

## The World 94

### Chapter 94: To The Black Market (6)

I delicately placed the four gleaming gold coins between their moistened pussies, a symbol of the transaction completed.

As I pulled up my underwear and pants, the dim alleyway seemed to amplify the lingering echoes of our passionate encounter. Their bodies, still quivering with the aftershocks of our fervent fucking, appeared almost ethereal in the faint light.

Taking a moment to savor the sight, I felt a surge of power wash over me. These women, now marked by my touch, would forever carry the memory of our encounter. With a sense of satisfaction, I turned to leave, my presence lingering in the air like a whisper of temptation.

But before I could vanish into the night, Maika's voice pierced the silence from beneath Silka.

"Um, M-Master. Can I please know your name?" Her words hung in the air, laden with a mix of curiosity and reverence.

Silka's gaze also found mine, silently pleading for the answer.

"I am Mephisto," I declared, my voice carrying a weight that seemed to resonate with the very essence of our encounter. "Make sure you both remember that name well."

They both seemed pleased with my answer. Of course, they would remember my name. I had left a lasting impression on them with my dick. I highly doubted any of their future customers could replicate the experience I had given them.

With that, I turned and left them behind. Years later, I'd hear about a cult of Mephisto being established, with a dissatisfied married woman as their leader, and the two ex-prostitutes as vice-leaders. All the members were women.

But that, dear readers, is a tale for another time.

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As I emerged from the alley, I saw several men lying on the ground, seemingly incapacitated. Artemis stood there, resembling an assassin from a comic book. I had to admit, she looked pretty badass, especially with the moon shining down on us.

She noticed I was done with the two women and glanced at me, exhaustion evident in her eyes.

"Good job," I remarked. "Now let's find a place to rest for real."

Artemis met my gaze with tired eyes. "Please, get me a separate room."

It seemed her opinion of me had taken a hit, to the point where she couldn't stand to share a room with me. Fair enough.

We began to walk, and I caught Artemis casting a curious glance my way. She wasn't looking at me, though; her eyes were fixed on my now-longer hair.

"I heard one of the women mention her skill was growing hair," she remarked. "So, you're not exactly skillless, are you?"

"You say that like you figured it out ages ago," I replied, not turning to look at her. "When did you realize I wasn't skillless?"

"Since the day I met you," she said. "Or more accurately, since the day I saw you at the academy. I was heading back to the student council office from the stage where I was giving a speech to the first years."

That caught me off guard a bit, though I kept my eyes forward. "Since the first day of school? Now that's unexpected. You've been intrigued by me for that long?"

She shot me a glare. "I'm not so interested that I'd jump into bed with you. While I'll admit you're pretty good-looking, don't think seducing me will be a piece of cake. You're a few centuries too young for that."

"Centuries too young, huh? Does that mean you're centuries old?" I teased, earning a glare from her. "Putting jokes aside, yes, I have a skill. Any guesses on what it might be?"

"Considering how you seem to have mimicked the woman's skill, I'd say it's something akin to skill mimicry. Or more precisely, you copied her skill through sex. Am I close?" she speculated.

"You hit the nail on the head," I confirmed. "I possess the Goddess of Succubus's Heir skill. It allows me to replicate the skill of any woman I have sex with. If I want to obtain a more potent skill than theirs, I have to dominate them first before copying. Otherwise, I can simply copy their skill during one encounter, but it'll be slightly weaker than the original."

"Ah, I see," she nodded. "As they say, a cheap imitation isn't always superior to the original."

She paused for a moment, halting in her tracks. I stopped too, turning to look at her.

"Have you ever had sex with men before?" she asked abruptly.

The mere thought made my stomach churn, so naturally, my response was, "Hell no. I'm straight. I only copy skills from women."

"Why not give it a shot? Just to see if it works or not," she suggested.

"Why the hell would I even consider that?" I retorted. "And even if it did work, I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole." For a brief moment, Johanne crossed my mind. If I could pique his interest, maybe what Artemis was suggesting could pan out. But even if it did, I'd never stoop that low. Even if the guy had a powerful skill, I wouldn't sell my soul. End of story.

"I'm curious about your ability. It's fascinating," she continued. "In all my years, I've never encountered such a unique skill. You might be the only person with multiple skills."

Her elven blood must have been stirring to make her so persistent.

"I really think you should sleep with a man," she pressed again.

"No," I stated firmly, putting more emphasis on my refusal.

"We might make a breakthrough if you did," she persisted.

"I have no intention of making any breakthroughs," I replied firmly.

"But think about how it could benefit the world," she argued.

"Even if sleeping with a man could end a world war, I'd still refuse. Don't try to push your curiosity onto me," I shot back.

"Why, I'd offer up my body right now if you'd just do it," she exclaimed.

"I won't do it, even with that offer," I stated firmly. I just needed to fulfill her request of helping her, and then I could have her body. But as I entertained that thought, a terrifying realization dawned on me. Artemis was one of the women I wanted to dominate.

If she was so insistent on me sleeping with a man, there was a chance that one of her conditions for domination could involve exactly that.

I glanced at her, my expression filled with dread. She was smiling at me.

"Are you considering it?" she inquired.

"I wasn't," I hurriedly replied. I hadn't even entertained the idea. If sleeping with a man was one of her requirements, I'd have to abandon any plans of dominating her. I prayed that wasn't the case.

"But now I see why you've been buying up so many women. It's so you can acquire more skills," she remarked. "And judging by your interest in having my body too, I assume you're planning to add mine to your collection. Am I right?" Despite realizing this, she didn't seem disgusted or angry. Rather, she appeared amused. And curious.

"You've hit the nail on the head once again," I admitted. "Originally, I only intended to purchase one specific woman out of all those trainee prostitutes, but I realized having them all could be more beneficial in the long run. And it seems my intuition was correct. Our company is expanding rapidly. Soon enough, we'll have better transportation options than just carriages.

And as for why I want your skill, well, you already know."

"It's because my skill is perfect for these kinds of operations, isn't it?" she interjected.

"Exactly," I confirmed.

"So, tell me, what is it you truly desire?" she inquired. "It can't just be about collecting skills or women. I believe you have grander ambitions."

That's right. I have one ambition. It's so grand that even Gabrielle's mind is always on overdrive trying to figure out how to make it a reality.

"It's world domination," I declared.

"So you aspire to rule this world, hmm?" she mused, not shocked but rather entertained. "That's a fitting ambition for someone like you." With that, she resumed walking and came to walk beside me. I fell into step alongside her.

"I believe you can achieve it. With powerful women at your side, a rapidly growing company, and a skill that can make countless women submit to you, you possess all the tools to conquer this world," she remarked.

"Is that so?" I replied.

"Well, if you play your cards right, I believe so," she affirmed.

She sounded like she truly believed in my potential. Yet, after her affirmation, she paused once more, bringing both of us to a halt. I waited, hoping she wouldn't pose another outlandish query.

"Mind divulging how you manage to dominate a woman?" she inquired, her tone casual but her eyes gleaming with curiosity.

"Why the sudden interest?" I asked, wary of her intentions.

"Just curious," she replied with an innocent shrug, though there was a mischievous glint in her gaze.

Elves, I mused, always the most troublesome creatures in this world with their insatiable curiosity and penchant for meddling in affairs they shouldn't.

"Well, I suppose there's no harm in enlightening you," I relented, considering her request. "Once I meticulously fulfill all ten requirements for domination, the woman becomes entirely subservient to me," I explained.

Her expression shifted, a contemplative look crossing her features as she processed my explanation. After a pause, she raised her gaze to meet mine once more, her eyes alight with curiosity.

"May I pose a rather peculiar question, then?" she asked, her voice tinged with intrigue.

"I hope you're not about to ask if I'd consider sleeping with men," I joked, a wry grin tugging at my lips.

"I won't delve into that topic anymore. If you're intending to dominate me, it's imperative that you become my man in the future. I simply can't bear the thought of my future partner having engaged in such liaisons," she declared firmly, her gaze steady.

Her response sparked a flicker of amusement within me. So, she's already envisioning me as her future partner, is she? "Alright, fair enough. What's on your mind, then?" I prodded, intrigued by her sudden shift in focus.

"Enlighten me about the current stipulation required for your dominance over me."