

SPELLCRAFT 251

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

Chapter 251: Prelude To The Counterattack [Pt 3]

Despite the obvious stance of the crowd, it seemed Fabian refused to budge on his stance.

"While I do not mean this as an act of disrespect, you haven't done half as much of what Jared contributed." Kuzon's bold words forced a frown on the face of the prince.

"Still... protocols still matter as long as the regulations are concerned. The Rankers are the highest authority after the Lecturers and Academic body. As the leader, I—"

"Why don't we vote, then? This is a matter that concerns life or death. In that case, school rules don't count for much, do they?" I smiled at the fuming prince.

This wasn't just about sports festivals or ceremonies. This was an actual battle. There was no way I would leave things to an incompetent brat.

"Fine... let's vote," Fabian said.

He must have been confident in the fact that he had more people on his side.

There were 9 Rankers, and all of them would most certainly side with him. However, I wondered how true that was.

'Still, let's not take our chances...'

"Okay, then. We should let everyone in the building vote. After all, they'll be risking their lives, no?" I intentionally raised my voice and increased the effectiveness of my sound amplification Spell.

No one could claim they didn't hear my words.

Fabian, as well as the Rankers who he was counting on for their support, bulged their eyes at my seemingly ridiculous statement.

"What are you saying? Aren't we the representatives? It's only right we—"

"Jared is right. These students have their respective lives. Whoever will take charge of this raid will be responsible for the lives of everyone. They have the right to choose who they want to go with." Kuzon stated.

"I agree." Roy Lesyrrio added.

Though he had been ignored for some time, it didn't change the fact that the numbers of Middle-Class students were the highest in the Academy.

As the one who stood at the top of the food chain among them, his words had weight among the majority of students gathered.

The boy turned his head and smiled at me, a glimmer of gratitude displaying in his eyes.

"Jared saved me and my friends while I was unable to do much... or anything, really."

He wasn't the one with the Light barrier, but I saw how much he assisted before I came to the aid of all the Middle-Class boys.

My impression of him wasn't bad.

"This isn't the time to pull ranks. What matters is who can get the job done."

Fabian was crumbling under the pressure.

I understood why he wanted to take the lead. It had more to do with politics than his current identity as a student.

If—no, when—we survived, this incident would definitely reach the ears of the Royal Capital. In which case, Fabian wanted this whole incident to end with him as the savior. If that happened, it would solidify his position as an heir.

No one wanted a weak ruler, after all. I assumed that was why he even took the mantle of First Seat among the Rankers.

'... Even though I'm sure Ciara should be able to win against him.'

Still, this wasn't the time to dabble in meaningless politics. What mattered most was our lives.

It may have been short-sighted for me to think that way, but everything else came after we survived.

"Prince Fabian... I have a question. If you answer honestly, I will have no qualms in leaving the leadership role to you."

The boy seemed slightly relieved that I was letting go of what he desired. But, it was clear he was nervous about what my inquisition would be.

"If the lives of these students are in your hands... do you guarantee that none of them will die? If any of them should fall, if this plan should fail, if the Demons end up with the victory... will you claim full responsibility for those things?"

My question carried a lot of weight. Though I was the one who asked, all focus shifted to the one who would answer.

Even the Rankers were now looking at Fabian, expecting his response.

"Please bear in mind that you will act in your capacity as a leader. That means you'll make the strategies and we'll follow your instructions."

'I don't plan on you thinking you can use me to make a foolproof strategy and then reap all the rewards on your own.' I smiled.

With pressure on Fabian, his trembling became more pronounced, and his hands began to quiver.

Sweat formed on his forehead, and the pent-up stress he was hiding slowly surfaced. I could tell that he was agonizing over his thoughts, but... if he knew what was best for him and the students, then...

"F—fine... I understand. You can take the lead, then. But, does that mean you'll be able to do the same?" Fabian asked me with tired eyes.

So far, I had exuded nothing but confidence. Right now, I challenged him to take responsibility for the life and death of the students. It was too big a burden for anyone to bear.

However...

... Would I also be able to take responsibility?

"Yes. I can promise everyone this..."

So far, I expected casualties since no one was under my watch and things were out of my control. But now that we've gotten to this juncture and things had reached a threshold that I could control... I was confident!

"... No one will die as long as they follow me!"

It wasn't blind arrogance or childish confidence.

I had seen the data; I had calculated the outcomes... I could foresee the results!

As long as I was in charge, I could ensure that no one under my charge would die.

"Too many have been killed already. While I know it's possible to raise the dead, we should also know that these things are not guaranteed.

Out of all the students, only the Middle-Class boys suffered casualties.

Still, that was a huge blow. Perhaps they could all be saved, but what about everyone else? I wouldn't be able to cast resurrection spells or barriers around the students who would die in this mission.

That meant I had to ensure that no one would meet their end.

"I promise you this! As long as I am here... as long as I formulate these strategies... you will all live!"

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

Chapter 252: The Counterattack [Pt 1]

In the end, the multitude chose me as their representative.

Some people, like Fabian, didn't even bother voting, so it was assumed that they forfeited their choice.

I was honestly grateful to Kuzon, who used his skillful tongue in my favor. Even though I would have still ended up the victor, one way or the other, it was nice how well things had worked out.

Of the Rankers, several didn't side with Fabian. They probably read the room and decided to go with the flow. That or that fact that they cared about their lives and would ultimately choose the more capable one of their options.

Surprisingly, even Ciara went for me. I saw her eyes darting at Jerry, who was an enthusiastic supporter of my cause, and not long after her eyes trailed in his direction, she raised her hands too.

There was definitely something fishy with the girl.

Once the results were finalized, I gathered everyone to the hallway—which was large enough for us to stand—and then addressed the masses.

"We will all be risking our lives, but I don't plan on sacrificing more than those who have already been killed!"

To boost their morale, I encouraged the students with the assurance of Resurrection Magic being used on their fallen friends.

They bought into that and must have also had the thought of being revived if they died as well. I let them think what they wanted, since doing so gave them more courage.

The first order of business was to strengthen our forces.

While we were relatively a large number, it wasn't a secret that most students in the room were mediocre—at least, when compared to the Shadow Demons.

In order to even things out, they needed to be well equipped with knowledge, tools, and aid.

I was going to lend them Automatons to serve as decoys, scouts, and also suicide bombers—in case things went awry.

Also, by giving a detailed explanation of the weaknesses of Shadow Demons, the students were able to realize the ineffectiveness of wasting their Mana on regular spells. Simply by conducting pure Mana on a weapon or by emitting it, they had a much better chance of causing damage.

For combat, the Martial Artists were the best choice since they had better experiences in fighting, and could enhance their weapons better than most.

I made sure to divide the students into groups that ensured more Martial Artists were present in weaker squads.

After the grouping was completed—based on the location of relevance—I decided to appoint leaders.

For some groups, I ensured some individuals acted solo.

Group one consisted solely of Ciara.

Group two had only Kuzon.

Group three had Fabian and three other Rankers—as well as a few skilled students.

The remaining five rankers were spread among five other groups—making five.

The last group had Edward, Ana, and Aloe as the only members.

I ensured the first, second, third, and last groups had the biggest load to carry.

The surviving staff were also spread across four of the five other groups, while the squad without a Staff, Ranker, or anyone of particularly high quality, was given the minimum workload.

Plus, they had more members of the Elite Ten among them and also had the majority of members.

I was able to properly divide roles based on difficulty and importance, so no one could give complaints

Still, even with this, we would be hard pressed for victory, which was why...

>ZRRRRIIIIIIHHHHH<

A drilling sound cut through the floor of the Middle-Class dormitory.

Once again, this generated a lot of uproars. Students were frightened that our haven had been breached, and it would only take a small spark to ignite the unrest hidden in their hearts.

"Do not be alarmed! This is also part of the plan!"

Once I said this, drawing their attention to my confident demeanor, the unrest slowly fizzled out.

"Whew!"

The drilling sound persisted, but only for a few more seconds before whatever was underneath the tiled platform reared its head.

The drilling object took the form of a Mole-like Automaton, having drills for hands, and a sturdy body for weight.

Once it popped to the surface, several other Automatons appeared, having tube-like bodies that would be able to contain quite a lot of stuff.

The students had surprised faces as five of these Automatons made their way to my location and I simply smiled.

"T—these are yours as well...?" Fabian managed to blurt out, and I nodded.

"Yes. I had these Automatons drill their way through the ground since flying through the air would be too risky."

Not only were they unable to fly, the load each carried would make it difficult to remain undetected even with a cloaking Spell.

Plus, I couldn't simply take the risk. They had precious cargo, after all.

That was why I made sure they went underground, even if it would take a relatively long time to arrive at the appointed destination.

"W-what are they for...?" Another question came forth.

The students must have already guessed, but these Automatons weren't built for combat. The Mole-like one was adapted to drilling, while the others were simply load-bearers—nothing more.

"It's simple, really. I had them transport some things for me."

I had been undertaking several experiments in my time at Ainzlark—no, even before then. As a result, so many fruits of my labor were currently stocked in my room.

Due to the severity of the situation, it was clear that they would be needed, so I had them transported.

Now wasn't the time to be selfish.

'If these will improve our chances, even by a little, then I have to distribute them properly.'

Among the items brought were Mana Potions, Health Potions, and Strengthening Concoctions. But those weren't all.

I had tools—magic items—among my stockpile.

Using these, I was certain that even those who were weaklings could temporarily become the slightest bit useful in our endeavor.

I gave Edward an enchanted blade that I prepared for him.

Ana got a necklace that boosted her Magic abilities as well as bracelets that increased conductivity.

I distributed the appropriate potions to everyone present, and also gave Magic Tools to those who would be deadweights otherwise.

Most of them—if not all—were prototypes in their experimental stages, and I had already recorded my observations on them, so they wouldn't be missed.

As for the special items I gave to Ana and Edward, they were originally intended as gifts, so I felt no loss.

The Rankers—Kuzon as well—already possessed their respective equipment, so I didn't bother with them.

My goal was to ensure that even the weak could stand a chance against our adversary.

And once that was done... our little army was completed.

Looking at the students who had chosen to stand up for themselves and the Academy, I couldn't feel prouder.

These were the future—the ones we had sacrificed everything for!

They had already taken our positions outside the dormitory building, every squad armed with their resources and respective automatons.

All that was left was the command.

A smile leaked out of my face as I raised my voice to commence the start of our operation. Things would get extremely difficult from now on—especially for me—but... this was the best shot we had!

"BEGIN!!!"

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

Chapter 253: The Counterattack [Pt 2]

"Haa..." Kahn gave a sigh.

He had been waiting, lurking in the darkness for his prey.

Just as he agreed with his human collaborator, he didn't make any move himself. Instead, he remained in his location and prepared for any sign of human activity heading his way.

"None, uh? Still..." He grumbled.

Kahn didn't understand the shady man's reasoning one bit.

While he was aware that his current position had a lot of relevance to the whole invasion, he knew there were better ways to prevent any risks.

The Shadow Demon, previously a Demon Lord in his own right, was stationed close to the entrance of the Hall where all the Lecturers were currently having their meeting.

It was to prevent any interference with their invasion, since letting the powerful individuals within the building loose would spell doom for Kahn's entire operation.

However, the Shadow Demon could figure out other ways to prevent that from happening.

Firstly, he could directly participate in the Invasion itself and swiftly get rid of the nuisances himself.

With him directly participating, no one would even get the chance to reach the hall—not that they even knew where it was located, in the first place.

The fact that no one might even come close to the place he was guarding made Kahn grit his pitch-black teeth in annoyance.

"What a bother..."

He hated being useless and idle, yet he knew better than to deviate from the plan. After all... his partner himself had guaranteed that someone would show.

According to the man, the most troublesome student of all was going to attempt to call upon the aid of all the Lecturers.

Fortunately, this was the same person Kahn was to personally kill. While Kahn would have preferred to seek out his prey himself—rather than have it come to him—he decided not to push it and leave the plan as it was.

Since Shadow Demons weren't known for their intelligence, the creature assumed that there was probably some other hidden intention that he couldn't decipher.

Still, it was annoying...

Not only because he was idle, but also thanks to something he hadn't expected.

"They're putting up quite the resistance, aren't they?"

He had anticipated some form of retaliation on the part of the students, especially the more talented ones, but Kahn could have never imagined that it would be to this scale.

Since the Shadow Demon was connected to his clones, he knew—to an extent—of their location and status.

The fact that so many had been defeated was a surprise. In fact, all the ones he sent to the dormitories were killed—and the casualties on the human side were very low compared to the number of his clones that died.

Sure, he knew they were inferior copies, but still...

'They just keep surprising me...'

So much so that it worried the black being. If they were resisting to this degree, and showed no sign of stopping, it wasn't beyond imagination that they would target the locations where he was currently breaching for information and resources.

With the current quality of his clones, Kahn wasn't sure of his victory.

He had been assured of victory by his collaborator, but the Demon didn't trust any human.

There was a chance that he would lose at the current pace.

There were nine locations where his clones were raiding, and he couldn't possibly leave his position to personally account for them. A portion of his emotions told him to leave things be.

Mere students couldn't trump the clones he made, never mind their quality.

Still... Kahn remembered the last time he underestimated a human opponent.

It didn't end well.

"Fine... how about this, then?"

>SHUUUUU!!!<

The Shadow Demon's body emitted a very thick cluster of dark energy, and the most peculiar scene manifested.

Kahn's body split into two. One of the copies was Khan's original, though it looked of less quality than he was initially.

The second Kahn looked even more intimidating.

Next, the duplicate version split itself once again—dividing into numerous parts, until there were nine of it.

"Perfect." The Demon's voice rang ominously.

He was pleased to see portions of himself facing one another.

This technique he used was fundamentally different from the Shadow summoning he did the previous time.

Unlike last time when he simply made clones, these were actually portions of himself—his true self.

In short, the figures in front of him were all Kahn.

"I only have about thirty percent of myself... the rest have been split into parts." He mumbled to himself.

"But, this way, no one will be able to get in my way."

"True. I should eliminate all the enemies."

More Kahns spoke, all addressing the same issue.

It was a bizarre sight—creatures of darkness speaking to one another.

Three of these Kahns had ten percent each, while the remaining six shared forty percent.

Still, compared to any student of the Academy, they were incomparably superior.

At least, that was what Kahn determined.

'While this is overkill, I refuse to underestimate those humans.' Kahn thought to himself.

While he possessed the highest percentage—making him the original—he had bled out more than even half of his power.

Still, he wasn't threatened in the slightest. Thirty percent was already more powerful than a Demon General.

While his partner had spoken highly of his target—Jared Leonard—he was still a child of twelve years.

It didn't matter how monstrous he was, there was no way a kid could defeat a Demon General.

Plus, Jared Leonard was bound to have exhausted a large portion of his strength to contain the invasion already. There was no way he would be in top form.

With him having the advantage, and also superior abilities, victory was assured.

I sped past so many buildings in a flash that it seemed like they blurred.

There was no time to leisurely engage at a moderate pace. Using Spellcraft to augment my physical abilities, I ensured my movements were faster than ever.

While this wasn't how I planned things to go out, it was the only way out.

The big bad was waiting for me at the designated point, and once I spotted him... it would be game over!

I made sure to save a great deal of my strength for this, so I had no intention of losing.

'Everyone, please do your best out there. I'll do mine as well!'

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

Chapter 254: Kuzon's Mission

There were three major areas plagued by an insufferable amount of Shadow Demons.

One was the General Library

The other two were Restricted Zones accessible only to the Staff of Ainzlark--and even then, only those with the appropriate clearance were permitted within.

Kuzon alone was assigned to the General Library on his own. Ciara was given charge over the second toughest spot, while a good amount of the Rankers handled the last saturated area.

Many would have viewed Jared's actions to be that of a madman--assigning two students individual tasks and sending them to the heart of the enemy's forces--or at least close.

However, since the people in question held no complaint on the matter, no one could say anything. Jared explained that his decision was fair, and that he simply gave everyone the roles he felt they could handle.

This sent a message to everyone present; that Ciara and Kuzon as individuals were stronger than a bunch of Rankers. Usually, it would be considered insulting, if not downright conceited, however... no one said anything.

If someone as brilliant and powerful as Jared Leonard deemed it so, that was what it had to be. After all he had shown, there was no room for doubt in the hearts of most. Besides, they were also partially grateful that they weren't the ones undertaking the more difficult mission.

With that in mind, everyone charged toward their appointed destination. Their formation was impeccable, their goals unchanged, and their expressions displayed a firm resolve.

They were going to take back their Academy!

Kuzon floated through the air, staring at his surroundings with his golden eyes. They shone brightly in the dark thanks to him pouring mana into them.

The fact that he glided so easily in midair would tell anyone he was used to this activity, but Kuzon was simply relying on muscle memory and wasn't even paying much mind to his flight activities.

His eyes took in everything around him while his mind ruminated on several things.

In the quiet embrace of the night, it was the perfect time to think. Still, with all the chaos around, the golden-haired boy picked the wrong time to delve deep into thought.

"This is incredibly suspicious..."

He considered all Jared had said in their meeting, and he could tell that the boy was withholding some information. Whether he was doing it for the greater good or not was something Kuzon didn't know yet.

'It's clear we have a mole, but... it couldn't possibly be Jared, right?'

Jared had contributed the most in mitigating the calamity that befell everyone, but his actions and the information he possessed showed something beyond the reach of a twelve-year-old.

Even Kuzon, the genius, could not have thought things so well... and he knew that perfectly. Jared may have been lacking in Magic, but that was only his perspective. He far surpassed most people his age--even older.

'Still... it can't be Jared...'

The mole had to be a Staff... a Lecturer most likely. However, Kuzon couldn't think beyond what he suspected due to his lack of information. It was at this point that the boy wished he had been paying more attention to the people around him.

'Well, let's take care of this incident first... the rest can come later...'

With that, Kuzon increased his pace to a phenomenal degree, and--

>WHOOOOSSSHHH!!!<

--He arrived at the General Library in no time.

It was a very massive building, though it wasn't all too impressive by the young boy's standards. The place he knew was far better than this place. Still...

"I suppose... they did the best they could." He murmured as he began alighting from his height.

Kuzon refused to let his feet touch the ground and remained aloft, looking at the building in front of him--as well as the enemies that had already surrounded his flank and rear.

"You don't need to hide." The boy called out.

There was no way they could escape his superior detection. Plus, even if they attempted to ambush him, it wouldn't work. The only reason he called out to them was because it would be a pain to kill them off one at a time.

He would rather get things over with quickly.

And so, in response to his call, multiple shadows began surfacing. They showed up in hundreds, revealing their malevolent auras and grotesque figures. Their white eyes eyed him, and their limbs were sharpened for combat.

So far, according to Jared's analysis of these creatures, they were capable of three major attacks.

One was the ability to alter their form--preferably their limbs--and use them for melee combat.

The second was their tendency to shoot projectiles from a distance by compressing their dark forms.

The third was the ability to generate several constructs from various parts of their bodies--even from blind spots.

Coupled with the fact that they could turn semi-tangible, were resistant to physical assaults, and were fluid in their motion, these Shadow Demons were the perfect soldiers--and the greatest enemies for most fighters.

Still, Kuzon wasn't worried.

Ultimately, he simply had to mow them down. His Original Magic, while not perfect yet, utilized pure Mana. As a result, it could deal direct damage to the creatures.

At this rate, all he had to do was expend quite a sum of Mana to maintain it. That was also not a problem, though, thanks to his necklace.

"Now, then..." Kuzon smiled, watching so many Shadow Demons creep up on him.

The rest were most likely sorting through what they wanted to obtain within the Library. After he was done with the ones surrounding him, his next goal had to be the Library building itself.

Not even a single one was to get out alive.

"Come!"

>VWOOOSSHHH!!!<

The Shadows charged at Kuzon. However, they all shared the same fate.

Kuzon's fingers snapped... and then... an eruption of blinding lightning erupted and consumed the area.

"Shock..." He whispered.

>BOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!!<

While ensuring his immediate vicinity was protected, everything for a large distance was consumed by the explosive blue lightning that flashed.

The Shadow Demons were weaker to Light, but since the Lightning element was closely linked, it also served the same purpose. In essence... it was their weakness as well.

>SHUUUUUUUU...<

Once the smoke began hissing and the cool wind of night cooled the charred surface around him, Kuzon deemed his job to be done.

'I should head to the Library, then...' He nonchalantly shrugged.

Once again elevating himself from his lower estate, the boy began moving in the direction of the large building. However--

"That was one impressive display."

--A voice called out to him.

Instantly, Kuzon felt a chill completely different from earlier. Instinct took over, and the casual air around him vanished. The sudden appearance of something even he hadn't sensed startled him.

'This is...?!'

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

Chapter 255: Kuzon's Identity [Pt 1]

Standing before Kuzon was an existence that shouldn't have been in the Library Area.

It was a creature similar to the black things... but also entirely different.

To begin with, its appearance was bigger, and it had more menacing features that completely put the ones that were recently destroyed to shame. But, the most notable thing about this being was the amount of power it possessed.

Its stifling Miasma was enough to stop Kuzon in his flight.

"Are you their leader?"

It was a direct question, but Kuzon was questioning not only the monster in front of him... but also himself.

"Oh? Look at this kid. You understand Demon Tongue?"

Kuzon didn't respond. He simply stared at the black creature in front of him—analyzing all he could about its power... and motive.

'It can communicate, so that makes it completely different from the others. Plus, this amount of power is also sizable. If I'm not careful...'

The Shadow Demon—a portion of Kahn—had ten percent of his original self. In essence, he was strong.

He could see the student before him panicking a little.

This was only natural, considering he currently possessed enough power to pass as a Demon General. No human child could match that—no matter how much they tried.

He had used [Shadow Warp], a Spell, to appear at the Library the moment he realized that a huge portion of the Shadow Clones had been extinguished.

He wasn't expecting a kid to be responsible—a single one for that matter, but... upon observing the child, it would appear that such a person really could pull it off.

"I'm surprised. You're the second human I've met who understands my Language. I thought information about us was supposed to have been extinguished after the war. The humans truly are unreliable..." Kahn murmured.

The boy before him seemed to chuckle a little—no, it was more like a snicker.

"Something funny to you?"

Kahn would usually have simply killed the brat in front of him, but there was no need to rush. Plus, he wanted to give his minions within Library enough time to get all the necessary information before he fought.

After all, he wanted to let loose a little.

"I can guess that the other person who understands you is your collaborator in this invasion of yours. He's a Lecturer here, correct?" Kuzon's voice was clear, without fear.

'He's just trying to bluff...' Kahn reasoned internally.

"Maybe. Maybe not."

The human boy's smile grew wider. Had he truly figured things out? No. If he had, then he wouldn't be asking.

Kahn figured he was most likely just trying to probe him for information. While he wouldn't have minded spilling the beans since he would still be killing the young boy, the Shadow Demon despised being played and underestimated.

And that was exactly what the boy seemed to be doing.

"As for how I understand your language, I was taught. You know, I'm actually fluent in most known Languages in the world... some Monster Tongue as well..."

"I don't care."

"Oh? Shame..." Kuzon's voice playfully trailed.

'Why is he talking about unnecessary stuff? Is he trying to buy time? Does that mean I should truly end things quickly, after all?'

"Oh, don't be so apprehensive. I don't plan on buying time or anything. In fact, I want to end this quickly. It's just... it's not every day you get to see a Demon. I wanted to ask you something." Kuzon murmured.

"Oh? The effrontery... this human..."

"Come on. It'll be worth your while. I have valuable information too, you know? We could exchange info. After we're done, you can choose to kill me or something, right? What do you have to lose?"

Kahn considered the boy's words carefully.

Sure, he truly wanted to know about how he knew his Demon Tongue. Not just that, he needed information on the students—no, humans in general.

How many students were as powerful as this golden-haired boy? Were they being taught about Demons in this Academy? If that was so, then the situation was worse than he thought. In that case...

"Fine. But I will ask you my question first."

"Sure, I don't mind.

For a moment, there was silence. Kahn was deliberating what to ask the young boy before him.

"How do you know so much? How are you so strong? How many students here are as strong as you... or are you just considered average here? What exactly do you know about our race? You humans plan on invading us, don't you? Despite the deal. How dare you!!!"

From a single question, Kahn threw a flurry of inquisitions, raising his voice as he spoke. It was obvious how agitated the Shadow Demon felt.

"Hmm, that's a load of questions." Was the only thing Kuzon said, in a calm and collected manner.

After waiting for some time, the boy continued.

"My name is Kuzon Midas. Does that ring a bell?"

Kahn's eyes widened in surprise, and then searched his memory for the familiar name. It wasn't the first name that intrigued him... but the last!

"Midas! You belong to 'that place?!'"

It was no wonder the kid was so strong. Kahn understood perfectly now.

"Yeah. I don't know what deal you were referring to, but the Midas Empire had nothing to do with that. As you know, we were never involved in your war."

Kahn remembered.

The denizens of the Midas Empire didn't really consider themselves the same as the other races—even though they looked human.

And so, even when the humans, dwarves, beastfolk, elves, and fairies joined in the war against the Demons, they never interfered.

Usually, such a nation would get stuck in the conflict caused by war and have to pick a side, but the Midas Empire never participated in the battle... and the crisis never affected them.

They were that formidable.

Kahn felt a little apprehensive now that a member of such a race was before him—somewhat grateful he was only encountering a kid.

"I-I see..."

"As for strength, I would say no one is stronger than me. Ciara is pretty good, but she's unrefined. Perhaps that's what makes her so formidable, though..." The boy leaked out a smirk.

Kahn didn't speak. He only listened.

"And then there's him... Jared Leonard..."

Kahn's antenna sprang up the moment he heard that name. So, he was strong enough that a member of the Midas race deemed it fit to mention him.

'This kid, Jared... what kind of existence is he?!'

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

Chapter 256: Kuzon's Identity [Pt 2]

"... Na. I mean, his intelligence surpasses mine, and he's a natural at Mana Control, I'll give him that. But..."

Kuzon formed a wry smile, something that Kahn would have scoffed at but now dreaded.

"... He's still inferior to me. Well, I guess I have my superior bloodline to thank for that."

Kahn gulped slightly. It wasn't that he was afraid, but caution was something he had learned over the years. He refused to be careless.

"So, no. I suppose I'm the strongest student. Even among Lecturers, there are only quite a few I have to fear..."

Kahn remembered the 'partner' he collaborated with had mentioned a name to him. Perhaps this was a chance to see just how much truth dwelled in his words.

"What about the Lecturer, Neron Kalid?"

"Pfft. Puehehehe. Puahahahahahaha!!!" Kuzon burst out laughing.

It wasn't the usually composed laughter that one would expect from someone of his personality. No, it was more like a child's.

For the first time, it seemed like the golden-haired boy was acting like a kid.

"Oh, I do apologize... hehe... sorry about that..." Chuckles leaked out as the boy tried to regain his composure.

Usually, Kahn would have lashed out in anger, but... he decided to cling to his patience.

"... It's just, you said something funny. You compared me to Neron Kaelid."

'Does that mean this kid is superior? He's young and immature, but... he's still a member of the Midas race, so—'

"Neron Kaelid is definitely stronger than my father—no, anyone I know... and not by a small margin."

This was enough for Kahn's eyes to bulge in shock.

'A fully grown Midas?!'

Kuzon was saying that a mere Lecturer was stronger than an accomplished user of Magic? Surely, Kahn found that incredibly dubious.

"It may not sound like much, but you're seriously overestimating our race. Most people make that mistake." The boy chuckled.

Kahn felt like he was being called stupid, but he decided to let it slip.

"The ones who have most of the power are royalty. All royals are geniuses, possessing Special Grade Mana Cores. I suppose you could say we're the Midas of the Midas folks."

'We?' Kahn was already getting some bad vibes.

"Yeah. I'm the prince of the Midas Empire... or should I say, was? Hmm..."

The Shadow Demon felt like he was being assailed by too much information—more than he could handle—all at once.

"It only makes sense that I'm this strong... so, I suppose that answers your question. As for this Academy, I don't think they have anything to do with you guys. Humans don't really feel you guys are a threat. Many don't even know you exist, you know?"

Kahn was shocked.

What was he hearing?

He would have taken that stance before, but there was no way humans who knew nothing of Demons would counter his Shadows so easily. Or maybe...

'Was it this kid that took care of all the Shadow Clones? Then that makes sense...'

If that was the case, and Kuzon was telling the truth, then he had been overreacting all along. He was too hasty in his judgment.

He had been the first to break the vow between humans and Demons, and he actually dared to venture this far. Kahn realized it now.

'I should have just returned...'

No, he shouldn't have left the Demon Realm in the first place!

"I suppose I've answered your question. It's your turn now..."

Kahn grunted, not feeling very motivated to go back on his word. Other Demon Lords would have never stuck to a deal made with humans—well, except Rouge—but even then...

"Fine. Ask."

"Do you know anyone by the name of Kido?"

Kahn was surprised by the simplicity of the golden-haired boy's question. So much so that he cocked his head a bit.

"I see... so that's a no, uh? Figures..."

Kahn felt somewhat bad that he got all that information and couldn't even answer the kid's question. Still, once he realized that the boy would still die by his hands, Kahn shook off any useless emotion.

"I guess it was too optimistic to expect anything. But, I have to ask... what is the current status of the White Demon tribe?"

The White Demons, just as the Shadow Demons, belonged to the same Race. They were popularly known as Shapeshifters or Doppelgangers—a nasty bunch in Kahn's opinion.

Still, they were members of his Species. That afforded them some level of respect on his end.

"Do you really think I'll sell out my people?" The Demon growled.

"Hey, I answered your questions, didn't I?"

"S—still... ask another one. I can't reveal the internal information of my people."

The golden-haired boy sighed, most likely in exasperation. Kahn felt worse than before, but he hardened his heart. He wasn't going to betray his resolve.

"Fine. Tell me this at least... in the past nine years... have there been any suspicious activities on their end? I mean... have they left the Demon Realm to visit the human world? Have they had contact with anyone from the outside?"

'What are these strange questions?' Kahn's thoughts were troubled.

Still, he didn't intend to dodge the inquisition this time.

"No. I am not aware of anything like that. Besides, the White Tribe are not exactly the most open about their affairs. Even if they were to have snuck out, it wasn't within my jurisdiction, to begin with. I wouldn't know..."

Demon Tribes had some level of Autonomy, and while the Demon Lords had absolute power and were respected by all, their authority could only be directly used on the members of their respective tribes.

Only the Demon King commanded the absolute fealty of all Demons. He was their absolute monarch, as well as Kahn's master.

"... Useless."

Kahn snapped out of his reminiscing state as he heard a disgusted sound. He glanced in the Kuzon's direction, only to find him glaring—no, simply giving a condescending look.

Kuzon's casual smile had turned grim, and his lips curled downward to show a disappointed frown.

"You're so useless. You simply wasted my time." The boy's voice was chilly, causing Kahn to shudder.

He emanated a different air than before. The atmosphere felt dangerous.

"Oh well... there's nothing I can do about it now..."

Suddenly, heat began to rise. It was getting hot—uncomfortably hot—terribly hot.

Kahn could feel it... an intensity, unlike anything he had ever felt before.

This wasn't natural heat!

"... I'll just kill you and hope I'm luckier next time..."

Kahn felt terror.

He was only ten percent, after all!

He wasn't at full strength!

There was no way he could handle this... this power!

"... Let's finish this... Xenia..."

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

Chapter 257: Ciara's Encounter [Pt 1]

Ciara flew in her appointed direction, but her thoughts never left the dormitory—or, rather, a boy whom she had last seen there.

'Hiyaaa!!! I'm so embarrassed!' She squealed internally.

Her black bodysuit clung tightly to her body, and Ciara knew what she was wearing underneath—nothing. While she had imagined what it would be like to have her lover see her in this wear, she didn't expect it to be so soon.

That's right! Ciara Epilson was an obsessive pervert who couldn't stop thinking about her childhood friend. She called her overwhelming emotions love, but if any reasonable person heard of her complicated feelings, they would beg to differ.

For one, she never showed him any outward affection. She was as cold as a block of ice in her interactions with the center of her affection—Jerry Keller. Things weren't always like they were, but they suddenly found themselves at this juncture.

The second problematic thing about her disposition toward Jerry was the intense obsession she had with him. She practically loved everything he liked, and despised what he hated. That was one of the reasons she gave herself to so much training despite being a prodigy—it was because he also applied himself.

Still, though, if she felt he shouldn't love something, she would eliminate such a thing in order to prevent him from making a foolish choice. An example of that would be... perhaps a girl other than herself?

Jerry was a dense guy, so he had no idea how scary women could be. Humans in general were unreliable, which was why Ciara felt like there was no one else he could rely on but her.

Since he couldn't figure that out on his own, the best she could do was take action on his behalf before he got hurt. She hoped that one day he would recognize her efforts, and then... maybe...

"Kyaaa! I can't wait!" She squealed in delight.

To the love-stricken girl, nothing much mattered besides Jerry. The only reason she was still in Ainzlark was because of him too. That was why she was trying so hard to defend the Campus.

'I don't like how I'm not in his group, though...' The cutie pouted.

She wanted to fight Demons with him. No, rather, she wanted to defeat all his enemies while he helplessly watched her.

That way, he would realize he was nothing without her and would cling even closer to her side. It seemed this logic had been what pushed Ciara and Jerry apart, in the first place, but she didn't see it that way.

'He's trying to catch up to me! How cute. How cool!'

Just like she mulled over him every time, he was also thinking ceaselessly about her. That made Ciara happy.

'Just you wait, Jerry! Once I'm done with my cleanup... I'll rush to your side!'

With that single thought, she rushed ahead.

>WHOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!!<

It barely took a minute before Ciara arrived at her designated location—one of the Forbidden Zones, also known as a Restricted Area.

There were a bunch of them around, but it was mostly due to safety reasons. Students could actually access them with permission, so they were not under severe lockdown.

Still, of those Restricted Areas, three were especially off-limits.

No one had any real information on the place, so even Ciara didn't know what to expect from the location she was sent to. But that didn't really matter. As long as she defeated her enemies... she would win—and then rush to Jerry's aid.

According to Jared's instruction, if a group was done with their assignment, they had to help out other groups close by.

Unfortunately, Jerry wasn't the closest to her location, but that didn't matter to her. He was first priority.

Ciara's hair fluttered as she descended to the ground, facing the dome-like structure that was dubbed a Forbidden Zone. It seemed to be made of glass—but it was so dense that no one could see the interior.

The brunette wondered what could have inspired the architects to construct such a bizarre-looking building, yet they expected it to be off-limits. In a place crawling with students, of course, people would be tempted to check the area out.

Even Ciara felt curious at times. But, the security was too tight for her to breach, and she didn't want to risk exposing herself, so she gave up on the venture.

Nothing good would come out of getting expelled and being unable to see Jerry.

But now... things were different.

"I have access to this place! At long last! Take that, suckers!" She laughed.

Ciara had always been a rebel, and now she could fully exercise her personality. But first...

'I should take care of these flies...'

Nothing was going to stand in the way of her tour. Plus, she was also in quite a hurry so she could get to Jerry's side. Because of these two factors, the latter being more important, Ciara didn't hesitate to activate her Original Magic [Phantom Link].

Once the wave of energy she dispersed permeated the surrounding area, the enemies she spotted were rendered powerless. Disconnected from their source, they crumbled and died.

She didn't even need to exert much effort.

'Now, then...!' She merrily trotted down the path before her—eyes fixed on the glass dome.

Her stride was casual, her brown hair fluttered as the wind blew against it, and she was even humming something under her breath. This certainly didn't seem like someone heading off into battle.

More Shadow Demons were bound to be waiting for her in the building, but what did she care? She just wanted to get the chore over with.

But... before she could take a single step further, Ciara felt a change in atmosphere.

It was something behind her—something incredibly powerful.

Ciara, despite her usually playful demeanor, had incredibly sharp instincts. As someone who was adept at battle and was also a natural prodigy, she swiftly responded to the bloodlust behind her and was met with the sight of an actual threat.

If the others were worthless pebbles not worth her notice, this being before her was a boulder.

"Ah, so you're the boss?" Ciara blurted out.

She noticed its incredible energy, so it had to be the mastermind behind this invasion, right? Or was she jumping the gun?

"Impressive. To think you defeated all tho—"

"Zip it and let's fight. I want to end things quickly!"

The Kahn that appeared before Ciara was taken aback by her sharp response. Not only was it incredibly rude, but it also had a ton of confidence. Plus, the fact that she was in a hurry only meant one thing...

'Has she realized that more versions of me have spread across the other places?'

But, the moment Ciara gave her next statement, Kahn realized he had been overthinking things.

"Let's finish this fast! Jerry's waiting for me!"

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

Chapter 258: Ciara's Encounter [Pt 2]

Refusing to waste any of her valuable time, Ciara instantly resorted to her Original Magic.

It had been very effective on the other Shadow Demons and it was basically a One-Shot ability. Once she had her aim on the target, she fired off her energy in the form of waves.

>VWUUUSSSHH!!!<

"W—what?!" Kahn was taken by surprise.

Who was this girl?

Why did she just attack out of the blue?

Were all the students on campus like her?

Sure, he was the one who invaded the Academy, but... she was being too impatient for a human. The wave she released had quite the danger lurking within, but Kahn's reaction time had been too stunted to respond to it.

'How bad could it be?' He thought to himself and decided to tank the attack.

The wave approached him, and then hit his whole body—bombarding the Shadow Demon with its power.

Kahn felt stings all over himself as his body rejected the Mana that spread across him, and his brain fuzzed a bit. He expected something else to assail him, but... that was it!

The wave dissipated and the attack ended.

Nothing out of the ordinary occurred.

'What the—? Did I overestimate her?' Kahn thought to himself.

Perhaps there was an effect that would take place the moment he let his guard down. Magic was unpredictable and had numerous effects. There was no such thing as being 'too careful.'

However, as soon as he saw the surprised look on Ciara's face, he realized he truly had nothing to fear.

"Uh? How are you still standing?" Her voice sounded perplexed.

Kahn was equally confused.

"Uh?" He responded in kind.

Was that weak attack really meant to do him in? Was this girl an idiot? Did he mistake her for another? Then where was the person who took care of all those other Demons at the same time?

Surely, it couldn't be this dunce.

"Hey, I can hear your thoughts, you know? You just thought I was a dunce, right? That's rude!" Her voice surprised him.

"W—what?!"

Kahn was flustered. The girl in front of him had guessed right. He really did think she was an idiot...

"Hey!" Her disapproving voice shook him once more.

... B—but his opinion on that was slowly changing. For someone to be capable of reading his mind... just how skilled was she?

"That's more like it! Hehe!" She chuckled.

'H—hold on! How can she even understand me?!'

Could she also understand Demon Tongue? Thoughts spiraled in his head as he tried to make sense of the whole thing. Ultimately, he couldn't.

Kahn swallowed hard. He had to be careful now. He needed to think carefully—no, he couldn't even think—about this!

Finally, after trying his best to fathom the strange girl's abilities, he gave up and decided to ask her directly.

"What did you do?"

Ciara was baffled.

Why hadn't her Spell worked as intended?

[Phantom Link] was Magic that affected the mind, and the ability she used had been to sever his neural link. That would make him lose absolute control over himself.

In the case of the other Shadows, they died instantly, but this one didn't even seem to feel it.

That said, [Phantom Link] also connected her mind with her target's, allowing Ciara to basically hear their thoughts.

Truth be told, she developed this technique solely for Jerry.

Ciara wanted to get closer to him, so she used her extraordinary abilities to nurture a mind-based power. Still, the poor girl had never used it once on him. She never had the resolve!

'It will be too much for me to bear... seeing just what kind of thoughts Jerry has of me!'

That was her excuse, and before long, she had another application of the technique. She would simply read the minds of those around him. If any of them turned out to be threats—physically or romantically—it was her duty to eliminate them.

Back to topic, Ciara didn't understand why her initial attack didn't work on him, but her Mind Reading ability was functioning quite well.

Unknown to the girl, the minds of Shadow Demons were fundamentally different from humans. So, she couldn't sever the neural links of independent bodies since they had a structure that was too different from her equation.

The previous enemies she fought only went down because she unintentionally severed their links with the original. Unlike them, each Kahn version was an Original in a sense.

Her Mind Reading ability was a simpler—more direct Spell—so it worked well. The Demon had thought of something along the lines of how she could understand his language, but Ciara wasn't relying on language.

She simply has access to the frequency Kahn emitted. So, by tuning in, she could essentially read his thoughts.

But, Ciara knew it would soon be a matter of time before she lost connection with the Demon before her. Understanding Kahn after that would be impossible.

Before that happened, she had to conclude things.

"Well, there's no use overthinking things, right? I'll end this quickly!" Ciara declared.

"Keh! You can't beat me, human!" Kahn declared with pride.

He was 10 percent of the complete version. That meant his power was well beyond anything these pesky humans could handle.

Unlike the clones, Kahn retained his intelligence. Not only that, but he could also use Magic. His arsenal consisted of stuff that no human girl like Ciara would be able to bear.

He had taken his time to size up his prey. He was fully assured of victory.

Unfortunately for him, those thoughts were being relayed to the enemy he was meant to defeat.

He had committed a fatal error!

Once she realized her disadvantage, it didn't take Ciara very long to brandish yet another one of her Trump Cards.

So far, she had displayed her Original Magic.

Other than that, she still had Mage Mode in her arsenal, but the transformation took too long. While fully calcifying her Mana, there was a chance she could be attacked. Since that was a glaring weakness of that state, the girl had to abandon it too.

With those two out of the way, Ciara selected her third option.

"Bond Magic."

"W—wha—?!"

A brilliant gleam of light enveloped Ciara and her vicinity. Energy coursed through her, and the silhouette of something magnificent—her Familiar—manifested.

"Like I said..."

Kahn shuddered in the presence of one of his opposing elements.

"... Let's end this fast!"

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

Chapter 259: Striving For Victory [Pt 1]

Edward, Ana, and Aloe were the only members of their group.

As an elite, small unit, they covertly reached their target destination with some degree of ease.

Of the nine groups that were allocated tasks, their team had the fourth largest load. While it was not comparable to the first three, it was still way higher than what the others were expected to do.

Many would ponder how students in their first years would be able to handle such responsibility, but Jared had already put all those factors into consideration.

According to his explanation, they would have close to no major problems handling their mission.

Also, since their designation was the farthest from the Middle-Class Dorm, a small team needed to undertake it.

While it was still doubtful to many people if it was best to give First Years that role—wouldn't it be better if a few Rankers were assigned instead?—no one questioned their leader's rationale.

"The Rankers are needed to direct the students. For better coherence, it's best to have them serve as unit leaders rather than placing them in an entirely separate unit."

Sure, Rankers were qualified for the role, but Ana and Edward weren't qualified for the roles of the Rankers.

They had no leadership qualities and were merely First Years.

Very few would actually trust them and obey them as was needed. It was an emergency, but human nature couldn't be so easily changed.

To prevent friction, Jared simply chose the safest route.

Besides, the three had no reason to fear. Not only had Jared given them the appropriate gear needed, but they also had three Automatons—the most out of all other teams.

Finally, Aloe Vida was with them!

She was a staff who was currently the most powerful of the Dorm Masters present.

Not only was she specialized in Light Magic, but thanks to Jared's intervention in her death, she was phenomenally more powerful than before.

Miss Aloe Vida had skipped so many Core Grades and was now in the 8th Level—the Silver Core Stage.

She was just a step away from being a Gold Core Grade.

If anyone had asked how this was possible, even she would be unable to respond. She was a mere Orange Core Grade before her death, after all.

Still, that was plenty strong for someone of her age.

For her to have reached a Silver Core Grade—a realm of expert Mages who could perform Original Magic—was nothing short of a miracle.

With this newfound power, Aloe was confident that she could be of more use in battle. She had to!

Her life was lost, yet she was given a second chance. She intended to do her part and fight her hardest.

There was one major issue, though.

While Aloe Vida's Mana Core Grade had risen, her skill and knowledge hadn't.

She couldn't use Advanced Spells at will. She could perform one, but it took too long. As a result, she relied mostly on intermediate Spells.

Even now, with her abundance of Mana, she had no choice but to rely on her existent knowledge.

'I have one Trump Card, though...' Aloe smiled as they neared their destination.

A Spell that was an exception to the ranking system.

'If I use that with the current Mana I have in stock, then I should be able to be even more useful!'

>WHOOOSSHH!<

They arrived close to the entrance of the facility, observing the area as they kept their guard up.

The building in front of them was the Academy Museum.

It contained Artefacts and objects of power. These items had Mana imbued in them and could also be called Magic Items.

As a result, they were quite valuable.

Still, most were used for decorative, historical, and cultural purposes, so they weren't too dangerous.

If they had been extremely powerful, certainly more Demons would have converged in their location.

According to Jared's hypothesis, one of the Forbidden Zones had to contain Magic Items with incredible power, while the other Restricted Area was probably related to Magic development and technology—perhaps in the terms of alchemy, Automatons, etc.

Then the General Library had a wealth of information.

These three locations had been swarmed with the most Shadow Demons, so Jared theorized that they had the highest value.

As for this location, it contained objects of both information and power.

While not as critically important as the other areas, it was still of great importance—resulting in it being swarmed with enemies as well.

"I can sense them... my god," Aloe mumbled, her eyes widening slightly.

Since she had the highest sensory prowess among the three, her range allowed her to detect the number of enemies around.

They were at least fifty of them waiting outside—and more were bound to be within the museum.

The Dorm Master gulped slightly, recalling her past trauma for an instant before shaking the useless thoughts off.

There was only one thing she needed to do now... and she sure as hell wasn't going to back away!

"There are 55 of them scattered around the entrance. If we make any careless movements, they'll attack." She whispered to the young ones with her.

They nodded, instantly telling her they understood.

Usually, they would be sneaky about infiltrating the Museum, but there was no need to do so.

Their opponents were vigilant, and there was only one entrance. That meant they had to storm their way in.

Of course, doing so without proper preparation would be foolish.

As such, the team readied themselves and the invisible Automatons above them also moved in accordance with their instructions—protect Edward, Ana, and Aloe.

That was why there were three of them.

"[Light Dome]" Aloe cast her Spell, causing a golden illumination to cover them.

It was an intermediate-ranked Spell, but Aloe boosted it to the highest level with her surplus Mana, making it extra sturdy.

The bright light was bound to draw attention in the deep darkness around them, but the squad had far passed the point of worrying about such trivialities.

They had to strike—and fast!

>WHOOOSSHH!!!<

In an instant, they all launched themselves toward the entrance of the Museum. Their movements were in sync and they moved at nearly the same pace—having a triangle formation to cover for their blind spots.

Before they got very far, however, the Shadows surfaced.

The black creatures of malevolence surrounded them, readying their blades as they prepared to strike.

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

Chapter 260: Striving For Victory [Pt 2]

Just as Aloe had surmised, they were fifty-five Shadows stretched around them to form a circle.

Usually, the Automatons would be the scouts, but since they had arrived at their destination, the drones switched gears to backup/sacrificial pawns.

"Looks like this is it!" Aloe Vida spoke, using the corner of her eyes to carefully observe the kids.

They didn't seem to be frightful—good!

"We're ready!"

"Yeah!"

Once they replied to her, Aloe knew she had to prepare herself too. Once the enemies launched their first attack, that would be their window.

Just like clockwork, the Shadow Demons responded by sending their sharpened limbs at Aloe's barrier.

>FWOOOSSHHH<

Their black flesh connected with the dome of light, sending sparks flying.

It was a close call, but her protection was enough to shield everyone from the multiple blows from the Shadows.

The moment this happened, Edward and Ana got their signal and went on the move.

Aloe partially released her dome, allowing the students free access to the area beyond their initial location.

>WHOOOSSHH!!!<

The two picked up their pace and moved at phenomenal speeds. It was not the kind you would expect from students their age!

Edward brandished the blade Jared entrusted to him, coursing his Mana through it like it was the natural thing to do.

>VWUUUMMM!!!<

The blade hummed whitish-blue and gave off a burst of power.

With such a sword equipped as well as the Martial Blade God technique's 9 Fundamental Precepts at his disposal, Edward gained a great deal of confidence and headed for the first Shadow Demon he could find.

"REND!"

>SWIIISH!!!<

Like hot knife through butter, his blade met no resistance!

The young Martial Artist cut through the enemy as though he was slicing the air—no, even the air had a certain level of tension. His flow was too natural, too fluid!

It was all thanks to this blade. Edward felt a wave of achievement course through him as he slew the Shadow Demon.

Still, many more opponents surrounded them. He had only beaten one, so the boy made sure not to get a big head.

With his enhanced eyes sharply glancing around, he made way for his next target.

>FWOOOOSHHH!!!<

While Edward was hacking down enemies, Ana was killing them off with her Spells.

She had received two Magic Items from Jared—one was a necklace that greatly boosted her Magic abilities and the other was two bracelets that increased the conductivity of her Mana.

Her Spells were faster and her movements were more efficient, allowing her to be in sync with every single move she made.

Ana was currently at the blue Mana Core Grade, but it felt she had already broken through to the Green Core. That was how helpful the items had been.

Her attacks were concentrated mainly on Lightning Magic since she was more adept at it compared to regular Light.

She dealt less damage than she would have if she had used pure Light, however, thanks to her Mana Output, the Demons were destroyed either way.

As a result, she too was able to keep up with Edward's devastating speed wrought by his Martial Arts and incredible blade.

As Aloe watched the two students fight in earnest, her heart nearly melted.

They were so beautiful and precise in their movements and execution that she felt inspired. Aloe had also attended Ainzlark in her student years, and she was familiar with their curriculum. She knew for a fact that these moves were not something they learned in the classroom.

Someone must have taught them!

However, they were both from the Lower Class, and to the best of her knowledge, no Lecturer had taken any student as an apprentice from that place.

With the option of Lecturers eliminated from the equation, Aloe could only think of one other person who could groom them to this extent.

'That man... Jared Leonard...'

That's right!

She had no right to see him as a child, especially after all he had shown her. No matter what anyone said, she felt he was qualified enough to even be a Lecturer.

Feelings of gratitude and awe mixed within her as she faced her opponents with the newfound power her savior bestowed upon her.

"[Shine]" She chanted.

It was a Spell that didn't belong to any Tier category, but given that Aloe had an excessive amount of Mana to spare... the bright orb that formed above her increased in both heat and intensity.

All the Shadow Demons around her began crumbling, causing them to shy away from the brightness.

As a result, none could draw near to her.

Even if they attempted to spear her down with their limbs, it would get afflicted by the shining orb above her and completely disintegrate before reaching her body.

Since the Shadows could not reach her, Aloe had enough time to use her Advanced Spell—the only one she knew—to finish off the ones that encircled her.

"[Light Javelins: Advanced]"

Instantly, several spears appeared all around her.

Their numbers were way more than the usual amount of Javelins used at the Intermediate Level, and they were far stronger than Light Arrows.

This was Aloe's Trump Card!

>WHOOOOSHHH!!!<

With it, the Shadows around her received the spears of blinding light and vanished.

Unlike Edward and Ana who took care of their opponents one at a time—at most, perhaps a few at once—Aloe's single spell wiped the enemies out.

This had been the plan all along. Ana and Edward were simply meant to buy enough time for their leader to finish preparations for her Spell.

Once that was settled, taking care of the thirty or so Demons left was no problem.

"Huu... good job, everyone." The team converged and Aloe Vida commended their efforts.

She saw they were slightly exhausted, but it wasn't serious.

They had recovery potions, but they weren't infinite.

Unless the situation called for it, their team could go on. Besides, she knew the two students were still holding back.

They had their Familiars, and according to them, they had obtained some level of mastery over them.

However, they were saving their abilities as Trump Cards.

They had done a good job, regardless. And, Aloe Vida surmised that at the rate they were going, they would have no issues facing off the monsters hidden within the Museum.

The creatures were bound to be more than those situated outside, but... her hopes in Jared Leonard's plan caused her not to have even a sliver of doubt.

Aloe knew in her heart that things would be alright.

Unknown to her—to them—there was a darkness lurking in the shadows... about to manifest.

Once it did, the tides of battle would soon flip... and the hopeful denizens of Ainzlark Academy would know the true meaning of despair.