

## SPELLCRAFT 1111

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

#### Chapter 1111: The One To End The War [Pt 1]

The battlefield had turned into a nightmarish realm of despair as the Elf Queen's Soul Magic spread like a blight, transforming friend and foe into mindless, zombie-like creatures.

Among them was the Beast King, once a proud and noble warrior, now reduced to a soulless husk, his eyes hollow and empty, his movements mechanical and unyielding.

Worst yet, he only had one enemy in sight.

Even in death, it seemed he still sought after the strongest.

"Aria..."

Aria, already exhausted from her fierce battle with the Beast King, found herself facing him once again.

Only now, he was a relentless and ruthless monster, his body driven by dark magic, knowing no fatigue, no pain, no mercy.

"You cannot be serious!" Aria exclaimed, her voice filled with disbelief and horror as the Beast King lumbered toward her, his massive fists clenched, ready to strike.

"I'm sorry, Aria," the Beast King's voice came, hollow and devoid of emotion, his words a cruel mockery of his former self. "I must destroy you."

With that, he lunged at her, his movements faster and more precise than before.

~FWOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!~

Aria barely managed to dodge his blow, her body aching, her strength waning. She knew that she was at a severe disadvantage.

The Beast King was tireless, driven by a dark power that seemed endless.

~CLANG!~

~WHAM!~

~VWUUUSSSHHH!~

They clashed again and again, Aria's sword meeting the Beast King's fists in a desperate dance of death.

She struck and parried, dodged and countered, but every move was met with relentless force, every attack turned aside with ruthless efficiency.

"You were a worthy opponent," the Beast King said, his voice cold and emotionless as he advanced on Aria, his eyes fixed on her, unblinking. "But now you must die."

"I won't give in to you!" Aria shouted, her voice filled with determination. But her body was betraying her, her movements slowing, her reactions dulling.

She could feel the Beast King's power growing, his attacks becoming more and more relentless, his advantage increasing with every passing second.

She tried to summon her lightning magic, but it fizzled and died, her magical energy drained.

'Damnit!' She thought internally.

Unfortunately, she wasn't even given the chance to register such thoughts.

The Beast King's fist connected with her side, sending her flying, her body slamming into the ground.

"You can't win," the Beast King said, his voice cold and final as he stood over her, his massive form casting a dark shadow. "You are beaten."

Aria looked up at him, her body battered and bruised, her strength all but gone. But her eyes were filled with a fierce determination, a fire that refused to be extinguished.

"H-haa... haa... as if I'd accept that," she whispered, her voice filled with defiance. "I already beat you once. I can do it again..."

The Beast King said nothing, his face an emotionless mask as he raised his fist, ready to deliver the final blow.

Aria's body was broken, but her will remained unbroken, her spirit indomitable.

In that dark and desperate moment, she knew that she had to find a way to win, to overcome the impossible odds, to defeat the monster that the Beast King had become.

She could see her comrades running close to her already, their faces etched with worry. She could see how they struggled to break free from the ravaging army that closed in on the Fairy Kingdom's troops.

With blurry eyes, she could see that the war had continued, and that more people would have to die.

All thanks to her mother's stupid ambition.

At this point, more than anything, she wished for it all to end. This war... had to be stopped.

"Alright, that's enough." A voice suddenly echoed throughout the large battlefield, drawing Aria's attention, as well as the focus of every major player in the battlefield.

It was a familiar tone, from a familiar person.

"L-Lewis?!"

That's right! The man who appeared from thin air, his dark hair fluttering on his head as he donned a fearless smile, was none other than Lewis Griffith.

The air around the battlefield suddenly grew tense, a new energy entering the fray.

Everyone, friend and foe alike, turned to see Lewis stepping forward, his face etched with determination and resolve.

"I can't bear to watch this anymore," he declared, his voice ringing out clear and strong. "I'll be putting an end to this war."

For a moment, silence prevailed completely. No one could utter a word of response to the man who had just showed up.

No one except the malefactor herself.

"Pfft!"

The Elf Queen scoffed at his words, her eyes narrowing in contempt. "Who are you to make such a declaration? You're a nobody. You can't dare to stop me and my army."

Her words were filled with arrogance, but they died in her throat as Lewis raised his hand, casting a single, devastating Spell that swept through the battlefield.

"[Full Death]"

In one fell swoop, he disposed of the Beast King and Dwarven Chief, their bodies crumbling to dust, the dark magic that had controlled them vanishing into thin air.

"W-what?!" The previously prideful Queen gasped at the sight.

The battlefield fell into stunned silence, all eyes on Lewis as the true scope of his power became apparent.

The Elf Queen's face paled, her eyes widening in shock and fear as she realized the danger she now faced.

"Who... who are you?" she stammered, her voice trembling.

Lewis smiled, a cold, determined smile that sent a chill down the spine of everyone who saw it.

"I am the one who will put an end to this war," he said, his voice filled with a quiet, deadly conviction. "Once and for all. Even if it means executing every last member of the Triumvirate's forces."

His words hung in the air, a promise and a warning, a line drawn in the sand that could not be crossed.

The Elf Queen's face twisted with rage, but behind her eyes, there was a flicker of doubt, a realization that she was no longer in control, that the tide of battle had turned.

Lewis's eyes met hers, and in that moment, the full weight of his determination, his commitment to ending the war, was laid bare.

The battlefield was always a place of horror and death, a place where friends could become enemies, where the lines between right and wrong had blurred and twisted.

Elf Queen Kamilia knew all of these things, and deep within her, she longed for such stimulation; especially the part where she could completely dispose of any who sought to challenge her.

But now, a new force had entered the fray, a force driven by a singular purpose, a force that would not be swayed or deterred.

This war in particular... was different.

The Elf Queen's reign of terror was about to be challenged, and the fate of the Fairy Kingdom would be decided by the actions of one man, determined to make a stand, determined to make a difference.

The battle lines were drawn, and the final showdown was at hand.

"So make your choice, Elf Queen. Yield... or die."

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

#### **Chapter 1112: The One To End The War [Pt 2]**

The Elf Queen's eyes narrowed, her heart pounding with a mixture of fear, anger, and determination.

This stranger, this Lewis, had dared to challenge her, to disrupt her plans, to stand in her way.

He was powerful, she realized now, far more powerful than she had initially thought. But that would not deter her. She had come too far, done too much, sacrificed too many to let one man stand in her way.

She thought back to her rise to power, to the ruthlessness and cunning that had brought her to the head of the Triumvirate.

She had eliminated anyone who had stood in her way, had used every tool at her disposal to ascend to her position of power.

She had done whatever it took, without hesitation, without remorse.

And she would do it again.

She could feel the power of the Grand Blood Stone pulsing within her, a dark, consuming energy that promised destruction and victory.

She had used it to control others, to bend them to her will, but she knew that it might be too much to control this Lewis.

No matter. If she couldn't control him, she would eliminate him.

"RAAAHHHHHH!!!"

With a cry of rage, she unleashed the full power of the Grand Blood Stone, the energy output so immense that the entire area trembled, the ground shaking as if in fear of her wrath.

The air crackled with dark magic, the sky turning black as a torrent of energy surged forth, a tidal wave of destruction aimed directly at Lewis.

"I will not be thwarted!" she screamed, her voice echoing across the battlefield. "You will not stand in my way! I will crush you, and this war will be mine!"

Lewis faced the onslaught, his face calm, his eyes determined.

But the Elf Queen could see a flicker of concern in his eyes, a realization of the magnitude of the power she wielded.

Yes, she thought, let him see. Let him know that he is facing a force he cannot defeat. Let him know that he is facing his doom.

The energy surged forward, a relentless, unstoppable force, a manifestation of her will, her desire, her unbreakable resolve.

She would win. She would triumph. She would do whatever it took.

The war was hers to win, and she would not be stopped.

Not by Lewis, not by anyone.

The world would tremble before her might, and all who dared to oppose her would fall.

Her time had come, and nothing would stand in her way.

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"Not bad..."

I stood there, looking at the growing power of the Elf Queen, the dark energy of the Grand Blood Stone swirling around her, a maelstrom of destruction.

I could see her determination, her rage, her unyielding desire to win.

She thought she had me cornered, thought she could defeat me with her newfound power.

I couldn't help but smirk.

Did she really think she could best me?

Did she truly believe that she could stand against me and win?

She had no idea what I was capable of, no idea what I had learned within the Root.

I had had a lot of time to think about many things, many Magic, when I was within the Root. And in that time, I had finally solved the code to using the Arcanas of the Nether Realm.

'By inverting all the constants and variables, arriving at an opposite conclusion that remained consistent with the laws of this reality, I finally found the key to controlling the Arcanas of this world.'

That was how I had resurrected Aria and her friends.

That was also how I had gained the power to easily kill the Beast King and Dwarven Chief..

The combined might of the Arcanas was at my disposal, a power beyond imagining, a power that I could use to wipe out the Elf Queen and her forces if I so chose.

But that wouldn't solve anything, would it?

'Killing them will only perpetuate the cycle of violence, only lead to more suffering, more pain. There had to be another way, a way to end this war without more death, without more destruction.'

Besides, most of these people here just came to war because they were either forced to, or blindly followed their leaders.

'Many of them have families too. It'll be too harsh if I decide to end the cycle of violence by killing their families as well. If I go down that route, how many survivors will be left?'

That's right. In the end, I had to seek out an alternate means to end the conflict.

'I had hoped Larry and his team would be able to since they have more charisma and influence here, and they almost did it too...'

But who would have thought this crazy woman had another trick up her sleeve?

'In any case... let's see...'

"RAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

As the Elf Queen's energy surged towards me, her screams of rage echoing in my ears, I thought back to all that I had learned, all that I had seen, all that I had done.

I had the power to change everything. I had the power to make a difference.

And I would use it.

Not to destroy, not to kill, but to heal, to mend, to bring peace.

I looked at the Elf Queen, her face twisted with fury, her eyes filled with hatred, and I could see what it was I needed to do.

'This should take an ample amount of energy, but that shouldn't matter as long as I use Spellcraft and the Arcanas to complement the Spell.'

I personally couldn't wait to see the results!

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

#### **Chapter 1113: Peace At Last...?**

As the energy of the Grand Blood Stone surged towards me, I could feel the raw power of it, the malevolent force that sought to consume and destroy.

But I was prepared, more than prepared.

The combined might of the Arcanas pulsed within me, a torrent of energy that resonated with my very being.

"Grand Magic..."

The Elf Queen's screams of rage echoed in my ears, but I remained steadfast, my mind focused, my heart resolute.

This was the moment, the culmination of everything I had learned, everything I had fought for.

I raised my hands, the Arcanas swirling around me in a mesmerizing dance of colors and light. The world around me seemed to shift and tremble, reality itself bending to my will.

"You think you can defeat me?" the Elf Queen spat, her voice dripping with contempt.

I didn't respond with words. Instead, I channeled the power within me, drawing on the ancient magic that had been hidden for so long.

"... [New World]."

The Arcanas responded to my command, their energy flowing through me like a river, filling me with a strength that was beyond measure.

I closed my eyes, my mind focusing on the task at hand.

With the power of the Arcanas, I reached out to the very fabric of reality, touching the threads of existence itself. I could feel the concept of the Elf Queen Kamilia, her essence, her memories, her very existence.

And then, with a thought, I began to unravel it.

The world around me shifted and twisted, the very air crackling with energy.

The Elf Queen's form wavered, her screams turning into gasps of disbelief as her very being began to dissolve, as if she was being erased from the pages of existence.

"No!" she cried, her voice a desperate plea.

But I didn't stop. I couldn't stop. I was a conduit of power, a vessel of change.

With the Arcanas as my guide, I erased the concept of the Elf Queen Kamilia, her identity fading away like a ghost in the wind.

And then, with a surge of energy that shook the ground beneath my feet, I replaced it with something else.

I crafted a new concept, a new identity, one that was filled with compassion, wisdom, and a desire for peace. I infused it with the memories of a life lived in harmony, a life that could have been.

The Elf Queen's form solidified once more, her eyes wide with confusion, her voice trembling with uncertainty. "What... what have you done?"

I turned my gaze to the battlefield, the Triumvirate's forces frozen in place, their faces contorted in shock.

With the power of the Arcanas, I extended my influence, reaching into their minds, their hearts, their very souls.

I felt the resistance, the fear, the hatred. But I pushed forward, unwavering, unyielding.

Memories shifted, personalities changed, hearts softened.

And then, it was done.

The energy of the Arcanas began to recede, the world around me returning to a semblance of normalcy. The Elf Queen's eyes were wide, her face a mask of disbelief.

"What have you done to us?" she whispered, her voice trembling.

I looked at her, my heart heavy with the weight of what I had just done.

"I've shown you a different path," I said, my voice filled with a quiet resolve. "A path of peace, of unity. It's not too late to change."

'Altering reality itself to ensure no one has to die in this war... and no one has a reason to fight anymore.'

Tears welled in her eyes, a mixture of confusion, anger, and something else. Something new.

Hope.

The battlefield was transformed, the once-hostile forces now looking at each other with uncertainty, with a newfound understanding.

I had used the power of the Arcanas not to destroy, but to heal. Not to erase, but to create.

'I breached their free will, but if it will prevent a bigger tragedy... then it's worth it.'

And as I looked at the world around me, I knew that I had done what I had set out to do.

I had changed the course of history, rewritten the narrative, and forged a new future.

With the power of the Arcanas, I had brought about a different kind of victory.

A victory of the heart.

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The war was over.

The battlefield, once a chaotic scene of destruction and despair, had transformed into a place of calm and hope.

The Triumvirate's forces, once enemies, now stood side by side with the Fairies, united by a common purpose.

The power of the Arcanas had brought about a change that none could have imagined.

"Perfect."

I turned to Karlia, a sense of relief and satisfaction filling my heart.

"What do you think?" I asked, my voice filled with a mixture of hope and curiosity.

And then, she was there, her crimson form appearing before me, her eyes bright with joy.

Everyone on the battlefield experienced shock to witness her arrival, but she had been watching this whole time.



I sort of wanted to impress her with what I had done...

"I love it," she said, her voice carrying a warmth that wrapped around me like a comforting embrace.

I smiled, my heart swelling with happiness. "I'm glad," I replied. "I wanted to make things right, to bring peace to this world."

'Karlia is something of a pacifist. She likes peaceful resolution, so I wanted her to see this. Looks like I made the right choice, after all...'

After proposing to her and spending time with her, all the feelings I had for her were reaching new heights. I wanted to make her happy... to see her smile every time.

Watching her look at me this way, with pride and happiness, gave me pleasure that couldn't be described with words alone.

"You always strive to find the best solution," Karlia said, her gaze unwavering. "Even back in the Celestial War, when you spared the Demons and sought a different path."

I nodded, memories of that time flooding my mind.

Karlia just knew how to make me feel like a good person.

I had seen the potential for change, for growth, even in the midst of conflict. And now, that same belief had led me to this moment, to this new world where enemies had become allies, where war had transformed into peace.

"Yeah. Everything will be okay from this point onwa—"

~BWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMM!!!~

As the calm settled over the battlefield, a sudden tremor shook the ground beneath our feet.

'W-what's that?!'

I looked up, my eyes widening as a figure appeared beyond the world, their form massive and overwhelming, enough to hold the entire world in their fingertips.

'The hell?'

The clouds parted, and it felt like I—no, everyone else too—was so tiny and insignificant.

The face of the entity was etched in the sky, and the world trembled in their presence. It was so sudden that I recoiled in their presence.

"Who... who are you?" I stammered, my voice barely audible as I beheld the immense presence before me.

The figure's voice rumbled like thunder, echoing in the very core of my being.

"I am Libra," they declared, their words carrying a weight that seemed to bend reality itself. "I am the keeper of balance within the Nether Realm."

'A Constellation?!' My eyes bulged as I struggled to stay sane in their presence.

Every other person in the battlefield had fallen, most likely passed out due to the sheer magnitude of the power confronting us.

The entire world had to be down as a result of the magnificent presence before us.

I mean... who could stand before this being?

Libra's presence was both awe-inspiring and terrifying, a force that transcended all understanding.

My heart raced as I tried to comprehend the magnitude of what was unfolding.

Libra's presence materialized before me like a cosmic tapestry woven from the fabric of the universe itself. Their form defied conventional perception, existing simultaneously as a colossal entity that dwarfed the world and a nebulous, shimmering energy that seemed to transcend the boundaries of space and time.

A symphony of colors danced and pulsed across their form, a mesmerizing display of hues that shifted and swirled like a celestial aurora. Rays of ethereal light cascaded from their being, casting an otherworldly glow that illuminated the surroundings with an eerie radiance.

Their features were both intricate and ever-changing, as if they were composed of a myriad of cosmic fragments that converged and diverged in a mesmerizing dance. Glimpses of constellations, galaxies, and celestial phenomena seemed to flicker across their form, giving them an aura of cosmic majesty.

Libra's eyes, if they could be called eyes, were like twin pools of shimmering galaxies, swirling with an unfathomable depth of knowledge and wisdom. Each glance seemed to pierce through the very essence of one's being, laying bare the truths and secrets that lay hidden within.

A sense of immense power emanated from Libra, a power that resonated with the fundamental forces of creation and destruction. It was as if they held the very balance of existence within their grasp, a delicate equilibrium that could tip in any direction with a mere thought.

As they spoke, their voice reverberated like the cosmic winds, carrying with it the echoes of distant stars and the whispers of ancient truths. Each word seemed to vibrate with the resonance of countless timelines and dimensions, a testament to their dominion over the vast expanse of reality.

In the presence of Libra, I felt like a mere mortal standing before the cosmic embodiment of the universe's mysteries.

"Your presence here has disrupted the natural progression of this timeline," Libra continued, their voice unwavering.

I could feel so much attention and energy fall on me as I struggled to gulp.

"You are an anomaly that must be corrected."

My mind raced, thoughts and questions colliding in a whirlwind of confusion and fear.

'Damn it... I wasn't expecting this!'

No, to begin with, why didn't I calculate this?

Constellations were unlimited beings in the Aether Realm. Why did I not factor in their existence in this world?

Surely, if they existed, they would have known about my existence here.

That would be bad since I invaded the Nether Root, and I was directly affecting the events in this world. It would be the same if a denizen from the Nether Realm began to affect things within the Aether Realm.

I was certain Constellations who were aware would try to stop it.

And now that I was confronted with this... it made sense.

The question remained, however...

'What should I do?'

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

#### **Chapter 1114: Going Against A Constellation**

The presence of Libra loomed before me, an overwhelming force that seemed to bend reality itself.

Their words echoed in my mind, their cosmic resonance sending shivers down my spine.

I couldn't help but feel a mixture of awe and trepidation, a realization that I stood before a being of unimaginable power.

'Constellations... really are something, huh?'

"You are an anomaly, stranger," Libra's voice resonated, each word carrying the weight of galaxies.

"This world, this timeline, should have been rife with chaos, with the triumph of darkness and despair. Evil should have prevailed in the end. But you... you upended that flow, defying the natural order of things.."

I swallowed hard, my mind racing to comprehend the magnitude of their words.

Chaos and despair, the very antithesis of the peace and hope I had fought for, were supposed to be the prevailing forces.

Yet, I had upturned that flow?

'Now I understand... this is the Nether Realm, after all.'

The one who made the rules was that twisted entity.

"You're a threat," Libra continued, their form shimmering with cosmic energy. "A threat that must be eliminated to restore the balance that should have been."

My heart pounded in my chest, my thoughts a maelstrom of uncertainty and determination.

I had thought so hard to change this world, to bring about a better future. It took a lot of care to craft this new reality, after all.

But now, faced with the words of a cosmic entity, I couldn't help but question whether I had overstepped my bounds.

Had I disrupted a cosmic equilibrium that was beyond my understanding?

'If I didn't reset things so much... things wouldn't have come to this point.'

I now risked not only my life, but Karlia's as well.

I took a deep breath, my gaze meeting Libra's shimmering eyes.

"I... I only wanted to bring peace," I said, my voice wavering slightly. "To end the suffering, the pain. Is that wrong?"

Libra's form remained unmoving, their presence a mixture of contemplation and stern resolve.

"It is not your place to determine the course of events," Libra continued, their voice resonating with a cosmic authority. "Your interference has disrupted the equilibrium, upset the delicate balance that sustains the universe."

I felt a knot tighten in my stomach, a sense of guilt and doubt gnawing at my core.

And then, as if to further shatter my resolve, a realization washed over me. Even with the combined might of the Arcanas, even with the power to rewrite reality itself, I couldn't stand against a being like Libra.

They were a Constellation, a cosmic force that transcended the limitations of my understanding. Boundless and eternal, they existed on a scale that was incomprehensible to me.

I was just a mortal, a mere speck in the grand tapestry of the cosmos.

And no matter how much power I had gained, no matter how determined I was, I stood no chance against a force that was beyond my comprehension.

My shoulders slumped, the weight of the realization pressing down on me.

"I... I understand," I murmured, my voice barely audible. "If... if my existence disrupts the balance, then... I'll leave. That should change everything to—"

"No need. You should simply perish.

'Damn... I figured that would be the case.' A bead of sweat trickled down my face.

For a Constellation like Libra, why would they bother to consider sparing my life?

'I guess there is indeed a limit to what I can do, even at the pinnacle of Magic.;

There were forces beyond my control, forces that could not be rewritten, forces that were boundless and eternal.

And against those forces, I was powerless.

"It seems you understand now..."

As the weight of Libra's declaration settled upon me, I found myself caught in a swirling tempest of uncertainty.

'No. I can't give up now. Let's think, Lewis... THINK!'

My life. Karlia's life. And the many lives I had saved by changing the outcome of this world... all of those hung in the balance.

Was I going to call it quits now?

'Jared wouldn't do that! Neither can I!'

I HAD TO THINK!

What could I do against a being of such cosmic magnitude? How could I hope to defy a force that held the very fabric of reality in their hands? My mind raced, thoughts colliding in a chaotic storm of desperation and determination.

'Think, Lewis! You have to THI—'

And then, a gentle tap on my shoulder broke through my reverie.

'H-huh?'

I turned, my eyes meeting Karlia's, and in that moment, a sense of relief washed over me.

Her presence was a calming balm, so sudden that it felt so strange.

"Don't worry," she said softly, her voice carrying a serene confidence.

"It's my turn now."

I looked at her, a mixture of surprise and gratitude filling my heart.

The overwhelming sensation that had gripped me began to dissipate, replaced by a newfound sense of calm. I watched as Karlia's form began to shimmer, her presence emanating a subtle brilliance.

Libra's voice rumbled like cosmic thunder, a deep chuckle that seemed to reverberate through the very cosmos itself.

"And what can you, a mere creation, do in the face of my power?"

As Libra's words echoed, a surge of energy radiated from Karlia's form, and the entire world trembled in response. I watched in awe as her expression transformed into a confident grin, her eyes shining with determination.

"Why don't we find out?" she retorted, her voice carrying a playful edge.

Why? How was she so confident? I couldn't understand it.

And what's more... I didn't understand how I believed her.

"Wait here, Lewis. This won't take long."

And with that, she took flight, her form becoming a streak of light that soared towards the cosmic entity before us.

~WHOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!~

I barely had time to process her words before she vanished from my sight, leaving the planet's atmosphere in a blur.

The sky above us seemed to shimmer with residual energy, a testament to the power that had been unleashed.

"Ah..."

I stood there, watching in awe as Karlia faced off against Libra, her form a beacon of light against the vast cosmic expanse.

'What... in the world is happening?'

How could Karlia expect to fight a Constellation?

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

#### **Chapter 1115: Libra Vs Karlia [Pt 1]**

It was a despairing sight.

In the vast embrace of the cosmos, with the shimmering stars bearing witness to the event at hand, two entities stood face-to-face with each other.

On one end was Libra, a Constellation, the very embodiment of balance in the world.

She was coated with stars and an inscrutable amount of energy that made her form brim with power. Her colossal form dwarfed the planets around her, and she appeared even larger than the sun.

All in all, she was massive. And the energy that radiated from her was also enough to undulate the void of space that surrounded her.

However... she wasn't the only one who stood confidently in the confrontation.

Right in front of her was a strange creature, one who seemed to know no fear, nor understand her place when faced with sheer power.

Karlia.

Karlia floated in space, her crimson form like a mere dot—no, even smaller—in the presence of an entity like Libra.

She seemed much smaller than an ant would be to a human, more insignificant than a speck of dust.

Her entire being, with her tail and bat-like wings, along with her long black hair, glowing violet eyes, and other succubus-like features, couldn't be more insignificant in the grand canvas of the world.

Yet... she stood.

"You are really challenging me? You?" Libra's voice was enough to make the planets around her tremble in her presence.

Even the sun seemed to flicker as she spoke, a testament to the sheer might she possessed. One could say the world was holding its breath as she uttered her statement.

As one who was boundless within the confines of her existence, a mere solar system like this could hardly contain her power.

It was this very Libra that some unknown succubus dared to challenge.

"You threatened to kill Lewis... made him nearly regret his choice for a peaceful resolution, and interrupted such a wonderful moment. I don't think I can overlook your actions any longer."

The audacity of this creature!

It made no sense that an entity like Karlia would say such words despite being confronted with the power that Libra possessed.

Her brashness could only be one of two things.

One: Karlia was a fool who simply couldn't judge the power before her, and how hers was nothing in comparison.

Two: Karlia was confident that her abilities matched, if not exceeded the power she was experiencing.

The second one was impossible, considering their difference in status.

Everyone knew the Constellations were second only to the progenitors of the Roots; Aether and Nether.

No one else came close.

"You must be an imbecile who can't judge with her two eyes and all her remaining senses the power that stands before her. I suppose eradicating you, as well as your Lewis, perhaps this entire sector as well, will be enough to remove the stain of your pitiful existence."

To Libra, this woman... this Lewis man... this entire world that had been altered... they had gone too far.

Removing them completely was the best solution.

"And so it shall be—"

~WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH HHHHHH!!!~

Before Libra could utter anything more, a deafening sound traveled in the void of space where sound could not travel, instantly shattering the barrier of natural law.

In a flash—no, even faster—the one who traveled with such veracity closed in on the towering entity that was already at the conclusion of her speech.

"Shut up."

Those were the words she uttered before the next law-defying event occurred.

~WHAAAAAMMMMMM!!!~

A single punch from what would appear to be lesser than an ant connected to the face of Libra, instantly creating a vortex of spatial collapse.

An echo of chaos radiated from the point of impact, sending a shockwave of unbridled destruction flying across the area.

The end result?

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

All of creation shivered as the first punch connected—the sight of a mortal landing a solid hit on a boundless one.

Ah, but this wasn't a mortal, was it?

Perhaps that was the mistake of the Constellation Libra, whose massive form was now being sent flying across the edge of the galaxy.

No... this woman wasn't a mere succubus. She wasn't simply a part of creation. She was by no means mortal either.

This was a being who had clawed her way up; from being a dirty cowardly crimson demon... to someone who had fought with god.

Karlia the Crimson Succubus... also known as The Immortal One!

"You're not getting away with this! I just wanted us to change the venue." Karlia's voice echoed across the vastness of space as she tracked Libra, who was moving faster than even light thanks to the first blow that Karlia dealt.

"Balance or not... you've crossed the line!"

~WHOOOOSSSHHHH!~

At a speed that defied laws, Karlia glided through space, chasing the being she had sent flying.

In no time at all, she caught up to Libra, who was still stunned by the hit she had received.

Perhaps it was because Constellations weren't used to being attacked, it took a while for Libra to register what had just happened.

She... Libra... had been hit in the face by someone.

What? Did that even make any sense?

As Libra was still flying in the void-like watch of space, she struggled to raise her aching head and look above her.

That was when she saw Karlia, flying right overhead, her fist clenched for another round.

"W-what do you think you're—?!"





Floating above her was the source of her current predicament.

Karlia.

"This place is perfect. This way, no one gets hurt." The succubus spoke, her hair floating behind her as she stared down at Libra's gigantic form.

How? How was such a being able to compete with a Constellation?

It made no sense!

She shouldn't even have been able to land a hit! Not even the greatest of black holes could harm Libra, or any other Constellation for that matter.

That was because they were mere creations.

Little babies could never hurt their guardians. No matter how hard the fish tried, it could never hurt the river it lived in.

So also could mere entities never hope to reach the realm of Constellations.

But this woman... this woman was different.

WHY?!

"I don't know how you got this power, or who the hell you are... but you've made a terrible mistake," Libra growled as she rubbed her face and stared hard at Karlia.

"Oh? And what mistake is that?"

Space began to tremble. The closest planets and stars gradually broke down. Everything that had meaning or form in any way began to resonate.

Everything was being caused by one thing.

"You've managed to piss me off." Libra declared, her brimming eyes now glowing even brighter than the stars.

"[Representation: Balance Of The World]."

Once Libra said that, the world came into a pause.

Everything stopped.

... And all for good reason.

It is trite that every Constellation possesses a Representation.

Libra's Representation was [Balance], just as Leo's Representation is [Authority].

Her power involved one simple thing.

Reconstructing anything and anyone in the world in order to serve what she deemed to be its natural state.



The black hole broke apart instantly.

Libra was short on breath at this point. It wasn't that she was tired or anything. No, Constellations didn't feel things like exhaustion.

It was because of her exasperation at a foe that should have been easy to defeat.

'Why can't I destroy her?'

At this point, Libra was exploring all the other options that existed beyond the confines of how she had initially defined Karlia.

Karlia was obviously more than she had hoped.

"She's strong. She's fast. She rivals my power..."

There was no doubt about it now. Libra couldn't think of anything else.

"You... have you become a Constellation?"

Only Constellations could rival each other. It only made sense that Libra couldn't affect Karlia.

If she had somehow managed to attain that kind of status, then it would be impossible to do.

"A Constellation? Pfft! No... why would you compare me to you losers?"

What?

"W-what did you just say...?"

Did this woman just call Constellations losers?

"I doubt you guys could hold a candle to your progenitors. You like to act all high and mighty, like the pinnacle of existence, when you are clearly under a progenitor.

Did she mean The Nether??!

Of course, The Nether was far more powerful than any Constellation, but he was out of the equation.

There was only one Nether, and his only match was Aether.

Everything else fell under them.

That was trite.

But so what? What did that have to do with the current situation?

"H-hold on, you can't mean... no that's impossible!"

"That's right!" Karlia grinned, her sharp teeth showing as she folded her arms and looked down at Libra's massive frame.

What the Constellation had never imagined before—not even for a second—due to how impossible it was. That was what Karlia declared to be true.

"No... that can't be!"

"Haha! You better believe it." Karlia's voice drowned Libra's words, stifling the atmosphere.

"For an eternity, I suffered at the hands of your master. He tortured me indefinitely, and every time he did so, I transcended my limits and grew even more powerful..."

What in the world was this succubus saying?

"The Aether within me became Nether, and my entire form completely underwent evolution. A mortal? An immortal? A Constellation? Na... you're selling me too short."

But that was impossible. No, it couldn't even exist!

"I'm none of them. I'm as close to the Nether as any being could possibly get. Though... I wouldn't place myself there yet."

"B-but that... that would mean...!!!"

"That's right." Karlia could only grin as Libra began to understand the reality of the situation.

It was already clear at this point.

"You Constellations are nothing to me."

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

#### **Chapter 1117: Karlia's New Form**

Karlia was immortal.

Her abilities allowed her not to die.

Every time her body was destroyed, it healed within a fraction of a moment. Anytime her soul was destroyed, it was replaced with a brand-new replica.

What's more, her body developed a resistance to whatever killed her initially, making her even more powerful than before.

That was the nature of her immortality.

In the Nether Realm, Karlia had suffered for what felt like an infinity stretching on for as long as an eternity.

Dying and dying... and dying over and over again.

The horror she experienced reached a point that common sense and conventional wisdom could not apply.

It was quite literally too much for anyone to bear.

However, since her abilities allowed her to adapt after death, she would always revive much stronger than before; which would in turn cause her suffering to be raised—as designed by the Nether.

All of this would continue until either Karlia's immortality broke, or she transcended any kind of pain or suffering that could ever exist.

And she was nearly there.

The Nether's powers had nearly dulled on her, reaching a point where the pain being inflicted on her was something no other living entity had ever experienced.

The amount of energy she had to endure dwarfed anything that any creation had seen.

What, pray tell, would be born from such suffering?

There were two options.

One would be a broken being, unable to fathom anything beyond the pain and torture they had been through since that would be all they now know.

The second, however... that would be the possibility of an existence that transcended any limits that currently exist.

A nigh invincible being.

And of these two options, the one that seemed to be the case for Karlia was the second.

In essence, nothing but the full power of the Nether would be able to hurt her in the slightest.

What could such a being be called?

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"N-no... no way..."

At this point, the one trembling was Libra.

She, the glorious constellation that was adorned with stars and galaxies, now seemed to be trembling in the presence of a mere creation.

It defied reason, but it was happening.

Karlia currently stood above Libra, and she was folding her hands while keeping a stern face. She didn't seem to be enjoying Libra's terror, but that didn't mean she was going to make it stop.

"It seems you understand now. No Constellation, or joint effort from you all, can beat me."

Whatever concept they governed had long been surpassed by Karlia's current body.

"T-that is..." Libra couldn't argue.

She still wasn't able to sense the amount of energy Karlia gave off, even now.

At first, Libra thought it was because Karlia's power was too infinitesimal that it didn't require her attention. There was a threshold a person's abilities could reach that would make a Constellation take notice.

Lewis had reached such a level, which was why she appeared to him.



"Here's what's going to happen. You're going to return to wherever you crawled out of, and you're going to deliver my message to the rest of your buddies." Karlia began, her tone growing sterner.

It seemed she was done reminiscing about her lover.

"Eeek!" Libra leaked out.

"If they mess with me, my man, or anything we care about... you're all dead." Karlia's imposing tone shook Libra to her core.

She nodded profusely, instantly understanding what she meant.

"Seems like you understand. That's good." Karlia's tone softened at this point.

The overwhelming that covered the pervasive blackness of space finally melted.

"I-I understand. I will deliver your message. I will... make sure never to bother you again... or that world of yours."

There were many universes, all in the form of branches within the Nether Tree.

Why would Libra risk her life because of one tiny planet within one insignificant solar system, within a remote galaxy, within just one universe.

There were so many others that she could go to instead.

"Perfect. We understand each other." For the first time ever, Karlia gave a friendly smile.

It radiated such warmth that Libra thought it was almost unreal.

~FSHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU~

The energy orb in Karlia's grasp dissipated as she closed her palm, finally ending the threat to Libra's life.

The Constellation found herself sighing in relief.

"Now scram." Karlia pleasantly smiled, though one could tell that something threatening laced those words that she uttered.

"Y-yes! Right away! A-and... congratulations on y-your... wedding..." Libra uttered, offering a salute.

"Thank you! I'll send an invitation to you if Lewis wants to have guests."

"T-that wouldn't be necessary. Hahaha... I should go now..."

Karlai shrugged, still wearing her smile.

Libra had enough tact to know when not to overstay her welcome. And so, in the blink of an eye, she vanished from her position, something she hadn't been able to do before since Karlia's energy kept her trapped.

With Libra gone, and the vastness of space finally experiencing peace thanks to the dissipation of both Karlia's and Libra's overwhelming presence, the conflict was over.

"Alright then..." Karlia's eyes twinkled as she looked into the far distance.



"I should get back now."

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

#### **Chapter 1118: The Constellation's Loss**

'Is Karlia going to be okay?' I asked myself as I looked above me.

It had been a few seconds since she shot up into space to confront a Constellation, and I couldn't help but worry.

'I should probably go too. At the very least, if I strike when the Constellation is fixed on Karlia, I might be able to secure our escape.'

No. Who was I kidding? Like a Constellation wouldn't be able to see me coming a mile away.

'Hold on... I can't allow myself to think that way!'

Constellations weren't omnipotent. They governed certain aspects of existence.

If I played my cards right, then maybe—

"I'm back, Lewis." I heard Karlia

My entire thoughts froze in place the moment I heard Karlia's voice.

"H-huh?" I mechanically shifted my head and turned in the direction of the voice that called my name.

Surely enough, it was Karlia. She looked the same. Her lustrous crimson skin and pretty face, accentuated with a charming smile that made my heart skip a beat.

A wave of relief washed over me as I found myself jumping in her direction.

"Karlia! I was so worried!" I cried out, sinking into her embrace.

My head landed on her soft, cushion-like chest, and I buried my face inside, while hugging her tight.

"Haha! Did you miss me that much?" Karlia chuckled as she rubbed my dark hair.

It honestly felt like she was treating me like a kid, which was kind of embarrassing... because we were surrounded by everyone.

But I didn't mind at this point.

'They're not even conscious, so I guess that's fine.'

"Of course, I missed you." For a moment there, I had gotten this creeping fear that somehow I would lose Karlia.

The last time she went against a powerful foe—The Nether—he trapped her in an eternity of suffering.

Why wouldn't I be worried that something like that could happen again?

"T-that stupid Constellation. I hope you taught her not to mess with us again." I sniffed, digging deeper into her plump chest.

I half meant that as a joke. I didn't know what Karlia did, but I couldn't detect Libra any longer.

Perhaps Karlia managed to reason with them.

"Of course. I made sure to teach her not to mess with us again. You don't need to worry about her any longer."

I raised my head from her chest, staring at Karlia with disbelief.

My jaws literally loosened and fell as soon as I saw her face and noticed she was telling the truth.

"Ah... is that so?" I murmured.

Karlia wasn't lying, but it still took me some time to fully comprehend her words.

Perhaps because it seemed too implausible.

"Yep. So don't worry." She brought my face back to her chest, and I gladly followed her lead.

It was our moment.

So, even if what I just heard didn't make any sense, I decided to just take it in stride and focus on what was more important.

"Ah, I was also thinking... we could invite her to our wedding."

WAIT... WHAT?!

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[Moments Later]

After calming down to listen to the total account of what happened straight from Karlia's mouth, I realized two things right off the bat.

One was that Karlia had become freakishly strong.

Heck, she was stronger than anyone I had ever seen or heard of—I think.

Even Neron wouldn't be able to fight with a Constellation and beat one so easily. Maybe he could win against one, but I didn't think it would be an easy fight.

I came to the Nether Realm to save this woman, but not only had she just saved me, but she was capable of more than anything I could even think of doing.

Karlia had become a god.

As for the second thing I realized... it was jealousy.

I wanted to reach such heights too!

If a creation like Karlia could do it, then maybe... maybe I could too.

However...

"Are you ready to be tortured indefinitely for eternity?"

... Once the conditions for that came up, I knew my answer already.

"No thanks."

I decided to simply live vicariously through Karlia.

"Marriage is all about making two into one, right? That means your power is technically our power..."

Once I decided to rationalize things that way, I realized my jealousy was quelled a little.

It wasn't what I initially wanted, but compared to the odds stacked against me, this was the closest I was going to get.

And, to be honest, having an overpowered woman as a devoted wife... that didn't seem too bad.

Who would be able to mess with us now?

Plus, while I would never tell her this, having her possess so much power... made her more attractive as well.

I didn't know how to explain it.

It was like falling in love with both Karlia and Magic all at once.

And in the end, wasn't that what all of this was about? Finding a balance between Magic and Love?

Well, I found my balance alright.

Karlia was simply HER.

'She has so much to teach me!'

\*\*\*\*\*

[MEANWHILE...]

Libra shamefully appeared before her brethren.

It was in a blank space, a space that was very similar to the Rot, but reserved exclusively for the Constellations.

A place beyond the reach of the other universes, where laws like space and time were nonexistent.

In this realm, Libra found herself face to face with her brethren.

All eleven of them.

"G-guys... I-I have a messa—"

"We saw everything, Libra." Leo was the first to speak as he watched his sister approach the bunch.

The rest remained silent as they kept their gazes fixed on her. However, it seemed Leo was the most impatient of the bunch.

The next action he took was instant.

~WHOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHH!!!~

In a flash, he closed the distance between Libra and the rest of the Constellations.

Fumes appeared from his nonexistent lips, and his flaming body contained so much energy that Libra could feel a stifling presence just with him being in front of her.

Constellations had equal ranks, but when it came to power, they had different specialties. As a result, even a Constellation like Libra could feel Leo's overwhelming presence.

"You..." He growled in a low tone.

Libra closed her eyes and kept her head hung low.

She knew how badly she had sullied the name of the Constellations. Not only had she lost to a creation, but she had the gall to return here.

To make matters worse, they had been watching the whole thing.

How could she ever live down the shame?

"You..." Leo raised both hands, his tone growing louder.

Libra kept her eyes closed, though she could still sense everything happening around her.

She already knew she was in for an eternity of chastisement.

"You... you really suffered a lot, didn't you, Libra."

'E-eh?' Libra thought in confusion.

The hands Leo raised wrapped themselves around Libra as she was pulled to him in a warm embrace.

"We saw it all, Libra. You suffered so much. We could hardly bear to watch." Leo was sniffing at this point.

She couldn't believe it.

Leo wasn't chastizing her? No... he felt sorry. He felt bad for her!

What of the others? What sort of expressions would they be making? Would they shower her with condescending looks, even if Leo let her off easy?

"Libra, uwaaaaahhhh!"

"You really did your best!"

"We were rooting for you all along, but we understand."

"We're so sorry, Libraaaaa!"



"Ah..." Libra's hollow voice rang out.

She now understood why they didn't overwhelm her with condescending words when she arrived here.

Just like her, they too were disappointed in themselves.

They had seen their sister being beat up by a random stranger, yet none of them had the will to rescue her.

They were all too scared stiff to do anything.

"Y-you guys... you must have suffered a lot!"

They were just like her.

"UWAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

They were all like one another—the Constellations.

They cried together, shared their experiences together, and together they all made a pact.

Never to cross the one named Karlia, and her man Lewis.

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

#### **Chapter 1119: The Aftermath Of War**

The battlefield soon dissipated once the conclusion arrived.

The heads of the Triumvirate didn't exist any longer, and the many who had fallen in this battle had been restored using my Magic.

Even with all of that, it took a few days for the denizens of this world to return to stability—at least, the Fairy Kingdom's people

I made sure to assist in the reconstruction of the world where my help was needed, but I soon found out that I didn't really have much to do.

Not only were my Mecha Knights extremely useful in their tasks, but with the coordination of the Triumvirate's usual networks, it was much easier to transport information and resources to the corners of the known world.

It seemed the Ursula already planned the aftermath of the conflict because she coordinated most of the efforts leading to the 'Stability Project'.

I had nothing to do but spend more time with Karlia and also converse with friends.

Fairy King Oberon and I had a lengthy discussion about Mechas, and their useful application in the world. I was really happy to listen to his current stance concerning Mechas, and even the fresh ideas he brought up.

It seemed he had become enlightened.

'Having the Ursula by his side must have changed a lot of his previously held notions...'

Speaking of the Ursula, my most advanced Automaton, I spent a lot of time engaging in discourse with her. This was to learn how far she had progressed in learning, and if she had undergone any evolution I wasn't aware of.

Unlike Gawain, who was bound to me by loyalty, no matter what, Ursula's improved intelligence could allow her to turn against me at any time.

I didn't particularly mind if she had her own distinct will and desires, but... I wasn't going to tolerate insurrection in any way.

Fortunately, I had nothing to worry about.

It seemed being around Oberon and the Fairies had strengthened her perception of empathy, and her current goal was to study living beings more.

Not only in the Fairy Kingdom, or in this world, but beyond.

The Ursula had developed an insatiable curiosity, just like her creator—as well as the person she was designed after—to explore the unknown.

I could only imagine where that would lead.

Of all the conversations I had, however, none were as emotionally taxing and investing as my talk with the first friends I made in the Nether Realm.

Larry, Aria, and Drake.

To be honest, there were a lot of things I wanted to tell these three, so it was inevitable that we would have a long conversation.

I could only have hoped things went well.

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"Could you... bring back my family?"

I already expected him to raise this topic, but Larry's excited tone made my heart squeeze tighter for some reason.

"You resurrected everyone on the battlefield, right? You even made the Triumvirate back down completely, and they're currently paying for their crimes by making sure the world is much better than ever."

Using the power of the Arcanas, I had made what would seem impossible possible. As someone who had studied the Arcanas for years, what I had done had even surprised Larry.

"Then... you can bring my family back too, right?"

His eyes had this bright spark that made it clear he was anticipating the results of gathering all the Arcanas. He had been waiting for this moment for so long, after all.

"Bring my family back too. My dead sisters." Aria added, excitement lacing her words as well.

Drake also seemed to have something to say, but he held off from speaking. Perhaps he had a few people he wanted to bring back as well.

Everyone had this excitement around them, hopeful gazes, filled with expectations that all converged on my abilities with the Arcanas.

Unfortunately... their hopes were misplaced.

"I wish I could do all those things. But... I can't."

My words were met with instant shock.

It was hard enough to tell them the bitter truth despite their optimism, but seeing how quickly their expressions changed also made my heart break.

However, I had to be honest with them.

"W-why can't you do it? The Arcanas are able to do all of that, right? I know they have the power to do it!" Larry began to raise his voice, his tone quivering as he stared at him.

He must have known that I wasn't lying to him, but he also knew he wasn't wrong.

And truly, he wasn't.

"If the circumstances were normal, that would have been possible. I could revive anyone in this world. I also thought I would be able to do so when I gathered the Arcanas, but... things are a lot more complicated than we all initially thought."

"What is that supposed to mean?" This time, it was Aria who raised her voice as her brows creased to form a look of anxiety.

I felt a tinge of guilt since I was the one who killed her sisters. I promised her she could bring them back, and I truly intended to make good of that promise if the Arcanas worked in my hands.

But... things were different now.

And the reason for that was due to one thing.

The absence of the Nether.

'After Neron locked the Nether out of all of time, he ceased to exist in reality. As a result, his position was left vacant.'

Usually, that wouldn't make the Nether Realm collapse or anything. However, that also meant the role that both the Nether and Aether shared—receiving and recycling dead souls—had been left vacant.

In essence, all the dead souls that existed in this world, having nowhere to go due to the death of the Nether... had ceased to exist.



They could never return.

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

### **Chapter 1120: The Consequences Of Winning**

I tried to find other answers to this problem.

The most straightforward answer was time manipulation.

Using [The Hermit] to control time and travel to the past to retrieve their souls would have been the most optimal solution, but even that didn't work.

It turns out I couldn't retrieve souls that had ceased to exist, even in the past.

The Root served as a connection to all of space and time within the Nether Realm, and the Nether was the custodian of the souls that existed there.

The souls that were with him, and the souls that were meant to return to him—all of them were gone for good.

I tried using [The Hermit]'s Time Magic, and [The Moon]'s power to travel back in time and duplicate the Souls of those dead in the present, but not even that worked.

The moment I brought those souls to the present, they dissipated.

It was so frustrating.

I tried several other options, but nothing I could think of worked.

I had spent a lot of time thinking and planning what to do. To be honest, this was mostly what occupied me after the Great Nether War.

But nothing worked.

"I know I'm the last person who should be saying this, but... it's impossible to bring them back."

Magic was supposed to make the impossible possible, but Magic also had rules that applied to its function.

There was perhaps one plausible way to bring their families back, but that would involve bringing the Nether back.

I wasn't even sure that would solve the problem, and even if it did, I didn't have enough energy to travel to the point before time to free The Nether.

Perhaps I could try to enlist Karlia's help, but I doubted she would support bringing back the being who perpetrated her eternal suffering in the Nether Root.

I could probably convince her to help me despite all of those factors, but that would be too insensitive and selfish on my part.

Not only would bringing the Nether back endanger a lot more people, but it would hurt Karlia too.

I couldn't afford to do that to her.

'I can't afford to do that to the world.' My thoughts finally settled.

Larry, Aria, and Drake were my friends. However, for the greater good, I couldn't consider bringing the Nether back.

Especially when there were more viable options.

"I can take you to an alternate branch where your versions are dead and the versions of your loved ones are alive."

That was the best I could do for them.

For Larry, he would be dead in that universe, and his wife and child would be alive. He would be able to live a happy life with his family.

Same with Aria and Drake.

"But... they wouldn't be the same, would they?" Drake asked, his fingers interlocking with each other as he stared at me.

"That's right. But even if I did manage to bring them back, they wouldn't be the same either way. Especially your sisters, Aria."

Just the same way I had changed the Elf Queen and all our enemies, I would have had to alter her sisters for Aria's safety and the preservation of this world.

Was that really what they wanted?

Also... I didn't want to tell Larry this, but...

'... No branch exists with his son alive.'

At least, not his first son.

The branches of a realm represented possibilities. Usually, there would be at least one branch where anything was possible.

In that branch, Larry's kid should have at least existed.

But I found nothing.

No trace of his kid in the entire Nether Realm.

"How... how then did you revive everyone in the battlefield? If all dead souls perish, how come you revived them?" Aria's voice trembled as she asked me.

"I already planned for all of that. I stored the Souls of everyone who died in the war. The same way I stored your Souls when you died. If I didn't, you would have ceased to exist."

It was messed up, but in this Nether Realm... death was the end.

There were no second chances.

'I will have to rectify that somewhat. I can't have the people of this world suffer because of the choice Neron made to save our reality.'

For now, however, these three were my primary focus.

"So, what will it be? Larry, Aria, Drake? What will you choose?" I asked them.

Unsurprisingly, after I asked this, all eyes instantly went to Larry.

It could have been because he was the leader, or he was the one who had spent the longest on this quest.

They all looked at him for his answers.

Larry, who had been silent for so very long finally leaked out a sad smile and spoke.

"No matter what happens. No matter where I go. No matter what I do... it seems they won't be coming back."

It was the harsh truth, one I wished I could change, but I couldn't.

"No matter what reality exists out there... none of them will ever be like mine. None of those people... will ever be like my family."

I could sense the hurt in his voice as he spoke. He confronted the reality of the situation face-to-face, something most people wouldn't dare to do.

'You're a strong man, Larry.' I nodded gently, smiling internally.

"I will continue to live my life, then." He strained a genuine smile. "It looks like I'll have to live for all three of us. For me, Zaya, and Legris."

... What?

Suddenly a flash appeared in my head. That name resonated deeply within me.

"What did you just say? Legris... Legris Damien?" I found myself blurting out, my widening eyes fixating on Larry.

"Yeah. Legris Damien. That's the name we gave our child." Larry's words carried nostalgia, but to me they held a different meaning.

'Of course! Why didn't I think of this before?!'

It all made sense now.

Why, no matter how long I searched, I couldn't find any trace of Larry's first son.

"It's because he's Legris Damien..."

And that wasn't all.

It all came together, as pieces to a puzzle, an epiphany I couldn't stop.

The visions I had been getting... about the boy who aspired to be a Mage.

The boy who spent his whole life desiring Magic, growing older to becoming obsessed with it.

That boy—no, that man—was Legris Damien all along.

"It's always been him. Legris Damien... it's been him all along!"

In my vision, he was erased from existence due to his experiment. He completely vanished from existence.

However, how could that have affected other realities? How did all of this come together?

'Ahh... I don't fully get it, but it's all connected. It all leads back to Legris.'

And that Legris Damien was in my reality.

'You have to stop him, Jared. No matter what!'

There was no way we could let him have what he wanted.

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