

SPELLCRAFT 301

SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

Chapter 301: Spy

"C—COMPROMISED?!"

The leaders were all stunned by my words, but I remained calm.

"Yeah. Even now, one of us here could be an enemy..." My eyes scoured the room and I saw the faces of everyone watching me.

"Oi... are you serious?"

"How is that even...?"

"Aren't you going a bit too far?"

"We've known each other for..."

Blah. Blah. Blah.

They rambled on and on, and I let them.

Ever since I entered this room, I had felt something was off.

Of course, asking Cephas who was in charge of setting up the place could instantly rouse the suspicion of the enemy, so I ignored it.

Instead, by allowing them all to introduce themselves, I figured out who did what and their additional assignments.

By narrowing down the list, I had arrived at my conclusion even before the Envoy Leader arrived.

"It's you..." I smiled, focusing my gaze on a lanky man who was in charge of squadron three—handling auxiliary activities and maintenance of the Fort.

"W—what?!" He sharply responded, looking shell-shocked.

I had to admit, that was good acting. It even reminded me of a particular someone who was a maid.

The rest of the leaders looked at the man with slightly confused—but suspicious eyes.

"G—guys, come on... it's me! Don't tell me you're just going to label me as a spy!" His expression appealed to their sentiment—a good technique for a spy.

"Everything I said so far has been accurate, and I also have the power to back up my statements. Let's not mention the fact that I am your Commander's grandson and pupil, as well as this Region Lord's nephew..."

The man looked even more shaken as I responded calmly. Everyone in this room was a leader, and that meant they valued facts over sentiment.

The advantage was on my side.

"Alphonse forgetting his Magic Communication Tool, the disappearance of Flares, and the bug placed in this room... all of them point toward you was the culprit."

It was easy to blame a servant for one of these, but not all. There was no way an observant veteran leader would be so careless as to allow so many discrepancies.

"Cephas specifically had his leaders mobilized because of my arrival. It makes sense that better care and observation will be put in ensuring this room was set up well. That makes the leader in charge the most complicit."

Once I explained my rationale, everyone had to side with my logic.

"B—but... I..." The man was already getting nervous, darting his eyes left and right.

"Don't even think about it. Your bugs, and even the magical devices you have on you, have been rendered powerless. In essence, I forcefully deactivated them."

"W—wha—? How is that—?"

"No help is coming. You've been cut off already."

"Eeek!"

The man seemed timider compared to Liliana—who had already shown her true colors at this point.

'There's no use buying time or trying any tricks. You've been caught.'

With the snap of my fingers, he fell unconscious and collapsed on the carpeted ground.

"Leave him there. There should still be other spies—maybe one or two in the Fort and some in the Region. It might be difficult getting rid of them all, but we can prevent them from gaining access to information."

I was planning on giving them a Magic Lie Detector Item that would allow the Kingdom to spot and eliminate the spies.

"Now that we have that out of the way... let's continue the meeting."

Our assembly lasted for another thirty minutes before it was concluded.

During that time, I gave specific instructions and handed over necessary tools to those delegated to perform properly.

Since we had no idea when the next wave of attacks would arrive, it was better to be prepared.

'They'll most likely launch an aerial assault next. Or, perhaps underground...?'

In any case, it wouldn't hurt to be prepared.

After the meeting was concluded, I was allocated a free office for the drafted document I needed them to take to the Capital before I arrived there myself.

The situation was dire, but there were two places I needed to stop by first before heading to the Royal Palace to enact my plan.

"Huu... alright!"

My first day back, and I was already this busy. However, if it was only this much then it was bearable.

After writing my message to the Royal Palace, I was going to give the people in the Fort the Demon Beasts I captured—dead, of course—and make my way to the next destination.

There were many details that I didn't divulge to them, but they didn't concern these ones. The major burden lay in the Capital, so I needed to settle other matters first.

"It's a shame I didn't get to see Alphonse, but that's fine too. We'll meet someday... if he doesn't die or anything."

Even then—as long as I could help it—death wouldn't necessarily be the end of his life.

My journey of three years was worth a lot more than that.

I spent at least a century in practice, and that was only my rough estimation. I was too occupied with all I did that the concept of time became nearly redundant.

But, it was thanks to this that I was able to achieve this level of power.

The organization that was after my life, and the looming disturbance—I was confident in my ability to face them.

The Demons had an Arcana with them—The Devil—which made them nearly invincible in their territory. It was also thanks to this that the entire Northern Continent was shrouded in endless Miasma and they could survive without ingesting corrupted Souls.

The organization after me also had their share of Arcanas—possibly close to ten by now.

If they were working together with the Demons, then that made the situation even direr, but... I had no plans of watching from the sidelines or choosing safety.

Normally, I would declare this as an unwinnable clash—considering the weak and compromised state of the Kingdom.

However... the enemies weren't the only ones with Arcanas.

Plus, with my current strength and possession... this whole thing could turn around for the better!

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Chapter 302: The Grand Hall

The Demon Realm.

A place only habitable by the denizens of chaos and darkness.

The patch of land where they currently dwelled was once a prosperous nation in the Northern Continent. However, it had become a haven for the malevolent creatures of evil.

Miasma wafted through the distorted air, and an atmosphere of tension covered the land.

Why?

Because the Demon King had been succeeded by his son, Prince—correction, King—Abellion.

And, not long after, he declared war on the other races of the world.

Demons were long-lived, so many of them knew the horrors of battle. They had witnessed the events of the previous war, and many of them—while they resented the other races—did not want to go through something like that again.

But, as was the law of the Demon Society, only the strong could determine the outcome of anything—even their very lives.

And the strong in the Demon Realm were the Six Demon Lords, and the Demon King who presided over them.

Over the past few years, the Demon Lords had been replaced—bested in combat by those of the younger generation.

Before anyone knew it, or could piece the puzzle together, all six leaders were now completely different from the ones that were known for centuries.

Since might made right, the losers could not object to their loss. They could only swear allegiance to the new Lord—or die!

The weak and the strong all bowed when faced with the might of the supreme.

And so, despite their reservations, the Demons began mobilizing for war!

The Demon Castle was surrounded by six towering pillars and a monolith at the center.

It rang ominously, but this was the height of power in the corrupt society of despondency.

Within the monolith—the Demon King's Palace was highly revered.

Also known as the Grand Hall, the Throne-Room was designed in such a way that the Absolute Seat of the Supreme Demon was elevated on a high pedestal, and the subjects could only lay eyes on its glory from their inferior estate.

Yes, this was the very definition of Demonic hierarchy.

And, it was no different today.

Six Demons were kneeling before the Throne—reverently bowing their heads.

They each had different colors, and their unique traits made it clear that they belonged to the different tribes within the Demon Race.

Other than the Royal Demons, there were six sub-races among these beings.

The Whites. The Blacks. The Reds. The Green. The Blue. The Yellow.

These tribes were represented by the most powerful members of their respective groups—The Demon Lords!

Blanc

Noir

Rouge

Vert

Bleu

Jaune

Only the strong could claim these titles, and even among the Demon Lords, there were ranks.

In a strictly hierarchical society, this was only natural.

Each Demon Lord had their territory and maintained autonomy in them—subject only to the Demon King.

Of course, higher-ranked Demon Lords could utilize their superiority to influence the weaker ones, but... ultimately, the Demon King was the supreme being they all bowed to without question.

It wasn't simply because of the title. No... it was due to the fact that Royal Demons were on another level entirely.

Even the current Demon King—Abellion—who sat grandly on his majestic Throne—had once fought each Demon Lord and achieved flawless victory.

There were rumors that he had even surpassed the Demon Kings that came before him. He was the very definition of the height of Demons—which was why the Lords could revere him so much.

They were all older than him—with the exception of Rouge—but age was meaningless before strength.

Just as how they were able to defeat their predecessors and usurped their positions despite the age gap, the Demon King did not need such a petty factor to easily beat any opposition.

The strong was strong.

The weak were weak.

"ALL HAIL THE DEMON KING!" The Demon Lords declared in the presence of their absolute leader.

King Abellion—despite his youthful face that did not seem to fit the title of 'King'—simply smiled at the grand praise.

"You may raise your heads."

In response to his words, the Demons swiftly did as they were told.

It wasn't that they were impatient or found the act of bowing to be annoying. It was the exact opposite, actually.

A delay in obeying the words of their superior was unacceptable. That was why they acted so quickly. This was yet another display of their loyalty.

"You have done well to gather before me today..." Abellion began, placing both elbows on the armrest of the throne while interlocking his fingers and resting his chin on them.

Silence.

They dared not speak unless granted permission to do so.

"As you are well aware, we've launched our first strike at the Eastern and Western Continents simultaneously."

By attacking the two Continents at the borders that directly connected them to each other, it prevented any hope of an immediate alliance. At least, that was the primary goal.

"The Southern Continent is currently beyond our means, and spreading our military forces too thin will be detrimental in the battle to come." Abellion continued.

Of course, everyone understood this—well, perhaps for a single exception.

Maybe the King was stating the obvious especially because of this individual in their midst.

"The South houses the Thieranthropes and Dwarves. They are the most formidable among our enemies—especially the former..."

Each Race had its specialty, and it was known to everyone in the room who had the greatest combat ability and skill.

"If they were closer, perhaps dealing with them first would have been the wisest choice, but..."

The Geographical position of the Southern Continent made it mandatory that the West and East had to be conquered first. Taking on three of them at once would be difficult, but by focusing their forces on both the East and West, they could secure victory.

After absorbing those two, they would gain greater leverage and then launch a three-pronged offensive on the South.

Of course, only one problem existed in this plan.

"The Eastern and Western Kingdoms may decide to seek aid from the South."

The human kingdom was closer to the Beastfolk Society while the Western Continent—which consisted of both Fairies and Elves—were closer to the Dwarves.

This was only a geographical statement, not based on relations. After all... neither of the respective Races had much dealings with one another outside their continent.

"Ultimately, they shall fail in their endeavors... and victory will be ours!"

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Chapter 303: The Demon Lords [Pt 1]

The meeting within the Grand Hall lasted for some time.

In that period, no subordinate moved a muscle unless they were told to. This was not seen as a punishment, but a sign of fervent devotion.

The Demon King delegated roles to his generals—The Demon Lords—based on their specialty.

"Zenkiel, you will be the commander-in-chief on the front lines. Any objections?"

The one addressed, Zenkiel of Vert bowed even deeper than before.

"None, my King."

He looked like the oldest among the demons—having green scales across his body though he had a noble's outfit.

His body was akin to a dragon, with his horns and the bright green eyes that glimmered in satisfaction. His long tail wagged, though he tried to place it under control.

Zenkiel belonged to the Greens among the Demon Race. They took on animalistic features, having enough power to rival even the strongest of beastfolk. However, this wasn't the only reason behind his elevated status.

Intelligence.

In terms of craftiness, Blanc probably had him beat, but no one could manage military affairs as well as he could. After all... his predecessor was the previous commander-in-chief in the last war.

By learning at his previous superior's feet, he was able to gain a vast amount of knowledge in military affairs.

Zenkiel's heart raced the moment the role was given to him. Joy coursed through his veins as he swore not to let his King down.

"Lydia, you will be in charge of espionage. I believe nothing more needs to be said on that front?"

Lydia of Blanc, a being who appeared like a naked mound of the female body bowed deeply.

Her body was plain and white—having no hair, nose, mouth, etc. Not even eyes could be seen. It was just a plain white being with lumps on her chest and a well-curved shape that indicated she was female.

"You are right, my King!" She said in a reverent tone.

How she was able to speak or hear was known to everyone present in the room. As an heteromorphic Demon belonging to the tribe of Whites—a group of Shapeshifters—she was designed that way from birth.

No, her endowed figure was special among her other brethren. The more powerful members of the Whites were, the greater the details they had in their base form.

For her to have attained this level of detail, she indeed deserved the title of Demon Lord.

"Serci and Lubick, you'll handle our main forces."

These two—Serci of Jaune and Lubick of Bleu—were beings who looked like opposites.

For Serci, she was the very definition of a giant. Having a height of at least 12 feet, she looked more like a monster than an actually intelligent being. She had four arms, wings, five horns, four eyes, and her wild fur was colored yellow—with black stripes.

In contrast, Lubick looked like a typical human. If not for his blue complexion and the single horn on his forehead, he would be indistinguishable from a normal person.

He had a nice mustache, and—oh, yeah!—a tail dangled behind him.

His outfit looked the most gentlemanly among the bunch. Thanks to his similar appearance to humans, it was easy to assume he would be the weakest. However, making that assumption would be a fatal error.

While Serci belonged to the grotesque tribe of the Demons, Lubick's tribe specialized in the use of Magic.

They were all extremely formidable.

"Your wish is our command, Great Demon King!"

Bone-chilling reverence filled the atmosphere as both generals shouted with all their might.

"Kyron. You will handle the management of the Demon Beasts. I can leave that in your care, no?"

Kyron of Noir was a Shadow Demon—the newest member of the Demon Lords.

He had achieved this rank after betraying and defeating his mentor. He didn't regret his actions though.

He had always desired power, and his new master offered him just that. Instead of staying in Kahn's shadow, being a member of the highest cadre of Demons was a great start—for now.

After all... within the heart of this wicked creature dwelled an insatiable ambition.

"Yes, my King. I will work hard to meet up to your expectations."

Now, there was only one Demon Lord that hadn't been assigned yet.

What role would befit someone like him?

"Desgarion. You are going to be on standby. You will be our trump card—the secret weapon and hidden hand of our army. Can you do that?"

There was a moment of silence—uncomfortable silence.

All attention was shifted to the Demon who knelt at the center of the row.

Desgarion of Rouge—a Crimson Demon.

Of all the six tribes, they were known as the most violent. Having volatile tendencies and the insatiable urge for battle, they were the most dissatisfied with the peace that had befallen the world.

While they often held gladiator tournaments in their region, it wasn't like the taste of real battle.

The current Demon Lord of Rouge was the youngest to ever exist. He was also the youngest among those who were gathered before Abellion. However, that wasn't the most surprising thing about him.

He had been a Demon Lord longer than everyone else who knelt.

Even before Abellion began his subtle takeover, Desgarion unseated the previous Demon Lord in a battle to the death—and achieved flawless victory.

According to the Crimson one, his predecessor had requested it.

Normally, this would have been a great portfolio. Since he had more experience than everyone else, and was probably the strongest, he should have been placed in a more strategic role of responsibility.

But...

... Desgarion was too unstable!

The stronger a Crimson Demon was, the harder it was to control their impulses. For someone of Desgarion's age and power, it applied greatly to him. Once he had a taste of battle, he found it difficult—if not impossible to stop.

In essence, this Demon Lord had no self-control!

In a pure battle, this could have been considered a great virtue. However, in a war where strategy was necessary, unbridled violence would bring a disadvantage to the Demon Race.

Upon hearing Abellion's judgment—the fact that he had been placed on reserve and not on the front line—everyone knew that Desgarion was dissatisfied.

However, the unbendable laws of Demon Society were enough to restrict the impulsive demon.

"I understand..."

After all, the only one Desgarion had ever lost to was Abellion himself.

"... My King!"

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Chapter 304: The Demon Lords [Pt 2]

After a few more issues to attend to, the meeting was adjourned and the Demon Lords were released to begin dispensing their duties.

They—with the exception of Desgarion—would all be extremely busy from this point onwards.

They bowed and left the Grand Hall in silence, refusing to defile such a sacred space with so much as a squeak.

However, once they exited the hall and were now a good distance from the entrance, the silence was instantly broken.

"Haaa! His Majesty is as sublime as always!"

The first to speak was—as usual—Lydia!

Despite her horrifyingly blank and bland face, the bubbly tone she used to speak displayed lots of emotion.

"Indeed. He is the epitome of greatness." Lubick spoke next.

His blue-like face was displaying a satisfied smile as he twisted his mustache.

"I shall not fail to meet up to his expectations of me!"

Of course, the only one who could sound so serious—despite the very casual mood—was none other than their commander-in-chief.

"Hey, Zenkiel, do you always sound that way?"

"What way?!"

Every statement he made contained a great degree of stress and earnestness.

"Pfft."

"Kekeke"

"Hahaha"

This made many of the Demon Lords laugh at his expense. And the best part was that he had no idea what he did that was so funny.

"You're always so nice to talk to, man." Lubick chuckled, tapping the broad and tensed shoulder of his comrade.

Zenkiel, who didn't know any better, felt good about the compliment and flashed an earnest smile.

"You can count on me!"

This brought about even more laughter.

"Ahh, but his Majesty, King Abellion, really is magnificent. I wonder when he will be ready to take a bride. Perhaps I could even offer myse—"

The Demon Lords all froze and stared at the one who spoke.

It was Serci.

"—Ah, I misspoke. I was being too impatient. But, wouldn't it be rude if I made Majesty come for me himself? Would it not be more appropriate for me to approach him instead? Or would that be too forward? Ahh... I can't decide!" The monstrous Demon squealed, drowned in her fairy tale.

It was general knowledge that Demons were grotesques, so they clearly had their definition of beauty and attractiveness in their realm.

For example, someone like Lydia—who had a blank expression as her usual look—was praised as a beauty among the Demons.

In fact, several envied her!

Compared to Blanc, Serci of Jaune was simply monstrous.

Sure, all the members of Serci's tribe all looked like monsters, but even among them, Serci was deemed extremely hideous.

Among her people, that was a good thing. She had many suitors who wanted her disgustingly monstrous body. It was the rage where she came from. Perhaps that was why she could so shamelessly dream of marrying the Demon King,

However, general opinion begged to differ.

Still, no one tried correcting Serci's mistaken assumption. Lydia even found it amusing—except for the desire of marrying Abellion. After all, he and she were...

"Pfft! Good luck dreaming!"

"Hahaha!"

"Man, you just crack me up!"

Lubick, Lydia, and even the uptight Zenkiel were laughing. They simply couldn't see someone as dignified as Abellion settling for her, but no one said anything more.

To Serci, they were simply jealous.

"If you guys have nothing better to do, then move out of the way!" Someone's annoyed voice rang out

The Demon Lords kept quiet the moment they heard the irritated sound. It came from someone behind them.

The owner was shorter than them—younger too.

He had dark hair that swerved as he approached the clique, red skin that properly displayed his muscles, yellow eyes that glared, and sharp teeth that grated as he moved.

It was Desgarion of Rouge.

No Demon Lord spoke to him—no, they didn't dare to. When he was in this state, it was best to answer with silence.

They all parted ways and allowed him to pass by their center before vanishing from the large corridor.

"Sheesh, what's with him..." Lydia murmured in a slightly annoyed tone.

"Shh, what if he hears?"

"Tch, like I care..."

Despite saying that, their voices were hushed. Even as they openly glared at him, none dared to be serious or defiant.

"Excuse me..." Another voice mumbled as he passed the middle of the other Demon Lords as well.

It was Kyron of Noir.

He too had remained silent during the discussions of the Demon Lords, though for a different reason.

"Moody as always, eh?"

"Welp, good luck with your duties."

"Hahaha! Make sure to raise the livestock well!"

It was because he didn't fit in with the rest.

Was it perhaps because he joined the latest? Or was it due to the fact that he was the least ranked among them?

Maybe it was both.

However, Kyron himself didn't mind. He simply walked gently and gave an affirmative nod and sound before also disappearing down the passageway.

"Hm. Weird guy." Lubick mumbled with a shrug.

"You'd think he was the strongest with the way he always acts so high and mighty. Hmph! What a jerk!"

It wasn't a secret that the Whites and Blacks had never really gotten along. Still, everyone knew the reason for Lydia's annoyance was more than tribal discrimination.

"Hm. Well, he must have a lot going on in his mind! Besides, he's diligent with his duties! As we should all be!"

Yep! Once again, Zenkiel ruined the mood by being too earnest.

"Haa, I will dedicate my entire being in service of his Majesty!" The love-struck idiot grinned stupidly.

As they kept conversing while walking down the hallway, one would never guess that these were ruthless beings who were heading out for war.

They would trample upon their enemies and wreak untold tragedies without batting an eye. Such was the extent of their loyalty.

It was all for the Demon Race—all for the Demon King!

"It seems they're very motivated." A voice appeared, and a man surfaced out of nowhere.

"Is that not a good thing? So, how did the first strike go?"

This was the Grand Hall, and Demon King Abellion was speaking with his friend, Legris Damien.

"According to our sources, the Elves are struggling with the surprise assault. They've managed to contain the threat, for now. But..."

Abellion's grin widened once he heard the good news. He was expecting even more concerning the other front.

"As for the humans... the horde was stopped—no, completely obliterated."

This wasn't what Abellion was expecting to hear.

"W—what?!"

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Chapter 305: Unknown Variable

"W—what?!"

Surprised didn't begin to express the emotion welling up within the young Demon King—that much so that he lost his composure.

"How valid is your information?" He asked, looking in Legris' direction with a tight scowl.

The human he spoke to shrugged casually.

"So, you're keener on believing what happened to the Elves than the situation with the humans? That sounds like bias, doesn't it?"

True, Abellion was acting immature at the moment—refusing to believe one side of the information he was given. However, in the Demon King's defense—

"But, that's absurd! It hasn't even been a whole day yet since they would have had contact with the humans!"

"Well, I have merely told you the facts. What you choose to do with the information I provide is entirely up to you. After all... this isn't 'our' war."

Legris Damien was simply implying that it was the Demon Race who was engaged in warfare. His organization was simply aiding based on their relationship as partners.

According to their deal, they would procure information for the Demons. In exchange, the Demons had to fulfill their end of the deal. This had always been the nature of their relationship—nothing more, nothing less.

"Who... who was it that did it?"

According to the intelligence they had received so far—which affected the strategy they were employing—no one formidable should have been active in the region they attacked at the time.

The top guns, who were identified as Grand Mages, could most likely pull off killing so many Demon Beasts within such a limited span of time, but they were nowhere near the scene of the crime.

'There's also no way information would have gotten to them on time. So, how...? Who could it have—'

"I do not know." Legris Damien's answer was flat and a bit sharp.

"—Uh?"

Abellion was surprised to hear these words come out of his friend.

In the entire time they spent as partners, there had never been a time when Legris Damien uttered those words. Other than his organization's information network, he too employed agents and was a man of means.

If he didn't know something like this, then...!

"The culprit disguised himself. They probably don't want to be identified."

Once Abellion heard this, he became even more conflicted.

'A new player? Or was it someone in the Kingdom we didn't account for?'

There were three Grand Mages in the Eastern—and they were supposedly the most powerful humans around. There was also a wild card called Neron Kaelid, but other than him... were there really other threats?

"I—I see..." Abellion could only respond.

The first phase of their plan had already gone awry, which meant there was a risk of the follow-up operation failing. If that happened, then—

'No! I'm just overthinking things. Even if the humans are saved, the Elves are still in trouble.'

They would be trying their best to recover and regroup to fight his people. There was no way they would concentrate their focus on the Continent miles away from their patch of land.

"It seems you've already decided a way forward..." Legris smiled upon seeing a glow in the eyes of the seated one.

"Hmmm. Somewhat. I would like more information on the border that got saved during the attack. Can you procure them for me? Constant surveillance would be much appreciated, and—"

"I'm afraid I can not do that." Legris interrupted Abellion's request.

Once again, the Demon King was stunned beyond words.

"Why?"

"I don't know how, but our information network has been tampered with in that region."

Abellion's eyes bulged wide.

Legris' organization utilized Clairvoyance to view any part of the world. Nowhere—as long as it was known to them—was hidden. How, then, was an open coastal region difficult to monitor?!

'Is that even possible? Is he trying to play me?'

"I'm being serious here. As much as we'd like to help you, our Clairvoyance is being blocked by some sort of magic-jamming barrier around the territory. I assume this is also the work of the mysterious mage that wiped out the horde of Demon Beasts.

Abellion clicked his tongue once he heard this.

"What of your personal connections? You have agents stationed throughout the Kingdom, right?"

"Unfortunately, the ones stationed at that region have also been compromised."

It was just from one bad news to another. Abellion sighed in exasperation as Legris' words sank in.

Just who was this mysterious mage? Ever since he appeared, things that had been carefully planned were now going awry. Who the heck was he and why did he just surface now?

"Tch. I see..." Was all the grand King could utter, though.

"My apologies for not being of any further use. Are you sure this won't affect future plans, though?"

The Demon King shook his head while still sighing.

"No. They were merely disposable pawns, after all. Their purpose was simply to test the waters and also block the two continents from any further alliance."

The annoying interference was unexpected, but not really fatal. It only meant that Abellion and his forces had to take more caution in dealing with the Eastern Kingdom.

"In that case, it's fine. One final thing... how is the Arcana we lent to you? Are you putting it to good use?" Legris' devilish smile could now be seen.

The previously irritated Demon King finally broke into a smile once he heard the question. It appeared this would be the only positive thing they would be discussing today.

"Indeed. Thanks to it, we'll be able to further enhance our forces. At this rate, we'll be invincible."

"I'm glad to hear that. Then..."

The human bowed out of courtesy and gave a reverent smile.

"... I will be taking my leave now."

Abellion gave a nod that signified that he could make his exit.

With that, a murky darkness surrounded him and he vanished from sight—leaving the Grand Hall.

Once Abellion confirmed that his friend had gone, he broke into a bitter statement.

"That energy of his... is unpleasant."

'So, you've made your move... Jared Leonard...?' The malevolent thought of a person leaked within a murky dark void.

The swirling pool of perverse Mana could be detected within the blinding darkness.

"This should be interesting..."

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Chapter 306: Return Home

Once I was done with the Fort business, I flew straight to my next destination.

Going past the speed of light—or simply teleporting to the place—was possible, however...

'Enjoying this lovely weather makes it worth it!'

Besides, the enemy could be using some sort of tracking Magic on me; especially after that stunt I pulled back there.

That was why it was best for me to limit all my actions—at least for now.

The speed of sound would do fine.

>VWOOOOOOOOSSSHHH!!!<

My speed was phenomenal—so much so that I arrived at my destination within the hour.

It didn't even feel like a journey.

However... considering how long it had been since I experienced this... it took way too long.

With a nostalgic smile on my face, I gazed upon the large territory from my heights. The landscape was still lovely, and I could spot the denizens with my enhanced senses.

Still, they were only secondary.

"It's been too long..."

My eyes were fixated on a particular manor that stood proudly at the center of the large region.

It was huge—even from my distance. As expected of the abode of a Duke.

"... It's good to be home."

I descended from my heights, moving in the direction of the lovely mansion that stood amid a vast compound.

A few things had changed since I had last been there, but none really caught my attention at the moment.

There was only one person that mattered—and she was within the building.

As soon as I reached a certain distance from the house, I felt some sort of distortion. Of course, it didn't affect me, but... I knew what it was.

'A sensory barrier. Looks like it's still working.'

I wasn't going to leave my family unprotected for a whole three years, now would I? Once Neron told me the trick behind how he was able to come to my aid after I destroyed the barrier around the Lecturers' Hall, it was much easier to create my own version.

>FWOOOOSSHH!<

I ignored the distortion and swiftly secured my landing upon the lush plains of my family's garden.

It was as lovely as ever.

"Haa... even the air is nice."

Perhaps it was just nostalgia that made me have such sentiment.

My gaze settled on the large door leading to the mansion, but before I could take a single step forward—

"HALT!!!"

—I was surrounded.

'Perfect! Looks like security is good too...'

Guards who were armed with Magic armor and weapons made a barricade instantly—shielding the mansion's door in a jiffy. Many more surrounded me, brandishing their blades with caution and steely resolve.

'Hm... not bad. They're pretty standard...'

I also had some Automatons hiding underground in case of an intrusion—but since they must have sensed my 'Resonance', none of them took action.

'There's a limit human guards can do, after all...'

While the Automatons weren't extremely powerful, they could at least buy enough time before I arrived. That much precaution was needed due to the identity of the one hidden in the house.

'As long as she's safe inside, then—'

"What's with all the racket!" A voice surged forth as the front door was flung wide open.

'Ahh, I should have known...' My lips formed a wry smile.

Emerging from within the mansion was a lovely woman.

Her blond hair was swayed back and forth by the rushing wind, and her eyes swallowed me whole.

With her clear skin, lovely face, and—well, it's true—voluptuous chest; she made her entrance.

Yes! This woman was none other than Anabelle Leonard Alphonse Sereth—a Duchess of the Eastern Kingdom, as well as...

'... Mom!'

With a warm smile on my face, I gazed at her and she looked in my direction.

Our eyes met and—for a moment—I felt a deep connection, like a spark. A profound meaning was exchanged between us the moment our gaze connected.

"Y—you..." She whispered, her body trembling.

I could tell what was going on with her.

With her lips quivering, her hands palpitating, and her eyes displaying a multitude of overwhelming emotions... I understood.

"J—Jared...?"

My smile deepened and I nodded.

The guards seemed to catch the hint and they loosened their guards.

My mother was filled with emotion, making my heart race faster than normal. Despite all my training, I could never detach myself from her warmth—no, I didn't dream of it.

That was because.... She was....

"JARREEEEEDDD!!!"

With a scream, my mom raced at me at full speed.

I ignored the fact that the platform she stood on was shattered instantly. No, it was simply out of excitement.

I also ignored the fact that she charged at me with unordinary speed. No, it was because she missed me so much. I understood perfectly.

It was the same for me!

Nevermind the fact that Mana was beginning to appear on her body, or the fact that my instincts were already telling me to flee. No, I stood my ground while staring passionately at the woman who birthed me!

The woman who imparted in me her Mana-Compatible genes—unlike my useless father.

Yes, she was most certainly...

"JARRRREEEEEDDDDD!!!"

In a flash, my one and only mother reached my location. She swiftly drew close to me, sweeping me up with her lovely scent and the warmth of her breath.

I felt her arms wrap around me in a tight embrace.

It was a bit tighter than I expected, but it simply showed how much she missed me. I nearly leaked out a drop of tear, touched by her affection.

'M—Mom...'

I raised my hands to return her embrace—ignoring the sting of her Mana on my skin. She was probably too excited that she let go of her control over something so dangerous.

Still, I wasn't taking any damage, so I didn't mind.

But, the moment I raised my arms to hug her, my body was lifted.

It was so sudden that I was flustered and frozen in motion. The burst of Mana from my mother seemed to triple, and so did her grip strength.

This seemed a bit excessive, so I tried to—

"YOOOOUUUUU..."

I was already a couple of feet from the ground, and my body seemed to be moving without my consent.

'E—Eh...?!'

It was at this moment that a distant memory came flashing into my mind. It was the image I burned into my memory as a kid—what made me fear my mom back then.

Unfortunately, it was too late to resist now. After all...

"... YOU JEEEEERRRRRK!!!"

... My head was already on its way to the ground.

'How could I forget Anabelle's special technique?' My mind trailed as I braced myself for impact.

Yep, what came next was...

... A MIGHTY SUPLEX!

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

Chapter 307: Repairing Bonds [Pt 1]

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM<

The earth ruptured, and the ground shook at the deafening roar caused by the impact I made with the surface.

Within the firm grasp of my mother, my head dug deep into the grand floor, breaking it apart.

'M—Mom...' I nearly broke into tears.

Who would have thought this day would come?

Of course, I was in no pain—neither did I suffer any damage from her actions. But, somewhere within me, my heart ached.

'... Is this how you treat your child who is just returning?'

As I thought... this woman—Anabelle—was not normal!

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM<

The loud boom kept echoing, mixed in with my cries for the crazy woman to stop, as well as her tear-filled screams.

"Oh, my lovely baby! Look how much you've grown!"

My mom—the same one who committed domestic violence on me—was now hugging me so tightly that I felt like I would suffocate.

She kept rubbing her voluptuous chest on me, a habit she never left ever since I was a baby.

'It's a miracle I didn't die back then...'

Tears streamed from her eyes as she kept hugging me and her voice cracked. It contained such profound emotions that I couldn't help but smile softly.

Even amid the large crater caused by her actions, I hugged her and stroked her long hair.

Even as her tears and snot fell on me, I didn't withdraw from her hold.

'It's been too long...'

Just how worried had she been? How did she cope with the news?

Because of her status in society, I was sure she couldn't completely express her emotional state before others. Dad wouldn't always be around—especially since the Shadow Demon's invasion shook the foundations of the Kingdom.

He must have had so much to deal with, leaving my lonely mother to fend for herself. She only had servants to keep her company, but, even then, how reliable were they?

Especially considering the betrayal of Liliana.

My overprotective mom must have been devastated beyond words.

Because of that very fact, I needed to allow her to vent all the pent-up emotions she kept bottled down. It was my duty as her son—as well as the primary cause of her grief.

'You've done well holding on for this long, Anabelle!'

As her tight embrace continued, I dug deeper into her—never minding the two huge cushions that suffocated me.

'She smells nice...'

After the whole emotional display that lasted for a ridiculously long time, I was finally able to convince Anabelle to proceed indoors for further discussion and another round of a rollercoaster of emotions.

She would hit me in annoyance and then hug me in joy.

She would kiss me all around my face in adoration, then spank me in chastisement.

Anabelle was the very definition of weird—or could I even say absurd?

Eventually, I decided to simply shut down my mental processes when dealing with her since intellect would get me nowhere with a doting mother.

'Still... this place... it's as grand as I remember!'

My eyes looked around the house as I entered. Observing every single detail within my area of perception, I took in the warm atmosphere of wealth and family.

It was good to be home—especially when my abode was very luxurious.

Anabelle and I ascended the stairs, heading to a place I knew quite well. It was an area that was secluded from public use. Only relatives could utilize it.

It was the Family Lounge.

Once we settled in our family lounge area, my mom collapsed on one sofa with a heavy exhalation. It was clear that she was exhausted—both physically and emotionally.

After pouring all she could at me—and me accepting them without resistance—her energy bar had finally been depleted.

'Looks like we can converse normally now...'

"Haa... it's good to be back here." I smiled, looking around the spacious area.

There were couches arranged in a circular manner—with a table for tea, and perhaps, documents at the center.

I sat on an opposite couch from my mom, settling into the soft furniture with a smile. The warm and pleasant fragrance of the room tickled my nose and I couldn't help feeling relaxed.

Looming threat or not... I didn't plan on rushing this moment of nostalgia.

"Then why did you leave?" My mom suddenly replied to my statement with a question.

Her dried-up eyes looked at me with all attentiveness now.

'She's being serious.'

Anabelle had multiple sides, and one of them was when she was genuinely serious about a subject—though that hardly occurred.

"Well..."

I knew this moment would come.

It was to be expected, after all.

My mom—who hadn't seen me since I left for Ainzlark—must have been terribly shaken by the fact that I left so abruptly.

She must have also been frightened by the fact that our Campus had been invaded by Shadow Demons—after the information was made more public.

'Did she think I was captured by them? Or that I was killed?'

In any case, it was time for answers.

"... I simply had to."

I no longer looked like the twelve-year-old that she used to know, but... my Mom probably didn't see me that way.

'She still treats me like a baby, after all...'

Except for that suplex from earlier, everything was the same.

'I am fifteen now... almost an adult, but not quite one yet.'

That meant I was still a minor.

If she so desired, Anabelle was well within her rights to confine me in this place and take over all decisions concerning my wellbeing.

'... Which is why I can't mess this up!'

How much could I tell her? How much would she be able to handle? I had already thought of these things.

"I couldn't trust Ainzlark, so I left. You must have heard of the Demon Invasion on our Academy."

Anabelle nodded.

"I heard about your efforts and exploits in that place. You really... surprised me."

The look on her face as she looked at me was of wonder and curiosity.

It was to be expected.

I—as a mere kid—did many things that even adults wouldn't be able to handle. That meant that the actions that followed also had to stem from a well of reason.

"It's as I wrote in that letter I left behind for you... I simply wanted to explore the world."

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

Chapter 308: Repairing Bonds [Pt 2]

Before I left Ainzlark Academy, I made sure to leave behind messages for those I cared about.

Neron was left in charge of dispensing my words to them. That way, I was assured of the message reaching those concerned.

My mom was one of the recipients of my message.

I explained how the current Class System of Ainzlark Academy was stunting my growth, as well as the level of insecurity in the school. My leave was caused by the Invasion, and the fact that I needed to become even better.

Of course, I gave apologies and promised my return.

Still, it was left to her how she would interpret the message... and she probably didn't completely believe it.

"T—that was it...?"

Anabelle's eyes widened.

A look of surprise was written all over her face. She most likely didn't expect my reasoning to be so simple.

"I realized my weakness after facing the Demons. If the Kingdom were to ever be in trouble, I wouldn't even be able to keep myself safe, talkless of you and everyone else I cared about."

No matter what words I spouted—even if it was completely rational—it wouldn't be enough to justify the fact that I abandoned everyone and everything.

I was only twelve, so it was going to be difficult to accept that I left in pursuit of power.

"You... but you could have..." Anabelle's lips quivered as she spoke.

"... You could have studied more under Alphonse. He is an Archmage, you know? You could have grown more under his tutelage and—"

"NO!"

Even if it may have been somewhat rude to do so, I cut off my mom's statement before she concluded it.

"Alphonse is too weak. He might be strong by normal standard, but..."

Compared to the heights I needed to attain, he was far off.

"... I... see..."

I could sense much sadness in Anabelle's words, but, she simply needed to accept that. None of them could have aided in my growth.

"Thanks to exploring on my own, I was able to become strong—much stronger." I smiled.

It hurt—like being pierced by a million needles—to see my mom's sad and deserted face. My heart was in pain.

'So this is what power without companionship is...'

Even if I had already attained so much, the mere gaze of my aggrieved mother made it all seem worthless. But...

'... It's necessary!'

Even if I felt such sorrow, I didn't regret a single thing—no, I couldn't!

My actions were for myself and for everyone I loved. They may not have seen it yet—or maybe ever—but I didn't care.

If I could preserve the life and future of my mom, my friends, my family... even myself... then I was willing to do anything!

That was how much I loved them all!

"What will you do now, mom?"

There was every likelihood that she would attempt locking me at home. If she did, I would probably have to stay with her and coordinate my affairs from here. However, it would be more preferable if—

"You still have something to do, right?"

My eyes widened a bit once she said this.

Following that was a smile. It permeated my face as I nodded.

"Yes. The Kingdom is in a precarious situation right now... and I need to take action."

"I figured..." Anabelle gave a sad smile and nodded.

'No. No, please...'

"Do what you will..."

'No! I can't... not without...'

"... You probably don't... need me for anything any—"

"NO!"

My voice was louder than I intended, but that simply showed the intensity of my emotion.

"I need you!"

It was the truth.

After spending so long alone, it felt so maddening that I almost lost my mind. I only had a grasp of my sanity thanks to the people I had waiting for me.

How painful it was... the overbearing loneliness.

"Come to the Capital, mom!"

Anabelle's face lit up a bit, showing shock and confusion.

"T—the Capital... why?"

"I'll be going there to take care of business. It would be nice—no, reassuring—if you were there waiting for me."

"Waiting? Where are you going first?"

"Ainzlark Academy. I need to do something there first. There's also someone I need to meet first."

"Ah, I see..." My mom gave a wry smile, as well as an expression I couldn't really decipher.

"You know... it's really weird how much you've changed..."

Her tone contained a hint of something... something that warmed my heart. It was...

"... You've grown to become a fine man."

... PRIDE!

"I still don't understand most of your actions. And I have a lot of questions. But... I am just happy you're back."

'M—Mom...'

My insides throbbed as I received her words.

"No matter how much you've changed, and how different everything is now... just know how much I love you."

My lips quivered.

'Those words...'

My eyes brought forth hot liquid as my body trembled.

'... How long have I waited to hear them?'

"I heard of all you did in the Academy... and even looking at you now, how strong you've become..."

A moment of silence was established—a mere second before I completely broke down.

"... I'm proud of you, Jared. So proud. Thank you for being alive. I'm happy you're back. I... I missed you so much!"

"Hicc... hicc..."

I didn't know when tears fell from my face and my face became flushed with emotions.

Feelings that had been bottled up for over a hundred years of solitude came gushing out.

"MOM!"

"JAREEDDD!!!"

I jumped the table that separated us and dived into her bosom.

She received me wholeheartedly and hugged me tightly. This time, both of us wept together and remained that way.

How shameless was it of me to show such emotion? It was disgraceful for a man my age to stoop this low. However... I didn't care.

I simply wanted someone... and she was right in front of me.

"I—I missed you too..." I said while sinking deeper into my mom's embrace.

I rubbed my face on her breasts, not minding how they jiggled, inhaling the sweet fragrance of her perfume.

Satisfaction and long-due rest caused me to let go of all my defenses as I uttered the most profound words a person could ever say to another.

"I LOVE YOU TOO!"

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

Chapter 309: Departure For Ainzlark

Once the emotional outbursts were finished, Anabelle and I began conversing normally.

We discussed at length, talking about my adventures during the three years I was absent, as well as how she coped in my absence. I intentionally omitted certain parts of my adventure—especially my stay in the hideout I made with my friends back in the day.

'That's the most important part of my journey, but... she doesn't need to know about it...'

Anabelle listened to my stories with amazement—especially hearing how many amazing beasts I encountered—as well as a great deal of the world I explored. Based on her reactions, it was obvious that she was never able to travel the world since she was restricted by her noble status and responsibility.

'Despite her wild personality, Anabelle is actually an epitome of nobility...'

At least, to the public. During our conversations, though, she never filtered her speech.

Occasionally, words like—

"You're just like your father!"

Or...

"I was so lonely! Is this how you'll treat your woman once you have one?"

—Came up.

Of course, I indulged the woman's wrath, laughing heartily as she spoke. This helped ease the atmosphere, and so, it didn't take us very long to return to our usual flow.

Father spent more time in the Capital as a result of his serious duties to the Kingdom. There were only four Dukes, after all. That made his role indispensable.

Plus, it seemed my intervention in Ainzlark Academy raised his reputation by a lot—advancing our Leonard Household status even further.

Since my mom did a bit of investigating after I vanished, and even kept close tabs on Ainzlark Academy after I left, I was able to get some information from her.

One of the things that stood out was the departure of specific students from Ainzlark.

Apparently, a while after I left—in intervals—two other students dropped out of the institute.

Initially, I didn't think that was strange. After all, many parents would want to withdraw their wards from the school after the Demonic Disturbance was made public.

However, Anabelle further explained that the ones who left weren't taken away by their parents. Since she was pretty high-up in nobility, her connections wouldn't lie. It was strange that two students simply left the institute—and were still at large.

I was even more surprised once I heard their names.

Stefan Netherlore, and...

... Kuzon Midas!

Just what could have caused those two to leave?

'I'll find out once I get to the Academy...'

There were a few things I wanted to learn and achieve, so this was simply going into the list.

We furthered our conversation, had lunch, and then enjoyed a walk in the garden together.

As we engaged in these seemingly meaningless activities, my rational side chided me. Thoughts like—

'This is a waste of time!'

'The situation is urgent!'

'Can't you do this later?'

—Afflicted me.

However, I didn't give in to any of them.

This was something I didn't plan on rushing.

'I've done more than enough, and I plan on doing even more. This amount of selfishness is permitted!'

Anabelle seemed surprised that I was spending so long with her, but since she didn't complain, I took it that she was enjoying the company.

She raised the issue of Liliana, and how they discovered her identity after a magical autopsy.

I raised the issue of Alphonse, and how his territory was under attack. Of course, the part where I saved everyone was carefully accentuated.

We laughed.

We spoke.

We even danced.

I enjoyed every moment of our time together.

Evening came, and we had a light dinner and mild tea.

We enjoyed the fresh breeze on the verandah.

More talks followed.

It felt so blissful, like I was in a fantasy.

War and carnage were going to follow soon enough, but... even this wasn't too bad.

Right?

Every second spent with the one you love is bliss. That was something I seemed to have forgotten ever since I reincarnated.

After all... I too had people whom I cherished in my past life.

I had comrades.

I had a family.

And... I had that special woman who stole my heart...

'I wonder...'

Nostalgic memories rushed in as the day neared its end. It was clear that I would be spending the night in the manor. I was ecstatic about the fact.

'After so long... I'll be sleeping in a proper bed, eh?'

Drunk on happiness, I couldn't wait to be shown my room...

... If only things were that simple!

"SLEEP WITH ME TONIGHT!"

'... E—Eh?!'

Yep, that's right!

My mother wanted me—a fifteen-year-old boy—to share her bed.

'I know loneliness is terrible, but... isn't there a limit to everything?!'

However, I should have known that logic wouldn't work when dealing with this woman.

In her innocence, she was asking someone who was already over two hundred years old—if I calculated all the time I spent in the world—to sleep beside her... on the same bed?!

My mother was very attractive—hardly looking her age—for some reason. Perhaps it was thanks to the noble cosmetics and treatment she received, or her sheltered life. She was simply fair to behold.

And then she had those two melons on her chest.

I had only filial thoughts toward Anabelle, but... it was still very uncomfortable to do something like this. It almost felt like desecration.

To cut the long story short... I ended up doing as she wanted.

To think my perfect day would be ruined by such a night.

As I feared, she squeezed me like a body pillow when we slept—probably ensuring I wouldn't slip away when she wasn't aware. Once more, Anabelle's insane grip amazed me.

My teenage body's hormones ran wild, but the miracles of Magic worked wonders. I was able to keep my body in check until the next day.

Fortunately, my mantra—

'Think of it as training! Think of it as training! Think of it as training! Think of it as training!...'

—Didn't fail me.

"I guess I'll see you at the Capital..." My mom mumbled as she pouted.

"Y—yeah..." I gave an awkward smile.

We were both standing in the courtyard of the Manor.

Once dawn had arrived, I quickly sprang into action and prepared for my departure.

It seemed Anabelle wanted to spend more time with me, but... I couldn't help it any longer.

'THIS WOMAN IS OUT OF CONTROL!'

It seemed she got the hint and finally decided to let me go.

"Yeah. You better make it there within three days... else you might not be able to see me."

"W—wait, that wasn't the agreement!"

Looking at my mom's flustered face was such a treat—the perfect picture before I departed.

"Lateeeerrrr!!!"

With those words, I ascended to the air and flew off in a hurry.

"HEEYYYYY!!!!!"

Laughing amusedly and wholeheartedly, I watched her figure—and the entire Manor—shrink in size. The wind brushed my whole body as I moved in the direction I wanted.

Building up Mana to increase my speed...

'Alright, then... let's get back to business!'

... I vanished into the sky.

>VWOOOOOOOOSSSHHHHHH!!!<

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

Chapter 310: Return To Ainzlark [Pt 1]

The cool breeze hit my face as I flew with deafening speed.

My body was augmented to handle the strain, and my attire had been enchanted with the best of materials and Magic formula, so nothing I had on was reducing in durability.

It normally took about 5-7 days to get to Ainzlark Academy from my Household's Manor, however, it didn't even take an hour for me to see the Academy City from my heights.

"Oh? It has changed quite a bit..."

For one, I saw heightened security stationed to encircle the territory.

This didn't come as a surprise to me since I noticed the same thing happening in every territory I hovered above before getting here. It had to be as a result of the looming Demonic threat.

Since Ainzlark was one of the three major areas of the Kingdom—which even the Nobles revered—the level of security I encountered was warranted.

Still...

'... If I use conventional means to enter the city, it'll take too long..'

Why hadn't I simply requested a Letter of Introduction from my mother? If I used something like that, my identity would have been certified. Unfortunately, in my rush, I neglected such an essential factor.

'Well, I needed to get out of there as fast as possible...'

With that in mind, it was going to be troublesome going through the front gate.

"I'll just use teleportation, then..."

With that whisper, I raised my left hand—shrouded in a white glove—hand snapped my fingers.

Instantly, blue energy shrouded me, and I felt sparks of electrical currents envelop my immediate surrounding.

'Let's see... I'll go there!'

My eyes spotted an inconspicuous alley within the city, and I used that as my goal. In an instant...

>VWOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

... I appeared there!

The city was quite lively—for a place that was bordered with such thick security.

'The general populace doesn't know about the looming threat, after all...'

Only the nobility and guardians in charge of their wards within Ainzlark were told of the incident. Plus, they were bound by Magic not to reveal whatever information they had received to a third party.

As a result, the common people were without a clue about the Demons. Even if rumors were to spread, most folks believed Demons to be myths. At the most, it would serve as a good bedtime story to tell the little ones.

'A threat of such massive scale in the past has been reduced to this... how pleasant...'

Their obliviousness was the cause of an Arcana called 'The Fool', which dealt with the minds of people.

My friends and I had to use this power to rid everyone of their fear of Demons—even if they could not completely be erased from memory.

As time went on, the remaining vestiges that were left in the hearts of people turned into myths and legends.

'... That Arcana...'

I had no idea where it was.

Unlike the ones I found in our Base, 'The Fool' was hidden from all of us. It was necessary—so that none of us would break the agreement we made, or use the Arcana to once again manipulate the minds of everyone.

"Whew! That's enough sightseeing..."

I removed my concentration from the innocent smiles—and frowns—of the denizens of the city, and looked at my goal.

A large wall and a grand gate stood at the end of the busy street.

One glance at the luxurious construct—even without the aid of my memory—told me that it was the entrance to Ainzlark Academy; at least the preliminary area.

"Now, then..."

A smile permeated my face, and I activated the effect of my white coat.

In an instant, my body became undetectable.

Yes, I had achieved a state akin to invisibility—no, even better. The sounds my feet made as they trod the streets were silenced. My movements made not a single peep, and my stride was smooth.

In moments, I passed by the Academy's entrance with no resistance.

The guards were vigilant, but were no match for me.

Even as I passed through the entrance, I felt the presence of a barrier, but the effects of my outfit made it easy to bypass—or, rather, simply pass through—the defensive layer.

In no time at all, I was inside Ainzlark territory.

'The defense is better than last time, but...'

When confronting Arcanas, or items tailored with them as a base, the Academy was practically naked. Given the nature of our enemies, I had to guess that it wouldn't be impossible for them to get rid of the school if they wanted...

... That is if they could get rid of one essential factor within it.

'That's most likely why this place is still standing...'

Ainzlark Academy was divided into the outer area, and then the inner grounds. It went without saying that the actual school existed in the inner region, and the only way to get there was through the inter-space gateway.

'The Portal, uh...?'

While it was still within this space, the true Academy was shrouded in so many barriers that it would prove troublesome to bypass them all.

That was why even Legris Damien had to employ the portal to send Kahn within the Academy.

'But... I don't need to utilize the Portal, do I?'

I clearly remembered the grounds of Ainzlark Academy—at least the layout and general areas. With that, teleportation would prove to be no problem... but only if I employed the use of an Arcana.

My normal Teleportation Magic could still be interfered with, and even detected, if the layers of Magic in the surrounding area were dense enough. However, using an Arcana—which warped the very essence of the world itself—I could easily pull it off without any resistance.

'Out of the four that I have...'

There was only one fit for the job...

'The Tower!'

In an instant, a card appeared before me. Of course, it remained undetected in the large compound, and the phenomenal Magic it produced remained hidden. Its blue and white light surrounded me, and I felt the very space around me warp.

My entire body was being shifted from the current place I stood, to another location that belonged to memory.

The effects would be instant.

The risks would be null.

That was the power of an Arcana.