

SPELLCRAFT 291

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

Chapter 291: PLEASE JUST SKIP AND READ NEXT ARC

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!"

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Chapter 292: DO NOT READ

Please don't read

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Chapter 293: The Calm

[3 Years Later]

The Eastern Kingdom was the largest human nation in the world.

It occupied the entire Eastern Continent—and even though this was the smallest patch of land, as compared to the other continents, it solely belonged to the human race.

After the great battle against the Demons, the entire Northern Continent was lost to them—now covered in thick, uninhabitable Miasma.

As for the other continents; the Western Continent was home to the Elves and Fairies, while the Southern Continent housed the Therianthropes and Dwarves.

The races lived in peace—hardly relating with the other, except for the neighbors that existed on the same patch of land.

There was peaceful coexistence among the previously united races, but after years went by since the great war, they had grown distant.

Humans hardly had any relation with the members of other races, and likewise was also the case.

They shared certain resources, though, but that was the extent of their interaction with each other. Each nation simply focused on its denizens—just as in the past, when there was no threat to unite them.

With the Eastern Kingdom being the largest human settlement, others inhabited islands here and there, but their territory was linked very closely with the Eastern Continent.

There were several small nations, but they all bowed to the majesty of the most powerful settlement for and by humans.

The Eastern Kingdom had a total of 49 Regions—spread all across the continent were Nobles who managed each one.

Of the forty-nine, four were especially more renowned than the others, and so they were named Duchies. The ones who owned these estates were Dukes—the highest in the Aristocratic order, second only to the King.

The regions usually traded with one another, interacting as noble estates should. Power was largely decentralized, but... not completely.

Ultimately, at the helm of power, there existed three major forces.

The Merchant City—located in one of the Duchies of the Kingdom.

The Academic City—Ainzlark Academy.

The Royal Capital—the central authority of the Eastern Kingdom.

No one could oppose the first because of the wealth and economic power it employed.

However, for the remaining two... there was a simpler reason.

—MAGIC.

The Royal Family had the most powerful forces in their charge, and Ainzlark Academy basically bred new Mages by utilizing phenomenal technologies and having renown mages teach there.

This was the system of the world—the only way the people of the east knew how to live.

Ivan Smith yawned as he walked on his usual patrol at the borders of his assigned Region.

His red hair fluttered with the wind, but his nonchalant gait made it clear that he didn't care for the wind—nor his duties. He simply sought something more stimulating.

This Region was situated at the western borders, a place that pointed toward the Elf Nation on the map.

While it was every man's dream to gaze upon those beauties, they were separated by an unforgiving mass of water that made it virtually impossible to cross over.

Of course, there were means to defeat the forces of nature, but since the Kingdom had no interaction with the Elven race, nothing could be done.

This wasn't the cause of Ivan's disappointment, though.

"Shit... I shouldn't be here..."

As he walked along the coast of the Region, he watched the large body of water from his elevated platform.

The ocean was so vast—but peaceful.

That was the problem!

It had been three years since the first 'Demonic Disturbance' as it had now been dubbed, and ever since then, the Kingdom began taking active stances to defend the nation from another attack from the enemy.

Ivan was merely a First Year back then—no, that was an excuse. The truth was that he simply wasn't an impressive student back then.

He was weak, unable to contribute nearly as much as the others around him.

As a result, after the entire commotion had been resolved, he purposed within himself to become stronger.

After a couple more years in the Academy, he graduated as one of the most elite students in his year.

After graduating from Ainzlark, a mandatory one-year internship was imposed on the students. This way, they would learn more about their career in a practical environment.

As a result, the students who were once in a restricted learning environment were assigned to various parts of the 49 Regions.

An exceptional few were even fortunate enough to serve in the Capital—the territory of Royals.

Ivan didn't envy them, though. That had never been his goal.

Ever since he tasted weakness, the young man didn't ever want to experience something like that ever again. He sought ways to better himself.

Which was why, when he was posted to a Region at the border of the Kingdom, he was overjoyed.

There was nowhere more dangerous than the border!

With the unrest occurring within the Kingdom as well as the smell of war wafting in the air, Ivan wanted to be at the forefront of the action.

Only by pushing himself past the limit would he be able to achieve even greater growth.

"But, who would have expected this? Shit!"

He had been posted to the Western Border—a remotely safe place—and never had to do anything except patrol and Magic training throughout the six months he had spent there.

Ivan's frustration took a toll on his personality, and his restlessness bred negative emotions within him.

If only he had been posted to the Northern Borders, then maybe...

'Sigh, let's get this over with...'

Ivan's eyes eyed the massive watchtower that firmly stood at a distance and smiled wryly.

It was something the Kingdom had implemented on all borders of the Kingdom in preparation for any sudden incursion.

It was such a shame that it lay wasted there. No Demon had crossed the border in the past three years.

The humans thought of making a preemptive attack on the Demons, but the Miasma in the Northern continent was too dense. There was no need to expend more resources than necessary.

That was why... all the Kingdom could do was prepare themselves for an assault and strengthen their forces.

However, so far, nothing of note had occurred, and that irked Ivan to no end.

But... even that was going to change very soon.

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Chapter 294: The Storm

"The Master won't be back for his seminar in a few days. You've been tasked with handling the other recruits till he gets back."

Ivan Smith looked dissatisfied as he heard those words.

'Damn, that old geezer!'

His Master, previous Lord over the Alphonse Sereth Estate, was an Archmage who was at the level above most Mages,

His name was Lord Alphonse—and he was the Master in charge of the border they were currently managing.

Since Ivan and a few other Ainzlark graduates had been posted in his territory, it was his responsibility to train them with practical experiences.

He did his duties well, allowing the boys to experience actual combat with a few monsters that lurked around, but... Ivan wasn't satisfied.

He used most of his free time to train personally, even after receiving instructions from Alphonse.

He had to get stronger! Strong enough to at least be a match for 'him!'

"Now, I have to handle everyone else? Damn it..."

Ivan needed time for himself. Why did he have to babysit his former classmates?

In about six months, they would all officially become Mages.

They needed to learn to fend for themselves already!

"Well, you're the most powerful of them. You've also shown a lot of potential, according to the Master. Plus, you're also the most responsible."

Ivan gritted his teeth as he listened to the man who spoke.

He was Master Alphonse's retainer—a man who practiced Martial Arts, rather than Magic.

He simply came to give Ivan the message of his superior, so the red-haired boy couldn't hold it against him. Still...

"Argh! Whatever!"

Ivan was sixteen years old now. He was recognized as an adult by normal standards, and would soon be regarded as a Mage as well.

Self-control was a virtue belonging to the mature, and he needed to foot the bill.

'Well, nothing ever happens here, so... how bad could it be?'

The other interns—three in total—were currently taking a stroll close to the border of the Region.

Ivan remembered the boring patrol he had done just a few hours ago. Still, since they were three, it was bound to be more fun for them.

Once the slackers returned, he would just inform them of Master Alphonse's instructions.

'Sigh, how bothersome...'

"So, what exactly are the—"

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

The sudden eruption caused both Ivan and the retainer—Cephas—to sharply turn their heads in the direction of the noise.

They were currently at the watchtower... and neither of them had noticed it until it was too late.

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

Ivan's eyes widened as he saw a hulking figure appear from within the ocean.

It was covered in black scales, glimmering as the sun beat its wet body.

It had the body of a giant alligator, but... its face certainly resembled a dragon.

>BOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

Fiery bombs came from its large mouth, devastating the areas around it.

In merely three blasts, everything around the monster was covered in flames, smoke... and blood!

"T—that... that is..."

Ivan's body shook, his lips trembled, and his bulging eyes widened even further.

This was a monstrous existence he hadn't seen since he was still a student at Ainzlark Academy, a being he had never expected to witness now...

The Miasma coating the evil being was enough to send shivers down Ivan's spine. The young man trembled even more as he watched the massive being rise from the ocean's depths and step onto the Region's grounds.

"I—Ivan... are you alright...?" Cephass, who had also been gawking at the malevolent creature, looked in Ivan Smith's direction.

The boy's shaking was too unnatural.

'Is he scared? I wouldn't blame him...' Cephass' thoughts trailed.

How wrong the older man was!

"Finally..." Ivan's voice was low, but deep.

His widened eyes now narrowed, and his quivering lips formed a large grin.

This was what the young man had been waiting for!

"FINALLY!!!"

With this, he launched himself out of the watchtower's window and charged outside.

>VWUSSHHH!!!<

Flames erupted from both his hands and legs, and Ivan rushed out in a straight burst of fire. Trails of smoke and tiny embers from him could be seen as the youth charged at the target.

It was enough to stun the middle-aged man a bit.

He had seen many horrifying monsters in his life, yet none came close to the one that suddenly appeared.

The fact that a young lad was able to dive into danger at the first sign of a threat spoke volumes of his character.

'That boy, Ivan...'

A loud bellow from the monster brought the man back to his senses, and he quickly reached for his swords—turning in the direction of the stairs in order to mobilize the troops and lead them into battle.

"Wait for me!" Cephass mumbled under his ragged breath, also donning a determined look in his eyes.

Ivan's speed was phenomenal.

The wind brushed his face, but he didn't care. His eyes were wide enough to see the target, and since he was reinforced with Magic Enhancement, the young lad had nothing to worry about.

"After so long, finally!"

Ivan brandished his tightened fist, and bursts of flames suddenly covered it. With his current velocity and his flaming fist, Ivan charged straight for the massive Demon's head.

>WHOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

The trail of amber flames shot through the sky faster than a piercing lance, and then—

"Eat thissss!!!"

—making full use of the momentum he gained, Ivan thrust his flaming fist!

>BOOOOOOOOMMMM!!!<

The entire area was scorched in hot flames.

The breeze sent heat radiating around the area, but since Ivan was coated with enhancements, he didn't feel any inconvenience.

Upon landing the hit that covered the Demon in flames, the fearless young man flew back in recoil, and then landed on the ground—a considerable distance from the scorched opponent.

"Haa... that felt good!"

Ivan had used one of his strongest attacks from the get-go—a powerful hit that caused combustion, as well as an impact that would shatter most surfaces.

However... Ivan knew that it wasn't enough.

'Ahh... how hard!' He looked at his throbbing fist.

Even with his punch—an attack that felt little to no resistance whenever he used it on any target—he wasn't able to break anything!

Just as Ivan was about to click his tongue, the monster emerged from the flames and smoke that were already fading away from its body.

"GURRUUUUUU..."

Once Ivan took a glimpse at the massive—unscathed—body of the Demon, he instinctively knew...

'... This is going to be tough!'

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Chapter 295: Ivan's Travail

The Demon was at least thirty meters tall.

Its massive physique was also accompanied by its immense aura and destructive capabilities.

If not for its exceptionally high amount of Miasma, one would classify this thing as a Monster—and an extremely dangerous one at that.

In this world, there were beasts that differed from regular animals. Some had intelligence, while others relied solely on instinct.

They were known as Magic Beasts.

Those who were labeled as dangerous beings were dubbed monsters. However, others like Dragons, Griffons, Dryads, etc. were tagged as mere Magical Beasts.

Since their population was abysmally smaller than the other Races in the world, there was no official title or territory attributed to each and every kind of Magic Beasts

However, that didn't mean their strength wasn't recognized.

As someone who had been studying Magic Beasts—especially Monsters—as a means to get stronger, Ivan Smith knew that this massive creature could pass as one.

However... the aura of malevolence and despair it emitted could only belong to the despised race of the Demons.

That was what he believed.

"So, they've finally begun their invasion, uh? Looks like they brought a strong one to deal the first strike!"

Ivan was getting pumped up.

He cracked his fingers and hatefully smiled at the large monster before him.

Its scales glimmered in the sunlight, and Ivan knew that those would be the problem.

'He's probably resistant to adverse conditions like 'Burn' or 'Cold'. In that case...'

While Ivan needed to test the waters, he also had to end things quickly. The longer the battle dragged on, the more devastation would spread.

There could also be enemy forces nearby, so it was best to finish things fast.

If his scorching flames wouldn't be enough, he simply had to resort to something sturdier—strong enough to break the tough scales of the Demon.

This sounded like a perfect job for his Familiar!

"Wax Guardian!"

Instantly, a white-like being manifested from within Ivan.

It looked like a living candle.

Having a flaming head, its hands, body, and legs were coated in white—like a burning candlestick.

Some would say it looked cute—maybe even weak. However... Ivan was well aware of its strength!

"Let's do this! BOND MAGIC!"

The Demon opened its mouth to deliver another scorching blow to the area. Its large jaws were agape, and crimson flames began to form there.

"I WON'T LET YOU!!!"

In a swift motion, Ivan raised his two hands, and white constructs appeared in an instant—pure white spears!

>WHOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

The spears, made of wax, cut through the wind and chased the chin of the beast.

>BOOOOMMMMMMMMM!!!<

They made impact, forcibly closing the jaws of the Demon.

The crimson flames that were being prepared by the giant blew up in its mouth, causing its hulking body to jerk slightly.

"GROOOOUUUUU!!!" It staggered back while growling in annoyance.

Ivan smiled, happy that his wax constructs worked.

His Wax Guardian was a rare entity, belonging to a special race of Magical Beasts known as Principalities.

It was the only one of his kind—and since its power was the real deal—Ivan chose it during the Ainzlark Familiar Selection Ceremony!

The Wax Guardian's Magic involved the use of Wax. There were two kinds—Soft and Hard.

The Soft kind was enough to restrict the movements of the enemy by sticking them to a particular location. As time passed, these Soft Waxes would turn hard, further binding the target.

The major advantage of his Familiar was Hard Wax.

The density and strength of the constructs made using this Magic were relative to the amount of Mana expended, however... it was extremely durable.

With enough Mana, it could get as strong as the most durable metal he knew—Adamantite.

The problem was Mana usage.

For smaller constructs, Ivan could make his Wax as strong as Adamantite. However, when facing a monster like this, he needed bigger Wax armaments. That meant their durability would reduce, but with enough size and numbers, it would compensate for quality.

"More!!!"

Several dozen spears appeared—all bigger than Ivan—and they were launched at the Demon who was still in recoil.

>FWIISSHHH!!!<

The air hissed as they pierced the target—bypassing the hard scales that defended it.

"Yes! We're doing it!" Ivan grinned.

He was expending more Mana than he wanted to, but... at this rate, he could kill the monster!

Or so he thought...

"GURRRRUUUUAAAAA!!!"

In a burst of negative energy, Ivan's body was flung back, as well as everything else around the terrifying creature.

"Guarkkk!"

The young man winced, but was able to quickly flip in midair and regain his stance.

"Shit..." He murmured, glancing at the surrounding of the Demon.

It had been devastated.

It was as if a massive comet fell and destroyed everything around it.

If Ivan hadn't been a distance away from the Demon, how much damage would he have incurred?

However, that wasn't the worst part.

"GUUUURRRUUUU..."

The monster was now coated in an intense aura. Its scales seemed even tougher than earlier and all its wounds were healed.

It had achieved complete recovery—no, even worse... EVOLUTION!

"Damn..." Was all Ivan could say under his ragged breath.

He hadn't expected it to be so tough.

Confronted with this new height, would he be able to win? Ivan knew the answer to that.

"HECK YEAH!"

Without wasting any time, Ivan used one of his Trump Cards in Bond Magic. It was something that perfectly suited him who liked direct combat.

"Wax Armament!"

A blinding light covered the area, causing the Demon to glare at the source.

At the center of the immense surge of energy was Ivan. He was currently coated with white wax. Like full-plated armor, his body was shielded and he looked like a knight.

Other than the high defensive and offensive capabilities of this state, Ivan was extremely agile too. Multiple enhancements were working at the same time in his body.

He could still utilize his projectiles while engaging in a direct confrontation with the Demon.

By coordinating his attacks efficiently and aiming for a decisive hit before the Demon could heal or use the negative burst attack again, Ivan surmised that he could take down the creature.

Yes, in this new form, Ivan was confident of victory!

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Chapter 296: Insurmountable Height

"Haa... haa..."

Ivan gave ragged breaths.

"Haa... Huff... huff..."

His breathing was uneven, only matching the disheveled state he currently suffered.

He was running low on Mana, so he avoided wasting it on healing himself unnecessarily. If it wasn't fatal, he could bear it.

It had only been a couple of minutes—ten minutes tops—that he had started his battle with this beast, yet he was already in such a sorry state.

Unlike him, the massive Demon still seemed to be eager for a fight. It kept healing despite the injuries Ivan inflicted on it. The young man was never able to deal any decisive hit.

'The moment I try to... it uses that negative burst of his and pushes me away...'

That was why Ivan was stuck!

'Shit...'

He had expended too much Mana, and he couldn't maintain Bond Magic for very long too.

At this point, the excitement of the young man had faded away and he was beginning to wonder about reinforcements.

However, he knew the problem with that.

—Preparation!

It had been three years since the first Demonic attack.

Initially, there was tight security measure across the kingdom. Protocols were tight, and defense was airtight.

However, given the fact that nothing had occurred, people were bound to get complacent. The soldiers stationed at the border were probably lazing around. Even the Archmage in charge of the fort had gone for a Seminar.

No one saw this coming!

"Damn it!"

This was a remote area that faced the land of the Elves. Who would have thought that a Demonic assault would come from here first?

'Are the other areas experiencing this too?' Ivan couldn't help but ask himself.

If that was the case, then could that mean the war had begun?

For someone who had been complaining about his uneventful life and craved excitement, the prospect of engaging in serious warfare made him shiver.

He didn't want this!

'Focus, Ivan!' He shook his head and focused on the hulking creature before him. It somehow seemed bigger than before, but that was probably Ivan's imagination.

'I have to buy time until they're rea—'

"IVAN! FALL BAAAACK!!!" A familiar voice shouted at him.

He recognized it well.

"Cephas!"

Ivan, who would have stubbornly refused to heed the man's words, found relief that help had arrived.

He was just about to reach his limits, so this was perfect.

"Haa! Understood!"

With that, Ivan sharply turned away from the Demon and began heading in the direction of the fort— with the watchtower in his view.

"GURRRURUUUUU..."

The Demon didn't seem to agree with Ivan's tactical retreat.

"Eat this, you monsterrr!!!"

Ivan used the last bit of his Mana and Bond Magic to launch several spikes at the Demon—at least to buy time. However...

>BOOOOMMMM!!<

... They were all deflected by the creature's negative burst.

"SHIIITTTT!!!" Ivan picked up his pace as he ran.

He didn't have nearly enough stamina and energy to fly with the use of his Magic. In his current state, running was the best he could do.

"GET DOWWWWWNNNN!!!" Ivan heard a sound, and he instantly obeyed.

Taking a bracing position, Ivan prepared for the bombardment that was about to come.

"FIIIRREEEEEE!!!"

In a deafening roar, several Magic Canons spat flames and explosive ores.

>BOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!!!!!!<

The balls of flames were launched, and they made impact with their target—though some missed.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM!!!<

The shockwave was enough to push Ivan's body. If he hadn't braced for impact, it would have meant serious problems.

'Haa... those things sure pack a punch!'

The Magic Canons that were spread throughout the fort to handle multiple enemies were used on a single one. While some missed since their aim couldn't accurately capture a single enemy—even with its size. Still...

... There was no way it could survive!

As Ivan smiled, enjoying his brief moment of satisfaction—that they triumphed against the threat—the hulking monster emerged from the immense smoke and flames that licked its body.

The moment Ivan heard its deafening footsteps, his smile froze, and his body became stiff.

He was currently on the ground because of the bombardment, but he couldn't get up at the moment.

The shock was too much.

"GURRRRUUUUUU..." The battered Demon growled.

Its body was full of holes and wounds, but... none were fatal!

>SHUUUUUUUU!!!<

It spread disgusting Miasma throughout its body and healed from the effects of the bombardment...

... Just like that!

It was almost like nothing had happened. No, something was different.

More Miasma swelled from the horrifying creature, and it opened its wide jaw to produce something.

It was a massive ball of flames!

Mixed with the immense Miasma, the crimson cluster of destructive energy became purple, and it swirled above the mouth of the monster.

In a few seconds—no, maybe even less—Ivan was going to become a pile of ash.

"SHIT! RESTOCK! RELOAD! RELOOOOAAADDDDD!!!" Cephas declared, brandishing his own dual blades as he dashed in the direction of Ivan.

The fort was a bit far from the helpless boy's location, but Cephas' Martial Arts made that meaningless.

In a few moments, he closed the distance and reached the kid.

Unfortunately... by the time he got there, the monster had already fully prepared its blast.

"SHIIITTT!!!" Cephas brandished his blade, probably in an attempt to stop the monster from firing.

Martial Arts were great, but the middle-aged man should have known its limits. There was no way his meaningless struggle could amount to much.

However, in times of desperation, people could summon power beyond their usual limits. Perhaps he was hoping for that.

>KRRIRIIKKKIIII<

Flashes of purple energy burst forth, and a wave of despairing energy made Cephaz abandon the thought.

There was no way he could compete against that.

If his master was here, then something could be done, but this? This was beyond him!

Before the Magic Canons got reloaded, the damage would already be done. He and the young boy on the floor would die.

If the next barrage didn't end this Demon, then it would go on to extinguish the life of the defenders of the fort.

'Is this it? If only we were more vigilant...'

>VWUUUUUMMMMMM!!!!<

The purple spark of destructive lightning and flames was launched.

In a fraction of a moment, it could collide with them.

Death was imminent!

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Chapter 297: Jared's Return

Ivan watched the purple blast of destruction approach.

His senses didn't have enough bandwidth to react to the assault on time.

He couldn't think. He couldn't breathe. He could only see.

As he neared his end, regret lingered in his heart.

Despite his pursuit of strength, he still couldn't reach it. Why did he always lose no matter how hard he tried?

The life of a loser and failure.

That was all that flashed before his eyes at the end.

... At least that was what he thought.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!<

The explosion came.

It was so deafening that Ivan felt rattled to his bones.

The vibrations shook him at his very core, and his heart raced with the rhythm.

However... he wasn't hurt.

He had thought death was painful. Yet, not only did he not feel pain or heat or pressure... he didn't feel anything at all!

He heard the sound, felt the vibrations, but that was it!

'W—wha—?!' His mind failed to comprehend what had happened, so he opened his eyes.

The sight he saw was born out of a miracle that he didn't know could happen.

>SHIIIIINNNNGGGG!!!<

Bright, golden light shone. It encircled a particular area—like a dome.

This brilliant field of light was not used on them—rather, it was the enemy that dwelled within the barrier—as well as the detonated blast of destruction.

"GUAAAAARRRRRRKKKKK!!!" The monster bellowed as it was assailed by its own attack.

Stuck in a space it could not escape from, it was forced to bear the mutilation of its flesh.

Screams filled the air for a moment, and then the explosion stopped.

The monster also ceased crying—most likely realizing the futility of that action.

Instead, it glared into the air—focusing its gaze on an apparition that floated there. The growl it gave displayed hate, and the Demon trembled in fury and fear.

Ivan, who had taken in this sight in such a short period, was dazed.

He looked at the injured creature within the golden barrier. It was scared and angry, staring at something in the sky.

The Demon no longer paid any attention to him nor Cephas, who was doing his best to stand tall.

Ivan followed the Demon's gaze, wondering what the Demon's new target was—or, rather, who.

It was a figure that levitated in midair.

Ivan couldn't make the apparition well, since it was so far up in the sky, but... the figure slowly descended.

Ivan's eyes began widening as the being—a person—came into view.

He had elegant blond hair that fluttered with the wind, shining brightly like the sun above them.

The person didn't seem any older than Ivan—no, he was probably younger.

He wore a white coat that flapped as he descended, and his shirt and trousers were black. The shoes he wore were a mix of white and gold.

The boy had both hands in the pocket of his coat, comfortably gliding in the air as he now hovered about a hundred feet in the air.

"T—that is....!!!" Cephas' eyes widened as he stared at the figure before him.

He had a faint memory play in his mind, but so much doubt banished it from becoming a conviction.

There was no way!

Ivan, on the other hand, smiled as he witnessed someone he hadn't seen in 3 years appear before him now.

'You've not changed...' His thoughts trailed.

The figure in white, black, and a tiny bit of gold, turned his face and smiled at the people on the ground.

"You've done well... Ivan."

The young man felt a surge of pride, yet frustration swelled up from within him. Still, he comforted himself that he had indeed tried his hardest.

The Demon was simply too strong—as was the boy before him now.

"Jared Leonard... you're back..." He said with a weak voice.

But, even though they were mere whispers, the boy a hundred feet above heard him perfectly well.

"... You better... kick that guy's ass!"

The blond boy—fifteen years of age, with mature eyes and a charming smile—nodded.

"Yeah."

"GRRROOOOAAAAAAA!!!!" The Demon roared from within the barrier.

It pounded the golden field that imprisoned it—to no avail.

Ivan wasn't sure if it was just his imagination, but the barrier didn't even seem to budge despite the powerful strikes of the enemy.

"... To think one of you escaped." He heard the boy above him say.

What did that mean?

Ivan wasn't certain, but he decided to focus more on the Demon and witness his last moment. Ivan was curious.

Just how much had his longtime rival grown? What sort of Spell would he use to defeat this monstrosity?

As he contemplated, Jared Leonard sighed above.

A tiny fragment of golden light appeared.

It looked like one of the stars that decorated the night sky.

If not for its golden color, and the way it danced before Jared, Ivan would not have been able to tell the difference between the two.

"You should die too..."

>WHUSH!<

The 'star' instantly vanished from Ivan's sight, and the next thing he knew, it had appeared in front of the trapped Demon.

'W—wha—?!'

Ivan had not even been able to follow the attack's movements, so it only seemed like it vanished. Still... was the little light what Jared intended to use against the Demon?

'It has thick scales, and that aura of Miasma also fortifies it greatly... not to mention that troublesome regeneration.'

Unless one was to hit it in a fatal spot—with an attack strong enough—this thing wouldn't die.

'Should I tell him?!'

They had been fighting the Demon before Jared showed up.

It was highly possible—no, it was probably the case—that Jared didn't know about the Demon's nature.

Ivan made up his mind.

'I have to tell him! I have to warn him! He shouldn't expend his Mana for nothing!'

Taking a deep breath—even know Ivan knew that the boy above could hear even his whispers—he made to scream.

"Ja—!!!"

>BOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!<

In a moment—no, probably less—everything shone goldenly.

And the bellows of the Demon ceased.

At that moment, Ivan ceased speaking, but his mouth remained wide open.

Why?

"I—It's... gone...?"

The young man's eyes looked at the golden barrier that still stood erect. It was perfectly alright. However...

"The Demon..."

... There was nothing within it.

"... is gone?!"

Just like that, the threat that plagued the Western Borders of the Empire was extinguished—
COMPLETELY!

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

[The Demonic Incursion Arc Begins!]

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

Chapter 298: Finishing Up

"Now, then..."

I looked beneath me and saw Ivan gawking at the sight before me.

The older man who attempted to protect him also did the same. For someone of his age, he seemed even more flustered than Ivan.

'Let's go greet them...'

With that thought, I glided from my heights and descended in a swift manner. Once my focus was away from the golden barrier, it turned into shimmers of light—like fireflies—and dissipated.

The barren wasteland around it emitted vestiges of smoke to signify the emptiness caused by an absolute disintegration of the target and its surroundings.

That no longer mattered, though.

'I'm sure the owner of this patch of land will overlook this damage... since I saved the area.'

>WHOOOOSHHH!<

I landed on the ground and removed both hands from my coat's pockets.

Facing the two gawking men, I smiled warmly and addressed them. It had been a while since I spoke to humans, after all.

'... A long while...'

"I'm glad to see you're safe."

The two looked at me with both surprise and awe. It was an expected reaction, so I took it in stride.

"What are the casualties?" I went on to ask.

It took a while for the question to sink in, but afterward, Ivan was the first to speak.

"Three of our classmates went to patrol near the border—where the Demon appeared... they're probably dead..."

For a moment, there was silence in the air.

It was an uncomfortable one, where the atmosphere felt heavy and was about to break into grief and lament.

"I see... so those were the Souls I picked along the way. That's alright, then. The numbers tally."

Once I said this, Ivan's eyes bulged and he looked in both anger and surprise.

"Alright? I said they are—"

"I heard you clearly the first time. There's no need to be concerned. Here."

I threw a pill in Ivan's direction.

It was of pure white color, shaped like a smooth and round stone—or, more like a pellet.

"Ingest that... and leave the rest to me!"

Ivan still seemed shaken, but I was certain he would regain his complete senses in a while. Before that, though...

"Excuse me, sir." I turned to the older man who was with us.

"A—ah... yessh! I mean, yes?"

"Make sure he ingests the pill. Also, please retreat to the fort and prepare a meeting room where we can properly have some discussions."

The man nodded in an instant, making me smile slightly.

'So, he's not too caught up with our age gap and has no problem taking orders from someone younger. Good...'

Though, if I was to be fair... I was older than him by a long margin—even just counting this life alone.

"Alright, then. I need to take care of business. Once I'm done, I'll arrive at the fort. Tell your soldiers to be at ease and rest up. As long as I'm here, no harm will befall this region."

He nodded.

"Good."

>WHOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

I flew at an extremely fast velocity, vanishing from their sights before they could comprehend it.

Once I was high in the sky, I looked at the coastal area where the Demon Beast must have first emerged from the water. As soon as I found it, locating the whereabouts of the corpses was a cinch.

'Found 'em!'

With that thought, I darted in that direction.

'No one is dying on my watch!'

"W—who was that...?" Cephas murmured, looking at a shaken Ivan.

For a moment, the red-haired young man didn't speak. He only stared emptily into the sky.

Fortunately, this didn't last very long.

"He's one of my classmates, a friend... and I used to think of him as a rival, but..."

After experiencing all that Jared had done within the span of a few seconds—without even breaking a sweat—could he still think that?

That would be too conceited of him!

"... He's already surpassed that level, uh? I guess there's no point to compare or even try catching up to him..."

It only made sense that Jared kept getting stronger as Ivan also trained. The gap didn't only not change, it actually grew even more.

Jared Leonard was in a league of his own.

"But, he said you did well. That beast was an extremely difficult one. Even I would have..."

Cephas was an Advanced Martial Artist on the high end. If even he could not win despite his power and experience, then Ivan had really done well.

"Yeah. You're right. Huh, it's stupid to try to even measure up to that monster, in the first place!"

Ivan chuckled and stood.

He still had the white pill Jared threw at him. Without a moment's hesitation, he chucked it down his throat and swallowed it.

To his surprise, the solid tablet dissolved and became like a potion once it entered his mouth. Melting into a sweet-like liquid, it permeated Ivan's body and took action.

In an instant, the young man felt his body being invigorated. His fatigue vanished, all the pain disappeared, his wounds were no more.

And...

"My Mana... this is—!!!"

... His Mana was restored.

This was a complete recovery!

It was almost as if he had never fought the Demon!

"Amazing... this is simply amazing!!!" Cephas' eyes bulged.

He too was surprised like Ivan, maybe even more so.

As an older—more experienced—man, he knew the value of such an item. Most top-grade Potions could only restore about 60-70 Percent of a person's physical state. At most was 80.

That was why some people purchased numerous potions for safety.

A few top-grade Potions—known as the highest kinds—could only restore about 80 Percent.

But, not only did the mysterious white pill completely restore Ivan's health, it also completely recovered his lost Mana.

Two effects in one—Cephas had never seen that kind of potion/pill before.

"T—that boy... just who is he? You said he was from your Academy, right? Ainzlark... hold on...!!!"

Cephas had been so caught up in awe and surprise that he too hadn't been thinking properly.

Of those in Ivan's class, three exceptional students left the Academy before they could complete their course.

One of those students was a person of interest to the Alphonse Sereth Domain. Could it be—?!

"Yeah. He's Jared Leonard..."

Cephas felt like his head would burst. This was his master's... then that meant...

'HE'S BACK?!'

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Chapter 299: Gathering Of Leaders

Cephas promptly returned to the fort and did everything as he was instructed.

This time, it wasn't simply because the one who instructed him was a stronger being, but also due to his identity.

He was Jared Leonard!

Jared was the grandson and master of the retired Lord of this Region. He was also the nephew of the current Lord. Plus, Lord Alphonse was the man in charge of the fort at the border, so that made this visitor more akin to royalty.

Cephas promptly told the servants what had been said, ordered the workers to prepare a lovely meal and decent accommodation for their guest—no, for family!

Since this was a coastal region, fish and several other kinds of seafood were the major delicacies, but that didn't mean they were short on other materials.

"Make everything perfect!"

Cephas wasn't certain he would go this far for even the prince of the Kingdom, but... after hearing all the praises of Jared from his master, also hearing of the same boy's exploits from his kid in the Academy, and then witnessing the boy's power for himself... Cephas was filled with awe.

He had thought his Master and everyone else were slightly exaggerating, but it turned out that they were right. Jared Leonard was exceptional.

'I wonder if Master Alphonse will arrive to meet his grandson here?!'

Thanks to the Demon beast's attack, they had sent a Message to the Lord of their Region—Alphonse's second son—using a Magic Tool for communication. It was a message to warn the Lord and also request support.

Of course, they also tried reaching out to Alphonse, but it seemed the old man forgot his Magic Communication Tool.

Magic Items were very rare and expensive, but for a Fort like this, and for many other regions, they were necessary—especially Communication Tools.

Alphonse was pretty careless, but even he must have understood the implication of not taking his Magic Tool. Did that mean he too was attacked, or...?

Cephas shook off those thoughts and simply prepared a proper welcome for their guest and savior—Jared Leonard.

Imagine my surprise finding out that Alphonse was the leader around here!

It was initially baffling how they revered me, but after finding out the reason... things made more sense.

I had returned to the fort later in the evening—after surveying the entire coastal region for any potential threats and doing a bit of personal investigation.

Before then, though, I resurrected the three guys who died as a result of the Demon Beast's attack. They were also surprised by my presence and profusely thanked me for saving them.

I accepted their wholesome gratitude and told the three to report back to the base.

'I made it sound official, but it was just to get them off my back.'

The members of the fort must have been shocked to see the previously dead people return unscathed, because when I arrived in the evening, they were all bowing and waiting at the entrance.

'I'm not a royal, though... and this isn't even my territory...'

I mean, sure, I was related to the one in charge and was strong enough to demand reverence. But... receiving something like this was just unnecessarily uncomfortable.

Of course, since I understood their sentiments, I bore with it and didn't let it show on my calm face.

I was taken to the meeting room—a large conference hall most likely used for highly strategic conversations.

A smile formed on my face as I noticed something—Alphonse's portrait with me and my mother when I was still under his tutelage.

The broad smile on our faces sent nostalgia coursing through me, but I controlled myself. I also spotted something else in the room, causing me to smile faintly.

'So, that's how it is...'

It wouldn't be a problem for me, so I simply snapped my fingers and then faced the group of people that stood behind me as I observed the room.

"So, the key figures of the Fort are here, then?"

"Yeah. Everyone except Lord Alphonse."

I nodded upon hearing Cephas' reply.

"Envoys from the Lord's estate will be arriving shortly."

"Did you not tell them that help was no longer necessary?"

"Yes, I did. But, by the time I sent the message, they had dispatched their troops."

Communication devices were rare, so it was common sense that the mobilized army didn't have any device that could have been used to reach them.

"We have also run out of flares, so..." Cephas' voice trailed as he addressed me.

He was most likely embarrassed by the incompetence of the Fort, but I didn't hold it against him. Why would I?

Alphonse was at the helm, so he was the one who had to be held accountable.

'It's too bad I won't be sticking around very long before he arrives.'

"You may all be seated," I told the distinguished men—and woman—showing them the seats that were neatly arranged around the rectangular desk.

They bowed and sat. Once they did, I proceeded to have my position at the seat of honor—facing all the older men and women who looked at me.

None of their faces showed discomfort, which meant that Cephas must have emphasized my status and power to them.

'Knowing Alphonse's personality, he could have bragged about me once or twice...'

In any case, they understood their place and mine, making things easier for me.

"Thanks for setting up this meeting, Cephas." I turned to my side to look at the man who stood a bit behind my chair.

He was most likely taking up his retainer/bodyguard position to raise my prestige. I appreciated the thought, but... wouldn't it be better if he sat as well?

"It's nothing, sir!" He responded quickly and firmly.

'This guy...'

I understood a bit about the general personality of Martial Artists, but... this was not something I would tolerate now.

Ivan was even included in the meeting since Alphonse gave him a position of leadership over the resting graduates of Ainzlark whom I saved.

'And he's seated! There's no way I'm allowing you to stand, Cephass!'

While it would take a bit more time to convince this man to join the others in his seat, it was necessary.

Once that was settled, the meeting would begin in earnest.

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Chapter 300: Severe Matters

I considered waiting for the leader of the Lord's envoys who was already nearing the fort, but I figured that it would be better if he joined the meeting once all the introductions and preliminary issues had been dealt with.

I smiled at the people seated, and they all gave me looks indicating many things.

Curiosity. Awe. Expectations. Hopefulness. Inferiority.

The last part was from Ivan, since he must have felt extremely inadequate compared to me after witnessing the whole thing with that Demon Beast.

'He has grown to an unprecedented degree, though...'

It was just that comparing himself to me was a fundamental error, to begin with.

While I wasn't invincible—yet—I was above the league of most contemporary Magic Users.

After a little back and forth, Cephass also took his seat.

We were ten in the room.

Seven squadron leaders—each specialized in a particular aspect of warfare.

Ivan Smith—leader of the Academy Interns.

The Vice Commander—Cephass.

And then me.

There was one empty seat available, for the Envoy Leader to use once he arrived. However, since he was still absent, I used the opportunity to get rid of preliminary matters.

First were introductions.

After hearing from the various leaders about their roles, the details of their occupation, and their response to the Demon Beast's attack.

While doing this much seemed unnecessary, I had my reasons.

By the time we were done, the Envoy Leader arrived.

He was a thick man with robust muscles and a hardened face. The glare-like look in his eyes was enough to intimidate anyone at first glance.

I thought he would request the seat of honor because of his high status, but he was a lot more reasonable than I thought.

'I told those who would welcome the Envoys to brief him before he entered. After hearing everything, he must also be in a state of reverence—or something similar...'

Since we were done with the preliminary meeting, and our guest was here, I decided to start in earnest.

"The Demonic being that attacked your borders is a Demon Beast—a breed of Magic Beasts fused with Miasma to the point of compatibility."

They were not only stronger, but they could achieve phenomenal heights with their newfound abilities. Of course, that was only IF they were compatible.

"On my way here, I witnessed a horde of them charging in your location, so I dealt with them accordingly. Who would have thought they had a scout ahead of them..."

The people were stunned as they sat, staring at each other with shock and disbelief.

"H—how many were they...?" Cephas croaked.

With everyone shaken by this discovery, even he was no exception.

"A few hundred—perhaps three hundred or more."

Their jaws dropped even more.

I could understand their rationale.

'A single one was too much for them to properly handle. If they were more prepared—or if they persevered, they would eventually take one down—but... three hundred will be too much for them to win against.'

Even with the Envoys, I estimated that they could manage to kill five—maybe ten?

In essence, without my intervention, they would have all met cruel ends.

Ivan was even biting his lips in frustration, considering he struggled so much against one and I ended up defeating three hundred without much effort.

"I recovered the corpse of a few of them, so the Kingdom will have to take a good look at them to confirm my words and prepare countermeasures," I added.

Cephas and the others nodded while gulping. Even the leader of the envoys was already looking at me with a brighter expression.

"Now, then, the Demon Beasts were only a small number—most likely dispensable tools to probe the area or deal the first strike."

"T—then, why did they come from the border facing the Elven Kingdom of the Western Continent? Could it be that they're launching simultaneous attacks?"

True, it indeed made more sense for the Demons to launch an attack from the north. However, that was predictable, no?

I was certain the Kingdom focused most of its defensive measures to guard the northern territories, but they did well not to completely leave the other borders unattended.

However, with the looser security and the preconceived notion of the Western Continent being direct neighbors, it was the perfect means to strike.

"The Western Continent is most likely also suffering from an incursion," I stated, shocking them even more.

It was the only explanation.

Based on the geographical locations of the continents, the Western Continent was closer to the Northern Continent. Plus, if they attacked from the ocean connecting the East and West, it meant that the latter would have already had encounters with the Demons.

They simply had their hands full at the moment.

"The Demons probably intend to make both continents too busy dealing with the threat to be too busy for the other."

If the East needed help and sought an alliance from the West, they could perhaps join forces to drive out the Demons. However, if the borders connecting the two were breached, it would be more difficult for the possibility of a joint front.

"T—then, what can we do...?" The Envoy Leader asked with a perplexed expression.

I sighed slightly.

"You'll need to report to the capital. I'll give you the details of what your Report will be. The corpses of the Demon Beasts should also be transported there."

They nodded and gulped again.

I had other business to attend to, so I couldn't hold their hands through every process.

"Just in case some of you are still unsure of this, I'll tell it to you straight. The War has officially begun!"

Judging by the bitter and slightly frightened expressions on the faces of everyone present, I could tell that they had been dreading that reality.

A single Demon Beast gave them such problems, and it was merely one of several expendable pawns of the Demonic Forces.

In essence, based on the encounter they just had, these people were already aware of the chances they had against the Demon Race.

"Then, there's something else to address..."

I looked at Cephas in particular and furrowed my brow.

"This Fort—no, the entire Eastern Kingdom—is compromised."

And... there was a spy among us.