

The Noble 56

Chapter 56: That boy is a degenerate.

For a moment, I panicked when I was lifted up by that huge mass of bald muscle, but then it lowered me into a kind of circle where there were inscriptions and runes written.

And immediately I began to feel better. It didn't seem to be directly a healing spell, but something that accelerated recovery.

certainly the kingdom spared no effort in anything, and this was magic technology brought in from outside the kingdom; not even in my house was there anything like it.

"Student Cristian, good job, you got here first. Here, this will help you recover," he said as he passed me a cereal bar. I didn't know what it was, but I ate it anyway.

It didn't taste bad and, for some reason, I felt my condition improving faster. This is definitely an alchemical product, like potions, but with better effects, that had synergy with the circle I was standing in.

The instructor kept dragging the students who completed the examination and bringing them into the circle, which was five meters square.

I hadn't noticed, but the rest of the people who passed out or gave up during the examinations were also in the circles as they recovered from fatigue.

I looked at my status window and noticed that my vitality, strength, and agility had increased by one point, which was surprising, since even if I trained a full day, I wasn't sure I'd even go up one stat. That's how efficient the instructor's methods were.

'I'm sorry I said this was torture... wait, you know what? This was torture... I felt like I was dying many times... I'm not going to apologize.'

I almost mentally apologized to the instructor, but I remembered the times when I felt like I was on the edge, and my appreciation fizzled.

Besides, I could now easily get those stats with a night of pleasure, but my alternate self warned me that the easy way would only bring me pain and suffering, with other legacy users as a living example.

So I didn't neglect my fundamentals, as in this class, which I now didn't like at all, but was important for my foundation.

While I was recovering, I also noticed that, unfortunately, and to my bad luck, there was no magic circle for everyone, so I had to share it with Ivan's mass of muscles and Eira's small chest, which the instructor brought and whom I simply ignored.

At that moment, something caught my attention, and as I looked at it, a cold sweat started to run down my forehead. I immediately closed my eyes; I had to avoid that tragedy. I quickly looked at the world from a different perspective.

The reason was that the instructor was leading the weak William, who also barely finished the obstacle course, to the magic circle where my doppelgänger was.

It was a dangerous situation that made me wonder if the Goddess of Purity spoke to the Goddess of Luck, to turn luck away from me and fuck me up on purpose, because this was too much of a coincidence.

So I decided to run as far away from that pervert as possible and warn Elena.

"Elena, I think I feel better, why don't we go to the bathroom?"

In fact, my doppelgänger was one of the first to give in, so I had spent a lot of time in the circle and no longer had a problem.

"eh?, my lady?"

Without understanding why, I simply dragged Elena and went to the bathroom. The instructor said nothing and left the dying William in the circle with an energy bar, while he kept bringing in more students.

But well, the important point here is that, although I had told Elena about my otherworldly background and how I was a man, I had not told her about my 'alternate self' and my knowledge of the future.

In fact, in this world, although very rare, it is not that crazy or impossible for reincarnations to happen; during the age of the gods it was very common.

So Elena did not doubt my words too much, but a time-traveled returnee is something else, and in this world it is something impossible and would be considered fiction.

Even I don't know how my alternate self did it, since he didn't put those memories in me. I haven't told Elena about future events or anything; I don't want to burden her with such things, but I guess I have to tell her about William.

With that in mind, I dragged her to a secluded corner where we could have a good talk.

"My lady, what has happened, why have you entered the doppelgänger and brought me here, wait my lady , you are not thinking of...?"

"Calm down, Elena, even I'm not crazy enough to do that inside the academy."

"..."

"Well, I certainly thought about the possibility, but that's not what's important right now. Look, remember that blond kid the instructor was bringing?"

"Yes, the guy she's usually with, my lady (Christian), what's the problem?". ,

"Look, that boy is a degenerate and a danger to girls. He's someone very dangerous and he might fall in love with my original body."

Well, William technically wasn't that kind of person, but it was better to be safe than sorry, so I exaggerated a bit to convey the seriousness of the matter to Elena.

"Oh, so he is a person similar to my lady, I didn't think there was anyone else like you, is that why you are friends?"

"..."

'No, wait... why are you lumping me in with him?'

"So, my lady wants you to keep your doppelgänger away from your friend and avoid contact as much as possible, since he is someone like you?"

"Yeah, no wait, why do you keep saying he's like me and who said he's my friend...? Well, whatever, the point is that you should avoid coming into contact as much as possible. I'm going to leave an extra instruction on the doppelgänger to look down on him every time I see him. You take care of the rest."

'Wait, come to think of it, I might get a taste for it. After all, I don't know what he's capable of, so just ignoring him as if he doesn't exist is the best option'.

I repeated the seriousness of the matter to Elena one last time before returning to my body. But, apparently, I can't catch a break from the problems. 'Haaaaaaahh...'

"Stop ignoring me, you pervert!"

When I opened my eyes in my original body, pitifully the first thing I saw was Eira, who was shaking me with an angry face.

'Haaaa, what does this little girl want from me? She never ceases to be a nuisance. I have enough trouble with William and she keeps bothering me.'

I had enough to think about with William and I was getting tired of this pushy girl who kept bothering me, so I was upset and asked her what she wanted.

"What do you want now? You know, you're a nuisance."

"Who are you calling a nuisance? Just answer me what I asked you."

'How should I know what you asked me?'

But, understanding that I hadn't heard her, she repeated the question.

"I asked you how you want the duel to go. The instructor said in half an hour we'll start, and there are two ways: limited and free."

So that was it. She looks like she's anxious to take a beating.

"Oh, since you seem eager for me to tear you apart, I'm going to give you a head start. We'll have a limited battle for the bracelets, so you won't be able to cry saying there was something unfair. I can even ask the instructor to increase the restriction on mine to give you an advantage."

"Who needs an advantage? I can tear you apart in an unrestricted duel, even in a purely physical duel."

"Didn't you used to be a mage, what can you do without your ice magic?"

Even though I said that, I had already realized her plan. I knew he wanted to resonate with his sister to make himself stronger and beat me up, but that didn't bother me at all.

"No need, I can beat you any way I can, let's do it!"

"Well, I can beat you any way."

"We'll see. Hmph!"

Not wanting to exchange words anymore, we both ended our conversation and looked in opposite directions.

All this time, the mass of muscle had been ignored, but hey, not that it was relevant. I had to beat this midget so badly that it would be enough to get her to stop bothering me. I simply concentrated on recovering quickly to get in better condition.

Half an hour later, the instructor began to explain that the rest of his class would be about partner fights. There was the option of free or limited fighting, but in both options we had to use only our bodies.

After all, this is a physical class, so even if we chose free, we would have to wear an armband that prevented external spell formation, but we could use fortification spells, something warriors commonly used.

At that point, he asked for volunteers and, obviously, Eira and I raised our hands. We told her we wanted a no-holds-barred duel. She and I went to the arena, which was relatively large with plenty of room.

The floor was padded, so we weren't afraid of getting hurt; it was made of a material that absorbed impact.

Even with our power range, we wouldn't dent the floor, and it wouldn't hurt that much even if we crashed hard into it. everything in this academy is the best of the best.

The kingdom depends on us, so they spared nothing. On the spot, Eira and I stood, both unarmed. I had the advantage, since my way of fighting was unarmed to begin with, but I knew it wouldn't be that easy.

The reason was her damned trap ability, a sort of resonance or whatever they call it. It allows the user to share strength, or from my point of view, stats with the other wielder, making them both twice as strong for a short time.

In my opinion, it was a cheat skill, and honestly, I wanted it. I seriously thought about using the spear skill and shoving it up her ass so I could get it.

And lately, with her taunting me so much, the idea seemed more and more tempting in my head.

Once I got her, with enough luck, Elena and the rest of the people in my harem could get the ability, having a powerful trump card.

I had to stop my thoughts as the combat was about to begin, at that moment the instructor shouted.

"Begin!"

Chapter 57: Lesson learned

The moment the battle began, I felt her aura suddenly become more intense and powerful.

Although I couldn't see her status window, I knew that the stats of strength and the other stats that belonged to her sister, a warrior, were added to her, making her stronger than me. But I was not intimidated.

Like a mad bull, she ran straight at me, and with a menacing fist came pointing at my face. I got into position, and reading her movements, I deflected her attack, which had a strength far superior to mine at the moment, reminding me how good that skill was.

I deflected the blow and thought it was an opportunity to finish quickly, so I kned him in the stomach, but he parried it with his free hand, and wanted to sweep me with his leg in this awkward position, but I just jumped back, taking a little distance.

She's certainly better than me, but my martial art and technique are superior to hers, and I'm more used to hand-to-hand fighting. So as long as she doesn't hit me directly, I have the advantage.

It was better to make her understand the difference so she wouldn't be bothering me so often. I continued to dodge her attacks that were continuously coming at me, with agility and fluidity of art. I didn't fight back; I wanted to show her the difference which eventually made her impatient after a while.

"Haaaaa... cowardly pervert, why do you just run away? You're afraid, you only know how to hide like a rat."

"What did you say? I was being gentle with you, but I see you don't appreciate it."

It seems that the fact that she couldn't give me a direct hit frustrated her, so she used the old reliable, provocation, which was very effective on me I don't know why.

I wanted to take advantage of it to pay her back for all the trouble she had caused me all this time.

pockk

In one swift, fluid movement I approached her and with a punch from below I hit her in the stomach to the point of lifting her up from the impact.

this should be enough of a lesson and to get even, I didn't want to lose my composure again and especially not with so many people watching.

"Uggg... got you, you fucker!"

The moment I thought I hit her hard enough and fast enough for this fight to end, she didn't lose consciousness as I imagined and what's more, she grabbed my fist hard refusing to let go.

It seems she instinctively knew my intentions and was able to parry the blow that I thought was beyond her perception. as if she was predicting my moves, so she managed to defend herself with both hands, protecting her stomach, by grabbing my fist.

"Hey, get off me, bi... arg!hgg!"

pakk

my previous punch gave her a perfect potion for someone her size to kick me in the stomach.

At this point she was physically stronger than me, so it was a very strong kick that knocked me back and knocked the air out of me.

She knowing this was her chance, followed me close behind, but I didn't allow it. Gritting my teeth, I headed back towards the fight and dodged all of her attacks as I slowly recovered with light recovery spells to heal my internal wounds.

I had no choice but to go on the defensive, doing my best to deflect their dangerous blows without missing anything.

packk

"Ahh!" I shouted as I deflected another of his fists.

As I recovered from the impact, adrenaline coursed through my body, propelling me forward. There was no time for hesitation, no room for mistakes.

My opponent, though smaller, was formidable in strength, and that was evident with every exchange of blows. I knew I had to stay calm, take advantage of my technical advantage and not let myself be dragged down by brute force.

She changed strategy and attempted a low sweep, but I leaped into the air, spinning on myself and throwing a downward leg strike that she blocked with both arms. The force of the impact echoed throughout the arena, but she did not recoil.

Bamk

La fuerza del impacto resonó en toda la arena, pero ella no retrocedió.

Instead, with a swift movement, she tried to hit me in the "family jewels". It was a smart move for novices, but it wouldn't work for experienced people, in this world, men train to cover that obvious weakness or have that part covered with magic or artifacts.

No one in any fight would waste an opportunity to win, and things like honor and respect could go to hell in a life and death fight.

Still, I couldn't let him get his way, so I swung my hip violently backwards with the force of my highly trained cervical muscles, which would have saved my' offspring' if I had one at this point.

I took advantage of the momentum of the landing and, with a quick spin, managed to get behind her, wrapping my arm around her neck, but in a move that demonstrated her brute strength, she grabbed my forearm and threw me onto her back.

I was able to land on my feet, but honestly the difference in strength was more than I thought.

She was giving me no respite, her attacks were relentless, directed with an intensity and desire for revenge. luckily I was now well enough that I didn't have to focus part of my attention on healing myself. This time, I braced myself.

As her fists began to rain down on me, I grabbed her by the forearm and yanked, kneeing her in the jaw .

"Uggg.... gaaahh!"

Without any mercy and returning the previous blow, I didn't hold back at all. But I honestly underestimated her tenacity again, and at this moment I realized that I should stop doing that.

The result of underestimating her was that the moment she received my knee to the face she did not faint and instead, she twisted and, flexibly, curled around me.

As she was small and flexible she grabbed me by the waist with her feet and twirled around me, then twisted in the sense that her hands could grab my leg she was like a snake coiled around me and apparently her goal was to unbalance me and knock me down, which she succeeded in doing.

We both fell to the ground, and, at that moment, I took the opportunity to grab her leg since I would be at a disadvantage when we fell, but she also took advantage of the moment and her superior strength did not let go of my leg at all.

When we both fell to the ground, our legs were interlocked in a double leg lock. The pressure was immense, each trying to subdue the other, every muscle in our bodies straining to the maximum.

Because of her superior strength, I had gotten myself into trouble, but I could not simply lose by underestimating her. I had to resort to my own form of empowerment.

I began to use the hidden power in me, yes, the power of friendship (lust).

Using the power of friendship that flooded my body the moment I remembered how I deepened my friendship with the instructor yesterday and how her voluptuous and sinful body was subjected to an intense and strong massage that deepened our friendship a lot, just imagining that gave me a lot of strength.

I felt everything getting easier and the strength I had matched the cheating, shared strength of Eira and her sister, causing a stalemate between the two.

The arena was silent, all eyes fixed on us, but at that moment, nothing else mattered. It was a battle of brute force and who was more stubborn.

"ugggh let go of me, you filthy pervert!"

"arggh, you First, you little bitch."

Whoever surrendered first would decide the winner, so I didn't even hesitate as I imagined the instructor's cute thongs and began to gain more and more strength. On the other hand, Eira couldn't win anymore and was slowly pushed back by me.

"You're going to lose, midget. With this you won't be harassing me anymore."

"Shut up, you're the one who started it all! You were, you fucking pervert, stalker, trash, creep!"

"I see you haven't learned your lesson, have you, Uggghh, shit, where did you get more strength?"

Being sure of my victory, as I watched Eira start to lose, but she suddenly gained more strength. I could see the cause out of the corner of my eye: her sister was drinking a potion.

'Damn, that's playing dirty',

as they shared statistics, if her sister got stronger, so did she. That's the reason for her sudden increase in strength, and since she wasn't fighting, it wasn't against the rules.

'Those damn sisters'.

Just because no one knows their abilities yet, they take advantage of them to cheat, wretches.

But I couldn't give up, I needed more power, so I also started to remember how I was intimate with Alice and Elena and the results after a long night of deepening bonds. I could feel the power of friendship (lust) come over me and make me stronger.

"Surrender argg!"

"Uggg, in your dreams! AaaaAAAAhhh!"

"AaaaAAHHH!"

We both started screaming as we put more force into the key and resisted at the same time.

"I cannot lose, not when I carry the weight of your wills on my back, I will demonstrate the power of our bond." (the only thing he carries is lust)

"AaaaaaaaaAAAAhHH!!!"

"AaaaaaaaaAAAAhHH!!!"

"Combat ends, result: draw."

At that moment, an absolute pressure descended on us, causing us to involuntarily stop exerting force.

We stood still, without moving, as if a top predator had appeared, making our bodies instinctively lower their functions to the minimum of their functions, as if playing dead to avoid the predator.

That's what I felt for a second. The next, I was being held by the instructor and separated from Eira. That's when I understood what happened. Apparently, the instructor, who was also the judge, declared it a tie and separated us.

"Tch,"

"Tch,"

Understanding the situation we both clicked our tongues at the same time. Apparently, neither of us was satisfied with the outcome. Honestly, I wanted to teach her a lesson to get her to stop bothering me, but her tenacity was better than I expected.

On the other hand, she seems to be dissatisfied that she couldn't beat me to a pulp even when she used her most powerful ability.

But it's my fault for letting her leeway and underestimating her not once but twice, I think it's also because of her appearance that makes me lower my guard, I still had some prejudice from my previous life, in that small and cute would hardly be a dangerous thing and that a girl with her stature and no muscles could hardly cause harm so I lower my guard instinctively.

I need to improve my experience in fighting different types of people, since I always fight monsters, knights, beefy guys or Elena who is intimidating and doesn't make me let my guard down at all.

Still, it doesn't change, that I let my guard down for the second time even though I had been hit hard once.

I felt foolish and humiliated like those second rate villains who let the protagonist transform while looking to the side believing they will still win, only to get beaten up.

I felt that if I continued with this mentality I would end up like this, so I promised myself not to underestimate anyone even if they are weaker than me, whether I like it or not that damn midget taught me something today.

Chapter 58: I'm Screwed

I'll just take it as a lesson and not let it happen again. I returned with Team Dynamite, along with Ivan, who for some reason was there, chatting with the group.

Apparently, he wanted a rematch with William or something. I asked him if he wanted a rematch with me and he simply said,

"No way". In the end, there was a long and complicated fight between William and Ivan, but in the end Ivan won.

Well, that's not so strange; while William has a lot of potential, he hasn't come on strong yet. The bouts went on for a while until the class ended.

I wanted to enroll my doppelgänger in all the classes I would be attending to keep him within reach in case of any mishaps, but I realized it would be weird and suspicious, so I entrusted him to Elena.

She went to dagger handling classes and speed enhancement trainings.

For my part, I went to a specialized close combat class, which helped me a lot.

There was no one I knew, as it was a very specialized class and few people do close combat. In fact, so few people that they even included C, D and E classes to fill the space.

On the other hand, when it was over, I went to the spear wielding class.

Since the Art of Lust is a spear art, it wouldn't hurt to have general knowledge about spear handling. It was a very interesting class for future reference.

next, was the projectile launching class.

It was a class I wanted to learn; after all, having an alternative to magic for long distance combat is something I think would be useful, as there are people with good magic detection who easily dodge or block mage attacks, a very common situation for my alternate self.

This time I would run them through the head with a dagger covered in concealment spells before they noticed.

My doppelgänger and Elena had also come to the class after a while, as it was also a beneficial class for Elena.

It was a very interesting class and I understood many things, such as the fact that you can, to some extent, control projectiles if you attach a thin thread of mana to them.

It was a class that required a lot of muscle and magical control, which made it very interesting.

At first I thought I had nothing to learn in the academy, but I realized that there are many things that are very useful and outside of my knowledge.

Finally, the mixed weaponry class consisted of a class in which people were taught how to effectively handle more than three different weapons in a battle.

In that class, the instructor focused on improving the students' fluency in switching weapons and using them effectively, regardless of which weapons they were using.

The instructor in his class demonstration was showing how he could handle many weapons with great mastery; I don't know if it is skill or just experience, but he is a great instructor.

I saw how he was doing while exchanging and using many weapons without any problem or interruption; it was almost like a martial art.

It was so cool that for the first time I wanted an old man to lust after me, just to see his status window and find out what made him so good.

I could tell by the name of the class that there was a good chance I would run into a specific person and it was Cordelia who was indeed in a corner watching the instructor's demonstration.

From what I saw yesterday, she had the Weapon Master skill (B), a powerful skill, which, if it were translated to magic, is the equivalent of having an affinity for all existing elements.

Basically, as long as she has the talent to grow in any physical statistic, her potential is enormous, as she can be any type of warrior and practice any martial art that suits her.

She can be a swordswoman, an assassin, wield spears, heavy weapons or bows, but from what I saw of her stats, it seems that her growth talent is in defense, so her best role would be to learn to wield shields and heavy weapons.

And from what I saw in the memories of my alternate self, that is exactly what he will do, but he will also be someone very versatile in handling other weapons such as spears and swords.

Well, this skill also has its disadvantages: for example, she would not be as good at spear handling as someone who has the specialized skill of Spear Master(B).

Someone with a more specialized skill would win easily with their specialty weapon. However, the Weapon Master skill, in a broader and more flexible scenario, would be far superior, as it makes it versatile and unpredictable.

The main thing is that with this skill you can easily improve any art you practice. If I had Lance Mastery or Close Combat Mastery, and even hers, Weapon Mastery, I would be more advanced in the Art of Lust, getting more potential out of it and being able to perform more advanced techniques.

So, for her, who can handle many weapons, this class is like a ring to her finger.

As for why I'm taking it, I also think that having a handle on more than one weapon is something I should practice. I mean, considering that technically my growth in any stat is unlimited, it's better to be good in many fields.

You'd think that would make me a jack of all trades and master of none, but for me, who has seen a lot of the future, I know that adaptation is very important, and having knowledge of different things is better than being someone who specializes in one thing.

For example, I used to be just a light mage extremely specialized in light magic and nothing else. While I was powerful, that brought me a lot of trouble with enemies who had countermeasures to me, and I couldn't do anything.

My alternate self also defeated and killed many who were too specialized and not very well suited to combat. Sure, there are some who are so good that they cover a lot of those problems, but they are rare.

..

finally I approached Cordelia. Yesterday I was more excited about Astrid than I was about finishing my understanding of the cold and silent Cordelia, but today I could keep trying, so I greeted her.

"Hello, Miss Cordelia."

"...."

'Hey, answer me, why are you ignoring me?'

I feel like she's even colder than yesterday, but it must be my imagination. Well, it looks like with her I'll have to take it easy.

In fact, as far as I know, it will be a long time before she enters William's harem, so there's no hurry. It's just better to get to know each other slowly.

Today was the second day, so I stayed by her side as she listened to the class. This time she ignored my doppelgänger; it seems that, if she doesn't come over first, everything will be fine, for now.

Although I know that later, for some reason, she will become more aggressive in her harassment against my female self (Seraphina).

As in all combat classes, we were eventually paired up in pairs to fight. I asked Cordelia if she wanted to have a spar, to which she responded with a simple nod.

In fact, right now I only handled melee, a little bit spears and projectile daggers, so I still didn't have much synergy and I tried to follow the instructor's advice and use the weapons I don't specialize in for now as support.

On the other hand, Cordelia wielded a large shield, mace and dagger. It was a tough fight, but less aggressive than when I fought Eira.

I actually won, although I couldn't use the spear and projectiles as well as I imagined, but it was the first class, so it was okay for now. On the other hand, Cordelia did use her three weapons well, but she wasn't strong enough to give me a winning blow.

In fact, her defense was almost like Ivan's, but she had more openings that I was able to take advantage of to defeat her.

I guess she was impressed... I think?, as she looked at me for a long time after I defeated her with her piercing gray eyes. It was a bit suffocating, but I thought of it as her admiring my skill, and I was able to endure it.

'I am an adaptive being' if I could adapt to Elena's cold stare, I can do the same with Cordelia's piercing gaze.

At the end of the class, the instructor of this subject asked Cordelia to be his assistant, to which she surprisingly declined, leaving the instructor in a slightly embarrassing position. Still, she acted as if nothing had happened.

This was the last class on my schedule, so came what I had been avoiding thinking about all day: what would happen when I went to do my job as an assistant, but I knew there was no use thinking about that.

After a cold goodbye with Cordelia, to which she simply nodded, I went to instructor Astrid's office. Unlike yesterday, I went with hesitation and fear of what might happen.

"Haaaa... aaah... haaaa..." I took deep breaths and exhales in front of the door, as I mentally prepared myself for whatever might happen.

"Haaaa.... aaa..."

"Christian, what's wrong?"

"Aah! Waaa!!!" Just as I was about to go inside, I felt a hand on my shoulder which startled me, and I realized it was Instructor Astrid, who I thought was inside.

I turned around and looked at her cautiously, while scanning for any hint of intentions against my life or anything, but apparently I was wrong.

He acted as usual and asked me to step aside as he unlocked the door with his key. He allowed me to go in first.

everything seemed too good to be true, and as a precaution I exuded an aura of purity that I had ready, so he wouldn't notice anything strange about me.

'I guess he doesn't remember anything...uff'

I thought positively and I walked in with confidence and my pure aura, and acted as if yesterday never happened...that was my plan. Until...

Click.

I heard the sound of the door locking behind me. At that moment, I realized I was screwed, and slowly turned around. What awaited me was...

'Holy shit.... (°Д°).'

Chapter 59: Sense of Existence

POV: Astrid

"What happened to me yesterday... why did I let things end up like this...? I should have stopped it... but I felt so good.... and now what do I do?... It's my fault too.... haaaaaaa... I'm going crazy."

Sitting on the couch in her office, a beautiful purple-haired woman was talking to herself as she writhed around, acting as if she was in agonizing pain that forced her to move from place to place on the couch from which she had just awakened.

The pain she felt was not physical but mental, and the reason for this was that she remembered clearly and without exception everything that had happened the night before, up to the moment she lost consciousness.

This clarity was not accidental, for Astrid possessed two innate abilities since birth: an "affinity for runes", a rare and highly valuable skill that would make her a master in magic and the creation of magic circles.

The other, a memory enhancement. While not as powerful as affinity for runes, it was a skill that had a lot of synergy with her affinity for runes, further enhancing her skill with them.

In fact, it was a good combination of skills and very useful for being a rune instructor, but it was not always something he was proud of in fact in his youth he had many problems in these skills, and the weight they carried.

**

*

In her youth, she had been hailed as a genius, unique in her generation, after undergoing the temple examination when she was ten years old. Unfortunately, however, it was not something that was positive for a long time, and it was because she had no talent for growing up to be strong.

No matter how much she practiced mage breathing exercises to increase her mana or martial arts to improve her strength, speed, defense or any physical aspect, she never managed to become very strong; she barely achieved a metamorphosis at the age of fifteen.

This disappointed many people who had high expectations of her. Eventually, those who had expectations began to talk behind her back, considering her a waste of great abilities, which would have made her the genius of her generation if only she had a little talent.

So the years passed, until she turned eighteen. At that age, she barely managed to achieve two metamorphoses, and with even her family's expectations already lost.

She became deeply depressed, she felt useless and someone without any use or value, she felt empty.

Well, there was something in which her value never diminished and even began to increase, but she could not be happy with something as superficial as appearance.

Besides her skills, the other reason she attracted attention was her beauty.

But to her, who never cared about that, she felt that it was not something to be proud of, for her that was nothing special, and it could not fill the emptiness inside her.

For her there wasn't much meaning in her life, and she didn't have much to live for, so she just went with the flow and lived for the sake of living she didn't even try to become strong anymore and didn't know which way to go, life had no pleasure or happiness, at least not for her.

That is why she did not resist when her father betrothed her to a duke who had granddaughters of the same age.

It was a great offer for her family, which had viscountcy rank without any significant power, and despite her lack of talent, Astrid was hailed as one of the great beauties of her generation.

Even if she didn't like it, she thought she at least had some value and was someone useful because of her beauty.

Thus she was able to repay her family for raising her and for failing in their expectations, so she did not see it as absolutely wrong, as it was a common practice in the nobility.

Her marriage shook society and discouraged the suitors she had throughout the kingdom. There was opposition, but the duke's authority and power were too strong, so all that fell silent after a while.

However, whether by luck or not, soon after the marriage, the duke stopped paying her nightly visits.

She, believing that even her beauty, which was the only thing she could trust, had failed, went looking for the reason, and after insisting for a long time, she was told that the duke suffered from impotence.

The only night they had together was thanks to a very strong medicine, in the hope that the great stimulus of doing it with a young beauty could make him recover from that problem, along with the medicine.

But the remedy had failed and there were no more chances, for after that night the duke was definitely impotent, so they would have no more nights together.

But miraculously, either by the increased vitality of the medicine or by coincidence, she managed to become pregnant. Now, reassured that she was not the problem, time began to move forward.

After that, the first few years were spent caring for her daughter, who had become her life's purpose, believing that she had finally found something to fill the emptiness she had always felt.

She focused exclusively on her care and took a certain taste for motherhood, wishing to have more children. Unfortunately, this was not possible, and the duke, out of pride, prevented her from having relations with other men.

But she managed to at least ask him to be able to be a private teacher, which she felt was a close way to fill the void even more, of course without neglecting her daughter who was her greatest pride, and she began to tutor other children of the nobility in what she was good at: the runes.

...

.

The years passed and she watched her daughter grow up, while she too continued to gain recognition as a rune instructor. Finally, the Academy called her, and without hesitation, she accepted the offer.

Now, imparting knowledge and caring for the next generations, she found her value and sense of existence, her chance to be useful and valued, the emptiness she felt, began to fill.

...

.

Time passed, and despite her lack of talent, over the years she had managed to obtain two more metamorphoses and was considered a worthy instructor and the person with the best mastery of runes in the kingdom.

On the other hand, the age of the gods had begun, a time that many people feared and longed for in equal measure.

"She felt that was the reason for her existence and was more than happy to teach all those young people and watch them grow into the future pillars of the kingdom.

Twenty years after having her daughter, the second generation of representatives of the kingdom had arrived 5 years after the first, she was especially excited.

While she treated everyone equally, whether they were kingdom representatives or students in the normal years, because for her the important thing was to see them grow and develop, she couldn't help but be more eager to teach the kingdom representatives.

The first generation proved to be superior to the average students in the other years, so she was eagerly waiting for the five years to pass and the second generation of kingdom representatives to gather and teach them properly.

In addition, there was someone who stood out among the other students, and he especially caught her attention as an instructor.

She was more interested in him than in the person the kingdom believed would be its chief representative.

However, her interest was purely as an instructor; she felt he was someone worth teaching and seeing how he would grow.

She paid special attention to him, and her joy peaked when she noticed that he was good in the field of runes. It was a pleasant surprise.

She was eager to have him as her assistant and teach him many things, but he acted professionally and expressly warned of the duty and what came with being her assistant.

Even so, he volunteered, and after he expressed his desire to become a magical warrior, Astrid internally supported his decision and without further ado chose him as her assistant.

It was at that moment that the origin of his now agonizing situation began.

In fact, he came to her office more than punctually and handled the job as assistant perfectly. Even so, Astrid had put some complicated tasks in between his work so that he would have questions to guide him.

Unfortunately, she underestimated his talent; he was able to complete all the work efficiently and correctly, which surprised her greatly and further fueled her desire to teach him and share her knowledge.

But that would be for another day. 'Now it was time to go', or so she thought at the time, but she began to have an idle chat with him until she somehow ended up in him giving her a shoulder massage.

She wasn't losing anything, as it was simply a shoulder massage, but she warned him that they should keep things in order, as a student and instructor, as a young man like him could get carried away.

She still knew she was someone beautiful, and there is a possibility that the student could do improper things, even so, she didn't take it seriously she thought she could stop him and scold him at any time if things turned that way.

But that was only in the worst case scenario, the student seemed to have pure intentions of relieving her so she let her guard down.

He thought it would be a simple massage, like a student who wanted to score points with his instructor, so he saw nothing wrong with it as long as it was up to his shoulders.

The moment his hands touched her, Astrid felt something she had never experienced before: an electricity coursing through her body, relaxing her.

Her shoulders, which had always bothered her, began to relax. It felt too good and she simply let herself be carried away by this wonderful sensation that made her feel light and liberated.

In fact, she felt like she was about to release something, but she didn't know what. She simply let everything flow and let herself be guided by that massage until the end.

It was when she felt she was about to reach something wonderful that the pleasurable massage stopped. She didn't know why, but she wanted more.

However, the student told her that that was all and he was done, at least with the shoulders. It certainly felt great, but he wanted more.

She watched as the student withdrew, but felt that something had been left unfinished, so she instinctively stopped him.

That was his biggest mistake and the cause of current remorse.

Chapter 60: Filling the Void

She knew it. It wasn't like an instructor to ask for more, yet she wanted more. She had never felt this way before and wanted to keep feeling that wonderful sensation, so she tried to guide the conversation, thinking about how to ask for more without sounding desperate.

Surprisingly, the student seemed to say everything she wanted to hear, and helped get them to the point where she could feel that wonderful sensation again.

She was considering bending the rules a bit, something she would never do, to ask him for a massage now and then in exchange for points.

with that mentality, she looked forward to the next phase of the massage.

Although she was embarrassed to take off her robe, as she was wearing tight clothes underneath.

She knew that from a very young age she had strongly attracted the attention of men, and so that it wouldn't interfere with her teachings, she had started wearing a large robe, even if it was uncomfortable.

She did not want it to interfere with her teachings. But it was unavoidable if she wanted to feel that pleasant massage.

As a precaution, she looked at the student's crotch for any reaction, as she thought this might somehow provoke him.

Luckily, there was no reaction, which left her more reassured and confident of his intentions, which seemed truly pure.

After leaving her a small warning again, as a formality, although she wanted the massage, she had to act as an instructor properly.

Although she wanted that massage and that strange sensation that made her feel good.

..

.

Despite her age, she had only had one sexual experience in her life, and that was with the Duke. That night she felt only pain and discomfort, an experience she did not wish to repeat. Fortunately, the Duke could no longer do anything about it.

Despite being a mature woman, she had almost no experience in the matter, so it was too late when she realized that something was wrong.

She did not know at what point, but her mind was clouded and she could not form coherent thoughts, and she could not stop what happened.

Now, fortunately or unfortunately, she remembered clearly what had happened during her massage session, and it was certainly the best she had ever felt in her life.

Astrid had always believed that the greatest pleasure was teaching, but the night before she discovered that it could feel good that way too.

She was inexperienced, but not ignorant. She clearly knew that many boundaries had been crossed last night and that as an instructor she should not have allowed it to happen.

Many boundaries were crossed that she could stop, but she simply let it flow to the point where she couldn't even think about anything, she didn't muster enough will to stop it. At some point it was already impossible to stop, and she had allowed it to get to that point.

Those thoughts were what now fueled her agony about what she should do. As an instructor, she has to accept that it is partly her fault for not stopping it, but she also had to punish the student who took advantage of her.

That would be the right thing to do, but she was also having an internal battle as she wanted to feel good again. She thought that if she pretended not to remember, things might repeat themselves, but in the end she ended up having trouble with both decisions.

In the end, her thoughts were wandering and she ended up thinking that, despite being older, she was dominated by that student, which was something her pride as an instructor and someone older could not allow.

She had many rambling thoughts, finally she gathered enough wits to go to her lodging, which, by the way, was a place prepared especially for the academy instructors.

She prepared and when it was time to get dressed, for some reason she didn't understand, she thought long and hard, seriously. Now that she thought about it, yesterday she had that embarrassing thong, which the student could get to see.

Honestly, she only wore it because of how comfortable they were, since she was voluptuous and felt more comfortable in them. On the other hand, she also had regular underwear, so she put them on. She also looked carefully at what else to wear.

Usually she didn't mind since it was ultimately covered by the robe, but with her thoughts still confused she didn't know what to wear, in the end she decided it was better not to think too much about it and went for something normal.

After breakfast, he went to teach his classes, which were one of his great pleasures. Today was supposed to be the specialized classes and she had to attend to the kids who are wizards and those who wanted to learn runes.

With the clear desire that she was going down the magical warrior path, it was obvious that she would eventually take his class and, fearing she would run into him and not know how to act, she was a little hesitant to enter the classroom.

Luckily, apparently, he wasn't in her first class, so she waited a little impatiently for her second class either.

Luckily, he didn't show up for the rest of the classes, but she couldn't get it out of her head until she finally finished teaching her two classes, which was it for today.

He couldn't get the events and everything that happened yesterday out of his head, so he had a lot of mistakes in his classes because he couldn't concentrate.

Luckily, so she had the afternoon free. When he got out of teaching his classes, he felt that time was running out, as he would have to see him when the afternoon.

After eating lunch and thinking for a long time, she realized that she had a great lack of knowledge on the subject, so she decided to do some quick research before making a decision.

Maybe it was just prejudice on her part and she overthought it. Maybe silvercrest massages were like that and she misunderstood, or she was just the one who thought it was a bad thing.

She didn't know how much of her common sense was right due to her lack of knowledge, so she went to research. She went through many libraries and quickly read many books.

Thanks to her skills and metamorphosis, she was extremely fast, but she didn't find much about what she wanted to know specifically.

As she walked through the capital, she entered a slightly more secluded place, and there she found a peculiar bookstore, but anything would do. Thinking he might find something, he entered it, and that's where he found the knowledge he was looking for.

Certainly, the books looked like things of fiction, but they talked about what sexual relationships were like, vivid descriptions and different scenarios, exactly what he needed. Basically, she had walked into an erotic novel store.

Luckily, knowing that the subject matter she was looking for was sensitive, she had put on a device that reduced its presence, so she was able to read at her leisure and quickly fill herself with a lot of information.

As she read, she compared herself and Christian in the scenes, and a strong desire began to rise up in her that she didn't know she had. By the time she finished reading some of them, she felt she needed a massage from Christian again, but she couldn't let him be in control again.

As someone older or as an instructor, she needed to be in control. Luckily, there were also several reference books in the store that she could read to make a note of what she would do.

Although she was a little nervous, she believed, or rather convinced herself, that this was the right path.

As for the decision to act as a proper instructor and punish Christian and herself for what she had been through, it had long ago ceased to be an option. The more she read, the more her desire grew even more and more possibilities and a new world would be made towards her.

Honestly, as she read and imagined, she couldn't help but remember that feeling and wanted to feel it again. She felt that all this time she had missed that part of the world.

Over the years, she had heard a little about that subject from her friends or from the mothers of the children she used to teach, when she was a private instructor, and even now sometimes with her students, whom she sometimes caught talking about it secretly in a corner of the academy.

But she never seriously thought about the matter as her only experience was not a good one.

Now something in her awoke and she felt she wanted more, even if it went against her principles. Certainly, she had spent most of her life searching for what her value and usefulness was.

Always trying to fill the void in her, and she believed she did, but this too, turned her away from the pleasures of life and now she had tasted that extremely sweet poison in her difficult life.

She certainly believed that being a mother and instructor was the ultimate pleasure and sense of accomplishment, but now a new pleasure opened up before her and it was too sweet to simply ignore.

So she decided to make an exception, or so she told herself in order to overshadow the part of her that still said it was all wrong.

So she finished reading a lot of books that, if Christian could see their cover, she wouldn't know what to think about it, since most of those books had SM/instructor/students on their covers, and possibly shouldn't have been taken as a reference, but it was already spilled milk.

As she walked back, she got ready and bought a few things for the occasion, stopped by her lodgings and changed into something she thought would work for the situation.

She knew the time had come and now, with knowledge on the subject, she would not be easily led.

She believed Christian had simply gotten carried away and was inexperienced, as she couldn't even insert him as she desperately wiggled her hips to find him (he was simply enjoying his buttocks).

so now it was her turn to guide him, feeding in a way her original pleasure of guiding students, mixed with the desire that was at its peak after reading so much reference material.

..

.

When she saw him in front of her office, she immediately felt a tingling in her lower parts, like an instinctive reaction. Now she knew what that reaction was because of the books she had read.

The closer she got, the stronger that tingle became and she knew that her decision of what she was going to do was the right one. She could no longer be the instructor she was; she needed to truly taste this forbidden fruit.

She also saw that he seemed nervous, maybe a little shy about yesterday. The moment she saw him, something in her just clicked; and her last doubts were gone, something inside her awakened.

Whatever happened, he was better off inside his office, so she acted normally so as not to scare him and let him in as she normally would.

Now she was going to prove to him that she was an older woman and then entered the room behind him.

Click

Locking the door she saw Cristian turn and was surprised, her nervousness only made her even more excited, she didn't know why, but she would find out, getting into the role she had planned, she began to approach him.

With that began a night she would never forget.