

SPELLCRAFT 1171

SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

Chapter 1171: Malevolent Reminder

We were currently standing in the wedding venue, the last known location of Legris Damien in anyone's memory.

The goal was to track him down by monitoring the traces of dimensional energy that he was bound to leave behind once he left our reality.

'It's possible that he didn't leave our reality from this specific location, but as long as I can capture his trace and extrapolate that to determine his movements, it will eventually lead us to his last known location in this world—and, in extension, the next world he traveled to.'

I hadn't attempted to track down someone using this method before, and even with Magic it seemed like a strainious way to connect the dots.

But... I had to try!

I separated myself from the rest of my allies, using a Spell to propel me into the air, to the very position Legris had occupied when he crashed the wedding.

From that height, I looked down and observed te countenance of the people beneath me, while also having the luxury to behold the entire Ainzlark Campus.

'So this is what you saw, Legris...' My mind trailed as I recollected the events of that day with sheer precision.

Now wasn't the time to dwell on nostalgia, though.

"Time to track him down!" Closing my eyes, I activated my Spell—a combination of two distinct formulas.

One was [The World], which would help me collect data from all over the planet at once in response to dimensional energy.

As for the second element, it was [Resonance].

'By resonating my [The World] Arcana with theirs, as well as keying into Legris Damien's remnant energy, I should be able to track down his path.'

For good measure, I had to use Spellcraft.

'There's a lot of data to sort through, but I also had to be as thorough as possible.' With that thought constantly hammered in my head, I activated my spell.

"[World Resonance]"

"I got it!"

An excited expression spread all over my face as I finally found the information I needed.

It only took me eight hours, but I succeeded in tracking down Legris' next location after he left this world. The mere fact that I pulled it off in such a short time amazed me, and I felt tingles of achievement course through me.

To the ones who waited for me from below, they probably couldn't understand how I felt. However, I knew... I was immensely happy that my postulation succeeded!

Descending from my height, I reunited with my comrades, and the first one to approach me was Maria.

"Congatulations, Jared. You pulled it off."

'A-ah! Did I let my excitement show too much?' I wondered to myself, smiling sheepishly at her.

Still, I had to take back my assumptions from earlier.

It seemed Maria had noticed how happy I became as a result of my very risky experiment being successful. For someone who hardly showed any emotion, she was great at detecting mine.

"So, what now? We move to the next world that Legris traveled to, right?" Kuzon interrupted my interaction with Maria before I could properly offer a response.

"Thank you." I mouthed those words to Maria and focused on Kuzon's question.

"I've sort of created a linking tether to Legris by Resonance, so we should be able to track his activities through the worlds."

That was why [The World] was such a major component in the tracking Spell.

"So what are we waiting for? Let's g—!" Hearing Gerard's impatient voice, and watching him get knocked on the head by Serah felt satisfying for some reason.

In as much as we had to tread carefully when it came to Legris, we also had to consider the time aspect. It would be unwise to delay any further after all our preparations.

"Gerard is right. We should leave now."

Swiftly activating [The World], I opened a shimmering wormhole before all of us. The swirling distortion glowed with different colors, and right beyond it was our destination.

"Let's go. Maintain your guard, okay?"

It was highly improbable that we would encounter Legris on our first trip in tracking him down, but we couldn't afford to rely on mere assumptions.

As a result, it was important to be prepared for anything.

We all stormed into [The World], with the strongest of everyone present—Kuzon and Edward—leading the way, while I had to remain behind as the last to enter due to me casting the Spell.

Once everyone had stormed in, I inhaled deeply, still smiling a little at myself. The flutters in my heart just wouldn't cease.

'... And people ask why I got so obsessed with Magic.'

I stepped into the swirling rift, and everything instantly became a blur until I appeared on the other side within no time at all

The first thing I noticed were the burning rays of sunlight that washed over me. It felt so undreasonably hot, but the moment I decided to address the issue... I experienced the rest of the world.

And at that very moment, the smile on my face faded away.

"T-this is..." I muttered, unable to translate the rest of my thoughts into words.

Right before my eyes were the rotting of an immeasurablw number of people; a civilization in complete ruin.

I spread my senses instantly, praying and hoping for a survivor. However, the only thing I found was more death.

Everyone and everything in this planet was dead.

... And the vile energy of our target stained this world like a putrid odor.

Once again, I—no, everone present to witness this—was reminded of the kind of person Legris Damien was.

"A tragedy..." I heard Kuzon's voice leak out in a murmur.

It seemed all of my allies began to develop pity for the people in this world, the fallen ones whose stories we didn't know.

But for me, it was different.

As I stared at the chaos that our target had wrought, the only thing that enveloped me was rage.

'That monster!'

I clenched my fist and gritted my teeth, my resolve hardening the more I watched the dead world laid before me.

"We need to stop him... before he wreaks more havoc and destroys more lives..." I whispered.

I had never been so eager, so desperate, to catch someone before.

"He's not getting away with this."

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Chapter 1172: The Chosen One

In the small patch of land, locked between the two major states of Lycca and Pheron, all under the banner of the United Alliance Nation, there was the town of Ephron.

It was located just beyond the twin mountains that anyone could see from a distance, though from a particular angle, their peculiar shapes formed a certain odd image, given their perkiness.

Ephron wasn't very large, and its population only numbered a few thousand. As a small town, they mostly engaged in subsistence farming—or at least, they used to.

However, this very town had been transformed into a tourist center nearly overnight.

It constantly buzzed with an unreal crowd for such a small, unremarkable village. Despite how uncivilized a place like this was supposed to look like, it had the best kinds of facilities that would definitely rival the biggest cities.

The walls that circled their villages were made from the best of materials, and their roads were tiled. Their houses were built with the best stones and wood, and facilities such as constant water supply were also handled.

No other small town could boast of something like this.

Small-scale farming was abandoned by the denizens, and the mere toll obtained from tourists was enough to keep money flowing through the pockets of the previously impoverished denizens of Ephron.

The future seemed to be looking up well, and life had never been better for them.

And all of this was because of one man.

Zephyr Xanders... also known as the Hero of the World.

About thirty years ago, the seal to the Demon World finally broke loose, and a great war ensued that plunged the entire world to ruin.

Civilizations crumbled, and the Demons—led by the Demon Lord—sought the complete annihilation of everything that existed besides their malevolent race.

The races of the world joined forces and made the continent due South as their final stronghold, creating the United Alliance Nation.

They all struggled against the Demons, fighting a losing war that only dwindled their numbers as time passed. All hope seemed to be lost, and after fifteen years of a long, bitter war... despair had already set in for the world.

The Demons were well on their way to conquest, and the fate of the remnant of the Alliance was sealed.

Utter extinction awaited them.

... Or so they thought.

That was when the legendary Hero, Zephyr Xanders appeared seemingly out of nowhere!

He was only fifteen years old at the time, but he displayed power that no adult dared boast of. He was stronger than the greatest warriors of the Alliance, and he had more proficiency in Magic than the world's leading Mages.

He was a child prodigy—a genius!

No... perhaps he was more than that. Geniuses appeared every now and then, but no one like Zephyr had ever appeared in the world's history.

He was eventually deemed as the Chosen One... the Hero from Heaven!

This very Hero went on to face the horde of Demons with his elite team, called the Hero Party, and together they marched into the heart of the Demon Territory, achieving victory after victory.

Until finally, after much sweat, blood and sacrifices, the Hero was able to reach the Demon King's castle.

After what could only be described as the most destructive battle that nearly tore through the balance of the world, the Hero emerged the victor, finally eliminating the Demon King and all of his minions.

This brought an end to the long fifteen-year war.

The next five years were used by the Alliance to recover its strength and rebuild. Under the protection of the Hero, they properly established themselves as the single nation of the world, run by a council that consisted of a representative from each race.

It was a perfect system of governance, and this administration caused everyone to live in peace and order.

And now, ten years had passed since all of that. Tales of the war were now left to stories, and the world was experiencing nothing but peace.

As for why Ephron became such a hub, it was because Zephyr Xanders was born there.

Yes, he was raised by peasant parents, having no connection or ties to anyone noteworthy, yet he was able to rise above everyone else in the world.

His story served as an inspiration for everyone who knew him—especially those who were born in small towns and in simple households.

"Anyone can be great if they work hard! Look at Zephyr!"

That became a slogan that became passed around the world, and so even after the long war, the Hero remained a symbol of hope for the world.

A true Chosen One.

"U-urgh..." Zephyr woke up with a mile headache as he opened his eyes.

His luxurious room greeted his eyes, and the large bed he currently lay on offered him comfort. He looked beside him and noticed his wife was still sleeping.

As he watched her pointed ears perk up, what always happened when Elves were in deep sleep so that they could sense danger even when resting, Zephyr smiled.

His wife's beautiful face was buried in her long white hair, and that caused his smile to increase even more.

'She's too cute.' He thought to himself.

Even though he had been married to her for ten years now, he had never gotten tired of seeing her every morning. He constantly felt a sense of joy when he looked at her and the two children they had together.

He still couldn't believe someone like him was given a second chance like this.

'I dreamt of my previous life again... back when I had nothing.' Zephyr thought to himself as he rose from his bed.

His well-built body was bare due to his nakedness, and his immensely handsome face could make any woman fawn over him. Zephyr thought back to how unattractive and chubby he looked like in his previous life, and a wry smile formed on his face.

He stepped away from his bed and stood in front of the mirror that was carefully hung on the wall.

His blond hair, azure eyes, and overall charming look never ceased to amaze him.

He was no narcissist, though. Zephyr only made it a habit to stare at himself in the mirror in order to remind himself of who he currently was.

No longer was he the "Piggy" that all the mean kids in school called him, or the waste of space that his family referred to him as.

No, he was different now.

He was the Hero of the Word!!

Zephyr smiled at himself and touched the flat surface of the mirror, unable to let go.

'People often wonder how I was able to rise to the top despite growing up in the boonies, from ordinary parents...'

He never told them his secret, so everyone assumed his story served as an inspiration to every average kid out there.

They were wrong, though.

He was far from average or normal. Everything about the circumstances of his birth, as well as his existence in this world, was due to a miracle he had only read about in his past life.

Reincarnation!

'I was reincarnated into this world after a shitty life in my past one, and I plan to live my life to the fullest here!'

Yes, this was Zephyr Xavier's true story, a secret he planned on taking to the grave with him.

Unfortunately, that moment was drawing closer than anyone could expect.

... He just didn't know it yet.

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Chapter 1173: The Homefront

"Dad!"

"Papa!"

Zephyr was greeted by his two adorable kids as he returned to his luxurious house after his early morning jog.

It had become his ritual to leave every morning on a jog, passing through the town and greeting everyone present there. It served as a way to maintain a good relationship with everyone in his hometown, thus maintaining his humble image.

He also found it to be a good way to clear his head and bathe in gratitude for being able to enjoy such a nice life.

"Haha! You runts were waiting for me again, weren't you?" He grinned at the two angels he had in front of him.

The older one was a girl called Margeret, and she took after her mother a lot. As for the youngest member of their family, his name was Mark, and he took after Zephyr. They were six and three years old respectively, so their 'child status' still held up.

Both kids had slightly pointed ears, solidifying their statuses as Half-Elves, and they were both the cutest things in the world—at least, according to Zephyr.

"Hehe! Yes!"

"Come play with us!"

"You two are... oof!" Zephyr felt the weight of his kids as they pounced on him despite his sweaty body.

He found himself laughing, and so did his children. When things got like this, he just couldn't control himself.

He was just bursting with such indescribable joy that he felt like he might cry.

"Alright, that's enough you three!" Of course, the one who would always intervene at times like this was his dear wife.

"Marceline, I... ahem, can explain..." Zephyr chuckled as he felt his kids jump all over his body.

He knew it looked bad, but he was just a father playing with his kids.

"Go freshen up first! The kids will learn bad habits if you keep doing this." Marceline, the breathtakingly beautiful Elf sighed as she looked at her husband.

She currently had a casual housewife attitude on, and an apron strapped on, hiding most of her perky breasts and the rest of her well-rounded figure.

"Y-yes ma'am!" Zephyr promptly responded, rising from the floor while carrying both of his kids' shoulders.

"And you two... you haven't freshened up too! No breakfast for any of you if you aren't done within thirty minutes."

The two children instantly froze, ceasing their childish cheers. Panic spread all over their faces, and they turned to their father to save them.

Unfortunately for them...

"You heard your mom. Let's go."

... Even their father was no exception to their mother's power.

"I recently got a Magic Message from everyone. It seems they'll be arriving here before nightfall." Marceline spoke as she served the family their meal.

Everyone was in the dining area, and right before Zephyr were an assortment of tasty dishes that he could not wait to dig into.

However, by Marceline's rules, she had to finish setting everything up before anyone could have a bite.

Zephyr felt it was especially unfair because Marceline required everyone to be seated while she was undertaking this process.

'Why can't she just call us when it's all set? This is torture!' Zephyr screamed internally, and looking at the faces of his two kids, he knew they felt the same.

'Should I risk it and take a bite? I mean, it's not like she would mi—' One glance at Marceline's dangerous smile told Zephyr not to even dream about moving his hands until she was done.

Instead, he gulped down all his accumulated saliva and chose to respond to her earlier words.

"That's great. Those four made it seem like they wouldn't make it in time for tomorrow, but I knew they were just pulling my legs."

The 'four' he was referring to were the surviving members of the Hero Team. Even Marceline was a member of the Hero Party, which consisted of ten members in its prime.

Unfortunately, during the war, three of them passed away. A few years back, another passed of old age.

That left Zephyr, Marceline, and his four other friends.

"Well, tomorrow is a special day, after all. I doubt they would miss it for anything in the world." Marceline smiled, finally taking her seat after she had finished setting up the table.

At this point, Zephyr required nothing else but to dig into his meal and enjoy his wife's amazing cooking.

Not only was she an amazing cook, but she was immensely skilled in every field imaginable. Even, of course, in the bedroom.

Zephyr often asked himself if he deserved such a perfect wife, and the answer every time was a resounding 'NO!'

"Of course. I always am." Zephyr gave his family an assuring smile, even winking at his wife before ascending even further.

"I'll be back before my food gets cold!"

~WHOOOOOSSSHH!~

Rising to the sky, he left his family in the ruins of what was their home, rushing in the direction of the presence he had been sensing since the explosion.

Finally, once he was out of the thick fog of smoke, and was in the vast expanse of the sky, he could clearly see the man who casually hovered in the air.

He had dark brown hair, pale skin, purple eyes, and a somewhat menacing aura about him. He donned a dark trenchcoat, and while he appeared to be in his early thirties, Zephyr felt unable to rely on that.

"Who are you? Do you realize what you've just done? Who you just attacked?" He yelled, a mix of pure rage and anxiety evident in every syllable he uttered.

The man before him merely gave a casual smile, finally opening his lips to speak.

"My name is Legris Damien... and I'm here for you, Constellation Host."

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Chapter 1174: Hero Vs Villain [Pt 1]

'Legris Damien? Who is that?'

Zephyr Xanders maintained his stern glare at the stranger before him, wondering his identity.

At first, he had suspected him to be a spawn of the Demons, or someone who wanted revenge or something. However, the name and face of this man rang no bells for him.

That left only one thing...

"Constellation Host? So you know, huh?" Zephyr murmured.

Did this man know about his reincarnation? No, he couldn't jump to conclusions yet. The only thing he seemed to know about him was the fact that he had a Constellation as a backer.

'But what's going on?' He wondered to himself.

Ever since he got reincarnated, he hadn't heard of anyone mentioning the Constellations. The only reason he knew of their existence was due to his backer appearing to him after his death, offering him a second chance.

They made a deal, and in exchange for the unfathomable power he obtained from his Constellation, he was supposed to save this world as its Hero.

He had fulfilled his end of the deal, defeating the Demon King and bringing balance to his new reality.

So why was this being mentioned again? Why was a stranger suddenly after him due to his status as a Constellation Host?

'Lord Saggittarius, are you there? There's a strange man here... and he knows!'

Zephyr recieved no response from his Constellation, which was perhaps the most bothersome thing ever!

This had never happened before.

"Are you trying to reach your Constellation? You shouldn't bother. There's a barrier that separates this point from the rest of reality. In essence, we are currently out of their domain." The man who called himself Legris Damien spoke.

His voice seemed too calm for the statement he had just made.

'He separated my world from reality? Is that even possible? How powerful is this man?' Zephyr began to feel sweat drip from his face.

Even in his prime, during the war 15 years ago, he hadn't faced anyone who claimed to have this much power.

And that was so long ago too. A lot had happened since then, and while he still had a perfectly fit body, he hadn't properly fought anyone during the time of peace.

'Can I really win?' Zephyr found himself asking.

He no longer had the counsel of his Constellation on his side, and he was fighting a strange foe for the first time in fifteen years.

The odds were stacked against him.

"No..." He clenched his fist and swallowed the rest of the saliva that had formed in his throat.

His eyes glowed with resolve as his eyes darted beneath him, witnessing the small expanse that his hometown occupied.

This was no time to doubt or hesitate. He couldn't give in to uncertainty... not while he was needed.

"I am the Hero of this world. I am the Chosen One of the Heavens. I am Zephyr, husband and father of two..." His body glowed brighter with every word he uttered, until the golden light covered his entire body.

"... I will not lose!"

Like a true warrior made of pure gold, he floated magnificently.

Golden armor radiated all over him, and even his face was shrouded in a sturdy helmet, though a long slit remained in the helmet's eye region so he could see.

In this form of his, all his abilities increased exponentially, with his defensive abilities shooting through the roof as well.

'I'll have to be cautious here. I don't know what kind of ability he has...' Zephyr told himself, thinking about the family he had to return home to.

'The fact that he could destroy my home in one hit shows he's not an ordinary person. I can't sense his energy levels, or anything about him. Plus, even though I've transformed, he doesn't seem fazed by my power at all.'

That was alone to tell Zephyr that this was a high stakes battle.

'But there's no turning back. This world needs me! My family needs me! This man is clearly a threat. It is my duty to eliminate him!'

Zephyr stretched forth his hand, and his heroic blade appeared in his grasp. It shone golden, having a size almost as tall as Zephyr himself.

This was the same sword he had used to defeat the Demon King. It was the blessed blade, one that possessed immense power and unfathomable depth.

With this blade in his grasp, victory was assured!

"Are you done? Then, I will begin..." Legris Damien muttered, and just as soon as he spoke, he vanished!

'H-huh?!'

Zephyr's eyes couldn't detect Legris for a moment, and all of a sudden, he detected it...

... DANGER!

~WHOOOSH!~

Legris had now appeared behind Zephyr, his hand stretching to touch him. Zephyr didn't know why, but all his instincts screamed at him that he couldn't let that happen.

"Raahhhhhh!!!" With a loud roar, Zephyr twisted his body with unimaginable speed, gripping his powerful blade with both hands.

Throwing away his earlier idea of caution, he only had one goal as he swung his blade with all his might.

"Dieeeeeeee!"

~VWUUUUUUUOSSSHHHHHH!!!~

The pressure accompanying the swung blade was no joke. It seemed to rend even space itself as it approached Legris, and its powerful aura seemed to climb to even higher levels the closer it got to its target.

Until finally, it reached.

The enemy would be torn asunder, turned into dust, by the power of the blade.

They would cease to exist, forever destroyed by the overwhelming power of golden light.

Purified by the Hero's strength, they would forever disappear.

At least, that was how it was supposed to go.

However...

~CRACK!~

... What happened next was something completely different.

Golden fragments danced around, their shattered selves cackling with remnant power. Appearing like glass, they floated away, all leaving the point of impact like departing birds.

"N-no... way..." Zephyr's eyes widened at the sight.

His heroic blade had been destroyed... in just one hit?

"H-how...?"

The hilt he held was the only proper part of the blade. Everything else had shattered apart, leaving him nearly paralyzed by the imminent despair that approached.

It was at this point that he heard the ominous tone of the man who now stood imposingly before him, like an impossible wall of darkness.

"For one who professes to be a Hero... you are quite weak."

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Chapter 1175: Hero Vs Villain [Pt 2]

Despair.

It usually began subtly in the form of doubt. Then it would continue to fester until it became fear, eating deeper into one's soul.

Until finally... it would grow into sheer despondency.

Zephyr was currently in the second stage—FEAR!

His hands trembled as his eyes widened at the sight of his shattered blade, and his lips quivered in confusion. It had all happened so quickly, so Zephyr was unsure how his most prized weapon had suffered such loss.

That small moment of shock made him vulnerable, enough for the man before him to reach out to touch him.

'A-ahh... I messed up!' By the time Zephyr realized what was happening, it was too late.

His mind was too far gone.

~SHIIIIIIINNGGG!~

A golden barrier suddenly appeared, shrouding Zephyr in an energy field to shield him from Legris' touch.

If it weren't for that, he knew that his end would have arrived.

Almost as soon as the barrier was erected, yet another shocking scenario occurred.

~WHOOOOOOOOOOOOO OMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

An intense wave of energy descended from the heavens, like a bolt of lightning. It had four different colors—red, blue, green, and orange—and it possessed so much power that the entire area screamed in response to the descent.

The wave of energy fell, not on Zephyr, but on Legris.

~BOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO OMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

Like a pillar of destructive light, it consumed Legris wholly, sucking him into the oblivion of illumination.

"Haa...?" Zephyr's eyes widened in relief, and his expression was a fine example of pleasant surprise.

One look at his reaction was enough to prove that he wasn't the one responsible for that final attack.

Then... who?

"You've gotten rusty, Zephyr."

"To think you didn't deal with someone like that so quickly."

"It's a good thing we sensed something was up and arrived as quickly as we could."

"Marceline's message was helpful as well. Seems like trouble if you weren't able to finish him in one blow."

Appearing one after another, as their voices echoed in the air, were Zephyr's old comrades: The Hero Party members.

The first one who had spoken with his gruff tone was a stout and short old man. He had beards tied in three knots, and he appeared with his complete set of armor. He was a dwarf, and the hammer he wielded with both hands was proof of his expertise; both in forging and crushing.

The second who appeared was a Fairy. She looked tiny, and while she glowed with orange light, her clear skin and cute face could be clearly seen. She was dressed in her simple gown, and a small wand was carefully held in her tiny hand.

The third was a human. He had a mage's hat, and while he had long flowing grey beards that complimented his elderly appearance, a youthful glow remained in his eyes. He donned a long mage's gown, and right on his hand was his crooked staff.

The final individual was an Elf, and he had small cap that sat on his long white hair, nearly cascading over his pointy ears. He had a bow in his grasp, and his eyes gleamed with filial affection as he spoke.

"Y-you guys!" Zephyr beamed in delight.

All his closest friends, and his brother in law, were present. They had arrived right at the point he needed them.

"Drun. Aisha. Liam. Marcus. Thank you for coming!"

The Dwarf, Fairy, Human, and Elf nodded as Zephyr called out their respective names. What were friends for, after all?

"This is why you should have continued adventuring like us. You've grown too rusty, which is why you're having issues with someone like this." Drun, the team's Tank smiled, caressing his hammer as he spoke.

Zephyr didn't know what to say to the old man.

It was true that he had gotten very rusty over the years, but that was only in the sense of experience. His power, battle senses, and every skill in his arsenal remained the same.

When he got reincarnated, Zephyr was granted a lot of gifts from his Constellation, which made it impossible for him to relapse in power.

He had a perfect body, an automatic defense, unparalleled battle senses, and power unlike any other in this world.

He also possessed the power of his Constellation, though he was forbidden from using it on anyone else other than the enemy of the world at the time; the Demons.

With so many abilities at his disposal, he was guaranteed victory no matter how long he had stayed without battle.

Yet...

"I don't think that's the case. He shattered my Heroic Blade. He's no ordinary guy."

"W-WHAT?!" Everyone burst out in shock the moment Zephyr uttered those words.

They simply couldn't believe their ears.

Everyone knew about the strength of the Heroic Blade, especially the members of the Hero Party who had seen its power firsthand.

"No way..." Aisha whispered, her hands covering her mouth as Zephyr showed everyone his blade's hilt.

"By the Gods..." Liam muttered.

"What in the world?" Even Marcus, the most collected of everyone, found himself gasping.

However, the one who seemed to be the most affected by this news was the Dwarf among them.

"How can such a guy even damage the ultimate treasure of the Hero?!" Drun exclaimed, his eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

He simply believe that a nobody from nowhere, who didn't even leak out any malevolent aura like the Demons they had beaten in the past, could have damaged the greatest weapon ever.

Perhaps he was like this because he had made it his life's mission to replicate the power of the blade, yet failed every time.

How could such a perfect work of art and destruction be ruined by a nobody?

It made no sense!

"Such a guy, huh? That hurts to hear, you know?" A sudden voice suddenly leaked out of the pillar of light.

Everyone's eyes widened with shock as they simultaneously looked in the direction of their supposedly lethal move.

"I really wish weaklings like you wouldn't look down on me so much..." Emerging from the multicolored layer of destruction was a grinning Legris, completely unharmed.

"It makes me look bad."

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Chapter 1176: Hero Vs Villain [Pt 3]

Silence.

Pure decorum filled the entire aerial expanse as all the members of the Hero Party gawked at Legris emerging from the pillar of multicolored light.

How was that even possible?

That attack was a one-hit kill move which required the combined energy of all four members of the Hero Party to accomplish, and its energy consumption was also nothing to sneeze at.

Even if it was reasonable to expect some enemies to survive that attack, none of them could do so without sustaining at least some form of injury?

So how? How was this man not harmed in the slightest as he casually proceeded out of their attack?

At this point, everyone began to feel the same thing Zephyr felt when his blade shattered.

The ever-growing hold of FEAR.

It wasn't just because he had survived two surefire attacks in a row, but also due to the current state he was in.

Disgusting black energy, like a fine mix of tar and thick lack smoke, began to leak from his body. It felt so disturbing, unnatural.

The spectators found themselves trembling despite the confidence they had displayed not too long ago.

"W-what are you...?"

No one knew who uttered the question, but they all agreed with it. This man before them couldn't be human, or any other reasonable entity.

He was different! They could feel it down to their soul.

"WHAT ARE YOU?!" They all screamed at this point.

However, Legris did not even respond to their question. He only had a smile on his face as he slowly raised his hand.

He pointed at one of them, Drun. The way his pale finger was directed at the Dwarf... it felt oddly malevolent.

A single gesture caused the previously loud man to quiver in fright.

"You... I'll kill you first."

Silence once again seized the moment, causing everyone to widen their eyes as they interchanged glances between Legris and Drun.

Then...

"I won't le—"

~FWISH!~

A dark line of energy surged from Legris' finger, instantly traveling from his position to the target's location.

The darkness, without mercy or consideration, pierced Drun's head, crushing all the defenses he had set in place—both with his armor and Magic.

In that instant, all of Drun's insides were corrupted by the single piercing line, and his brain corroded at once.

All of this happened within a single moment, and so the only thing everyone else could see was the thin line that proceeded from Legris... and the destruction of their friend.

~SPLAT!~

Like someone exploding from the inside-out, Drun's darkened body completely erupted, sending his body parts flying in multiple directions.

His blood, his gory insides, and his tattered flesh... everything found their way away from each other, like fireworks of death.

By the time the group of five, now four, realized what had happened... their eyes turned bloodshot.

"A-ARGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Screams of pain, sadness and fear, all at once, echoed in the air.

A longtime ally and friend had just perished in the blink of an eye, and now his remains clung on their body, stinking like rotten flesh mixed with the most despicable odor imaginable.

It overwhelmed their senses, causing the mourners to enter a frenzy.

"So noisy..." Legris' whisper caught all their attention as they turned to him almost instantly.

Their faces, previously reminiscent of calm experience, had now transformed into primal savagery.

"YOU... IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!"

Energy roared from all of them as they targeted their grief towards the rightful target—the malefactor himself.

~VWUUUUUUUUUUSSSHHHHHHH!!!~

Power rushed through the air like an unstoppable current, and the entire space began to tremble as a result of the power being displayed.

Climbing higher and higher, the energies of the aggrieved friends reached a climax.

No, it even surpassed the climax!

They all prepared their bodies and strengthened their resolves, forgetting the fear and terror they had just experienced.

They only sought revenge, justice for their fallen friend.

Power rushed, and they commenced their charge, the heavens shattering in anticipation for the overwhelming force.

Any more and—

~SPLAT!~

~SPLOOSH!~

~SPURT!~

In that one second, the remaining three members of the Hero Party met their end the same way Drun did.

Their bodies exploded into bloody bits, leaving nothing left but gory remnants that reeked of rotting blood and death.

The only survivor, witnessing the instant deaths of his four friends, was Zephyr.

"H-haa... haaa...?"

His widened eyes couldn't believe what had just happened.

All of them—his friends that left their grand lives of adventure so they could all spend the next day in celebration—were dead.

He was certain that when they left their homes, none of them had thought that they would die today.

Even when they sensed danger and rushed to his aid, their demise must have never crossed their minds.

Zephyr wondered just when they thought they would die during the exchange.

He couldn't think of any moment.

He... even he had never once thought of a scenario where he would die.

"Haa... haa..."

So why? Why had his friends died despite all the plans they had for the next day? Why did this man take them away from this world?

As the questions surged through his mind, he lifted his gaze to look at Legris Damien.

He thought that perhaps he could get the answers by looking at the face of his friend's killer.

However, the face he met was not what he expected.

It was not a face with a motive, as one who desired something from the deaths he wrought, neither was it one of malevolence, as with the Demons he fought so long ago.

No... it was none of that.

"Y-you..."

The only thing on this man's face was emptiness.

Absolutely nothing.

There was no motive to decipher, no malevolence to be seen. He had no justifiable reason to do what he did, but he did so anyway.

"... Who are you?"

At the sound of the question, the empty monster before him finally smiled.

His darkened eyes glowed with something Zephyr couldn't quite explain. It reminded him of the time when he was still in the womb, a moment he couldn't quite remember.

It was... absolute nothingness.

"Who am I?" Legris Damien muttered, almost in a chuckle.

Silence occupied their midst for a moment, until he answered the question.

"I am the end."

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

Chapter 1177: Hero's Despair

[Disclaimer: This chapter contains some... well, disturbing stuff. Still read it, though.]

Zephyr was stuck.

As he now stared at Legris, hearing him spill his identity devoid of meaning, more confusion set in.

There was no way he could reason with the man who had just killed his friends, but he still found himself lacking the resolve to move.

Why?

Could it be because he had seen what happened to those who defied this man? All his other friends were now dead, and the only reason he was alive was because of his divine protection.

But... what if that couldn't protect him next time?

What if his next move ushered in the end of his life?

'No... I don't want to die! I don't want to die!'

He had lived nearly thirty years in this world, experiencing so much that life had to offer that he couldn't let go.

Not now... not yet!

Gritting his teeth, Zephyr decided on the only reasonable option he could think of at the moment. He wasn't confident in his ability to beat this man, so he simply had to choose the alternative.

... RUN!

~WHOOOOSH!~

Zephyr became a bright blur, instantly leaving his position in the expanse of the sky. His focus shifted from his opponent, and only one thing occupied his senses.

'Marceline! Everyone, I'm coming for you!'

All he had to do was leave with his family. If he vanished from the town, the madman would have no reason to hurt the people residing in the town.

'I'll take all of us to a safe place! He'll never find us!' Even if it meant hiding out for the rest of his life and never again appearing in public, Zephyr didn't care.

He was ready to throw away his status as a Hero at any time as long as he could protect his family.

No... in the end, wasn't this just all about protecting his life? The life he had as a loving husband and caring father... the one where he could wake up beside his wife and see his two kids every morning.

That was the life he was protecting!

'Almost there!' Zephyr gritted his teeth as he descended into the shattered remains of his home, already prepared to grab his family and vanish from their position.

However, the next thing he saw stopped him in his tracks.

"Haha... you're quite slow, Mr. Hero."

Zephyr felt his entire body trembling, his bloodshot eyes twitching, as he witnessed the most despairing sight he could ever imagine.

... At least, for the moment.

Right in front of him, trapped in a barrier of his own making, was Legris Damien... and his family!

The monster currently held his wife by the throat, and his two children were currently kneeling, unable to fight back or resist.

Pure fear and chaos took complete control, and even Zephyr found himself unable to speak, or even properly breathe as he took in all the information at once.

"It seems you thought you could escape with them. However..." Legris whispered, tightening his grip on Marceline's throat.

That was more than enough for Zephyr to finally reach his limits.

He couldn't take it any longer.

From his very depths, he screamed out like a madman, rushing to crush the barrier and destroy the man before him.

... Or so one would think.

"P-please... don't hurt them." Rather than rush out in rage, Zephyr fell on his knees and drooped his broad shoulders in defeat.

He already recognized the difference in strength between him and his foe, so any further conflict would be pointless.

Especially when his enemy could destroy his family.

All of Zephyr's armor dissipated instantly, leaving him in a casual outfit. His pale face was reminiscent of terror, and his submissive state made him appear so small that he seemed fragile.

It was at this point that the Hero realized the truth.

'I... I don't care what happens to me... as long as those I love are safe.'

His world. His hometown. His family.

As long as they were safe, he didn't care about anything else—not even his new and perfect life.

Zephyr's bowed head was enough to show his resolve.

"You want me, don't you? Please just take me and leave my fami—"

~SQUELCH!~

Zephyr thought he heard the sound of squishing flesh. He knew that sound well since he had killed thousands upon thousands, if not more, of Demons in the past.

He reconized that sound from recently too, when he watched his friends die.

And this time too... he could hear it.

But why?

Zephyr slowly raised his head and found out the reason.

The severed head of his wife... the mutilated body of his daughter... the butchered state of his son...

... The corpse of his family...

... All of it slowly sank into his mind.

Zephyr's vision blurred. He could feel vomit building up within him, but was forced to swallow it back almost instinctively.

The bitter taste of bile stung his throat, but he couldn't stop staring at the gory sight that was before him.

"M-Marceline..." He whispered, watching as her face told him the last expression she made before death.

It was sheer terror.

"M-Mager...et..."

The rotting flesh and dissolving bones of his daughter was bare for him to see. She was only six years old, and yet... YET...!

But, there was still one more he was yet to see.

Zephyr was frightened to look, but he found himself doing so anyway.

"M-M-Ma...ark..."

His body was butchered in a thousand pieces, stacked together like a bloody meal of flesh, blood and bones.

Zephyr could see his three-year old son's pointy ears standing atop the mound, right beside one of his eyeballs.

"H-haaa... ahhhh..."

At this point, Zephyr was too tired to rage... too broken to scream.

He could barely form any other reaction besides his gaping eyes as uncontrollable tears streamed from his face.

"Ahhh..."

As steam proceeded from his mouth, his vision slowly shifted from his dead family to the only one living within the barrier.

He had the same expression as before.

A haughty look of absolutely no compassion, desire, or fear—nothing at all.

And that served as the last straw to break within Zephyr's soul.

"You..."

At this point, Zephyr forgot everything.

The fact that he had loved every single moment of his new life in this world.

The fact that his wife was pregnant with their third child.

... The fact that he would be celebrating his thirtieth birthday the next day.

All of those were lost to memory.

Right now, there was only one thing Zephyr thought.

One thing he craved.

It burned him from the inside out, threatening to devour him whole until he opened his lips to release the words.

"I'LL KILL YOU!"

... And from that point on, he wasn't stuck anymore.

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Chapter 1178: Host Of Sagittarius

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

The energy that suddenly surged from Zephyr caused everything around him to immediately turn to dust.

The houses nearby, everything!

Fortunately, the residents had already begun evacuating after the blast, so none of them were caught up in the explosion of golden light.

However, their properties... nearly everything in the town was eviscerated by Zephyr's awakening.

"So you're finally using it. That's good!" Legris' words did not reach Zephyr's ears.

In fact, nothing did.

He wasn't listening any longer. He simply wanted one thing, and he moved forward with that goal in his broken mind.

"I'll kill you!"

~VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

The golden light that surged from Zephyr began to ascend high into the heavens, parting the clouds instantly.

Then, it began to take form.

The energy became concrete, and it began to shroud Zephyr in its immense walls. Layer upon layer, it built itself according to his desires, climbing higher than the very clouds until it formed a towering entity of destruction.

A Golden Titan!

Made of pure energy, and adorned in projected armor, this construct of over a thousand meters appeared in the form of a humanoid warrior.

It resembled Zephyr in his armored state, except it was faceless and made of pure golden essence. The giant also had a sheathed blade strapped around its waist, and everything else about it screamed of power.

As this giant stood tall, Zephyr floated within it, at the head region, his gaze refusing to leave Legris, who was still on the ground.

"You are a monster with no purpose for existence. An entity like you should never be allowed to remain in this world." Zephyr spoke, and more steam proceeded from within his lips.

"YOU MUST DIE!"

His golden eyes shone even brighter as several swords suddenly appeared in the air, all massive enough to collapse a building with the slightest touch.

~WHOOOOOSSSHHH!~

All the blades sliced through the air as they made their way to Legris, defying any speed conceivable by mere men.

Each projected edge found its mark, charging with unspeakable fervor as the debris in their path shattered even more debris.

However...

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

A single pulse from Legris caused every single blade to shatter. He then leaped to the sky, his entire body now shrouded in pitch black energy.

In the blink of an eye, he was staring at the face of the massive construct.

"I've fought a few Hosts of the Sagittarius Constellation, so I know your power of IMAGINATON. That doesn't make it any less bothersome, though."

The moment Legris uttered those words, he condensed all the darkness that oozed from him into his palm, forming a tiny orb.

"First let's get rid of that massive thing!"

More golden blades flew at him, but Legris easily destroyed them with his dark pulse before proceeding to release the dark orb toward Zephyr's golden titan.

~WHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

The darkness instantly shrouded the massive warrior in no time, corrupting it with darkness before it could move to attack.

"And that's how you—"

~WHOOOSH!~

Before Legris could complete his statement, though, Zephyr suddenly broke out of the dark sentinel, shattering it from the inside like glass.

"Wha—?!"

A powerful chain of gold swiftly wrapped itself around Legris, like a snake unwilling to let go of its prey.

He proceeded to use his darkness to consume the gold, but a instant spikes ascended from the ground up, impaling him from many places at once.

"Gah! You—!"

All of this culminated in a single moment when Zephyr closed the distance between him and Legris and launched a powerful golden fist on his face.

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

The strike sent shockwaves dancing around, completely shattering the foundation of the entire town that had suffered more than enough damage already.

Legris was sent flying by the attack, but before he could get very far, the loose bit of the chain that had him bound was suddenly held by Zephyr, who dragged it back.

In the blink of an eye, Legris found himself rushing back to Zephyr, whose eyes shone brighter, and his floating hair was the epitome of bright gold.

A massive blade suddenly appeared in his grasp, and he swiftly sliced through Legris—chai and all.

"Guark!" All of this happened within a single moment, reaching speeds that were never touched before in the fight.

As Legris' body bled, leaking out pure black liquid as blood, he found himself trapped in yet another contraption.

A Golden IRON MAIDEN!

The coffin descended on Legris, shattering every bone in his body, before proceeding to open up its spiky doors and swallow him within its spiky walls.

Legris couldn't even escape due to the several unbreakable chains that forcibly wrapped themselves around him, reeling him inside.

Once he was trapped within, cuffed in all sides, the Iron Maiden sharply shut its doors, using its several spikes and heavy gold to crush Legris in a coffin of unnumbered spears.

"Be crushed!" Zephyr pointed his clenched fist in the direction of the Maiden, squeezing it tighter than ever.

In response, the golden construct compressed itself, causing even more blood to spill from its insides, until it became nothing but a tiny sphere of hardened gold and condensed flesh.

It was a gruesome execution, fitting for the vile creature that experienced it.

Unless...

"Haaa! That was a close one!" Legris suddenly appeared behind Zephyr his body stained with black blood, while being riddled with holes that seemed to be healing on their own.

Despite his narrow escape, Legris seemed perfectly cheerful.

Why?

Zephyr proceeded to send heavy rains of inescapable piercing light in his direction, but the elusive Legris found his way of escaping them.

However, even that was inconsequential.

He suddenly found a drop of golden water sitting on his shoulders.

"Oh, not agai—!"

The water instantly expanded to form a golden bubble filled to the brim with projected water.

Legris tried fighting the currents that seemed to exude such internal pressure that he felt he was being bombarded from every direction.

However, all of this was only the beginning!

~KKKRRRAAAAAA!!!~

Golden lightning descended from the heavens, everything coalescing on the massive bubble Legris was trapped within.

Screams could not echo from the golden sea, but the expression Legris made was enough to show how much he was in agony.

"BURN!"

The golden sea suddenly rose in temperature and changed from mere boiling hot water... into molten magma.

Legris was no longer in a pressure-filled, electrified, and heated bubble of water.

No, this was much worse.

His skin began to peel off, and he found himself taking in pure electrocuting lava.

Such pain that no one should ever experience were being dished out to this man, and yet his screams could not be heard.

"You really had me on the ropes back then."

"Who could have expected that outcome?"

"Looks like I underestimated you, Mr. Hero."

"Did seeing your family die hurt you that much?"

"That was always the plan, but to think you'd go so far..."

Zephyr's blade began to flicker in the darkness, and the golden light he emitted gradually dimmed.

'W-what is this? What is going on?!'

He could not comprehend anything.

What way was left?

What way was right?

Why was he here?

Where was here?

Who was here?

Where was he?

Who was he?

Multiple questions gathered in his mind, creating an endless layer of confusion that kept building up until he could not move any longer.

The golden lights around him flickered even more, and they were barely visible at this point.

His blade slowly faded away into obscurity, and his eyes slowly lost their light. Every ounce of power he had displayed just earlier were drained before his very eyes until nothing was left.

Nothing but a fragment that shone within him.

It was the final source of illumination in this sea of darkness. If it was extinguished... everything would be over.

At this moment, in his deepest despair, Zephyr could do nothing but return to his memories.

He thought about his family and friends.

He remembered everything that led up to this moment; how much he had enjoyed his life with everyone.

The second chance he never deserved... he had lived it.

What more could a man want?

"Of all the Sagittarius Hosts, you were the most skilled, I'll give you that. You weren't even allowed to use your power to the fullest because of your broken mind." A single voice echoed in the expanse.

Zephyr couldn't have known this, but a certain silhouette currently stood in front of him.

The man in the silhouette was smiling, his form completely hidden by the thick darkness all around. His hands were stretched out, though... reaching for the only source of brilliance in the void.

"In the end, you'll become like the others that have been consumed here..."

Zephyr was so lost in his memories that he didn't realize it when the light fragment was taken from him.

The moment that happened, his precious memories began to crumble.

Everything: his entire life.

He forgot his name, his purpose, his friends... his family.

It was like he never even existed.

"... A part of me."

Legris Damien returned to reality with a bright golden fragment in his grasp.

His body appeared brand new, with no shadow of an injury in sight. His entire attire seemed brand new, and his pale skin seemed as healthy as it could be.

Nothing about him told of the battle that had just taken place, and just how far he was pushed by the now-deceased, nonexistent Hero.

If not for the completely ruined landscape, one would never be able to guess that a fight had occurred here.

Everything in the small town of Ephron, and even its outskirts, had been razed to the ground—no, even beyond that.

A gaping hole had completely devoured the town, leaving nothing left of it.

Even then...

"None of the residents were harmed in our skirmish. It looks like he still protected everyone while fighting me..." Legris smiled, noticing the residents stuck in a massive dome of light away from the town.

There seemed to be some form of castle-like projection surrounding them too; as expected of the power of the Sagittarius Constellation.

"Looks like he was a Hero until the very end."

Still, it was only a matter of time—some minutes at best—and none of them would even remember the name of their dear Hero.

'And then causality will begin to have an effect. I guess it's not taken full control yet because I'm here, and all that Constellation energy is interfering...'

~Legris, we've spotted the next target. Stefan has begun to engage.~

The voice of his partner suddenly echoed in Legris' mind, causing him to take his focus away from the denizens for a moment.

At the moment, Ciel and Stefan had split up from him in order to cover more ground. He was to handle this place by himself, while they would take care of another Host who also happened to be in this Branch.

While this method was risky, it was the most time-efficient way to gather enough Constellation Energy due to their hurry.

Well, it was mostly Ciel's impatience that caused this.

"Ah, I see. You know what to do next, right?" Legris responded calmly, a small smile forming on his face.

~We're going to capture her for you, so when you're done... you know where to find us.~

"Noted. I'll soon be there. I just have to take care of some business first."

Once he finished communicating with Ciel, his focus returned to the helpless denizens of the devastated town.

"I might as well just put this world out of its misery too. Sooner or later, it'll happen anyway."

His cold eyes stared at them from where he floated, and he stretched out his hand, deciding on the appropriate Spell to use on the crumbling castle and the hopeless ones before him.

The moment he decided on the perfect one, however, the most unexpected thing happened.

~WHUUUUUM!!!~

A sudden warp in space caused the expanse behind him to shatter, and someone swiftly lunged from within the rift.

This young man had blond yellow hair, and his appearance instantly caused Legris' eyes to widen in shock.

There was no way he could forget such a face.

It was—

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

Chapter 1180: Darkness Meets Light [Pt 1]

It was horrible.

As I emerged from the swirling breach of space and darted in the direction of Legris in a quick attempt to land the first blow, I only had one thought.

... It was incredibly horrible!

My comrades and I had been traveling the worlds in search for Legris. We had done this for so long that the concept of time became less and less irrelevant the further in we went in those branches of reality.

However, in every single world we traveled, everyone alongside me could only see one thing.

Destruction!

Not all the worlds ended in sheer destruction, though, but the ones that did survive would do so to only suffer a fate worse than death.

I saw many atrocities on my way here, and the burning fury within me was evident of that.

'The horrors we saw... the ruins that awaited us...'

Everything we experienced to get here was all thanks to this man.

No, I couldn't call him a man anymore.

He was a monster.

~WHOOOOOOOOSSSSHH!~

As I swept through the space that separated the both of us, I already prepared a Spell to use against him.

However...

~WHUUUUSH!~

Before I could reach him, I stopped myself, teleporting back to the wormhole I had created using [The World's Resonance].

A bead of sweat instantly formed on my face as I just floated, maintaining our distance. I could not remove my eyes from him.

Rather, from the power he had in his grasp.

'What is that? Its a high concentration of energy? Did he prepare to use it against me just now?' My heart raced as I interchanged glances between Legris and the golden fragment of light that he held so tightly.

As I was still having these thoughts, Kuzon, Edward, Maria, Ana, and the rest of my allies began to emerge from the widening hole in space, until all of us finally gathered.

Initially, I had to stay behind anytime I used [The World's Resonance], as well as [The World]'s power to travel dimensions as we tracked Legris. However, once I had done it a couple of times, I could now use Spellcraft to ensure it functioned even with me venturing in first.

This way, I could explore the terrain and ensure no one else could get hurt before I got to the world.

It brought more risks to me, considering I would be in a strange new world myself for just a moment, but I considered it more preferable than having my friends take on the same risk—if not more.

The portal closed behind us as the last person emerged from it, leaving a slight buzz in the air before the dimensional energy finally dissipated completely.

All fourteen of us floated in the air, and our focus was on Legris.

'It's been a while, you bastard...' As I stared at him now, I realized just how much time had passed since I last saw him.

Despite everything, Legris looked the same as always. If I was to say, he looked even better—healthier—than before.

His pale skin glistened, and his lanky frame seemed a lot more well-built than before. He still had his tall height, and his menacing gait remained the same.

As we stared at each other, there was a look of surprise in his eyes, and he didn't bother hiding it.

"Jared... everyone... it's been a while." His voice was the same as always.

He had this calm, casual air about him. It even dripped with playfulness, though I knew fully well that what existed behind all of that was sheer malevolence.

"I'm surprised you caught up to me so quickly. I thought I would have a lot more time..."

My allies and I were connected telepathically, and they kept asking me about when and how to attack Legris now that he was right in front of us.

Serah and Kuzon were especially vocal with their intentions, but I held them back.

'Not yet. Something doesn't feel right about him. That energy shard with him... and also what his goals are. We can't be too careless.'

I had to analyze the situation properly and make even more preparations so things didn't get awry.

"I suspect Neron had something to do with it. That guy... always getting in my way..."

I narrowed my gaze on him in caution, but Legris only chuckled.

"Where is he, by the way? Neron. He won't even pop up to say hi? That's not very nice. Even though we're such old friends..."

I clenched my fist as my gaze slowly transformed into a hateful glare.

Even though I tried not to pay it any mind, I had already noticed the devastated town, as well as the powerless people that watched us from their low estate.

Just how much havoc had Legris caused here? Yet he was speaking to us so casually... like everything was perfectly fine.

"Nice to see you all again. Why is no one saying anything? Beruel? Serah? Why is everyone being so cold despite how much fun we've had together."

After hearing him spout enough of his bullshit, it was obvious that Legris was stalling for time.

"What is your goal here? Why did you have to cause so much destruction here? In all those other worlds too. To what end?"

Was it power? Was he somehow harvesting power from the chaos he wrought? Or did he perhaps gain some form of pleasure from watching people suffer?

I asked him point blank, my brows creasing together.

"Oh? So you've been to those other places! Haha... well, isn't this a little embarrassing. It was inevitable that they would turn out that way. As for what I'm after... it's this."

Legris raised the hand he used to tightly grip the energy fragment I had been so wary of, waving the golden light fragment in our faces.

"You're too late, though. I've gotten what I wanted here."

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