

SPELLCRAFT 211

SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

Chapter 211: Solitude

I sat in silence, enjoying the sense of solitude that enveloped me.

After being with so many people for so long, I rarely had moments like this to myself. Still, it was an enjoyable afternoon in the Oasis, a haven from outside visitors. It was the perfect spot for me!

"Looks like you're not worried at all." A voice suddenly appeared, shaking me to my core.

"Argh!" I squeaked a little, showing my surprise.

For someone to interrupt me when I was so deep in thought and relaxation... how brazen would they be? I couldn't even sense the perpetrator, so it was most likely someone strong.

"When you react that way, you look so cute." The voice was right in front of me now, and it would be foolish of me not to have recognized who the owner was after hearing it for the second time.

"Professor Neron..." I opened my eyes to stare at the calm-looking, handsome man.

His pitch black hair danced with the wind as his casual shirt and trouser outfit showed no sign that this man was a professor, and someone whose powers I couldn't even fathom.

"So, you lost in the Finals, and then caused such a scene during the Elite Tournament... and the only thing that came to your mind was resting in this place?" Neron's voice showed a tinge of disbelief, but it mostly hinted that he was impressed.

A smile formed on my face once I heard his statement.

"So, does that mean I pass? You know, as your Apprentice..."

Upon asking my question, our atmosphere went into a state of decorum and we stared at each other.

My goal was to score first place and completely 'wow' Neron. Unfortunately, things didn't go as planned and I lost to Kuzon. The silver lining was that I also beat a Ranker, a feat that exceeded merely winning first place among First Years.

If that was the case, I was hoping it would be enough to convince Neron to mentor me.

"Well, I never really expected you to get first place to begin with. The initial deal was for you to catch my attention in the Exchange, and you did..." Neron muttered.

'Does that mean...?!'

"Yeah, I'll be your mentor, or master, or whatever. You pass." He gave a calm smile.

The relief that spread through me eased the tension that plagued my heart and I collapsed on the grassy plains of the Oasis grounds.

"Whew! That's a relief..." I mumbled.

Even though I hadn't seen Neron throughout the Exchange, I knew he was watching. There had to be magic that projected the match to wherever he was at the time.

"You went a bit too far in that last match, though. Well, I can't say the boy didn't deserve it but-"

I understood what Neron Kaelid was trying to imply. Someone was intelligent and calculative as me should have been able to weigh the consequences of my actions and could have chosen the route that led to the least impactful consequences.

However...

"... I have my reasons..." My reply was given with a confident smile.

Once Neron saw this, he nodded and didn't pursue the issue any further.

"Well, I'll be training you for about five days, starting tomorrow. After that, I'll be taking a short leave of absence. It appears something has come up and my attention is needed somewhere in the Kingdom."

His words sounded a bit grave, which hinted that it had to be serious. I wondered what concerned an Ainzlark Lecturer with Kingdom affairs, but after analyzing Neron's strength and his odd personality, I couldn't put anything beyond him.

"Oh? How long will that take? When will you resume my training after that?" I asked with a furrowed eyebrow.

I had no concrete idea what the 'Penalty' given by the Academy would be, and it was simply bad timing that Neron would be absent during that period. I needed to know when he would be back.

"Well, considering the nature of what I need to do... let's say three to five days. It shouldn't take very long."

Neron's voice sounded casual, but I could tell he was hiding something. Was an incident brewing in the background that I wasn't aware of? That had to be the case no matter how hard I thought of it.

"You should be worrying more about your Penalty more. It'll be decided next week, right?" Nero smiled and narrowed his eyes.

"I won't intervene..."

Once I heard his voice trail, I smiled once again.

"You won't have to."

With that, it was clear that our conversation was over.

"Your friends are here already... I should leave." Neron gazed beyond the cluster of shrubs and trees, noticing the group of people that were fast approaching my location.

"They're not my friends..." I wanted to say, but kept it to myself.

Neron must have noticed my answer in his eyes, making him shrug as though expected it. It was so always quite unnerving speaking to this lecturer since I felt there was so much we had in common.

"See you tomorrow!"

>WHOOOSSSHHH<

With a howl of the wind, he was gone. Whether it was done by teleportation, or high-speed movement was something I hadn't figured out yet.

"Huu... looks like I have to brace myself for impact..." I smiled, turning in the direction of six students who charged in my direction.

Soon, they would enter the Oasis and engage in long conversations with me. As much as I valued company from time to time, nothing was more pleasant to me than the quietness that enveloped me when I was alone.

'Still, it's unavoidable, uh?'

So far, some considered me friends, others rivals... but it wasn't like I could reciprocate those sentiments. There was even one among them who had feelings for me... though it was most likely as a result of my slip-up.

Back when I covered my ears, Ana had asked me if I 'liked' her and was trying to hide it, and without hearing her words... I admitted to it.

I thought it was only to keep her quiet, but after creating that misunderstanding... it became more complicated to overturn those ideas from her head. Fortunately, Edward told me before I stumbled too deep in the dark.

"I wish the both of you happiness!" He had genuinely said to me one time.

It was silly, mere vestiges of childhood that would pass as they grew older so I only had to endure.

With so much work to do, and many uncertainties looming... no time existed to engage in frivolities. After all, to achieve my goals...

"JAREEEEEEDDDD!!!" Voices cried out as people poured out of the green clearing and charged in my direction.

"W-wha-?! You guys!!!"

... Edward, Ana, Maria, Stefan, Ivan... even Kuzon...

... I considered them valuable people, but not friends...

"So this is where you were!"

"I knew it!"

"That move you did back there was badass!"

"Please teach me!"

"Glad to see... you're fine..."

"Looks like someone is a celebrity already."

As their voices reached out to me, I smiled and remembered my previous comrades, my true friends. They were long gone now, relics of the past...

... And that was why I couldn't see these little ones as my friends...

"You guys... stop rushing... argh!"

*

*

*

[END OF THE SECOND ARC]

[The Third Arc: 'Invasion/Conspiracy Arc' Will Resume Shortly]

THANKS FOR READING!

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

Chapter 212: Trail Of Darkness [Pt 1]

Somewhere within the Eastern Kingdom, in the territory of a noble far north... was chaos!

Bloodied corpses littered the ground and flames licked the devastated ground. Signs of a fierce battle pervaded the vicinity, from the settlement of the commoners... even to the castle ground of the noble in charge of such estate.

The stench of blood and death, so pungent it would crinkle the nose just by a whiff, hung in the air. Walking down the path of carnage, it was easy to see a trail, so straightforward in a line. Someone had certainly been moving, slaughtering any in his path.

Finally focusing on the manor of the distinguished lord of the land, it was not a very different sight from the commoners' residence. Other than the beautiful and sparse grounds that surrounded the exquisite buildings around, carnage still rang true.

The soldiers and Mages who had died were beyond number, and the once beautiful sight had turned into a scene of pure despondency.

Who could have done such a thing? What manner of creature could have wrought such horror? They most certainly weren't human! If anyone thought like this, they would be right.

After all... the one who perpetrated this horrific sight was a DEMON!

Seated within the mansion and watching as the last of his prisoners died, the figure in the darkness made a slight grumble.

It had two pointed ears that ascended upward, its body was enveloped in darkness and spikes came out of his shoulders... like battle armor. He was an epitome of darkness and a personification of evil!

This was a Shadow Demon, a specie belonging to the six tribes of the beings of darkness... Demons!

Demons dwelled in their lands, far to the North. It was a place filled with so much terror and eternal darkness. The miasma was said to be so intense that a mere whiff was fatal to normal beings, and contact with this demonic aura would corrupt the soul and put one in a state worse than death!

Why was such a creature, who belonged to such a terrifying realm, be in a human settlement? The answer was known only to the Shadow Demon himself.

"I'm done here... I should head over to the next one..." The black being mumbled to itself.

Kahn, the murderous creature of carnage, was on a path of redemption and 'soul seeking'. After being cast out of the cadres of Demon Lords, unable to directly serve his liege, the Demon set forth to redeem himself.

Hoping to find an answer, he made it to the Eastern Empire and now wreaked chaos wherever he went. So far, he had brought down five noble territories, tasking a while to extract information concerning the Kingdom he was in... and whatever else he fancied.

As a result, he was currently up to speed with human history, but that also proved to be somewhat problematic. According to the information he received, the humans had grown more civilized and powerful since the war against the Demons all those years ago. While they had lost their heroes from back then, they had gotten strong ones in return.

Compared to the evolution of humans, the Demon race was...

"If I take this knowledge back to the Demon Realm... will my Lord be pleased?"

This knowledge simply meant that the Demons were at a growing disadvantage since their civilization was at a standstill and they had lost a great deal of their influence. If humans kept growing more powerful at this rate, then... it was only a matter of time before his entire Species was threatened.

That very thought aggravated Kahn!

He ground his teeth in annoyance and a murderous aura enveloped him once again. If they could stop the humans from evolving even further, no... exterminating them entirely was the only option.

He had to report what he knew as soon as possible, but...

"No! This isn't enough..."

Information without proof was as good as a lie. If he didn't provide evidence to support his claims, many would only view it as a desperate attempt to return to his seat as a Demon Lord. While the prospects of returning to his previous estate was appealing to him... Kahn wanted nothing more than to serve his lord and master, the Demon King!

"I have to... get something to use..."

He knew he couldn't act recklessly anymore. So far, he had been fortunate to encounter weak humans, but if it was a strong Mage that approached him, perhaps he wouldn't stand a chance. With no Miasma

to recover his expended energy, the only way to make do was to use the corrupted souls of the humans he slayed.

But since their souls were weak, the amount gotten from them was barely enough!

Caught within this precarious situation, Kahn was at a dead end. He thought hard on what to do, but the answer evaded him. He wasn't the smartest of Demons, after all.

"It looks like you're a little lost..." A voice suddenly appeared from the darkness.

Kahn's white eyes bulged the moment he heard the sound and felt the strange presence of someone in the room with him.

Instantly, he sprang up on his feet and took an offensive stance. Whoever the person was, Kahn felt they were strong. He hadn't even sensed the person until he spoke!

"Whoah, easy there... I have no intention of fighting you."

Kahn narrowed his eyes and got a glimpse of the man in the shadows. Both his hands were raised in surrender, but the Shadow Demon knew he possessed great strength.

"Who are you...?" Kahn spat, still wary of the human, yes, human that just showed up.

"Who am I? Well..."

Kahn was a little shaken.

Thanks to him spending quite a while in the human world, he fairly understood their language. He could interpret their words with no difficulty. Still, Kahn found it a bother to speak it so he still used his Demon tongue whenever he spoke.

Yet...

... This human understood him!

'He knows our language?!'

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

Chapter 213: Trail Of Darkness [Pt 2]

"... Who I am doesn't matter. What's more important is who you are..." The mysterious man cut through the silence.

Kahn wanted to speak, but his inner patience appealed to him and he listened attentively.

"... I've been observing you for some time, the path of carnage you've created. I have to say, it's not a wise call."

Kahn realized that now. He had drawn too much attention to himself and it was only a matter of time before strong humans came after him.

"One of this Kingdom's strongest Mages is coming for you. Once he does, he'll subjugate you with no difficulty. Needless to say, you don't stand a chance." The human in the shadows retorted.

"Keh, your arrogant words displease me, human! Do you think because you've been monitoring me, you know the extent of my powers?" Kahn growled.

Being looked down upon by humans annoyed him. He only had a slight bit of respect toward a few members of their race, but those were long dead by now. Unlike demons, humans had such short lifespans.

This was another reason why Kahn deemed his race as superior.

"Believe what you want, but this guy I'm referring to is even stronger than me, so..."

Kahn couldn't help but gulp a little.

The human in front of him was strong! So strong that Kahn had the possibility of losing in his current state. If this person spoke so highly of another, it was a bit worrisome how powerful the other guy was.

"W-who is he...?" Kahn found himself asking.

He never thought he would have to speak to a fellow human, but... sometimes curiosity could be controlling.

"His name is Neron Kaelid. He'll soon be dispatched to hunt you down... and when that happens, it's only a matter of time before..."

The man didn't say any more, but Kahn could already deduce what was implied.

Still, Kahn could not afford to back down now, not when he was so close to redeeming himself. If he succeeded in his plans, he could regain his previous position and even bring about the extermination of the human race. He couldn't afford to lose now!

But, something rang in the Shadow Demon's mind...

"Why are you telling me all this?" The thoughts became words.

The man in the darkness seemed to smile, shrugging a tiny bit. Kahn thought perhaps he didn't fully make his inquisition known and decided to go further.

"... You saw the carnage I caused, how I laid waste to your race. If I succeed in my plans, more of you will die! Why would you betray your race and tell me such important information?"

For a while, there was silence.

Kahn suspiciously eyed the being who stood a short distance from him. The Demon readied his claws, prepared for combat if it became necessary.

"Well, that's because I'm not on the side of the humans."

This bombshell caused the resolute Kahn to be fazed.

"W-what?!" Nearly escaped his darkened face.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm not on the side of you Demons as well. Needless to say, my identity doesn't matter to you. What's important is the proposal I want to make!"

Kahn's eyes ticked with slight interest, and his curiosity began growing. While there was a lot that was very fishy about the obviously human being that appeared before him, he still wanted to hear the proposal.

"Don't worry... it'll benefit you. I don't know what exactly you're looking for, but I know where you can get it."

Kahn's expressionless face seemed to ask, "Where?"

"Ainzlark Academy."

Upon hearing this, the Shadow Demon recollected the name from some of those he interrogated. Some of them had children and relatives attending the institute. It was a top-notch place that cultivated fresh talent and had no small number of powerful humans.

But...

"Why would I want to go there?"

It was said that the lecturers there were strong, and the head of the school was one of the most powerful mages in existence. Sure, there seemed to be quite a number of knowledge and technology he could obtain there, but the risks were too great.

"I know you're worried, but rest at ease..." The mysterious man spoke once again.

"The biggest threat in that Academy is the one after you, so he won't be there for some time. And, as for the other powerful staff there, I can handle them. It'll make the whole thing smooth sailing for you."

If that were to be the case, it would be perfect. In fact, it was too good to be true! For a human like him to casually, yet confidently speak in such a way... what kind of connection did he have with Ainzlark? Also...

"... Why would you go so far? What do you hope to gain from this?"

This was something that burned within Kahn's twisted heart. All humans were inherently selfish; someone he knew several years ago, a human, had told him this! He was a scholar who had studied both Demons and humans, having a great deal of magic knowledge at his disposal as well.

It was a shame the man was inept, no, that was probably a good thing. If such a human had the ability to use Magic, Kahn could only imagine how much of a menace he would have been back then.

'That man...' The Shadow Demon gritted his teeth as the particular image of someone flashed in his mind.

"Fine. I'll tell you what I want..." The strange man suddenly broke Kahn away from his deep thought.

There was a brief moment of silence, and then the Shadow Demon saw the man in front of him slightly raise his hand while gathering mana. The black being sprang into a defensive stance, but it was unnecessary.

"Relax, will you? I just want to show you something. Or, rather... someone..."

Suddenly, a bright light appeared on the palm of the mysterious, shady man, and the image of a particular person appeared. It was like a hologram, the product of light magic, and it perfectly displayed the face of someone... showing the amount of skill the conjurer had.

Kahn narrowed his eyes and critically examined the image that popped up.

The boy didn't appear to be too old, most likely twelve years... maybe thirteen. His bright golden eyes and blond hair stood out. He had a confident smile on his face, and a form of noble aura round him.

"Who's this? Your child?" Kahn spoke with sarcasm, not sure why the man before him would show the image of someone totally unrelated to the matter at hand.

"No... quite the opposite actually. He's something of an enemy, really..." The man replied in an unfazed manner.

Kahn was getting impatient now, but he waited to hear what his business was with the child.

"He's a student of Ainzlark Academy, he's in his first year..."

Something like a sadistic, completely evil grin formed on the face of the man who spoke. Even though Kahn was the personification of evil, this human seemed to be an agent of malevolence.

"... His name is Jared Leonard... and I want you to kill him for me."

*
*
*
*

[Welcome To The Third Arc Of SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar]

[The Invasion/Conspiracy Arc Begins!]

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

Chapter 214: Preparation

I woke up with a bit of a headache.

My voice let out a groan as I struggled to rise from my far from comfortable bed. It wasn't as grand as the one at home, neither was it half as preferable, but after spending three months with it, I was somehow used to my place of rest.

The reason for my discomfort lay in the fact that my body itself was tired, no, it slightly ached. The reason wasn't far-fetched, though. After all... I had been training for a great deal of time far into the night.

"Today's the big day, after all..." I whisper escaped my lips and I hopped out of bed.

With a somewhat tired look on my face, bit a bright spark hidden within my eyes, I made my way to the bathroom. It was time to freshen up and prepare for an eventful day.

'I still feel very tired and drowsy... my body aches too...'

It was no wonder; I had pushed myself a little far last night, after all.

"I'll just use a Mana Restorative Potion, then..."

My casual statement would have alarmed anyone if they were in the room with me, but since I was alone, it was no problem. After all, a Lower Class Student like me would have no way of gaining access to something of such quality.

Mana was very essential to society and could be considered the lifeline of any Magic User. It was to be expected that they would be quite costly; though this depended on quality.

Still, for someone like me, even potions of the lowest quality would be a luxury... at least, that was the general assumption.

Unknown to everyone, I had cultivated my own Potions, managing to create so many solutions that would be considered very useful on my part. These innovations would draw some really helpful attention to myself, but there was a reason I hadn't made a move to reveal them.

'Not enough... not yet...'

They weren't groundbreaking enough to distinguish me entirely!

While I used various new ingredients, and my Potions were unique, they only offered slight to middle effects, and none were of the high grade. So far, the highest of my concoctions could only attain 60 percent of restorative effects.

While that would be considered extremely valuable, and the formula would be coveted by a lot of people, my goal lay beyond that. Of course, I had my plans for my path in alchemy and potion-making, but they were only a means to an end. I had to make myself as distinguished as possible in my attempt to gather prestige in that area.

Sixty percent wasn't enough!

'Well, it should suffice for me...'

The reason for my tiredness stemmed from my deficiency in Mana, after all. I had expended so much last night on my 'Project' and was nearly running on empty. In my current condition, I couldn't achieve the objectives set out for me today.

As a result, even if they were valuable, I would be using my Potions. More could always be made, after all.

After I was done freshening up, I put on a casual outfit and stepped out of my room wearing a clear blue top and plain black trousers. Sandals replaced the usual flip-flops I would have preferred wearing.

While I had every right to be casual, being too simple would be a downright insult to the person I was going to see. Hopefully, my current appearances were satisfying enough...

'If I remember correctly, I enchanted some of my clothes recently... I should wear some of those tomorrow!'

Permanent enchantments to prevent stains and slack were placed on the outfits, as well strengthening effects. For my favorite flip flops, speed enhancements were added, giving me advanced mobility. I used those outfits for an experiment and it was a good thing they paid of well.

'Welp, time to begin my day!'

Stepping out of my room, and now walking down the hallway, I encountered a few students in my dorm.

The moment they saw me, all of them seemed to freeze. While I wasn't particularly paying any real attention to them, I could sense awe, fear, and unease hanging in the air. I shrugged and walking while ignoring the strong emotion pervading the area.

After all, their sentiments were understandable.

After my performance in the Elite Tournament yesterday, everyone was partially aware of my capabilities and had come to somewhat revere me. Of course, that meant a mix of fear and awe would be given, but that meant a slight discomfort and shift in their emotions whenever I made my presence known to them.

'Welp, it's fine by me...'

I descended the stairs, exited my dorm, and made my way to the destination mapped out for myself.

This week was a free one for everyone; that meant the students were meant to use it as they wished. Some would dedicate it to training hard in an attempt to meet up to the strong display of power they witnessed in the Exchange; some would use this chance to recuperate from the mental and emotional fatigue that had been built up from their participations in the Exchange, even though any physical consequence had been settled; some would simply have fun and spend their time in leisure.

It was a matter of choice for everyone, and they would all be right.

For my close companions, Edward and Ana, they told me of how they would love to improve on their lacking skills which was made evident after the exchange. Though I wouldn't be joining them in their diligent endeavors, appropriate measures were put in place to ensure that they would improve drastically within a week.

The others; Stefan, Ivan, Sofia, and Kuzon; all had their respective plans, most of which centered on getting stronger. Apparently, my surprising display riled them up and increased their competitive drive.

To be honest, none other than Kuzon made me feel even the slightest bit competitive among the first years, but even that one boy was enough. Since I had no intentions to be left behind in any aspect; be it Magic, Martial Arts, or Scholarship; I was going to work my butt off as well.

'This should be interesting!'

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

Chapter 215: Apprentice

I made my in a direction that was not the Oasis.

Usually, that would be my goal, but thanks to my recent achievement... I was going to be training in a different place.

'I hope I'm not too early...' Muttering to myself, I stared at the staff's area of the Lower Class.

The Lower Class Region, just like other Classes, was separated. There were multiple structures within, and also a vast area for training, relaxation and other activities. Among buildings like the classrooms, library, training hall, and the likes, the Staff Area was a place of relevance.

The three Lecturers involved with each Year of the Lower class presided over their respective offices, as well as minor staff that taught electives. The Staff room was big enough to contain all of them, since Ainzlark had no lack of space, but I couldn't help but compare the differences this building had with those belonging to higher Classes.

'Probably the same gap as heaven and earth...'

With that slightly playful thought coiling in my mind, I eyed the particular area that was my target; the office of my Year's lecturer.

Neron Kaelid was the Lecturer in charge of the Lower Class First Years. In essence, he was my Lecturer, and it wasn't strange for a student to wish to visit their Lecturer's office.

However, with a week of break, which student would desire to see a teacher rather than hone their skills? There was a reason I approached this man and that was simply because he had agreed to be my Master!

Since I was the man's apprentice, it was well within my right to see him anytime I desired. Plus, we had an agreement that he would teach me before he departed for a particular issue in five days. That meant I had five days to squeeze as much knowledge and skill as I could and ruminate on them before he returned.

It was perfect, especially considering the fact that a penalty hung over my head and would be given this Sunday. The Penalty didn't bother me one bit, though. I was looking forward to my training time instead!

"Oh? Looks like you're here." Neron spoke in his usual stoic voice the moment I entered, acting as if he didn't sense me coming a while back.

"Yes Master. I am ready to receive your guidance." I made a mock bow and smiled wryly as I approached the man.

"Oh, please. Cut that out. It looks so fake." Neron nearly burst out in a snicker.

He remained composed, though, as one would expect the usually stoic man to be.

"Alright, Professor Neron. What will b=we be doing for today?" I looked around the room as I asked.

The office wasn't exactly cramped, but it was certainly not built for Magic Training. With books carefully arranged on the shelves; a desk and two chairs outfitted at the center, this indeed looked more like a place for business rather than combat.

"Have a seat." He proposed, and I took him up on his offer.

While seating, I felt the man's gaze on me. It was like that of a watchful fellow closely examining something.

I knew Neron was curious about me, but the feeling was mutual. I could only hope that our relationship would foster a form of trust that could prove mutually beneficial. If anything, I knew Neron wasn't an enemy.

"I'll get straight to the point, Jared... I'm curious about you; your abilities and intelligence are too advanced for your age. It's clear you're like a genius, but even then, your abilities supersede any other person I know... with the exception of one..."

It was weird of him to say this, considering the fact that people like Kuzon and Ciara existed. I mean, those two were clearly more powerful than me. Yet, it appeared none had garnered his interest. I wondered why.

"Is it because of my Mana Core?" I asked bluntly.

Neron smiled and nodded.

"Those with talent are born with such scary potential that their Mana Cores form on their own in such short time. They develop quickly and the color they possess can be even higher than Magic Users that practice their butt off." Neron began his explanation.

"As you know, there exist nine Mana Core categories; White, Yellow, Blue, Green, Orange, Red, Purple, Silver, then finally Gold."

White was known as the weakest and Gold could be considered the strongest, however...

"These are merely terms of growth for a Mage, depending on how Mana matures in a person and how well they excel in a particular field. But, there is one other Grade of Mana Cores. You should know it as well..."

I nodded, shuddering a little.

"The Special Grade." We both spoke at the same time.

Special Grade Cores, having the color of the rainbow appeared within those who were loved by Mana and possessed exceptional talent in Magic.

It was said that this Grade manifested naturally and bypassed the usual progression of Mana Cores, and the potential of those who awakened such cores was endless.

"That boy; Kuzon, as well as the girl; Ciara... they both have the Special Grade Cores. As a result, it's undisputed that they should be very strong. Their potential is limitless, after all."

I didn't know why Neron was going out of his way to explain these things, but I knew he wanted to establish a point.

"You have a White Mana Core, Jared... same as me. We're different from those born geniuses. Obviously, we worked hard to get where we have gotten to. But, working hard isn't enough..."

Neron was right. If all it took was hard work and determination, many people would have exceeded the limits and made good names for themselves. An example as Jerry! Even though it was clear that he put in scary amounts of effort, in the face of superior talent, he had no choice but to lose.

Of course, there were things to be gained from efforts, but it couldn't be compared to latent potential.

"... To truly get to the zenith, one needs to work smart as well. Knowledge isn't strictly power, but it can be translated as a means to obtain it." Neron continued, further impressing me.

"And that's what makes you special, just like me... you have knowledge, don't you?"

I smiled, and he smiled as well.

As we both stared at each other, it was evident what the both of us desired...

... Knowledge!

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

Chapter 216: Equal Exchange

Silence enveloped the office.

It wasn't the dreary and uncomfortable kin. No, rather, it was a calm that signified how the both of us evaluated each other. The barrier of student and teacher was thin now, almost nonexistent.

It was as if we sat face to face, as equals.

"You want to know what I know...?" I muttered.

"The same can be said about you." He fired back.

Neron Kaelid wasn't wrong. Despite being a White Core Grade like myself, he had achieved a realm in Magic that I couldn't fathom. The amount of Mana dwelling within this man was the highest I had ever seen in my life.

It made me wonder what would happen if he used Mage Mode.

I wanted to know how he did it!

How did he achieve something like that despite his Core Grade? Unless he used my method, that would be impossible! Then, did he? I found that hard to believe since I could only think in that line thanks to the knowledge I hoarded for myself. Unless he thought in that line, it would be impossible.

It wasn't like I was proud of my advanced intellect. After all, I had spent a lifetime in search of the truth. My current duplicate Mana Cores was simply an application of my previous life's knowledge. There was no way anyone could replicate it... unless they were reincarnated as well!

'Maybe, he too...'

I was stuck, but this was an opportunity for me to find out the truth!

"Who's going to go first?" I smiled a bit nervously.

Information was vital! That was the very reason we were having this conversation.

If Neron wanted to benefit off my knowledge, it meant his was no longer sufficient for him. After all, there would be no need for someone superior to ask for an inferior method of obtaining power. The same could be somewhat said about me.

While I was confident in my methods, I had hit a wall and nearly reached the limits of my current state. Unless I grew a bit more, more body wouldn't be able to handle the strain of so much power. That was why I simply improved the Grade of my Core rather than creating new ones.

If Neron could achieve such unfathomable prowess at such an age, it was clear the man was doing something that I wasn't. Since I was aware of the ability to create multiple Cores, I could somewhat decipher if a person had them. Neron didn't!

The fact that he hadn't mentioned my multiple Cores was also because he hadn't noticed as well. He wasn't aware of my special trick, but that in itself told me he wasn't using it as well.

'What other method can a White Core Grade use to grow stronger?' The more I racked my brain, I couldn't figure it out.

Ultimately, we could only ask!

"Naturally, you should. I'm your master, right? So, tell me, disciple... how did you achieve your current estate?" Neron smiled smugly.

'Using that card, eh? However...'

"Since you're master, shouldn't you be the one teaching me?" My response was innocent and precise.

We both laughed at the intellectual game we played, but I knew he was just as curious as I was. To achieve my goals, I couldn't afford to miss this chance. For that, there was very little I wouldn't do to achieve my goals.

That was why...

"Fine, I'll go first."

... I needed to throw in the bait!

'There's a risk I'll be giving more than I will get in return, but I'll take that chance! Neron's power isn't fake, after all...'

And so... I told him all about it; about my Multiple Mana Cores... and how I coined it!

Neron seemed awestruck, no, dumbfounded by my genius!

He listened, without interruptions, as I explained my means to him, and it was as if his eyes had just opened for the first time.

For someone who had not even considered the possibilities that existed in making multiple Cores, or that it was actually possible, Neron was simply amazed by the concept.

"Wow! Amazing! I never even thought about that!"

Neron had already told me about how impenetrable this office was against any interference or information leaks, so I didn't withhold the details. It would be foolish to lie to someone as intelligent and powerful as him.

Plus, he wasn't my master for nothing!

I truly respected the man and wanted to learn from him. I may have been a Sage in the past, but in the use of Magic, I was most likely more inferior to him. I had no intention of holding on to pride and limit my learning.

"Wow, Jared! This is truly groundbreaking!" He exclaimed and we had a bit of a discussion revolving around the topic.

Not once did Neron ask me how exactly I was able to get such knowledge, neither did he ask why I hoarded it to myself. Since his situation was probably similar to mine, he probably didn't want to me ask questions that he wouldn't be able to answer when his turn came.

'That's a relief... I don't want to lie to him.'

I mean, how could I reveal myself to be an old man who reincarnated as a young Noble. How surprised would he be if he realized he was in the presence of the great Lewis Griffith?

'Pfft, I can only imagine!'

"Now, then... I suppose it's my turn..." Neron said in a more serious tone, and I made sure to focus all of my attention on him.

My words would prove very useful to the Professor; that much was guaranteed!

Unlike others, he still had a White Mana Core, so he could create other Mana Cores. His growth would increase by leaps and bounds... a prospect that even scared me a little.

Still, I had no regrets... as long as I would be able to gain something worth equal value.

'It's now the moment of truth, Neron Kaelid... what are you hiding?'

"My method is similar to yours, but also completely different..." He began, causing to narrow my eyes even more.

"... I create Multiple Mana Cores as well... but all of them are within the same Mana Core!"

My eyes bulged the moment I heard this, and a picture flashed in my mind.

"Y-you mean...?!" I exclaimed in shock and awe.

"Yes. I only have one Mana Core... but within it exists a million more!"

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

Chapter 217: Dual Resonance

My entire logic was shattered apart!

Neron's method was something I never even considered... and it was extremely effective.

Simply put, within a Mana Core, there existed Mana Pericles that had been integrated together and became a stream of Mana. The purity and power within a core depended on the concentration of Mana there, as well as the grade.

Within Mana Cores were worlds of their own, which is why Familiars desired to live in a Mage's Mana Core. In essence, it was also possible... for a Magic User to use the space within his Mana Core for whatever he desired!

"So... you just created other worlds within the domain of your Mana Core?!" I still couldn't hide my amazement.

Neron nodded calmly.

His reasoning was simple, something like a childish dream compared to my extremely thought-out theory. Yet, it turned out to be true. It appeared I disqualified myself from some benefits by making the concept of Mana and Magic too complicated.

"... And you say... you have a million of them... inside you...?" I asked with shock.

"You can see for yourself." He stretched out a hand causally.

I knew what he wanted me to do with him; Mana Resonance!

He wanted our Mana Cores to resonate with each other. That way, we could verify both our stories and even learn more about the structure of the unthinkable.

I didn't hesitate to grab his hand, and by concentrating and releasing the energy stored up in my five respective Cores... I achieved Resonance.

He did the same, and our energies collided, then mixed together... and for a brief moment it felt like we were one.

I could feel his insides, the energy within him was overwhelming, too much for my mind to completely understand. However, desperate to see it with my own eyes, I dug deeper and approached his Mana Core.

It was massive, brimming with so much energy that mine simply paled in comparison. This Core was the purest I had ever seen, but it went without saying since I hadn't really achieved Resonance with anyone else.

'I should get a closer look...'

Wincing as the rush of mana swept upon me like a current, I dived into the sphere within the man... and found the most amazing sight once within.

'T-this is...?!'

My eyes weren't deceiving me! I was practically sensing everything Neron could sense, just like I could do the same for my own Mana Cores. This couldn't be an illusion; we were using Resonance, after all. It was the real deal!

Within Neron Kaleid's Mana Core were bright glimmers of light, like stars shining ever so bright. Each star had different colors, ranging from gold, to purple, to blue, to red, several that were nearly unlimited.

This was the Mana Core of a person, yet why did it look so unreal? Like constellations of various hue dancing in the night sky, these brilliant glows captivated me. They were beautiful to behold... and I was moved by the power they all had.

It was no lesser than an actual Mana Core! In essence, these Sub-Mana Cores had the same quality as the ones I currently possessed... and Neron had a million of them!

'H-how amazing...'

In retrospect, what I told him could not compare to what I received. With this, then maybe...

"Okay, time up." A voice suddenly interrupted my bliss.

Before I could protest, I felt like everything became a blur and I was forcefully ejected from everything I was experiencing.

'Ahhh...'

Before I knew it, I regained my normal sight and opened my physical eyes. Neron sat before me with a smile plastered on his face. He seemed to understand what I just experienced and was probably feeling the same way.

"This is, no, you are amazing, Jared. To think you really made several Cores and created the appropriate channel to connect all of them so you can use them simultaneously. I understand perfectly now..." He beamed.

I could see an excited child in his smile. It was as if the stoic Neron never existed. He was truly amazed.

"I could say the same about you, Professor Ne-"

"Call me Neron, Jared. Please." He sharply interrupted me, giving a serious smile now.

"Okay, Neron." I complied easily.

I didn't mind talking to him without relying on any honorifics. I was actually older, so it made sense.

"Neron... your Core is amazing! I understand why you have so much power now." I grinned.

"Is it? There are disadvantages, though. It's not as efficient as yours."

Neron was right.

Since I made Cores in several locations, power was not concentrated in a single spot. It was faster to use Magic in other areas. Plus, since I also made appropriate channels to connect all my Cores, they could function simultaneously and efficiently.

However...

"Your Core has more power than mine. The potential to make sub-cores is outstanding. It will definitely increase the power capable of being produced by one!"

While mine was more efficient, Neron's was more powerful.

In essence, they were somehow incomplete, two separate sides of a coin. But, that also meant...

"We can combine our methods!" The both of us exclaimed at the same time.

I needed more power, Neron desired more efficiency; it was perfect. Plus, the both of us were adept at Mana control and had White Mana Cores!

"Simply amazing..." Was all I could say about the idea.

I certainly would have missed out on a lot if I hoarded all the information for myself. There was no way I would have discovered his method anytime soon. But now that I knew of it, I understood perfectly!

'This is exactly what I need to get stronger!'

"Well, as much as I would love to beam on and on about how amazing these concepts her, we shouldn't lose sight of the goal..." Neron spoke, snapping me from my thrilled state.

I smiled and agreed with a nod.

Other than the extreme knowledge I just received from Neron, I still required something else... Magic Training.

"We have five days at our disposal... let's use them wisely."

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

Chapter 218: Start Of Diligent Training

Neron took me to the backyard of the Staff Area—a vast plain where the breeze blew over us in a calm, soothing manner.

The outdoors seemed pleasant, a perfect day for training. I wondered if it was because of what I had just learnt from Neron, or perhaps the weather was actually so pleasant. In any case, I was excited for what would come next.

'It's weird for an old man like me to be this pumped up, but...'

I couldn't help it!

"You're already pretty established in Mana Control. Your use of Spells is also very impressive, plus you have no problem using Spells of varying degrees." Neron began his explanation.

It was all correct.

Frankly speaking, there was hardly anything Lecturers could teach me about Spells. I mean, I was interested in modern Magic, but I could figure it out on my own after some time. The reason I desired a Master specifically was because it was Neron Kaelid that would be teaching me.

If it was him... I expected something different!

"There are three things I can possibly teach you now... but considering our time, you'll have to pick between them." He stated.

My eyes bulged a little, surprised that he had so many options in his approach as my personal tutor. I could feel myself getting excited.

"One, I could teach you Mage Mode. Second, Original Magic. As for the third... your multiple Familiars... I could teach you the optimal way to use them."

I smiled, ruminating on the options he set before me.

"Make your pick."

The wind gently whooshed, causing my hair and attire to flow in its direction. My mind sorted through the information I had as I focused on choosing the best choice. Rather, the one I really needed at this juncture.

"Mage Mode can wait; I have Elemental Chamber for now..." My thoughts translated to words.

"Original Magic is taxing, but since you mentioned it... that means it's feasible. Still..."

I didn't want to settle for a rushed Original Magic formation. The idea of my Original Magic was far too profound to be created at this juncture. With that understanding, it wasn't even an option for me!

The final option seemed to be the most reasonable, and I had a feeling Neron thought so as well... considering he saved it for last.

"I'll go with training my multiple Familiars." My resolute voice sounded.

I watched my Lecturer's expression.

He smiled and nodded.

"Good choice. Can I ask why you chose that, though?"

I knew this was coming.

"Well, for one, it's rare for a person to have multiple Familiars. Familiars hate sharing space, especially the stronger ones; so a Mage usually has only one Familiar because they have one Mana Core."

But, Neron and I were exceptions. With my Multiple Cores and his Sun-Cores, we could have as Many Familiars as we desired. It was because of his experience in this department that he was most suited to teach me.

'I have very little knowledge and experience when it comes to Familiars. Since it's a more recent concept, I can't call myself an expert...'

It was even worse on me because I had more than one!

To effectively use everything in my arsenal; that included my Familiars; I needed to be in complete control! No other person could bring me up to speed as well as Neron could. I explained all this to the Lecturer who listened attentively.

"That's a very good rationale. I believe so too."

'It appears we have an agreement... whew! If you intended to teach me this from the start, why did you give me three options?'

"By the way, how many Familiars do you think I have?" Neron suddenly asked.

His question caught me off-guard a little, but since he got three in the Familiar Selection Ceremony during his days as a student I had to assume he had at least a hundred of them now.

"Five hundred, maybe." I retorted, mentioning a random amount.

According to my calculations, that was impossible, but... this was Neron I was talking about.

"Pfft. That's a funny number." He seemed to laugh in slight amusement.

Of course, I knew the number was absurdly high, but it just went to show how highly I placed this man.

"I have nine hundred thousand Familiars, Jared. What do you think? Pretty neat, right?"

Silence...

There was absolutely no way I could leak out a sound after hearing the absurd statement that came out of Neron's mouth as if he was just counting grains of sand.

'T-that's impossible, right? T-thousand...? Hundred thousand...? Nine hundred thousand?!'

"THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!" I shrieked, unable to take any more of Neron's bad joke.

"Oh? But it's true. I mean, why would I lie? Well, not all of them are strong, but... I have a few Trump Cards..." Neron muttered, once again talking about it so casually.

I felt like I was having a heart attack.

The old man in me wanted to spank this youth to correct him.

Neron barely looked twenty-five, yet he was spouting such nonsense!

Even if he graduated from Ainzlark at fifteen years of age and became a Mage at sixteen... that meant he only had nine years of service in his record. There was no way it would be possible to get that many Familiars in such a short while!

'Since it's Neron, he won't even be interested in the small fries...'

If I used that logic, his definition of 'not strong' would probably be the Imperial Class... and the Trump Cards would be...

>GULP<

I couldn't bear to think about his words anymore. When he put it that way, it made me feel stupid for my pride in collecting a bunch of Wisps.

"I-I see... that's good for you, Neron..." I strained a calm smile.

He seemed to be enjoying my pain as he laughed casually, creating some distance between us.

"Alright, Jared. You'll be bringing out your four Wisps out now. Since I understand how you were able to contract with them, this should be easier." He smiled, once again returning the mood to a serious one.

"What exactly will we be doing?" Curiosity got the better of me, so I asked.

Neron made a face that told me it would be quite exciting... and intense!

"I'll be teaching you 'Bond' Magic and 'Fusion Form'. By the end of these five days, you should be able to use it for; not only one, but; all of your Familiars... and you should be able to combine your multiple Bonds and Fusions to create an entirely new state!"

His smile widened, and as it did, I grinned in response.

"You'll have the power of all your cores and all your Familiars... how sweet is that?"

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

Chapter 219: Grand Fusion

Bond Souls, also known as Familiars, come in different shapes and sizes.

They have various levels of power based on their capabilities, but there is one thing they all have in common--other than the desire to seek a home--the power to achieve 'Bond Magic'.

Mages could utilize their Familiars and use 'Bond Magic', which simply involved allowing the Familiar to use their attributes and form spells.

For this reason, Familiars are considered extremely useful for Mages, since they would be able to utilize Magic that is not in their area of specialty.

However, there is another use of Familiars. That is Fusion!

Fusion simply means the mixing of a Mage's Mana and a Familiar's forming something new and more powerful.

Only a few Mages could achieve complete Fusion with their Familiars, which would allow them to completely use a heightened version of Bond Magic and even strengthen their personal Magic. The best part of Fusion is the new Magic that would be birthed from mixing two different Mana...

... Fusion Magic!

"Haa... haa..."

"This is seriously hard..."

I fell on my back and gave more heavy breaths, feeling completely spent. Fortunately, the soft grass beneath me was ready to receive my weight, so I didn't feel much of an impact when I fell.

"How... haa... do you manage so many?"

My breath was strained and my eyes were heavy. I hadn't felt this exhausted in so long--and considering how hectic my usual training always was, this was just too extreme.

"Looks like you're tired out already... that's a bit disappointing." Neron's voice appeared and I heard his footsteps approach me.

I felt a bit of irritation wash over me once I heard his comments.

The man brought his head above me and looked at my low estate with a smile on his face. It appeared he was satisfied with how much I was suffering.

"With this, I'm convinced you're not a monster. If you mastered this easily, I would honestly be very freaked out."

Yep, I was right!

"Well, I completely suck at controlling my Familiars. You don't have to tell me..." I gave a tired groan as I struggled to rise from my back and sit on the dirt.

"No. Your level is pretty normal for your age. No, I could say you're progressing faster than normal..." Neron smiled.

"Normal isn't good enough!"

While it may have seemed like I was being impatient, it was actually true that I couldn't measure my growth by normal standards. I was up against geniuses, so I had to grow at a much faster pace.

"Relax. Normally you should be growing at a faster rate, but it's difficult to do that with so many Familiars. In fact, it'll be impossible for others." Neron spoke in an attempt to dissuade me from my feelings of dissatisfaction.

I fell silent. It was dangerous to feel content with my pace, but I couldn't ignore the words of my teacher, now, could I?

"Once you get used to it, your progress will be much faster. Trust me."

My training was supposed to last for five days.

In this span of time, I needed to be able to bond with each and every one of my Wisps... and after that; I was also going to fuse with every one at once.

So far, my training was to infuse my Mana and also that of my Familiars. Doing it with one or two at once wasn't very hard, but the difficulty drastically rose once I started trying to use three at once. Four was completely impossible.

I had been up to this for so many hours that I completely spent my Mana and Stamina. It was tempting to use a Recovery Potion. Unfortunately, I didn't bring any with me.

"Haa... I'm exhausted!"

The moment I said this, four glimmers of light appeared.

They looked like energy clusters, and I knew exactly what these entities were--my Familiars.

"Looks like our master is having some problems harnessing us properly."

"How pathetic."

"You can do it if you try."

"Hahaha! This is so much fun to watch."

I nearly cringed with their words assailing me.

"Tch."

"Hahaha. Your Familiars are actually really cute." Neron laughed along with them.

Now, that only made me feel worse.

"Yeah, yeah, you guys are having fun at my expense, right? How petty." I murmured.

The laughing didn't stop, so I simply ignored everyone who was happy with my pain. Rising to my feet, I stared at Neron and got a bit curious.

"Hey, Neron... why don't you show me how it's done?" I smiled with a bit of mischief hidden within.

"Oh? It's about time you asked." He grinned.

'Oh? He's really going to show me? Nicee!!!'

I peeled my eyes open, and even the Wisps stopped playing Around. Everyone focused on Neron, who seemed to just casually smile.

"Hmm. Which ones should I choose?" He murmured to himself.

"How many can you fuse with at once?" I asked with a curious expression.

"Well, about a thousand at a time. That's my limit."

'E-EHHHHH?!'

That was an awful lot. He was basically combining various energies that were different from each other... all to form something new and powerful.

"That's amazing!"

Neron shrugged at my words.

"Well... I'm just going to show you a Fusion Form with five of them. You can use it as a point of reference for your training."

I nodded, ready to fully learn.

"Welp. Here goes..."

My master sighed, and suddenly multiple forms of energy began swelling from within him. They swirled around his body... and within a moment, Neron's body completely transformed.

His dark hair took on a green form and began glowing and sparkling like flames. His arms had an orange color, his legs had a purple hue. He had a flaming tail that shone like gold... and his outfit completely burst like white flames.

Stuff like horns appeared from his forehead, and sparks of lightning appeared around him. The oppressive Mana he leaked out was simply overwhelming! So, this was--!!!

"--Grand Fusion Form." Neron smiled, coated with so much power.

It was amazing!

"So, this... is what I need to achieve...?!"

It seemed like a realm far beyond me. However, this lit up a flame of challenge within me.

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

Chapter 220: Teacher And Apprentice

Imagine making soup.

Yes, I mean the one you eat!

The perfect brew is made by adding several diverse ingredients to form a perfect blend of varying items. These opposing flavors combine as they complement each other, forming a delicious harmony.

The same can be said for Fusion.

Mixing mana of varying kinds together to achieve a more powerful result... wasn't that just the epitome of mastery?

Just as it took great skill and time to achieve a desirable mix of ingredients and cook the ultimate soup, arriving at Fusion took an equal—if not greater amount of ability. As a result, it was hard enough for a Mage to mix his/her Mana with a Familiar.

Yet, this man in front of me could Fuse with a thousand... and right before my eyes... he combined his Mana with five separate Familiars.

'This man... is most certainly the most skilled Magic User I have ever seen!'

He was stronger than my closest allies, even more skilled than the Grand Mages I knew of at the time. Judging by the quantity of his Mana, his control over it, and then the mastery of all those Familiars; no one I knew could defeat this man.

"As you can see... Grand Fusion Form is the more advanced version of Fusion. It allows you to combine more than one Familiar's Mana. Naturally, your individual Magic will improve in this state, as well as the Bond Magic of every one of your Familiars. Finally, by combining the Mana of your various familiars, you can arrive at so many combinations of spells." Neron lectured as I simply opened my mouth and ears in wonder.

"In my current state, I can make over a hundred Spells thanks to the combination of all my currently fused Familiars. If you calculate the nine hundred thousand Familiars in my possession, you should be looking at billions, if not trillions of spells I can access as a result of my combination."

'I-is this guy omnipotent?! With so many of them, wouldn't he be able to do anything?!'

Those would have been my thoughts if I was a naïve individual. But I knew better.

"I-it's still not enough for you?" My voice leaked out as I seriously looked at Neron.

"No. Not in the slightest. For all I know, there could be a trillion more Spells I can not use. Isn't that already plenty away from perfection?"

I understood his feelings because I was the exact same way. Some could call it greed or destructive obsession, but it was human nature to always desire more.

Before my death, I thought it would be simply satisfying to be able to produce Magic, no matter how simple or little. However, now that I had gotten my dying wish, I still sought more.

In that sense, I only thought Neron's achievements were unfathomable because of my low estate. Once I reached the summit he was standing on, I would come to realize that there was still much to be achieved.

"My final goal... is to achieve INFINITY."

The moment he said that, my eyes bulged... and I smiled widely.

"Me too!"

Our eyes interlocked, burning with passion for Magic.

Alphonse, my Magic Tutor, was a great man. He would be considered very powerful in this world—and his ability to use Original Magic placed him on the pedestal of Magic. However...

... Compared to Neron Kaelid, my grandfather was far too weak.

I didn't mean this with only the idea of ability in mind. Sure, Neron was most likely more powerful than Alphonse... but that wasn't all I was concerned with.

His eyes displayed the same kind as mine. We both wanted to reach the pinnacle of Magic, and we didn't let the boundaries of common sense define our dreams. Yes, Neron was like me and I was like him. In that sense, perhaps... he would be the perfect tutor for me!

"Alright, then..." He muttered, and the energy around him faded away.

The environment went back to normal, and slowly, I felt the surge of excitement in my heart simmer down.

"... You should resume your training now. I expect good things."

His brilliant smile and confident tone spoke volumes. It was as if he was certain I could achieve this feat.

'Throughout my life, I've always had people believe in me—my parents, my townsfolk... my friends—and their encouragement gave me strength every single time.'

This time wasn't going to be an exception...

"Sure! You just watch!"

... I was going to make sure never to betray the expectations of those I truly looked up to!

A day passed.

Two went by.

And in no time... five days elapsed.

Evening came by, and I was still in the backyard of Neron's staff office. The moon had already begun rearing its head, but the desire to leave was far from my heart.

"Looks like you're still at it, uh?" Neron smiled, coming out of the back area of his office's interior.

He had been sorting some things since he would be leaving the Academy in a short while. I didn't let that distract me, though. After all, I was already very close to my desired result.

"Well, we're going to be ending things now, Jared. I'm heading out. Plus, this is already Friday. You should enjoy the rest of the day before it's over."

The day was practically gone already, but I understood his sentiment.

"Well... that's fine... I suppose that's enough for today."

Neron was outfitted a bit differently this evening.

He had a dark hooded cloak on, and his inner outfit was also raven-black. It was as though the attire was designed to blend into the darkness. His cool expression completely matched his noir clothing.

"Looks like you're good to go." I smiled at him. "Not going to take any luggage with you?"

The man just shrugged my question off. The fact that he was going on quite an important trip meant he couldn't just go empty-handed, right?

'Well, maybe his luggage is already at his destination... or he can use space magic.'

Either way, it's not exactly a problem.