

Women's World: I am the man with the most OP auxiliary class

chapter 161-170

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Looking out over the horizon, I could see the sun rise over shadows of what appeared to be some sort of mountain ranges, a row of mountains.

Feeling terribly cold, I kept my hands inside my long white trench coat that reached my ankles and had a high collar.

That I could use magic to face the cold weather of deep autumn? So at what times can you wear such a cool white trench coat?!

"Good, Vremya. Stop posing like you're a great general looking at the battlefield and get on the train."

"Cough.... ejem~ I'm not posing... hehe~" I trot, on a high platform, towards an entrance of a train car.

"She had to be the spinster teacher who, if she can't have a beautiful flower lit by the light of dawn, prefers to destroy it.... YOO~"

"Woa! Magen said something literary"

"Admittedly, Magen has changed in the last few days..."

"HUA - HUA - HUA - HUA - HUA YOOO~"

At last, you understand the greatness of the strongest shield in the human kingdom. No, the whole world!! YOOOO!"

"Although it's still just as stupid~"

"Yes! If you look at it directly, it actually looks like nothing has changed."

"UGH!!~ " Magen appears to have been punctured, like popping a balloon full of air.

"Good! EVERYONE! Return to the special compartment! It's time to leave, Vremya come in quickly!"

"Gooooood~" I said smiling at Professor Rudelle and then ran past her at the entrance of the train carriage after taking a look towards the Royal City.

Before the teacher could retort or even frown at my mocking imitation, I was already in front of the door to my group's compartment.

Just after entering the compartment, the train let out its characteristic engineer's whistle by activating the steam chamber.

I always wondered why it had been established that my party team's meeting would be at the southern gates of the Royal City. Our quest will be carried out near the Port City of Portus Coillbenn which is located east of the royal capital.

But to my surprise, there is a Train Station in the south of the Royal City!

I didn't know there were trains in this world!!

I know there are ships, it's obvious that there are ships if there are port cities...

But when we first traveled out of the city, we did it by cart! In a horse-drawn cart!!

Imagine my surprise to see a long and high platform where there were several trains and on the cobbled floor several train tracks that go in different directions, south, east, west...

Trains are no different than those in my previous world. The -Machine- in front of which a series of wagons are hooked and the whole train follows a track made of steel bars on the ground.

A lot of white steam is released from the great Machine, and large silver-gray metal wheels support the large, long wagons on the railroad tracks.

But, the -Machine Wagon- is not followed by a -Coal Wagon-. And there is also no tall circular chimney in the machine from which black smoke comes out.

I instinctively activated my spatial perception to fully scan the train machine. It's actually very simple, a large magic stove powered by crystallized mana coins that boils the water boiler to move a whole group of pistons and gears.

I have to say it's a good eco-friendly train~

"To hell!" would be what I would have shouted if I hadn't seen the potential force of the magic-powered steam engine.

For a moment I saw myself as a Bumpkin. Like a Rustic villager who has just come down from the mountain and who had not seen the world. I blame mom for never taking me out of the house....

After waking up very early, I quickly dressed to go downstairs for a light breakfast. Fried eggs, Ham and roasted bacon, toast, a grilled steak, a large glass of citrus juice, and a glass of milk with delicious, sweet rolls, as if they were made by a specialty bakery.

Sure, before eating the light breakfast, I met Maia privately for a moment~.

To my surprise, Mom hadn't returned all night, and I only found Aunt Kaleria in the dining room in the morning.

Aunt Kaleria told me that Mom is fine and has a lot of work to do at the Royal Castle. I don't know what work Mom would be doing when the family has a pharmaceutical company, but I don't ask...

The good thing is that when I saw Aunt Kaleria, I remembered my cousin Kharislava. So before leaving I ran to Kharis' room and when I woke her up jumping on her bed and making her a short tickle attack, I gave her the gold card and a notebook with my design work and calculations so that this cousin of mine who is a magical engineer could do some experiments and test some theories that I have while I'm outside.

After arranging everything and saying goodbye to everyone at home, I left a letter on a small table in the hall of the house near the front door and pulled Vasilisa to drop me off at the South Gate of the Royal City.

Since I had already done something with Maia, I didn't want to do something with Vasi by taking the opportunity to be alone in her vehicle. I don't want to see myself as if everything I was looking for was -drinking- of her essence. Then, when I arrived at the southern gates, I said a fond goodbye to my big sister and filled her with kisses and affection promising her that I have no plans to do bad things during the trip and that I will take good care of myself.

And it's not that I'm swearing falsely!

I really don't have any plans to do anything with anyone during the quest... and it's because Ragna isn't there... hehe~.

Then, after getting out of the vehicle, putting on my Cool white trench coat, I could see my teacher Rudelle, who was already waiting at the meeting point with the

rest of my team party. And I had to make an effort to hide my great surprise at seeing for the first time the version of a train in this world of magic and swords.

"Vrem~ Sit here. Have you had breakfast yet? I brought cake~ YOO"

Magen attracted my attention from my spatial perception; I watched that shadow that followed me since I left home and I could see how she boarded the train in some cars behind mine. After Vasi's reminder, I am paying attention to that shadow that moves in the darkness and has always been watching over me.

Returning the world of colors to my eyes, I looked towards Magen and the others.

"I've already had breakfast; I'm not a big fan of cakes..."

"They're Iiyoh cakes~"

"Great! I mean, I can eat a few~"

I sat next to Magen, next to her was Xifia as always and then Kara. In the seat in front of me was Destan on the window side of the compartment, after Destan there was Tikshna and then Dianeira.

Everyone had taken out their lunch box and looked like they were going to eat, making me wonder if they just woke up and left the house directly without even having breakfast...

Then, the train shook and the sound of metal against metal began to envelop the entire atmosphere. The magic machine train began to move forward. I had a lot of questions to ask, but I decided with a simple question to start the conversation.

"... none of you have had breakfast?"

"Good! Iiyoh's cakes~" After a while, Professor Rudelle entered the compartment and sat down next to Dianeira.

"Hey, old wolf! Those cakes are for Vremya! YOO!"

"Shut up, I haven't had breakfast..."

"..." Everyone began to eat breakfast and talk with increasing enthusiasm. Gradually, as they ate their breakfast, they seemed to wake up more.

The compartment reminds me of the famous express of the British wizarding world, the one where children have to board to go to study at Hogwarts. They have two padded seats on each side of the compartment with a large rectangular table in the middle. At the top it has a space for suitcases and a large window where you can see the passage outside.

In the window of the train carriage the sun was already shining brighter with all its morning brightness. You could see how the passage outside passed at a great speed. In the distance were farmlands and farmers' houses. From early on, civilians began to work in the fields.

As a mental note, to know if the nobles own these lands or if they are given to civilians. I slowly learn that although I seem to live in a world with very primitive feudal rule, there are things that don't seem feudal at all.

In the Royal City I have not found poverty to exist, and although I have visited a small village and small Town, the people seemed to live well despite not having the things that are in the capital of the human kingdom.

On this trip I hope to learn more about this world.

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*track~ track~ track~ *

The rhythmic sound of the train's steel wheels speeding alarmed me. Through the window I could see the trees of a large forest passing by at high speed.

Although in my previous life I had never traveled on the so-called "Bullet Train" I can feel that there is no difference with the power and speed of this train.

I don't need to use my feelings about space to know that the speed at which we are now moving is as high as several hundred miles per hour.

My heart is about to jump just thinking that this locomotive -magical- will break the sound barrier and that we will all be thrown when the steel wheels of the train derail.

"Vremya? don't you like Iiyoh's cakes?"

"Huh? No, I..." I shook my head, shaking my golden hair, now pinned in a ponytail.

"Ehhh~ I know what's going on~" A melodiously dark voice sounded within our train compartment.

Before I looked up, I knew whose mocking voice it was.

"I'm not afraid!

It's just.... Isn't the train going very fast?" Looking back at the window, now the trees are just green spots that if you try to observe them you may end up getting dizzy.

"Huh? Is it too fast? I don't feel anything..."

"Stupid..."

Speed and acceleration are two different things. The train accelerates at a gentle pace so you don't feel the speed..."

"I'm not stupid..."

Magen and Xifia began to fight as usual... Well, that they do it reassures me.

"You don't have to worry about an accident. the Train is the safest means of transport and there have almost never been accidents..."

Professor Rudelle begins to give her lesson in general knowledge.

But the "Almost never" does not reassure me...

"Wow... This speed is almost like when I flew last time in the Alien attack..."

"Don't worry Vremya! I, Magen, will protect you if the Train crashes!! YOOO!!!"

Magen exclaimed and slapped her chest. If I wasn't worried about the speed of the train, maybe I'd admire the undulating movement like waves in the sea on my school sweetheart's chest...

"... Me too... I can also protect... to Vremya..." A very soft, almost whisper-like voice was heard in the train compartment. but no one paid attention to Tikshna who had a pink face and was playing with the fingers of her hands.

"Couldn't we ride in a one-horned red horse carriage like last time?"

"If we were to travel to Portus Coillbenn at the speed of the Red Horses of a Horn it would take two months"

"So much!!"

The distance between the human capital and the Blue Crystal Grass village was three days and the One-Horned Red Horse could travel approximately one hundred and fifty kilometers in one day.

Just think of the distance between the Royal City and Portus Coillbenn. one hundred and fifty a day for sixty days....

And they want to cover that distance in half a day!

"Destan. Desmayo."

"Huh?" xN

"Ehhhh!!" xN

After listening to Kara, we all turned to see where Destan is, only to see him leaning against the window with his eyes rolling.

After a while and Destan taking a potion against seasickness, Magen and Xifia accompanied me to walk along the train to calm me down.

It seems that after seeing Destan passed out they took my nervousness seriously and Professor Rudelle sent me for a walk so as not to think about the trip.

And it's not that I'm afraid of speed and I'm not really nervous. Maybe it's just the feeling of loss of control. It's not the same feeling as flying with your own power or running in your own strength.

And this has nothing to do with the fact that in my past life I also felt nervous about flying for the first and only time by plane!

If it weren't for the need to go to a mandatory medical convention I would never have gotten on a plane!

"How do you feel now?" Xifia asked.

Now we are in a kind of dining car on the train. We stayed here as the windows are closed with thick red curtains. It looks like a restaurant for couples.

I have had to close my passive spatial perception so as not to feel the space around me and thus not have to feel the speed at which this train is traveling.

With my spatial perception closed, it feels like I'm just in a closed room that doesn't move. Just ignore the noise of steel wheels on the train tracks.

"Okay, this juice is tasty"

"Maybe we should ask for a bed compartment?" Magen next to me said cocking her head in her expression of thinking.

"Magen!!

What. What do you want to do?" Xifia put her palms on the table giving a palm tap and stood up over-exalted.

"So that Vremya sleeps alone. Is that a bad idea?" Magen placed her right index finger on her lips still thinking tilting her head.

Me, giving Xifia a strange look. It's easy to tell that Xifia is thinking when listening to Magen's words.

Magen has no adult thoughts. but Xifia seems to already have knowledge about adult things. Although it is something that I am not going to point out...

"Ah!

I..."

Xifia, seeing me looking at her, her face turned very red. Looking around, some people turned to look at our table causing Xifia to smoke (imaginary) from her hair and her face to become even redder.

And it is not as if our appearances are hardly noticed by other travelers. From the beginning, from the moment I got on the train, there are always people looking in our direction.

Xifia sat back in her chair in front of me with an embarrassed look not knowing how to explain herself.

The interaction of these two childhood friends is always a lot of fun.

"hehehe~ You two always get along very well"

"Who!" x2

"We?!" x2

"I don't get along with her!" x2

"hahahahaha~"

The other passengers, apart from throwing looks of hatred and jealousy towards Magen and Xifia, turn to look at me with a look of desire, but I am getting used to these looks and ignoring them completely.

Time passed and it was time to eat at noon. The difference between a long journey between a plane and a train is very noticeable. On a train you can walk to stretch your legs and on the plane you are sitting all the time.

At lunchtime we went to a different restaurant car with larger tables so that we can all sit since we are eight people in total.

The bad thing is that the food is very unspecial... almost basic... Not tasty. At least on the menu there is steak so only that I ordered more a salad.

I can bear it, but the one who suffered the most was Destan. I think that a guy who has lived for at least twenty years in a country with a very special menu like the island country of Neon and then arrives in a country where the food is only cooking the meat, frying the meat, roasting the meat must be a gastric hell.

At least there's rice in this world and Destan has something to eat.

Destan traveled to this world thanks to the Goddess of this world with her entire body, although rejuvenated at the age of fourteen.

Instead, I was born with a new body and into a wealthy family. This gave me the opportunity to have some of the best foods and I haven't suffered much from the culinary desert and growing up I experimented with ingredients that my family could easily buy to recreate the dishes of my old world.

Mainly knowing that there is corn in this world and I was able to create tortillas!

Everyone from my old moon-center country who can travel abroad knows that after a day they will always miss the omelette. Maybe we can resist longer missing the lemon and hot sauces, but if there are no tortillas you simply can't have a good satisfaction when eating.

After getting tortillas, the rest is easier! ~

I thank my dear Aunt Odalis for always placing at least one kilo of tortillas special for me and emergencies in my backpack~

Since after entering classes and having my combat group I had to share my lunch boxes, each dish in my backpack has a portion of tortillas. but Aunt Odalis always puts a separate package.

In addition, apart from made tortillas I also have the ingredients to be able to make more. since there are two types of tortillas: those made by hand and those made with a tortilla machine.

I found lemon in this world. Also experiment with the different types of chili peppers in this world to create spices and sauces.

Although at first I thought I would never be able to eat Mole again in my new life, I was happy to find Iiyoh!

So it's normal for Magen to know that my favorite cakes are all those that have Iiyoh, as well as cookies and drinks.

And the fact is that Iiyoh is actually Chocolate!!

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"Yayyy~ We've finally arrived~ ~ Yooo~"

Magen stretched his body raising one hand towards the sky while his other hand held the elbow of the raised hand. Her long, tousled dirty blonde hair that reached her shoulder blades on her back swayed with the gentle current of the wind.

"It's really nice to get off the train after a long trip for half a day"

After a long train journey it is really nice to be able to put your feet on the ground. And it's not that I'm complaining about a bad trip, the truth is that it was very smooth and there were no problems.

The midday meal, although not the best, was good. Although of course, we ate in the high-end restaurant train car.

The members of my group are all kids from noble and powerful families. Almost the moment we entered the restaurant many merchants and traders greeted us and tried to make conversation and connections.

And though lots of them tried to cozy up to the youngest Saintess Summoner in history... Rudelle shooed them all away.

After a midday meal we returned to our train compartment, to spend the second half of the trip in boredom.

To avoid getting dizzy and other discomforts, I avoided using my spatial sensitivity, so I could only take out books to read.

Kara also read with me while Tikshna sat leaning against the backrest with her knees drawn up and a pen and a sheet of paper writing who knows what.

Unlike Magen who was just lying on the table in the center of the train compartment completely bored, Xifia was doing her schoolwork and sometimes hit Magen on the head with her pen.

Dianeira also read, but Dianeira read things similar to magazines. It seems like everyone brought something to do during the train ride.

On the other hand, Destan...

Destan, like me, seemed to know nothing about the trains of this world, so he did not prepare for a long train journey. Although he no longer feels uncomfortable after the initial fainting due to the high speed of the train, he now seems calm with his arms crossed over his chest and his eyes closed.

He looked deep in thought, but soon his head started drooping and his breathing evened out—he'd just fallen asleep.

The trip was calm and boring with small conversations at times and general conversations.

On the train we couldn't talk about the quest so although it seemed like there were people who knew we were on a Quest, they didn't know what it was about.

When I got off the train, the magical lights were already shining, driving away the darkness of the night.

Dusk has already passed and in my calculations it is already past seven at night. Magen and Xifia were helping Destan carry his luggage. Despite their protests, Destan can't stop girls from being -Chivalrous- and letting a -Boy- carry heavy luggage.

Even though it's night, there are still tons of carts pulled by Red One-Horned Horses and many people helping to unload products and resources. From what I investigated, this port, Portus Coillbenn, is a very important City not only for the Human Kingdom but also for the elven kingdom of Metsakaupunki.

Trade by sea is the best way of trade between humans and elves since by land not only does the merchant caravan have to travel such a long distance that it can tire the Red One-Horned Horses since they have to travel an L route since they have to go down south and then go east, but going through the great old forest makes the journey more difficult, especially when the elves do not want trees to be cut down just to open a path.

So, going by sea is the shortest and fastest way, making this port a great important city for two kingdoms.

So it is normal that a special non-stop high-speed train line has been built connecting Portus Coillbenn with Caryatidborg.

As I absentmindedly watched the people working hard and fast, unloading goods and materials, a hand rested on my arm.

"Do you still feel bad Vremy?"

I turned to Magen who was looking at me with a worried expression in his eyes, and his eyebrows distorted.

"No, I..."

"Do you still feel sick to your stomach?" Xifia, next to Magen, also asked while looking down at my belly.

Looking down I noticed that my hands incontinently went to my stomach. Now, on second thought, it seems like I still have discomfort and it doesn't seem to be caused by feeling like the train was going too fast.

"It's nothing. It seems that the time I sat made me feel a little uncomfortable but nothing more, hehe..."

I laughed to make light of the girls' concerns. But now, when I got off the train, I didn't mind activating my spatial perception again. Plus, I'm a good doctor!

It wasn't very difficult for me to associate my symptoms after a quick inspection with my pelvic area...

Although I wanted to brush it off with a laugh, I could feel my face burning.

I hadn't noticed before, but now I feel tenderness in my chest and lower belly, along with some cramps and joint aches, there is also little pain in muscles and joints as well as anxiety and the tension that I felt due to the high speed of the train.

Although it seems that my altered mood was fixed with food, Magen's chocolate cake inadvertently helped.

And all these symptoms, centered in my belly, can only be caused by something...

Now that I think about it, calculating the time, I should have already taken the red potion that mom has given me since I was nine years old. At first I never paid attention to that potion, but thinking about the ingredients and the fact that I only take it once a month, added to the fact that I now know that my body has an extra reproductive system inside, it is easy to guess what illness ails me...

"Well Vremya, if you feel bad just say it, you don't have to become a strong boy and bear it alone.

Good! "Let's go straight to the inn to rest, we'll all start working tomorrow."

Professor Rudelle patted my arm. Then he put a backpack on his shoulder in a very masculine way and began to guide us towards the city.

"Let me help you walk Vremya ~ hehehe"

Dianeira took my arm without asking. Despite her clothing made largely of animal leather he could feel her temperature as well as her curves and the softness of her skin, not to mention her scent. Despite having spent half a day on a train Dianeira has a vibrant forest smell.

"Ah~ No need...Wait, hey! Listen to me!! Tsk!!!" Despite my complaints, Dianeira simply pulled me for a walk without letting go of my arm.

"I... I too... I want to... Help...." (a very low, almost imperceptible voice was heard but no one paid attention)

(Tikshna watching Vremya's back timidly walk away while her hands carry a loaded backpack in front of her body)

We arrived at the city defense wall and began to queue to pass inspection and enter the port city.

I observe everything around me, forgetting about everything else.

Portus Coillbenn, as its name suggests, is a port city in the east of human territory on the northern continent.

A couple of hours before arriving at the port city the environment changed into a rocky natural region. In this area there is a mountain range making the eastern limit of the continent one of cliffs next to the ocean.

A rocky coast with steep or almost vertical slopes, without a sandy or stone beach, just those impressive walls that rise above the sea. This part of the continent is full of cliffs and high mountains.

But among this geography of mountains and cliffs, a single cove has been found, the perfect place for a city and port.

A single wall stands straight with the help of two cliffs on each side of the city that protects the only access to the sea.

The Quest scroll's description marked the location of the ruins and the target artifact north of the city, somewhere in those rocky mountains.

The problem is that the ice and snow season is approaching and the day lasts less at this time. Searching for the ruins is going to be a lot of hard work exploring.

"Name...

Genre...

Age...

Origin...

Identification card...

What is the purpose of your visit..."

A series of official probing questions were asked by the agents at the entrance to the wall to people who wanted to enter the city.

Quickly it was our turn and one by one we passed and entered the city of Portus Coillbenn.

Although answering a series of questions is annoying, there is no other choice. What's annoying is that the girl who is asking me questions takes her time to

probe me with her eyes and look at my legs, my neck, my arms, my collarbone. Come on, she practically spent a lot of time looking at my butt and my breast!

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Unlike the royal capital where guards just stand watch without asking questions or charging tolls, it is natural that in this port city they search people who want to access the city.

Within my research this is because they care for and protect the alliance with the Wood Elves. So they must protect the safety of the place where the Wood Elves gather to trade with humans.

Wood Elves might seem super friendly and approachable, but they really don't let other races into their territory. If it weren't for the fact that they are very sociable and interact with other races, I could almost swear that they are a very xenophobic race.

But although they interact with other races and are not xenophobic, the Wood Elves do not allow any human to freely enter their cities and towns. So, the Wood Elves prefer to come to this city to trade with their spices, cloth, and other products and materials, as well as come here to buy everything they need and want.

So after entering the city I was not surprised to find many Wood Elves walking along the main street.

"Woaaa~ So many Wood Elves! ~ ~ " Magen exclaimed from beside me.

"Although I would like to say -Stupid, there are also many elves in the Royal Capital-. But you are right, there are many elves . . ."

"Hnm!~ That's what I said, YOO!"

Well, to be honest, it does surprise me. Although there is not an equal population between elves and humans in this city, the ratio is at least for every three humans there are two Wood Elves.

"Thirty? For that amount I could buy two boxes of that in Caryatidborg. . ." An elf, among a group of Wood Elves, waved his hands in anger.

"And I give you a word of blood: there is no other lot like this in the entire East. Pure. Unadulterated. And with seal intact." A middle-aged human shopkeeper put on a firm expression without taking a step back.

It seems that the elves are used to dealing with humans. I could hear the same conversations in various groups passing the city wall.

The entire main street, which seems to go directly to the port, is full of street stalls with many people buying and selling different types of objects and products.

Elves and humans also enter and exit shops on each side of the street with signs ranging from drawings of threads and needles to what appears to be a hammer and anvil.

There are also beastmen as well as dwarves and the so-called demons of this world. Portus Coillbenn seems to be a pleasure district but on a large scale.

But although it seems like everyone is going about their business, the moment I pass by everyone turns to look in my direction. I've been thinking about grabbing a dark wizard cloak like Kara's to hide my figure.

The good thing is that it didn't take long, in a few minutes we arrived at an Inn, a large building, for this world, with four floors and about fifteen meters high.

I, who is the supposed leader of this adventure group, doesn't have to do anything. Professor Rudelle has been in charge of requesting the rooms and paying for them.

"Two per room. Apart from the boys' room for Vremya and Destan, the others decide who they share a room with!"

Rudelle gave me a key with a numerical symbol of this world. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Destan's eyes sparkling. I mean, it's not like we didn't already share a room on our previous Quest.

"Destan, come on."

"Yes! Vremya-san"

Destan took his backpack and followed me towards the stairs. It seems that he forgot that Magen and Xifia still carry some luggage.

"I'll stay with Kara as always~" Dianeira took Kara's arm, who only made a sign of understanding with her mouth.

"I don't want to stay with Magen again. Tikshna this time I'll stay with you~"

"I... I..."

"So what!"

"Do I have to stay with this old spinster hag!?"

PUM~

"Ayy! Why do you always hit me!!"

"Then answer! Who is the old spinster hag?"

"You..."

PUM *PUM* *Tock*

"Ayy!"

The last blow sounded hollow...

Although I couldn't hear anymore because of the distance.

After a while, Destan and I went up to the second floor. Behind us came Dianeira and Kara.

I have no problems with our rooms being on the top floor. But it doesn't have an elevator...

At least it's only four floors...

"Destan ~ How about you change rooms with me?"

Dianeira approached with a smile.

"Yo..."

"Don't pay attention to her, she's just playing. Destan always remember to stay alert with women. Especially with women like Dianeira."

I rolled my eyes at Dianeira and dragged Destan into the room by the arm leaving a laughing Dianeira.

After taking the key out of the door and closing it with magic, I walked towards one of the two beds in the room and taking off my backpack I left it on the bed.

I was about to throw myself on the bed when a cramp attacked me. This time I felt the inside of my belly contract in spasms.

"Is something wrong?" Destan seeing me standing in front of the bed asked.

"Just a stomachache, I'll go out for a moment"

I placed the palm of my right hand on my belly and said.

On the train trip I received letters, like from my sisters Vasi and Sera, from Helice, Ingrid, from Ragna the missing one. Apparently Ragna went out on a Quest and didn't have time to tell me, or so I think since I haven't read any of the letters yet.

I also have letters from Nerissa who I haven't seen in a long time and the boys Leif, Kjell and Freyr have written to me. Apparently the boys already feel that I am part of their group. In some way the three remind me of Regina, Gretchen and Karen Smith, but perhaps because of the current academic level, middle school and not high school, the three are not yet -Mean Kids-.

But from whom I received three letters today, they are from Miroslava Corinth, from my mother, who although it does not seem strange to me that she writes to me a lot, I can already imagine what she says in her letters.

I have not seen my mother and she did not come home last night, I did see my aunt Kaleria but she did not tell me anything, perhaps because the person in charge of giving me all the strengthening and purification potions was my mother.

And Mom's letters show that Mom has forgotten to give me the red potion every month!

Maybe mom's potion is special, but I can't believe there aren't normal potions that women in this world drink on those days of the month!

So I have no choice but to go ask my teacher in charge.

Walking out the door of the Magen room, Xifia and Tikshna were in the hallway.

"Vremya!

I was about to call you, Professor Rudelle said that we can go down to dinner at the inn's restaurant or we can go out but not be there until very late.

What do you say?"

Although I would love to go exploring, I'm not in the mood right now.

"Let's try the local food. It seems that Professor Rudelle chose the best inn in the city. And tomorrow we can explore"

I'm not just saying this to avoid going out, from the exterior façade to the interior design and my and Destan's room are top notch.

Building materials such as stones and wood are excellent. Also the decorations on the walls, the magic lights used, vases and paintings, and the rug that made me clean my shoes with magic are top notch.

But now I'm not in much of a mood to appreciate it. (Or as in the future I would realize that this inn is owned by Liana's family)

"Well, it will be as Vremya says~"

"I'll look for Professor Rudelle, leave your luggage in the rooms and then go down to dinner, don't forget Destan, Dianeira and Kara"

I waved my left hand and trotted down the stairs to the inn's lobby.

I feel that if I let go of my hand from my belly or stop transmitting mana from the palm of my hand to the inside of my belly, everything will turn into bloody chaos.

Without feeling the four flights of stairs I reached the reception and found Rudelle in the distance at a bar sitting drinking from a wooden jar.

"...Professor Rudelle"

Quickly reach the teacher in charge.

"Huh? What's wrong Vremya?"

Do you want to drink liquor? "Boys should not drink liquor."

Professor Rudelle turned to look at me as soon as I called her, her face is flushed and her breath is full of alcohol.

"No, I...

I need help with something..."

"YOO~ Leave everything to me, tell me what's wrong" Professor Rudelle made an exclamation imitating Magen and then laughed.

"Ehh...." Now, seeing Professor Rudelle like this, I don't know if I trust her...

Thinking about it, not even ten minutes have passed since I went up to the room at the inn and when I went down to look for Professor Rudelle, I can't believe that she is already this drunk...

"Come on, don't be shy, tell your teacher what's bothering you~"

"Well... I..."

And so I decided to tell Professor Rudelle. I'm sure Mom has already talked to my teachers about the things they need to keep in mind about me.

So I had no reluctance to tell Rudelle that I was having those days that usually happen to girls. In this world, although women have been divided into two genders, they are still women in essence.

So it is normal that they have methods for care at those times of the month. And there should be potions or magic for that.

"I understand, that's why you've been feeling bad the whole trip..."

Don't worry, I'll go to an apothecary to get you a potion.

You're not allergic to anything, right?..."

"No... As far as I know..." Although at home they take great care of me, like an expensive and fragile vase, there have not been times when I get an allergy from eating something or in spring when there is a lot of pollen in the air..."

Then, with her face all flushed—I couldn't tell if it was from the booze or what I'd just told her, Professor Rudelle agreed to help me.

Women's World: I am the man with the most OP auxiliary class

After seeing Professor Rudelle walk out the door of the restaurant/inn I went to take a seat at a large table.

After a moment, the girls and Destan came down.

Even though I wasn't alone for long, everyone in the restaurant kept staring at me and I was starting to worry.

But when I saw Magen and the others enter the restaurant, I calmed down and let out a soft sigh.

"Vremya, have you ordered dinner yet?" Magen sat next to me quite naturally.

And to my surprise, Xifia sat on my right side and not next to Magen like she always does.

"I haven't ordered anything for dinner yet."

"And Professor Rudelle?" Dianeira, sitting across from me, asks as she looks around us.

"I'm going out to buy something..."

"What does it matter where the old witch is or where she has gone, let's order some dinner now Yoo!~"

It's a good thing they didn't ask much about Professor Rudelle. I wouldn't know how to answer...

"Hello girls, I'm Ariel and let me take your order"

A young waiter approached after Magen shouted for some dinner. In this world where gender roles are flipped, it's pretty common to see cute young waiters boys, and the young waiter who approached our table with a soft smile and winks in his eyes trying to increase the amount of tip he could earn at our table.

But, although everyone sitting at this table is the son of rich and noble families, it is a pity that the young waiter ran into young girls who did not pay attention to him.

Magen focused on only ordering meat dishes with Xifia completing the dishes with vegetable and fruit ingredients telling me that as a boy I shouldn't eat heavy dishes or I might have nightmares.

Tikshna, as shy as she is, did not look directly at the young waiter and in a low voice could barely order something for dinner.

Kara with a couple of sentences, not to mention a couple of words, ordered a sandwich from this world just like Dianeira.

Destan was super awkward and shy, but the waiter barely glanced at him—probably because he's a boy and the waiter's more into the -yuri- vibes around here.

By the way, I really need to ask Destan what's up with his tastes lately. Is this Nippon guy starting to swing the other way?

In the time it would take to prepare our dinner, I activated my space byakugan to spy on Destan's system.

[Name: Destan (Commoner [Old Name: Kaito Nakamura]).

Age: 14 years (Age at time of death: 29).

Talent: Gift of the Goddess: Gunblade from Final Fantasy VIII. System on Smartphone, Traveler (Isekai), Family Twins.

Familiar: Gunblade (Growth); Smartphone - Huawei Mate 2 ASCEND 4G (Growth)

Items: Gunblade: Revolver; Portable Space [2x2x2 meters]; Map APP (With GPS); Compass APP; APP Messenger [Name of Letters]; Phone APP [14 Contacts]; APP Camera; APP Gallery; Calculator APP; APP Calendar...

VIT (Vitality): 391

FRZ (Strength): 25

RST (Stamina): 21

MP (Magic Power): 18

ESP (Spirit): 19

RAP (Speed): 17

EVS (Evasion):13

PNT (Aiming): 255

SUE (Luck): 17

Portable Space: Black Iron Forge; Tempered Steel Blacksmith's Hammer;
Tempered Steel Miner's Pickaxe; Camping Tent; Tinder and Flint; ;

Thought: Excited for the legendary second quest of the Vremya mythical group. His strength has grown, which makes him braver when entering combat and he has received recognition from the Royal Guard in the Royal Castle and has mostly overcome fear when facing the invading insects.

In his heart the seed of Pro-Girls-Nari and Trapcon has sprouted and now it is a seedling, feeling excited when he sees the figures of the boys in this world

thinking that all the men in this world are really beautiful and make his heart beat but when looking at Vremya it makes him get lost in dreams and illusions...

]

Okay... No need to continue reading.

This boy is still unreliable in his thoughts, but looking at his statistics it seems that he has grown a little more. And it seems that the fight against the aliens that invaded the city helped him grow mentally.

It's a shame that this spatial ability only works on spying on Destan's stats and doesn't work on anyone else. Looking at the girls, I wish I could see what Kara is thinking behind that blank expression she has all the time.

Although looking at Magen, maybe I don't need to use a special ability to know what he thinks, since unlike Kara, Magen's face always shows his inner thoughts.

Xifia and Tikshna seem to be normal girls with common thoughts and as for Dianeira... Why is Dianeira looking at me like that?

"Yiii!~"

"Eh? Pasa algo Vremya?"

"Do you still feel bad?"

"Does your stomach hurt?"

"Maybe you shouldn't eat too much..."

I looked down while leaning my body forward, almost leaning on the restaurant table. My face was starting to burn.

Everyone at the table became worried again thinking that I still felt bad, all but one person...

Looking up I could see Dianeira's face in front of me smiling and under the table I could feel the toes of one of her feet!

"No, nothing, just..."

...Dinner is coming, hehe"

"Here I bring your food girls exe~ . . ."

The young waiter began to place the plates on the table while smiling at the girls. Although she seems like a young and pretty girl, the fact that I know she is a man gives me a strange chill.

But despite all his efforts to connect with these daughters of prominent and large families, the young waiter had to leave with zero connections. Although the young waiter practically walked past me and only gave me cold looks, I didn't worry about that at all.

Besides, I was more worried about something else than the waiter boy's flirting with my girls...

While everyone was paying attention to the dishes that the young waiter brought, no one noticed that my hands were under the table having the hardest fight of my life...

I caught Dianeira's foot with my left hand, feeling her tiny toes wiggle against my palm I can tell that Dianeira started to attack me with her right foot.

While holding her foot with my left hand, with my right hand I began to tickle the sole of her foot. I could see how Dianeira tried to maintain a calm and serious image, as if nothing was happening.

But seeing his reactions and the trembling of his shoulders I can tell that he is doing everything possible to endure the tickling that I am doing to his foot.

This girl—who knows where she even got the idea—started tickling my legs with her bare foot under the table, suddenly started attacking me by tickling my legs with her bare foot.

Of course, Dianeira did not stay without returning the attack and changed her style from defending to offensive, managing to remove her other boot from her left foot and launch into the attack.

By the time the young waiter finished arranging all the dishes and left with a disappointed look, I had one of Dianeira's feet trapped between my thighs, squeezing her trying to keep her from moving while I held her other foot with my hands and tickled her.

"Vremya, your face is very red. Don't you really feel bad?" Xifia seemed to notice my blush and asks me kindly with worried feelings in her voice.

"Does Vremya have a fever? Let's see..."

It doesn't feel hot..." Magen stretched out his white hand and placed his palm on my forehead.

"Yo..."

"Great! They've already ordered dinner..."

"I'm starving! Waiter, a big jug of wine!!"

"Hey! That's my plate!! YOO!"

"Let's go, you can ask for another..."

When I tried to make an excuse, Rudelle's voice was heard interrupting me and saving me by changing the subject.

I gave Dianeira a look so that we would end the fight in a draw and made to let go of her feet.

Dianeira got the hint, nodded, and slowly pulled her feet back. I let out a huge sigh of relief.

I'm starving, and I started paying attention to the dishes served in front of me.

When I stopped worrying about everything and focused on eating, throwing away everything else, I heard Rudelle's voice putting me in a bind again.

"I managed to get the medicine you needed Vremya, take it." Professor Rudelle gave me a brown paper bag containing a potion bottle.

"Profe..." I was speechless.

Then the gaze of everyone at the table turned to me again.

"Eh?"

"Medicine?"

"So Vremya does feel bad"

"Vremya..."

"It's nothing serious..."

I'll go back to my room. "Destan, can you help me get some plates so I can eat dinner after you finish and go back to the room?" When I was thinking of saying that it was just a feeling of discomfort or dizziness from the trip, Suddenly my stomach twisted hard. I grabbed the paper bag and stood up fast.

"Me? Oh! No problem..."

"Do you want me to come with you now?"

"Nn! No need." Without saying anything else, I left the restaurant and headed towards the stairs. I felt like if I didn't hurry I could make a red mess in the middle of the inn that I wouldn't be able to wash for the rest of my life!

Women's World: I am the man with the most OP auxiliary class

As I rushed back to my room, I forgot something very important... The key.

But my mind stays sharp in emergencies. Even though I still don't know where my innate spatial talent comes from, in times like this spatial skills are very useful.

But standing in front of the door to my room and Destan's, I hesitated for a moment. Changing the state of my body could trigger the accumulated blood to spill out.

But I decided to take a chance, in the end, what my spatial ability does is simply move to another spatial plane in the positioning sense.

With a pinch of concentration I could see how my hands began to go through the white wood of the door. And taking a step forward my body crossed the entire door as if it were a ghost.

I push aside thoughts about whether it's my cells changing state or something else or remains the same, without leaving my ghostly state, I just trot towards the bathroom of the inn room.

I have to thank my teacher Rudelle for choosing a good hotel where each room has its own bathroom and it is not one of those inns where there is only one communal bathroom for all the guests.

Plus, the higher the floor, the nicer the rooms—and being on the fourth, ours is top-tier, and being on the last floor, the fourth, the level of each room is one of the best. I don't know if this is the best hotel in the port city but for now I appreciate the level of privacy it offers.

Although I walked through the bathroom door as a disembodied spirit, I turned around to lock the door.

"This is really embarrassing..."

Place the paper bag with the potion on the bathroom bureau next to the sink.

When my body moves to another spatial plane it is not very difficult for me to take objects such as the clothes I am wearing and the potion in the paper bag. But wanting to travel through space with something bigger is like wanting to walk carrying a huge rock.

My backpack, having a magical spatial array, becomes a huge heavy box for me. But now my backpack is on the bed in this hotel room so I don't have to worry about it.

I can drop things if needed, like in combat to move freely and to move my body to another space I have to let go of the backpack so that it doesn't impede my movements. But just moving to the side letting my clothes fall still makes me feel strange...

"Although I am getting more used to it every time I wear a skirt I have to accept that it is more comfortable..."

But it would be more efficient if I didn't wear protective shorts underneath.

Although it's not like I'm going to stop using it..."

I lift my skirt and slide down my black silk protective shorts, leaving them on the bureau next to the paper bag with the potion.

Of course, apart from the protective shorts I also have to take off my underwear also made of high quality silk material.

In my previous life I would never have thought that underwear would have much importance in everyday life. Now wearing this type of soft underwear I feel like I have lived without knowing what it is like to walk on clouds in my old world.

Silk underwear feels like you are not wearing anything, it has a soft elasticity that adheres to the skin without squeezing it and, being made of natural threads, it has breathability that keeps your skin fresh.

So I have to say that even if a man has a masculine soul he should not feel less masculine for wearing soft and cool underwear.

Well, to tell the truth, all this thinking is just to justify the women's underwear I've been wearing all this time...

Leaving the pastel-colored panties around my ankles, I sat on the wooden seat of the toilet.

Maybe it's the evolutionary level that humans in this world have, but my visits to the toilet are very rare. Normally when I feel like going to the bathroom it's just to do the -ONE-.

Although I have thought about it very superficially, it may also be because of the magic potions and alchemical pills as well as medicinal baths that Mom has given me all this time since I can remember.

Not to brag, but even though I sweat a lot from doing a lot of physical work, my body odor has never stank, even if I say so myself.

And every time I got older, my trips to the bathroom to do the two decreased, going from going to the baby's bathroom two or three times a day to now where I only remember almost once a week.

Now every time I have to go to the bathroom to do the -DOS- I feel like a rabbit since I expel what appear to be very compressed and small black pearls.

Even though I eat a lot all day in my three meals a day and even eat more between meals like desserts and snacks, my body has transformed into an excellent food processing machine.

My digestive system actually absorbs all the nutrients from food and stores every calorie, mineral and vitamin in my cells, and even though my stomach doesn't get fat I feel my body full of energy.

It is obvious that every time I get stronger, I digest food better and better to the point where I no longer need to go to the bathroom, not even when drinking a lot of water.

But now I am sitting here, on the throne, for another different physiological need that my male gender should not have...

A strange feeling that I had never felt was born inside my belly. Although as a doctor I can clearly explain what is happening. I wouldn't know how to explain it when this is happening to me.

Thanks to my spatial perception I can see every place and corner inside my body.

The inside of my uterus is a bloody mess—shed lining, tissue, and everything else I don't want to know...

The feeling is really strange, but the slight pain and discomfort is real and seeing it with my own eyes I can now understand all the discomfort I have had all day today.

Despite all this time where my reproductive system has been asleep thanks to Mom's potions, all the organs are mature and ready to procreate.

But for now I won't think about that... I'm still too young to have children!

For now, with the help of magic, I will let nature take its course. Gathering some water element mana I began to wash the inside of my belly.

On second thought, using magic to attack from inside the enemies' body might not be a bad idea... I'll look into this.

I could feel how the water element mana, as if it were warm clear water, filled my belly and dragged all the bloody dirt, making it go down a cervix that is connected to a room of pink flesh which in turn is connected by an entrance to the front wall of my rectum.

Like a kind of labyrinth, nature created this system of rooms inside my belly to bring together two different reproductive systems.

Feeling the liquid pass through my insides and drain makes my skin fill with chills but the warm flow of water helps my internal organs recover and relax.

A reddish-brown liquid flows into the toilet, gradually turning clear little by little to become clear and transparent like pure water.

Doing all this feels like a long time ago, longer than the time I spent traveling by train hundreds of miles from home.

My hands together on my belly as well as my knees together makes me look like I'm having a bad day with a stomach ache.

Even though I have washed my insides, I have the feeling that I am now dirty. After making sure all the dirt has come out of me I stood up from the toilet on shaky legs.

Giving a sigh, I stepped forward to take the dark brown paper bag, which color now makes me feel sick, and took out a small bottle about the size of a finger that contains a light red liquid without being pink.

I popped the cork off the small glass bottle and drank the potion without thinking.

"Uhm....Mom's tastes better, but it's not that bad..."

The potion has a slight citrus fruity flavor but you can still taste the medicine. This potion acts like a contraceptive—it puts the ovaries to sleep, stopping eggs and the whole cycle, so that eggs do not mature and are released. When the ovaries sleep there is also no menstrual cycle, so menstruation is not activated and everyone is as if they were little girls.

This potion is really magical and if it could be created in my previous world it would definitely be a star product.

But when I get back I have to teach mom a lesson for forgetting something very important!

With this thought in mind I took off all my clothes to take a shower.

"I hope Destan brings up some food—I'm starving..."

Women's World: I am the man with the most OP auxiliary class

Around me there is a dreamlike fog. In the real world, this fog would blind even the best explorer.

"I have returned to the plane of dreams. Dianeira, wait for me~"

I've been waiting for this day for a long time~

For a long time now I have not been able to take revenge for this girl's pranks toward me. And even though I can sometimes hit Dianeira, that doesn't mean I can actually fight her in the real world.

Dianeira has a lot of strength in her arms and legs, and she has great mobility—especially when it comes to dodging skills. It's obvious she's been letting me land hits on purpose and does not keep her guard up against me.

And that offends me a lot!!!

But in the world of dreams it is the opposite!

Here, in the spiritual dream plane of carbon-based creatures... I AM THE KING!!!

Moving through this fog is becoming easier for me. My senses seem to get used to the information that my soul obtains in this world, such as the sense of smell.

Since we all came here to work and not on vacation, everyone went to sleep early. But not before asking me if I was okay, and asking Magen to bring me some dinner.

So when I entered the dream world, it didn't take long until the smell of my teammates was felt in the fog.

One by one they began manifesting in the dream world. And although I was curious about the dreams of the other girls, I resisted—waiting for Dianeira's dream island to fully load on the dream server.

Then, when I smelled Dianeira's scent right in the direction where Kara's aroma came from, I floated toward her island and entered her dream.

"Probably because she just fell asleep—her dream world hasn't fully formed yet..."

Everything around me was still hazy—but with a gray fog. Although I can feel Dianeira's aura coming from everywhere and from all directions.

"I could just wait for Dianeira to go into REM sleep and start dreaming... but I don't have all night!"

A typical person begins to dream about an hour to an hour and a half after falling asleep, going through the phases of sleep to the state of rapid eye movement or REM.

"...But I have no plans to wait more than an hour here surrounded by fogs of dreams..."

Not to mention that time passes very differently in the world of dreams than in the real world. Sometimes a second can pass inside here and an hour outside—or in that hour you can live a whole life inside the dream."

So even if I have to spend more demonic energy, it is best to build a dream now to attract Dianeira to descend onto her dream island.

"Uhm~ Thinking... I think a forest would be good since she is an explorer who doesn't lose to the -Wood Elves-..."

I raise my hands (imaginary ones, of course), and trees start sprouting from the ground that began to grow around my location. And after a few minutes, a land of lush green forests appeared.

Large, very tall trees with leafy crowns and green leaves barely let in a few rays of sun. And obviously, in dreams, even if you look at the sky, you will never see the sun. I am not going to worry about these details. Furthermore, every detail I pay attention to—to create and make the dream more real—is more expenditure of demonic energy.

A soil with abundant grass, bushes here and there, and trees is sufficient for a forest design.

"Huh? Why am I naked?"

When you enter someone else's dream, you are first an invisible spirit.

But it seems that I forgot my clothes when creating my body within the dream.

"Archers and explorers... Let's dress in brown leather pants to camouflage with the trees, and green leather on top~

Some boots... And a bow with a quiver on my back! Hehehe~

Dianeira, let's see who is the hunter and who is the prey in the world of dreams~"

The bow is simple. I don't know much about bows, so one from my imagination is enough. And speaking of arrows—they are arrows without sharp tips. I don't want to -kill- Dianeira when I shoot her, although in the dream you can't really kill. I'll create arrows with ball-tipped ends made of sticky rubber, so when I shoot Dianeira and hit her, she'll feel a soft, ball-like blow on her body—and the stickiness will keep the arrow from falling off, making it cling to her skin.

"Uhm~ It's here~"

My nose twitched as I smelled Dianeira's scent.

Attracting Dianeira's consciousness to the dream I created is not difficult—almost like making a honey trap and waiting for the bear to fall.

I may not have training as an archer, but I've seen Naruto, and I know how to run jumping from tree to tree~

Also, this is a dream! Logic doesn't apply.

After ten seconds, I found Dianeira in the forest. She seemed bewildered, but her own mind will guide her. For example, when she sees that she appeared in a forest, her mind will devise a story and give her the tools that she knows she may need in this environment.

So a Dianeira in the forest—even though she is puzzled at first—quickly adjusts her mind, thinking that she is hunting or practicing her scout and archer skills.

Dianeira is also dressed in leather attire. Unlike me, Dianeira wears her scout armor as usual.

"It's time to catch you and make you MINE, my Little Bunny!~"

I shouted from atop a high tree branch as I pulled out an arrow from my quiver on my back and placed it on my bow, pointing toward Dianeira on the ground.

"Vremya? Vremya! Let me catch you and show you how sweet it is to be a man~"

'This girl... what is she thinking...?'

Although her words surprise me, it doesn't surprise me much. Dianeira has been attacking me sexually all this time. Sometimes I wonder where ****she**** gets these ideas from...

Even though I suddenly appeared in the forest, and Dianeira for a moment went blank wondering what was going on, her mind quickly updated the story script and created an event where she and I are facing each other.

Sometimes my dreams surprise me. Strange things happen and sudden changes occur—but for the dreamer, everything is fine and very normal. And unless there is a very sudden change, you will not wake up.

I didn't let Dianeira get ready. And when she finished talking and saying strange things, I shot many arrows. In reality, only one—but with imagination, many appeared as if I had shot them all at once.

"AHHHH! YUCK! What is that!? Slime!?!..."

The arrows did not fall on Dianeira's body. Instead, they transformed into a sticky substance that covered her entire body.

"You want to do weird things to me!?"

Then let me show you what I have learned alone in my previous life about the culture of an eastern island country~"

"Uhnmmm~..."

The feeling beneath me feels very different.

The softness on my body is not correct, nor is the temperature. Light enters my eyes. My eyelids tremble and open, revealing before my pupils a strange white wooden ceiling.

"Uhn?~..."

As my -system- reboots, I glance around the unfamiliar room. To the side, on another bed, I see a young boy with short, messy brown hair, drool coming out of his mouth, sleeping in a strange position...

The light that allows me to see the room is soft and a little yellowish. The large window, covered by thick curtains, lets in a bit of dawn light.

"Wow~ Looks like it's time to wake up... Mnmnmnm~"

I stretched as I remembered where I was, and all my memories flooding back and functional again.

As usual, I simply kicked the blanket that covered me and protected me from the cold—and magically, the blanket floated in the air.

Placing myself on my side near the edge of the bed, I lowered my feet and gently pushed myself up, finishing sitting up—and stretched my body again.

"I feel so good today~"

After stretching, my hands instinctively drift to my belly, and my spatial perception analyzed the inside of my body.

"Great!~

I thought that because it was a different potion than the one prepared at home, it might not work completely—but it seems that everything is fine with my body and my hormones."

Before my eyes—or the organ, or whatever it is—I can see the soft pink, velvety walls glistening slightly with moisture. And it's not that there is light inside my body, or that my spatial perception shows me colors—but that is the information my mind receives when inspecting my internal organs.

Although it is the first time I see that part of my body, leaving aside the embarrassment, I can say that **EVERYTHING IS WELL** now.

Giving a small jump, I got out of bed. My feet entered a pair of white slippers made from the skin of an animal I have not had the pleasure of meeting.

Although in the bed area there is a soft carpet, the bathroom has a marble floor—which, although it is a warm material, in this time of year (where the cold begins to absorb all kinds of heat), even marble floors feel cold to the touch. So it is not advisable to go barefoot.

I grabbed my backpack and headed to the bathroom, starting the morning routine I've had for most of my two lives.

After brushing my teeth and rinsing my face with fresh water to finish waking up, I sat on the toilet to pee. After finishing my morning physiological secretion needs, I rinsed myself with water and began to take off the sleepwear that I had prepared exclusively for travel—especially when I have to share a room.

"Wait!

Why did I sit down to make number one if I'm a boy!?"

My body and mind froze for a moment....

After dressing in the clothes prepared to explore mountains and rocky areas, I left the bathroom. And from the door, I used a little wind magic to blow gently toward Destan, who has not yet woken up...

"Huh? What's wrong?"

Destan woke up surprised and confused.

"It's already dawn. Get up quickly, go rinse and change. I'll go down first."

I was thinking of going straight down to the inn's restaurant. But I decided to see if the girls were up yet. Also... I want to see Dianeira's face when she wakes up~

Hehehehehehe~

"I shouldn't invade anyone's privacy... but... eh?"

Ehhhhh!~

Is she wet?~"

Women's World: I am the man with the most OP auxiliary class

When I peeked inside Dianeira and Kara's room, Dianeira was already awake.

At this moment, Dianeira had the hotel sheets rolled into balls in her arms, while with a desperate look she signed some unilateral agreements with Kara.

It seems that although Dianeira tried to hide her crime, Kara woke up, trapping her just as Dianeira was trying to get rid of the evidence.

Dianeira's small white fists, clenched, her flushed face, and desperate look make me think that last night's little revenge was a success.

Although I may be exaggerating a lot. I can't believe the damage was so great that the liquid leaked into the real world, outside the dream world.

After trapping this little forest bunny in a sticky, oily liquid, the forest environment disappeared, changing into a large bathroom environment. I don't like playing outside, so doing intimate things in a forest may be too much.

Although it can be said that the dream world is entirely Dianeira's and she has all the power within her own dream, I, as a half-lust demon, can snatch control like a hacker snatching a novice user's computer.

So for long hours I fought Dianeira, tying her with chains of sticky slime to an inflatable mattress on the marble floor of a Grecian-style bathroom.

But I never thought that the -suffering- that made Dianeira vibrate uncontrollably in the Greek-style dream bathroom would also make her -explode- in reality. Does this count as wetting the bed from having wet dreams?

"Having wet dreams about her classmate and teammate, tks, tks, tks~

That's embarrassing~ hehehe~" I muttered seriously, but still smiling.

knock, knock, knock

"Kara~ Dianeira~ Are you awake yet?~" I knocked on the white wooden door of the inn room and spoke in a loud but soft voice, as if I didn't know if something had happened and even if the police saw me at the crime scene, they wouldn't suspect me: a good law-abiding citizen~.

"Wait... wait a minute! We're coming out." Dianeira's words passed through the white wooden door, although I could detect nervousness in the tone of her voice.

If I wasn't spying inside the room, I might think that nothing was wrong, but instead I could see how Dianeira almost jumped so high that she hit the ceiling of the inn room with her head upon hearing my voice.

Then, Dianeira threw the sheets she had in her arms to the other side of the bed and stopped Kara, who was starting to head toward the bedroom door to open it.

"Vrem... Vremya, you can wait for us downstairs in the restaurant. Don't wait for us here." Dianeira spoke again as she whispered a few things to Kara and nodded her head.

I arrived late and I don't know what conditions Kara posed to maintain her silence, but it seems that my arrival only put the final nail in Dianeira's coffin, forcing her to accept the agreement with Kara.

Kara nodded in agreement, then grabbed her backpack and headed to the bathroom. Dianeira breathed a sigh of relief and then fell onto her sheetless bed and began punching the mattress with her little white fists and kicking.

Since everything seemed to have reached a consensus, I shrugged my shoulders and turned my gaze to the others.

Tikshna is ready; she wears jeans with medium leather boots, as well as a long-sleeved, high-necked denim jacket.

But the pants, as well as the jacket, seem to be under great pressure, supporting an enormous force and threatening to burst at any moment as soon as one of its seams gives way.

Although Tikshna is at my height, the curves of her overdeveloped body make her look taller than me.

Tikshna is practically ready now, just gently pushing Professor Rudelle, who is still sprawled out on the bed snoring, trying to wake her up.

"Vremya! Good morning YOO~"

"Good morning, Vremya!"

Magen and Xifia, respectively, came out of their room and greeted me when they saw me. Coming out of my state of spatial perception, I returned the greetings.

Magen and Xifia are still wearing the exploration clothes I bought yesterday.

A set of denim pants and jackets with medium velvet-style leather boots with a medium flat heel and large non-slip sole.

"Let's go down. Dianeira and Kara aren't ready yet, so let's wait downstairs..."

"Etto... Vrem... Everyone... The... The teacher... Rudelle... She's not waking up..." A door to the side opened a little and a clear, blushing face appeared, speaking in a low voice.

"EHHH!!! I'll take care of it!

BANG (kick the door) Old hag, now I'm going to call you old hag-witch!"

Magen entered as if it were her house, pulled the sheet that barely covered Professor Rudelle.

Suddenly, Teacher Rudelle stood up like a zombie, without opening her eyes, took Magen with her right hand by the collar of her jean jacket, walked toward the window that faces the side of the inn, opened the window, and then threw Magen out the window.

"AHHHHhhhh... Damn old-witch..."

"What a nice day today~" Professor Rudelle commented as she crossed her arms and watched the sky light up in a beautiful pastel blue.

"Is Magen okay?" Tikshna murmured beside me.

"It's always the same." On my other side, Xifia placed her hand on her forehead, letting out a long, deep sigh.

"Eh~ Magen is fine..." I trotted over to the window and, passing by Rudelle, looked out, placing my hands on the sill.

"I'm fine~!" Peeking out, I could see Magen standing calmly on the stone floor in the alley at the side of the inn.

"Go to the inn restaurant!" I yelled at Magen from the window.

"Not the inn's restaurant! We'll go to another place for breakfast that has private booths so we can talk in privacy."

"Magen, wait for us at the entrance of the inn instead!" I yelled again at Magen, who was already heading toward the exit of the alley with her hands behind her head, walking as if nothing had happened.

PAN

"Pyaa!~" When Magen turned around, nodded, and waved at me... I felt a spanking!

I jumped and turned quickly, covering my back with my hands.

"What are you all doing here?"

"Are we having a scouting meeting in this place?"

Dianeira and Kara had entered the room seeing us all inside at some point.

"Good morning~!"

"How did you sleep, Kara... Dianeiraaa~?"

Seeing Dianeira, I couldn't help but smile, but I also put on an angry expression and approached the two girls with my hands behind my back, staring Dianeira in the eyes.

Hearing me say her name and looking at me, Dianeira almost turned into a ripe red apple because of the strong blush that began to cover her face when she remembered something.

Kara, on the side, was going to speak, but Dianeira grabbed her arm, quickly pulling her in and giving her a direct look.

"We slept very well, and you, little Vremya?"

"Good."

Dianeira and Kara responded with a simple "Good" from Kara, who shrugged.

"Little one? Hm!"

Did you shower, Dianeira? I see your hair is WET~

Let me help you dry~"

I began to gather wind-element mana in my hands while saying indirect words and phrases to the archer in my group.

My look said *'You hit me, didn't you?*' and Dianeira looked at me as if to say *'Yes, something told me I had to hit you.'*

But I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Okay, stop playing. Let's go have breakfast and plan the morning itinerary. We need to rent a carriage to go north..."

Professor Rudelle stepped between Dianeira and me, but I could see that with her hidden hand she gave Dianeira a thumbs-up. Obviously, this isn't going to stay like this. I need to remember to buy a small notebook to write down these grudges!

Tikshna and Xifia wanted to say something too, but they remained silent as our teacher, in charge of our school group and our assigned -Quest Guardian-, began to repeat the rules and regulations about quests and their protocols.

Things like:

Review our resources and tools before going out to execute a -Quest-. Remember the keywords when you need to converse in public and activate anti-spy tools.

Using words like -Contractor- for whoever entrusts the mission (in this case, the Royal Castle), -The Tower- for the Royal Academy. I think the Civil Academy is called -The House-, and adventurers registered in the Adventurers' Guild are called -The Hall-. I don't know if there's a hidden dark guild like in the ninja world, but they definitely must have a more secret code.

Furthermore, unlike shadow groups, we are official, so we do not hide our identities. Also, we identified ourselves upon entering the port city, and our clothing and demeanor clearly mark us as students of the Royal Academy.

Moreover, the Human Kingdom is just one kingdom, one country—there are no warring human factions or rival nations.

They tried to kidnap me in the Royal Capital, which means there's a group of humans opposing the Human Kingdom?

I'm too lazy to worry about that~

Women's World: I am the man with the most OP auxiliary class

It is mark four of the day and we have been walking for half a mark through this forest of stone and rocks. Or, in the time of my previous life: eight in the morning.

The planning meeting in the morning was just laying out a map on the table and deciding which area to explore first.

After choosing and marking the area where the ancient ruins are believed to be most likely to be, we ate a very filling breakfast, rich in protein and fat.

The ice and snow season is approaching. You can say that we are in the middle and end of autumn. The Human Kingdom shares the northern continent with the - Wood Elves-. We are in the western part of a continent shaped like a shoe, and human territory is in the northernmost part, where the foot enters the shoe.

Therefore, human territory is where the winter season arrives first in the northern hemisphere.

So, although we are not yet in the season of ice and snow, the mountains in this range are already adorned with a white silk loom, and we need a lot of protein to withstand the cold.

And thanks to this I can throw a snowball in Dianeira's face!

"AHH! It's cold!!"

"See! And so you want me to wear a skirt in this cold?!" I gave Dianeira a cold look.

We are exploring some mountains. Who would wear a skirt in these circumstances? I don't know what I expected.

Plus, it's not like if I wore a skirt it would be noticeable. Aside from a skirt, I'm wearing an ankle-length white trench coat that covers everything.

The trench coat, with the help of the thick denim fabric our clothes are made of, keeps us warm while we look for any signs of a cave or anything that says there may be treasure or ruins.

"But you can buff us to keep us warm~"

"...Maybe you no longer want the cold resistance aura and the cold removal charm..."

"Vremya~! Nooo~!"

Sorry, I won't do it again~!"

Dianeira threw herself at my feet in the snow and hugged me by the legs, looking very pitiful. But of course, it's all pretend... or her hands wouldn't be touching my legs and back cheeks while she rubs her face on my belly.

"With you it's going to be a little complicated to explore the area we were assigned to..." I tried to push Dianeira away with my hands while I said.

I don't know how Magen came up with the idea of randomly teaming up and pairing us with a drawing of slips of paper with repeating numbers.

There were three 1's, two 2's and two 3's, and Dianeira and I got the 3. And the paper that said which part of the area we would explore was north.

It's not dangerous to separate ourselves like this. We are an hour from the city (world time), and practically the entire area has already been explored before.

Not only are there hunters who come for prey, there are also gatherers who go out to look for medicinal materials, and there are a couple of iron and copper mines.

So, since there is not much danger, our teacher in charge and -Quest Guardian- stayed in the port to gather information... but we all know that she will only spend it in the taverns of the port...

You would think that being with an explorer would be the best option when the -Quest- is about exploring an area and finding an objective or resource... but with Dianeira...

"Stop playing. We've barely gotten close to our target area and it's already been an hour. We should use the other hour to explore as much as we can before returning to the meeting point..."

The horse-drawn carriage in which we traveled and rented to come to the first search area we could only leave behind and continue on foot.

Before we split up, I threw a couple of buffs at my teammates.

With my magic skills growing, and since there are only a few temperature protection spells, the duration of each buff is long. We have agreed to meet at certain central points every two hours, unless someone finds something or faces

danger. At that time, a flare will be used to inform everyone else and run in the direction of the flare.

"Okay, okay~ Time to work....Huh?!"

"¡AH! ¡Dianeira!!..."

"Shhh." Dianeira put her index finger to her lips and hissed at me.

Seeing that Dianeira was looking in one direction, I could see a shadow that ran between frozen rocks on the mountain.

I activated my Byakugan (fake), concentrating my perception in that direction.

Not only could I see a pair of -Dune Runners (Zerling)-, who seemed to be waiting to ambush us, but a third was running towards the north.

Looking in the direction is running, up ahead I came across something that impressed me.

A small Zerg unit was besieging a large snow-white Cat with bright blue eyes like a sapphire jewel.

Although the -Cat- was alone, he could fight against five -Zergling- and two - Zantar Snigill-Roach-, but it seems that it is only a matter of time before he loses.

The big cat was already starting to feel exhausted, and his beautiful snow-white coat was starting to become stained with red flowers around him.

But even though it seems like he's going to lose... why doesn't he escape? —I asked myself.

"Are there only two -Dune Runners (Zerling)-? Was it necessary to push me into the snow?" I told Dianeira, who is above me very cheerfully.

Thanks to my auxiliary spells, even though we are lying on the cold snow, we do not feel cold. Furthermore, I can feel Dianeira's natural body temperature through her clothes, as well as her body scent and fresh breath.

Although Dianeira has taken a liking to harassing me, I don't dislike her. Or who would dislike a youthful girl with a lot of energy, intelligent, social and who also knows how to cook? And that is not being sexist: in this world dominated by women, it is rare to find a woman who cooks for pleasure and pleasure... and who also does it very well.

"Get off! Here they come," I said softly to Dianeira, who changed her expression and, with an agile movement and with great ease, she jumped easily and in a moment she had a bow in her right hand and an arrow in her left hand.

"{Wind Binds!}" Although I didn't get up as nimbly, with quick movements I stood behind Dianeira and, aiming with my hands, cast a curse-type spell towards the pair of -Dune Runners (Zerling)- who were running towards us.

Some wind currents tied the -Dune Runners (Zerling)- while making cuts in their insectoid legs.

Afterwards, the arrow released by Dianeira seemed to split into two and then four in the air as they flew towards their targets.

Two powerful arrows hit the lower part of each alien's jaws, stabbing hard.

GRAAAAAH!!! x2

The aliens growled in pain and fury.

"{Wind and Water Blades!}"

Casting a new magical incantation, a pair of wind and water blades accompanied the new arrows released by Dianeira.

GAAAH!

The two - Dune Runners (Zerling) - did not last longer and fell under the siege of arrows and cutting magic.

"Your aim has improved," I said as I trotted over to the two alien corpses while gathering fire magic in my hands.

It is protocol to burn the bodies of aliens so as not to contaminate the environment. It's not that they come back as zombies or something like that, but they have a -disease- that infects the earth and is very dangerous.

"There are only two weak -Dune Runners-..."

"Yes, yes, Magen~ hehehe." I interrupted Dianeira's presumption.

My fire element skills are not very strong for combat yet. Fairies are not very talented in the fire element, generally... although there are fairies with a fiery nature who can easily create small hells. But they are very rare.

So I can only use fire nature in fairy magic to increase stats or as shields against the cold...

But it's still enough to gather fire mana in my hands to burn a couple of disgusting insect corpses sick with some kind of fungal pathogen.

After I confirmed that they were burning, I ran in the direction of the big cat fighting a small alien unit alone.

"Vremya, wait!

It's dangerous! Aliens never act alone. There may be a large unit of aliens ahead..."

"Quickly, my dear explorer~!

Launch the flare!" Thanks to my wind magic and space ability, my speed is fast.

Dianeira already had the flare gun in her hand. When she heard me, she pointed it at the sky and fired. A red light shot out from the mouth of the gun tube and quickly rose into the sky.

Despite it being daytime, the red light is easily noticeable from miles away. Before long, the other girls will find us.

The reason why I am running quickly is to catch up and save the big white cat. I just discovered the reason why he stayed to fight instead of running away when she was faced with the possibility of losing.

On one of the walls of the mountain there is a small cave, and inside there are three little white cat cubs.

So the big white cat is actually a big mother cat. I can't let those kittens be orphaned by space bugs!

"{Strength!} {Defense!} {Heal!} {Heal!} {Speed!}..." As soon as I arrived where the big white cat and an alien team were fighting, I started casting auxiliary magics at the big white cat.

"RAAAAAWWWW!!!" The big white cat growled loudly. Feeling that her body seemed to recover, she launched herself with more courage and fury towards the - Dune Runners-, tearing one into pieces with her claws.

"That's a Vorshaan Nivalis Cimeira!?!!" I heard Dianeira's very surprised voice behind me.

Women's World: I am the man with the most OP auxiliary class

"What is a Vorshaan Nivalis Cimeira?" I asked Dianeira curiously, who stood in front of me on guard against the great white cat, keeping her eyes fixed on it instead of the aliens.

It was as if this motherly white cat were more dangerous than the aliens themselves...

"That! That great lynx is a Vorshaan Nivalis Cimeira! It's the most dangerous feline that exists!

They grow beyond ten li, and some even surpass fifteen or even twenty li—but I think the last part is a myth... Still, this one seems very small..."

Dianeira gave me a quick lesson on the feline species of this world. I haven't had many zoology classes, and although the Royal Academy teaches many courses,

these are mostly extracurricular or specialty tracks—like for those who specialize in taming and breeding magical beasts.

Headmistress Roselle also added this subject to my curriculum, but she left it pending since I already had too many classes scheduled for this year. So for now, I can identify plants, trees, shrubs, herbs, and everything in the vegetal and partial fungal kingdoms—but I don't know much about the animal kingdom.

But hearing Dianeira's voice—filled with both fear and respect—I could feel that this great white cat was truly important and dangerous.

I could see the mother cat stood three meters tall—still far from the ten li Dianeira mentioned, which would be about five meters.

Dianeira says they can grow up to ten meters? Even if it's a myth, seven meters alone would make them enormous monsters!

And yet, this huge white mother cat is already three meters tall... and Dianeira says she's still young?

"It seems you're both afraid of her and in love with her at the same time."

"Are you kidding!? It's a Vorshaan Nivalis Cimeira!!

It's every hunter's and beast-tamer's dream!!!"

By now, the great Vorshaan cat—though in better shape thanks to my buffs and having eliminated one Dune Runner—hadn't reduced the enemy count, because another Dune Runner arrived: the one that ran ahead and showed us the way.

"Well, if we don't do anything, the big white cat will lose."

"But..."

"We are Summoning Warriors, and our duty is to protect this planet from alien invaders from another world!"

I cast support magic and fairy dust over Dianeira.

It's not that I ignore the danger of a wild beast—it's that watching a mother fight to protect her cubs and doing nothing would stab my heart with regret for the rest of my life.

Rising into the sky, I unfurled my wings. Though I don't need fairy wings to fly, releasing them from my body maximizes my connection to nature's energy and my control over fairy dust.

"RAAAWW!" The Vorshaan's mighty roar unleashed a gale of wind blades.

The Dune Runners (Zerglings) were thrown back, but not seriously injured. At a distance, the Roaches prepared to spit their acidic venom.

Though the Vorshaan's area attack seemed indiscriminate, not a single blade came in my direction.

I flew to position myself above the great Vorshaan cat.

"{Earth Wall!}"

Just as the Roaches were about to launch their acid, I gathered earth-element mana in my hands and raised a wall of soil right in their faces.

TSSSSSSSSSSSS... The sound of acid sizzling filled the air as it melted my earth wall—but the wall did its job and blocked the attack.

Zantar Snigill, alias Roaches, store potent acid in their stomachs that they vomit to cause massive damage. Though they can't use it constantly—their acid production is limited—you must always watch for when they might unleash it.

GRRRRRRRR

RAAAAAAGSS

Though the Roaches seemed annoyed, and the Zerglings frustrated by their failed assault, the Vorshaan seized the opportunity to pounce on a Zergling, bite its neck, swing it through the air, and slam it into the ground.

The other Zerglings lunged at the cat—but glowing silver arrows struck them down.

"Let's defeat these otherworldly invaders!" I smiled at Dianeira, who had already flown to my side.

Thanks to the fairy dust I sprinkle on allies, they not only gain abundant energy to fight—they also heal wounds, recover stamina, and can fly.

I watched *Peter Pan* in my past life too...

"Mm! Let's kill these monsters!" Dianeira took position beside me and began drawing the string of her longbow, charging magical arrows.

A small, cute white rabbit sat on Dianeira's right shoulder.

"Come on~! Let's fight together!" I whispered softly—and the great white cat seemed to understand me, leaping forward to fight the Roaches.

Dianeira fired her magical arrows while I focused on empowering them and aiding the Vorshaan—shielding her white fur and casting curse-type magic at the aliens.

Though Dianeira and I can easily handle two Dune Runners (Zerglings), against five we'd surely lose. But thanks to the massive Vorshaan acting as our tank and our advantage in the air, it was easy.

After a short while, with a whip-like tail strike, the last Zergling was eliminated.

The place no longer held its beautiful white vista—as if a blanket covered everything. Now it was full of attack marks and craters in the earth.

A Dune Runner's size varies between 1.5 to 2-3 li in official records. Elite units and Brood Lords can exceed these measures. Zantar Snigill range from two to three meters.

So this great white mother cat is larger than the aliens that attacked her. Thinking about the size of an adult Vorshaan—and seeing this one is still young yet so strong—I can only imagine the power of full-grown Vorshaans. Now I understand Dianeira's initial shock and fear.

The Vorshaan pounced on a Roach, driving her front claws into its back and biting its neck. While Dianeira and I distracted the other Roach, the Vorshaan tore through its neck and spine with teeth and claws.

After that, it only took a minute to kill the last Roach.

Then, when the Roach had stopped fighting, the Vorshaan released her grip and stepped aside. She looked exhausted and badly injured.

"Vremya, get away—it's dangerous!"

"Wait, I have to help her. She bit those things—she might be contaminated." I lowered my altitude slowly, approaching the Vorshaan.

The great white mother cat growled softly at me—but didn't attack. My magic is calm and serene. Unlike mages who wield chaotic arcane energy or shamans who channel wild natural forces, my fairy magic is tranquil—like a still lake.

I gathered a great deal of fairy dust and magical energy to cast a purification spell, not bothering to invent a name or chant—I didn't want to scare the giant kitty.

"kurokurokurokuro~" The Great White Mother Cat relaxed under my touch and fairy magic and even started to purr.

"There, there, calm down... it's over..."

"Vrem...!!" Dianeira wanted to say something when she saw me bring my hands close to the Vorshaan's face.

My magic deeply calmed the Vorshaan. I could feel her breathing and heartbeat return to a peaceful rhythm.

After conjuring damp wind to rinse her fur, mouth, and paws, my arms were already wrapped around her fluffy neck...

"She's so softttt~~!"

"Vremya! You're crazy... Ugh..." Dianeira sighed, but still wouldn't come closer—hovering at a safe distance, bow and arrow ready in case the Vorshaan suddenly attacked me.

"Here, open your mouth—drink this~" From my backpack, I pulled out a purifying potion, a healing potion, and a recovery potion.

With one hand, I gently stroked the Vorshaan's chin.

The Vorshaan seemed to understand. She lay down for a moment—perhaps to rest and regain energy—and opened her mouth slightly.

I poured the three potions into her snout, and she drank them all. These are home-made potions, specially crafted by Mom—their potency and flavor are unique. Not even my sisters get potions made by Mom.

So the taste must've pleased the Vorshaan, who happily drank them all—and at the end, gave me a lick on the face.

"AH! That tickles!~

Dianeira, come down—she won't hurt you!"

"How did you do that?" Dianeira lowered her flight altitude and approached slowly.

Though my dear explorer's eyes sparkled with desire for the Vorshaan, she still hesitated to get close without caution.

"We helped her. She's a smart girl—she knows we're not enemies."

"But it's a Vorshaan Nivalis Cimeira. Even if she's only five or six li tall, she's a proud magical beast—and that makes her very dangerous."

"But pride doesn't mean ingratitude. Right, Xuexue~?" I commented while petting Xuexue's fluffy white neck fur.

"Xuexue?"

Don't give her a name!"

Dianeira exclaimed how an animal caretaker would scold a person who feeds the zoo animals.

"Vreem!!! Here I come!!!"

Magen's shout echoed from a distance. Even though we had already defeated the aliens, my spatial awareness had remained sharp, observing the surroundings, especially the cave with the three kittens.

In the distance, I could see my teammates running towards us. They were about two or three kilometers away. Arriving quickly was great, but it was a shame they were late to the party.

I could also see someone lying in the snow, watching us...