

The World 97

Chapter 97: Artemis's Decision (3)

Leon's POV

Artemis was sulking at the foot of the bed, her knees pulled close to her chest and her arms wrapped around them, her head resting on top. As she sulked, I glanced at her third requirement, which we had just fulfilled earlier.

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3. Make Artemis orgasm

Completed!

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The fourth requirement had been unlocked.

4. Deflower Artemis in front of her mother

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The third requirement... well, that was completed surprisingly fast. I never expected to breeze through her requirements like that. But glancing at the fourth requirement, I realized things were about to get a lot harder. Not only did I have to take Artemis's virginity in front of her mother, but I also had to ensure she remained a virgin until then.

This was shaping up to be the toughest challenge yet.

From what Artemis had mentioned about her mother, I could tell she'd be pleased as punch for me to deflower Artemis. Though, I had no idea if I could resist the temptation to do it now. The urge to fuck Artemis and take her virginity was overwhelming. But I needed to muster the willpower to hold off. If I failed this, I failed at dominating her. So, I had to exercise patience.

After closing the bluish panel for her fourth requirement, I glanced back at Artemis, who was still sulking. I checked the time on my phone. It had been about an hour since she started sulking like this.

When I licked her pussy... no, it wasn't even a lick. All I did was lightly brush my tongue against her entrance, and she came. She squirted all over my face and soaked the bedsheets.

When she exploded in pleasure, her body convulsing and her eyes rolling back into her head, I realized I may have pushed things too far. With a pang of guilt, I swiftly unclasped her hands, which were tightly cuffed to the headboard.

As she gradually regained her composure from the intense orgasm, her tear-filled eyes bore into mine, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment and anger. "You're despicable! Horrible! Scum! Filthy pervert! Brat!

Dickhead! Bleh!" She hurled every insult she could think of at me. Then, with a defiant gesture, she stuck out her tongue and raised her middle finger before retreating into her cocoon of frustration.

It had been almost an hour since then, and she hadn't made a single move since.

That morning, we headed to the Black Market. Later that day, we finally reached our destination and found a fight underway between two forces: the organization called the Silver Blades, along with someone I knew, and Norman Amarathea himself. But that's a story for later.

???'s POV

I used wind magic to propel my wheelchair towards where I was headed. When I arrived, I found a woman with silver hair eating gracefully, slicing through the beastkin meat with a large knife.

"Enjoying your stay, Miss Sara?" I asked casually.

Miss Sara Quinn, the younger sister of Sesillian, is one twisted individual--mentally deranged, notorious criminal, and demented killer. I knew her as the sadistic maniac who'd gladly off anyone, be it adults, children, women, men, you name it, to get what she wanted. She's someone you can't control, not even Sesillian, her own brother, or me for that matter.

Well, sometimes she listens to her brother, but I doubt she'd listen to me. She looks all graceful now, but who knows when she might snap.

"Pretty much, yeah," she replied with a mouthful of beastkin meat, bits of it smeared on her face.

Eating beastkin meat was illegal since beastkin were considered equals to mortals in this world, alongside elves, humans, and others. But here in the Black Market, beastkin meat was a delicacy that nobody really cared about being morally wrong. Those who indulged didn't even consider it cannibalism, as they viewed beasts as mere animals. "This rabbit woman's leg is tasty!

Do you want to taste it?!" she offered, her once graceful appearance now marred by food.

"No," I declined. "It's yours, and you're our guest. It wouldn't be right for me to eat the same food as you."

What I said was a lie. I had no desire to eat something so vile. That rabbit woman she was feasting on used to be a sex slave who died from overuse. The owner sold her dead body to the Black Market, and... well, you know what happened next.

"Is that so?" she purred, her voice dripping with mischief, before sinking her teeth into the succulent flesh of the rabbit leg. Of course, what she was devouring wasn't human flesh. People only consumed the beast parts of the beastkin. In this case, it was the leg of a huge rabbit.

The aroma of cooked meat wafted through the air, mixing with the faint metallic tang of blood. It was a gruesome feast, but in the Black Market, morality was a luxury few could afford.

With each bite, her lips glistened with the juices of the cooked meat, her teeth tearing through sinew and muscle with savage elegance. She was a predator, feasting on the spoils of the hunt without remorse.

Amidst her indulgence, the shrill ringtone of her smartphone shattered the eerie silence of the room. Without breaking her rhythm, she seized the device with a swift, practiced motion, her fingers deftly navigating its surface.

"Hello?!" she answered eagerly, her voice dripping with impatience and frustration. "Oh, Brother! Where are you now? What?! You're going to linger there to avoid suspicion?! What the hell?!"

So, I'm supposed to sit here twiddling my thumbs while I wait for you?! Come on! I'm already bored out of my goddamn mind watching that woman!" Her words were punctuated by the sound of her teeth gnawing on the rabbit bone, a macabre juxtaposition against her agitated tone.

She raised one foot, casually resting it on the chair. Balancing her smartphone on her knee, she held it against her ear with, sandwiching it between her knee and her cheek while she shoveled a hefty chunk of the rabbit woman's flesh into her mouth. Once dignified in her demeanor, she now abandoned all semblance of grace. What a twisted, mentally deranged woman.

"Booo~!" Miss Sara pouted, her mouth and cheeks smeared with greasy oil from the meat, her cheeks ballooning as she spoke. "If you say so...! But promise me to get me something sweet, alright?! Yay!" With a gleeful laugh, she set down the phone and resumed her frenzied consumption of the leg.

While watching her, I felt a presence behind me. Without turning around, I kept my gaze on Miss Sara as she continued to stuff her face and sip wine whenever she choked on her food. The presence leaned in close, lips slicked with red as they whispered something in my ear.

"I see," I replied upon hearing the words from the person behind me. "Good job."

The presence behind me vanished. At that moment, Miss Sara glanced behind me and asked, "Was someone behind you just now? I thought I saw a naked woman there..." she remarked.

"It must have been just an illusion," I responded.

Miss Sara cocked her head for a moment, unsure, before shrugging. "Oh well."

I observed as Miss Sarah returned to devouring her meat.

Arianne's POV

Both the leader and I had our hoods up as we sat inside the pubs of the Black Market. The leader called this an assassination mission--a plan to take out Norman. We'll wait for the target to show himself in the pub, bide our time until he lets his guard down, then we'll strike.

Sipping on a mildly alcoholic drink, we kept watch for Norman. He was known to frequent this pub, supposedly one of his favorites. He had a penchant for the women here and the alcohol, too. While we weren't certain if Norman would actually show up, the information we had suggested he frequented this place often.

After a while, a man with blue hair entered, sporting a big smirk on his face. He looked just as deranged as the picture depicted on his wanted poster.

This man is known as the Don of the Black Market, the one who has contributed the most to its flourishing. He's rumored to be as slippery as a snake, even giving the Magic Knights a hard time catching him.

This is Norman Amarathea.

As soon as the Leader spotted him, she tried to rise from her seat. I quickly grabbed her hand, urging her to calm down and stay put. The Leader clicked her tongue in frustration. No matter how skilled she was, she wouldn't stand a chance against Norman's Portal Creation. If she even hinted at aggression, she'd risk getting her throat slit right where she sat.

Thankfully, her bloodlust remained contained.

As Norman took his seat, three women flocked to him, pressing their bodies against his. He wrapped his arms around two of them while the third leaned in to kiss him.