

The Noble 191

Chapter 191: Answers

"I-I'm sorry, what I did was wrong."

I was on my knees in front of Eira, who at all times seemed not to understand why her mother was in front of her out of nowhere, because suddenly Elena took out a mallet and hit her mistress, who did nothing but watch, with such force that she was impregnated on the floor.

only to then come towards me, who returned to my original form, causing there to be two seraphinas in the room, and to my bad luck she was stunned for the entire duration of my palisa that the bloodthirsty Elena provided me.

"No, but what the hell is going on here? Explain yourself!" finally, at my apology, she regained her wits and asked for explanations. Well, I guess that was the worst part and it couldn't have turned out any worse. Anyway, on to the important stuff.

"Well, Eira... uhaa... haaaa, well, whatever, there goes the summary."

I started with the usual, of how I was originally a man and died. The goddess Aeloria summoned me and reincarnated me, gave me her blessing, but she made a mistake and summoned me as a woman.

I tend to blame that goddess who made a mistake, as I don't want to tell them that it was my fault for mentally defiling her, which punished me like that. If they were to find out about that little detail, my image would be tarnished and I would be seen as a pervert (although it's too late for that now).

Finally, I explained the reason why I created my Chris identity and how I achieved it with the legacy the goddess guided me to.

I didn't forget to tell them that my dream and purpose was to create a harem,. That was already common knowledge in my harem, and Eira looked at me especially scornfully when I said that, but she continued to listen to everything calmly.

Although one of the reasons for having Chris' identity was to interact with William without risking him falling in love with me, but it would be hard to explain that without bringing up the subject of my alternate self, so I omitted it.

Leaving aside the stuff about my alternate self, I explained my legacy, abilities and what I had always been worried about telling him, the way we were getting stronger. I was brief and concise.

"Okay, Eira, that's it, do you have any questions?"

"...Do I have questions?..., I have a lot of fucking questions, you piece of shit!!"

"Hiiii!!!"

I knew this would happen and, fearing he would attack me again, I got into a defensive position, acting like a man ready to take whatever was coming, obviously while hiding behind Elena.

"...Shit, why do you always bring out shocking fucking facts? Damn, I knew there was something weird going on between you two,"

Eira said as she scratched her head and ducked her gaze. Although she started talking rudely again, she didn't seem to want to jump on me or attack me like I originally thought she would; she was calmer than I thought she would be.

Maybe what happened yesterday helped a little, and come to think of it, my doppelganger was unconscious.

Instead of having him like that, it would be more helpful if he was present, so I cast recovery spells on him, even while standing behind Elena, which was the precise cause of that tragedy.

"Haah~ ...everything is fucking complicate...haah~ ...so that was the secret to your strength, that explains why I'm feeling a little stronger today, not to mention No!!, wait", if that's so then Selene!"

'Damn it, dopelganger, sacrifice yourself.'

'No.'

'Traitor.'

'You should have knocked me unconscious.'

"No, but Selene was a virgin, I saw it myself...Hey, what did you do with my sister?"

'Well, the moment Eira attack, you sacrifice yourself and we leave immediately, so we don't feel anything.'

'Right.'

"No, don't tell me anything, I don't want to know. I feel like I'm going to want to kill you if you tell me."

'Uff, abort, no need for sacrifice.'

Well, it seems he overlooked that little inconsistency in the face of the facts and didn't have to sacrifice my dopelganger to satiate his anger.

"More importantly, are you really Phina?"

"Oh, since when did you call me Phina? How cute, I like that you're honest even on this side."

It was the first time I heard her call me that, she always talked about 'you' even though I had told him more than once that he could call me 'Phina'.

"A-answer me!"

"Well, what can I say, look..."

I said that and transformed into Chris and then returned to my original form. Eira looked at me blankly, she seemed to have a hard time understanding.

My morphogenesis was now more fluid. The first time I used it I found it grotesque, as if things were crawling on and under my skin and how, but now it is so fluid and fast that, in the blink of an eye, I can already transform fluidly without it looking grotesque to the eye.

Eira looked at me blankly, but I was glad that this was more important than Selene, which was one of my former worst fears, something I thought I would only tell Eira on her deathbed, many centuries later, surrounded by her grandnieces and grandnephews and perhaps more generations.

Yes, I thought that would be the perfect time to tell him...if it weren't for the fact that he was now in my harem.

"Damn, so is it true? Or are you just playing a joke on me with your transformation ability?"

"I don't have a hidden secret of yours to prove my identity. I haven't found any moles hidden enough yet, so ask anything."

"Huh, what does moles have to do with it? No, damn it, that's not important, I don't even know what to ask you, but if what you say is true, there are so many things that take on meaning."

"Oh, like what?"

I was honestly interested, I knew Eira would never have gotten my situation right, since unless you throw logic out the window, getting her right was impossible.

But Eira was the most, to put it mildly, nosy, and was on the lookout for any oversight or something she discovered of what had to do with Selene's relationships.

Sometimes I would even say some things indirectly to annoy her, as I was confident she wouldn't guess.

I mean, even when I told her directly like right now, it was hard for her to take it in, and drawing the right conclusion was impossible. And if he did manage it, he would deny it, as it would be absurd, no matter how real it was.

"Because Selene said that you and she were dating... or rather, Selene had told me that she was dating both of you at the same time"

"What, Selene?"

"...?"

"Why would you tell her that...? No, wait, I don't think I asked you to keep that secret, did I?"

"No."

"Yes, it's my fault for overlooking that little detail. Well, it doesn't matter now."

"No, rather, don't distract me. Haaa! I knew you had secrets, and lots of them. To say the least, you were someone fucking shady, and now I know you don't even exist."

"But I do exist." I tried to protest at his denial of my existence, but he wouldn't listen.

"Fuck, at best I thought you were the Duke's illegitimate son or something, so you also had a powerful technique to make you strong."

"well, I'm his real daughter, so you weren't far off " I chipped in again, but again he ignored me and continued.

"I thought the biggest surprise would be something like you were also dating Instructor Astrid, since it seemed suspicious how you kept glancing at her from time to time, but since she's not around..."

"Well, that's true too."

"Damn, I knew it, are there more?"

"Well, there are a few more candidates, but with Astrid that's all of them. Of course, counting Lily too."

"Haah. Now even that's not important with the whole fucking thing you told me."

"True it is. It's always hard to say, even more so when the other person loves you."

"Who loves you, you damn.... damn woman... you damn thing without a gender."

"Hey, that's rude. Besides, yesterday you said you loved me. I remember it clearly; at the end you even repeated it over and over again, without adding anything like 'piece of shit'."

"Stop, stop saying it... yes, I did say it, but stop repeating it or I'll really get mad."

"Fine..."

"Ha... well, I already knew there was something weird or something. And I understand that it's not something you'd say unless it was necessary, and you'd only do it with people close to you, like your harem? Okay, I understand, yes, I understand everything and yet... haaaa..."

"Oh, how understanding my beautiful and cute girlfriend is."

"Hump!.., yeah, that attitude.... If I think about it, you weren't even faking anything when you switched genders. You acted the same in both identities, that's why you managed to get on my nerves both ways."

"Oi, does that mean you liked me in my female form too? I mean, you said that..."

"Hey, stop talking nonsense! My tastes are normal... Damn, wait, if I like you, then... but only in the male one, but in the end, in truth, you're a woman... but you were also a man. Wait, I liked you as a woman too...? No, I was just... humm, damn it, forget it, whatever, it doesn't matter. If I like you, whatever, damn it."

Eira seemed to finally understand the implications of liking me. She seemed to go into confusion for a moment, but quickly came to a conclusion. It didn't seem to sink in, more like she was convincing herself.

I understand, so I won't say anything more about it and let her think about it. I never thought I would be so nervous about the decision she would make.

Eira easily got into my heart in one day, or maybe I already had her in some way and hadn't realized it or didn't want to realize it.

'haaa~ how complicated'

Chapter 192: Constructive Ideas

I'm nervous about that, or just like with Silvia, I was nervous about losing a friendship. Honestly, putting aside the fact that she was getting into my harem, she was a good friend too, at least to Seraphina, and it would be a shame for her to avoid me because of this.

I hadn't thought about it, but Eira, for a while now, has been a part of my life in more ways than one, even when I almost died in that mirror. If I remember correctly, the first thing that brought me to my senses was thinking about her.

'Haah, well, there's nothing I can do. It's all up to her now.'

"Okay, I understand, it's hard to take in. So you can take your time to think about it calmly. You already know almost everything about me, so you're already part of the Silvercrest family."

"Hump... There's something I want to ask you!"

"Yes?"

"What's that fucking complicated magic circle over there now?"

"Oh, well, that's the main reason I called you both today. You see, I need you both over the next week to..."

Again I explained everything I have planned.

We changed the subject and, in the end, I was surprised that there was no complicated scenario beyond the glitch I made with the reference, even with the beautiful, innocent and not at all dangerous Alice, where there was a stabbing involved.

I'm very surprised that with Eira, who I was sure would make a fuss, took it calmly and logically, and even accepted everything. Sure, I had hoped that with what I saw of her yesterday she might come out like she does now, but they were minimal. In the end, I was not wrong.

At least it seems like it's more of a complicated thing than her being upset or disowning the whole thing. The truth is that people are not something one can easily predict, and Eira is an example.

Overall, it doesn't seem to have gone badly, she just needed to get a lot of things in order and her decision doesn't seem to be a bad one, thankfully. She was extremely understanding and honest.

Once again, I was impressed with Leyla. Thanks to her, our relationship, stagnant for many months, in one day turned around completely. 'Praise omnipotent mother Leyla!'

"I see, but isn't it easier if we help you directly?"

"No, well, it's complicated and it's possible that, you need to be a demon, as a requirement."

"But you're not a demon, are you?"

"Yes, but the legacy came with that ability among my skills. There's one that can demonize me, you know."

"Hey, I overlooked it because of the reincarnation and gender thing, but those abilities make you sound very suspicious: transformation, demonization, becoming strong by having sex, charm, eyes that see strength by the lust they feel. Surely you're not a demon in disguise or something, all those abilities sound evil."

"What do you mean by that!?! I'm 100% human!, at least that's what my status says, and I'm the damned agent of the goddess of purity, who is known to only bless humans and elves. She even rejects dwarves, giants, and beastmen."

"...I was just saying.... Well, if it's the goddess who led you to that questionable legacy, I can't do anything. It's not like I know what a divine being does or why they do it."

Yes, as always, Aeloria a good scapegoat for things I can't explain.

After all, in this realm, going against the will of the gods is a very bad thing and they won't doubt me, plus I have that damn stigma emitted by the goddess' divine aura.

Obviously, it's just like the drawing left in the records of ancient blessed ones. I remember one class when an instructor was going over stigmata and that one popped up.

The instructor was explaining how that fucking questionable heart in his strokes expressed purity and stuff. I wanted to complain out loud.

but that aside, there is no doubt that a human would not be blessed by another god as long as he has the blessing of one, and I had irrefutable proof that I was blessed by the goddess of purity.

Anyway, Eira seemed convinced when I blamed everything on Aeloria . Whether I like it or not, it is common to follow the gods. That's why whenever I explain I always skip the protection thing.

Even for Elena, she probably thinks that, even if I don't like my goddess, to some extent I follow her teachings, since, after all, she is a goddess.

It pains me not to be able to tell them many things, but for now that information of the future is, more than a weight on their heads, something difficult to assimilate along with all of the above. It's toxic information that does more harm than good to know.

"Okay, well, any other questions?"

"I want to ask you."

"Hey, I only asked out of politeness, why do you keep asking?"

"Shut up! It's the least you can do. Rather, I understand everything up to here, but I wanted to ask: you transformed into my mother before, didn't you? You said you had to be clear about what you wanted to transform into, but why did it seem like it wasn't the first time you transformed into her?"

"Oh, you know, when she found out about the shapeshifting... how should I put it... she was bold and asked me to transform into her. And well, I'll just tell you it was weird looking in the mirror seeing two Lily's doing the..."

"Yaaa! Stop!!!, I don't want to hear anymore, I don't even know why I asked, I don't want to hear what that crazy old hag did."

"But I didn't fully transform, so she doesn't know that I can be fully female. Or rather, that I am a woman. Oh, and now that I remember..."

I reminded Eira that I haven't told Astrid or her mother about this secret, yet. but I also promised Eira that I would tell Leyla in due time, and the same with Astrid. I told her that I meant what I said and that I would take my responsibility.

She didn't seem to like my answer, though I didn't know if it was because it was about me keeping an important fact about her mother from her or because I spoke passionately about her and Astrid.

Although she supposedly wants to hide it, I noticed that Eira was especially jealous, something that brought me a new sensation. In this harem, where they were all indifferent when talking about other girls, I didn't know why, but this reaction, normal and expected when you talk about another girl in front of another, I found it refreshing and pleasant.

But besides some snorts and her little unspoken resistance to these facts, she wasn't saying or doing anything else. Still, I was liking how she was acting: cute and jealous.

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"Come to think of it, since you're a woman, that explains why that thing disappeared out of nowhere yesterday. If it hadn't disappeared, I'd... oh but you can grow it back true."

Eira, who now seemed to have put aside her thoughts on the subject, and began to satiate her curiosity and connect the dots with past events, resolving many of her questions and connecting some events with my secrets. Honestly, I didn't want to remember this.

"Hey, don't remind me of that, you almost caused me a trauma."

"You asked for it.... Hey, just out of curiosity, if you're so free to control your body, how you make it grow and disappear and all that, does that mean.... y-you can grow tw-two?"

"(⊙_⊙)!!?"(nani)

No, wait! Putting aside how random that question was, I just realized something important, I hadn't been using the ability to its fullest.

When Eira said that, countless scenarios and possibilities popped into my head. I hadn't tried it, but I was sure that yes, I could grow two or more.

I had tried it before, and in fact, I could grow up to two more arms if I wanted to; something like an extra Shenlong shouldn't be a problem. For me it was a revelation, and so far it never occurred to me what Eira said.

I realized that, truly, the limits are self-imposed. In fact, Eira is Leyla's daughter; her path of lust comes at a high level, despite having just begun. I realize that Eira is someone to admire, and I don't regret bringing her into my harem. Only one day in and she is already showing constructive ideas at a high level.

Not only that, she is revolutionary. She made me realize my failings and her monstrous potential in this path of lust.

'Eira, you are the best, you have all my respects. You have shown me a new world, a new future.'

"Why are you looking at me with admiration? I-I was just asking in case, who knows what a crazy person like you would do, and that's not all if you can also do...., why are you pulling out that pencil and notebook?"

"Don't pay any attention to me. Get on with what you were going to say."

I went into learner mode and pulled out my notebook. It seemed Eira had a lot of ideas and tips I couldn't waste, she could tell me ways I hadn't taken advantage of from my morphogenesis.

I also took note of the reactions on the girls' faces. Elena was looking at Eira as if she didn't like her comment at all, nor that she was giving me ideas like that.

'You'll see, Elena. I still remember that merciless blow. You'll be the first to taste it.huehuehuehue'

I stood defiantly, before Elena, who hit me harder than usual, if that's what I thought until she looked at me as if she knew what I was thinking, I averted my gaze, as she could see my thoughts if I looked at her too much.

on the other hand, Alice was turning as red as a tomato, she seemed lost in thought. It's easy to tell what she was thinking. And Selene...

'Wait, where are you, Selene?' Ah, there she is. Hey!!!!, those was my favorite snacks.'

I hadn't noticed, but Selene wasn't in the place. Apparently, the conversation wasn't engaging her enough, and she was in the kitchen devouring my favorite cookies made by Elena, the ones I had forgotten to eat yesterday and that Elena only makes once a week.

I can give her all the sweets I want, but the ones made by Elena are mine.

'No, wait! I need to concentrate on the teachings. Doppelgänger, take over' you.

'Yes.'

I sent my doppelgänger to negotiate with Selene for what were, to begin with, my cookies. I would be sure to keep them in my storage this time. Again I looked at Eira, waiting for her to continue with her constructive ideas, but to my misfortune, she did not continue with her constructive ideas.

"No, damn it, pretend I didn't say anything. I just wanted to know how good that skill was, since it seems dangerous in your hands... hey, wait, you're the pervert running around disguised as William and outraging people?"

'Oh, he connected those dots.'

"Well, yeah, but I didn't tell you. My spear has the power to copy abilities and the conditions.... well, they're a bit special, and William has some immunity, you know, like blessed by Luxion."

"So that was you... Don't tell me you can transform into me, right?"

"Well, I'm having some trouble reducing the height, but in appearance I've already transformed into Selene, leaving aside the fact that I'd be a bit taller. I just have to reduce the size of the..."

I said looking at an area that clearly differentiates the twins, besides personality.

"Hey, don't keep talking, I swear I'll kill you!"

"But if you asked..."

"I just wanted to know, look what you did with William. knowing you, Who knows what you could do with my.... No! More importantly, why did you turn into Selene! I don't think she asked you to!"

"Oops... I don't know what you're talking about."

Chapter 193: Platinum Lucky Ticket

"You wretch! Speak up! What did you do with my sister's appearance?"

"I-I don't know what you're talking about! I didn't do anything, I meant that I was so clear about Selene's image that I think I could-"

"My lady."

'Nooo!!, Eira, what did you do? You drew Elena's attention to a delicate subject.'

"E-Elena! What's the ma-matter?"

"My lady, I hadn't thought of it before, but Miss Eira has a point, I've noticed a subject I've neglected."

Shit. If I think about it, it's the first time I transformed into something else besides Chris in front of them, and now, because of Eira, Elena realized the possibilities or rather what I was capable of, abecés, someone knowing you well can backfire.

"No!!! Wait!!!, why are you bringing George out again, you just used him, it's unnecessary!"

"Be honest, my lady."

"Well, yes I have, but I didn't do anything wrong, I just took some pictures in front of the mirror, nothing else."

"My lady, could you show me those pictures?"

"Sure, like I said, I didn't do anything wrong."

I had no choice but to pull out the jewel where I had the photos stored. They were the pictures I took of myself when I was alone, with nothing to do, alone and unsupervised.

I morphed into them and, well, there was a mirror and I had a jewel that saved images, but they were just pictures where I did things they rarely did, like Elena smiling or Alice and Selene where she was looking at me coldly

'yes, that's what's on 'that' jewel...'

I was smart and kept the photos that could get me in trouble elsewhere, like when I changed Elena and dressed in a maid's microbikini.

In my defense, it started out of curiosity to see how good it would look on her when I managed to get her to wear it. I had no qualms in trying it on, since the one reflected in the mirror was Elena, and the image of her, to transform me, was more than clear in my head, and the same happened with the rest of the girls.

And well, after that I got more excited and took many more pictures. Elena with a maid microbikini in suggestive poses was the slightest among the photos of that second jewel.

That day I went crazy and did a lot of things in front of that mirror, it didn't help that there were things in the inventory that even made the tailor I always order things from, look at me more with dismay, the bright side is that even though it was me miming I had material, to stimulate my art of lust in a situation that required it.

The downside was that I was getting more and more excited with myself. As if that wasn't enough, my doppelganger, who was watching from the side, attacked me, of course I hit him, to get him to wake up.

I don't blame him, as it was literally something I did myself. myself I was so excited to see myself in the mirror, I wanted to jump towards my reflection .

It was so weird that I never did it again, but I kept the images. And if they find that engraving gem, really Elena could kill me, when I thought about this, I saw that luckily I had saved George but .

"눈_눈"

"E-Elena, why are you looking at me like that? I already showed you what I did.... Didn't I?"

Elena, who finished impeaching the decoy gem, looked at me again. She didn't seem convinced. She looked at me suspiciously, still doubting me, and honestly, sometimes I think she reads my mind or uses our love match connection for nefarious purposes, knowing when I do something wrong.

And that look of suspicion tells me she's sure there's a second gem, pushing me harder and harder. I won't deny that one of my favorite things is her beautiful ruby red eyes, and when she glares at me, but if I give in here, I could be in danger of my life.

Again, I reflexively activated my pure aura, but that backfired because he looked at me with more intensity.

'yeah, by this point I have to learn that bringing out my pure aura would only confirm Elena's suspicions,haaa.... I have no choice!'

"..."

Before things got out of hand and she asked me to check the storage, I acted decisively.

It's a shame, but for the sake of my physical integrity, I'll have to destroy it. Not to mention that, from time to time, Elena happens to have my storage bolsa in her possession, and she might purposely search for them now that she suspects they exist.

Crrack.

I resolutely took out the gem with the photos and destroyed it with my hands. I could not leave any evidence and purified any trace related to what was in that gem, leaving no possibility of recovering anything. I was thorough to the point that I think I awakened a new function of my blessing.

As they say, in desperate times true potential comes out. I think for a moment I saw white flames as I purified the fragments of the gem.

Finally, the dusty stone scattered on the ground. It was now impossible to even retrieve any data that was engraved on it. On the other hand, later I would see what those white flames were.

"My lady, what did you just destroy?"

Elena looked at me more intently, but now I am free of evidence. She can do nothing.

"Nothing, it was just an empty gem. Well, we've said all there is to say. It's a shame, but it's time to get started."

Not that I was running away, but this had dragged on and time was now at a premium, I already secured Eira's help. And I couldn't drag it out any longer.

"Okay, girls, as I explained before, even if you can't come, your help is needed to keep this side stable. Also, twins, wait for the signal. The resonance will be the only way to communicate, so don't turn it off."

"..."

They were all listening clearly, I had already explained, but it was to make it clear. It was one last review, as they are very important in my plan, especially the twins.

"You can go outside and do anything if necessary, but make sure you take a gem with you and be in communication with at least one twin. The faster you react, the better. My life could be in your hands, but don't worry too much, do it without pressure."

"How can you even say 'no pressure', dammit!!!! "

"Big sister, you really can't take me...? I could be a shield if need be..."

"My lady... Please be careful and don't do something dangerous, your life must come first."

"...Don't hurt yourself."

I received the concern from the four of them, and I'm going to ignore the crazy thing Alice said.

I stood in the center of the magic circle, I temporarily stored my doppelganger in the dimensional stone, which I now had as an accessory on my waist.

I will only bring it out if I deem it necessary, as I don't know exactly what situation awaits me on the other side since my alternate self has never really gone where I am going, and all he knows about my target is information he gathered, and not something he has clearly experienced, so it is a mission I am going on a bit blindly.

The function of this magic circle, made of space runes, was to complement the world teleportation scroll, along with other functions that would help me.

And although it has "worldwide" in its name, when I inspected it, I realized that its range would be approximately one third of the surface of this world and is randomized by, but I was able to correct that

with the help of the circle that my doopelganger spent all day yesterday making, that and extend its range, consequently, it could only be used once instead of the three uses, which it had by default.

The reason I do all this is because, there was someone I had to take care of. And the sooner the better. That guy was one of the first on the list of people to eliminate.

He was a person that my alternate self wanted me to eliminate at all costs and, unlike with Cordelia's peculiar case, I did fully understand why I wanted to eliminate him and why it was so urgent. For the longer it went on, the worse it would be to deal with him.

What I doing is something out of my alternate self's original plans, and by far, he had planned, that when I managed to collect the materials, I would create my own scrolls, as they were not easy to come by, but that would be many years down the road.

And maybe that's why Solo, in my second metamorphosis, gave me the knowledge to create teleportation scrolls. I couldn't think of any other reason than, of course, to kill him, considering that my alternate self, had in contrl to decide what exactly was unlocked in each ascension.

It was high priority, and I understand that, although I sincerely wanted the rest of the legacy parts. But one part should already be in someone else's possession to begin with, and it would crush me as I am currently.

The other is farther than the scroll could reach, even if I tried to stretch its range as far as possible as I'm doing now.

And that was the only thing where such powerful scroll creation knowledge would be necessary, so early on.

However, my alternate self could not have predicted that in William's legacy, in the last vault of which I had no knowledge, there would be scrolls that would allow me to accomplish that goal many years earlier.

Even at best, it would take me three years to create such a powerful scroll. Now I was going to take this opportunity, where I got them early in the game, to do something different.

That's where my opinion differed from my alternate self. He wanted me to take him out no matter what, with no room for negotiation and with murderous intentions imbued in his memories.

But as with Cordelia's case, I'm not going to be affected by his thoughts. Although I am now clear on the reason for his hatred and the emotions involved, stemming from said memories.

After getting the scrolls and thinking about it, I decided to do this immediately after dealing with Aeloria.

I think there is a chance that, instead of being an enemy to be eliminated, he will become my platinum lucky ticket, far surpassing William in potential and what he can offer.

He would be someone better to have as an ally than an enemy, and as much as my alternate self hates him and wants me to kill him, I'm not going to drag in and eliminate something that is convenient to me.

I will use it to my advantage and, even if it seems impossible, I will eliminate it. The problem is that, being much earlier than my alternate self predicted, even what little information I have about what is going on with my target may be different. It may not even be where I think it is.

Still, I bet I'll find him. Depending on how cooperative he is, I'll decide how to deal with him.

Chapter 194: An Old memory (2)

[War is a dark mirror of humanity.]

It reflects both our deepest fears and our most heroic aspirations. It shows us what we are capable of, both in destruction and sacrifice.

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There she lay on the ground, her breathing ragged as the cold began to devour her body. The rain poured down, The blood from her wounded side mingled with the mud, forming dark puddles that reflected a sky stained by fire and smoke.

Boom!!

All around, the chaos of battle was still raging: bursts of magic pierced the air, illuminating the faces of men and women still fighting, their screams barely audible over the roar of chaos.

Somewhere nearby, an enchanted arrow exploded against a magic shield, bathing the scene in flashes of purple light. Fragments of stone and metal flew out, but Seraphina did not move.

What was the point? She had spent who knows how long facing these same scenes, whether they were wars or simple battles. What difference did it make? For her, every combat was the same: risking everything for a cause she could never understand, dragged into it all against her will and ending uselessly.

War, they said, was a great thing, a struggle for ideals that transcended individuals. Battles, on the other hand, were small, just a piece on the board of something bigger.

But how could that distinction matter when you were just one more, one body among hundreds, a fleeting spark in an endless fire? The war, the battle... both were the same for those who died in them. Both were hells that claimed lives without question.

Fwhooooosh!

Another flash of magic illuminated the field, and Seraphina saw the figures of the fallen around her: motionless bodies, faces frozen in expressions of fear, pain or resignation.

She wondered if in those last moments they too had reflected on the senselessness of it all, if the people of this world even stopped to think about it.

Perhaps they had also realized too late that their lives had been bargaining chips in a cruel game in which they would gain nothing, being pawns of the superior beings who used and discarded them as they pleased.

What was it again?...., territory, beliefs, artifacts, orders from the gods, simple hatred? seraphina did not even know what this war was about, but she hoped it would be the last.

The wind blew, blowing away the smoke and exposing a grayish sky that seemed to look at her with indifference. She felt her body sink deeper into the mud, as if the earth was ready to claim her.

The spark that had kept her on her feet so many times before had long since gone out. There was no strength, no will, no purpose left; she was just an empty puppet following orders.

Everything that had been consumed by the endless cycles of struggle - dreams, hope, friends, family, loved ones - was slowly being destroyed by this world.

The noise of battle kept receding, or perhaps it was she who was receding from it. She closed her eyes, not because the pain was gone, but because she no longer cared. There, amid the mud and blood, she surrendered to the darkness, an impulse she had longed for, but was not even allowed.

He doesn't even remember what he was fighting for. The faces that were familiar to her slowly faded in her memory; not because she wanted to forget them, but because it was the only way to stay sane in this world, which at first she thought would be a paradise after death.

At least she could finally be done with all this crap and, if she was lucky, be reunited with those she couldn't protect.

"Haah~.... kill me."

Finally, those were the words that came out of her. The recipient was an extraordinarily handsome man, standing approximately 6'3" tall, holding a sword in his hand and wearing white armor with intricate golden details.

These matched perfectly with his platinum hair and blue eyes. Seraphina looked at him and remembered how people said that was the color of his eyes and hair before he was reborn.

Memories inherited from the one who was supposed to own the body also backed it up. Seraphina thought it was a pretty color; too bad that, by the time she realized it, her hair and eyes had changed to an annoying golden that did nothing but remind her of her cursed decision, made in ignorance, to choose the more powerful ability.

Above that silver hair rose a pair of horns that appeared to be made of metal, with what looked like runes written on it, giving his aura a mystical touch.

The man also had a dull look on his face as he watched Seraphina about to die.

"Poor soul bound to the gods. This is an inevitable fate. That we are enemies changes nothing, but you will not die today."

Seraphina could barely hear what the man was saying. She begged him to end this quickly, but she knew it was still a matter of time. However, as she barely heard the end, her soul broke even more.

For her, this was a cruel punishment: in her darkest nightmares she had imagined that the person who, moments ago, had been her opponent to the death, would forgive her and not put her out of her suffering.

"It's unfair that only you should be freed from these damned chains. Heh... it's not funny. I heard that our origin is the same, that we got here maybe it's because of the damn fate. So if I kill you here, would it fulfill the intended destiny, or would I be against it?"

"....."

"No one, maybe not even the gods, know exactly. For them it's a gamble, it's all a damn game, but for us it's reality."

The man didn't even know why he was speaking. Seraphina didn't seem to be listening; she just lay there, motionless, shedding tears. Maybe because she understood that today she would not die.

But somehow, he felt a connection to this woman, beyond what he had said before. He felt that, if it was her, he could achieve what he also always wished for, maybe that's why he forgave her.

"In war, the silence of the fallen echoes louder than the cries of victory. Behold our victory, but at what cost?"

Finally, out of nowhere, a strong and gentle voice of a woman penetrated and invaded the battlefield. It seemed that the main combatants had decided who won, the winner had announced his victory, honest or not the mercy, in the voice, neither the man nor Seraphina cared.

The war was over and they weren't even needed, their fighting didn't even have an impact on the big picture, they were just soldiers. Although, in their place of origin, they were apex beings, here they were just another among many who fought.

The being the silver-haired man was following had declared victory. That made him feel neither sad nor happy. To him, it was simply another battle he had survived, not won.

He looked at Seraphina again and picked her up. She would now be his spoils of war. Seraphina would become part of his faction, whether he wanted her to or not.

In this battle, the gods did not even have a particular side; they were neutral. Still, they had to die. All they cared about was who survived and rose to serve them better.

It was like putting poisonous insects in a vase and waiting to see if his was the one that survived, regardless of whether he killed more comrades than enemies. The results were everything to them.

"kill me just kill me... please."

those whispered words that not even the man could hear came from saraphina who was now taken by the man, as spoils of war, she only wished to die, but this shitty world would not even allow her to do that.

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Relentless battles, endless wars, ideals in constant clash, razor-sharp betrayals and alliances born of desperation, could be seen everywhere.

This world was driven forward by a relentless cycle. The age of the gods was reaching its climax, overflowing with power and change. Those who were once partners are now sworn enemies. Out of necessity unity was born.

the weak died or became strong. The strong, reached their limits and were devoured, by the weak who wanted to climb to the pinnacle.

Over time even the meaning of power became diffuse and in the end, survival was the most important factor, the only thing that remained constant was change.

Thus, the cycle continued, relentlessly.

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Splat!

"This was the one from that time, wasn't it?"

Seraphina said, tossing what looked like the head of a woman with a horrified face, in front of the man, who now looked older than last time. Her horns now looked platinum and her hair also became more metallic.

The man looked on blankly, for a moment. In fact, the woman was the one who proclaimed victory, the first time he and Seraphina met. If not for her mention, he would have forgotten that, and remembering it brought to him many things, but he had no time to think more.

That head, it was a simple greeting, of what was about to begin. He knew that today would be different. Now they were the two of them at the center of events, they would decide the outcome of this war.

Bang!!

The battle began, without further words. Again, on another battlefield, their two fates converged once more. It seemed that fate would not be satisfied until one devoured the other.

They had already had several confrontations and both had come close to killing the other on more than one occasion, and finally reached this point.

Now, the two stood face to face, different from years ago, when they first fought in what may finally be their last.

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"Ughh...haaa...I lost"

On a deserted battlefield, with no one in the immediate vicinity. Or, rather, if anyone was, they would have long since died.

The battle was over. There was destruction everywhere; weapons with no bearer stuck everywhere. It was like a tomb of swords. In this silent place, only the two of them were there. The outcome was already decided.

Perhaps, because of this, they made the last exchanged words.

"Why didn't you do it then, why didn't you kill me?"

It was a question she always wanted to ask since they met, over the years she knew that the man was not so merciful, as to do so, she wanted to know the origin of all his hatred and rancor, at least in the end.

"Heh, isn't fate funny? Who knew that at that moment things would end up like this. It's not funny... you weren't even a match for me, and now we're here. Oh, fate, how cruel you can be..."

"You always liked to talk like that. If you didn't want things to end like this, you should have killed me. You knew. You knew I wanted to die. All you had to do was use that damn sword and run it through my throat."

The man sighed, beginning to lose some of his composure.

"Hey, tell me the truth... The fact that you have that hair and eye color means you got free, right? That guy had a method after all, instead of reproaching me. Shouldn't you be thanking me for not killing you?"

"Thank you? Who asked you to save me? You should have killed me! All you did was drag me into a new hell. Free... that word doesn't exist in this world, not as long as those bastards sitting on their divine throne still exist."

"You're damn right." The man's voice now sounded more tired, and his wavering gaze betrayed his fatigue. "In that moment I saw in your eyes what you were: like me. I only let you live because I knew you would also suffer more than if I killed you outright."

"....."

The man let out a faint wry laugh, as if his words were becoming increasingly bitter to him.

"You know. At the time I wanted this to happen, you know? This exact situation. But as you say, if we don't kill those bastards, we'll never be free. I even doubt that in death we will be. You know..., finally, in this hell, I had found someone who gave me strength. I planned to start a family. Yes, maybe I would repeat the cycle, but at least I felt that, for the first time, I was in control."

"Do you regret it?"

"Yes, I fucking regret it." Her voice wavered, and her gaze grew more somber. "Pitifully, you're the victor this time. But your eyes are as empty as they were back then. And I, who finally found a spark, lost it. How unfair this world is, don't you think?" A deep sigh interrupted him, as if those words hurt. "If I asked you to forgive me, would you?"

"No, and it's too late for that now."

"Hehe, I know that." Her laugh was weak, almost sad. "I just wanted to see your face, of surprise or something, but you're still as empty as ever. What are you going to do now? Did you devour that lecherous jerk, blaze your trail and make it this far? What is it that still drives you? Was it your revenge on me or is it something else?"

"That's none of your business..."

"Haaa, I guess it is. It's not like we were ever friends..." The man's voice trembled, his words coming out choppy. "Haa... I'm... I'm running out of time..." His breaths were ragged, as if he was having trouble speaking. "So... ends this my little episode in... in the epic of the rivers of history.... Will this be the last age of the gods, or just... just one more? Now... I won't know.... Haa..."

"This will be the last, I assure you."

"...It's like this... cough,.... If so...I'm glad" He said while coughing up blood. His breathing was becoming more and more ragged, as if every word was a struggle.

"O... one more thing... wh... when you get there... at least... forgive... her... That's... the only thing... I'll... I'll ask of you..." Her voice was weakening, the words beginning to fade. "In... in return... I'll w... wish that what... may be... what you want to... accomplish... be... fulfilled..."

"...."

It was a meaningless exchange, but Seraphina said nothing in repust, Seraphina, whose hair and eyes returned to what were supposed to be their original colors, watched as the man finally began to lose the sparkle in his eyes.

From the beginning of their conversation, Seraphina had her hand through his chest. The only reason their conversation lasted so long was because the man was of a special breed of demon that did not die easily.

Still, in the hands of the current Seraphina, this wound, which would normally be nothing to him, was more deadly than anything. She watched as the man finally lost his life completely.

although Seraphina did not like him and wanted to kill him from the bottom of her heart for prolonging her life and sending her to a new hell, in a sense she understood him.

Chained to the gods, a puppet who had finally found his place and was cruelly sacrificed because he lost his usefulness. This scene kept replaying over and over again.

Yes, she wanted to see him suffer, but above all, she wanted to fuck the gods. So, in the last instant of what was left of the man's life, she did what he had always wanted: she gave him his longed-for freedom.

Crraack!.

As if squeezing something and destroying it, the hand that was still nailed to the man's chest made a crunching sound.

And as the man said, this little story between the two of them had ended, something unimportant in the big picture of things, with his death nothing had changed and everything would continue on its course.

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"Haah... I'm so tired... I just want to rest."

When it was all over, Seraphina let out a sigh, not of relief, but of exhaustion. She was exhausted both physically and mentally.

Another war had ended, but that wasn't all. She knew it wouldn't be the last; this was just one more.

Her simple desire to rest would not be fulfilled. War only begets more war. Even so, she could end it all now if she wanted to, but she...

"I swear I'll kill you all, bastards."

This wouldn't end so easily; she wouldn't let them off so easily.

...

[War is hell on earth, and those who survive it live as ghosts.]

Chapter 195: Gathering information

"Did you hear that? Things at the front are pretty intense."

"yes, I heard that our side took a lot of losses. They seem to be really determined, regardless of the casualties."

"If we keep going like this, won't we be the losers? What is the great general thinking?"

"It seems as if they have gone crazy, like that time....Hey, and in the end what happened with the youth issue? It's been almost a year and...."

"Tsk, stop talking about it. Give it up already, don't you understand? If he started a war, it's because they have no hope anymore."

"Damn. But was it even necessary to start the war? There's still the next generation and the generations after that. Even if that happened, we could have simply waited. Now look at the mess that formed."

"Well that's how things turned out, what can we do? Go and talk to the great general or the king if you think it's unfair."

"Hey! You don't need to be sarcastic. Damn it, I was just saying that because now we're going full on to that place."

"What are you complaining about? If there was no conflict, you wouldn't even have enough to eat. For us it's more like a blessing. I hear you have a third wife to support now."

"Tsk, you don't understand. It was a mistake to have more than one wife. It's not as good as you think. All the time fighting and asking for money. My life is hell, to the point that, if you ask me, I'd rather die on the battlefield."

"Hey, don't say that. When we get back, I'm getting married to my girlfriend. We even already bought our house and everything. With this I've got the wedding and expenses covered for a while, so I can spend a lot of time with her."

"Oh!?, congratulations? You had that well hidden from you... quite a bit, actually. I thought with your face... hey, is she human or some humanoid race, right?"

"You idiot! What do you mean!? Of course she human!!."

"Uhhh... just in case, you didn't kidnap her against her will, did you?"

"That's true. Even though we're your friends, we don't support that kind of thing."

"It's not too late yet. Be obedient and tell us where you're holding her captive."

"You sons of bitches! What are you trying to insinuate?"

"Let's be honest, on a scale of one to ten, 10 being handsome, 5 being average and 1 being ugly, you are... visual pollution."

"Don't be hard on him, he's just a little..., No, dude, I give up. How did you even get close to a woman? It's hard just looking at you."

"We've been friends since we were kids, but I still can't look at you while I eat."

"Did you dabble in taboo magic or something...? We're your friends, but..."

"Stop Now!!, you miserable idiots!!!!, just so you know, I'm marrying Claudia, the guild's receptionist, the one you all failed at flirting with."

"What?!!!! Impossible!... Oh!!,I know what is happeningso it finally happened."

"Haaah, the day finally came when Roran went crazy."

"We knew it would happen, but it's difficult to watch when it does... though maybe it's just his face."

"Poor guy, he was born with a destiny that made it impossible for him to come into female contact. yes, with a destiny... and a face..."

"They're bastards!!!, I'm not going to invite them to the wedding..."

"Yeah, we get it, dude, believe me we get it... sniff...I'm not crying, it's just..."

"Let's change the subject, I feel bad now."

"Will there be a way to get him back on his feet?"

"You idiots!!, I swear to..."

"Oh, come to think of it, the great general's youngest son is said to have disappeared, and that's the reason for the intensity of things."

"What!?, damn it... You know how those nobles take care of their blood. Fuck, if it's true, we're the ones who will suffer if he goes crazy."

"Yeah, that's why I didn't want to bring it up. I just hope it's a rumor."

"Damn, it was already getting weird to me that they were hiring mercenaries so energetically and paying so well. Maybe they'll use us to make their own way with our sacrifice."

"Haaaah..., no matter how sad Roran's mental problems are, saying something like that lowered my spirits to the bottom."

"Worst case scenario, let's sacrifice him and escape. Anyway, he's already gone crazy."

"You pieces of crap, it's over. I'm going to break this 20-year fucking friendship! You bastards, you're the ones who are going to die for talking bullshit."

"Yeah, die and leave me. I have three wives and two mistresses to feed. I can't die."

"Son of b... Where did you get two more mistresses? Wasn't three already hell...?"

"Well, the thing is..."

My senses were focused, listening intently to the conversation of one particular group that seemed well-informed. Leaving aside the possible ill fate of the ugly guy, who was supposedly getting married when the job was over.

While I side with his friends in believing he is insane, his face is even worse than the blacksmithing instructor's, and, even if he is not insane, he may well die for the flag he raised. That's what I call a fate...poor.

My goal here is to gather information for my next moves.

The reason I wanted to come at this precise time, and why I was even willing to risk missing the academy with both identities, is that this period would possibly be when I could fulfill my purpose.

The problem is, from what I could hear and listen to since I arrived in the city closest to my teleportation point, I was totally lost.

The only thing my alternate self knew about this place was through information obtained from an informant, and it was focused on my target.

In that report they were not very accurate with dates, only with the events my target experienced.

I changed my appearance a bit and when I saw that there were no walls on the coast, I took my doppelganger to keep me company, changing his appearance for something masculine, a person without

striking features, and then I headed to the place where information could be gathered following the cliché I went to a bar, and yes, it was effective. I am already understanding what I have to do .

Indeed, I was in the right kingdom and the right city. The problem is that I had actually arrived even earlier than I thought would be the most optimal time. If I'm not mistaken, it's a year... very early.

But, still, I already had that in consideration. And the fact that there is a war now means that the second or third most optimal option comes into effect. and by aligning it with the information that my alternate self had, I can see the way to fulfill my objective.

"Hey, you know, I've noticed that, when we're nervous, we tend to summarize and explain what we're doing."

"Who's nervous? I'm not. I just think that way because it helps me focus on what I have to do. I explain to myself to sort out my thoughts and plans."

"There's no use lying to yourself, also don't you think we should stop talking to ourselves?"

"Well, you're in front of me, and if I stop paying attention next to you, it's like a different person, isn't it?"

"Yeah, but if we keep going like this, maybe the fat guy or someone like him will come back."

"Well, yes, but if two people sitting down don't talk at all, don't you think that's weird?"

"Well, yes, leaving that aside with everything we've heard, we have no choice but to cross over to the other side, after all."

"Haaah... It would have been easier if he was already in this place, but we already had this in mind, that's why we didn't bring any of the girls."

"We don't have any more choice. Now let's see if we can make it to the end. If we're lucky, it's the second best scenario."

"Now we have to be mercenaries. It's the quickest, but we have to be careful."

"Yes, with what I've heard, the standard of power around here is much higher than that of the kingdom."

"because of the situation there are some things that we can use to our advantage. so I think we have to separate at a certain point, but, even so, it's also possible that you might be useful when I cross over to the other side. It's hard to make a decision."

"Hey, who was the doppelgänger again?...oh! is it me..., Yeah, I think you need help if it's the third scenario, but it would also be better if I stayed on this side."

"Haaah, well, we can only create a doppelgänger with all our stats and even an ability. If we sacrifice that, we can create two or three with thirty percent of our strength each, but no skills."

"Damn, that's not good. Besides, I only have one parallel thought."

"Yeah, it's not worth it. Well, it's not like I could..."

Parallel Thought (A)

"....."

"Hey, when the hell did 'parallel thinking' level up?"

"Hmmm. The last time we checked our status was yesterday, before we met Selene to meet Lyli."

"Ohh, that means it went up yesterday. we don't know what the ascend requirement for this skill is. Hmmm, what could...?"

I was surprised that I suddenly had the skill ascend, when I conveniently needed it, and I started to think, with the help of my doppelgänger, what was the requirement that ascend this skill.

Among everything I did yesterday, there were many things, but I couldn't think of anything that deserved it. But I remembered that I had another way to ascend skills without fulfilling requirements, and it was...

"Dual Synchrony ." (x2)

Me and my dopeelganger came to the same conclusion.