt that she's stunning. Honestly, it's almost a waste she chose the path of a warrior. But then again... maybe it's because she did that she ended up this beautiful in the first place. Fufufu..."

Her hand slid forward without hesitation, reaching out to cup and squeeze Aegis's breasts.

"Oh? I think yours are a little bigger than mine. Only slightly, though."

"Hnghh...! Ahh, L-Lady Artemis...!" Aegis gasped, her body shivering under her touch.

"Oh, listen to that... she's moaning already," Artemis teased with a sly smile. "You really are sensitive, aren't you, Aegis?"

I couldn't tell if Artemis was doing this intentionally to drive her crazy, or if she genuinely didn't realize how much she was affecting her.

But watching the two of them like this—two beautiful elven women, naked and pressed against each other—my cock twitched violently. The sight was too much as well as too arousing to ignore.

Artemis noticed instantly. Her eyes flicked down, catching the movement, and a sly smirk curved across her lips.

"Well then," she said, her voice dripping with playful amusement, "I suppose we should begin, since it looks like you can't wait a moment longer, Leon."

Chapter 940: Elven Reverse Gangbang - Artemis And Aegis Part - (2)

"Why don't I show Aegis first how to do it?" Artemis said, her lips curling into a sly, teasing smile. Then her eyes flicked to me. "Why don't you sit your butt right at the edge of the tub, Leon?"

I didn't hesitate and did exactly as she told me, sliding down until I was sitting at the edge of the bathtub. The cold porcelain pressed against my skin, grounding me for a second. Artemis lowered herself gracefully, kneeling down on the tiled floor right between my legs.

Now her face was directly in front of my cock. The size of it cast a heavy shadow over her delicate features, the thick length looming over her until it blocked more than half of her face. The contrast of something so crude overshadowing her elegant beauty made the whole sight even more intense.

"Fufufufufu... You really are big, Leon," she murmured, her voice dripping with amusement and awe. Her eyes didn't leave my cock for a moment. They were wide, fascinated, and almost sparkling. She wasn't looking at it with disgust, not even with intimidation. Instead, it was like she was admiring something precious, something so impossibly cute, even though it was this massive, throbbing thing right in front of her eyes.

She leaned in slowly, sticking her tongue out. The wet, pink tip touched the very crown of my cock, tapping it lightly. The second her tongue brushed against me, I felt the sharp pulse of pleasure run through me. The jolt started at the very tip, shooting down to the base, crawling up my spine, and exploding inside my skull. My body shivered involuntarily, as though electricity just ran through my nerves.

Then her tongue began moving, sliding lower, dragging wet trails along my shaft. She licked thoroughly, deliberately, coating every part of me with her spit. She didn't miss a single detail. Her tongue traced over every bulging vein, following the ridges and curves, giving attention like it all mattered.

Meanwhile, Aegis's eyes were glued to Artemis. She couldn't tear them away. The look on her face said it all that she was utterly shocked, unable to believe that the Princess of the Elves Kingdom—someone who should've been untouchable, dignified, and noble—was kneeling between my legs and wrapping her tongue around a cock. To Aegis, this must have looked like blasphemy, something she couldn't process or accept.

Artemis pressed her face right into my crotch, her soft lips brushing against the base of my shaft as her tongue glided upward again. She licked me like she belonged there, like she wanted to taste every inch. Aegis looked frozen, her entire expression screaming disbelief, her lips parted as if she wanted to say something but couldn't find the words.

Then Artemis parted her lips wider and wrapped them tightly around me.

The sudden wet heat of her mouth was insane. The second my cock slipped between her lips, it felt like my brain short-circuited. A burning rush of pleasure fried my thoughts, leaving me gasping. She sucked hard, her tongue swirling and pushing against me, her cheeks hollowing as she dragged her mouth along my shaft.

She wasn't just using her mouth either as every part of her was working me over. Her tongue pressed flat and moved with deliberate strokes, her lips squeezed tightly, and even the light grind of her teeth added another layer of sensation that made me grit my teeth. Then she pushed deeper, forcing me further into her throat.

Her throat opened and gave way, muscles squeezing around me as she swallowed me down. The wet, tight pressure dragged me into her, and it felt like my mind was melting out of my head.

"Nghhh... mmmhghh... nghhaa~..."

She pulled back with a wet gasp, and when she did, thick strings of saliva stretched from her lips to my cock. My shaft was soaked, glistening under the dim light, slippery with her spit.

"Haaa... Your penis is so thick and girthy that I'm having a hard time pulling it out of my mouth," she panted, her voice heavy with lust but playful at the same time.

She dove back in immediately. This time, her tongue dragged out slowly, deliberately, starting from the base near my balls and sliding up the entire length before flicking at the tip. Then she went lower again, sucking my balls into her mouth one after the other.

At the same time, her hand gripped my shaft tightly, stroking me in steady motions, jerking me off while she sucked. The suction was intense, pulling on my balls so hard that it felt like she was trying to drain me dry. She switched from one ball to the other, rolling them on her tongue, licking them, wetting every part until they glistened with spit.

"Ish it ghodd?" she asked, her voice muffled as she still had one ball in her mouth, her hand sliding along my shaft, pumping it firmly.

She finally pulled back, licking her lips.

"Fufufufu... This is quite tiring since I only have one mouth," she teased, her smile widening as she turned to Aegis. "Aegis?"

"W-What is it, Lady Artemis?" Aegis stuttered, her voice shaking.

"Come here, and help me with this," Artemis said smoothly, that playful smile never leaving her face.

"Huh?"

Aegis's eyes went wide. She was stunned and utterly caught off guard. Artemis, of all people, was asking her to do this. She wanted to obey, but the thought of putting her mouth on a man's cock looked unbearable to her.

"I..."

Her voice cracked, and her face twisted with conflict. She looked at me first, her expression filled with hesitation and a flash of disgust. Then she turned back to Artemis, swallowing hard, and her face softened. The shy, reluctant look returned.

She didn't want this. That much was obvious. But the urge to please Artemis—the desire to follow her no matter what—was stronger. Slowly, she lowered herself onto her knees beside Artemis, right between my legs.

"Fufufufu... Now then, do what I'm doing. Use your tongue, and don't forget to apply suction," Artemis instructed, before leaning down again. She wrapped her lips around my balls once more, sucking deeply, while her hand continued to stroke my cock steadily.

Aegis hesitated, trembling, but finally leaned forward. She stuck out her tongue, timid and unsure, and gave my cock the lightest lick. She paused, then after a moment, she sealed her lips around one of my balls, just as Artemis told her, and started sucking, applying suction.

Now both of them were on me.

The sight was unreal—two women kneeling between my legs, worshipping me together. Artemis was jerking my cock, sucking my balls, and Aegis, though hesitant, was also licking and sucking on me, following along.

"Both of you, look up at me..." I said, unable to hold back the grin spreading across my face.

They both obeyed. Their eyes rose to meet mine while their lips stayed sealed around me, their cheeks hollowing as they sucked. Artemis's eyes were soft, filled with warmth and lust, looking at me like I was hers. Aegis's eyes, on the other hand, were conflicted, filled with disgust and shame—but still, she kept doing it, still sucking because Artemis told her to.

I placed my hands on top of their heads, fingers sliding through their hair, holding them gently as they continued worshipping my balls. The sight and sensation together were overwhelming—one doing it with love, the other out of reluctant obedience—but both of them still pleasuring me all the same.