

SPELLCRAFT 1071

[SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar](#)

Chapter 1071: Gravitas Labyrinth

[The Elf Kingdom: Royal Palace]

The grandeur of the Elven throne room did nothing to alleviate the suffocating tension in the air.

Opulent chandeliers hung from the high ceilings, their soft golden glow casting long, dramatic shadows on the rich tapestries lining the walls.

An exquisite throne of silver and emerald stood in the center, a symbol of authority and power. It was here, the Elf Queen sat, her elegant features hardened by seething rage.

She listened, her fists clenched tightly around the throne's armrests, as the elf messenger relayed the horrific news.

The Special Elf Squad she had sent after Aria and her team were found dead by the special investigation team..

Not just dead, but buried.

A direct insult. A defiance of her authority.

"Leave me!" The Queen's voice reverberated through the cavernous hall, a thunderous echo that sent a shiver down the messenger's spine.

He bowed hurriedly, stumbling over his own feet in his haste to leave. As soon as he was out of sight, the Elf Queen's composed facade shattered.

"Aria!" She growled, her voice a dangerous whisper. "You've gone too far."

Her slender fingers curled around a small crystal orb on the armrest of her throne, the smooth surface warm beneath her touch.

Images flickered in the orb – vivid, painful memories of the fallen Elven warriors. Her heart clenched as she looked at their peaceful faces, their lives snuffed out in the prime of their youth.

She wasn't particularly concerned about them as individuals, but as her tools for the progression of her ambitions.

They has been incredibly useful, and now they were no more.

This was a grave affront, a direct challenge to her rule.

It was not only a matter of personal vengeance now, but of her reign, of the respect and fear her title commanded. The lives of her loyal subjects were on the line.

"The time for subtlety has passed," she said, her emerald eyes blazing with a cold, icy fire. "Drastic measures are necessary."

Alone in the echoing silence of the throne room, the Elf Queen plotted her next move.

Aria and her allies had escalated the battle, and now, they would face the full wrath of the Elven Kingdom.

No... the Triumvirate!

[Location: Gravitas Labyrinth]

"D-damnit..."

The alternate dimension I had found myself in had felt like the maw of a gigantic beast, its gravity pressing down on me relentlessly.

It was almost as if it wanted to swallow me whole.

The pressure on my body was intense, like the weight of an entire world compressing my every cell.

It had felt like walking through a pool of tar while the world pushed down from above. I had lifted my foot, stepped forward, and planted it down again.

Unfortunately for me, not every Labyrinth had to do with fighting monsters.

Every move so far had been a war.

Above, the Arcana I was after had twinkled teasingly in the sky.

It seemed so far away, a star I could only dream of reaching.

The cruel, oppressive gravity clung to my body, shackling me to the ground.

But the sight of my goal, the shimmering light of the Arcana, had fueled my determination, intensifying the flames of resolve burning in my heart.

"Damn it..." I gritted my teeth, mustering every ounce of will and power I possessed. "You're not out of reach..."

Every word I uttered had come out as a pained grunt, and each exhalation had felt like I was giving away a part of my life force.

I had focused my Magic, channeling the Nether energy through me, yet it barely did anything to change the situation.

The law in this world made it so that I couldn't resist it—at least not completely.

'Looks like I'm close enough now...' I finally halted, sweat dripping from my face as I stared at the prize once more.

'Let's do this!'

My body pulsed with the raw power, and I activated my trump card: Spellcraft.

Swiftly fusing my Nether with the overwhelming amount around me, I directed it towards the Arcana.

The gravity-controlling energy now began to swirl around the gleaming prize in the sky, its force starting to pull the Arcana downward.

'Alright!' I gritted my teeth harder, focusing with all my might.

The pull of gravity became more intense, more potent, and the Arcana started falling faster.

"Come... to... me!" Each word I had forced out had been a battle, a declaration of my will against the world.

It fell.

It kept falling.

I watched in anticipation as I saw it descend faster and faster; like a shooting star.

Finally, the Arcana descended within my reach, its luminescent glow casting a stark contrast to the oppressive darkness of the dimension.

I felt my heart thud heavily in my chest, and with the last reserves of my strength, I stretched out my hand.

"Haa..." The pull of gravity tugged against my arm, threatening to snap it, but I pushed against the force, reaching out further.

'A... little... more...'

Just when it had seemed I could stretch no more, my fingers made contact with the Arcana.

Its surface was warm, pulsating with power that thrilled through me.

An intense light burst from it, encapsulating the entire space, bathing everything in a blinding, pure luminescence.

I instantly closed my eyes against the glare, a triumphant smile tugging at my lips as I felt the Arcana's energy intertwine with my own.

'[The Star]... I see!'

The strong gravitational force ceased, and as I felt myself grow unconscious, I felt some whispers utter some things into my ears.

I could hardly hear anything, though.

"C-crap! I'm falling unconscious again?"

As I tried my best to fight the vertigo, I quickly safeguarded the Arcana, placing it in my satchel.

Once that was done, sleep overpowered my senses, and I fell unconscious.

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Chapter 1072: Madness Of A Man

As I slipped into the world of dreams once again, it was like sinking into a sea of shadows.

I was adrift on the currents of unconsciousness, knowing that I was dreaming but unable to interact, unable to wake.

It was a familiar sensation now, this lucidity. I was a ghost, an observer to a story that was not my own.

In my dream, I was in a dimly lit room.

Books were strewn across the floor, charts and diagrams filled the walls, and a hunched figure sat in the corner, his face lit by the harsh glow of a desk lamp.

It was a young man, lost in thought, brows furrowed in deep concentration.

I could see his frustration, a palpable aura of disappointment and dissatisfaction that hung over him like a dark cloud.

His friends and allies came and went, trying to offer words of encouragement, of solace. But he would only shake his head, a grim smile etched onto his features.

"Impossible..." he muttered, his voice barely a whisper. "You don't understand... none of you do."

There was a certain stubbornness in his eyes, a spark of determination that belied his words. He was a man chasing a dream, a dream that seemed tantalizingly out of reach.

It finally drove him to isolation.

The man locked himself in his workshop, shrugging off any attempt to pull him out of his solitude.

He muttered to himself, his voice filled with an anguish that echoed off the stone walls.

"They don't understand... they don't know what it's like," he growled, his voice filled with an indescribable despair.

"To want something... to need it... and to know you can never have it."

I watched as he buried himself in his work, a man consumed by his dreams and ambitions.

The world around him ceased to exist, the only reality that mattered was the one he was trying to create.

As I watched him, I felt a pang of sympathy, an echo of his despair. I knew what it felt like to chase a dream, to strive for something seemingly unattainable.

But... there was something about this man that felt both odd and similar.

"All... I want it all..." He whispered.

All of what?

"My dream... I made a vow that day..."

Was he referring to the day I thought he was? The day he proclaimed he would be the Great Sage?

"Yes... that day..." As if reading my thoughts, the man muttered.

"I promised everyone... I promised myself... that I would do it!"

Do what? What was the thing that drove this man to this state?

"I... I would make sure no one knows Magic more than I do!"

My eyes bulged as I remembered the same words I had uttered as a child. He was referring to that, just as I thought.

"But I can't do it! Not as I am now! Not as long as I am Inept! Not as long as I am mortal! Not as long as I am limited!"

What was he implying? As the Great Sage, I studied all the Magic in my lifetime. I made sure I understood it more than my peers, and even revolutionized it.

As the Great Sage, even though I was Inept... I achieved all that.

Surely this man could do the same.

"No! It's not enough!" As if responding to me, the man responded in anger and frustration.

"I can't understand Magic the way those who have Magic can understand it. That feeling... I'll never have it."

Well, that was true, but—

"I'll die one day. When I die... someone will surpass me. They'll find out and know things I don't. No... that can't be. I want to know it all. I... it's driving me crazy!"

The man aged, still clinging onto this maddening position. He developed more theories, went on many adventures, and achieved many things.

But... he wasn't able to reach the impossible height he wanted.

"I want it all! All knowledge! Why can't I reach it? What am I lacking? I put in all this effort... I dedicated my whole life... and yet..."

Despair had taken over this man at this point.

He was unrecognizable from the bright past self he once was. Now he was ragged, having full beards and unkempt clothes.

His obsessive eyes scoured the dark room he occupied... his workshop.

"Ah, that's right. Haha... why didn't I think of this before?" He suddenly began to chuckle to himself.

"Why didn't I realize it sooner? I was wrong. All this time... I've been so WRONG!"

Insane cackles of laughter echoed throughout the room as he slowly came to a realization. My body trembled as I heard them.

The conclusion I arrived at.

"It's Magic. I need it. I need to have it! Why didn't I see it sooner? To obtain all the knowledge... I NEED Magic!"

I watched as the man rose, his eyes hollow and his eyes widening like that of a horrifying monster.

My heart raced and the darkness slowly began to eat away at my dream, scaring me greatly. Before I knew it, everything was consumed by it.

And then I heard the final whispers that emanated from the lone shadow in the room.

"That's the answer!"

The dream began to fade, the edges of my consciousness blurring.

His mutters were the last sounds I heard as the dreamworld dissolved around me, returning me to the waking world with a sense of both sadness and a dark foreboding of what was about to happen.

However...

"H-huh? What was that dream?"

... The moment I awoke, I couldn't remember the details of the dream I just had.

I couldn't even remember a single word that was uttered.

It had all vanished into darkness, leaving me standing alone in a shattering dimension, with the Arcana I sought in my grasp.

"Strange..." I whispered, looking around me to see nothing at all.

"Vey strange."

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Chapter 1073: The Mecha Knight

[The Makina Labyrinth]

Teleporting into a vast expanse of stars and nebulae, this Labyrinth was not bound by earth or stone but by the infinite canvas of outer space.

I had never been here before, except vicariously through the memory of Jared, my reincarnated self, so it was a strange sensation.

However... that wasn't the oddest part of this adventure.

[System Alert]

<Welcome To The Interstellar Battle of the Year 3199!>

"The what now?" My face twisted in surprise.

The surroundings suddenly shifted around me, and I found myself in the cockpit of a massive technological weapon, a Mech Warrior larger than any I had ever seen or imagined.

[System Alert]

<Welcome to the Mecha Knight G-234. You are its pilot, and the Hero of the Interstellar Battle>

It seemed like the insides of a Golem Design I thought of developing one time, but this one was way too advanced compared to what I had in mind.

'It's even more advanced than Jared's Hugo.'

Monitors hummed and flashed before me, alive with an array of information and statistics I had to quickly decipher.

"H-hold on, what's happening here exactly?" I had entered a Labyrinth, hoping for a regular trial, but this was the most bizarre one I had seen thus far.

~BOOOOM!~

~BOOOOMMM!~

~BOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!~

"Ack!"

I felt the entire mechanical room I sat in quake, as if it had been hit by a barrage of powerful blows.

"T-this is...?!" I paid rapt attention to the monitors and several mechanical displays around me, realizing the awful truth about my sudden situation.

[System Alert]

<Mecha Knight has sustained some damage. Integrity remaining 89%>

'The hell...?!'

I was currently in the heart of a space battle, war ships rushing toward me like a swarm of deadly locusts.

"Crap!" Realizing I didn't have the luxury of dawdling around for too long, I swiftly took action.

My fingers danced across the controls, the Mecha Knight, as it was called, lurching forward at my command.

I could feel the power thrumming around me, the tangible force of this giant of steel and fire. My heart pounded against my ribcage, my pulse synchronizing with the rhythm of the colossal machine.

'You can do this, Lewis! You can do this!'

I plunged headlong into the melee, my Mecha's massive fists crashing into enemy vessels.

I twisted and dodged through the void of space, avoiding barrages of plasma fire that zipped past my metal exterior.

"Aha!" I found myself growing excited as the battle elapsed.

Each strike I landed, each enemy ship I destroyed, felt like a victory. Yet, I was vastly outnumbered.

~BOOOOM!~

~BOOOOOOMMMM!~

A sudden shudder echoed through the metallic frame of the mech as I gripped the control sticks.

My heart pounded against my chest like a drum as I took a deep, steady breath.

[System Alert]

<Mecha Knight has sustained some damage. Integrity remaining 81%>

"No fair! I wasn't even hit that hard!" I yelled at the system warning.

Unfortunately, I had to keep fighting. Or else...

A thousand pinpricks of light swarmed in the inky blackness, the fleet of warlord ships bearing down on me like ravenous wolves.

'They're getting closer! Damn!'

Their energy weapons blazed in the darkness, a hail of deadly fire that streaked towards me. My breath hitched in my throat, adrenaline sharpening my senses.

"Faster, Lewis, faster!" I muttered under my breath, hands working deftly on the controls.

My Mecha Knight lurched into motion, every fiber of my being attuned to the machine as I danced amongst the stars.

Ships zipped towards me, unleashing an onslaught of plasma bolts that singed the edges of my Knight's protective shields.

I spun and pivoted, dodging as many as I could, but the sheer volume was overwhelming.

I had to rely on the Mecha's defensive capabilities, a shimmering force field that absorbed the blows but waned with each hit.

"Hahahahaha!"

Despite the frenzy of battle, a wild exhilaration surged through me.

This was a battle of will, a test of my capabilities and cunning, a challenge I had no choice but to overcome.

"You can't stop the Great Sage!"

I found the rhythm in the chaos, my movements syncing with the Mecha's.

I lashed out with the Knight's energy blades, slicing through the hulls of the approaching ships, sparks of blue electricity marking my path.

"DIEEEEEEEE!"

I watched as they spun out, disoriented, and crashed into their own.

The more I moved, the more comfortable I became. A ship dove towards me from the right, cannons blazing.

With a well-timed sidestep, I avoided the barrage and retaliated with a quick thrust of my energy blade, slicing the ship in half.

But as the battle progressed, the enemy seemed to adapt.

They started attacking in synchronized waves, testing the limits of my shield and maneuverability. Their plasma fire grew in intensity, threatening to overwhelm my Mecha's defenses.

I was tiring, my arms aching from the constant strain, my mind whirling from the sheer amount of focus required.

But I couldn't afford to falter.

With a fierce determination burning within me, I engaged the Mecha's thrusters, diving headlong into the swarm.

The Knight's systems whirred and hummed, the powerful exoskeleton amplifying my physical strength. I swung my energy blades in broad arcs, the flash of ionized air leaving streaks of blue in the dark vacuum.

The ensuing explosion was spectacular, a constellation of erupting ships cascading around me, their debris scattering like metallic confetti.

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

As the final war ship detonated, I was left alone amidst the dissipating remnants of the fleet.

"Huuuu..."

Exhausted, I leaned back into the Mecha's seat, a victorious smile gracing my lips.

I'd overcome the odds, defied the very laws of space. I'd won.

However...

~VWUUUUUUMMMMM!~

"Huh? What now?" My brows curled upward as I noticed a spatial rift a small distance from me.

It seemed I wasn't quite finished yet.

'No... no...'

Then, it arrived: a Mecha Knight so colossal, it dwarfed my own.

It was the embodiment of devastation, a monster cloaked in steel and armed with an array of terrifying weaponry.

"Oh boy..." My heart clenched as the leviathan swung at me, and I barely had time to engage my thrusters and rocket out of its path.

"Think, Lewis, think!" I muttered to myself, darting between incoming fire. "How do you fight a giant?"

In the cockpit, I poured over the controls, finding a lever that activated my Knight's booster rockets.

"Uwoooooo!" With a grit of my teeth, I jammed it forward, propelling me toward the enemy with a dizzying burst of speed.

The world blurred around me as I closed the distance between us, my Mecha Knight's fist rocketing forward to strike the enemy titan.

~BOOOOOOOO MMM!!!~

The impact reverberated through my controls, shaking me to my core. But the enemy mech stumbled, its systems momentarily shocked.

I capitalized on that moment of surprise, maneuvering my Mecha with newfound dexterity.

I ducked beneath a sweeping blow, retaliated with a punch to its midsection, then followed up with a knee to its torso.

Each strike rattled my enemy, forced it on the backfoot. But it was the last blow, a full-on shoulder charge that sent it reeling backward, crashing into a warlord ship in a spectacular explosion of metal and fire.

~BOOO MMMMMMMM
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

With the enemy Gundam in shambles, the battlefield suddenly grew quiet.

"Hahaha... please, no more surprises." I leaned back in my seat, my heart pounding, my breath ragged.

As I watched the wreckage of the enemy Gundam drift away, a shimmering card floated towards me – [The Chariot] Arcana.

As I reached out to grasp it, a jolt of energy coursed through me, the Arcana merging with my essence.

I felt a rush of triumph, a sense of control over a battlefield that had, only moments ago, felt overwhelming.

[The Chariot] was mine now.

"Who could have come up with this crazy test?" I asked myself.

It was literally out of this world.

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Chapter 1074: The Arcana Adventures

After concluding my very odd and... well, fun adventure in the Makina Labyrinth, I wasted no time in plotting the course for my next mission.

Thanks to the use of Magic, I was able to traverse this world with so much ease that it almost felt like cheating at the pace I was going.

Of course, it made me happy because that would mean I was going to be able to save Karlia quicker than I initially thought.

Plus, since I wasn't particularly being pursued by the Triumvirate, it wasn't difficult for me to breeze past cities without having to watch my back.

My adventures were smooth—well, not exactly...

[Arcana VI: The Eros Labyrinth]

The wind was harsh against my face as I stepped out of the teleportation circle and into a bustling city on the edge of a vast desert.

The Eros Labyrinth lay at the heart of the city, a grand monument that stood as a symbol of the ancient bond between two powerful tribes.

The challenges of this Labyrinth revolved around the concept of harmony and balance, a test of my ability to negotiate rather than fight.

I had to mediate between arguing spirits, find common ground between warring factions, and balance contrasting elements.

With every challenge I overcame, I learned more about diplomacy and compromise.

And then I held the card in my hands, the Arcana of [The Lovers].

What made this one so bizarre was that the power of [The Lovers] wasn't even related to romance.

Whoever made this trial probably just wanted to pull something based on their personal bias, not exactly based on the effects of the Arcana in question.

[The Evanescere Labyrinth]

The next Labyrinth awaited me within a city overshadowed by a singular monolithic Tower.

The Labyrinth was hidden within its heart, a winding series of trials etched into the core of the ancient edifice.

The challenges of the Tower were a test of adaptability and improvisation.

This Labyrinth was a twisted, ever-changing maze of paths that looped back upon themselves, where up was down, and every step could change the very fabric of the path ahead. The traps were numerous and cunning, the puzzles intricate and deceiving.

There was no brute forcing through this maze, no rushing headlong.

Every step was measured, every decision weighed. I was forced to change my approach constantly, to adapt to each new obstacle, to improvise solutions on the fly.

By the end of it, I was mentally exhausted but exhilarated.

Touching the Arcana, [The Tower]'s essence flooded into me, filling me with the ability I had been searching for after so long.

Spatial manipulation!

With it, I would be able to travel the distances I desired, and sense whatever I wanted to in my immediate space. Not to talk of the effects of [Unknowable].

Unfortunately, I had to first learn how to use it.

Since there was no time, I settled for using the usual high-speed Flight Spell to traverse the distance to my next destination.

[The Vi Labyrinth]

I found The Vi Labyrinth of Strength hidden deep within a dense jungle, protected by a tribe of powerful warriors who believed that true strength came from within.

Of course, these warriors were constructs made using Magic; another trial I had to pass.

I expected that the trial would be to prove my mettle, but the challenges were different from what I thought.

The test wasn't just focused on physical prowess but mental tenacity.

I was tested on my willpower, faced with temptations and illusions designed to shake my resolve.

Most of all, I was forced to solve problems with nothing but my intellect.

Too bad for them... that was my specialty!

When I finally conquered my doubts and fears, emerging victorious, I felt a surge of power.

The Arcana, [Strength], was now in my grasp.

When I first arrived in this world, I thought the trials of the Arcanas would be similar to the ones I encountered in my own.

But I turned out to be wrong on that.

While [The Devil] had some similarities to the Dugeon my friends and I faced when we found the Arcana, it was still very different in some areas.

Arcanas like [The Tower], and even [Strength], were completely different from what I remembered.

Even [The Chariot] is completely different from what Beruel narrated for me,

I suppose it made sense, considering how different this world was.

'Oh well... on to the next one!'

[The Tempus Labyrinth]

The next Arcana that I obtained, [The Hermit], waited for me at the top of a secluded mountain, in a Labyrinth shrouded in fog and cloaked in silence.

It was a solitary journey, a journey of self-discovery and introspection.

... I was literally forced to face some of my experiences in the past.

I met my previous comrades. Emilia too.

I saw Solomon, Lilith... Karlia too.

The challenges of The Hermit were less tangible, less direct.

They were riddles wrapped in enigmas, trials of patience and introspection. I grappled with questions of morality, philosophy, and purpose.

They weren't particularly difficult since I had already made my peace with most of the issues presented before me.

... It was still painful to watch the choice I made between Emilia and Karlia, though.

When I finally reached the peak, I was, holding [The Hermit] Arcana.

[The Fortuna Labyrinth]

This one was... quite different from the others.

It was a city that never slept, a city of gamblers and fortune tellers, where luck ruled and fortunes changed in the blink of an eye.

The challenges here were unpredictable and capricious. I gambled with trickster spirits, raced against time, and navigated a maze that shifted with every step I took.

I was supposed to win every wrong, for ten consecutive rounds, to reach the final prize... which was the Arcana.

How crazy was that?

The Labyrinth's gimmick revolved was a game of chance, a test of adaptability and quick thinking.

... Well, I cheated in everything using Magic.

By the end of it all, as I held the [Wheel Of Fortune] Arcana in my hands, I could almost feel the capriciousness of fate.

Well, almost....

[MEANWHILE...]

Bathed in the ethereal glow of the holographic monitor, the Elf Queen reclined in her ornate throne, a wolfish smile slowly stretching across her flawless face.

The chamber was steeped in a heavy silence, save for the gentle hum of the holographic projection in front of her.

"We've got them," she said, her voice resonating with a cool, dangerous certainty.

Across the projected network, two figures nodded in response.

Their countenances were similarly illuminated by the bluish light, creating stark shadows on their respective backgrounds.

The Beast King, a hulking figure draped in an assortment of furs, bristled with anticipation, his golden eyes glinting sharply.

The Dwarf Chief, sturdy and grizzled with age, stroked his thick braided beard contemplatively.

"Are you certain?" the Beast King rumbled, his deep voice resonating through the chamber.

The Elf Queen's lips curled further, a spark of lethal intent flickering in her emerald eyes.

"Very," she affirmed, her fingers dancing across an array of symbols, bringing forth a rotating holographic model of an ancient labyrinth nestled within the mountains.

"After much investigation, we found out the Great Sage is among the ranks of Aria and Drake. Once we found that out, it wasn't long before we discovered their objective."

Both the Beast King and Dwarven Chief knew precisely what the Elf Queen meant.

It was no secret to the world that the Great Sage sought only one thing at this point.

"The Arcanas." The Beast King growled excitedly.

"That's right. Which means they'll soon be heading to the designated location." The Elf Queen responded.

A murmur of understanding passed through the holographic assembly, the weight of the queen's revelation dawning upon the leaders. T

he Dwarf Chief, a seasoned tactician, leaned forward, scrutinizing the three-dimensional map.

"Then it seems the hunt begins anew," he muttered, his gaze flinty. The Elf Queen inclined her head, her smile unwavering.

"And this time," she stated, "we will not fail. We have them cornered, and they will find no respite. After all, a hunted prey is at its most vulnerable when it believes it's close to its goal."

Her chilling declaration echoed through the chamber, her confidence unwavering.

The Beast King nodded in agreement.

"And how are preparations? Is everything in place?"

A wide, ugly grin formed on the Elf Queen's face at this point.

"Of course. I don't plan on letting them go this time."

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Chapter 1075: Unseen Chains

The Fairy Kingdom, a resplendent jewel of otherworldly beauty, nestled amidst the whispering foliage of the Luminis Forest.

Bounded by an iridescent shimmering barrier, it was a realm isolated from the external world, preserving its ethereal charm.

It was a land where time seemed to linger, the sunlight filtered through emerald canopies casting a perpetual midsummer glow.

The structures of the kingdom were architectural marvels, intricately carved from colossal toadstools and blossoms, imbued with potent magic to withstand the passage of time.

Luminescent flowers bathed the streets in an array of colors, and the air was always filled with the melodious tunes of the fairy-folk, a beautiful harmony that resonated with the soul.

The whole kingdom seemed like a daydream brought to life, yet beneath its enchanting surface, it was a land governed by firm patriarchal order.

The Fairy Kingdom was, first and foremost, a kingdom of warriors.

Despite their delicate appearances, fairies were formidable beings, their magical prowess matched by few in the known realms.

At the helm of this miniature yet formidable army sat the Fairy King, an embodiment of authority and power.

The throne room of the Fairy King was situated in the heart of the kingdom, within a monumental bloom that towered over the rest.

The interior was a sight to behold, with the ceiling encrusted with iridescent dewdrops reflecting multicolored lights.

It was here, upon a throne of lustrous petals, that the Fairy King held court.

A figure of regal stature despite his petite form, the Fairy King was a paragon of strength and wisdom.

His long silver hair cascaded down his back, a crown of woven moonflowers nestled atop his head. His clear eyes held the depth of the ancient forest, shimmering with an undying flame of resolution.

Subjects bowed before him in deep respect, their heads lowered, wings folded. His rule was absolute, his word, the law. He wielded a scepter, its gem pulsating with a soft light, the manifestation of his boundless magical power.

The Fairy King was a patriarch in the truest sense, a figure revered and feared.

His power was invincible in the land, his magic formidable enough to keep even the most audacious intruders at bay.

His leadership had seen the Fairy Kingdom through countless trials, standing as an indomitable beacon amidst the passing tides of time.

Yet, despite the strict hierarchy, his rule was just. Beneath the stern veneer of the patriarch lay a benevolent heart, cherishing his subjects like a father would his children.

He was a figure of strength and stability, a symbol of the Fairy Kingdom's invincibility. Such was the majesty of the Fairy King, a timeless ruler in a timeless land.

However... despite this known fact, there remained a shameful truth hidden from the eyes and minds of the public.

"H-haaaa...!"

The ethereal tranquility of the Fairy King's throne room was disrupted by the appearance of a swirling vortex of emerald magic in its center.

From within the mesmerizing swirl, an image of the Elf Queen solidified, her gaze as frosty as the winter's heart, and her voice like the rustling of ancient parchment.

The moment this occurred, every single guard in the room left the Fairy King alone. They understood their place, and the preference of their ruler when it came to discussions with the Elf Queen.

He preferred complete privacy.

"King Oberon," she addressed, a hint of condescension lacing her words, as though speaking to a child rather than an equal.

The Elven Queen was a towering figure of grace, her eyes a vivid shade of jade and her silver hair flowing like a waterfall of moonlight.

Her haughty demeanor was the embodiment of her status, a symbol of her untouchable authority.

"Master," the Fairy King, King Oberon, replied.

He instantly left his throne and went on his knees.

His wings fluttered nervously, a stark contrast to the usually steadfast ruler.

The power dynamic in the room shifted entirely, the omnipotent king now akin to a common serf before the Elf Queen's image.

"I greet you fervently. To what does this lowly one owe this meeting?"

Yes. This was the shameful truth hidden from the denizens of the Fairy Kingdom.

Their almighty King was nothing but a worm-like subordinate of the Elf Queen.

"First of all, let's get the irrelevant matters out of the way." The Queen began.

They discussed matters of state, the exchange, however, was far from balanced.

It was the Elf Queen who dictated terms, her voice resounding in the hall like a thunderous decree.

Oberon, under her relentless gaze, could only nod and respond with a hushed "as you wish, Master."

The proud patriarch, who seemed invincible in his realm, was now reduced to a mere puppet, his own words scarce and submissive.

His silvery eyes held a restrained anger, an unvoiced protest swallowed down like bitter poison. It was clear he was bound by some potent magic, his autonomy sacrificed at the altar of her desires.

"Ensure that your warriors are ready, Oberon," the Elf Queen commanded, her words as sharp as shards of glass, leaving no room for defiance. "I expect no failure."

"With respect, Master, the Fairy Kingdom is always at your service," Oberon answered, his voice devoid of its usual commanding vigor, replaced by a meek acceptance.

Thankfully, none of his subordinates were here to witness this disgrace. What would they say if they saw their beacon of hope grovel before an Elf?

And with her message delivered, the Elf Queen's holographic image dissolved back into a swirling vortex of emerald, leaving the throne room in a grave silence.

Oberon, left in the echoing silence of the Queen's departure, clenched his fists, his knuckles whitening.

He was a king bound by invisible shackles, his kingdom under the thumb of a formidable master.

He was more a slave than a subordinate, his power merely a facade against the reality of his servitude.

'The Triumvirate... when will we ever be free of them?' He asked himself.

It seemed too foolish to consider such a reality now.

'I better focus on the task I have been given.'

In the deafening silence that followed the departure of the Elf Queen, Oberon found himself ensnared by his thoughts.

His stern gaze, usually brimming with absolute authority, was cast on the empty space where the ethereal holograph had been moments ago.

An invisible shroud seemed to descend upon the regal throne room, the atmosphere suddenly becoming somber, heavy with the impending burden of the command that had been thrust upon the Fairy King.

'Aria...'. The name echoed in his mind like an ominous knell.

The Elf Queen's daughter, a young woman who had grown to be a formidable adversary in her own right.

And she was not alone. Alongside her were Drake, a renowned scholar, and the Great Sage, known far and wide for his knowledge and wisdom.

This formidable trio was now heading for the Fairy Territory, to the Labyrinth that lay hidden in the heart of the enchanted forest.

A Labyrinth that held secrets that Oberon, despite his profound age and knowledge, couldn't fully comprehend.

The Fairy King's heart weighed heavy in his chest, like a stone sinking into the depths of a cold, endless sea.

The Elf Queen's words echoed in his mind, "Stop them at all costs."

The severity of her tone, the icy certainty in her gaze, left no room for defiance or negotiation.

His wings twitched, mirroring his internal turmoil. He was caught in the middle, like a leaf caught in a tempest, torn between his duty as a king and his obligation to his master.

He wished to protect his realm and his subjects, yet he was also aware of the chains that bound him to the Elf Queen, chains made of potent magic and old debts that he could not simply ignore.

Despite the turmoil raging within him, Oberon knew he had to maintain his composure for his subjects, his people, who looked up to him, who needed him to be their stalwart leader.

So he forced a calm mask onto his face, concealing his inner chaos beneath a facade of serene determination.

He knew that he had no choice but to heed the Elf Queen's command.

'It pains my heart to cause the death of young ones, but this is for the sake of my subjects...'

His thoughts swirled as he considered his options.

It was a daunting task, yet one he could not avoid. He sighed, a sigh that seemed to echo the melancholy that had settled upon the Fairy Kingdom.

But, this was the hand he'd been dealt, and play it he must.

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[**SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar**](#)

Chapter 1076: The Luminis Forest

[Days Later]

Draped in the comforting shadows of the night, I stood at the edge of the high precipice, the vast landscape stretching out beneath me.

The distant flickering of the countless lights from the cities and villages below seemed like a mirror image of the star-studded sky above.

I was alone, save for my thoughts and the whispering wind, my only company in this hour of solitude.

The weight of the Arcanas in my possession was both literal and metaphorical.

Eleven. I had managed to collect eleven of them, each representing a trial I had conquered, a testament to the path I had tread.

'Just 10 more to go...'

Every one of them pulsed with magical energy, their resonance a comforting hum in the back of my mind.

It was like they invited me to test out their power, but I put off the temptation. It would take time to unravel their powers, and I knew how invested I would be once I started.

'Let's focus on gathering the rest for now...'

I generated the holographic map in front of me, my eyes tracing over the next destination marked.

The Fairy Kingdom.

It was where the next Luminis Labyrinth was located, according to Larry Damien's research.

'Ah...!' The mere thought of stepping foot into that territory sent an unsettling shiver down my spine.

It wasn't fear, no, it was anticipation.

Well... dread too.

The Fairy Kingdom, despite its ostensible tranquility and beauty, was under the control of the Triumvirate.

'Though it seems no one knows that...'

The Triumvirate, which had a hand in every corner of this world, was not to be trifled with. I already decided not to even cross them.

Which was why going into the Fairy Territory made me hesitant for a minute.

But I had a plan, a theory that might just see me through.

A small smile crept onto my face.

For all intents and purposes, I was a stranger to this world, an outsider with no real connection to Aria and her comrades.

Yes, I was alone, a rogue element. And it was this very isolation that could be my camouflage, my guise.

'They probably don't even know I exist.'

As I pondered on this, a sudden gust of wind whipped past me, ruffling my hair a little. It seemed to echo my resolve, whispering to me that it was time.

'Time to take the plunge!' I had weighed my options, taking into account all the variables.

Yes, it would be risky. Yes, there were dangers. But no path worth walking was ever devoid of hurdles.

Taking a deep breath, I looked towards the direction of the Fairy Kingdom, towards the next trial, the next Arcana.

"Let's do this..."

~WHUSH!~

Activating my Flight Spell, I went on my way.

[Hours Later]

It didn't take very long to reach my destination, considering the Fairy Kingdom was considerably close to my previous location.

Hidden under the veil of Concealment Magic, I ventured further into the heart of the Fairy Kingdom.

The ethereal beauty of the place was almost otherworldly.

Towering trees painted a myriad of greens stretched as far as my eyes could see. The air was rich with the scent of damp earth and the verdant foliage around, accompanied by the harmonious serenade of the forest's denizens.

The dappled sunlight filtering through the verdant canopy above painted a tableau of light and shadows on the forest floor, lending an enchanting charm to the surroundings.

'It's completely different from what exists in my world!'

There was no dome or technological saturation. It felt like I was in the Elf Kingdom, with its love for beauty and the purity of nature.

'Still... something is odd.'

What struck me as peculiar was the absolute lack of personnel.

I had fully expected the path to Labyrinth to be heavily guarded, fortified even.

However, there was an eerie quietude that felt unnatural, almost deliberate.

I couldn't help but feel like the silence of the forest was hiding something, a secret it wasn't willing to share.

Relying on my navigation tool, I sought any hint of surveillance or markers, anything that would hint at an active presence.

But it was as quiet and calm as the forest itself. This was perplexing, almost too easy, as if I was being led to believe in a reality that was far from the truth.

As I advanced further, the woods began to thin out, giving way to a massive tree unlike any I had ever seen in this world.

'Whoah...'

It stood there, in majestic solitude, its gigantic roots reaching deep into the earth, while its branches reached out towards the sky, as if trying to bridge the divide between the world below and the heavens above.

At its base lay a gaping chasm, a void of darkness that whispered of mysteries and the unknown. This, I knew, was the entrance to the Labyrinth.

'Looks like I've arrived.'

The sight of it was intimidating, its size dwarfing everything around it. A tense wave of Nether seemed to emanate from it, a testament to the countless years it had stood guard over this place.

My eyes were drawn to the dark chasm, an abyss that promised both danger and discovery. Despite the foreboding entrance, a strange calm settled over me.

I stood at the precipice, peering into the darkness, my heart pounding in my chest.

I was about to plunge into another mystery, another trial. Drawing a deep breath, I prepared myself for the plunge, ready to brave whatever the Labyrinth held in its heart.

'I've completed 11 so far. This can't be too bad... right?'

And so, with this thought of mine, I ventured into the chasm, not knowing what to expect at all.

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[SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar](#)

Chapter 1077: The Luminis Labyrinth

With the disappearance of the lone intruder into the maw of the Labyrinth, the silent forest seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, the ethereal form of the Fairies shimmered into existence, materializing from thin air.

Their translucent wings fluttered with an eerie luminescence, their smiles mischievous and knowing, the gleam in their eyes held a secret too vast for the uninitiated.

Among them, a figure more substantial than the others solidified.

His ethereal form shimmered with an intense luminescence before coalescing into the tangible form of the Fairy King.

A regal figure, his silhouette was a beacon of elegance and majesty amid the iridescent glow of his subjects.

"My dear subjects," he began, his voice a tranquil murmur that echoed in the air, "we are one with the forest, and the forest is one with us."

The words were spoken with a deep-seated reverence, a testament to the intimate bond between the Fairy folk and their forest home.

Thanks to Ancient Magic that had been the heritage of the Fairy Kings since time immemorial, the entire Luminis Forest was their domain.

No one could detect them if they deemed it so, and no one could hide from them either.

A low hum of affirmation spread through the crowd, their faces lit up with pride. But the Fairy King's eyes were drawn to the gaping maw of the Labyrinth, his brows furrowing slightly.

"One, not three," he muttered to himself, his gaze contemplative.

The anomaly didn't escape his astute senses. His command was clear – there were supposed to be three intruders, yet he only detected one entering the forest and venturing to the depths of the Labyrinth.

The Fairy King leaned on his staff, his eyes narrowing.

He could only detect the faint echoes of the man who ventured into the Labyrinth, but even that told him little.

The intruder was male, but his identity, his origin, his intentions - they were all shrouded in mystery.

"No matter," he decided aloud, waving off the peculiarities with a casual air.

His eyes held a sharp glint.

"Once he emerges from the Labyrinth, we shall have our answers." A cunning smile played on his lips.

"Exhaustion will make him a pliant prisoner. We just need to capture him and extract the information."

His words held a certainty that left no room for doubt. The fairies nodded, their faces reflecting the resolve of their king.

The forest, once more, fell into a silent anticipation, ready to welcome the man emerging from the Labyrinth.

[The Luminis Labyrinth]

As I stepped foot into the Luminis Labyrinth, a dense wave of conflicting Nether washed over me, and I knew at once that my Magic was off the table here.

'C-crap...'

I couldn't use Spellcraft with the density of contrasting energy that washed over me, and anytime I tried to use regular Magic, it was instantly suppressed.

It was like a non-lethal or intense version of Mana Pressure.

"Haha... so its back to basics, huh?" A ripple of excitement coursed through my veins at the thought of the challenge ahead.

The labyrinth was a twisting, convoluted maze of interconnected caverns, interspersed with deadly traps and cryptic puzzles.

Every step I took was a calculated move, every turn, every leap, a strategic decision. The earthen walls closed in, leaving me isolated from the world outside.

Within the confines of the Labyrinth, I found myself facing challenges that would have been easily solved if I had access to my magic.

It made sense why this place prevented the use of it.

My body strained under the physical exertion, my mind stretched to its limits. But I welcomed it, accepted it.

This wasn't my first rodeo without magic; my entire life had hardened me long before I unlocked my Magic abilities.

'Still, though... It's only been like two weeks since I got access to Magic, and I miss not using it already.'

The first hurdle came in the form of a gaping chasm that stretched as far as my eyes could see. It was a simple, yet effective, deterrent.

But I refused to be deterred. I took a deep breath, launching myself into a sprint.

Each step echoed in the eerily quiet labyrinth as I reached the edge, leaping with all the strength my body could muster.

Time seemed to stretch out, my heart hammering in my chest as I finally landed on the other side.

A low rumble echoed through the labyrinth as the walls shifted, creating a new path.

Each new challenge the labyrinth threw at me was unique, testing the limits of my resourcefulness, my endurance, my sheer willpower.

The pressure mounted, the strain on my body became almost unbearable, but I kept pushing through, kept moving.

'It's like this entire place is alive...'

Traps sprung up around me, puzzles left me scratching my head, but I persevered.

My body screamed for rest, my mind was on the verge of collapsing, but I forced myself to push past the pain, past the exhaustion.

There was no turning back, there was no giving up. I kept moving, kept thinking, kept surviving.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the final door creaked open. I limped through the door, my body haggard and bruised, but I was smiling.

Despite the odds, I had made it. I had conquered the Luminis Labyrinth. The glow of victory washed over me, filling me with a sense of accomplishment.

I may have been battered and bruised, but I was unbroken.

"Haha... there you are." I beamed, watching the glowing card shining a short distance from me.

My hands trembled as I reached for the Arcana waiting at the end of the Labyrinth.

As my fingers brushed against it, the Arcana shone brightly, engulfing the entire labyrinth in its radiant light. And just like that, I had my tenth Arcana.

"Oh? I could never have guessed it would be this one." A small smile crept upon my face.

'[The Magician]. Why would you ban Magic if you are literally called... ah, never mind!'

The good news was that I succeeded. That was pretty much all that mattered at this point.

One more step on my journey, one more piece of the puzzle in place.

The pain, the strain, it all felt worth it.

I closed my eyes, breathing in the victory, savoring the moment. The feeling of triumph coursing through me was enough to wipe away the exhaustion.

"Hehe... did you really think I wouldn't be able to overcome this one? Haha... I've been through much worse!"

My friends and I were able to find a couple of Arcanas even though I was inept, and I made sure I never held them back.

I was no pushover.

"Magic or no magic," I whispered to the empty labyrinth, "I won't back down. I won't give up." And with those final words, I prepared myself for the journey back.

For the challenges to come.

For whatever awaited me outside the Labyrinth.

'Haa...'

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[SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar](#)

Chapter 1078: Fairy King Versus Lewis

As the light from the Labyrinth dimmed and the figure of the stranger materialized from its mouth, a thrum of excitement vibrated through the hidden Fairy horde.

The Fairy King, Oberan, stood tall among them, his expression grave.

'To think he actually survived those trials. How far did he reach before giving up on his search?'

He refused to believe a mere human would be able to reach the end of the Labyrinth without the use of Magic.

No one had managed to do that. Not even him.

His silvery wings, catching the moonlight, shone with an ethereal glow, underscoring the severity of the impending confrontation.

"Remember, capture him. We need him alive," Oberan commanded, his voice no louder than a whisper, but it carried clearly to every Fairy present.

The stranger, his clothes torn and his body battered, stepped out of the Labyrinth, a small smirk on his face. His aura was of victory, but his body told a different story.

He was weary, drained, a fact not missed by Oberan and his troops.

Without wasting any time, Oberan shot towards the stranger, who had barely taken a couple of steps away from the Labyrinth.

A flurry of Fairies followed suit, their wings shimmering in the soft glow of the forest. The stranger's eyes widened slightly at the sudden onslaught, but he quickly regained his composure.

Oberan lunged at him, his slim, sword-like appendage aiming for the stranger's chest. But the man, even in his weary state, was faster. He sidestepped, narrowly missing the attack. This was the signal for the rest of the Fairy horde to engage.

A chaotic dance ensued, the air filled with the sound of fluttering wings and the whirring of attacks.

The stranger, despite his exhaustion, moved with a grace and agility that was remarkable. He weaved through the attacking horde, avoiding capture, but not engaging directly.

"Enough of this!" Oberan roared, his usually calm demeanor slipping. He launched himself at the stranger again, this time with an unrelenting ferocity. The stranger was momentarily caught off guard, stumbling back under the sheer force of the attack.

Taking advantage of his momentary confusion, Oberan managed to latch onto his arm, his grip like a vice.

The rest of the horde quickly followed suit, binding him with their collective strength. The stranger fought back, his movements growing frantic, but the fatigue was catching up to him.

With one final, desperate push, he managed to throw a few of the Fairies off, but it was not enough. Oberan tightened his grip, his eyes hard and unyielding.

"Enough!" he hissed, his voice a chilling whisper in the silent forest. The horde immediately fell back, leaving Oberan and the stranger in the clearing.

"You've put up a good fight," Oberan admitted, his grip not easing for a moment. "But now, you're our prisoner."

The stranger looked up, his eyes meeting Oberan's.

There was a flash of defiance in them, a glimmer of resolve that gave Oberan pause. This was a man who had just walked out of a Labyrinth and yet managed to face an army of Fairies. He was defeated, but far from broken.

Oberan tightened his grip one last time, a silent command for the stranger to yield.

The man closed his eyes, sagging slightly, his body finally succumbing to the exhaustion. But as Oberan watched him, he couldn't shake off the nagging feeling that this was far from over.

"And what if I refuse to be your prisoner?" The stranger asked, his voice low and filled with a quiet determination.

Oberan stared at him for a moment before responding, "Then, we'll make sure you don't have a choice."

The words hung heavily in the air, a grim promise of what was to come. And yet, even in the face of such a threat, the stranger didn't falter.

He was beaten, battered, captured, but he was far from defeated.

The confrontation seemed to be over, but something told Oberan that the real challenge was just beginning.

The stranger's eyes snapped open, their gaze blazing with a fiery resolve.

"I refuse," he growled.

Then, with a swift motion, he raised his hand, a torrent of Magic energy flowing from him.

The forest was awash with a bright blue light, illuminating the startled faces of Oberan and his Fairies.

Caught off guard, Oberan was thrown back, his grip on the stranger loosening.

The Fairy horde flinched, their eyes wide with disbelief. The stranger, who looked like he was on the brink of collapsing just moments ago, stood tall, Magic crackling in the air around him.

Oberan quickly recovered, his eyes flashing dangerously. "Impossible," he muttered, his own Magic flaring to life.

The serene green of the forest was replaced by a harsh, gleaming silver, a testament to the Fairy King's power.

The two opposing forces clashed in the middle, causing the ground to shake and trees to sway violently.

The Fairies scattered, their bodies glowing as they kept a safe distance from the raging battle.

But the stranger stood his ground, his weary body somehow keeping up with the intense confrontation.

Despite the strength the stranger demonstrated, his exhaustion was quickly catching up to him. He stumbled, his Magic faltering.

Oberan seized the opportunity, pushing back with a ruthless force. His silver light surged forward, swallowing the weakening blue hue of the stranger's Magic.

With one final, thunderous clash, Oberan's power overpowered the stranger, sweeping him off his feet.

~BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM!!!~

The stranger's Magic flickered out, his body hitting the ground with a hard thud.

His eyes, once bright and determined, dulled, finally succumbing to the fatigue that had been plaguing him since his emergence from the Labyrinth.

The forest returned to its quiet serenity, the harsh silver light fading, replaced by the soft glow of the moon. The Fairy King landed gracefully, his eyes fixed on the stranger's unconscious form.

"We have him," Oberan announced, his voice echoing through the silence.

Relief washed over the Fairy horde as they gathered around their King and their captive.

The Fairy King may have won the confrontation, but he couldn't ignore the fact that the stranger, despite his exhaustion, had put up a considerable fight.

It was a testament to the power this intruder held and a stark reminder of the challenge that lay ahead.

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[SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar](#)

Chapter 1079: The Fairies' Prisoner

"Whew!"

Safely concealed within the hollow of the enormous tree, I exhaled a sigh of relief, watching as the luminescent fairies fluttered away, their captive in tow.

They thought they had captured me, but they were sorely mistaken. It wasn't me they were dragging away through the enchanted forest.

Instead, it was an empty husk, a clone born of Magic, and a healthy dose of paranoia.

From the moment I'd stepped foot into the Fairy Kingdom, something hadn't felt right.

The place was too quiet, too peaceful. It lacked the signs of guard patrols, watch towers or checkpoints, the usual security measures for a Labyrinth site.

There was an eerie tranquility that just didn't add up.

So, I decided to be cautious. I'd learnt by now that caution was a good friend in this realm, where the rules of reality often seemed to take a back seat.

Thus, I decided to let my clone take the heat, if there was any to take, while I lurked in the safety of the shadows.

Watching the Fairies carry my body double away, I marveled at how well the clone had done.

It had held on just long enough, fought just hard enough to be convincing. Yet, it didn't push beyond the believable limits of an exhausted wanderer emerging from the trials of a Labyrinth.

It was a performance worthy of an award, if there were any to be had in this reality.

'I'm safe... at least for now.'

A sense of relief washed over me. My gamble had paid off.

Now, my enemies believed they had me in their clutches, which would buy me some time. Time to rest, time to recover, and time to plan my next move.

For now, I was safe, hidden away within the chasm of a tree, but perhaps it would be better to recover my strength deeper within the Labyrinth.

I allowed my eyes to close, letting my body and mind rest. I knew that in this world of Magic and monsters, a moment's peace was a luxury one couldn't often afford.

'Haa... I would have used Magic to quicken my recovery, but I used up most of the Nether in my possession to make the clone, and its recovery is underway. It's taking a great deal of my energy to just maintain that clone.'

If only I could use [The Magician] at such a critical moment...

'I just have to bide my time, I suppose.'

But when I thought of it another way, wasn't this a great opportunity?

'I can use the bond I have with the clone to activate observational Magic. That way, I'll be able to gather more information while I recover.'

Since it would take some time to fully gain my stamina anyway, I might as well just go through with it.

'I should be able to find out one or two new things...'

In a secluded corner of the expansive throne room, Fairy King Oberon stood before a luminous image of the Elf Queen. Beside him, the captured stranger was held tight in glowing restraints of ancient fairy magic, an ethereal shimmer radiating from the binds that held him still.

Oberon bowed slightly, "My Queen," he started, his voice a mere whisper against the heavy silence of the room. "This is the man we captured. He sought the Arcana of our Labyrinth."

The Elf Queen examined the captive from her ethereal projection, her gaze sharp and calculating. "But this is not Aria or her allies," she stated, her tone laced with a mix of curiosity and annoyance. "Who is he?"

"We do not know yet, my Queen," Oberon admitted, his gaze never leaving the holographic image of the queen. "However, I suspect he is working with Aria's group. Perhaps they sought to divide our attention or attempt a surprise attack."

"And your plans?" the Queen asked, the impatience in her voice barely hidden.

"I intend to extract information from him," Oberon said confidently, his chest puffing out slightly.

"We've also strengthened our defenses around the Labyrinth, in case the others try to infiltrate or rescue their ally."

A slight nod of approval from the Queen. "Very well, Oberon," she spoke with a tone that carried a hint of praise.

"You have done well. But remember, I expect results. I give you a day to provide substantial information."

"Of course, my Queen," Oberon bowed deeply. "I will not disappoint you."

As the Queen's image flickered out, leaving Oberon alone in the grand throne room, the gravity of the task at hand fell heavily on him.

He couldn't afford to fail now. He had a day to deliver what the Queen asked.

His gaze shifted to the stranger held in the fairy restraints.

He was the key to everything now. Oberon had to unlock the secrets he held within, for failure was not an option.

'I should get started...'

In the blink of an eye, the grandeur of the throne room faded, replaced by a dark, enclosed space.

Vines snaked their way across the damp stone walls, their emerald hues barely visible in the dim light. Luminescent creatures, akin to fireflies, floated lazily around, casting an eerie glow over the scene.

With a flicker, the Fairy King Oberon materialized beside the restrained stranger.

His own eyes glowed a potent jade green in the semi-darkness, adding an extra layer of ominousness to his figure.

"All right, human," Oberon said, his voice echoing through the room. He reached out, his fingers gently tracing the boundary of the magical restraints.

Each touch sent a ripple of light coursing through the binds, sparking fear in the eyes of the captive.

"I suggest you cooperate. This can be easy, or it can be... difficult."

His eyes bore into the stranger's.

"I will extract every piece of information I need from you," he continued, his tone low and threatening. "And you will answer every question I ask. Understood?"

The room fell silent, the only sound the gentle hum of the fireflies and the rustling of the vines. The threat lingered in the air, the tension palpable.

This was not a game.

Oberon meant business, and he would stop at nothing to get the information he needed.

'No matter the cost...'

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[SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar](#)

Chapter 1080: The King's Cause

The dank chamber echoed with chilling sounds as the Fairy King Oberon began his methodical, terrifying process.

Despite his usual levity, Oberon was known for his expertise in extracting information.

It was an art form for him, a choreography of pain and fear danced to the rhythm of his subjects' heartbeats.

"Listen, human," Oberon began, his voice as soft as the fluttering of a moth's wings, deceptively gentle.

"I don't enjoy this any more than you do, but well, a King's got to do what a King's got to do."

He snapped his fingers, and vines ensnared the captive's limbs, pulling them taut until his body was stretched out, pinned against the cold stone wall.

The Fairy King then summoned a tendril of magical energy, wrapping it around his hand like a whip.

The stranger grimaced, his eyes reflecting his determination.

No words would pass his lips, no secrets shared. He was an enigma wrapped in the pain that Oberon intended to unfold.

With the first strike, the room was filled with the cracking sound of energy meeting flesh, the stranger's grunt of pain echoing off the stone walls.

His body jerked in response, but he bit down, refusing to give the Fairy King the satisfaction of his screams.

Again and again, Oberon struck, each time asking the same questions, each time meeting the stranger's defiant silence.

His attacks varied, sometimes physical, sometimes magical.

At times, he'd send electric shocks coursing through the stranger's body, or tendrils of magic to probe the man's mind.

Yet, throughout the ordeal, the stranger remained resolute. Sweat poured down his face, his teeth gritted against the pain, but his lips stayed firmly sealed.

In the dim, firefly-lit room, time seemed to slow as the night wore on, and still, Oberon found himself at an impasse.

Despite his best efforts, the stranger's will remained unbroken, his secrets tightly guarded. Oberon began to get impatient at this point.

After all, he didn't have all the time in the world.

In the shadow-filled room, Oberon sighed, pausing in his relentless assault.

The echoes of the stranger's agonized grunts still hung heavy in the air, and for a moment, a heavy silence reigned.

"I'm not heartless," Oberon's voice, although still soft, was filled with an uncharacteristic heaviness.

"I'd rather you just tell me what I need to know and get this over with."

The stranger lifted his head, an effort that clearly taxed him in his current state. His voice came out as a raspy whisper, yet it was filled with an unbroken resolve.

"Why do you follow her orders? The Elf Queen... she's a despot. You speak of doing a king's duty, yet you serve her."

A bitter smile twisted Oberon's lips. He looked at the man, then his gaze wandered past him, focusing on something unseen.

"I don't have a choice," he admitted, and there was a sour taste to those words, a confession that sat heavy in his mouth.

The stranger frowned, his eyes narrowing suspiciously. "What do you mean?"

Oberon sighed, crossing his arms.

"This world... it's governed by a Triumvirate. The Elf Queen, the Beast King, and the Dwarven Chief. I never wanted to bow to their will, but..." His voice faltered, then hardened again.

"They forced me. Ganged up on me. The Elf Queen used her magic to curse me."

A curse. The word hung in the air, carrying a weight of its own. The stranger blinked, clearly not expecting this revelation.

Oberon continued, his voice taking on a bitter edge. "If I don't obey her, I die. And it's not just me... the whole forest will die with me. This forest is a part of me, and I'm a part of it. This curse, it binds us all."

He glanced towards the stranger, his eyes gleaming with a sad determination.

"And I can't break it. Believe me, I've tried. But it's a part of me now, as is my obedience to that damned Queen. It's the only way to protect my people, to safeguard our home."

His voice faded, leaving the echoes of his bitter confession behind. The room was silent again, the atmosphere even heavier than before.

The stranger was left with the stark reality of Oberon's plight, and the bitter truth of his own situation.

However...

"What if I could break the curse?" His voice suddenly echoed in the darkness.

Oberon's hardened gaze met the stranger's, skepticism written all over his face as the man attempted to regain his composure.

"Haha..." He chuckled dryly at the stranger's bold claim.

"You? Break the curse?" His disbelief was evident, a stark contrast to the hope that sparked briefly in the stranger's eyes.

The man didn't seem to be joking.

"Yes," the stranger coughed, steeling his gaze as he met Oberon's doubtful eyes.

"I have... unique abilities. Ways of using magic that could help free you."

A moment of silence hung between them, broken only by the rustle of leaves outside the dark room. Oberon regarded the stranger with a look that was more assessment than disbelief now.

"And why," he asked slowly, "should I believe you?"

"Because I have nothing to gain from lying." The stranger's voice was soft, yet firm, holding a sense of conviction. "And you have nothing to lose from trying."

Oberon was silent, pondering the stranger's words. The claim was bold, the possibility tantalizing.

But was it worth the risk? He turned his gaze towards the stranger again, a glimmer of intrigue replacing the previous skepticism.

"Tell me more about this... unique method of yours," Oberon instructed, folding his arms across his chest.

His voice held a note of command, but beneath it was a layer of curiosity.

If he could be free from the Elf Queen... from the Triumvirate... he wouldn't make the same mistakes as last time.

He would definitely fight for his people, and only them!

A thin smile spread on the stranger's face as he gazed into his eyes.

"First of all... I'll need a favor from you. If you can help me with that, I wouldn't mind not just curing you, but also becoming your ally."

"Ally? What can I gain from you becoming my ally?" Oberon's gaze narrowed as he stared at his prisoner.

The man was too cocky for someone who was captured, with no way out.

'Does he even have the ability to break the curse? Or is he just bluffing?'

The stranger, still tied and bound, leaned in closer. A glint of defiance shone in his eyes as he matched Oberon's gaze.

"Believe me, I'm not bluffing. In fact," he said, a ghost of a smile on his lips, "if we become allies, I could help you in your fight against the Triumvirate."

For a moment, there was a dready silence. And then...

"Hahahahaha!" Oberon barked a harsh laugh.

"You, help me?" He gestured towards the stranger's bindings, his gaze dark. "You're not even in any position to negotiate. You're the one at the disadvantage here."

The stranger merely shrugged, unperturbed. "Am I, though?"

Suddenly, his figure began to shimmer, slowly disintegrating.

"W-wha...?!" Oberon watched in shock as the stranger turned into an energy mist, his form dissipating.

The restraints clattered to the ground, empty.

The man's voice echoed in the darkened room, taking on an ethereal quality as his form became less and less corporeal.

"Is it really a disadvantage... if it's all part of the plan?"

And with those final words, the stranger disappeared completely, leaving Oberon alone with his thoughts in the echo of the stranger's promise.

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