

The Noble Lady of Lust

Chapter 46: I can already taste success

The classes continued to pass and, after the noon break, in which I just followed Cordelia, we ate silently without saying a word, and then just went back to the classroom.

But that doesn't discourage me at this point, I'm more excited than ever; the next class was the one I had been waiting for: the rune class.

And no, it's not because I like magic and runes, but because my priority objective in coming to the academy was who was leading the next class.

The moment I was waiting for since I saw her in the memories of my alternate self finally came and the person I was looking at for the first time in this life entered, slowly, I felt a shiver of excitement run through my body it was just like in the memories.

Just by looking at her I felt the art of lust begin to work, involuntarily enhancing me. The woman was extremely beautiful and sexy triggered all levels of lust to the max just by her presence.

She was hard to describe in words, but, For starters, she was a tall woman, I would say she was about 5'11", about my current height, which is much is much taller than the average woman.

She had beautiful long deep purple hair that went down to her hips, which were wide and with an equally voluptuous ass that gave her perfect balance.

In fact, the woman was very voluptuous whether it was her ass or chest, both of which were very large, but she had a slim, toned waist, giving her an unreal figure.

Her face was beautiful, very beautiful; she had purple eyes, but unlike Silvia's, it was a darker purple, almost black. She had a mole under her right eye that only further amplified her charm, which was naturally seductive.

She also had a mature charm that only women with a certain amount of life experience acquire, like my stepmothers.

Her clothing was conservative, as it was a set of large robes, well I was excited too, as her robe was very conservative and I could barely see past her beautiful face.

In fact, I could see almost nothing and perhaps involuntarily awakened X-rays for a few seconds due to the excitement.

well although it's not entirely my imagination, I knew what she looked like underneath thanks to the memories of my alternate self who had several opportunities to see her without the robe she wore most of the time.

But they were such good memories that I think I hallucinated for a moment and I imagined her without a robe, she awakened in me many things, that I did not even understand, but of something I was sure at the moment I saw her in my memories and that is that I wanted her in my harem as necessary.

One more thing to note is that she bears some resemblance to my character from the game I used to play in my past life, who was the ruler of a lightning nation.

If that character were to come true, she would be someone similar to the woman who started out presenting herself as a rune master.

Sure, her great attributes are something that video game character lacks, but for me it's an ultra plus bonus that, honestly, if it weren't for the fact that right now I lack my shenlong I would grow at the mere sight of such a woman, who is beyond my fantasies.

'That woman is too beautiful and seductive to be real.'

I looked around and realized that a lot of guys had the same thing in their heads as I did and were imagining what the instructor would look like under those robes.

I saw how some were hunching over just to hide their desires and possible erections which are totally understandable and justified.

"And again I will be looking after them in the runes class for this year."

And her voice did nothing to help it was as if she was directly stimulating your body her voice was melodious and of mature charm, it was everything you could wish for.

'Certainly that instructor is dangerous'.

Silvia was also voluptuous and also attracted a lot of attention, but the instructor had something that Silvia didn't, that attracted men more intensely and aroused true desire.

She introduced herself as Astrid, without surname, since, to the teachers, if they were nobles, it was forbidden to say their surname, but I knew who she was and which family she belonged to.

Just out of curiosity and hoping for a miracle as with Cordelia I tried to look at her status window, but as I imagined, it was impossible.

I was not surprised in the least I concentrated on what was really important, so I continued and paid special attention to her class which was the first part of my plan.

Unlike the other teachers, her classes were very interesting to me as I can appreciate her beauty...I mean, I can go over the use of runes.

I already knew to some degree the use of runes and many things about their use thanks to some memories of my alternate self, as well as from personal classes in the duchy.

So, although I am not a mage in this life, I am well versed in magic and I have no doubt that with my meager mana I can make someone who specializes in magic cry simply by the correct use of runes.

I was extremely active in this class, as the instructor asked questions, I always raised my hand to answer, even surpassing the ever active Cordelia who stared at me with her default face for a long time after I overshadowed her.

I didn't know what he was thinking as he looked at me, But now is not the time to think about that, I need to concentrate on class.

I was not only answering, but sometimes I gave my opinion giving her points of view that even surprised her, I was very happy to have the memories of my alternate self and to have studied them seriously, all my efforts were worth it, my goal was so close that I could taste it.

My alternate self had a vast array of knowledge and experience that is difficult for me to comprehend and yet I know for sure that it is far above what this realm handles.

I think even now I would surpass her as an instructor with all that knowledge I have, but nothing I said in the classes was too high level or enough to draw too much attention.

I was simply approaching things from a different perspective.

A lot of guys were competing with me to get the teacher's attention, but my knowledge was better, so I left them in the dust.

I even discussed some deep things about runes with the instructor. At that point, my goal was only one and at the end of the class was when I would see if I achieved it.

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So the hours passed and the end of the class came:

"As previous instructors should have explained, each instructor chooses his or her assistant in exchange for benefits and academic points, I will tell you that being my assistant is especially difficult so I would recommend you not to be hasty.

Remember that if you can't handle the position you are likely to be replaced, so this may not be the only chance you get, Now I want volunteers. "

And the moment she said that, half the class threw up their hands ignoring the rest of what I just said in warning of how difficult the position of being her assistant was,

'Tsk....these idiots are driven by desire rather than reason',

Even the one who was supposed to be my fiancé raised his hand in enthusiasm ignoring that a few hours ago he was looking at me with desire and love.

I could see how some of them regretted having been chosen by other instructors.

The instructor Astrid passed her gaze through the students, and stopped on me who was also raising her hand.

'of course I also had the raised hand but I am not driven by desire I am driven by my goals to make a harem, which is very different from the other desire-driven idiots':

"Student Christian, I can certainly see that you have a great command and knowledge of runes, but if I remember correctly, you were a melee warrior or am I mistaken."

I knew she knew I was a warrior as I excelled greatly in the examination and had the focus on my group, which was William, so I was not at all surprised that she knew my role, but I was prepared for the question:

"Actually, Instructor Astrid, I am a warrior, but I handle magic as well. Although I don't possess that much mana, I'm thinking of becoming a magic warrior."

In fact, usually people, due to the limitations of talent and skill, had to decide between only one role as some people even with the same art or breathing method may have different results due to their talent.

So, naturally you choose where you are better and have faster growth, but that didn't matter in me.

With the legacy of lust I could grow my mana and other stats with its ability, so it doesn't matter what field I concentrate on.

Certainly, because of the art of lust I specialized in forces, but I'm sure in time I will have no limits, so being a magical warrior, a hybrid of mage and warrior, is not something that would set me back and in fact is a path I plan to follow.

"It's certainly something ambitious, but I saw your skills. Also, your knowledge in runes, which is the basis of magic, is good, so it seems you had it decided a long time ago ...

You are certainly the most outstanding student in rune knowledge, so now you have the position of my assistant. Remember to meet me after class in my office."

"Yes, instructor Astrid."

'Yes, yes, yes, YES!!, I made it!!!, this is great siuuuuuuuuu~\(\geq \nabla \leq)/~. I am she assistant. My plan is going perfectly. I can already taste success. I couldn't wait for the day's classes to end. If I play my cards right, I might accomplish a lot huhueheuehe~'.

Chapter 47: Thirst for Revenge

POV: Eira

'At last it begins, today begins a new stage in my life, I will forget the past.'

Eira thought as she sat in her family's carriage on her way to the academy.

Lately, her mood had not been the best due to an accident she had a few days ago, when a pervert assaulted and humiliated her.

That encounter could not leave her mind no matter how hard she tried to forget it, every time she remembered what happened she gritted her teeth in anger and frustration, something that happened many times a day.

Her whole family noticed the strangeness of the situation, especially her younger sister, who was traveling with her in the carriage.

Recalling the events of that day in fact Eira had threatened the pervert, with her family, but when she had the chance, honestly, the words didn't come out.

She only makes empty threats so as not to waste her time with every pervert she comes across, it was the first time someone didn't care and when it came time to use her family's influence she couldn't.

She didn't want to divulge that dark experience and to begin with she is not the type to use her family's power.

she only makes empty threats so as not to waste time with every pervert she comes across, it was the first time someone didn't care and when it came time to use her family's influence she couldn't.

But That didn't stop her from investigating the guy to get revenge on him on her own.

That day she felt overwhelmed and defeated by him, but that didn't stop her. She hadn't used her power that day, and she felt she could have defeated him, if she hadn't underestimated him.

She did not expect the pervert to be so strong and did not give him time to recover and turn the tide.

This incident opened her eyes to the vastness of the world and taught her not to underestimate perverts. On the other hand, her investigations, unfortunately, did not bear fruit.

She had no idea how to look for him, nor did she know anything about him beyond his appearance, which frustrated her greatly.

Fortunately now, with a new episode of her life beginning, she decided to bury that embarrassing experience and simply forget about him.

'Yes, I'll forget about that pervert. I'm not going to let him get a place in my head, I'd only be giving him that privilege.'

She thought, and with this reformed mindset, she headed for the opening ceremony.

"eh!? Selene!"

As she was lost in her thoughts, at some point she lost sight of her twin sister, which worried her a little.

Unlike her, her sister is more vulnerable to the perverts roaming this world and doesn't know how to deal with them, so Eira looked for her in some panic.

Luckily, she found her quickly and, just as she thought, she was surrounded by perverts looking at her body with lust.

'Filthy perverts, stop looking at her. Their very gaze defiles my precious sister.'

She thought, but restrained herself as she dragged her sister with her. In a way, Eira had learned the hard way that her words could bring consequences, so from that day on she was more restrained with what she said.

She dragged her sister along and together they made their way to the entrance ceremony, while she was once again teaching her younger sister about the dangers of the world.

It was at that moment when she entered the ceremony site and saw him: the black-haired, blue-eyed pervert who assaulted her a few days ago.

In that instant, the things she had decided to bury moments ago erupted again like an erupting volcano. All the emotions, frustrations, and a myriad of emotions that I didn't even understand came to the surface.

She couldn't help but hate him. She didn't know what those emotions were, but she did know that she hated that guy with all her being.

She looked at him as she imagined many ways to get even. The pervert, on the other hand, although he noticed her, decided to ignore her.

She easily realized that he had noticed her too, only he purposely ignored her, which further increased her hatred for him.

It was easy for her to notice this because she and her sister were born with a very peculiar skill called Resonance.

It was such a rare skill that there was no record of it and its functions were unknown, due to the rarity of this skill it would attract a lot of attention to them.

Luckily, the priests who conducted the examinations, had a vow of silence, so the news did not spread, thus preventing them from being surrounded by crazy academics in search of knowledge.

As for its functions they knew it, they had used it since they were children, so the only thing they learned in the temple was its name.

As far as they knew, Resonance was an skill that allowed them to resonate with each other, causing them to become temporarily stronger.

Over the years they discovered that when they used it, they especially increased their physical strength and mana, which allowed them to defeat people with more metamorphosis than them with ease.

The curious thing is that this skill only worked among themselves. They tried to resonate with other people, but failed, so they assumed it only worked when those people had this skill.

There was also a secondary function that had always saved it from many problems, and that was that, although they could not share strength with anyone, they could resonate with people's intentions.

It was not very powerful and seemed more like an instinct, something that made them somehow sense whether that person had bad intentions towards them or not.

In short, they sensed people's intentions more clearly.

And it was that day, when she was walking around the city, that for some reason someone noticed her, which is not unusual, she knew she was very striking.

So she put on the necklace her father gave her, to disguise her presence and stroll freely around the city, one of her favorite pastimes when she was bored.

While she saw magical artifacts and ate delicious snacks with a different taste from the mansion, which made her nostalgic, she basically just wandered around and had fun without bothering anyone.

She noticed that the tool was not working on someone, and that person was looking at her with bad intentions, tired of this type of person she decided to lure him into a trap and teach him a lesson.

She would confront him and reveal his bad intentions, which were obviously directed at her, and then turn him over to the guards, that was her plan.

When she spoke to him, she was not fooled by his kind words; his ulterior motives were so deep that they were repugnant, and she wanted to get rid of him. She would do society a great deal of good by keeping him locked up.

Wanting to take justice into her own hands, she attacked him when he finally began to show his true personality.

But she underestimated him. The pervert was strong and couldn't even counterattack properly, leaving her vulnerable, defeated and humiliated in a way she remembers clearly and in detail.

While she also knew that she had said harsh and especially offensive words, she did so because of the subject's intentions and because she had grown up in the slums of the capital, where such talk is normal.

In reality, she was not always a high-ranking noblewoman. Only in the last years she knew that her father was a noble; not even her mother knew it, or that was what mother told her.

Although eira clearly knew it wasn't like that, those excuses would only work for children and she was already thirteen when it happened, she knew there were more implications, that she wasn't told.

But it doesn't change that her past was not very good, hence her personality and the way she talks.

After the incident occurred, she realized that while the pervert had bad intentions, he had no intention of imposing anything on her.

However, it was her words that provoked him and ended up in that situation.

But that didn't change the fact that, not satisfied with just hitting her, he had totally and completely humiliated her.

She had never felt so humiliated, despite having grown up in the tough streets of the favela.

She felt so much hatred that she needed to get it off her chest, but she couldn't do it right away. For now, she could only stare at him while she waited for the opportunity to return the favor.

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"Sis,... what's wrong,?"

Her sleepy younger sister asked.

"Nothing's wrong."

Not wanting to worry her and drag her into his business, she simply denied it, saying it was nothing.

"sis. You've been staring at him..."

"..."

"is a bad person?"

From a young age, her sister, had a passive personality and always depended on her. it also didn't help that his mother wasn't very reliable most of the time.

Selene always left the decisions to Eira, so now, her sister was very dependent on her and was always by her side.

Eira also liked being together, as it gave her anxiety not knowing what Selene was doing or if some pervert might be cheating on her.

Selene's personality was one of letting herself go with the flow of things.

Aside from that, she always seemed to be sleepy, as if everything was boring, well, she always had her family in her priorities, family and food, especially the latter, which sometimes seemed to have more priority than the former.

Eira honestly didn't know why her sister was still thin, considering she usually eats up to three times what a gentleman of the same rank eats.

It was simply a mystery...or maybe not.

Then his eyes would wander to his sister's chest and then to his own, and a possible hypothesis about the fate of the food would always emerge.

A hypothesis she had tried to replicate years ago, but found it physically impossible to eat like her sister.

In the end, when she thought about this, with a bit of dissatisfaction and frustration, she slapped herself on those unnecessary fat balls (breasts) .

"Aw, sis, why?...."

"I don't know, I just felt like it."

"Evil sis, hmph (¯)3¯)."

After this common little episode in her day to day life, Eira simply ignored her sister and continued to observe the boy during classes, looking to find something useful to confront him with.

Sometimes, she could hear some things about him, such as that he was strong and excelled in the entrance exam.

"Sis, is he the one who made you angry a few days ago?"

Selene began to draw conclusions, and certainly the Resonance skill allowed them to understand each other better than anyone else.

It was rare for Selene to talk as much as she did now, but apparently her long-standing anger alert Selene enough to snap out of her passive, sleepy state.

Which told Eira that definitely had to control herself, but the only thing that would really take away that annoyance would be to get revenge on that guy, but she definitely didn't want to involve her sister.

"Don't worry about that pervert, I'll take care of him. "

"okey"

Easily, Selene agreed with Eira. Eira didn't want her sister, with her innocent personality, to get involved with trash like that guy, so she would take action on her own.

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Time passed and the first class ended. At that moment, Eira noticed that the guy behind the pervert seemed to know him .

She knew who he was, her father had shown her a picture of him and had asked her to go and try to get along with him.

She didn't want to, but she couldn't ignore her father's request, who had given her so much. However, she did not like to approach men, as they all had ulterior motives.

Still she promised to try, without committing herself to anything, but that was not important now, what was important was that the boy could be a source of information.

She had overheard the boy talking to the girl next to him. Although he was not close to them, with his good hearing, inherited from his beastman status, he had heard how they talked about him as if he were their friend. Without hesitation, he dragged the boy over to question him.

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"Listen well, I want you to tell me what relationship you have with the boy with black hair and blue eyes. And if you know who he is, tell me everything you know. "

Without hesitation, she threatened the boy her father had asked her to get along with a few days ago.

She didn't care about anything but finding out who the pervert was, and she didn't even want to know what intentions the boy in front of her and with whom her father had asked her to get along with had.

She figured that Since he was friends with the bastard, he was probably just like him, so she didn't waste her time on nonsense.

William, who didn't understand the why of the events, was suddenly talking to Silvia about inviting Chris to lunch, and the next moment he was dragged away by a girl and questioned him with a clearly threatening tone.

"Wait, what's going on, what about Chris?"

"So his name is Chris? Chris... that fucker, I'll remember that name."

"...."

Hearing the pervert's name, he repeated it and burned it into his mind, while William remained silent, still not understanding what was going on.

but One thing he did understand was that the girl in front of him had bad intentions towards his friend.

"Tell me who he is and how you know him," Eira continued questioning William, but this time he became defensive.

"N-no, why should I? You don't seem to have good intentions with my friend."

"So he really is your friend, well, they say birds of the same feather fly together, so I figured you must be a pervert too."

" wait what do you mean... what did chris do?"

"That's none of your business. Just tell me what you know about him. "

"No!"

William flatly refused to betray his friend without knowing the girl's intentions.

On the other hand, Eira didn't like it at all that someone was willing to cover up for that pervert, and her opinion of William plummeted.

She thought about using force, but decided it wasn't worth it. Eventually, she would find out the rest, so he let it go, thought about using a different approach, and decided to ask the other test participants who didn't seem so close.

The rest of the day was spent dragging his sister along as he gathered information about Chris. She didn't even pay attention to the Class and simply watched him like an Alcon watches its prey.

Hoping that he just happened to have some instant death ability yet to awaken, to kill him with his eyes.

What infuriated her the most was that the Chris didn't even pay attention to her; at first she thought he was doing it on purpose.

But then she realized that he simply wasn't thinking about her, which made her even angrier. She spent the rest of the day unable to get him out of her mind.

Chapter 48: Pure intentions

When the class was over, I ran in the direction of instructor Astrid's office, ignoring all the envious stares.

'Heh! Their stares only make me stronger, idiots, they wish they could be me and spend time with instructor Astrid. Hehehehe...'

I internally scoffed at these mismatched kids who wanted to have my place, but without pausing for a moment I headed towards Instructor Astrid's office.

Knock...knock

"go ahead"

The moment I entered, I could see the instructor buried in a mountain of papers; I couldn't even contemplate her beauty because of those damned papers.

"What a good time, student Christian, you can help me look through these papers. See if there are any mistakes in them, and if you have any doubts, ask me. The ones on that side are rune papers. Solve the ones you can, and the ones you can't, leave them to me to solve later. Also, help me create a quiz for the rest of the students. Don't worry, as a privilege of being my assistant, you will get the highest score."

Without even looking at me, he started to tell me what to do without stopping. He was a responsible person, serious about his work and very methodical, which was respectable.

I was not surprised; I already knew it would be like this from the memories of my alternative self and I was prepared.

My alternative self, although not an assistant from the beginning like me, was able to become her assistant when the former resigned due to the amount of work involved in being an assistant to this instructor.

he spared no effort and, although he failed the first time to become an assistant, he began to study the runes that he had ignored up to that point. The light affinity skill (EX) could, to some extent, cover his lack of this knowledge, so he never paid special attention to runes until that time.

With tenacity and a lot of motivation (*lust*), my alternate self studied enough to become the assistant to the instructor Astrid.

With the same motivation, he performed his work without complaint, even without possessing the art of lust that strengthened the user based on the power of friendship (*lust*).

He was unstoppable and knew how to do the job properly, becoming a person who handled runes with great mastery.

All this with the motivation to create a chance with the instructor, but, although he managed to create a good impression with her, the biggest problem was that he was a woman.

the instructor didn't even think of my alter ego as a potential love interest, and at the end of the year, he confessed to her, was politely rebuffed causing my alter ego to let out manly tears of frustration (*he cried like a girl for days*).

'But I am different now. I come here as a man and with a plan. This is also for my alternative self. I will fulfil the wish he could never fulfil'

With determination and fire in my heart, I started first impressing her and handling that huge amount of paperwork.

I masterfully handled everything that was assigned to me quickly and efficiently, yet it took me more than three hours.

from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon was the class period, plus three hours of paperwork made it approximately seven in the evening and I confirmed it by looking at my watch.

The instructor also seemed to have finished her work, so she could appreciate what i had done. Instructor Astrid was impressed after she took a quick look at my finished work.

"Well done, student Christian. Truly your work is impeccable, you have helped me a lot by freeing me from my work. You have earned a lot of credit for this. You must be tired."

"Thank you, instructor. It was actually very interesting to do it."

'That was a lie'. I didn't like having to go through so many runes and papers. But I had to earn his favour. So, at that point, I stood up and stretched, pretending that my joints and other body parts were stiff from work.

When I was actually in better shape than ever, as I was being empowered by the art of lust, I drew the power of friendship by imagining how I was deepening very strongly the friendship with the instructor Astrid.

I was cooler than when I started, but for the sake of appearances and the plan, I pretended to be stiff.

"Ugg... phew, what a nuisance."

"It's all right, Student Christian."

"Yes, I'm fine. By the way, Instructor Astrid, since I'll be your assistant for a long time, you don't need to call me Student Christian. You can just call me Christian or Chris, at least when we're working alone. That way it won't be awkward, will it?"

"You're absolutely right. In fact, there's no need for such formality. It's nice to have a comfortable working environment. You can call me Miss Astrid.

"Of course, Miss Astrid."

"...." I guess you agree with this proposal of mine, so I continue with the main point, I just wanted to relax the atmosphere a bit.

"So, going back to before, I'm a bit stiff, nothing serious".

"Well, that's what happens when you work at a desk for a long time. You get used to it eventually.

"True, but I have a friend who's good at giving massages. She used to be Silvercrest's maid, so I can relieve myself by going to see her."

"Oh, that's great. I hope that tomorrow, when you go back to the assistant role, you'll be just as motivated."

She and I began to have a little chat as I slowly guided her to the point she wanted to get to, so far she acts like a teacher would to her student and talks like an instructor should talk to a student.

I wanted to bring out her true self to have a real conversation, but I know it will be difficult.

She is like Elena that professionalism is required in the job so as long as she is an instructor she will act nothing more than an instructor without showing anything personal about herself.

I just have to be patient and start to gradually take her out of her role as an instructor.

"In fact, it is a technique that is only taught at Silvercrest. I can practice it myself and I'm very good at it."

"I see you have many talents."

"In fact, Miss Astrid, I have gained experience over the years and I have noticed from the way you walk that you have problems with stiffness in your body. Even if you have

become accustomed to discomfort, it does not eliminate it, and I see you have accumulated a lot of it."

'Wearing those huge things has certainly taken its toll on you, something that for me is convenient.'

I have almost no massage experience, but certainly the art of lust plus the eyes of lust allowed me to see and understand a lot of the body, so you really do have a lot of issues that I can easily see even through that big annoying dressing gown.

"Is that right? Well, that makes sense. Looks like I need to get checked out by a professional."

'No, damn it, that's not what I meant.'

She doesn't seem to understand me or just ignores it, damn, this seemed easier when I saw it in hentai and porn (*because it's fiction*).

It's always so easy to end up in a compromising situation, which could easily lead to sexual scenes, but I found out that it's not so easy, when you try it personally (*seriously*) .

Unfortunately in real life one has to give it all to gain a woman's trust and on top of that it's just that and having physical contact requires another supreme effort.

'haaahh... life is unfair' but I couldn't let it go, I gathered in me and channeled all the experiences I gathered in my past life, where I saw real scenarios of students achieving their task with instructors (*it was acted out*) in order to follow this to the end.

"I mean, Miss Astrid, that won't be necessary. Like I said, I'm very good at this. And I can give you a shoulder massage, how about that?"

At that moment, her gaze, always calm, narrowed a bit as she watched me to see if I had ulterior motives.

I was afraid he would discover that I had bad intentions towards his body, but I had countermeasures ready.

I pulled out the trick I learned recently, which was to stimulate the blessing of the Goddess of Purity, and give myself an aura of natural purity, literally demonstrating that nothing but pure intentions free of any desires were coming out of me.

It's something I only mastered a few days before coming to the academy and something I had prepared for this moment, as it's a good trick to fool people with good instincts and I knew the instructor had them.

"You don't have to worry miss, it's not that invasive of a massage. I'll just touch her shoulders and do it over her clothes. I just want the instructor to be healthy."

"Ummm..."

"..."

She still looked at me suspiciously, but I simply remained still emitting an aura of pure intentions.

"Okay, but if I think you're doing anything improper, you'll be fired as my assistant."

'That's right, he took the bait.'

But after thinking it over, he seemed to find no harm in trying and agreed to my proposal.

"Of course, Miss Astrid, my intentions are absolutely pure."

'Your body will be mine, huehuehue.'

My words and thoughts could not be more opposite.

At that moment I asked her to sit on the couch as I moved behind her and placed my hands on her shoulders and began to massage.

Chapter 49: I will take her to heaven

As I prepared to massage her shoulders seriously and first remove all the stiffness and discomfort she really had, I activated the pheromone ability for the first time.

It is not a broken skill like the others; the only thing it does is release a fragrance with an intoxicating touch that can arouse desires, like a very subtle aphrodisiac, and to some degree it can intoxicate people if exposed for too long.

If the person is very strong, they can easily resist it, but it is so subtle that it can pass for a body odor or perfume, making it difficult for someone to easily notice.

Maybe because of its low rank as an ability it is not something invasive that strongly attracts people, It is more something that stimulates emotions, making it easier to show, as if they were drunk.

On the other hand, people would at most think that I have a pleasant body odor.

So far I never needed it, nor did I want to use it, but I knew that, if I spent too much time with the instructor, it would cause her to solidify my position in her mind as nothing more than a good student.

So I needed quicker and more effective methods than with Elena and Alicia; I couldn't allow that impression of *(just a good student and assistant)* to settle in her mind.

That was one of the big mistakes of my alternate self, that reduced his meager chances to absolute zeroes, something he learned from later, from a first generation superior.

Del learned that his biggest mistake is to be a good student in fact the moment she categorizes you in his mind as a student you are forever accepting any chance of being seen as a man.

Luckily for a person, making a deep impression on someone takes weeks or months.

Certainly in her head so far I am forming the impression of a good student, for her, You just need to confirm it during period of time to solidify that impression,

that is the limit to get with her to be something more than a student and instructor, so I have to act fast and I will not hesitate to use all my resources.

I also activated the charm, which was not very strong either. It only enhanced her attraction to me, but it wasn't strong enough.

At best, it would just improve perception and they would think I was a bit more handsome, but everything contributed a little and although I don't like, it at the moment I would like to make these skills stronger.

I could only make these skills stronger by waiting for them to rank up or I could easily do it by getting the other parts of the lust legacy.

Getting the other legacies and paths was the easiest way to have manipulation and mind control abilities.

But, even though manipulation and mind control sounds cool and is actually one of my favorite genres, I feel like in real life it wouldn't be as good as it sounds.

I checked it out by imagining how Elena and Alice follow my every command and whim without any semblance of will, as if they were programmed machines. it made me feel very uncomfortable.

I knew that would be how they would act, in the memories of my alternate self the holder **Path of the Enchantment** , did that with his harem and in fact it was not a pleasant sight and caused in me rejection from the moment I saw this scene.

just thinking about it, causes in my shivers I did not want to be like him even though he had a great harem.

I could certainly enjoy it by experiencing that kind of experience once or twice or once in a while, but I feel that doing it permanently would be empty and meaningless.

That's why I wasn't too keen on that legacy path, but I had to get it any way I could; I couldn't let that pervert have it under any circumstances.

As for these two skills I think they are enough for me as they are more like an enhancer than a control thing.

Now With the two low rank skills active, I started massaging her. Obviously, it was an actual massage using the concepts of the art of lust, which had a deep understanding of the body.

"Ha~"

I could hear her let out a small moan that she tried to hold back, but it came out just the same. It was a melody that would raise my Shenlong if I had it right now.

I pretended I didn't hear anything and continued to loosen the knots she really had in her shoulders, applying some light mana in my hands to heal her and make her feel better.

"Jaaa~"

Slowly, she began to relax , not even caring about his highly seductive moans that were causing her to lose a bit of concentration, as she began to feel better and better.

"Humm~"

I was using my knowledge in physiology to the fullest and pressing some right spots to give her more relief and pleasure.

She seemed to enjoy it so much that she simply didn't mind moaning in pleasure anymore as she felt my massage.

I was sure she was starting to feel tingling in her nether regions as, I made sure of that, accompanied by the little stimulation from the pheromones that started to build up and become more intense in this closed room.

I continued massaging for a while, giving my best to satisfy her with what little wiggle room I had. The moment I felt her start to leave signs of letting out more than just moans, I stopped.

"Humm~ eh, what happened?"

"This, Miss Astrid, I actually completed massaging your shoulders. Try moving them; they'll feel like new."

The moment I said that, she seemed to wake up from her reverie and realized that she was about to have an orgasm from the shoulder massage of a student who seemed to have nothing but pure intentions (*to defile her*), which made her blush a little.

The sight of that little embarrassment on her face did nothing but warm my blood; I wanted nothing more than to jump on her, but I had to be patient.

"Uh, oh yes, actually, I feel much better. Thank you, Christian, your massage was very good; my shoulders certainly feel like new," she spoke a little nervously as she answered my question.

"I'm glad you liked it. In fact, this massage includes the whole body and the one you just received is only of the shoulders, but since it is inappropriate to go further, I think this is enough. Although I myself, who received it the full massage, I must say that it feels like reaching heaven."

"Reaching heaven."

"Yes, I have given this massage to other servants in my house and they also feel the same as I do. Well, that's all for today, Miss Astrid. See you tomorrow."

Saying that, I turned away. I didn't want to leave, but I had to play hard to get as I planned.

'Please stop me, please stop me, please stop me, please stop me.'

I begged internally to stop so I could get further today. If not, I'll have to do it next time, but I'd rather it be today.

As I ambled to the exit as slowly as possible, I heard her speak.

"Wait."

'Yes!!!, she stopped me ♡(≥ ∇ ≤) ♡!'

I couldn't be happier; almost my laughter unconsciously comes out of my thought, but I knew it wasn't the time to laugh and did my best to suppress it.

I turned around showing a face of doubt that I could barely form with much effort, as I had to hide my smile that wanted to come out involuntarily since I knew it was about to happen.

"Yes, Miss Astrid, what is it?"

I innocently and hesitantly asked, as if I had no idea why she stopped me.

"No, hmm, well..., you said you have done this massage to other servants, right?"

"Yes, with Aunt Margared and Sophia, who are old servants at home and took care of me when I was little, as well as Uncle Vincent after his knight training. why?"

Everything I said was a lie. I just remembered the names of some random servants to give her an excuse.

In fact, she is the first one who will try all my massage skills to date.

I simply said those old ladies' names to make her think it was a harmless massage that could even be done as a family without any problem.

"Do you need me to take my clothes off?"

'Of course!' That's what I wanted to say, but I knew it would be overkill, so....

"No need; you just need to take off your robe, but I've heard from Uncle Vincent that it feels better skin to skin while using this cream, which is also a unique product from the Silvercres family."

I said as I pulled a cream from my inventory. I was already perfectly prepared. As for what this cream is, well, you could say it's an alchemical product that works like my pheromones, basically an aphrodisiac.

Likewise, that with my pheromones is subtle and its effects are not noticeable, as they are not highly invasive and simply works more like a stimulator that further enhances sensations and makes you feel good, so technically I didn't lie....

"Well, if it's not too much trouble, could you go ahead with the rest of my body? But I'll just take off my robe."

"Of course, that's only if you wanted a more intense massage. No need to take everything off."

"Okay, well I'm in your care."

"don't worry I'll make sure you don't regret it."

'That was enough for me! You're already in my hands!...huehuehuehuehue'.

The moment he gave me access to his back, where there are many stimulation points to choose from, the possibilities increased exponentially.

Chapter 50: Raising the bar >(r18)

I set up the couch, which conveniently could be transformed into a bed. Maybe Astrid would use it for her breaks, but right now, it was something I was sincerely grateful for.

I watched as she finally removed that annoying robe that prevented me from seeing her body at its fullest expression, underneath she revealed a light cream sweater with intricate designs that fit her figure perfectly. Now all her curves were visible.

The sweater, sleeveless and tight, reached down to her hips, from where a pair of white leggings-like pants emerged that looked like a second skin because of how tight they were.

The outfit was extremely tight and turned me on a lot. Astrid was a little flushed, probably because it never crossed her mind that she would have to take off her robe today when choosing what to wear.

Regardless, she wanted her massage. She glanced briefly at my crotch, looking for some sign of lust, but seeing that nothing was happening (*because there was nothing*), she gained a little more confidence and lay face down on the sofa bed.

In an upright position with her legs straight and together, a standard back massage position. Of course Before lying down, she pulled her beautiful long purple hair back into a sloppy makeshift bun, showing me her neck, milky white.

"As I said, if you try anything untoward, you know what will happen, don't you?"

"Miss Astrid, you have serious trust issues, but I'll make sure you won't regret your decision."

'In fact, I will give you the greatest pleasure you have ever imagined. You definitely won't regret it, hehueuehuehue.'

With that, I began to touch her back. Of course my intentions were really to massage her to relieve all her aches and muscle problems that were really bothering her.

I got rid of all the knots on her back while taking the opportunity to discreetly stimulate points that increased her arousal and sensitivity.

"Hmn~"

Just as before, she began to moan, but tried to hide her moans by sinking her face into the couch as I intensified my technique. She was clearly feeling more than just pleasure from a simple massage, and it was getting louder and clearer with time.

I pretended not to notice this and continued to massage without going beyond the limits, like a true professional, at least at first.

But, slowly, I began to get bolder and caress relatively dangerous areas, such as the sides of her breasts, which due to her size and the fact that she was upside down, were overflowing to the sides.

giving me easy access from my position, even with the pressure they were soft and pliable making me want to plunge my whole hand into them, but only the sides were within my reach and I couldn't fulfill my desires.

clothes were still in the middle, so I simply gave her a few quick little touches to stimulate her further and add more sensations to this supposedly **'restorative massage'**.

I slowly worked my way up to her armpits, I ran my hands taking advantage of them being uncovered, and without restraint I caressed that area giving her a small taste of what would be a direct massage.

"Hummmn~".

The massage continued and little by little I watched with My lustful eyes were active as more and more pink dots began to appear wanting to tell me that those parts also became sensitive due to my massage and that if I touched them I could give her stronger stimulation, signaling me where I should especially concentrate.

In fact, the massage was merging and creating erogenous zones where there weren't before or should have been to begin with, causing my massage to give her even more pleasure thus causing a vicious cycle of pleasure.

"ommmh~"

She kept moaning at the mercy of my hands, feeling more and more intensity which I gradually increased.

"Haaa....mmm...nn~❤️🍆"

She began to express herself with a little more freedom and desire, as if asking me for more. But I knew that wouldn't be enough.

I needed to make this experience really unforgettable and make it stick in her mind so I decided to Play a little dirty and by touching some spots on her back I made her unable to reach an orgasm, making everything build up more and more.

The atmosphere in the room was more dense and fiery. The room was now flooded with my pheromones and the smell of sweat from both of us concentrating on giving and receiving pleasure.

Everything seemed hazy and fuzzy; the only constant was the instructor's muffled moans, I didn't know how long since I started I simply made sure to leave everything of myself in this labor.

My arousal was also reaching the limit of my sanity, so I wanted to be a little more daring and asked:

"Miss Astrid, these clothes are in the way more than I thought, can I put my hands in?"

"Ummm yes go ahead haaa~"

She was so intoxicated by my stimulation that I don't know if she even understood my question, but the important thing is I think she agreed.

So, without any hesitation, I lowered my hands and grabbed the edge of her shirt, lifting it up a little, exposing her ass, which was still covered by the leggings.

It looked juicy and soft; I wanted to massage it, I was sure my hands would sink into its softness if I did. Just imagining it made my mouth go dry.

But I left it for later. I started massaging her back again, this time in direct contact, which increased the intensity of the massage and built up the excitement even more.

I was sweating; I didn't know if it was from the intensity of the situation or something else, but it helped the pheromones intensify. I could now feel her soft skin with my hands.

Unfortunately, her breast was covered by a bra, so I couldn't feel them directly, but I still stimulated them.

"mmm~"

By this time, the instructor didn't seem to care about anything; she was simply enjoying the massage, which had long since ceased to be something that contained pure intentions.

Craving for more, I moved my hands down and finally got to feel the glory, even if it was just above the leggings.

Her ass was as smooth as I imagined; my hands couldn't even cover it from how big it was.

It wasn't grotesquely big, it was just perfect and as big as it could be without breaking the balance of her body.

It was so perfect I couldn't even describe it in words, but I couldn't get stuck, I couldn't break the flow of pleasure or it would all end.

So I began to massage gently and moved further down to massage her inner thighs, intentionally teasing her and slyly touched her precious spot.

"Haaahhh~♥□"

Now that I got a better look at it she had a large stain of a wet spot had gone through all the layers of clothing, and was still slowly growing.

At that moment I realized where that sweet smell that a while ago had started to come from and add to the room congested with sexual odors.

For now I had to ignore wanting to stick my head in her precious place to drink that sacred elixir that was going to waste, and continue with my massage.

Wanting to give her the best of my abilities, I kept going down her also big and juicy thighs which I wished, if I ever had to die it would be suffocating between them, one of my darkest fantasies and that I could only realize once in a lifetime,

'pitifully I died uselessly while masturbating ...what a waste'.

I continued down until I reached my feet. On the sole of her foot there were also many pressure points, and I began to stimulate them, while watching the spot on her crotch getting bigger increasing the wasted amount of elixir.

"Mmmnnnn~"

Still, she couldn't cum, which seemed to mortify her greatly, but the continuous stimulation kept her under control.

I moved back up and now I really concentrated on her big juicy ass, as I massaged and deformed it to my liking, I was like a child who had found the most fun toy to use.

It was simply fascinating how it molded and took shape according to my whims; it was kind of addictive, my breathing was gradually getting thicker and heavier.

"haah , it won't be long now."

I didn't know to whom I said those words, but they just came out of me, due to the fact that I had to somehow get this thing out that I had stuck too.

Going a little more beech I took off her sweater, she didn't resist, not in the slightest, either she just accepted me or she is more than sane at the moment, on the other hand, seeing her beautiful back made me lose what little sanity I had left, I was starting to get out of control,

My plans can go to hell, I need to let this out somehow.

Her long hair, which I had previously gathered up, was starting to come loose and scatter, but that didn't matter to me.

The lust in me was also reaching a climax. I couldn't take it anymore so I simply climbed on top of her and began to run my tongue over her back; I had to taste that milky, beautiful skin and soothe these flames that kept growing in me and consuming me.

"Humm...Haaa....mmm..~♥□"

The instructor just kept moaning uncontrollably, she did not stop what was obviously wrong. I didn't know if she was aware or not of what was happening, but if I didn't stop, it was a sort of acceptance for me.

I reached out my hands, reaching around her and through the front softness with the goal of removing her bra, which had the clasp in the front.

It was difficult, as the large masses made it difficult for me, but I succeeded.

Now that those beautiful breasts were free, I was able to massage them directly, thus increasing the stimulation even more.

"Haaah, I can't take it anymore,"

I simply reached my limit at that moment and began to fully activate morphogenesis.

"Shenlong...I summon you."