

## Chapter 273-274: Confronting Ishtar

[—Astraea: Affection +39]

[—‘Astraea’ relationship changed to ‘Lover?’]

Asahi almost crashed into a bird in the sky. The sudden surge in affection points hit him with a surprise.

*‘What happened behind my back?’*

(My love doesn’t need to be concerned.)

*‘You said something to Astraea?’*

(Umu. A secret talk between women.)

He sighed and continued his sneaky flight towards the tower in the Pleasure Quarters. Freya’s chances of being with Evilus were far lower than Ishtar's.

The district looked quite tame during the day as compared to the alluring pink lights in the night. Asahi landed on the tower balcony and activated his life sense skill.

*‘Only two people on this floor.’*

He casually strolled towards them.

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Sitting in her palace room, Ishtar spun the magic item marked with D. The key to open the second dungeon Knossos. With this, she was a sponsor of the Evilus cult. Providing valis was her only task, in exchange they promised the demise of Freya Familia forces.

Her lips cracked a fierce grin. The humanoid monsters in Evilus had the potential to grow into a foe capable of taking down Ottar, the Boaz known as the King. None of her adventurers could even scratch him, much less taking him down. Her captain, the only level 5 adventurer in her Familia, had a rather different complex.

“A frog who thinks she is more beautiful than me.”

She snorted and tossed the key on the table. She picked up her thin smoking pipe and breathed in the oriental flavor.

Asahi, who just entered the room, watched her with a blank stare. She only wore a thin piece of cloth around her neck to cover her well-endowed breasts and a thick pareo that revealed glimpses of her thongs. If he hadn't chosen Eromancer class, he was sure he'd pop a boner in her presence.

“A woman worthy of ruling over the red light district.”

He noticed the item lying on the table and sighed. This woman kidnapped Haruhime, the girl with fox ears and tails, and turned her into a prostitute in name only. For all her efforts and shady schemes to overthrow Freya, she ended up getting a slap and a temporary ban from the mortal world.

*‘That girl was kinda cute... how old will she be in this timeline?’*

(Ten and some odd months... she is way too young, my love!)

*‘I'll need to save her after dealing with this mess.’*

Ishtar was the one to buy her from a slave merchant. Now with Ishtar dead (in his eyes), someone had to save the loli from falling into the life of a prostitute or much worse a sex slave.

*'I should search the place after Astraea deals with Ishtar. Haruhime could already be here for all I know.'*

He wasn't going to send this goddess back to Heaven. He will leave the pleasure to Astraea and Loki.

"Time to get some info about Evilus's location."

Asahi isolated the sounds with a barrier undid his stealth. The goddess was still lost somewhere, her eyes wandering toward the ceiling.

"Hello, Ishtar."

Ishtar dropped the pipe. The sudden voice almost made her gasp. She found a man standing before her. Healthy tanned skin, golden eyes, and a tall, muscular frame hidden in a normal shirt and pants. His grin made her breathless for a vastly different reason. Her handsome attendant Tammuz couldn't hold a candle to his charm and natural wild aura.

The fact that he appeared here without anyone noticing him spoke of his skills. Ishtar warily eyed the young man.

"...Who are you?"

Asahi summoned his couch and sat before her. He picked up the magic item of Daedalus. "Who I am isn't important, Ishtar. Just answer my questions and you'll be spared the pain of having an orgy with goblins. Where is Valletta?"

Ishtar's amethyst eyes trembled. Keeping her composure, Ishtar narrowed her eyes on the intruder. "Be mine."

An overwhelming scent wafted into the room, sneaking into Asahi's nostrils. Ishtar grinned, waiting for the young man to fall into an entranced state. She placed her leg on the table.

"Lick."

Asahi's brows drew an annoyed frown. He forced the leg off the table with his telekinesis. "Don't put your legs in the same place as food. It's disgusting!"

As he said that, he recalled Grayfia's scent. The devil maid's scent had more power than a goddess of beauty. Even Leme's scent had more than enough power to instantly arouse him.

Ishtar's mouth hung open. Her seduction failing miserably came as a complete shock to Ishtar. Her peerless beauty, her seductive scent, and her alluring eyes—any one of them could turn thousands of men into slaves. Yet, they seemed to have no value in the young man's eyes. This wasn't the outcome she ever predicted.

"Who are you?" She nervously inquired about his identity. "You aren't human."

Asahi responded with a thin smile. "Done with your antiques? Now, answer me where is Valletta or...?"

She leaned back, assuming a carefree expression. This man was dangerous. But this was her domain. Her palace. Hundreds of amazons will

rush at one call and kick him to death. Her worries melted, and a predatory glint flashed in her eyes. She revealed an alluring smile.

“Valletta is enjoying her intimate time with the best pallum of my brothel.”

“The fuck? A pallum, really?”

Valletta was crazier than Lyra described her.

Asahi couldn't sense any lie in her words. Though the malice oozing from her told him about a possible trap.

(Your instincts are evolving at a frightening rate.)

In a battle of two peoples with equal stats, instincts could change everything. The brutal spars with God mostly enhanced his instincts and perception.

“Alright. Can you guide me to her?”

He wasn't the least bit worried about her trap. She had a level 5 adventurer, with the appearance of an ugly toad.

Ishtar smiled while cackling inside her head. She hadn't expected him to fall for her trick so easily. Now, all she had to do was bring him to Valletta, so Valletta and Phyrne—the level 5 adventurers—could beat him to death.

“Promise me you won't hurt me,” Ishtar said, her eyes glistening with crocodile tears. She was sure any man would melt from her sensuality mixed with innocence.

However, Asahi nodded his head, unfazed.

“I promise.”

His promise will stand as the one to dispatch will be some goddess.

Ishtar got up and removed the cloth around her breasts. The supple tits swayed side to side as she stretched her arms. Her moist, bronze skin glistened with eroticism. Despite her attempts to show off her prideful assets that made any men drool, Asahi yawned as if the display of sensuality didn't arouse him.

Ishtar widened her eyes and pointed a finger at him. “You... you're not a man!”

The only reason she thought Asahi wasn't charmed. She felt like her pride would snap at this rate.

Asahi narrowed his eyes. He was 'tempted' to show her his manliness.

*'Not worth it.'*

Ishtar wasn't his type. He'd rather have Freya instead of this goddess of beauty. Freya had a borderline insane passion for what she liked while Ishtar was petty, narrow-minded, and filled with jealousy.

“Lead the way.”

Ishtar ducked her head and quietly wore the cloth around her neck. Barefoot, she led Asahi through the palace, swinging her wide hips in a futile attempt to seduce him.

(I pity her.)

*'So do I.'*

After descending the stairs, Ishtar met a man with brown skin and short black hair. Asahi chuckled as he recalled the scene of Freya charming Tammuz. Ishtar's man lost to Freya's charm in a heartbeat and switched sides. Ishtar's despairing face was funnier if not downright creepy.

Ishtar whispered some words to Tammuz and sent him off.

"They are on the next floor."

She brought him outside a room. The ecstatic moans of a woman filled Asahi's ears.

Ishtar chuckled. "Draph is vigorous today. You'd have to wait—"

Asahi kicked open the door and met the eyes of the pink-haired woman riding a reverse cowgirl on the pallum. As one would expect from an anime antagonist, she was a beauty with a wild flavor. She froze as a thick blush dyed her cheeks. The act of embarrassment ended in a second and fury filled her eyes. "Get lost."

Asahi shrugged and pulled Valletta with his telekinesis. "You're coming with me."

Valletta got pulled by an unknown force. In her disarrayed confusion, she couldn't even resist the force.

Asahi would rather carry this girl naked than bring her along through Klyscha's teleport. She was still dripping cum. He got another reason to learn the skill on his own.

*'Grayfia, did you find anything?'*

*"My Lord... I just arrived here. I have yet to investigate the palace."*

*'Leave a teleport mark there. We will investigate it later. I found the sponsor. It's Ishtar.'*

*"Wonderful."*

(I'll bring her here.)

Valletta fought against the unknown force restricting her. She couldn't even move a finger under Asahi's C-Rank telekinesis skill. Though a little injured in her fight against Finn, she was still a genuine level 5 with most stats near B-class. Yet, this young man had her bind like a puppet.

Even Ishtar was dumbfounded by the mysterious force. She never heard of a skill capable of binding a level 5 adventurer against their will. Phryne was stronger than Valletta, but by a small margin. If he defeated Valletta without moving his hand, then Phryne stood no chance. Could he be the Knights of the Knight, the level 7 of the Poseidon Familia?

*'That explains his stoic nature...'*

She gulped her saliva before realizing who she was. A goddess. A woman. An honorable knight wouldn't harm a woman.

Her misunderstandings deepened further and beyond.

Asahi closed the door and brought Valletta outside. Grayfia appeared through the teleportation, her ever so calm smile twitched at the scene of her soon-to-be-husband holding a naked, sweaty woman with telekinesis.

"My Lord?"

"She is the woman we're looking for."

"At least let her finish..."



Asahi smiled. He had tasted the pain of getting interrupted during his intimate time. He would've let Valletta finish if she wasn't part of an evil cult.

"Let's go home."

Grayfia nodded and began working on the magic circle.

"W-Wait please," Valletta pleaded. "You're from the Astraea Familia."

She had gotten some rough sketches of the current Astraea Familia. This silver-haired maid was it, so was the tanned young man known as Noble Rookie.

"How the fuck is this man a level 2?" Valletta spat out the question while questioning her sanity. "I don't understand."

Grayfia grinned as she dusted her hands. "Please don't try to understand my husband. His very existence defies every logic."

"..."

"My Lord, we can go."

"You're teaching me how to make them later."

"...Can't you ask God about that?"

Asahi stared at her face. "I forgot I had a superb teacher..."

(My love, it isn't your fault to treat him like your father-in-law. He is always trying to hook you up with his daughters.)

Asahi nodded at Klyscha's just words and stood in the magic circle.

Ishtar gazed as the young man disappeared just like the way he appeared.

She could've summoned the amazoness lazing around in the district.

She could've persuaded him with money.

She could've done so much more.

Yet, she let him walk away like he owned this place.

“He can't be a level 2.”

A crime in the eyes of the Guild. Someone from the Astraea Familia doing this will lay them to the ground.

Ishtar's lips curled up. She finally had some leverage against the man.