

## SPELLCRAFT 281

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

#### Chapter 281: Culprit

>WHOOOOSSSHHH!<

The gentle wind howled as a figure swiftly made its way in the dead of night.

The figure was moving so fast that it seemed like a blur—no, like the very essence of darkness itself.

Covered in a dark hooded cloak and shrouded in a faint black hue of Magic, it glided and traversed the surrounding area until it reached a place—somewhere that was known only to the man hidden within the hood.

He had bided his time, ensuring everything went smoothly, only for his attempt to fail. The target was still alive, the Academy was on high alert, the most dangerous man in the Kingdom was wary, and the Capital now had their attention on Ainzlark.

Of course, most of these were within calculations, but... who would have expected his target to live? How possible was it that he managed to survive for so long and even made Neron arrive right on time?

It was as though fate smiled upon the boy.

No matter—it wasn't a total loss.

The second objective had been achieved, so things could still go as planned.

Currently, the Academy was aware of the existence of a mole—him—and it wouldn't take very long for the truth to be exposed.

While no one knew for sure, he was certain that Neron suspected him. The target also seemed to have a vague idea, but he had been too subtle to have been exposed by that child—or so the man thought.

The swirling portal in front of him was his escape ticket out of the place.

No one in the Academy knew of its existence except him. It was something that was shrouded with the same barrier—no, a more superior one—of the Academy's Lecturers' Hall.

The security around the Academy's exit was tight, and they would probably be under the surveillance of Neron as well.

To win, he had to resort to this one.

A body double was currently taking his place, so suspicion wouldn't fall on him... until it was too late.

After all... his plans were perfect!

He took a step forward, and then another, nearing his goal. A smile formed on the face of the mysterious man.

His silenced footsteps were made so by Magic, was his ability to escape surveillance. It was the perfect escape.

Unfortunately, he hadn't considered one thing...

"You're late..." A voice rang out, causing the shady man to halt in his steps.

... And that was the depths of Jared Leonard's capabilities.

The hooded man—now dead in his tracks—turned back to look at the smiling figure of Jared Leonard.

"... I've been expecting you..."

His hands were in his pockets, and the casual air he emitted only told the man Jared's confidence. A smile was on both their faces now.

The man's body hesitated.

Should he run, or...?!

"...Don't leave now. Didn't you say you would look forward to our next meeting?"

The shady man was frozen stiff now.

"Do you remember what I told you back then? That the next time we fought, I would use all I had? Who would have thought it would be this soon..."

The man now abandoned the portal and completely turned in the direction of the boy. He couldn't be ignored any longer.

"So, you knew since then...?" His voice was calm, gentle, and very familiar.

His eyes were fixated on the boy before him, and an amazed—yet amused—grin was on his face.

"No. Not really. Everyone is a suspect in my book. Only by utilizing progressive elimination will I finally arrive at a definite answer..."

The man smiled.

He felt the hood was unnecessary now. There was no need to hide his identity any longer. In essence... the jig was up!

"I'm glad you're so understanding and cordial, but... I suppose that's how you've always been..."

The hood went down, and the face of a handsome and bright young man was revealed.

"... Legris Damien."

\*\*\*\*\*

How long had I suspected this man? Even I had no idea.

Still, everything began when I first caught our housemaid—Liliana—in the act of speaking with her boss.

An idea came to mind, so, even after I interrupted the call, I was able to sync with the Magical frequency of that device.

During my conversation with Liliana—if that was even her name—the communication tool emitted a faint Magical signature even though it was supposed to have been deactivated.

With that, I knew that whoever the mastermind was, he had activated the device from his own end and was subtly listening in.

I made sure to thoroughly reveal my plans, and how I was able to identify a perfect maid as my assassin.

Many would consider this a foolish move since I was feeding the culprit information that would be used to determine my capabilities, but... it was a brilliant act that was essential for the much larger game.

By giving the mastermind a glimpse of my personality and capabilities, every action they took from that moment on would be geared with that in mind.

The target is extremely smart.

The target is dangerous.

The target is resourceful...

By gauging my abilities, the next action they would take would be to achieve victory despite those conditions.

My next opponent would be someone smarter, more powerful, in higher standing, more trustworthy, not a new worker, more easygoing, less suspicious, etc.

In essence, it would be someone who would give me a direct answer as to the identity of the mastermind—a direct subordinate—or even the man in question himself!

The latter occurring was an optimistic notion, but I did not doubt the former.

Every action Legris Damien took was barely suspicious, and I even liked him quite well. But, after I began connecting the dots and narrowing it down to the three Senior Lecturers in Ainzlark, the one who won was the first person I had contact with.

Damien Lawcroft was too conspicuous.

The other one was not suspicious at all. He had no motive or relation with me.

Usually, that would make him my target since that was exactly what the enemy was going for. But... I was smarter than that.

It was a form of reverse psychology, a method used by masking something by putting it in plain view.

Legris Damien was already someone I regarded with respect and familiarity—almost the same way I treated Neron now—which was why only he could be the culprit.

'Looks like I was right.... again!'

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

**Chapter 282: Reason**

"I'm impressed you found out..." Legris Demien smiled.

He didn't seem bothered or worried in the slightest.

Donning the usual optimistic demeanor, the Lecturer--now traitor--seemed even more relaxed than before. It could be that he had given up, or...

"Don't be. It's a shame I didn't find out sooner."

If I had taken action quicker, perhaps things wouldn't have come to this. But, I was done blaming myself and being weighed by unnecessary shackles of guilt.

I promised everyone I would take responsibility for their lives, so I intended to do just that.

'Killing the culprit should be enough!'

While it was selfish and self-serving, I was going to ease my conscience by ending things right here and now.

"How did you--"

"--Find out your identity? It's a long story... too long for tonight."

Unlike the time with Liliana, there was no need to buy time, neither was there any cause to explain my rationale.

In essence, it profited me nothing to drag on this confrontation.

"You're going to die here. Before that, though... I have a question. If you answer me honestly, I just might reveal my method to you." I smiled.

Legris grinned, having a sparkle in his eyes. It seemed he had an inkling of my incoming inquisition.

'No matter... I just need to ask.'

"Why? Why are you trying to kill me?"

It had been a question plaguing me ever since the first assassin tried to take my life.

Even as an innocent baby, who had never committed a crime, the enemy had set their sights on me.

Initially, my paranoia told me that it could be a consequence of my reincarnation. However, after adjusting a bit, I surmised that it could be the work of some opposing faction.

Unfortunately, even the latter didn't seem to be the case the more I delved deeper.

Not only was our family a very powerful one, but we were also so deeply rooted in the aristocratic society that we had no enemies.

While I didn't mean we were perfect, I just meant that no one in their right mind would attack a Leonard.

If they were people of means, they gained more in cooperating with us, rather than resorting to petty assassination.

Sure, there were some idiots who didn't know the way of the world and would try assassinating an heir to get rid of the competition, but... at some point, the possibility of that being the case of my opponent seemed slim.

The enemy was too smart for that.

It didn't make any sense for them to attack out of spite or ill will toward my household.

It almost made me revert to my earlier assumption, but I debunked it pretty quickly. If I had reincarnated and they knew of this fact, the enemy wouldn't have sent such an assassin the first time.

They would have considered the possibility of someone being more powerful. Their actions after that period told me that they simply didn't have any information concerning me.

Which begged the question... why?!

"Why? Hehe, I figured you'd ask that..." Legris chuckled a bit.

My eyes narrowed and my smile slowly faded away.

This was it--the moment of truth.

It was the reason I had painstakingly ensured they sent someone capable to kill me this time around... so I could arrive closer to the truth.

It was risky, but... it was better than having no information and dealing with attacks as they came.

I needed to know!

"... Why should I tell you, though?"

'I knew it...'

This was the downside to my plan--Cooperation!

Why would the enemy divulge intel? Who would spill info to the member of an opposing party?

"Hm. You have nothing to lose, don't you? If you kill me here and now, you can keep your secret and reason. But... I simply want to know before going to my grave." I smiled and gave a sarcastic reply.

"Haha, this kid..." Legris laughed.

My eyes never left him throughout

"... I could just kill you and still not say a thing. Besides, you wouldn't have approached me if you didn't have a means of killing me."

He knew me well, just as I wanted.

"I saw the large crater you made in your fight with that Shadow Demon. You know he was a Demon Lord, right? The fact that you reduced him to that state as a kid is impressive... it's no wonder they are after your life."

My ears twitched the moment I heard that last part.

"They?" I repeated.

Of course, I knew Legris didn't say it by accident. He clearly wanted to get my attention.

In essence, this was bait.

"Why don't we swap Intel? Tell me how you figured out my identity and I'll tell you what you want. After the exchange, we can duke it out... or whatever."

Legris Damien seemed fairly confident--if not completely assured--of his victory. Unfortunately for him, I didn't plan on losing this time.

"Why don't you begin? Tell me the reason behind this whole game. You've been trying this since twelve years ago. Why me?"

I already knew it had nothing to do with my family.

This guy--whoever was behind him as well--was after me as a person.

Why?!

"I'm a member of a certain organization. They want your life because you're a threat to them."

'What?!'

I didn't understand a single thing.

"I don't know the details since I'm a lower seat of the twelve major members, but..."

What was he talking about?

"... Apparently, you're a singularity that should be purged."

What the hell was this?

"Hey... what are you talking about? You guys have been after me since I was a baby, and you think it's gonna cut it that I'm a threat to you? What the hell is that? I never did anything to you people!"

I was supposed to be calm, but my bottled-up frustration began surfacing a little.

"Hey, chill. As I said, I don't know the details. I'm only the 9th Seat, you know? It's an incredible group."

There was a possibility that Legris was lying, but why would he spout something this ridiculous and expect me to take it as the truth?

Wouldn't someone like Neron be more of a threat to them? Why didn't they kill him instead?

"It seems you don't believe me..." Legris interrupted my thoughts.

"It's hard to trust in those words. They're too absurd."

"Fine, then... then, I'll tell you this--maybe you'll be able to make sense of it--you are an anomaly in this world. Something about your existence isn't supposed to be."

That struck a chord within me.

Was this what he meant by me being a singularity? Then there was only one possible explanation for this...

... My reincarnation!

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

#### **Chapter 283: Mystery**

There are still a lot of mysteries in this world.

One of them is the subject of the soul.

Where does it come from? The soul of the world? Where did that come from?

Magic. Mana. Energy.

What birthed all of this? How did they come about?

Many accept the easy answer and dub the origin as GOD, but the true searchers of truth know there's something more.

And so, we search for answers... till we reach the end of our life.

I was one of such people.

I sought the truth, even until my body ran out of strength.

Unfortunately, human life is finite... and I passed away before I could arrive at the very summit of Magic—the truth of everything!

\*\*\*\*\*

I reincarnated over five hundred years into the future.

Initially, I questioned it, but gave up very soon.

No matter how hard I tried, I simply lacked information to decipher the truth. If I forced an answer, it would be flawed.

So, I put off the issue until later.

But, now... I was confronted with my original identity—as a Reincarnator!

—As an anomaly!

"That seemed to resonate with you. Hehe, looks like you really are aware of your identity a bit." Legris chuckled.

I was a bit shocked, but also conflicted.

The fact that Legris mentioned this... did that mean he was aware that I reincarnated? No, maybe the upper echelon in his organization knew?

Maybe... just maybe...

'But it doesn't make sense!'

If they did, their actions would have been completely different.

They wouldn't have been so surprised about some of my actions.

That maid wouldn't have underestimated me. My exceptional abilities wouldn't have caught them off guard... at least not to that extent.

There had to be a more rational conclusion.

'Maybe they don't know I reincarnated, but... they have a vague idea that I am an aberration in this world...'

Yeah, that made more sense!

"I see... so that's it, uh? You idiots..." I smiled and laughed a bit.

"Hm?"

Legris Damien seemed a bit surprised by my reaction to his shocking words, but I didn't care much any longer.

"... You guys made many errors. Is your leader incompetent? Are you one of the smarter ones in your group?"

"Oh? You're quite good! Well, I don't mean to brag, but... yeah! I'm one of the smarter ones. Too bad it takes more than intelligence to rank higher."

Legris was sounding like a doofus right now, but he couldn't fool me.

His words were probably the truth, but he wasn't revealing these things because he was stupid. It was most likely because he didn't really have any loyalty or strict attachment to the group.

If that was the case, then perhaps I could glean more information from him. But, first...

"You wanted to know how I knew your identity, right?"

... I needed to give him what he wanted.

It wasn't my intention to drag things out, but I was closer to the truth than ever before. There was no way I would let this chance go by.

And so, I told my enemy more about my capabilities.

I told him my rationale, the means of elimination... and how I arrived at the conclusion.

I couldn't take action because of his high standing. I also didn't want to reveal my knowledge of his identity, so I acted in the most natural way.

It was too bad that being too cautious cost me so much.

It was too late for regrets, though. I simply needed to focus on the task before me. It was the only way to atone.



"Wow. Simply amazing! You're really amazing, Jared Leonard. The more I know about you, the more interested I get. Truly!"

I could tell that he truly meant that.

"I initially didn't care if you lived or died before, but now... for the first time, I'm conflicted."

He seemed to be enjoying himself as he spoke.

"If you live, you'll end up being a major threat—not just to them, but me as well..."

That confirmed it! This guy had his own agenda as well. The group he was currently in was simply a means to achieve that aim.

'He probably settled for being a lower member since that was adequate for his goals...'

I grew even warier of the man the more I conversed with him.

"... But, if you live, that also means you could be a wild card. It'll be fun seeing how things develop from this point on. Ahh, it's too hard to choose!"

"It doesn't matter what you think. I'll be killing you now. That's all that matters..."

I remembered saying the exact words to Kahn, but it ended up a bust.

This time, I certainly hoped things didn't take such an embarrassing turn.

In any case, I gave Legris the information he required, and he was also more interested in me. The fact that he wasn't preparing for combat meant he wanted to talk some more.

That worked in my favor.

There was one final thing I wanted to know. Whether he told me or not didn't really matter to me since I had already made up my mind...

"What's the goal of your organization?"

... To destroy this guy and the people he was working for!

"Ahh... that..."

'What is the problem? Does he not know of it?'

He did say he was a lower seat, but an organization this advanced should have at least let the leaders know their objectives; upper seat and lower seat combined.

"... It's a simple goal..."

So he did know it! Why was he hesitating, then?

From his expression, he seemed more flustered and embarrassed than secretive. Was it something too absurd to say?

"Hey, Jared... have you ever heard of the Arcanas?"

'WHAT?!'

My body instantly moved in reflex and I created some distance between myself and the enemy—taking a battle stance.

"Whoah! Easy... easy!!!" Legris said, trying to calm me down.

I was also a bit taken aback by my reflex action, but it wasn't surprising. After all... The Arcanas were something my old friends and I... also searched for!

"Judging from your reaction, it's clear that you are in the know. You're not ignorant like most people. While it's curious as to how you know so much, I suppose It's only fair if the 'singularity' knows of this as well..."

Most people who heard of the Arcanas all thought the same thing—a fairy tale.

Just as how the myths of gods and alternate realities were so abstract and seemed like fiction, so was the concept of the Arcanas.

Children and adults alike regarded them as unreal—works of art and history.

However... they were real...

"It seems you know just how vital they are."

... And they were powerful!

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

#### **Chapter 284: Arcana**

The Arcanas were legendary items that were forced down the notes of history as fairy tales.

They were too powerful to be considered real!

A total of 22 of them existed—objects that could defy the very nature of existence by their presence.

Their origin was said to be from the founders of Magic—and these items stored the Original Magic of our ancestors.

Many believed them to be objects of fables, but I believed differently. Only a few enlightened minds truly had an inkling of their genuine existence, and even then... it was easy to abandon hope of ever finding any.

My friends and I also searched for these treasures.

And...

... We couldn't complete the mission!

So why?

How?

Who?

What made these guys dedicate themselves to search for such lost relics?

"How... why are you after The Arcanas?!" I forced myself to speak as I glared at the man in front of me.

He gave a light shrug, but I could tell he was dead serious as well.

"Arcanas are lost treasures from time immemorial. They contain transcendental Magic that allows a person to manipulate the laws of this world..."

He was right! They were the ultimate pieces—Magic that far surpassed the limits and understanding of man.

"... Is there any reason an evil organization wouldn't want something so grand? Hahaha!"

'Tch!'

This conversation gave me a bad feeling. I didn't expect things to turn out this way.

If Legris had said world domination was their goal, I would have understood—since it was a simplistic goal.

But... to think the enemy was this ambitious!

"How many have you found?"

"What makes you think we've found any yet?"

"The Arcanas are objects of myth. You wouldn't be able to rally such a powerful organization without some sort of binding force."

'You guys have been after me for twelve years now... it's clear that you must have some with you, else you would have disbanded long ago...'

If proof of something's existence wasn't found, it was certain that a large group would give up on it.

My friends never gave up since we found proof, but...

... What about these guys?

"Fair point. As I said, I don't know much since I don't belong to the top brass, but... apparently, they've gathered a few already—maybe 7?"

Seven out of Twenty-two didn't seem like a huge number, but it was.

Obtaining seven items that could control the very laws of the world... that was scary.

'Even we never got.... damnit!'

"I also heard that the top brass is allowed to wield them. The Arcanas have some sort of pulling effect on one another, so it helps with the search. That sort of thing..."

Legris Damien was yammering on about so many things.

It was clear that he understood more than his position allowed.

I was already quite shaken by this development, but there was no way I would get carried away by the enemy in front of me.

'I should stop here...'

Any further conversation would only be a waste of time.

At the moment, I wasn't capable of doing anything about it. Besides, Legris must have had ulterior motives for feeding me so much Intel.

'Is he trying to use the method I used when I caught Liliana? That won't work on me...'

The only reason I told him my capabilities was that it wouldn't matter.

He was going to die here.

Even if he survived—by some miracle—I would have evolved even more the next time we met. There was more merit for me in exchanging information.

However, that was it.

"Let's wrap this up," I told the man.

"Oh, yeah. That's right. I got so carried away..."

Our distance was considerable.

If he wanted to, Legris could attempt going into the portal that was closer to him instead of fighting—but that didn't seem to be the case.

'It's not like I'll allow him to escape, but...'

He could have tried at the very least.

"... I should wrap up and kill you already. I still have one more errand to run."

Once Legris said this, I found it ironic.

"I wonder why you're telling me so much about your organization when you still plan on carrying out their wishes."

It made no sense, unless...

"Well, let's just say I have my reasons. It's a gamble, maybe? Anyway, I plan on attacking you with all I have. If you survive, then consider it—"

Before he completed his statement, a bright barrier covered the area—trapping both me and Legris in some sort of pillar-like translucent field.

"Yeah. Let's end this..."

The barrier was different from the one I used against Kahn.

It was made by using Legris Damien as its target.

That meant anything except this man was able to come in and go out freely.

Of course, that included me.

"If you're thinking of teleporting or breaking out, it's no use."

I stepped out of the barrier and watched him look around with a smile.

"And? These kinds of barriers don't last very long. Besides, even if you trap me here, you have no way of winning. What will you do? Report me to the authorities?"

That was the last thing I planned on doing.

After speaking to Neron, I realized even more that I couldn't count on the Kingdom's System. They were too complacent to the point of allowing someone like Legris to infiltrate a learning environment.

Just how many 'Legrises' had been stationed in the Eastern Kingdom's system?

The barrier grew brighter, and then the light ascended into the heavens, like a pillar of illumination, piercing the clouds.

"You were curious about how I would beat you, right?"

I began to remove one hand from my pocket... bringing something out of it.

"T-that is—?!" Legris Damien bellowed.

For the first time, I saw him flustered.

"—An Arcana?!"

The item I brought out of my pocket was a card. It was dyed in golden light and had vein-like patterns embedded around it.

There was a gem-like substance at the center... and the power it emitted was beyond even my perception.

"No. It's not an Arcana... you could call it some sort of replica? No, more like... a prototype? No... ah, how to explain this..."

In short, this was an item I made.

It was a Trump Card, something I designed with the idea of the Arcanas in mind.

This was an item that stored Magic!

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

#### **Chapter 285: Final Flash**

I had the opportunity of interacting with Arcanas before.

While I didn't have any Magic back then—since I was inept—I was able to understand the fundamental structure and code associated with the items.

Of course, it was only surface-level knowledge.

What I researched was not the Magic in the Arcanas, but the items themselves. The ones I saw had the form of cards, and they had vein-like circuits embedded in them.

It was a mystery how such small things could hold phenomenal powers, so I gave myself to research.

I wasn't able to complete the project, but it was enough to figure out the fundamental rule of storing Magic in these items.

When I started attending Ainzlark, and then found the Oasis, I figured it would be good to try something like that—as a last resort.

And so, I pumped lots of Mana into the thing, reinforced it by condensing the materials used to manufacture the item, and made a gradual assimilation process.

If I was too fast, the project would fail.

That was why I had to be patient... until it was complete.

Unfortunately, Kahn attacked before I was able to finalize the project, so I couldn't use it. However, now that it was complete... I could use whatever Spell I had embedded into it through the codes and circuits within.

For this particular card, there were three codes.

One was the barrier that currently surrounded Legris Damien.

"To think... you duplicated an Arcana... you..." Legris was grinning like a maniac now.

"Now my interest has just skyrocketed! What kind of person are you? In just twelve years of life!!!"

I wasn't anything special.

If I didn't have my friends and family guiding me along the way, I wouldn't have gone very far—especially in my past life.

The reason I so vehemently researched the Arcanas was simple. These were devices with phenomenal Magic stored within them—the Ultimate Items!

If I could understand the concept and workings of the Arcanas, and make the Mana supply self-sufficient and independent of its user, then... even an Inept would be able to use Magic!

That was my driving force—my goal.

Unfortunately, I never arrived at the end of it in my past life.

Even now, without my ability to use Magic, I wouldn't have come this far. However... I finally achieved this—this device in my hands.

"All the Mana and Spell circuits are already embedded within. In essence, all I have to do is activate it... and then... it works."

In essence, even an Inept could use this!

'With this device, I have surpassed my past self—in a sense!'

"What kind of Magic will you use? Is it the same as what you used against Kahn? A Peak-Level Magic Spell? Hahaha! Did you think I wouldn't have prepared for something of that caliber?"

As Legris Damien laughed, I also smiled.

It was true that he could have prepared for my best move against Kahn, but... I didn't plan on being so cheap.

"[Grand Blitz] was a technique I used because Kahn was a Shadow Demon..." I retorted.

It was only common sense that I would utilize the most efficient Spell while considering my enemy.

"What I have prepared for you is a little different..."

No matter the human—no matter the power—there was a weakness we all shared... our mortal bodies.

"Did you know that the human body is made up of 70 percent water? Also, tiny particles of water exist all around us. We call it moisture..."

I knew it was best to end things quickly, but... I was curious.

'What kind of expression will you make?'

"GUARRRRKKKKK!!!"

Suddenly, Legris Damien collapsed on his knees and coughed out blood.

His bloodshot eyes were confused, and his quivering body begged for answers. The man was experiencing a symptom he must have known quite well.

"M—mana... Shock...?!"

I nodded.

"... Hehehe... H—how..?"

'There's no merit in telling you, but...'

"Consider this a reward for telling me so much intel. The last time, I used a Mana Shock Inducing solution in the form of a liquid substance. But now..."

It was gaseous!

The poison was all around Legris—like moisture wafting in the air.

"Sly bastard... Keke... so, I was played... uh...?"

"Don't pretend. You must have figured out a way to deal with Mana Shock already. That's not how I plan on killing you. Still, it's a good way to weaken your body."

Legris Damien had layers of magical defense on him.

While I was sure that my Spell was very powerful, I needed to be a hundred percent certain that it would completely kill him. To achieve that end, I first induced Mana Shock to get rid of all his defenses—at least, until he recovered.

"Now that you're down... let's start phase three... my Spell!"

The main treat for today—and a personal favorite of mine...

>BRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMM!!!<

... LIGHTNING!

>RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLEEEEE!!!<

"Are you not curious as to why I made the pillars ascend to the sky? It was all for this..."

Pure, unbridled energy!

This was my parting gift to Legris Damien.

This Spell had a greater destructive capability compared to <Grand Blitz>, though they were both in the same Peak category.

There was no doubt that the energy output was enough to destroy the whole Academy—unless perhaps Neron protected it.

The storm clouds in the sky converged on a single spot... and for a moment—the rumblings ceased.

"I've been thinking of a name for this Spell..."

The final Spell within my Card activated, and a second barrier covered Legris Damien. Its scale was a bit wider than the first one, and it was also incomparably stronger.

'If I used this first, he might have gotten wary concerning the Spell I was using and tried something dramatic before the Mana Shock afflicted him...'

With all three Spells exhausted, my card's glow died down... and turned into dust.

'It's not very durable, unlike the real thing. This is another flaw I need to work on...'

With my card out of the war, I put both hands in my pocket and enjoyed the show.

"... [Final Flash]..."

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

#### **Chapter 286: Pillar Of Light**

>BOOOOOOUMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Multiple colors collided with one another and made a deafening sound.

Blue. White. Yellow. Purple.

Varying lightning charges crashed and clashed—becoming stronger and united in the process.

Legris looked above him in awe and fear.

"You don't seem afraid of death. Don't tell me... you think you're going to survive from this?"





\*\*\*\*\*

When Neron and I discussed earlier, I asked him how much damage I caused with [Grand Blitz].  
Since I was barely conscious after utilizing the Spell, even I didn't know the exact effects of my Magic.  
"500 Meters. Everything within five hundred meters from your location was vaporized."

That was Neron's answer.

It far exceeded the scale I had estimated—and that was because I was usually a pessimist.

My achievements ended up exceeding expectations.

This one was no different.

[Final Flash]... a Peak Level Spell aimed at complete destruction...

If I was to estimate the damage it would cause, that would be this entire Academy.

Perhaps I was being too generous, but considering my track records, it could probably achieve more than that.

Which was why I erected a barrier around Legris and made sure the spell was homed at him.

Using this method, all the excess energy would be condensed and only Legris would be affected. The area of effect would become smaller, but... the potency was going to skyrocket beyond measure.

Amid my thought, I had one funny idea in my head...

'I wonder if Neron can handle it...'

... But quickly dismissed the notion.

A smile formed on my face as I witnessed the radiance of my creation.

'He probably could...'

And so the thunderous roars burst forth even more.

\*\*\*\*\*

In a brilliant pillar of multicolored light, the night was painted bright.

Everyone on the surface of the Academy witnessed the brilliant illumination that descended from the heavens.

It was followed by a violent quake.

The earth trembled after receiving an insurmountable amount of power.

Everyone lost their balance, and even veterans found themselves trembling.

Those in the shelters were filled with fright.

Fear enveloped them—their trauma began resurfacing.

Was it another invasion? Had the enemy come to finish the job?

No one could call it paranoia, considering the extent of the quake that moved everyone to their bones.

The top brass of the Academy raced to the site of the pillar—worried about the being who could have achieved such a feat.

It bore no destruction—but the existence of this pillar was enough to beset the confidence of those who witnessed its splendor.

Damien Lawcroft admitted within himself that he could never achieve such brilliance.

Even the Vice Head was conflicted on the matter.

They rushed to the scene—hurriedly moving to the edge of the Academy grounds.

Amid the hustle and bustle, a man floated in the air and watched the bright pillar from a distance.

A smile was on his face and his dark hair fluttered with the wind. He was so high up in the sky that many would consider him a blot in the air, but this was actually Neron Kaelid.

He had been there for some time now—and he monitored the entire interaction between Jared Leonard and Legris Damien.

His smile grew even wider once he witnessed the Spell, [Final Flash].

"This kid... I was wrong..."

It was both a disappointment and a relief to Neron.

"... He's not like me..."

Ever since he was a child, Neron Kaelid had been able to see the flow of Mana. It was a gift bestowed upon him from the heavens.

This was why so many dubbed him the Child Of Magic.

He had infinite potential, and was a prodigy among prodigies—even without a Special Grade Mana Core.

However, this made him think differently from most people.

He chose to remain a White Core, and expanded his realm from within. He achieved Magic his way, and before long... that title had gone stale to him. Everyone slowly began deeming him a misfit... as a freak.

Damien Lawcroft was one of his classmates back when he was a student—someone who always hated losing to Neron.

Perhaps that was why he hated all White Cores and gave Jared Leonard an especially hard time.

Neron laughed as the wind beat his face. Jared was special... more special than he was.

It was a shame to see such a child go, but Neron knew better than anyone that he couldn't cage the potential of Jared.

"... He's better!"

With that, Jared proved to Neron something he never expected to see.

The Lecturer thought he would have to interfere at some point, but he didn't need to. Jared was right the whole time.

Legris Damien wasn't the only one who received a shocker.

And this fact greatly pleased Neron Kaelid.

"See you soon, kid..."

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

#### **Chapter 287: Grand Mage**

>WHUUUUUUSSSHHHH!!!<

The men hurried in the strange, bright night.

They charged toward the center of attention--flying at full speed.

Beads of sweat flew from their faces even as the wind beat them. This was an unprecedented situation. If they weren't careful, then--

>VWOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

With even greater speed, they traversed the sky... until they arrived at the site of destruction.

What they met was a single golden pillar-like barrier.... And the luminous colors of lightning bursting from within it.

Everyone took a step back through instinct.

They instantly knew that if they interfered with the barrier--that is, if they were even capable of that--then the uncontrollable energy within it could consume them.

As they watched from a safe distance, pondering on what could have caused such immense concentration of Magic, three beings suddenly appeared--causing everyone to swiftly take defensive measures.

"Hold your horses." A feminine voice called out to the flustered men.

Appearing like a beam of red light in the sky, a woman--accompanied by two other ladies behind her--descended upon them.

She wore a Grand Mage's outfit, and her hat was seated atop her crimson hair. Her outfit was raven black--as was her hat--decorated only by tiny designs of red ribbons.

No one needed a prophet to tell them of the entity that had just appeared.

Instantly, the men present--Damien Lawcroft, the Vice Head, and several other powerful Lecturers--knelt in respect.

This was no ordinary woman.

"We greet the Grand Mage of the Empire, Serah Crimson!" Their voices echoed through the night--if the currently bright environment could still be called that.

This woman--Serah Crimson--was one of the Eastern Kingdom's three Grand Mages, and was also the only female among them.

However, this minority status of hers did not cause anyone to look down on her as many had done on others in the profession of Magic.

Every Grand Mage received their title as a result of some sort of achievement. They had their areas of specialty too. This woman's specialty was offensive Magic!

That was why everyone revered her so much.

Compared to everyone in the Kingdom, no one was capable of as much destruction--not even Neron Kaelid!

"What's going on here?" She asked, her feet clacking on the hard grounds of Ainzlark Academy.

Her crimson eyes were also fixated on the brilliant pillar before them all. As someone who was an expert in destructive arts, she could appraise this threat well.

"I saw this thing from a distance, so I had these two transport us here." Serah pointed at her retainers behind.

"A--ah, about that..." The Vice Head mumbled.

How could he tell her that even the Academy staff didn't know what the heck this barrier was?!

Usually, he was the top dog of Ainzlark Academy--especially now that the Head was absent. The man reveled in his power and authority, making good use of it while it lasted.

But, in the presence of this overwhelming presence... he was powerless.

"Huh? I believed I asked you lot a question." Serah Crimson narrowed her eyes as she watched the men.

"EEEEK!!!" They cowered before her even more.

'Ah, useless idiots...' The exasperated woman sighed and shook her head.

Serah had been mobilized because of the Demon threat on Ainzlark, so she was excited to rush in. That was why, when she saw the brilliant pillar of light, she abandoned the army of Imperial Mages with her.

Instead, she took her loyal retainers and headed straight for the affected area.

Still, not only did she not meet an opponent, but the staff who were here cowered before her.

'Is there no one here with a spine?'

Serah was tall, for a woman. She had fiery eyes, and the beauty she had was the wild and dangerous kind.

Her bust was also extraordinarily huge--just like her Magical prowess--though no one dared to point out the former.

Unless they wanted to die, of course...

"Serah, stop bullying the men with those massive things of yours."

... One man was an exception to this rule.

"They don't know anything, so there's no point!"

The bold man appeared, descending from his heights as he landed on the ground.

As Serah saw him, her face twitched, and the irritated look on her face instantly morphed into--

"NEROOOONNNN!!!"

>BOOOOMMM!!!<

The earth around her shattered, as she lunged at the dark-haired young man. Her speed was impossible to follow, and everyone around her covered their faces to be protected from the dust and debris that flew around.

>WHOOOSSSHHH!!!<

In a flash, she reached the young man, spread her two hands wide, and then--

"Hey, wait... not here--!!!"

>SPLAT!<

Before she reached him completely--just a few inches more--Serah was met with an invisible wall that completely stopped her advance.

Because of that, she was unable to perform the act she wanted to...

"You mean bastard... you still haven't changed, uh...? How cruel..." The great Serah Crimson whimpered.

... a hug!

"Who's the cruel one, you sexual harasser? Did you want to bury me in those two melons of yours?"

His reply was both harsh and disrespectful.

It wasn't something a mere lecturer could say to a Grand Mage.

The Vice Head, Damien Lawcroft, and the remaining extras, were shocked by this sight.

Of course, they were! This was the first time they had seen both of them interact before.

The retainers, on the other hand, merely sighed.

They were used to this.

"Hey, Neron! Is this how you treat your betrothed? That's seriously harsh!"

"Hey, s--stop that! Don't go around calling yourself that. I mean--"

"What? Isn't it true? Did you forget the promise we made when we were lit--"

"Ahhh! Stop mentioning that! We were young then. You can't keep bringing that up!"

"I can and I will. Hmmp!"

"Gah! Just stop doing this and act your age already!"

"Uhh? Hey, say that again!"

Even the usually stoic Neron was flustered at this point.

The respective characters of both Neron Kaelid and Serah Crimson were broken the moment they encountered each other.

As expected of a match made in heaven--or was it?

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

#### **Chapter 288: Perfect Match**

These two were the Eastern Kingdom's most unpredictable top guns... and they just happened to converge in a single location.

"Hey, Neron... what the hell is this? This power is enough to level this entire Academy--no, it'll most likely spill over and take a chunk of the city as well." Serah said with a curious gaze on the conspicuous Pillar of light that stood before them.

She then eyed Neron suspiciously.

"Hey, it wasn't me!"

"Who, then? I don't think anyone else here is capable of doing something like this"

"Well, you're half right. The guy who did this is no longer here. He left."

"And you let him?"

"Of course! It was his choice. Plus, it's not like he did any harm..."

Neron and Serah were smiling at each other and talking so casually as if the subject wasn't a serious matter that could claim so many lives.

"Who is he, then? An enemy?"

"Nah. A student!"

"Huh? A student?"

"Yep! He's my protégé. Hehehehe."

"What? You have a protégé?"

"Yep! Got one recently."

"And he did this?"

"Yeah! He's quite something, uh? We could never do something like that when we were younger."

"It's hard to believe, but... you wouldn't lie about this."

"It's the truth, though. That guy is one special kid."

"Oh? You never speak highly of another person."

"I speak highly of your chest."

"HEY!"

"Right, right... well... he's someone I owe a great deal to, after all. Thanks to his help... I can get even stronger!"

"Ehh? Stronger? You?"

"Yeah. You just watch!"

Both man and woman smiled at each other--their eyes now burning with rivalry.

"I won't lose, you know?"

"Hehehe, looking forward to it."

And then... something sparked in the mind of Serah Crimson.

"What's the name of the kid?"

In response, Neron's smile grew wide and he swelled in pride.

He had never felt this way about any child before, but... he was indeed happy to have been the Master of the boy.

"His name is Jared Leonard..."

Serah's eyes widened a bit. She recognized the last name.

"... And you'll meet him soon enough."

They both smiled, clearly pleased by Neron's statement.

"Oh? Then I look forward to that!"

The dark-haired man and the lady of crimson smiled passionately at each other. For a second, it was like the world was still and only the two of them existed.

Their faces were so close, merely inches from each other. At this distance, it was possible...

Serah's red eyes brimmed with passion and desire, and she noticed Neron's eyes had a lit flame of emotion within them too.

Was it finally time? She could sense it! This time for sure....!!!

"Smooch!!!"

Bringing her face closer to Neron's in a blur, she went for a kiss.



No pain, no gain!

She had waited so long, and now he was finally ready!

They were ready for their first time!!!

"... Not a chance."

>SPLAT!<

Once again, Neron successfully prevented physical contact by protecting himself with his Magic.

"Ow... how mean..." Serah sulked even more.

If one looked closely, they could probably see a droplet of tears appearing in the corner of her eye.

"... Meanie."

"That's enough of that. Let's get down to business."

Once Neron said that, Serah Crimson sighed; then... her change was instant.

A stern face replaced her unserious one, and her pose was upright. The air of dominance she neglected suddenly came over her, driving out any air of ease.

"So, what do you have to report? What happened here?" Serah asked in her Grand Mage mode--of course, not the genuine thing.

'Ah, much better... I prefer her like this.' Neron gave a side thought, and then spoke.

"A First Year Student in the Lower Class--Jared Leonard--confronted the mastermind of the Ainzlark Academy Invasion incident. He used this Spell to kill him after extracting as much crucial information as he could. Once he completed his task, he left the Academy to whereabouts unknown."

Neron's tone was official as well.

Everyone now understood that they meant business.

"And you witnessed all this?"

"I did."

"You fool! Why did you allow such a thing? And this Jared individual... why did you let him go? We could have questioned him as well. Even the culprit..."

"I understand, and will take full responsibility for my actions."

"Yeah, that's what you always say."

"I apologize, ma'am..." Neron bowed slightly.

As he did this, Serah groaned.

She knew he was teasing her. But, they were on official grounds.

'Hold on, what if--?!'

A thought flashed across Serah's mind, and then a smile morphed on her face.

'What if I tell him to take responsibility by k--kissing me....?'

Why had she never thought of this before? Since Neron was in full official mode, how would he escape this one?

'Hehehehe'

"We will have a complete breakdown of your actions, as well as the full details of what occurred here."

"Yes ma'am."

"But, first... I shall have you take full responsibility.

"Y--yes... ma'am...?"

Serah was blushing. Her body temperature was rising.

'I didn't want to resort to this, Neron, but... we're not getting any younger, you know? It's time to make good on your promise!'

"To take responsibility for your action, I order you to kiss m--"

"No, ma'am."

"B--but, you--"

"No, ma'am!"

"B--but it's not fair!"

"NO, MA'AM!"

"ARGHHH! I'LL KILL YOU, NERON!" Serah stomped on the ground and it trembled.

The black-haired man took this as a sign of danger and instantly launched himself to the sky.

It was time to fleeeee!!!

"COME BACK HEREEEE!!!"

>BOOOOMMMM!!!<

The earth shattered as Serah Crimson launched herself into the air as well.

Both of them began playing tag in the sky, causing shockwaves as they dribbled each other.

Meanwhile, the dumbfounded ones on the ground could do nothing but sigh. Serah's retainers moved toward the Vice Head and decided to discuss official business instead.

"Our entourage will arrive by dawn tomorrow, so we will need to--"

>BOOOOOMMMM!!!<

A loud explosion from above interrupted the conversation, and then laughs and cries filled the air.

The retainers of the Grand Mage and the staff of Ainzlark academy all sighed.

It was going to be a long night.

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

#### **Chapter 289: Castle Of Darkness**

A place crawling with darkness and evil--lurking with all forms of atrocities.

This was a scene of pitch-black darkness, where creatures of malevolence resided. It was a wasteland where the strong reigned supreme and the weak had no choice but to obey.

--The Demon Realm.

And at the summit of the strict hierarchy in this place, there was the Demon Castle.

It was a massive structure that had six-pronged towers on all sides, and a final massive monolith at the center.

This was the precipice--the heights of power in the Demon Realm.

The six towers housed the most powerful Demons--the Demon Lords--and the final monolith at the center belonged to the Royal bloodline, the chosen and most powerful race of Demons--the Demon King's Manor.

Within this Castle--the Manor to be exact--was a young-looking being.

He had horns protruding from his head, flowing long hair, and near-ebony skin.

He was garbed in royal attire, and a crown hung on his head.

Within the Grand Hall--a place where the King addressed his subjects--he sat with some sort of satisfaction written on his face.

Why was he so happy?

No, it wasn't exactly joy. It was more like excited anticipation.

His buttocks rested atop one of the most coveted objects in the Demon Realm--the Demon King's throne.

The Grand Hall was empty, so this young one--no more than a grown teenager--could comfortably rest in a seat that didn't belong to him.

... At least not yet.

He was the Demon King's only son--the Prince of the Demon Realm.

His father, the Demon King, was currently inactive, so he made sure to indulge in little pleasures like this every now and then. At least, pending the time he would obtain the throne.

Well, that time was drawing ever so closer.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself." A voice rang out.

A voice? In the Grand Hall? During this period?

The Prince would usually be wary and extremely annoyed. He would also probably be worried that someone saw him seated on a throne that wasn't his yet--probably.

Who would disturb him during this period? Even the new Demon Lords didn't dare! After all...

In any case, the Demon Prince displayed none of these emotions.

Rather, he seemed thrilled by the voice he heard.

"I certainly am." His voice responded to the intruder.

It was a deep tone--unbefitting of his looks.

"The chair is a little stiff, but... I can live with it." This statement was accompanied by a chuckle

The initial voice also joined the laugh, and for a moment... the hall was filled with the echoes of two people.

Finally, with a gust of wind, someone appeared before the prince.

Was it a fellow Demon?

No.

It was...

"Legris Damien... it's been a while, no?"

... A HUMAN!

"Haha, what can I say? I've been trying to make ends meet."

"Surely you jest. A man of your means surely doesn't need to engage in such boorish activities."

The human before him had a cheerful expression--a facade--and had the outfit of a dark cloak with a certain emblem embedded in it.

The emblem resembled some sort of badge. An image of an endless abyss was embedded therein.

"Welp, what can I say?"

Both beings laughed once again.

Anyone who witnessed this would find it absurd that a human and a demon were mingling like buddies.

The honest truth was that they actually were.

These two were friends.

The Demon Prince--a being who despised humans with a passion--made an exception with Legris. Why?

'Even though he looks like a human... this man is an actual Demon!'

Since friends helped each other, Legris proved himself to be trustworthy and reliable.

The Prince wouldn't have come this far in his ambition without the human's help. A relationship where both parties understood and used each other--that was their friendship.

"So, why are you here? I assume it's not just to see your friend?"

For a moment, silence pervaded the hall.

They were friends with benefits.

Not just Legris Damien and the Prince--no, it was the Demon Race and the organization Legris belonged to.

Legris was sort of a middleman--an ambassador.

It used to be a man named Kido--someone belonging to the Midas Race. However, they changed the order about nine years ago, so Legris was the new person they dealt with.

The Prince preferred Legris.

Not only was he weaker than Kido, but he was also easier to deal with.

"Oh, I was just dropping by to inform you of some news... about a Demon Lord of yours..."

The moment the Prince heard this, his eyes bulged slightly, and his expression changed into a more serious demeanor.

"...Ah, apologies. I mean, your previous Demon Lord. A Shadow Demon called Kahn."

"Ah, that guy? He was the last to go among the old ones. What about him?"

"Well... he made his way to the human territories... and caused quite the ruckus."

The moment Legris Damien said this, the Prince's expression changed.

"Pfft. Puehehehe... PUAHAHAHAHA!"

His laughter was deafening, filling the hall.

"Oh, please. Do not joke with me. Kahn would never do that. He despises the humans, but he's still loyal to the king."

"Well, believe me if you want to, but... you might want to hear this part."

"What is it?"

"He was defeated--killed by the humans."

A screen popped up before the Prince, and an image of Kahn being destroyed appeared.

Seeing was believing, but... even this Royal was stunned by what he was seeing.

"This is..."

"It was done by a man called Neron Kaelid. Before that, Kahn attacked an Academy and was beaten by the students there. It was only when he was weakened that this man finished the job."

The Prince was even more stunned. However... this surprise transformed into something else--RAGE!

"THOSE DISGUSTING HUMANS... THOSE INFERIOR INSECTS!"

His hands banged the armrest of the throne on which he sat.

His seething rage was evident!

While Kahn had been insignificant to his plans--and was actually better off dead--the fact that humans were the ones who finished the job irked him to no end.

How were they able to defeat a former Demon Lord?

Children in an Academy standing up against a Demon? Inconceivable!

"Those damned humans... so they truly broke the pact. I knew it! Those vermin!"

The Prince was full of anger, but also had a secret satisfaction lurking deep within his heart.

He was glad that he was right.

His father was wrong,

The old ones were ignorant!

That was why he replaced them.

That was why he needed to be king

....

THAT WAS WHY HE NEEDED TO GET RID OF THE THREAT!

"So, what will you do now, Prince Abellion?"

For a moment, silence reigned in the Grand Hall.

But, the silence was short-lived.

Soon, the mighty voice of a tyrant rang out. It was filled with ambition and fury. It contained absolute seriousness and conviction.

"The time has come, my friend..."

Finally... the moment he had been waiting for!

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

**Chapter 290: Resolute Ambition**

Prince Abellion stood from the throne and allowed his majestic figure to float in the direction of the man before him.

Once he reached his front, he stood face-to-face with Legris Damien.

The Prince's Demonic physique was bigger—making him taller than the grinning human before him.

"The time for what?"

Legris Damien seemed to be enjoying the situation. He already knew what Abellion would say, but hearing it could provoke a different emotion.

The Prince returned Legris' undaunted smile.

His sharp teeth were displayed, and an almighty power enveloped him—causing the entire room to be filled with Miasma.

Any normal person would die.

"The time for war!" The Prince said with a sinister undertone.

His smile contained even more malevolence than before.

That was because he knew what he was talking about.

The humans were a threat! No, not just them... the others as well.

While the Demons were in seclusion, inhabiting the Northern Continent, the three other large patches of land contained the thriving races that basked in prosperity. They lived in an illusion that the Demon Race was vanquished—forever exiling them to this remote part of the world.

It was a shame Abellion could not bear.

This, however, wasn't the main reason behind the Prince's disposition against humans—no, even the other races.

'While we are in decline, they grow more powerful. While our population remains stagnant, they become more plentiful... why does no one see it?'

Before long, the other races would gain an insurmountable advantage—and that would mean the end of the Demon Race.

Abellion was aware of this!

Unfortunately, neither his father nor any of the old ones seemed to see reason behind his words.

So, he had to get rid of them!

Thankfully, he had support—both from his Demon brethren, and the organization Legris Damien belonged to.

As a result, he led a strategic coup, and in no time, the older Demon Lords had all been purged—replaced by the ones who shared his vision.

The King had also grown frail and weak—an effect of Abellion's doing. He hadn't intended on taking such drastic measures, but after considering how far he had come, the Prince made his choice.

For the greater good, sacrifices had to be made.

It wasn't paranoia.

It wasn't fear.

It wasn't unjustified hatred.

This was the real deal.

'Kahn's death has proved it... the humans can not be trusted...'

If Kahn could be stopped by the students of an Academy, that meant that they were being raised with the knowledge of a Demon's weakness.

That being the case, the humans had betrayed them!

"I never expected this... at least, not now..."

Abellion gritted his teeth as he moved back and forth, circling Legris while speaking aloud.

"The Demon Realm is still under stabilization. Any reckless move on our part could result in a disadvantageous condition."

He wasn't someone who didn't use his head.

Abellion was first concerned with his people.

That was the reason he trod this path, to begin with.

"If the other races band together, it will be difficult to win—at least, for now."

It would take some time for them to amass power. It would also be very difficult—in their current state—to achieve enough to properly fight back.

This was yet another repercussion of the pact made with the other races.

"We can help you." Legris Damien said with a smile.

Once Abellion heard this, he grinned back at his friend.

"Well, that's comforting to hear. What could you possibly do?"

Legris seemed to be getting more amused by the second.

"How about an Arcana? It should help a great deal in your battle."

Abellion was stunned, but as a prince, he chose to comport himself.

"To think you had such a thing at your disposal too..."

The Demon Realm had a few treasures of its own. One of which was the Arcana of 'The Devil.'

Of course, having another of those phenomenal tools would be crucial in achieving his goals. But... there was no such thing as free lunch in this world—especially in the case of power.



"... What do you want in return?"

Legris Damien smiled.

"Nothing much. The usual supplies—we want them tripled. Also, there's a small favor to add. It's a bit personal..."

Granting favors was also the duty of a friend, so Abellion decided to hear Legris Damien out.

"There's just someone special out there... a human enemy."

Legris' smile morphed into a sadistic and utterly demonic expression.

"I want you to spare him."

"Spare him? Why?"

Abellion was expecting many things, but this betrayed all expectations.

"He caught my attention—nothing else. That kid is quite interesting, you know?"

Abellion would have implored more, but this wasn't the time to delve into another one of Legris' fetishes.

War was imminent, and the Demonic Race was going to crush the denizens of the continent underfoot. Only then would there be true order.

To achieve that, Abellion would use all that was necessary!

"Alright, then. What's his name?"

The human male gave a satisfied smile and parted his lips.

"Jared Leonard."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Haa..."

I gave a deep breath as my eyes took in the vast landscape before me.

This would be the first time I was alone in this new life. However, I knew there was no time to take in the atmosphere.

'There's no time at all!'

Thanks to Kahn's little stunt, war was bound to break out at some point.

At my current level, there was nothing I could do to stop the enemy.

To truly make a difference, I needed to get stronger—and fast.

"With the problem of Demons and Arcanas popping up, it's finally time to visit that spot..."

By the end of this journey of mine, I was bound to get stronger—strong enough that I wouldn't have to endure the feeling of powerlessness any longer.

Before I lost anyone I cared about... I would ensure that I became good enough to protect everything and everyone precious to me.

After all... that was all that mattered.

'Wait for me, everyone...!'

"Next time, I won't lose!"