

## SPELLCRAFT 1161

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

#### Chapter 1161: An Angel's Blizzard

~WHOOOSH!~

Maria's body was covered in ethereal light as she made her way towards the smoldering mass of Nether before her.

It felt suffocating, just looking at the imposing structure, but just like everyone else who charged for the target, she was determined not to take even a step back.

Her body was constantly being protected by the Aether she emitted, and the bluish white light was her compass in the eternal shroud of darkness that seemed to encompass everything else around.

Before long, she arrived at her own spot, noticing her comrades taking their respective positions. There was more than enough room for all nine of them to independently assault the target, after all.

'Hm...?'

Due to the influence of the Nether's overwhelming flow, she couldn't properly detect her allies, and it was a chore to maintain her pure state without suffering from Nether Poisoning.

'There's also a very strong force pulling me to the center.'

There were several things she had to account for, but Maria's expert control over her power allowed her to maintain her balance and distance without succumbing to the otherwise overpowering attraction of Nether.

Before she could completely assess the situation, however, she noticed the massive sphere opening up at a corner, and several creatures began to surge forth in droves.

Using her heightened senses, particularly her sight, Maria was able to observe the kinds of entities flying her direction at breakneck speed.

They had bulky frames, the smallest ones having a height of at least 70 to 100 meters, while the larger ones possessing meters in the hundreds.

Their bodies were obsidian black, but they possessed vein-like markings on their bodies which warbled with purple light. These veins had intricate designs on them, and it seemed the large ones had more markings like that.

They also possessed wings and tails, as well as grotesque horns that made them appear even more monstrous. Spikes were evident on their disgusting bodies, and most of them had several limbs.

A good number of had oddly deformed bodies; ranging from possessing an uneven number of limbs, misshapen heads, overly obese or overly emaciated forms, etc.

All in all, however, despite their variety, they had one thing in common.

Their identity.

'Nether Beasts. And each of them is even stronger than the last one we faced...' Maria thought back to the last expedition she had with Serah and Ana.

The Nether Beast they had fought at the end of their journey wasn't particularly strong, but it wasn't weak either. The mere fact that there were so many Beasts who were all superior to that monster told her of the severity of the Hive's danger.

'Enough thinking. I should begin the extermination.' Maria's emotionless eyes seemed to glisten with resolve, at least for a split second.

This mission was a good way to show Jared just how much she had improved over the years. She was still unaware of his strength, but that didn't mean she wasn't going to show him her level of growth.

'I'll make sure I stay on the team and remain by your side.'

And this was the perfect time to prove herself.

"[True Archangel Drive]."

The moment Maria uttered those words, her glistening body burst with ethereal energy, with luminiscent glows radiating from her single position.

For a moment, it felt like she was an exploding star.

However, this was merely the start.

Her body was instantly adorned with silver-white armor, and her head was crowned with a halo, along with a jewel-like helmet that doubled as a crown. Her blue eyes glowed, piercing the depths of darkness, and her skin grew pale white, as though frost covered the surface of her skin.

Pure white wings grew from behind her, with a few lone feathers flying all across the area, each one containing a dense amount of Aether.

"And now... Original Magic..."

Several blades appeared beside her, all in varying colors—from white to black, displaying a spectrum of nine colors.

White. Red. Orange. Yellow. Green. Blue. Indigo. Violet. And finally... Black.

All blades danced by her side, awaiting command as her lips moved.

"[True Light]."

With her transformation, as well as her Original Magic, achieved in just a split second, Maria's gaze fell on the approaching foes with a determined stare.

To show Jared just what she was capable of... holding back wasn't an option.

"[White]."

The moment Maria uttered those words, the white blade that danced before her swiftly launched itself into Maria's grasp.

She held the blade tightly, and parted her lips to leak out a visible breath of misty fog. Though it was impossible to tell, but the blade's power was causing everything around her to drop in temperature beyond even an absolute degree.

Pointing her blade at the incoming swarm, Maria finally uttered her spell with emotionless conviction.

"[Freeze]"

Instantly, what could only be described as a blizzard of insurmountable proportions manifested from the tip of the crystal-like white blade.

It surged, like an unreal painting of purity, sweeping past Maria and her position, to the enemies that had almost reached her.

The Nether Beasts seemed to have realized the dangers of the incoming wave of unstoppable ice, and so they acted quickly. All of them, driven by the pure instinct to live, opened their mouths to send blasts of Nether to stop the ice barrage.

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

Launching their repulsive blackish purple energy at the pure white blizzard, they must have hoped to prolong their lives, at least even for a moment more.

Unfortunately for them, their opponent was not one to show mercy.

The moment Maria realized what they were up to, she increased the output of her [White: Freeze]", and everything in its path was reduced to ice.

All the Nether Beasts... and their pathetic attempts at resistance.

The blizzard consumed everything, creating nothing but a layer of ice that turned everything into unmoving frost sculptures.

Maria kept up this ice barrage for a while, constantly freezing the Nether Beasts as they kept appearing from their residence.

However, once their emerging numbers dropped drastically, she decided to simply finish off the ice statues that had now obscured so much of her sight.

As a result, she had to resort to another blade.

"Now then... [RED]."

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**Chapter 1162: The Fiery Explosion**

Original Magic.

It is constantly referred to as the pinnacle a Mage can ever attain, as it is the Magic developed from scratch, using the user's wealth of experience and techniques as a base to generate this phenomena.

A collection of one's life experience, to be precise.

However, for someone like Maria, who was only 26, possessing Original Magic meant one thing.

It had more room to evolve.

The earlier one starts to develop Original Magic, the more powerful such Magic is bound to become. Unfortunately, the venture is downright difficult, if not impossible, for most Mages.

Most Mages would never be able to use Original Magic.

And so, Maria Helmsworth's ability to use one in the prime of her life, with much prospect for growth, could only be chalked up to one thing.

She was a genius.

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"[Red: Destroy]."

Maria felt heat course through her as she wielded the next blade, pointing it in the direction of her target.

Her image seemed to distort due to the immense heat that now radiated from her, and most especially the tip of her blade.

As her eyes focused on her target, her mind slowly drifted to one person.

One thing.

'Can I really call this Original Magic? I did develop it from scratch, and it's different from what you showed me, but... you were my source of inspiration for it...'

The image of her cousin, his dark hair and blue eyes evident on his scowling face, played over and over in her head.

'Stefan... your Original Magic back then remains burned in my memory.'

He had thought he was weak, too weak for her, yet Maria had acknowledged his strength. It inspired her to model her Original Magic in the same direction as him.

However, upon noticing the shortcomings of his own Magic, she ensured hers was more advanced.

[True Light] separated her energy into nine major aspects, each possessing distinct attributes. It was similar to what Stefan had done with his own Original Magic. However, a major difference was that she had added two more colors to her spectrum, while he only had seven.

Another distinct quality of hers was the use of physical manifestations of those colors in the form of blades.



Maria knew it wasn't her. It couldn't have been. Even she wasn't that powerful.

So, the same question that was also on the mind of her other allies as they all saw the eruption plagued her as she witnessed the destruction of their entire mission.

Who destroyed the Hive?!

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[Moments Earlier]

"Huff.. huff..."

It was barely three minutes into the fight, and Jerry was already feeling sheer exhaustion weigh on him.

His body was currently shrouded in flames—blue ones.

It almost appeared like he was made completely out of the blue flames, and the fact that his image was distorted due to the heat proved just how intense this form was.

He had a flaming sword on one hand, and an orb of pure flames on the other. His eyes shone crimson as the rest of his body glowed with azure fire. However, his flaming sword had the purple color shrouding it, while his orb was orange.

This was his ultimate form; a mixture of Mage Mode, Elemental Chamber, and his Fusion State. It was [Grand Flame Admiral], the most powerful version of himself at the moment.

And yes, in this form, he was able to fight on equal, if not superior footing, with the swarms of Nether Beasts that approached him.

His purple flaming sword dealt major damage to his opponents in a mid/close range, while his flaming orb sent long-range damage to enemies far away. The orb's attacks were not as powerful as the blade's but it was strong enough to reduce the amount of enemies he had to face at the same time.

He would ward off most of his enemies with his orb, while dealing with few at once in close quarters combat. Using this formula, he was guaranteed victory, even if it would take a lot of time before he could finish off all of them.

... At least, that was what he thought.

"Haa... haa..." Jerry's breathing became more coarse the more seconds passed as he tiredly stared at the Nether Beasts that were closing in on him.

'Damnit... I miscalculated!'

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**Chapter 1163: Never Give Up!**

There were two major factors that doomed Jerry Keller from the very beginning.

No matter how hard he struggled, and no matter what sort of brilliant plan he had... he was always fated to fail.

One of said factors was the constant and overwhelming expenditure of his Aether.

As someone with a limited pool of energy, it was in Jerry's best interest to minimize its use as much as possible. However, in such an extreme situation where he would lose if he didn't go all out, he had no choice but to constantly burn through his reserves.

The constant use of Aether was still bearable to an extent, since he was using it to fuel his Spells which in turn defeated his opponents. It was an unavoidable cost for progress.

However, what made this a problem was the excess Aether he had to constantly burn in order to protect himself from Nether Poisoning and also prevent himself from being sucked into the Hive.

That was the problem!

This passive use of Aether was taking a toll on him even more than his utilization of Aether to fight. And the worst part was... none of that Aether was being used to defeat any of the excessive Nether Beasts he had to deal with.

... Which led to the second, and perhaps most bothersome problem.

The Nether Beasts, or at least their numbers.

"Haa... haaa..." Jerry's lips parted as he poured out heavy breaths, staring at the sheer magnitude of opponents he still had to face.

The Nether Beasts seemed infinite, at least to him.

The more he destroyed, the more they kept appearing, until they became overwhelmingly too much for him to handle.

Not only was he dealing with exhaustion, but the problems he had to face kept piling up.

'It won't be long until my strategy falls apart.'

His current plan was the only reason he hadn't been overwhelmed by the sheer number of enemies he had to deal with. If it broke down, he was one for.

Jerry desperately racked his head to think of an alternative, but he was so exhausted that he felt dizzy already. His cognitive abilities were failing him due to the overheating aftereffects of his [Grand Flame Admiral] form.

It was never a sustainable transformation, but Jerry had thought he could use it as a boost to wipe out most of the Nether Beasts and corner the rest of them before reverting back and handling the rest in a more slow-burn way if need be.

He never foresaw this situation.

'What should I do now? I... I don't think I can go any further...'

As Jerry saw it, he only had one viable option at this point—Give up.





Before Jerry could conclude his words, he witnessed the most jawbreaking sight ever.

The entire Hive was destroyed in a single explosion, and everything about it was consumed in destructive energy.

All the Nether Beasts that were rushing towards him instantly shifted their attention to the destruction wrought upon their home, and how the flames of eradication neared them.

They instantly knew their fates if they didn't pick up the pace.

Screeches from the Nether Beasts filled the air as they all rushed away from the Hive's utter demolition. Their speed increased, and so did the desperation in their eyes.

This time, however, they weren't rushing towards Jerry because they were the predators.

No, it was the opposite.

They had become prey.

"Haha... haaa..." Jerry found himself laughing unconsciously.

With the Hive no longer existing, and the overwhelming Nether quality drastically reduced, he realized it was now or never.

It was time to make the ultimate gamble.

Abandoning all of his defense, he poured the last fraction of his Aether into his final strike, fusing everything into his blade.

'I don't need to kill all of them. The destruction will do that for me' He smiled, readying his blade as he prepared the Spell.

'... I just need to make sure they don't escape!'

The purple blade instantly increased in size, nearly a hundred times more than it was previously.

Perfect for the range Jerry was aiming for.

With a final push, Jerry generated his ultimate horizontal slash, sending the final bursts of his flames and energy colliding with the escaping Nether Beasts.

'[Grand Admiral Strike].'

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#### **Chapter 1164: Domain Expansion**

~WHOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSHHHH!!!~

The gust of flames, as well as pure pressure, that followed Jerry's strike was enough to push the horde of Nether Beasts back—even if for only a few seconds.

Thankfully, that much was enough.

"GUUUUUUUAAAAA—!"

All of the terrifying creatures met their end as the flames of destruction consumed them, leaving none behind.

"Haa..." Jerry's transformation was already undone, revealing his human form.

His auburn hair danced on his head as he gave a tired smile.

'Looks like this is it...' His vision was already blurry, and he had completely lost control over his body.

He couldn't see, hear, move... or even breathe.

It seemed he had used up everything in his pursuit for victory, and as such his end was inevitable.

Whether this would serve as a success or failure on his part was still questionable, but Jerry didn't feel any tinge of worry or regret.

Strangely enough, he felt nothing but satisfaction.

'I... I didn't give up.'

That was what mattered most at this very moment.

He didn't go back on his promise.

'I... Ciara...' His thoughts trailed as he began to lose his grip on reality.

The last thing he saw with his blurry vision was the individual who floated at the center of the explosion.

She had the form of a woman, and while he couldn't completely make out her features, he could see that she was shrouding in so much energy that it made his full power seem like a joke in comparison.

It seemed she was the cause of the Hive's destruction.

While Jerry didn't yet know of her identity, he could not help but be glad for her intervention.

After all, without it, he would have painfully lost.

'Thank you...'

With those final thoughts echoing in his subconscious, Jerry passed out.

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[Moments Earlier]

In the vastness of space, close to the Hive before its inevitable destruction, a lone Half Elf girl stood amidst a wave of Nether Beasts, a wide smile plastered on her face.

"Haha..." As her voice echoed in a chuckle, she carefully observed the enemies before her.

Her black and white hair swayed back and forth as energy rushed from her, and her pupils—blue and violet respectively—took in all the information she required from her targets.

'I see. A total of seven hundred and eighty-three. More are incoming, so if I calculate their spawn rate, there should be a total of four hundred and nine Nether Beasts appearing per minute. That, of course, is contingent upon the assumption that the premise is constant.'

Lemi's large-scale barrier made it impossible for the surrounding Nether Beasts to even lay a finger on her or come anywhere close.

As a result, she was able to continue her analysis without any interruption.

'Accounting for an increase or decrease in the spawn rate, based on the data collected thus far, it would be difficult to arrive at an accurate estimation. I suppose I can only guess. Then again, is there really any reason to utilize complicated procedures of determination in this scenario.'

In the end, her task was to dispose of her enemies. There was no specific time limit given, so she wasn't in any particular rush.

Lemi initially wanted to study the Hive more and collect more data for future research, since she had grown more and more interested in Energy, and all her friends had been too busy to indulge her in her curious research.

Ana was too occupied with her missions and her current study on Nether condensation, while Jane seemed even busier for some reason.

In the end, she had to obtain all the information for herself.

Unfortunately, the current situation didn't allow for her to freely explore the Hive. If she messed up or acted reckless, her father was going to chew her out.

Worst of all, he could kick her off the team.

'I can't allow that!' She clenched her fist and gritted her teeth.

Even if she would rather die than admit it to him, she wanted to spend more time with her father now that he was finally back after ten years.

More than anything, she wanted him to see her... and just how much she had grown since their last teamup.

In the past, she could barely control her power. She even required wands to properly cast Spells and aim her power.

However, she was now an expert manipulator of energy... perhaps even more than most people.

Once she was done with the basics of Mana and Miasma, she graduated to learn and control Aether.

And now... she was even interested in Nether.

"Nearly three minutes have elapsed. I've gradually expanded my barrier, so its enough to contain hundreds of them at the same time. Plus, its now saturated with Aether, just as intended.'

She took one final glance at her enemies and realized they had more than doubled in size.

'Over two thousand of them. They're all pretty huge too...'

Lemi would have loved to capture one for her own personal experiment, but no one allowed her to do anything these days.

Apparently, she was too reckless.

'I'll show them...' A smile coursed through her face as she readied herself for what she considered to be the most efficient way to deal with her enemies.

Lemi softened her barrier, allowing all the Nether Beasts to rush in to her location. They lunged at her in their hundreds, unaware of the expanding field that slowly encapsulated all of them at once.

'Now then...' She grinned wider.

Unlike most Mages that surrounded her, Lemi was yet to learn any transformation.

She had no Mage Mode.

She couldn't use Fusion Mode since she possessed no Familiar.

She never properly learned Elemental Chamber.

She didn't even have Original Magic.

With none of those things, how could she be so confident in her ability to take care of such a swarm of foes?

Well, Lemi had a little trump card, you see... and she decided it was time to unveil it to all the spectators—especially her father.

"[Original Technique: Absolute Domain]"

At that moment, she connected her internal Aether with the external Aether, resonating both to use a single Spell.

"[Cleaving Severance]"

Once Lemi uttered those words, every single Nether Beast stopped moving.

Their black bodies, their grotesque forms, their towering heights... all of those things suddenly became meaningless in the presence of Lemi's Spell.

... In her absolute domain.

Instantly, the Nether Beasts found themselves sliced into so many pieces that they became mere chunks of darkened flesh, before turning into even smaller chunks of meat.

They kept getting sliced and diced, eventually reducing to become tiny fragments.

"It is done..." Lemi smiled, watching as more creatures charged at her domain, unaware that they were rushing to their deaths.

She paid them no mind since her Spell was automated, instead shifting her gaze to her father who was watching her from a distance.

'How do you like that, old man?' She narrowed her gaze and widened her lips as she felt his eyes on her. Just as she wanted... he was staring at her!

Not only were his eyes widened, but his mouth was gaping as he looked incredibly shocked at her ability.

'Hehe!'

She swiftly narrowed her gaze on him the moment she noticed he was muttering words, and using her superior intellect, she was able to decipher what he said.

His words, filled with wonder and unbridled surprise, rang aloud in her mind.

"I-Isn't that SPELLCRAFT?!"

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

#### **Chapter 1165: Perfect Anabelle**

'Hm? What is he referring to?' Lemi wondered to herself as she looked at Jared's shocked face.

She had thought he would be bamboozled about her newest technique, but he seemed to be talking about something else.

'I spent years developing it, you know? It's easier for me now because I am adept at manipulating my energy.'

Thanks to that, she could also control the energy around her by merging her energy with them. It initially started on a small scale, but now Lemi had developed her [Absolute Domain] to extend far beyond her.

She could cover an entire country if she really tried.

'I'm sure this is more than enough to show him what I've got.' Lemi grinned to herself, her gaze slowly shifting to the muscular man beside her father

'I wonder what Edward thinks...'

Even though she tried to be subtle about it, she eventually stared at Edward with those thoughts in her head.

Much to her surprise, but also anticipation, he was also staring at her.

Lemi didn't know how to react under his gaze, so she quickly looked away the moment they made eye contact. Her eyes seemed to dart around, lacking focus, and her face also seemed to be overheating.

It puzzled her greatly.

'Nng! Why did my heart just race like that?' It was a question she was unable to answer.

Before she could even attempt at it for a little longer, however, the unexpected occurred.



"Send out some of your micro parts to every pertinent area so you can get a three-dimensional view of everything occurring at once. Your Original form will remain here and assist with my endeavors. You should also supply data when requested."

"[Understood. I will begin to do so now]."

A few seconds of seeming inactivity passed, and afterwards, the white orb called Anabelle eventually spoke up.

"[Micro Parts have been released and sent to their respective positions. Observation has begun, and information collection has also been initiated]."

"Good." Ana smiled, excitement now coursing through her face. "Analyze the properties of the Hive before us, as well as the approaching Nether Beasts. Cross reference them with the samples you have already analyzed in N-A15."

"[Understood. From my observations thus far, this mass possesses highly concentrated Nether—far more than any other that has been analyzed prior. It will take some time before scanning and cross referencing is complete. Having substantial samples of the target material will also prove helpful in the long run.]" Anabelle spoke, her blue eyes shining brighter.

"Yeah, I know that. I'll do my best to retrieve more samples for further studies, but a thorough scan should also prove its viability."

"[Understood. Enemies are approaching and will soon gain on us. Do you require me to perform any other action?]"

Ana's smile grew wider as she heard the words of her Automaton.

Sure, Anabelle was designed for several purposes, and its abilities were so versatile that it was considered a masterpiece in her eyes.

However, right now it had one role... one function.

"You just focus on your task. Don't worry about the Nether Beasts..." Ana smiled, cracking her tiny knuckles.

Her glasses reflected the fast approaching adversaries, but nothing about her demeanor reflected worry of any sort.

"... I'll deal with them myself."

Raising just one of her hand, she let the Aether within her course through her body and find release at the tip of her fingers.

'The best way to deal substantial damage while utilizing the least amount of energy is by using the surroundings to my advantage.'

And so, Ana's Spell had one simple function...

"[Black Singularity]."

Instantly, the space around her fingertips began to distort... and then collapse. Everything around the tiny black sphere close to her began to get sucked in, and all energy that caved within it found their eventual destruction.

In essence, Ana had just made a black hole.

"Go now." Ana released the ever-expanding dark pool, guiding it in the direction of her adversaries.

~WHUUUUUUUMMMMMM!!!~

And so, it began.

The unstoppable, inevitable destruction of the Nether Beasts.

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

#### **Chapter 1166: Release It All**

~VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMM!~

Right before Ana's eyes, her black hole kept expanding until it had taken on the size of an entire city... sucking in any and everything in its path.

"Time elapsed: two minutes, fifty seconds..." She murmured, her gaze resting on the adversaries that kept being decimated no matter how hard they tried.

"... Enemies eliminated: two thousand, eight hundred and three."

She simply stood there, watching the automated carnage as her white lab coat fluttered. She didn't need to do anything more but enjoy the show.

Frankly, it was a little boring.

"Anabelle, what is the scan progress?" She finally blurted out, most likely tired of doing nothing.

"[All Purpose Scan is complete, and just as you theorized, there are several elements that match]."

"Percentage?"

"[83 Percent]."

"I see. So its either those others were contaminated with other elements and this one is purer, or vice versa, hence the 17 percent difference."

"[That is a valid position]."

"Have you identified the properties of the previous ones? Any matches found?"

"[Not quite. Perhaps it is a new element caused by mutation]."

"Ah, that's true. How could I overlook that? If Nether interacts with properties here, its possible it'll create new elements. That'll make it difficult to isolate the variables..." Ana bit her lip slightly, and a clouded expression began to take over her demeanor.





The explosion deafened Ana for a moment, preventing her from hearing anything the Automaton had uttered.

Not only were her ears out of commission, but her eyes and mind were all distracted by the marvelous sight before her—the destruction of the entire Hive in mere seconds.

The way the giant mass burned bright crimson, every particle of condensed Nether consumed and reduced to nothingness... even her Black Hole was swallowed in the chaos, completely dissolving under the pressure of a higher power...

"Amazing..." Ana knew she could never possess such power, at least not with her strength alone.

As such, she could only marvel at the sheer beauty of it all.

"Anabelle, who did this? It's her, isn't it?" Ana mumbled, her blue eyes still reflecting the fiery destruction that consumed all in its path.

There was no doubt in her mind any longer.

Only one person was capable of doing this... and it was—

"[If you mean Serah Crimson, then yes. She is the perpetrator of this event]."

Ana's grin broadened as she took in the devastation one final time. It was a shame she couldn't obtain a sample, but that probably didn't matter since she now had an epiphany.

"Are you done cross referencing?"

"[Correct. The data is ready. Do you wish to look at them now?]"

"No... let's save that for later. Transfer the data to Beruel so he can also have a look at a later time."

"[Understood]." As Anabelle's response rang in her head, Ana could feel her heart thumping harder and harder.

'I can't wait to begin studying all of this.' She grinned, now comfortably heading back to the rest of the group.

The mission was pretty much over at this point.

All because of one person.

"Serah, you monster. You couldn't share this time...?"

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[Moments Earlier]

Serah Crimson's hands were folded as she absentmindedly stared at the Hive.

Even though her body was present, it seemed like she was not completely focused on the task at hand. A distracted expression played on her face, and it didn't seem like she had noticed the approaching Nether Beasts at all.

'Neron...' Her thoughts trailed. '... You bastard.'

A frown began to form on her face the more she thought of her husband, who couldn't even leave a farewell message explaining himself or the situation to her.

Her chest hurt. Her heart burned. Her mind churned.

It was a maddening experience.

Serah only wanted it to end. She desired to silence everything. She merely wanted to shut her eyes and forget... but also to vent.

She was tired of keeping all of these feelings in, suffering in silence as she bottled everything in order not to do something she would regret.

No more.

Serah couldn't control herself any longer.

Finally surrendering herself to the primal emotions that consumed her, Serah took a step forward, focusing not on the imminent foes, or the overall danger of the mass before her.

No... she only had one thought.

To release it all.

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

#### **Chapter 1167: Vermillion Nebula**

The Nether Beasts charged in their swarm, all screeching with their disgusting tones.

They had found their prey, a lone redhead woman who seemed completely lost as she moved towards them, and none of them desired to let it go.

As such, their wings flapped and their mouths watered as they launched themselves at her... unaware of what would happen next.

~VWUUUUUUUUSHHHH!~

The instant they got close enough, all the Nether Beasts felt it.

The PRESSURE!

~VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

They could hardly move as their bodies rattled, trembling in the presence of an invisible force that was outside their ability to comprehend.

As wild beasts with some level of intelligence, they could understand certain things—like sadness, happiness, hunger, anger... and FEAR.

Their instincts constantly screamed at them that what they were feeling was the latter.

Unfortunately for them, it was too late.

The angel of death had appeared, and she was now coated in crimson flames—from top to bottom.

Her body seemed like it was made from the very depths of hellfire, and her burning eyes glowed with destruction.

And then there was the heat... enough heat to seep into one's bone marrow and boil blood.

The unmoving creatures felt all of these at once.

As their opponent's fiery hair danced behind her, the Nether Beasts felt their bodies disintegrate. Even though they prided their bodies for being tough and resilient, it was no match for the mere radiation that she emitted.

With each step she took in the hollow space, the Nether Beasts felt more than enough heat embrace them.

Until finally... they crumbled to dust, cremated by Serah Crimson before she even touched them.

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'It's too much...' Serah's thoughts echoed as she kept moving forward.

She finally wanted to release all her emotions, but how?

Something told her it would yield nothing but destruction, but if she kept hoarding it, it could end up destroying her.

Finally lifting her gaze to the black mass before her, Serah became instinctively drawn to it.

"If it's you... you should be able to take it..." She whispered, her bright body glowing even more intensely.

"... All of it."

~WHOOOOOSSHHH!~

She began to fly in the direction of the Hive, having no regard for her life or safety. The strong pull of the massive sphere aided in her swift transportation, drawing her closer than ever in just a moment.

A swarm of Nether Beasts were still charging at her, and Serah felt it would be the perfect chance to end everything.

She had unconsciously started using her Original Magic: Invincible, but now... she wanted to do something different.

Something that would pour every emotion she wanted out of her.

And so Serah pursed her lips and uttered the words.

"[Invincible Magic: Vermillion Nebula]."



Amid the debris, there she was... crying and screaming Neron's name.

Despite the tumultuous state of her heart, she finally felt at ease. As if she had just gotten rid of her burdens. She had said all that was needed to be said, and now it was time for peace.

A calm after the storm.

"Haaa..." Before Serah realized it, she was smiling.

And then she started laughing. It started as a small chuckle, but it soon graduated into full blown cackles.

"Hahahaha! Hahahahaha!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA!!!"

Anyone who saw her would think she was insane as she sunk deeper into her revelry. Nothing seemed to matter at that point.

Her mind was just so clear—clearer than it had been for years.

It felt surreal; the definition of pure bliss.

"Thank you..." Serah finally ceased laughing and settled for a soft smile, not knowing who exactly she was talking to.

"... I really needed that."

She turned around and noticed that the final vestiges of Nether had completely vanished, and found all her allies drawing closer to her.

It suddenly felt like she was the center of attention.

All the spectators and participants gathered around her with smiles on their faces.

No one said anything.

They only smiled, drew closer... and everyone embraced.

Serah couldn't explain the moment well. She didn't understand the words she was meant to utter at that moment.

No, perhaps there were no needs for words.

She closed her eyes and accepted the embrace, feeling the last embers of heaviness leave her heart. The only thing that coursed through her entire being... was peace.

It was at this point she realized the ones she was speaking to back then.

'Thank you, everyone.'

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

**Chapter 1168: Strict Evaluation**

"It's time to give my verdict."

As I stood before all nine participants of the recently concluded challenge, a lot of thoughts swarmed me.

Sure, we had a very touching moment encouraging Serah after watching her blow up the entire Hive, but in the end, this was a mission with the highest sets of stakes that we planned for.

To ensure it was a success, I had to be strict with the grading.

"Beruel, Aurora, Gerard, Z'ark... you weren't able to completely eliminate your foes due to the interruption, but with enough time, I'm confident you would have done so. You pass." I began with the obvious.

"Maria and Serah. It goes without saying that you three pass. You have immensely destructive abilities, and we need all the firepower we can get when we face Legris."

I had already suspected that these two had grown stronger over the years, but seeing it with my own eyes was enough to prove it.

'I didn't know you had developed your Original Magic, Maria. I guess you wanted to surprise me.' Well, it worked.

And then there was Serah. Her destruction of the entire Hive was unexpected, but in a way, it worked to our advantage.

'I'm happy to see that we have a few who can rival the power of the ones who were displaced.' I nodded at the two of them.

"You pass."

My gaze moved to the two who, in all honesty, stole my attention the most.

"Ana and Lemi... what can I say?" I truly didn't know how to properly express myself to these two.

Ana fought like I would; as a Magic Scholar. She utilized the least amount of Aether, achieving the best results possible. Her ability to think on the spot and strategize on the appropriate Spell to use was just spectacular.

I had never been prouder of her ability at combat. Rather than just pouring energy into one's attacks, it was better to utilize it to the best measure.

'I guess people like Maria and Serah couldn't bother with that since they already have so much energy to spare...'

In any case, Ana was a fine addition to the team based on her strategic mind and impressive use of Spells.

'And then there's Lemi...' My gaze fell on her, and I found myself gulping hard.

How in the world did she learn Spellcraft?!

'She calls it [Absolute Domain], but it functions exactly the same way Spellcraft does!' My mind pounded as I stared at her.

It made me realize just how similar we were, and how far she had come since our last interaction ten years ago.

Of course... I'd never tell her that.

Not yet, anyway.

'Plus, her application of Spellcraft, containing her energy inside a dome in order to protect it from interference from Nether... it's genius.'

Both her and Ana made me pleased to see intelligent strategies successfully implemented in the battlefield.

"You both pass. I was impressed with the way you used your abilities."

I watched them both break into smiles, though Lemi seemed to be hiding hers quite well.

'Who are you fooling? Pfft!' I subdued my chuckle and glanced at the last person on the roster.

"Jerry..."

All focus was on him at this point, and his gaze was currently locked on his feet. It seemed he didn't have the courage to look me in the eye or to spout out the brave words he uttered the last time.

He must have understood the difference in ability between himself and everyone else present.

"You surprised me the most, Jerry. You've improved greatly since the last time we met, and even in the fight, you displayed tenacity and an unwillingness to give up. It reminded me of the Inter Class Exchange we had back in Ainzlark."

Even back then, he had the same eyes.

"But I remember you were hurt, almost to the point of death, back then. Your unwillingness to give up put your life in danger then, as it did in this mission..."

For that reason alone, Jerry's tenacity could end up being his weakness.

"I-I see..." He murmured, a small smile playing on his face.

"Yes. But Jerry, do you also remember what happened back then? When you held out for so long that you would have died if you continued for longer?"

"Wha...?" Jerry raised his head and looked at me.

His eyes widened in surprise, most likely because he saw my smiling face.

"I came to your rescue, didn't I? Your actions inspired me. You moved me to take action, and I did. That was something no one else could have done." I took a few steps closer to Jerry, placing my hand on his shoulder.

"You displayed the same bravery today. And all of us who watched were moved by it."

I watched as Jerry's eyes darted at everyone else, and they widened even more. He was probably shocked by how many smiles and nods of approval he was receiving.



"You aren't fighting alone. We're a team. As long as you hold out and don't give up... we'll be there to support you." I removed my hand from his shoulder and formed a fist, hitting his chest softly with it.

"You pass, Jerry. Everyone passes."

This was my strict evaluation of the mission.

"All fourteen of us will be leaving for our Original World now. We have already said our goodbyes, and we have strengthened our resolves for this moment." I smiled as I raised my voice, ensuring my eyes met every single member I was responsible for.

"No matter what, we must win."

I heard the words of my comrades bounce into my ears, all of them cheering and responding to my words.

Even Jerry cheered loudly, a wide smile etched on his face as he nodded violently.

'No matter what... no matter the cost...' I looked at everyone present, a smile still etched on my face.

'... We have to win.'

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

#### **Chapter 1169: The Stain Of Darkness**

The scorching sun overhead painted a certain landscape with its golden rays, raining down heat and vibrance until it grew akin to a flood.

Settled dust and debris designed the earth, recreating a tableau of ruin to whomever could see it.

Unfortunately, only corpses were present to witness this sight.

Lying on the boiling, shattered earth were the dead bodies of countless thousands of denizens. Their cold forms lay still as dried blood formed a sea of carnage.

The radiance of the sun reflected on the dead ones and their sticky smelly liquid, showing no mercy on all the dead denizens of the world.

Not a single one of them were alive.

... Not one.

~VWUUUUSSSHH!~

Staining the bright canvas that brimmed with death, darkness began to form.

Like a distortion in space, a stain on reality, the blackness expanded and created a hole—a gate that perhaps led somewhere, or an opening for something to come through.

Something... or someone.

From within the pure black portal emerged the latter, a human who seemed to be in his early thirties.

His tall form cast a silhouette upon the world he entered, and the brilliance of light reflected on his brown hair and pale skin. His glowing purple eyes lit up, and the darkness he emerged from clung tight to him.

His dark trenchcoat absorbed the luminous rays that descended from above, and his black boots stepped into the sticky dark red pool of blood that filled the ground.

However, rather than frown or despair at the sight of pure carnage that spread out before him, he smiled instead.

"I see you've handled the rest of them." The man spoke, his calm voice a sharp contrast to the chaos that surrounded him.

Right now, millions—no, billions of people—were dead.

And he offered no remorse for their departure.

Rather, his gaze fell on the two who were responsible for this sight of despair. They had appeared in front of him the moment he uttered the words from earlier, and even they did not seem the least bit upset by what they had done.

The genocide they had wrought.

This duo—a boy and a woman—did not seem like the kind who would be responsible for such chaos.

The woman was dressed in pure white, almost akin to an angel. Her white gown was well accompanied by a veil that nearly covered her face. Her white long white hair cascading down her immensely attractive face, and her skin was so pure, it rivaled jewels.

Finally, her golden eyes glowed with unspeakable radiance.

All in all, she was a beauty unlike any other. Someone possessing such unreal charm could not have been responsible for this grotesque sight... right?

And what of the other one; the boy?

He looked to be in his late teens, and had long dark hair which was tied to form a ponytail behind him. He was immensely handsome, but the most apt definition of his demeanor would be 'cute.'

A stoic expression graced his face, and his blue eyes appeared blank.

He too, like the angelic woman, did not look like a villain who would slaughter the denizens of an entire world.

They did not seem like the kind to associate with the shady man that had just emerged from malicious darkness.

And yet... here they were.

"You're late." The woman said.

"..." The boy said nothing.

Instead, he gazed intently at the right hand of the one who had come from the portal. In his grasp was a fragment of light, seemingly brighter than even the sun that hung above.

"Apologies, Ciel, Stefan..." His lips widened even more as the purple energy in his eyes flickered with every word he uttered.

"... It seems the target wanted to live a little longer, so he struggled quite a bit."

However, since the light fragment was currently in his grasp, the duo that stared at this man knew he must have succeeded in his task.

"Well, what matters is that you retrieved it... right, Legris?"

Yes, this man was Legris Damien, and the fragment of light that he held was merely what he considered to be one piece in the entire puzzle.

"Indeed. I should thank you for weakening the target for me, Ciel." He smiled at the white maiden, and then turned his attention to the boy beside her.

"You handled most of the resistance well, Stefan. Well done."

All three of them had spent the past couple of weeks locating and finally obtaining their first piece.

A momentous occasion indeed!

"What is that, though? Is that really what you were after all along?" Ciel asked, drawing Legris' attention back to her.

Upon hearing her question, he gave a lighthearted chuckle and raised the crystal-like fragment of light. His gaze fell on it, and it seemed like his eyes were devouring it just by how intensely Legris was staring.

"Indeed. It's only a mere fraction, but this is a piece of a Constellation. It's the residue left behind in a person's Soul once they make a contract with any of the twelve."

"And? We just need to gather enough of this stuff, right? I sense Aether from it, so how is this any different from just absorbing a ton of that?" Ciel folded her hands, a sigh escaping her lips.

"Haha..." Once again, Legris couldn't help but chuckle at her words.

However, the moment he noticed her frown, he slowly ceased it.

"I apologize, but it's a little funny comparing the two. Constellations possess the purest, most powerful kind of Aether. A fraction of a Constellation's Aether is millions of times more powerful than the same fraction of regular Aether."

"Ah, I see..." Ciel's hands dropped, and her tone slowly took an apologetic road.

"It's fine. Aether herself has the highest concentration of herself, but it's not like we can start hunting for a Singularity, right? We just have to make do with the Hosts chosen by Constellations."

Upon hearing more of Legris' explanation, it seemed his two allies slowly understood his point.

That caused him to smile even more.

"Once we obtain enough of this, I can finally begin [Convergence]."

Stefan and Ciel both smiled, nodding their heads in agreement as they accepted Legis' words.

It didn't matter how many more worlds needed to be destroyed.

It was no concern how many people had to die.

There was no consideration for the sacrifices that would be required.

As long as they succeeded in their goals... that was all that mattered.

"I just need a lot more."

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

#### **Chapter 1170: Courting Insanity**

[Years Later]

"We've been at this for some time now, Legris, and it's getting old."

All three members of the group stood amidst a similarly distraught expanse, with corpses and destruction trailing the landscape for miles.

Stefan and Ciel had been waiting for Legris, and he just appeared from his black portal, a smile fixed on his face and the light fragment in his grasp

He had almost opened his mouth to speak before being interrupted by the only female in their midst, and harshly for that matter.

Ciel was currently seated on shimmering golden surface, seemingly made out of Magic. She no longer had her white veil on, and her outfit now comprised of golden embroidery that went with her white gown and scarf, but she appeared as divine as ever.

A scowl tainted her flawless face, and her golden eyes seemed to brighten in annoyance. She was clearly not in the best of moods.

"When will we have enough to bring my lover back?" She finally blurted out the words that she had been keeping in for years now.

The deal was that she would help Legris with his task, and in return he would reunite her with her lover. Ciel had joyously decided to ally herself with this man for that sole reason.

Yet... yet...

"We've been on this hunt of yours for years now. When does it end?" Ciel's voice grew louder with each passing second.

In contrast, Stefan remained silent. His dark hair simply danced with the wind, and he looked nonchalantly at the entire scene play out without trying to stop his teammates from getting into an argument.

"Relax..." Legris' soothing tone pierced the air, softening the loud echoes of Ciel's banter.

Suddenly, it felt like the heated atmosphere took a dive into chilly waters.

"It will all happen in due time. About a dozen more times, maybe, and we can move on to the next phase. That doesn't sound so bad, does it?"

"I don't know if I can wait that long?" Ciel snapped at Legris, her tone taking on a higher pitch than before.

It caused Legris to sigh, almost in exasperation.

'Ciel is an unstable character, and while I could resort to my initial plan of controlling her, thus removing her agency, she won't be as powerful as she is on her own.'

Plus, going through all that trouble would take up more energy than he wanted, and he didn't want that.

As a result, Legris had to put up with Ciel's bantering, hoping she would cease her childish tantrums so they could depart.

"Why don't you just challenge a Constellation?"

The sudden words from Stefan stunned both Legris and Ciel—though for different reasons— causing both of them to shift their gazes in his direction.

"Are you crazy? Do you think we can handle one? We constantly even—"

"No, Stefan has a point." Legris cut Ciel short with his as he slowly approached the young man before him.

Unlike the teenager from before, Stefan had grown into a fine adult, with broader shoulders, a taller build, and even longer hair.

His blue eyes no longer had the embers of innocence he preserved in the past, and his stoic face was reminiscent of a doll.

Legris placed his hand on Stefan's shoulder and nodded.

"You must be courting insanity, the both of you!" Ciel protested.

"Look who's talking. Pfft!" It seemed Legris' teasing words were enough to force Ciel to keep quiet, at the very least for a proper comeback against the team leader.

Unfortunately for her, she had nothing.

"I understand your concerns, Ciel. For the most part, you are correct. However..." A glint of mischief played in his eyes as he grinned maliciously.

"... I have a few tricks up my sleeve."

For a moment, the entire scene was bathed in silence, allowing Legris' words to sink into his audience.

"Well, we need to go now. Even if I say all of that, we're currently not a match for Constellations yet, so let's postpone the fight, okay Stefan?"

"Okay."

Stefan's simple answer was accompanied by Ciel's incoherent mumblings as she drew closer to Legris in her floating golden construct.

With all three of them close in proximity, darkness began to seep out of Legris.

'The barrier is almost compromised. It's fortunate we didn't take too long fighting and squabbling...'  
Legris smiled, watching the darkness expand to cover himself and his two allies.

'After all, our targets are their chosen ones.'

Throughout the years, across several worlds, he had been busy collecting the pieces. He would fight the Constellation Hosts, dealing with a variety of very troublesome abilities.

Even though they were merely limited versions of an actual Constellation's Magic, Legris admitted his first few times had him requiring assistance.

Fortunately, things were a lot better now.

'Much better.'

"I still can't get used to this..." He heard Ciel mumble as she and Stefan were swallowed by his darkness.

He could only smile, considering this was the only way to protect himself and his allies from the reach of the Constellations.

... By bringing them into his world.

'I just have to endure all of this for a bit longer...' Once he had those thoughts, he closed his eyes and opened his mouth to chuckle a little.

"Haha... hahaha..."

~VWUUUUUUUMMMM~

The darkness collapsed, and the malevolent trio soon escaped the grasp of reality, their true destination unknown.

At least, for now.

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~VWUUUUUUUSSSHHHH!~

My allies and I arrived at the replaced world that Neron put in the original's place, and now that I was here for a second time, I noticed the slight differences in wavelength they both had.

It was almost hilarious how I had mixed the two together.

"Well, what matters is that we're here." I turned to look at all thirteen of my allies, nodding at them with a smile.

"The first task is to track down Legris by narrowing down the traces he left here before leaving."

They all understood what came after.

"Let us begin."