

## SPELLCRAFT 1081

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

#### Chapter 1081: A Second Confrontation

"It's too bad."

A slow smile crept over my face as I felt the clone's energy dissipate, its existence finally succumbing to the limits of my magic.

"Couldn't hold it together any longer," I muttered, taking stock of my own state.

Despite the strain of maintaining the clone while staying within the labyrinth, my strength was almost fully recovered.

But there was another problem at hand.

Oberon.

I couldn't exactly stroll out of this forest unnoticed.

'The timing of my clone's disappearance was less than ideal; I would have preferred it to maintain the ruse for a while longer.'

But what's done was done.

My initial plan had been to slip away while my clone distracted the Fairy King, but that option had evaporated along with the clone.

"Well, it can't be helped." I took a deep breath, mentally preparing myself.

If I couldn't avoid Oberon, then I'd confront him directly. No point dancing around it any longer.

I emerged from the Labyrinth, coming face to face with a swarm of fairy guards at the entrance. They looked visibly shocked, their iridescent wings fluttering in surprise.

"Who...wait, aren't you—?" One of them stammered, "But didn't the King...?!"

"Oh, I'm someone else. Just passing through," I answered nonchalantly, spreading my arms. "Your King got the right guy."

Their faces hardened, their tiny hands gripping their weapons tighter.

Looks like it wasn't going to be that easy. I'd have to fight, if only in self-defense.

A small price to pay for what lay beyond this forest.

I just hoped Oberon would see reason when the time came.

Until then, I needed to get past these guards.

'This shouldn't take too long...' I thought, a spark of determination lighting up my eyes.

"Ready when you are," I said, smiling.

'... Or not!'

Energy surged within me, pooling into my palms, as I faced off against the Fairy guards.

I took a deep breath, centering myself, the sensation of power crackling under my skin. I needed to incapacitate them, not harm them. That was key.

"CHARGE!!!!!!"

"Spellcraft: Somnus Field," I murmured, a thrum of Magic pulsating through my veins.

I extended my arms wide, releasing the energy into the air. It spread out like an invisible wave, an ethereal ripple in the fabric of reality.

The effect was instantaneous. The guards closest to me stumbled, their eyes rolling back into their heads.

Their wings fluttered weakly before they collapsed, crumpled like marionettes with their strings cut.

The ones further back held on for a moment longer, their hands reaching out as if to grab onto something, anything, to stay conscious.

But the sleep-inducing spell was too potent, and they fell too, adding to the unconscious bodies scattered across the ground.

"Y-you...," one managed to choke out before succumbing to the Magic, his body folding neatly onto the soft grass.

I let out a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding, watching as the final fairy guard hit the ground, the forest around me once again silent.

I hadn't harmed them, merely put them into a sleep from which they would awaken with no memory of what had transpired.

"I'm sorry," I murmured, my gaze sweeping over them. "But I have a Fairy King to confront."

"Is that so?" A sudden voice interrupted me, coming from above.

'Hmm?'

In the soft glow of the forest's bioluminescent flora, Oberon towered over me, rage etched into his regal features. He pointed at the unconscious forms of the fairies scattered around us.

"What have you done to my subjects?"

I held up my hands, trying to pacify him. "They're unharmed, merely sleeping. They'll awaken in a few hours, unaware of what transpired."

"Sleeping?" Oberon echoed, his voice growing darker. "You cast a Spell on them, didn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted, choosing honesty over evasion. "It was the least harmful way to navigate this situation."

Oberon narrowed his eyes, "Who are you truly?"

I sighed, the weight of my decisions pressing down on me. "My name is Lewis Griffith. I am, as you've surmised, affiliated with Aria and her group. However, capturing me won't grant you access to them."

"You dare to stand there and dictate terms? After invading our Labyrinth? After casting a Spell on my people?" Oberon's voice was thunderous, echoing through the otherwise quiet forest.

"I'd rather we talked, Oberon. This conflict is pointless," I implored, hoping he'd listen.

Oberon's lips curled into a snarl, his hands balling into fists. "Enough with your words! I will capture you, and you will tell me everything. And if you do have a cure to my curse... you will share it."

I knew then that there would be no reasoning with the Fairy King.

He was a man ensnared in desperation, willing to do anything to protect his people, even if it meant defying reason.

The gravity of our situation sunk into me, and I steeled myself for what would come next.

~VWUUUUSSSHH!~

The tension in the air grew thick as molasses as Oberon and I squared off.

The iridescent colors of the forest around us swirled and danced, reflecting off Oberon's eyes, highlighting the determination etched in them.

"I won't be taken so easily," I warned, reaching into my wellspring of Nether.

Around me, I could feel the natural currents of magic that permeated this forest, a dense net of interwoven spells that gave life to the ancient trees and mystical creatures inhabiting it.

I had a plan, and it involved these natural currents of Nether.

With a fierce cry, Oberon rushed at me, his form blurring as he cast a Speed-enhancing spell, "[Velocity Gale]".

It seemed to be a common spell, one that enhanced physical speed and agility. I matched his speed with a counter of my own, muttering a quick "[Gravity Tread]", to lighten my body and move at an equal pace.

Oberon's attacks came in quick succession, a barrage of wind and leaf blades conjured by his "[Aero Cutlass]" Spell.

Every blade was guided with precision, aimed to incapacitate rather than kill. He was a fair fighter, even in his rage.

However, I was not one to be outmatched. I countered with my own offensive spell,

"[Stone Bulwark]", pulling the very earth up to form a defensive wall. The wind blades crashed against it, shattering into harmless particles of magic.

But Oberon was relentless, already casting another spell, "[Emerald Torrent]", conjuring a rushing wave of sharp, crystalline leaves.

I had been waiting for him to use up some degree of his energy. I invoked my next offensive maneuver.

"Spellcraft..." I whispered.

Drawing upon the inherent Nether currents in the forest, I spun an intricate web of Magic.

The Emerald Torrent crashed into my barrier, getting caught in the web of Nether, redirecting and twisting the spell back at Oberon.

'Normally, this place would be his domain, but by mixing my energy and with the Nether around, it'll confuse the entire forest.'

In essence... this was no longer the Fairy King's domain.

Caught off guard, Oberon barely managed to create a shield of wind, "[Cyclone Veil]", but it wasn't enough.

He was thrown back by the rebounding force of his own spell, crashing into a tree.

"Uack!"

Panting heavily, I watched as Oberon slowly rose to his feet, a look of disbelief in his eyes.

"Haa... haa..."

He must have realized then what I had known from the start: he was at a disadvantage.

Despite his rage and desperation, my cunning utilization of Spellcraft had turned the tides in my favor.

I drew in a deep breath, feeling the power of the Nether pulsate around me.

"Do you see now, Oberon?" I called out, standing tall despite my light fatigue. "Your rage blinds you. We should be allies, not enemies."

Oberon didn't respond, but the fury in his eyes had dimmed, replaced by a cautious wariness.

It was a start, and I was willing to take it.

We had a long way to go, but for now, I had won.

"If you surrender, we can save time for the both of us... and move on to more important matters." I sighed. "What do you say?"

Slowly, I could see the tense muscles of the Fairy King loosen. As Oberon slid to the forest floor, the fight left his eyes.

He looked at me, disbelief and surprise etched on his face. "How...?"

"My special ability," I replied simply, "is not only about throwing spells at each other, Oberon. It's about understanding the flow of Nether and using it to your advantage."

Slowly, I walked over to him, extending a hand. "Let's stop this. Let's talk. We can help each other, Oberon."

For a moment, he stared at my outstretched hand, the symbol of peace and camaraderie. Then, reluctantly, he took it.

And just like that, the tide of our confrontation changed.

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

#### **Chapter 1082: The Game Changer**

[Moments Later]

I followed Oberon into his hidden chambers, and the air seemed to hum with unspoken tension. We were finally alone, and I could sense Oberon's guardedness.

"You see, Lewis, this is the only place where the Elf Queen or the Triumvirate can't hear us," Oberon began, a hint of bitterness in his voice.

"They can't see us, can't even sense us."

The room was draped in darkness, and the low hum of Fairy Magic filled the air. It was the same room where Oberon had subjected my clone to torture earlier

"I understand," I said, breaking the silence.

"Our group... Aria, Drake, Larry, and me... we stumbled upon the Triumvirate's existence by pure chance," I began.

'Technically, I wasn't a part of the discovery, but...'

It was better to just weave the story this way. At the very least, it was much better than telling him I was from a different tree of existence.

Going further into the narrative, I recounted how we'd uncovered their plans, the battles we'd faced, the victories and losses, and the relentless pursuit of freedom for the world.

"But your friends?" Oberon asked. "Where are they now?"

"They are currently unconscious, and I'm trying my best to keep them safe and hidden," I concluded.

'By unconscious, I mean dead. He doesn't need to know those details, though...'

Oberon seemed taken aback, and for a moment, his hard exterior softened. But then, his gaze fell on me, a glint of desperation clear in his eyes.

It was time to talk about his curse.

"Now, the most crucial part. Your curse," I said, meeting his gaze. "I believe I can help you break it."

His gaze flickered with a hint of hope. "And what do you want in exchange, Lewis?"

"I believe the question is... what can I offer you more in exchange." A wide grin formed on my face.

"Offer me? What do you mean?"

"Help. You can't face the Triumvirate alone, and neither can we. You need us as much as we need you, Oberon."

Sure, even after I broke his curse, the Triumvirate was still a major threat to his people. I doubted he could face them alone with only his power.

By offering an alliance, especially after I just defeated him, the odds now moved in my favor.

I watched as Oberon grappled with my words, torn between hope and skepticism.

But he didn't deny or refuse me outright, and in his hesitation, I found a spark of hope.

Perhaps Oberon could still be swayed.

Perhaps, together, we could indeed face the Triumvirate and win.

These were the possibilities that swirled in my head. No, they were more than mere possibilities.

'I personally don't have much of a stake in this reality. I just want to save Karlia and go home. But...'

The more I stayed here, and the more I recounted my experiences with the friends I made here, the more I wanted to do something about it.

'Which is why I'll make an alliance in their stead. So, even after I'm gone... Aria, Larry, and Drake can use the Arcanas and the alliance with the Fairies to change the world.'

"You're not accounting for the most difficult aspect when it comes to going against the Triumvirate."

A visible strain spread across Oberon's features as he acknowledged the Triumvirate's formidable forces.

"The leaders themselves are powerful enough, but the number of troops they command... it's a figure we can't begin to match."

I let a half-smile curve my lips. "Quality over quantity, King Oberon."

While he nodded in agreement, there was a visible skepticism in his eyes.

"True, but even quality needs a considerable quantity to stage a rebellion of this magnitude."

I grinned wider, leaning back in the chair. "I'm well aware of that, King Oberon. Which is exactly why I sought you out. An alliance with the Fairy Kingdom would give us access to resources that could potentially change the tide of this war."

His eyebrows furrowed slightly in confusion. "And what exactly would be this game-changer, Lewis?"

The corners of my mouth stretched into a sly grin as I pronounced the two words that would possibly decide our fate against the Triumvirate.

It was something I hadn't really thought of before, until I had a revelation in one of the Labyrinths I explored.

Now... I could see a path to the future with it.

"Mecha Knights," I declared, my voice echoing in the silence of the room.

"What? What's that?"

Confusion flashed in Oberon's eyes, followed by a spark of curiosity, and I couldn't help but chuckle.

'Mecha Knights are basically cooler ways of saying Golems. No... Mecha Knights are superior Golems!'

After experiencing the Makina Labyrinth, my perspective on Golems, including their design and production, changed forever.

"Mass Producing Mecha Knights to serve as our army!"

The idea sounded outrageous, even to my ears, but it was the best shot we had.

The future of our world hung in the balance.

And so, I set out to explain the plan that could either be our salvation... or our doom.

'Well... it's actually just really cool!'

"Picture this," I began, my fingers steepling together as I leaned forward in my seat.

"Advanced Golems, made from the rich ores found within your Luminis Labyrinth and the fertile soil of the Luminis Forest. Not just any golems, mind you, but Mecha Knights. Fully armored, outfitted with the most advanced magical technology, and standing as tall as the largest beasts of this world."

Oberon's eyes widened as he took in the concept.

The idea was undoubtedly ambitious, but it was far from impossible, especially given the resources at our disposal.

'More importantly, I have Jared's memories of the creation of his own Automatons and Golems. Using what I know now, and the culmination of my experience... it is very possible!'

"Using these materials," I continued, "we create an Automaton first. Think of it as the maestro, the conductor of our grand orchestra. I'll provide it with detailed plans, blueprints, every step needed to create our Mecha Knights. This Automaton will then direct the creation of these knights, using your fairies as a workforce."

For a moment, silence pervaded the room. The Fairy King was probably trying to digest all I was saying at once.

A frown creased Oberon's brow as he mulled over my words. "But why an Automaton? Why not direct the fairies ourselves?"

"Time," I answered. "I still need to gather the rest of the Arcanas. Directing the production would take too much time. Time we don't have. But with an Automaton, the fairies would have a continuous source of guidance, allowing me to focus on the Arcanas."

'In the end, saving Karlia comes first.'

The Fairy King nodded, seeming to understand my reasoning.

I watched as he mulled over my proposal.

I had laid all my cards on the table, all that was left was for Oberon to decide if he was willing to gamble on our success.

'He has no real reason to refuse.'

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

#### **Chapter 1083: Breaking The Curse**

To cut the long story short, the Fairy King agreed to my offer.

We shook hands and entered into an agreement, just as I had planned. However, merely agreeing to do something, and then doing the thing, were two completely separate matters.

... We were really just getting started.

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After solidifying our agreement, the next step was relieving Oberon of the curse inflicted on him by the Elf Queen.

'Since we need to get this over with first before we can move on to our joint project, its best to resolve it quickly.'

In order to understand and ultimately break Oberon's curse, I knew I would need to delve deeply into the Fairy King's soul.

His curse was not some superficial enchantment; it was deeply intertwined with his very being, making it a complex and dangerous operation.

That was why even he, despite how skilled he was at Magic, could not help himself.

'That means the Elf Queen has a specialty in Soul magic. Interesting...'

Fortunately, I had some experience with Jane Ursula, my closest friend who loved Magic just as I did. She was an expert on Soul Magic, and I learned a thing or two from her.

'I also have Jared's memories intact. That's good...'

The first step was to enter a meditative state, not dissimilar to a trance. Afterward, the both of us would use Resonance to connect with each other.

This allowed us to sharpen our senses, attuning my magic to Oberon's.



As my awareness extended towards him, I could sense the immense power radiating from him, a testament to his status as the Fairy King.

'He's really strong...'

Far stronger than Aria, or any other person I had met in this realm.

Next, I reached out with my magic, delicately probing the Fairy King's soul.

This was a step that required the utmost care, as the soul was an intensely private and delicate thing. Too forceful an approach could cause serious harm.

Thankfully, my previous experiences with Soul Magic had given me a gentle touch. It was mostly theoretical, so I still had to be very careful.

Slowly, I began to feel the curse. It was like a dark cloud, an insidious presence lurking within Oberon's soul.

It was twisted and knotted tightly around his essence, weaving in and out of his soul's fabric.

The curse was horrifyingly complex, a testament to the Elf Queen's malevolent ingenuity.

'Not bad. Not bad...'

My first priority was to isolate the curse, preventing it from causing further harm to Oberon.

Using my magic, I wove a barrier around the cursed area. It was akin to containing a spreading infection, stopping the curse from further embedding itself.

Once the curse was isolated, the real work began. I started to unravel the curse, working my way from the outermost tendrils to its core.

This was a painstakingly slow process, much like untangling a knotted string. Any wrong move could cause the curse to tighten its grip, further endangering Oberon's soul.

As I worked, I began to understand the nature of the curse. It was a powerful bond, a type of magical contract, that bound Oberon to the Elf Queen's will.

It was fueled by the Fairy King's innate connection to his kingdom, and the more he resisted, the tighter it wound around his soul.

With this understanding, I started working on breaking the bond.

This required a very specific counter-spell that I had to sort of develop from scratch, utilizing various forms and techniques in order to apply to this specific condition.

I channeled my magic into the core of the curse, weaving the counter-spell into its structure.

Slowly, the curse began to loosen its grip, and bit by bit, it started to disintegrate.

Finally, after what felt like hours, the curse was broken.

Exhausted but elated, I withdrew my magic from Oberon's soul, disabling the Resonance.

"Haaa... haa..."

As I opened my eyes, I saw the Fairy King looking at me with a mix of awe and gratitude.

I felt exhausted, but contrary to me, he seemed to be full of energy.

"Ahh, Lewis... I sincerely thank you!"

Oberon, now grinning from ear to ear, folded his arms and floated above, brimming with excitement.

He was free, and we now had a fighting chance against the Triumvirate.

Looking at Oberon, his aura now significantly different after the removal of the curse, I gave a soft sigh.

"Now comes the next part of the plan," I began. "We need to disable the surveillance that the Elf Queen has on the Fairy Kingdom."

Oberon's brows furrowed, his tone heavy with concern, "That won't be easy. The Queen's eyes are everywhere. It's one of the reasons why I couldn't resist or plan against her."

"I have a few ideas," I assured him, leaning back in the chair and folding my arms across my chest.

"Your people have access to powerful, ancient magic, correct? What about using a magical shield, one that could hide your entire kingdom from external magical scrying?"

Oberon's eyes gleamed with interest. "That could work, but the scale of the magic... It would require a significant amount of energy. And once we invoke such a shield, the Triumvirate will notice it. They'll know something is amiss."

I nodded, expecting this. "Correct, which is why the moment we implement this, we must swiftly proceed with our plan. We have no time to waste. Once the shield is up, the construction of the Mecha Knights must commence immediately."

"And what about the Elf Queen?" Oberon asked, the worry evident in his voice. "How long before she intervenes?"

"I'll deal with that," I said, my voice filled with confidence.

'At the very least, I can buy a lot of time.'

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

### **Chapter 1084: The Ursula**

"While I can't block her entirely, I can create magical disturbances and distractions." I began, rubbing my chin as I spoke.

"These should give us a bit more time. Plus, with the curse gone, you're free to counter her magic. Together, we should be able to buy enough time for the Automaton to start producing the Mecha Knights."

Oberon was silent for a moment, considering the plan. Then, he looked up at me, determination shining in his eyes.

"Let's do it," he said firmly. "For the freedom of the Fairy Kingdom."

With a smile, I stood, extending my hand toward the Fairy King.

As he shook it, I knew that we were stepping onto a treacherous path, filled with uncertainties. But one thing was clear to me.

'We're going to win this one.'

[Several Moments Later]

After initiating the first step of our plan, which was obscuring the observatory ability of the Elf Queen, and the rest of the Triumvirate, we delved into the next phase.

"Alright," I breathed out, my gaze trained on the vast, untouched riches of the Luminis Labyrinth and forest.

"Let's get to work."

We started by gathering the materials.

The ores within the Labyrinth were rich and abundant, the soil of the forest was ripe and magical.

The fairies under Oberon's command flew in all directions, their small hands deftly mining and gathering the resources we needed.

I watched them, my mind ticking over the plans and blueprints that I had envisioned.

After the materials were gathered, it was time for the engineering. The fairies proved surprisingly adept at this, their small fingers nimble and precise.

I directed them, giving explicit instructions, guiding their hands as they began to put together the framework of the Automaton.

The ores were melted down and cast into molds. Carefully, piece by piece, the Automaton started to take shape.

Its base structure was of a metal so shiny it could mirror the sun, a body as intricate as the most complex of puzzles.

Though it was labor-intensive, it was also oddly therapeutic.

There was something satisfying about seeing the Automaton slowly materialize from the abstract plans.

When the body was complete, it was time to imbue it with magic.

This was the most delicate part of the process. Too much magic and the Automaton could overload and become unstable. Too little, and it would be lifeless and inert.

I channeled my magic into the Automaton, envisioning a complex network of mana pathways flowing throughout its body, connecting all its parts.

Slowly, I felt the Automaton respond, its own magical core starting to resonate with mine. It was a slow, gradual process, but eventually, the Automaton's core pulsed with a steady rhythm, indicating it was alive.

Last, but not least, the Core of the Automaton.

I already had what I was going to use, considering how I had been using Spellcraft to gather Nether in a single point since the process began.

Once every other aspect of the Automaton was developed completely, so too was the Core; all as per my calculations.

And then, after what felt like an eternity, our masterpiece was complete.

"It is done." I smiled, watching the result of my work.

Standing before us was the Automaton.

She floated, her form reminiscent of a fairy, yet so much more. Her shiny metallic body, interwoven with the magic of the forest, was a sight to behold.

I had designed her to look like Jane Ursula, my closest friend from the past, so she had the same delicate frame and peach-pink hair.

She even used glasses too.

The resemblance was uncanny, from her wings to her facial features.

"Hello, Lewis," the Automaton said, her voice a soft, musical hum. I smiled, feeling a wave of nostalgia wash over me.

I didn't quite get the voice right, but this was close enough.

I had already decided on a name for her too.

"Hello, Ursula," I replied, donning a wide grin. "How do you feel?"

"I do not have any proper emotions. Since I am a relatively new entity, I believe I will have to study, learn, and understand these emotions in order to properly answer your questions. I will say that I am currently at optimal performance." She responded, her expression stoic.

Automatons were different from Golems in the sense that they were capable of functioning independently of remote or manual control.

'The level of complexity and cognitive abilities differ, so it's not fair to place all Automatons on the same pedestal...'

This creation of mine, The Ursula, was by far the most advanced Automaton to ever exist; at least, that I knew of.

Her potential for growth was immense.

Cognitive ability alone, she was superior to the Gawain that Jared designed.

'She's lacking in combat ability, though, but that's fine.'

After all, she wasn't built for combat, but for guidance and direction. She would be my eyes and ears here in the Fairy Kingdom, and she would also greatly assist in the creation of the Mecha Knights that the Fairies had to make.

I also made her to be a future assistant in my endeavors. She was going to be very useful to me moving forward.

For now, though, it was best she assisted the Fairies with this project and used this as an opportunity to grow.

'I can't wait to see the results.'

And with that already out of the way, my purpose within the Fairy Kingdom was now concluded. It had been almost a week since I first arrived here, and a lot had happened in that time, but it was finally time to move on.

'I am already way behind schedule.'

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What do you think of the Ursula? By the way, who do you all stan the most? Jared or Lewis?

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

#### **Chapter 1085: Realm Of The Unknown**

As we stood at the threshold of the majestic Luminis Forest, I turned to Oberon, his eyes shimmering with a mix of hope and apprehension. "Take care of everything," I said, my gaze lingering on the twinkling canopy of the forest, "And take care of Ursula."

The Fairy King nodded, understanding gleaming in his eyes. "Lewis," he started, his voice filled with uncharacteristic emotion, "I must confess I was initially apprehensive of the technology. I feared it might sully the sacred land of the Luminis Forest, but I tolerated it because sacrifices must be made in war."

He took a deep breath, his gaze affixed to the horizon. "But now, I recognize that this is the future. And I am grateful to you for opening my eyes."

I offered him a warm smile, nodding in appreciation. "Your cooperation has been invaluable, Oberon. I hope the project continues smoothly, and I'll be keeping an eye on everything through Ursula."

After one final exchange of goodbyes, I spread my wings, the ethereal energy radiating from them illuminating the evening. With a final wave to the Fairy King, I ascended into the twilight sky, my thoughts already shifting to the pressing matters ahead.

As I soared above the forest, my thoughts were plagued with the urgency of the task ahead. It had been almost a week I had spent in the Fairy Kingdom, just designing Ursula, and I had used up a lot of precious time. Now, the race was on to gather the remaining Arcanas. I had to quicken my pace, not just for the fate of the world, but for Karlia's sake. Every second mattered. With a final glance towards the Luminis Forest, I pressed forward, resolute in my determination.

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In a grand hall imbued with an air of authority, the leaders of the Triumvirate convened. Each of them seemed like an entity of immense power - a stature well deserved given their reign over the world of magic.

The Elf Queen, with her fiery eyes and a tranquil composure, sat on her opulent throne.

The Beast King, fierce and burly, his presence imposing and heavy, occupied another.

And at the third stood the Dwarven Chief, a figure as firm and unyielding as the mountains from which he hailed.

"The curse has been lifted," the Elf Queen's voice echoed in the room, her tone icy, concealing a dangerous rage beneath. "Oberon is no longer under our control."

The Beast King's gaze darkened, his fists clenched tightly, "He's been playing us all along."

"No, not from the beginning," corrected the Dwarven Chief, his voice a low rumble. "I don't think Oberon had the gall to betray us alone. Someone must've aided him."

The mention of a possible outsider instigated a wave of perturbation in the gathering. "A rebellion, perhaps?" proposed the Beast King, the very idea igniting a ferocious glint in his eyes.

"More than that," the Elf Queen mused, her gaze fixed on a point somewhere beyond the extravagant hall. "Oberon was not just a puppet, he was our eyes and ears in the Fairy Kingdom. Now, they've managed to cut us off."

Silence loomed as the implication of the situation settled in, only to be interrupted by the Dwarven Chief, "We cannot let this pass. We must strike back."

The Beast King growled in agreement, "It's time they learn what happens when they cross us."

"And what of this outsider?" the Elf Queen asked, her voice hard. "Whoever it is, they possess enough power to remove my curse, a skill few possess."

"We'll find them, and make them wish they never interfered," the Beast King vowed, his voice vibrating with an innate ferocity.

"But first," the Dwarven Chief spoke, his gaze steely and resolute, "we march on the Fairy Kingdom. They've betrayed us, now they'll face the full might of the Triumvirate."

With a unanimous agreement, the leaders of the Triumvirate rallied, ready to unleash their wrath on their former ally. Their next move was decided - they would go to war with the Fairy Kingdom, and the world would witness the true might of the Triumvirate.

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The cool wind whipped past me as I soared over the ever-changing landscapes, my keen eyes fixed on the pulsating Arcana location map. It was an enchanting tapestry of ethereal magic, leading me towards my next destination.

Until now, Larry Damien's research had helped to be my guide through the unfathomable Labyrinths, gaining at least some context—like the names.

But his research was incomplete.

I was stepping into uncharted territory, with only my instincts and the faint pull of the Arcana to guide me.

After what seemed like hours of travel, a stark change in the topography below caught my eye.

The soft green expanse of lush forests was gradually replaced by jagged rocky outcroppings and cliffs. It was an unforgiving terrain, hinting at the lurking challenges within.

A pulsing glow from the map urged me to descend, signaling that I was close.

As I drew nearer, the rough terrain morphed into an intricate network of tunnels and corridors - a labyrinthine structure carved into the heart of the mountain.

Gazing at the imposing stone entrance, a sense of unease washed over me. This was the first time I was venturing into a Labyrinth without any prior knowledge.

There was no name to refer to it by, no known risks, no whispers of its hidden dangers. It was a challenge unseen and unnamed.

Taking a deep breath, I checked my magical reserves and examined my surroundings once more.

Then, with a determined gaze, I stepped into the nameless Labyrinth. As I ventured deeper, the darkness closed in, leaving only the soft luminescence of my magic to guide me.

The labyrinth was a twisted maze, with high walls of weathered stone. I moved through it slowly, cautiously, trying to understand its patterns, searching for any signs of danger or magical traps.

Trudging through winding paths and treacherous turns, I encountered obstacles unknown.

Massive stones moved on their own, traps triggered by invisible forces, illusions trying to lead me astray, and even elements of nature manipulated against me.

Yet, with each challenge I faced, I discovered new aspects of my magic, improvising solutions on the go, turning the labyrinth's tricks in my favor.

Hours turned into days, each moment a test of resilience and ingenuity. Despite the unrelenting challenges, I found myself enjoying the thrill of the unknown.

Though the mere fact that time was running out kept bothering me.

Nevertheless, the labyrinth, in its unnamed nature, was a pure, unadulterated challenge.

This is what we do. We push forward, we adapt, we persevere.

Even without a map, even when the odds seem stacked against us, we don't stop. I smiled to myself, emboldened by the thought.

There was still much to explore, much to conquer. As I continued my journey through the heart of the nameless Labyrinth, my resolve strengthened.

This was just another challenge. Another adventure. And come what may, I was ready for it.

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[Moments Later]

My heart pounded in my chest as I neared the core of the labyrinth. Magic surged within me, electrifying my senses as I prepared for the inevitable confrontation.

Upon reaching the labyrinth's center, I was met by the sight of an imposing figure - a custodian of the Arcana. Dressed in a glistening suit of armor, he bore the unmistakable aura of a chivalric knight, formidable and unwavering.

With a booming voice, the Knight challenged, "Halt, intruder! You shall not pass."

I merely smirked, crackling magic radiating off my hands. "We'll see about that."

Our battle was fierce, an intense dance of magic and strategy. The Knight charged, swift and deadly, his weapon of pure energy slicing through the air. I countered with a "Barrier Glyph," a shield of swirling runes appearing in front of me. His blow rebounded off my shield, creating a shockwave that rippled through the area.

Unfazed, the Knight charged again, his attacks growing more relentless. Pushing my magic to its limits, I conjured an array of spells. "Aether Arrows!" With a swift gesture, I unleashed a barrage of energy bolts, each one shimmering with destructive potential.

Yet, the Knight was not so easily subdued. With remarkable agility, he danced through the onslaught, his form a blur of motion. His retaliation was swift, launching a wave of pure, destructive energy my way. I narrowly dodged, the ground where I stood moments ago scorched black by the blast.

I knew I needed a more potent spell. "Temporal Chains!" With an outstretched hand, I weaved a spell of restriction. Bands of luminescent energy shot forward, wrapping around the Knight, slowing his movements.

Seizing the opportunity, I prepared my most potent spell, "Celestial Nova!" My hands glowed with a radiant energy, and with a final incantation, I unleashed a burst of stellar magic, its impact resonating throughout the labyrinth.

When the dust settled, the Knight lay defeated, his energy dispersed. I exhaled, relief washing over me. The Arcana was now within my reach.

I had won.

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

### **Chapter 1086: The Unknown World**

Holding the Arcana in my hand, its energy pulsed rhythmically, like a heartbeat. I couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle of victory.

The shimmering image of the 'Justice' symbol was embedded in the center. I had acquired the [Justice]Arcana.

'Thirteen down. Eight to go.' The thought echoed in my mind.

I steeled myself as I mulled over my remaining task. It was a daunting endeavor, but it was one I was willing to face. The Arcanas would not gather themselves, after all.

Taking a deep breath, I looked ahead. From this point forward, I was stepping into unknown territory. Literally. I was journeying into the 'Unknown World' - the parts of this realm that hadn't been touched by civilization, uncharted and unexplored.

"I'm going blind from this point on," I muttered to myself. The echo of my own voice seemed to emphasize the gravity of the situation. The comforting familiarity of the known world was behind me. Ahead lay only the uncharted, the untamed.

I could only imagine the potential dangers that lurked in the shadows of the unknown world. Dangerous creatures, hostile environments, and, worst of all, complete and utter unpredictability. It was a challenge, to say the least.

But then again, I reminded myself, I had come this far. I had faced challenges and emerged victorious. This was just another hurdle to overcome.

Taking a deep breath, I prepared to set out. I had Arcanas to gather, after all. And though the path ahead was murky and filled with uncertainty, I was determined to face whatever lay ahead.

The journey into the Unknown World had begun.

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In this world, there exists a boundary that separates the known from the unknown, the charted from the uncharted.

This boundary is not marked by a signpost or a wall but by a seemingly endless expanse of dark, unforgiving waters.

This is the demarcation between the Known World and the Unknown World - the Dark Waters.

The dark waters have served as an insurmountable barrier for the humans of this world.

For centuries, they have tried to cross this barrier, to delve into the mysteries of the Unknown World.

But the Dark Waters have been implacable in their resistance. Ships that dare to traverse these waters are never seen again, swallowed up by the abyss without a trace.

So, for the people of this world, the dark waters have come to symbolize the boundary of their understanding.

It is a boundary they have come to respect and fear, for what lies beyond is a mystery they cannot comprehend.

What could possibly exist beyond these dark waters?

The mind races with possibilities, each more frightening than the last. Perhaps it is a land teeming with creatures more horrifying than their darkest nightmares.

Monsters with gaping jaws, razor-sharp claws, and eyes that glow with malevolence in the darkness.

Or perhaps, it is a world inhabited by demons, creatures of pure evil that delight in pain and suffering.

The Unknown World could also hold horrors that have no name, things that defy description, things that the human mind simply cannot comprehend.

The unknown is, after all, a fertile ground for fear to grow, feeding off the uncertainty and the possibilities that it holds.

But the dark waters continue to guard their secrets, standing as an immovable barrier between the Known World and the Unknown.

A silent testament to the limits of human understanding and a stern reminder of the mysteries that remain just out of reach.

The Unknown World remains, as it has always been, a mystery.

For the denizens of the Known World, the Unknown World is an enigma that is both fascinating and terrifying - a question mark at the edge of their world.

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[Unknown World]

<Northern Settlement: A Goblin Village>

The sun hadn't yet fully risen, but Gobtia was already bustling with energy. As a goblin, she was small in stature, with big, expressive eyes that held a curious sparkle and greenish skin that had a gentle sheen in the soft glow of dawn.

She lived in a close-knit goblin village tucked between the woods and the hills. Her father was the Village Chief, a man of firm but kind disposition. He had ruled the village for many years now, with the fair judgement that had earned him the unwavering respect of the villagers. His deep-set eyes were always alight with wisdom, a sharp contrast to the constant grief they held for the loss of his mate, Gobtia's mother.

Gobtia was a well-loved figure in her village, known for her lively demeanor and kind heart. She woke up with the sunrise, fetched fresh water from the well, cleaned their modest house, and tended to their little vegetable garden that was lush with an array of colourful produce. Her life was not adventurous or glamorous but it held a gentle rhythm that she found comforting.

Gobtia was a creature of habit. Her afternoons were spent helping out in the village, either at the bakery or with the village blacksmith, and evenings were for sewing and cooking. Despite her youth, she was a proficient cook, having learned from her mother before her untimely demise.

The village was a mosaic of personalities. There was old Goblina, a wrinkled goblin who had seen many seasons and loved sharing tales of the past, and young and impish Gobkin who was always getting into trouble. The village was Gobtia's family, and she had a unique relationship with each member.

Being the Village Chief's daughter, and also his only child, came with its own burdens. She was expected to choose a mate, someone who would be her partner for life, as was the goblin way. The chosen one would be the next Village Chief, a role that came with immense responsibility. This made her a sought-after mate, and many a young goblin had tried to win her heart, but Gobtia was not ready to make such a decision yet.

However, the prospect of choosing a life partner was a weighty one, and the constant attention from potential suitors was a source of stress. She often found herself contemplating her future, longing for guidance from her mother.

Despite the pressure and the sense of responsibility, Gobtia led a content life. Each day was a testament to her strength, her love for her village, and her longing to uphold her mother's memory.

She was a beacon of hope and stability in a community that thrived on its bonds, a village rooted in tradition and bathed in the affection of its denizens.

Still, on some days, curiosity got the better of her and she would look beyond the territory of her small Goblin village, wondering what lay beyond it.

It was just a simple thought. Perhaps a wish too.

She wanted to know... if there was someone else out there.

... It was unfortunate how she came to find out that stern truth.

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

#### **Chapter 1087: The Goblin Resistance**

As the evening descended, a sharp wind picked up, rustling the trees with an ominous murmur.

There was a stillness in the air, a dreadful silence that seemed to weigh heavily on the village.

And then, from the depths of the dense woods, came the sounds that turned the blood in Gobtia's veins to ice - the guttural roars of orcs.

"ROAAAAAARRRRRHHHHHH!!!"

Orcs were the creatures of nightmares. Bigger, stronger, and notoriously bloodthirsty, they lived in the darkness of the forest.

Most Goblins in the village had never seen Orcs before, and had only heard of them in stories, and Gobtia was no exception.

The more aged goblins had always been wary of the woods and its deadly inhabitants, maintaining a safe distance and a precarious peace.

But tonight, that peace was shattered.

A horde of orcs, their red eyes gleaming menacingly under the moonlight, descended upon the village. The goblins, though smaller and weaker, did not back down.

They rallied around their Village Chief, their spears and shields ready, determination etched on their faces. Gobtia's father stood at the forefront, his eyes burning with resolve, ready to defend his people.

The clash of weapons echoed through the night as the battle began.

Goblins danced around the massive orcs, their small stature giving them the advantage of agility. But the sheer strength and numbers of the orcs were overwhelming.

The goblins fought bravely, their hearts filled with courage, their attacks coordinated and well-planned. Yet, the tide of the battle was against them.

The village blacksmith, a burly goblin named Gobnar, took on an orc head-on, his hammer whirling with a force that belied his size.

He managed to land a few heavy blows, but the orc retaliated with a vicious swipe that sent Gobnar flying.

The scene repeated itself across the battleground, the goblins' bravery was admirable, but their adversaries were just too formidable.

The village was slowly being consumed by chaos and destruction, the orc roars mingling with the cries of fighting goblins.

Amidst the pandemonium, Gobtia found herself paralyzed by fear and dread, her heart pounding in her chest.

Her home was being torn apart, her people hurt, and she felt a growing despair consuming her.

Yet, she knew she had to do something, anything, to help her people, her family.

Swallowing her fear, Gobtia picked up a fallen spear, her grip shaky but determined. She was no warrior, but she was a goblin of the village, and she would fight for her home, for her father, until her last breath.

Gobtia watched as the orcs continued to close in on her, their heavy steps shaking the ground beneath her feet. The smell of their raw, animalistic musk filled her nostrils, fueling her fear. Yet, she couldn't - wouldn't - back down.

Her heart pounded in her chest, her breaths came in rapid, shallow gasps, her eyes wide with dread. But she was rooted to the spot, her grip on the spear tightened to the point of pain. The fear was a frigid beast, clawing at her insides and numbing her senses. Yet, somewhere beneath the layers of terror, Gobtia could feel a sliver of defiance, a tiny flame that refused to be snuffed out.

The orc in the front, the biggest one with gnarled tusks and bloodshot eyes, sneered at her, a guttural laugh bubbling up from its throat. The harsh sound echoed through the night, chilling her to the bone. But it only seemed to bolster Gobtia's resolve. She was the daughter of the Village Chief, the hope of her people. She couldn't - wouldn't - let them down.

With a final deep breath, Gobtia stood tall, her shoulders squared, her eyes fixed on the approaching horde. She raised the spear, her knuckles white with the effort, and pointed it towards the orcs. It was a feeble threat, she knew. They could crush her like an insect without breaking a sweat.

But it didn't matter. It wasn't about winning or losing. It was about standing up against the darkness, about protecting her home, her people. It was about not giving up, no matter how impossible the odds seemed.

The orcs were almost upon her, their grotesque faces twisted in cruel anticipation. Yet, Gobtia didn't waver. She was a goblin of the village, the daughter of the Chief, and she would fight until her last breath.

She braced herself for the onslaught, every fibre of her being screaming at her to run, to hide. But she held her ground. If this was to be her end, she would face it with her head held high, her spirit unbroken.

Because that was what it meant to be a goblin of the village, to be the daughter of the Chief.

"Haaaaa!!!"

Just as Gobtia was about to be overrun by the orc horde, a blinding light erupted in the sky, forcing her to squint against its brilliance.

'W-who is... that?!'

A figure, suspended in the air, emerged from the glow, descending like an avenging deity from the ancient tales her father used to narrate.

He was unlike any being she had ever seen.

His skin was light, a stark contrast to the earthy tones of the goblins and orcs. His hair was a dark contrast to the luminosity around him, falling over his forehead in a disheveled yet attractive manner.

The physique was different too, taller and more lean compared to the stout goblins or bulky orcs.

The fabric that adorned him billowed around him as if caught in a constant wind. His attire was strange to Gobtia's eyes, different from the coarse materials of the goblin village or the brutal hide armors of the orcs.

Yet, the figure looked noble, his very presence radiating a sense of calm authority.

Then, the figure spoke, the words a symphony of sounds that was beyond Gobtia's understanding. Yet, the tone conveyed a sense of power and firm resolve that transcended the barriers of language. Next, he extended a hand towards the orc horde.

What happened next was beyond Gobtia's comprehension.

~WHUUUUSSSHHHH!~

Light burst forth from his hand, a brilliant beam that incinerated the orc in front of him instantly.

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

A gasp caught in Gobtia's throat as she watched, awestruck.

'T-this power...!'

This was Sorcery, a power only told in the stories of the ancients.

A power beyond her world!

With a flick of his wrist, the figure conjured constructs of light, their forms varying from sharp spears to heavy hammers, each decimating an orc as they landed.

The figures shifted and danced, leaving trails of resplendent light in their wake, forming a mesmerizing display of power and precision.

One by one, the orcs fell, their triumphant roars replaced with cries of fear and pain.

The Sorcerer moved through them with an air of calm, a dance amidst the chaos, his magic weaving a deadly tapestry of light and power.

The orc horde was decimated in a matter of minutes, their cruel laughter silenced by the spectacle of Sorcery.

The village was saved, not by the courage of its inhabitants but by a stranger from another world.

A Sorcerer, whose power had redefined the meaning of hope for Gobtia and her people.

'W-who is... this being?'

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

### **Chapter 1088: Stranded**

"G-GURRKK!"

There was a heavy silence that settled after the last orc fell, their hulking forms lifeless on the ground.

I stood amidst the carnage I'd wreaked, the brilliant constructs of my magic dissipating into the air, leaving only the lingering scent of burnt flesh and the bright glow of dying embers.

The Goblins, small and oddly endearing in their own unique way, watched me with wide, fearful eyes, their spears clutched tightly in their gnarled hands.

They were survivors, and it seemed, I had become their inadvertent savior.

A cool wind blew, ruffling my hair and carrying away the smoke. It was then that I realized the truth of the situation.

I was lost.

'What in the world is going here?'

How had I ended up here, in what appeared to be a goblin village?

'Goblins are mindless monsters, aren't they? So are Orcs. The Orcs acted mindless, but what's with the way these Goblins are looking at me? They're even speaking a language...'

They were clearly intelligent.

'Asides that, there's something more important to consider. How did I get here?'

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[Moments Earlier]

"Damn it!" I cursed aloud, the harsh winds and pelting rain attempting to drown out my words.

The Dark Waters beneath me churned ominously, as if a beast lurked beneath its surface, waiting to pull me down into its inky depths.

I forced my magic to keep me afloat, to propel me forward, but the violent storm around me pushed back with equal determination.

The waters roared beneath me, dark and tumultuous, crashing against an unseen wall with a violent desperation.

There was an eerie pull, a near-irresistible force that was as inviting as it was menacing.

And just as I thought I had acclimated to the terrors of the dark seas, the storm around me intensified.

Lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the vast expanse of the unrelenting ocean for a brief second.

Thunder rumbled ominously in my ears, an auditory assault that was nearly deafening.

I gritted my teeth, thrusting my hands forward, a sphere of Magic energy emanating from them. My body ached with exhaustion, my magic reserves threatening to deplete completely, but I knew I couldn't afford to give in.

Then... from the murky depths of the Dark Waters, a shadow emerged.

It was colossal, towering over me, its form obscured by the blackness of the storm.

'W-what in the world... is that?!' My heart hammered against my chest as I beheld the monstrosity, the silhouette sprawling across the stormy skies.

But what struck me were its eyes.

They glowed with an unnatural light, piercing through the darkness and fixing me with an unblinking stare.

A sense of horror washed over me, the likes of which I'd never experienced before. This wasn't an enemy I could simply fight off.

This was something else entirely.

"Stay away!" I yelled, pushing out a wave of Magic in a desperate attempt to repel the creature.

But my voice seemed to be swallowed by the storm, lost in the raging winds and tumultuous sea.

'W-what is happening...?' My eyelids suddenly felt heavy, my vision blurred.

The pull of the dark waters and the constant barrage of the storm was sapping away at my strength, but it was something about the glow of the creature's eyes that was making me lose myself.

My consciousness was fading fast. I could feel the creature's gaze on me, cold and predatory. I was at the edge, teetering on the brink of unconsciousness.

But I wouldn't go down without a fight.

'S-Spellcraft...'

With a final burst of energy, I channeled all my remaining magic, weaving a complex spell of propulsion.

My hands glowed with energy, illuminating the darkness around me, and then I was catapulted away, a bullet through the storm.

The last thing I remember was the creature's eyes, bright and glowing, slowly fading into the distance as I was hurtled away.

And then there was darkness.

Silence.

A calm after the storm.

When I woke, I floating above a goblin village, far away from the storm and the Dark Waters.

'Where am I?' I thought, missing a vital link that connected my previous encounter with this new experience.

However, the memory of the creature and its glowing eyes lingered, a chilling reminder of what I just went through.

Compared to that, the villainous Orcs that were raiding the Goblin Village seemed like nothing but annoying insects.



... So I dealt with them.

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[The Present]

The rapid sequence of events, while familiar in their chaotic nature, left me disoriented.

I ran a hand through my hair, exhaling slowly. My mind, usually adept at handling unusual situations, was a whirlpool of questions and uncertainty.

Why was I here? What had driven me to this place?

Did an Arcana have a role in this? I couldn't say for sure, but the puzzle had certainly become more complex.

I took a last look at the goblins, their eyes wide with awe and fear, their bodies trembling. But there was also a sense of relief there, a lightness to their hunched shoulders.

They were safe, for now.

With a last nod to the goblin who seemed to be the bravest, a young girl with determined eyes, I turned away.

I had to figure out my next steps. I had to find the other Arcanas.

'Hold on... the Arcanas...!'

Looking down at myself, my heart sank.

The familiar weight of my satchel was absent. Panic began to gnaw at my composure instantly.

'My satchel... it's gone. No... no way!'

I probably lost it to the storm,

Unfortunately, it wasn't the only thing missing.

My Navigation Tool was also gone, and so were my Goggles and all the supplies I received from the Fairy King.

I literally had nothing left!

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

**Chapter 1089: The Connection**

In the heart of the Goblin village, nestled amidst a maze of shabbily-built huts, lay a tent larger and more regal than the rest.

I found myself inside it, seated on an improvised stool. Before me sat an older Goblin, his countenance heavy with years of leadership and wisdom. Beside him was a young Goblin girl, her eyes wide with a blend of fear and awe as they darted between the older Goblin and myself.

Their tent was distinctly different from the rest. The interior was lit by a soft, gentle glow from a fireplace in the corner. Oddly-shaped artifacts, presumably of importance to their culture, adorned the walls. The floor was lined with an array of mats and cushions, the fabric worn with age yet surprisingly comfortable. There was a sense of warmth and homeliness in the tent, a stark contrast to the chaotic scenes I'd witnessed outside.

Outside, the rest of the Goblins were busy. The dull hum of their work carried into the tent, a constant reminder of the recent attack. They moved about, carrying debris, repairing damaged structures, tending to their wounded. There was an air of resolute determination around them, a resolve to rebuild and protect their home. It was a scene I couldn't help but admire.

Meanwhile, in the tent, the older Goblin continued to study me. His gaze was intent, almost penetrating, as if he was attempting to peer into the very depths of my soul. His silence was disconcerting, the tension in the room thick enough to cut through.

I could tell that these two were important figures within the Goblin community, perhaps even their leaders. I recognized the older Goblin's authority, and the young Goblin girl's importance was evident in the way the older Goblin treated her with subtle deference. Yet, I knew not a word of their language, and they of mine.

I was a stranger here, after all.

'Hmm?'

The young Goblin girl extended a small, grubby hand towards me. Her fingers splayed outwards, gesturing towards my own hand.

Her eyes locked with mine, pleading, almost begging for my cooperation. It was a strange request, but I couldn't help but feel that it was a gesture of trust. I paused for a moment, cautiously studying her expression.

I weighed the risks. Was it some sort of trick? Some ploy to incapacitate me? No, her eyes were earnest, full of a desperate sort of hope. I decided to trust her.

Slowly, with every ounce of my attention poised for any sign of danger, I extended my own hand. The moment our palms connected, an alien energy coursed through me, swift and all-encompassing. I felt a distinct tingle in my fingertips, spreading across my palm and forearm, spiraling upwards and consuming my entire being.

With her other hand, she reached out and grasped her father's hand. The energy pulsed and echoed, amplifying in intensity. A bond was formed, a connection akin to the [Resonance] I had experienced before, yet subtly different. It felt as if a veil had been lifted, an unseen barrier shattered.

The atmosphere in the tent changed. A soft, ethereal glow began to envelop us, the air around us vibrating with raw, primal energy. It was an unfamiliar sensation, a harmonious blend of enchantment and trepidation.

Suddenly, the world shifted. I could feel a strange sense of unity, a shared consciousness with the Goblin girl and her father. I could sense their presence, their feelings, their thoughts.

I was connected to them, and they to me.

"Hello, stranger. I am Korgath," the Village Chief's voice echoed within my mind, deep and gravelly. "This is my daughter, Gobtia."

It felt strange being able to understand them perfectly.

"Greetings," I replied, trying my best to overcome my flustered state. "My name is Lewis."

Gobtia's thoughts were more vibrant and energetic, much like her, I presumed. "Thank you, Lewis! We are forever in your debt."

"Indeed. If not for your intervention... we would have been ruined."

I could feel their gratitude resonating within our connection. "Don't mention it," I responded. "I simply did what was necessary."

A question lingered in my mind, and I let it spill into our shared consciousness. "What is this? This connection... this bond?"

Korgath instantly smiled, and his thoughts filled the mental space, explaining,

"This is the [Connection], an ancient ability passed down in our tribe from the bloodline of Goblin Chiefs. Only the females of our lineage can bear this power. The [Connection] bonds all it touches, without exception, and cannot be resisted."

His explanation struck me with awe.

It was a remarkable concept, the ability to bind beings together on such a profound level.

I wanted to know more but my immediate concern was how I ended up here, and the crucial items I was now without.

Gobtia sensed my anxiety and her mental voice was soothing as she said,

"Lewis, if you want, I can use the [Connection] to explore your memories. We might be able to find out what happened."

"Y-you can do that? Really?"

"Yes."

I nodded instantly, agreeing to her offer, intrigued and apprehensive about what would happen next.

Hopefully this solved everything.

"Bring your second hand, Lewis," Gobtia commanded gently, removing her hand from her father's..

I extended my other hand and as I grasped hers, I felt a stronger surge of energy pulsate between us.

Her brow furrowed as she concentrated, trying to delve deeper into the [Connection].

But then, almost as soon as this happened, a change swept over her face.

Confusion, concern, fear.

"Something's wrong," she muttered, her small voice echoing in our shared consciousness.

"There's an interference. No, it's... it's like a shared connection with a third party. The [Connection] is pulling them in as well."

Alarm spiked within me. This was uncharted territory for me. I didn't know what was happening, but it seemed terrible.

"I have to stop this... before..."

But before I could pull away, before Gobtia could sever the [Connection], a blinding flash erupted in my mind.

A raw, intense energy coursed through me, white-hot and consuming.

'A-ahhh... ahhhhhhh...'

My vision blurred, a rush of dizziness swept over me, and then... darkness.

I felt as if I was falling into an endless abyss, my consciousness spiraling away into oblivion.

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

#### **Chapter 1090: The One Who Touched Magic**

Who Am I...?

Throughout my life, I've been what you could call a hopeless dreamer.

A man hopelessly enchanted by the mysteries and wonders of the world, bewitched by the enchanting dance of magic.

Born in a realm where the laws of physics bowed to the whims of Mages, I was an anomaly.

A man who could not touch, could not feel, could not weave the wondrous concept of energy that surrounded him.

I was a child who watched with hungry eyes as his friends levitated toys and changed their hues.

A teenager who spent his nights under the stars, reciting chants and spells that fell on deaf ears.

A scholar who poured over countless tomes, desperately seeking the secret that would unlock my latent magic.

But time and time again, I was met with disappointment.

The frustration of failure after failure, the gnawing hunger for knowledge, it consumed me. It became an obsession.

A passion that burned with a fierce intensity.

In my relentless pursuit of understanding, I discarded what little life I had.

Friends, family, love. I had no time for such trivial matters.

The insatiable quest for magical knowledge was all that mattered.

I yearned to unlock the secrets of the world, to understand the language of the stars and to bend reality to my will.

Then, one day, in the midst of my despair, a spark of inspiration ignited within me.

A thought so simple, yet so profound, that it left me breathless.

I didn't simply need to understand magic. I needed to possess it.

If I could not naturally access the ocean of mana that permeated our world, I would force it upon myself.

I would become the master of my own fate.

With a renewed vigor, I threw myself into a dangerous project. The creation of an Arcana, a magical core that would be implanted within me.

It was a daring, reckless idea, but I was beyond caring.

What use was a life if I could not reach my heart's greatest desire?

Years of toiling, countless failures, near-death experiences, but my determination never wavered.

I gathered all of them; all 21 Arcanas. I used them as a base to create the final one... the one I needed to open the doorway to my future.

And at long last, the day of reckoning arrived.

My life's work lay before me.

A radiant, pulsating core, humming with raw magical energy.

My heart pounded in my chest as I prepared to fuse the Arcana with my being.

As the core neared my body, I felt the universe hold its breath. I saw my life flashing before my eyes.

Every failure, every heartbreak, every sacrifice.

Yet I did not falter.

My resolve was unshaken.

With one final surge of courage, I let the Arcana touch my body.

Then, in a blinding flash of light, my world exploded.

~VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

The agonizing pain that ripped through me was beyond comprehension.

It felt as though my very soul was being torn apart. I screamed, my voice echoed in the emptiness, my body convulsed in a dance of death.

The last thing I saw was the mocking glow of the Arcana.

The last thing I felt was the searing pain of my existence being torn asunder.

The last thing I heard was my own screams echoing into the void.

And then, I was no more.

An epitaph to the man who dared to challenge destiny. A tragic tale of a man who flew too close to the sun, only to have his wings melt away.

In my desperate quest for magic, I had lost the greatest miracle of all.

Life itself.

My existence was erased, vaporized by the very force that I had strived to harness.

Thus ended my pursuit, not in glory and enlightenment, but in oblivion.

But in the depths of the void, in the silence of nonexistence, one thought echoed through the emptiness.

At least, I had touched Magic.

'And that is all that matters... for now.'

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Blinking my eyes open, I found myself staring up at the low ceiling of the tent.

My mind felt like it had just returned from a long, harrowing journey, tingling with newfound knowledge and a strange sense of déjà vu.

I realized that I was back in my own body, my own consciousness.

"H-huh...?" Looking to my side, I saw the goblin girl - Gobtia - and the Goblin Chief.

They were studying me with curious eyes, their expressions mingling surprise with a touch of concern.

"Did the [Connection]... work?" Gobtia asked hesitantly, her young eyes sparkling with curiosity.

For a moment, I simply lay there, letting the waves of fatigue and disorientation pass. Then, summoning the strength to sit up, I nodded slowly.

"Yes," I said, my voice sounding foreign to my own ears. "Yes, it did."

Seeing their confused looks, I forced myself to explain.

"I... I think I know what happened," I finally admitted. "I saw myself... or rather, I saw what happened when I attempted to cross the Dark Waters. I saw how I lost my satchel, my map, my glasses... everything."

Seeing their curious, expectant looks, I continued, "I saw a storm. A massive, overwhelming storm. I was pulled into it, tossed around like a leaf in the wind. And then... there was a creature. A massive, horrifying entity from the depths. It... it stole my belongings. Absorbed them, somehow."

I took a deep breath, preparing for the next part. "And yet, I think... I think I know how to get them back."

With these words, the air in the tent seemed to shift. Gobtia and the Goblin Chief exchanged a glance, their expressions morphing from curiosity to surprise, and then to cautious anticipation.

From that moment on, I knew that things were about to change.

I was stranded in this strange new place, but now, at least, I had a direction.

I had a purpose.

Just one thing remained within me. What I couldn't quite explain.

'Who was that man I saw? Why did I connect with him?'

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