

# The Noble Lady of Lust

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### #Chapter 21: Unexpected Encounter - Read The Noble Lady of Lust Chapter 21: Unexpected Encounter

#### *Chapter 21 - Unexpected Encounter*

At this time, I was using two skill. One was **Doppelganger**, which I left in Elena's care at the mansion with my original appearance.

The other was, the one I was currently using **Morphogenesis**. to change my appearance to my male self.

But because both skills would consume too much mana, I only made the superficial change to look like my male version.

If someone were to check me, they would find something missing between my legs, but in that case I would just grow it immediately. So no flaws there.

My male version has a black hair and blue eyes this look is what I set as default since I could change my body in fact you could say I am handsome since I had essence of seraphina's look but I also had shades of my appearance from my previous life so I wouldn't be absolutely handsome.

But the good thing is that this aspect makes it difficult for anyone to relate to the real me, the use of these two skill was fundamental in my plan, that was also the reason why I needed the sacrifice of Antony may he rest in peace (*he is still alive*).

Elena had asked me why take the trouble to do so many things.

I don't know why she asks such a silly question: obviously it's to make my harem. Why else would I do it? At the academy, even though it only lasts one year, there were many potential girls to belong to my harem.

My alternate self was also in this academy and all she received was frustration and resignation. After all, being a woman to conquer a woman was something that would take a long time and in the end may not bear any fruit, and my alternate self experienced that.

*'I don't know why',*

statistically, there must be at least one or two lesbians for every ten (unsupported) women, but sadly the problem is that the girls at the academy didn't see romance as a priority and the ones they had, margin were out of reach.

That made it difficult for my alternate self to bond beyond his relationship with Elena, who was with me from the beginning. Even though it took him much longer than me to start his relationship with Elena.

Even Alicia at that time was out of my reach because she had fallen in love with that pervert Luz.

So I decided on a different approach. while my alternate self had established a plan, I was flexible and could take the route I wanted, and I thought I would do this on my own.

It didn't interfere with what was planned and I could even contribute, so it's a win-win.

On the other hand, I myself will be acting as Christian while my doppelganger takes my place as Seraphina, with Elena looking out for her in case the worst case scenario happened.

I already knew how the ability worked, there were two ways to use it one was to either control it remotely to do more specific things with me controlling it directly, or I could give them simple commands and let it actúeon automatic, and that's what I would do.

I would set my Doppelganger on automatic and with simple commands I would have it create an image of me as someone quiet, few words and aloof, as well as giving it orders to follow everything Elena told it to do in case something out of my control happened in the worst case scenario.

*'It's a perfect plan.'*

Right now I was just practicing the scope and limitations of this plan, as in a few days the final entrance exams would begin. After all, there was practice to be had.

..

It was then that I noticed a walking being that had many attributes and clichés that caught my attention.

I knew who it was, and my alternate self's memories told me that getting involved with this cluster of clichés was a bad idea and that I should avoid it instead, it was in the top of who I should not get involved with at the academy.

My alternate self tried to add her to the harem, but failed and gave up, But I am different, *'in fact I will succeed where my alternate self failed'*.

With that resolution, I headed toward the group of clichés that had suddenly turned into an alley. I followed her, and when I entered the alley, I saw no one. Still, I knew she should be around.

So I walked further into the suspicious and secluded alley, which didn't look at all like a place to commit a crime as I followed a girl with intentions that are not at all suspicious.

Walking around a corner, I suddenly sensed danger, which caused me to lean back, causing my eyes to look up, which allowed me a better view than I expected.

"Strawberry panties, uhmm... good choice."

Another cliché was suddenly added to the list as I saw that the person who threw the flying kick at me was the same person I was following.

I looked back and there was the pile of clichés, and the reason I called her that was mainly because of my alternate self who had that prejudice towards her, but although not entirely I wouldn't deny that he was a bit right, she was a pink haired girl to begin with, that was a cliché.

The second thing, though not so much, was her height; she was kind of short, I'd say a head shorter than my version of Seraphina, not entering the loli range and barely escaping that cliché.... maybe?

*'I wonder if there will be a standard for deciding that.'* I suddenly pondered a controversial topic, but decided to think about it later.

The important thing is that despite her appearance she is older than me by a year or two...I think, so everything is fine.

In fact, now that I have her in front of me, if I had to say something, it would be that she reminds me of a certain tsundere mage who summoned a perverted familiar (*Louise*).

The other cliché is that she wore twin pigtails and, if that wasn't enough, she had pink cat ears and a pink cat tail, pincers she was a semi-human type of cat.

Like I said, she had so many clichés that I didn't know where to start, not to mention that she has two more attributes that are not visible right now.

Besides the fact that they perfectly matched my tastes, it was like so many of my fantasies in one entity.

But, from the memories of my alternate self, I know that reality is crueler than it seems, and as if to prove what I was thinking at the time, she spoke to me.

"You were following me weren't you? You disgusting, scumbag, why were you following me, you disgusting piece of shit, what do you want?"

Looking at me as if I were trash, she began to curse me as if it was natural for her to do so. She seemed to misunderstand my pure intentions, which I had in following her.

I knew what her personality was like so I was already prepared to some extent for what she would say whether she misunderstood me or not, so I ignored her and answered her politely.

Despite what she said. she was extremely beautiful and cute, which prompted me to go ahead and ignore everything she said to me.

"Miss, I didn't follow you with bad intentions, it's just that you looked lost and I was wondering if I could help you."

I tried to act polite so that she would have a good impression of me and create grounds for our future interactions.

"Who wants your help, you disgusting pervert you want my body don't you, your disgusting face shows your true intentions How disgusting!"

Shit, I was beginning to understand why my future self categorized her as ***\*better not to get involved\****.

Even though she had great potential as a member of my harem, every three words was to curse me out her tongue was venomous and unrestrained, we couldn't even have a conversation, and my desire to add her to my harem was wavering. but it was too soon to give up.

I knew it was a little my fault for stalking her and following her, but she was being extremely hostile even though we had just met. As a last-ditch attempt, I spoke up:

"It's just a misunderstanding, I wanted to see if I could be of any help. But, as I see that I can't, I'm withdrawing. I'm sorry if I offended you in any way."

She was being even harder on me than she was on my alternative self. it could be my masculine appearance. but i also remembered that my alternative self was also getting a lot of insults from her, so i wasn't sure.

But, I guess she wasn't so harsh from the beginning with my female self. So I decided to make a strategic retreat.

I needed to think about whether to employ another method or just give up, as my alternate self had said.

My poor little heart couldn't take it anymore. Unlike Elena, I could feel pure hatred, and her words were so harsh that I didn't want to hear any more. Just as I was starting to leave, I heard her:

"What misunderstanding, you're obviously depraved and you need someone to teach you a lesson, you fucking pervert! When I'm done with you I'll call the guards so you can spend your whole life in prison, as you deserve."

"Like I said, I don't want..."

I started to retreat and was already thinking about my escape route without forgetting to clear up the misunderstanding that was suddenly interrupted by words that did not seem to come from that cute appearance.

"Did I ask you to talk, you piece of shit? You're disgusting! Why don't you just disappear, huh? Why do you even exist? You shouldn't have been born, you worthless trash. Why don't you stop breathing already? You useless, miserable shit! Why don't you just die? You pathetic little—"

Her voice escalated. "You \$#@! son of a !@&\$#! Nobody would care if you just #&\$% dropped dead!" The curses became so intense, I could barely understand, as if my brain could not assimilate that level of words..

"No wonder you're so &!@\$ , you're just a \$%#@#& waste of space! And you—"

Before she spat the final insult,

**"You \$%#@&! small-dicked bastard!"**

"...."

*Chapter 22 - Anger*

"...."

I could only remain silent and powerless, this was already another level from what was acceptable, and when I started to assimilate everything she was saying, something inside me broke.

I didn't know why, but as I listened to her words, I felt that she had said something she shouldn't have.

I don't know what part of what she said made me angry, but my anger reached a threshold I had never reached in this life.

Anger began to fill my head and everything I had built up since I heard her first words overflowed.

**"You flat-chested little midget shit!!** You think you're so much because you're pretty or something, huh!? Let me tell you, even that pretty face can't hide how shitty you are!. I'll teach you to respect your elders!."

"What did you say, you bastard!!?"

"What you hear, **bitch!!**. You want me to repeat it?"

"So you brought out your true face, **I'm going to kill you**, you bastard!"

Saying that, she started running towards me, with the obvious intentions of kicking me again, but her kick was not as simple as before.

"You won't have enough hands, **you fucking bitch!**"

When I finished speaking I easily received his kick with my hand. The kick itself was not strong, but the ice was so cold that it spread through my hand slowly.

But her biggest mistake was to underestimate me and approach me, ignoring the ice, I grabbed her ankle and, without a hint of mercy, I whipped her to the ground.

***Whump!***

The blow was dull and sounded painful, but it didn't quell my anger, I knew this was nothing for someone like her, who must be almost as strong as me or even stronger, with her skill.

***Shhhhk!***

I was going to slam her to the ground again, but, the coldness in my hand increased and I had no choice but to release her.

I knew she was talented and strong, Still, she was not beyond what I could handle. She had already taken distance, to throw long distance spells at me, which I narrowly dodged, some unavoidable ones I deflected with my hand

**"How!"**

She seemed surprised at how I had deflected her magic and seemed to want to cast more but I didn't give her the chance with a quick movement I was already right in front of her.

At that moment, she created a makeshift piece of ice that acted as a shield, but that didn't stop me.

Bang!

"uughhh!!"

I slammed my fist into the piece of ice, punching it through and punching her in the stomach.

"That'll teach you not to be insulting everyone...arghh.."

The moment I hit her in the stomach she went flying a few meters, but she still countered with an ice sphere in mid-flight threw it with precision and hit me.

"Shit, you still want more from me?"

Angrily I chased after her, but more magic was directed at me, this time extremely sharp ice spikes.

They were lethal and I could barely block and deflect them with my mana-covered hands; even so, the cold numbed them a bit.

She kept sending ice magic at me, but I dodged until I got in front of her.

**Thud!**

And gave her another hit which this time seemed more effective and left her unable to counterattack.

"**cough... cough... cof...** Do you know who you're messing with, creep?"

Still wounded, she had the guts to insult me while doing the cliché sore loser with power. It was a tactic I used to employ myself and was among my power abuse techniques.

Unfortunately for her, that didn't matter to me. I knew exactly who she was. Still, I didn't care.

After whipping her to the ground and giving her those two blows, a little of my anger had been vented, so I thought that would be lesson enough for her. That's what I thought until...

"You're going to regret it, you miserable piece of @\$%!! When my family finds out, I'll have your &%%\$# ripped off and shoved so far down your %@#\$% throat that you'll

choke, you !@#%\$!. I'll hire someone to &%\$@# your #@\$% so bad, you won't walk again! And after that, I'll !@#%\$ your &%\$

until you can't even \$%#@#!... !@\$%!... %@#!... and then... \$%#@#!..."

"..."

Shit, her insults were getting more biting and I felt things escalating because she had effectively pissed me off again. That little shit is good at picking on people.

Even someone as tolerant as me succumbed to her. I couldn't believe how good she was, I would even say it's a skill, but since she obviously hasn't felt any lust for me, I didn't even try to use my detection skill on her.

She was really asking for it. Still, I didn't want to go too far, So I calmed down a bit and thought: instead of giving her a physical lesson in pain, I'm going to give her a psychological lesson. With that in mind, I started to approach her.

"Stop, you know who my father is?.... I'm serious, you'll regret it pervert!..... Wait, what are you doing? You're not going to do that, are you!!?.... **Wait...??!!**"

The moment I approached her, I could feel that she wanted to resist. So I moved quickly and touched some specific points on her body.

Now she was paralyzed and with her body soft and easily manageable, only her mouth could move.

I could hear her still threatening me. Without hesitation, I pulled down the skirt she was wearing revealing her white strawberry print panties, which I also slid down.

In this scene, you would think I would do something immoral to her, but oddly enough at this moment I was more angry than lustful, something I never thought would happen.

I had no intention of raping her; my purpose was otherwise. I even ignored the tail, which in other circumstances would be the object of my attention and careful observation.

In front of me her cute ass was displayed. Truth be told, I did get a little tempted, but despite my appearance, I am mostly female at the moment, so I have no "Shenlong" to lift and so I was able to concentrate on what I was going to do.

I put her in my lap and began her punishment.

"So very arrogant, are you? Take this."

**Thwack!**



**"Kyaaaa!!!"**

Indeed, I spanked her pretty ass, which in no way, and I swear in no way was making me change my mind....

...uhmm, but I also think it's a little difficult for someone her age to live this kind of experi-..... '*no! focus*',

I couldn't go soft now, To ignore that, I decided to remember what she said to me earlier, thus fanning the flames of anger, making me give her another hard slap.

***Thwap!***

**"hyaaahh!!**, nooooo, stop!"

I didn't know if this would teach her a lesson, but I was punishing her both physically and mentally by causing her humiliation.

From the memory of my alternate self, I knew she was from a good family, and usually people like that never have to experience being beaten.

"no more, **stop!!**, it hurts!...."

Of course it must hurt, I had hit some spots that intensified the pain and pleasure, which would contribute even a little and be a major humiliation for her, plus use her as a guinea pig to see how effective this was.

**Placshk!**

"stop!!...aaAA!~"

I kept smacking her until her buttocks were red and completely swollen.

"*snif* I...snif I s-sorry...*snif*."

At that point I stopped, she said what I was waiting for. Besides, I had already taken out all my anger.

Had no qualms about hitting a girl, for starters this world is not so soft as to need girls to have this privilege in fact a small girl like her could easily defeat someone six feet tall with muscles all over her body.

So there is no mercy between genders plus now that I am a woman there is even less reason to hold back when it comes to situations like this.

When I released her, I realized she had fainted.

"...."

Now that I take a good look. From a third person's perspective, the scene looked like a crime scene.

Looking back on it all, I realized that, when all was said and done, I was the one who came looking for trouble, even though I knew more or less what was in store for me.

It was certainly wrong of me but she was still provoking me on purpose...I think?

On the other hand the good thing is that I felt she had learned a lesson.

plus I accomplished something that my alternate self never could and that was to get her to apologize, so I re-dressed her and left her in a decent state.

I had basically given up on this chick I didn't want someone so problematic in my harem I decided it was best to follow my alternate self's advice for this case after all it was only a brief encounter and it ended up like this, I no longer wanted to get involved with this girl and I thought what to do now.

I'm going to ignore that little lust that for some unknown reason was starting to grow in me... obviously it had nothing to do with what had just happened and it came out of nowhere, without any explanation.

It wasn't because curiously for a few seconds while I was dressing her I saw a curious pink bush or anything...it was certainly a mysterious phenomenon.

*'It must be because of the legacy.'*

Yes, it was obviously the lust legacy making me lustful (*it is not true*). Then, I cast a light element healing spell on her. I was thinking what to do with it when I heard footsteps coming.

Then, I remembered one of the capabilities that her skill had, so I guessed who the person was coming.

When I thought about it, I just ran off, leaving her behind, and headed back to the mansion. I hoped that Elena would be in the mood to help ease the lust that the legacy clearly forced onto me, though it didn't align with how I truly felt.

*'I would never get turned on by someone who insulted me to that degree... well, unless they did it with affection... hmm... I wonder if Elena...'*

Before I knew it, my thoughts had taken a strange turn as I walked back to the mansion, new ideas swirling in my head as I looked forward to seeing Elena.

## Chapter 23 - Examination

A few days had passed since that encounter with Eira, who was the pink-haired cat girl, and today was the examination for the academy.

The place of examination would be at the National Academy, it was a normal academy for nobles almost always, but next year it will be exclusively for the use of young talents that will represent the kingdom.

I arrived a little early I was in a huge gymnasium with numbers of people about my age around.

I could see numerous faces that were familiar to me, either from memories of my future self or because I had seen them myself during these past few years.

In fact, only the elite nobility were allowed to skip these examinations which only includes some more powerful marquises and dukes as well as the royal family, on the other hand, the rest have to pass the examination like everyone else even if they are nobles.

Although I don't get along particularly well with anyone in the neighborhood, I even saw the nobleman who asked me to dance during my birthday and thanks to my art of lust I managed to make him pee in his pants.

When he looked at me he averted his gaze nervously, *'wait how much does he know? maybe I need to silence him'* I was thinking if he realized that it was me who had caused his incontinence, no one must know *(he just wants to eliminate him because he is handsome)*.

*But then I remembered that I'm Chris now, so I'll let him live, temporarily.*

The martial art that gave me the legacy of lust has as its main function to recognize the weak points of the adversaries, opening apertures and attacking them with precision.

It is also based on the knowledge of the body, which means that using it can cause cases like his, by loosening his bladder.

But it can also be used to weaken or hit, or even paralyze, as I did with Eira.

Most importantly, it serves to stimulate the body and find weak spots in the girls I'm having sex with, stimulating them and making everything more intense or increasing their sensitivity.

Although I haven't tried it in action yet, the closest I came to using it for that was, when I was punishing Eira, besides spanking her, I increased her sensitivity, so the pain of the spanking was greater than it normally was.

Those are the fundamentals of the art of lust. Although the art of lust seems to be based on a melee art, there is a reason why it has a spear as a legacy weapon.

In fact it is a spear art, but from all I have seen it is a very flexible and versatile art by far, and mainly has melee movements and arts, because they are the basis of this art.

I have only been able to master the base of the art of lust, later on it will start integrating spear movements, but first I must perfect the physical part.

Which also refines and stimulates my body, so I became stronger than I initially thought, by inheriting that art, which is a great help.

As for Elena, I gave her an art that she got later from the God of darkness. The Gods also gave martial arts or breathing techniques to their representatives.

Or so they make believe, but my alternate self knew that they were arts that were created by the old representatives of the Gods in the past and the Gods just kept them and gave them to accelerate the growth of their new representatives.

Still, everyone would covet arts from those who rose to the top during their time.

It is not known if the art was from her predecessor or something like that, but it is an art that fits her perfectly.

The arts are basically something to achieve harmony between the mana and the physical body, they have many utilities the main one was to become stronger efficiently, but they are also accompanied by unique characteristics, as well as attack techniques.

It is the most effective alternative for those with little mana and no talent who can't waste it casting spells.

As for which of the two is stronger, there is no such thing. A mage could easily defeat a specialized warrior or vice versa.

There is no such thing as one being stronger than the other, but rather who uses their resources better during battle.

Although obviously, factors such as skills, blessings and experience are the most salient in deciding a victor.

..

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While I was lost in my thoughts, I saw a familiar face and an involuntary shiver ran through my body.

In fact, I knew he would be here, but seeing him directly was another matter, not to mention that my alternate self took it upon himself to impress upon me his feelings about this person and what he thought of him.

He was a blond young man with a face that, while not handsome, was above average, enough so that no one had any complaints about his looks.

Despite not being considered handsome, come to think of it, he and I, as far as looks go, although we don't look alike, are close to the same range of handsomeness male.

At the time, the memories and feelings my alternate self was screaming at me to stay away, as well as the case with the girl from yesterday, but then I thought, like it or not, he was someone who was necessary to keep close.

In fact, my alternate self knew it too, but still imprinted his feelings of rejection on the memories I inherited from him, I honestly get it, just thinking about those memories sends chills down my spine, my whole body screaming for me to stay away.

*'I hope things will be different this time.'*

right now it didn't matter if I approached him because of my current appearance, so I simply suppressed all those feelings, as well as the bad memories of my alternate self for the sake of my goal.

I thought about what would be the best way to approach him in the future since right now I'm not mentally prepared and I want to avoid getting involved with him now if I don't have to

*'hummm what to do, I think it would be better in the second or third week of school. humm...'*

At that moment my thoughts were interrupted by a loud voice coming from the podium up ahead.

**"Attention everyone! "**

Spoke a burly man, filled to the brim with muscle and an imposing presence, with a bald head and a very loud voice. Naturally, at that moment, we all looked straight ahead, drawn to him.

**"As you all know, the age has come when the mana of this world will begin to rise, giving birth to great heroes and champions, this age when mortals will connect more easily with the Gods...."**

he began to speak of things of common knowledge of this world .

**"all Those present are talents of the realm, whether by their skills, strength or blessings . They are the best of the best "**

Without a doubt, even though he said that, there were more than a thousand people here, between the ages of 15 and 20 only 300 can become students and that includes the to many nobles who already entered .

In fact, because the ages were a bit different , it would be bad if the younger ones are overshadowed by the older ones, but the supervisors take that into account, and the examinations are always based on your age and talent and not on pure strength.

**"Next, we will begin the examination that will prove you are worthy for the kingdom to feed you "**

He said, and without further ado, pulled something out of his bag. It looked like a cane or something similar, it was even big for the trainer who was already about 2 meters tall.

No doubt if it was next to that it would look more like a pole than a cane plus it had inscriptions and other things added on it. Which gave it a unique and imposing as well as ancient aura.

**"This one here is the staff of suppression and its function is.... why don't I better show it to you directly? "**

***Fwoosh!!!***

Saying that, he took the large pole (staff) in his hands and masterfully gave it a few twirls with which, although I wasn't that close, I could feel the gusts of wind created, making me think that being in the path of that would turn me into minced meat.

***Wuchhh... Whoosh!***

The instructor moved that huge pole with grace and fluidity making clear his skill making me admire his movements and mastery.

I didn't understand what his movements meant, but as he said it had to do with the examination I paid special attention to decipher its meaning.

Many around me also did the same thinking that the examination had already begun, after doing movements and techniques for a few minutes, leaving us amazed, the muscular supervisor stopped and before the expectant gaze of all, he snorted proudly.

"hmp!!!, well next the exam".

After that, he walked a few meters beside him and put the pole on some kind of support allowing it to stand.

" ... "

"" ... ""

"""" ... """"

Silence pervaded the place he couldn't read minds, but he was sure the thousand or so people were thinking the same thing.

*'What was the demonstration for earlier?, was it even necessary?, did I just want to show off?'*

It was certainly cool, but I wonder if it was really necessary to do what he did before.

But I'm not going to criticize out loud someone who can make mincemeat out of me with one move and apparently no one wanted to risk asking either.

The moment the supervisor made sure everything was okay he addressed us.

**"the examination begins now."**

*Chapter 24 - Examination (2)*

Immediately afterwards I felt an invisible wave hit me. Literally, I felt a mass of something physically impact me, I could barely hold myself together.

I didn't understand what happened for a moment, but I instinctively resisted whatever it was that was pressing down on me.

I looked around and saw how many people were flying through the air. That would be my fate if it weren't for the fact that I somehow managed to hold on.

The pressure emanating from the staff was so great that even breathing became difficult.

However, I resisted and did not move from my place. Few managed to stand firm as I did.

As my alternate self did not experience these tests, I only know what is coming thanks to some abuse of authority techniques I implemented and I understood the main point of the tests, not what exactly would happen, so I am as surprised as everyone else by what just happened.

*'Couldn't that muscular old man have warned?'*, as if responding to my mental complaint I could hear his voice again.

**"This staff releases an invisible pressure. The only way to overcome it is with willpower; the more you have, the less the pressure will be on you. The examination will be to get close enough to the staff and touch it. Those who succeed will be allowed to move on to the next examination."**

*'Damn muscle head, it's too late to explain what the examination is all about.'*

I swallowed the curses I had in my mouth, remembering that in my current identity abuse of authority techniques are sealed, and saying the wrong thing could cause me to be made into a meat paste.

So I just gritted my teeth and braced myself. I needed to pass this examination quickly and free myself from this annoying pressure.

With that in mind, step by step, I approached the source of this pressure that was encroaching on me. I looked to the sides and saw the few who were not sent flying.

Among them was that crazy guy and another girl not far from him who strongly caught my attention.

She stood out because of her red hair with blue locks, which made her stand out a lot, but her bangs covered her face, as well as her big round glasses.

But what stood out most about her was her large bust that even in baggy robes could be easily distinguished even when she slouched a little, they were so prominent that they seemed to be unaffected even by the pressure of the staff.

*'Well, it's not like it was gravitational pressure.'* The only extra gravitational force being emitted at the moment is from his massive bust towards my eyes.

For some reason I can't stop staring at it, as if it's an attraction ability. *'No!, I'm sure it's an ability.'* It's a force too great to resist, I try to look in another direction, but my eyes go back there.

*'Damn, what kind of magic is this!'* I couldn't believe that those big spheres had gravity of their own.

At that moment, I decided to put this on my list of things to investigate, it was a phenomenon too strong to ignore maybe I will find in it some of the truths of this world.

No, it is definitely related to the fundamental laws of this world and can be a path to power I need inv....

**"Participant Christian, come in!"**



"EEh?" Suddenly, as I struggled against the gravitational pull of those two large masses, I heard the annoyingly loud voice of the supervisor telling me that I had passed.

I looked around and, before I knew it, I was inches away from the staff, meaning I passed. At that moment, my theory that those large masses have more power than that staff, which is a high-ranking weapon, grew stronger in my head.

But now that I was finally free of that terrible attraction I realized that the person possessing such a dangerous weapon was someone I know from the memories of my alternate self.

I might not see her face clearly because of her bangs and glasses, but that chest and hair are unmistakable.

*~breasts*

she was someone important in the memories of my alternate self, but someone with a warning placed on her, just like Eira.

I certainly wanted to get close to her, but I have learned to heed the warnings left, and not go with her any further than a friendship and the reason is because she is a potential, yandere.

*~breasts*

In fiction, yandere's are something everyone loves; they emphasize them as someone who would give anything for love and prove it with their actions, there are those who idealize them enough to have fantasies of them in fact I was like that until I got the memories of my alternate self and was hit again by reality.

After all, not everyone is cut out to handle the intense love of these people, which leads them to go to extreme measures to have their love duly reciprocated.

In real life, it's more like walking on eggshells, fearing the possibility of things ending badly.

For me seeing how that girl caused stress to my alternative self was enough.

And in fact he was just a bystander and not the target of her obsession, even so, she was a source of indirect stress, and that was more than enough for me to completely agree with my alternate self and not include her in my harem.

*~breasts*

Not to mention that yanderes and harem are not categories that go hand in hand without putting your life in danger.

Of course, unless you are a semi-immortal vampire, with madness and obsession to match, but my inexperienced self has not reached that level... yet.

Good thing I'm not the target of her love, so I don't have to worry about being the victim of a big self-destruct spell while being sustained by her.

*'wait was that how they died? ...humhmm...mhmm'*

I feel something weird about the memories, but well it must be because it's been a while since I got them and I might have mixed them up a bit, the important thing is that I don't want to be the recipient of her love.

*~breasts*

My alternate self lived through a lot of things so it's best to heed her warnings, so I decided to just watch and not touch for this one.

she has a very interesting ability, which kept my alternate self from being targeted for elimination by her.

In fact she was a good friend of my alternate self, so I have no qualms about approaching her and if possible changing her fate a bit, but it is also up to her, but without any intention of joining her to my harem as that is out of the question.

*~breasts ~breasts*

*'shit!!! stop appearing in my head, I'm seriously thinking here'*

The evil image of her breasts even affects my mind I can't even think seriously, those things are driving me crazy that I started to self curse, my desire and reason are having a big disagreement at the moment.

*'Uhm, but those big ones..... No, wake up, don't be fooled by that. Life comes first... what if now that I'm a man it's different...? That doesn't take away from the fact that she's a potential yandere... but those big boobs...? No, you forgot what you saw in the memories of our alternate self.... Damn...'*

I was having a fight with myself about what to do it's like I had become two people.

I come to this academy with high hopes, but the first prospects I see are people that my alternate self has warning on.

Rather, they weren't even a possibility. I thought that now that I can be a man I might give it a try, but my hopes diminished when I ended up punishing that rude girl and realized that my alternate self was right.

On the other hand, there are three such warnings in this academy alone, and I just happened to run into two.

Well, it's mainly because they are both flashy and talented, which made my alternate self and myself pay attention to them easily.

"Oh no!"

She seemed to notice my gaze. and we made eye contact, the requirement of her skill, plus Remembering what her skill was I quickly changed all my thoughts.

I mentalized my alternate self's memories of her being a good friend, and the good feelings I had for her without going beyond friendship.

*'friendship, only friendship, pure and sincere, pure intentions, pure friendship'.*

She, on the other hand, tilted her head in confusion, as if she didn't understand something, but that was much better for me. Before she misunderstood me.

*'ufff that was close'*

I didn't want to create misunderstandings, I finally stopped listening to that murmur of (~breasts) and decided never again to put my attention in front of those who has both physical and mental power and are highly dangerous.

I still wasn't in the right state of mind so I turned my gaze to the blond boy, who is a source of great fears of my alternate self, as well as the target of the yandere. I didn't know whether to pity him or say he had it coming.

I looked around and could see that many had already finished with the examination and others were about to or had already given up, so this was not far from over.

After a few minutes, the supervisor shouted.

**"The first examination is over. Everyone who did not cross the finish line is disqualified. Don't think this is an unfair trial. Even if you have five or only two metamorphoses, the pressure exerted by this weapon is will be felt equally by all. What this examination seeks is to test everyone's willpower!!."**

He began to give a short speech about the importance of this examination.

**"Our kingdom will not patronize those with weak will. Therefore, those who lack this, even if they have talent and strength, will not be accepted..... Now those who have passed will soon begin the last examination for admission!!".**

*Chapter 25 - Examination (3)*

Luckily it looks like only two examinations in fact there were now only about half of the numbers left that came today.

But that's not all for those who were disqualified, all those present had talent in one way or another, and although it said "disqualified", I know that if their ability or talent is good there is still a chance for them to enter the academy.

Plus the fact that some may have craft talent and can make the tests of that category and still enter, in the end, passing the tests are not everything.

The only thing is that they are now at the bottom of the priority list. They are only filtering out the best of the best.

The evaluations come later according to the judgment of the supervisors and instructor who are somehow watching and listening to everything that is going on.

They need to evaluate us thoroughly and in different perspectives and in fact this examination is important for the future regardless of talent and strength.

After graduating from this year of study, if they don't have enough willpower to keep going, they will fall and be crushed by the wave of changes that will come along with the change of era.

If they don't keep up the pace, they will drown in despair and helplessness.

..

After picking up the pole and putting it away, without a moment's rest, he continued.

**"We will begin the next examination. In it, groups of up to ten people will be formed. The groups will be decided by me. Group A....."**

He began to divide us into several groups. The moment I saw that a group was formed with Silvia (*Yandere*) and William (*light crazy*)

, I laughed at his misfortune, but in not much later **"Christian Lionheart , group E."**

I was also in their group. I couldn't help but lament my bad luck.

*'Why is this happening to me if I have never wished evil on other people?'*

There must be something with the karma system, but now that I think about it, it shouldn't even be able to affect me now, so it was just my bad luck.

In the end my group was formed, and unfortunately I was not with anyone I wanted to be with, especially I had a little hope to be in the group of a girl with cyan hair that I also found among the people.

Unfortunately the team was not under my control and it would be a miracle that we were together, but if I think about it, it is also a miracle that I was together with William and Silvia.

*'damn luck'.*

Reluctantly, I made my way to the group where the boy with the bright aura greeted me with a big smile.

Although I said I had better get involved with him, I didn't think it would be so soon. I still had a lot of things to think about, but fate is something I can't control and now I have to form groups with them *'my little heart isn't ready'*.

"Hi, my name is William. You can call me Will. I am the son of a knight who serves Count Vulcan and I received the blessing of the God of Light."

*'Why are you meeting with your blessing, in your presentation idiot? Wasn't it a national secret or something,'.*

I was dumbfounded by what a jerk he was saying things he shouldn't, but well despite all the thoughts I have towards this guy, the truth is he's a good guy, good character and talent, he was the perfect prospect, he had almost no flaws.

He's also exceedingly honest, honestly he's the classic good protagonist. Not to mention that in the future he will form his own harem being the object of envy.

The problem is that he also had the dense protagonist attribute, which pissed off my alternate self at such a waste and tried to sneak in and steal his harem, but that only brought him misfortune and despair, he got himself alone into the tiger's den from which he couldn't get out.

Among his pseudo harem, *(as he never found out because of how dense he was)*, are Silvia, Eira and even Alicia, who was one of the few decent ones in his harem, as well as some more that he will meet in the future.

But as the saying goes, "**{God gives bread to those who are not hungry}**". The wretch is a real dense one.

Honestly, I didn't think that stereotype of a real person existed and always saw it as a way manga and novel authors used to lengthen their works, but this guy is that kind of person.

My alternate self suffered a lot being around him, as everyone thought he was part of his harem.

Although her goal was to steal and conquer them, but without the possibility of changing gender and identity being just Seraphina was counterproductive and most of the girls in the harem took me as a love rival.

And those who did not simply rejected him making him want to run away from that group, but that was impossible due to Diosa's intervention.

And the worst thing and the cause of my alternate self's fear was that....

*'Breathe, remember you're not Seraphina right now',*

It was better to stop thinking about an uncertain future and focus on what's in front of me, I mentally thought to myself while returning her greeting.

"Hello, nice to meet you. My name is Christian and I am also the son of a gentleman in the service of house Silvercrest."

That was my excuse I had already prepared, as well as my alibi for this identity. I had already convinced Tristan (*using the techniques of abuse of authority*)

to cover for me and adopt me as his son, even though he was not very agreeable to having such an older son.

I can still remember his face at the time, when I asked him the name of his partner, apparently he was a little hurt when I asked him if he was married to know my mother's name for the part and that was my mistake.

I received no answer from him, it was a long and uncomfortable silence as I watched Tristan get more and more depressed, smothering me with his bachelor aura, which I later discovered he had perfected since birth.

Secretly, I asked Elena to put in a good word for him with the other maids, which caused him to now be dating someone very peculiar among the maids.

I won't get into Tristan's tastes, but the maid he is dating is a bit older to put it mildly. But to each his own happiness. From the bottom of my heart, I supported him.

I don't know if it's Elena's fault that thanks to her beauty I raise my standards, but no other maid in the Silvercrest house has ever caught my attention enough to make me want to add her to my harem.

And those who did were already married. In this world people get married young, at 15 it is already normal to start a family and I would never practice NTR....to someone happily hunted.

Now that I remember it was around that time that I found out from my stepmother that I have a fiancé, something that made me angry and directly confronted my father asking for the cancellation of this marriage agreement.

When he heard me ask him to break the engagement, instead of talking to me about things like "**Obligatio Nobilis**" and telling me that as a nobleman I should follow the customs and rules, he completely agreed with me, thus canceling the engagement, or so he wanted, but the other party refused.

When the other party refused to cooperate, we decided to take physical means, together we began to prepare ourselves and we were going to raze my fiancé and his house, which my stepmother stopped us in our tracks when she found us strategizing our attack.

Where she lectured us saying something like:

**"it wasn't right to attack the royal family and start a civil war."**

Telling us that it was unreasonable and there were different ways to come to an agreement peacefully which my father tried to object to, but my mother refuted his objection calmly and peacefully and then started scolding us.

Her scolding lasted for hours, during which my father and I remained kneeling while my stepmother held a black bat of unknown material (*quiet and peaceful refuter*) that emitted an even more bloodthirsty aura than George .

Well, thanks to that and a long time of negotiation, and various excuses, my father managed to get them to agree to break off the engagement if I was accepted as a representative of the kingdom.

Basically, I was forced to participate in the academy and be one of the best to represent the kingdom.

I had planned to come anyway, but now I have to maintain both identities all the time, which led me to do all this.

"Christian, did you hear?"

"Oh, sorry, I got lost in my thoughts."

At some point, the supervisor began to explain what we were going to do next. I, who had been lost in my thoughts, didn't pay attention, but nice William didn't hesitate to explain everything again.