

SPELLCRAFT 331

SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

Chapter 331: Instrumental Project

"What do you plan to make?"

Before anyone spoke, Maro raised his voice in inquisition.

His eyes were brimming with excitement. He must have really loved innovations to that point. Or, perhaps he saw my match with Neron and figured that whatever I wanted to invent would be just as exhilarating.

'Well, he's not wrong...'

"What it entails is top secret. It must be kept under wraps, and must not escape this circle of five."

Everyone stared at one another as I said this. They all had various expressions on their faces, but they all looked cooperative.

"I understand."

"Understood."

"I agree."

The three of them readily accepted my condition, causing me to smile in relief. I had a backup plan in case I couldn't use them, but things were easier this way. Besides, I did not doubt that they would accept.

'That's just how they are...'

"Alright, then..." I mumbled, bringing out a sheet from my special storage space.

It was wrapped in a long roll, about nine inches in height alone. This was the special paper wherein I wrote and drew the plan for construction.

"I need your assistance... to build this!"

"T-this is...!!!" Once again, Maro burst out first.

His eyes bulged like a madman, and it seemed like he was drooling.

The other two—Aloe Vida and Ana—were still appearing calm. For Ana, she had to have been controlling herself, but Miss Vida was probably confused.

"Erm, Jared... I don't mean to insult your intelligence, but... I don't understand why you called me here. I... my field isn't related to Magic Engineering..." The Lecturer finally spoke up.

As expected, she was feeling left out.

"I chose you for your skill in Magic, as well as your large Mana Pool."

Aloe didn't know the details, but, after resurrecting her, it seemed I unintentionally tied her to the Mana of the surrounding area. In essence, she was constantly taking in the surrounding Magic and increasing her capacity.

So far, she was at the Gold Core Grade, the highest a person could attain; her Mana quantity was also higher than most that I knew.

"You'll understand more once the project begins. Besides, there are aspects of Magic that are necessary for construction. Even if you aren't directly building, you can transport and easily provide the necessary materials."

Ultimately, I wanted to keep the circle small, which was why I included her in the fold. Even after all these years, she was still quite dedicated to me.

Utilizing that emotion was the best course of action.

"Ana and Maro can't do it alone, which is why I included someone else that I trust."

Upon hearing my words—especially the last part, Aloe's cheeks turned slightly pink and she nodded.

"I understand... I'll try my best!"

'Alright! Perfect!'

The team was perfect.

Maro was an expert in Magic Engineering.

Ana was a Magic Scholar, someone who specialized in both Alchemy and Engineering.

Aloe was a pure Magic User, and her skills were also useful.

Neron would remain at Ainzlark, so he could provide a space for them to engage in the project and also supervise its production.

The only question was...

"When do you need it?" Ana blurted out.

Her gaze behind the glasses she wore pierced my eyes. As expected of a scholar, she was feeling challenged and raring to go.

"Hmmm... two weeks."

"WHAT?!" Maro and Aloe jointly exclaimed.

"That's too short!"

"Jared, are you sure? This is looking a bit complex and difficult..."

Concerns from my comrades rang out. They seemed pretty convinced that I was being unreasonable... except one.

"Fine. Two weeks it is!" Ana interrupted the protest with a confident grin.

"Oh? You're sounding pretty confident." I smiled back.

"Well, you wouldn't set an impossible deadline, in the first place. That means the time is completely feasible."

'That's right. As expected of you...'

"Correct. It would be cutting it close, but if you're dedicated, it should be done in exactly two weeks. So... can I count on you?"

The three individuals still looked like they had some concerns—especially Maro. I expected the most resistance from him, after all.

"Jared, would you be frank with me? What exactly... do you plan on using this stuff for?"

I expected this question.

Unlike Aloe and Ana who wholeheartedly trusted me, Maro and I only met today. He was also insightful enough to decipher the true nature of my device.

"No. I don't plan on telling you that."

My eyes displayed serious resolve. If Maro was going to push further than he already had, then perhaps...

"Ah, I see. My bad! Well, I understand."

'Good call.'

"So, I'll ask again... will you help me?" I stretched my hands and waited for an answer.

Their positive smiles already told me all I needed to know, but hearing it would certainly make me feel more assured.

"Yes, we will." They jointly said.

The plan was perfect, but there was one major issue for concern.

"We'll need something extremely powerful to be able to charge a device this large and consuming..." Maro mumbled.

I had already anticipated this, so I told them not to worry.

"When the time comes, I'll give you the Core component. For now, simply make it according to my specifications."

I gave Maro the blueprint, and also transported a couple of Ores to his office for safekeeping.

Once that phase was completed, I sent all three of them on their way.

Of course, I told my dear friend that I would be seeing her one last time before leaving. Once I concluded my talk with Neron—that is.

As soon as they left, Neron stood from his couch in the lounge, and then looked at me with a casual smile.

"Let's take a walk."

I had an inkling of what he wanted to say, so I agreed.

We left his office and made our way to the school grounds.

The Academy was quiet. Most of the students were either in their hostels or in training, causing decorum to permeate the entire area.

"Jared, you've really come a long way..." Neron finally broke the silence between us.

His calm demeanor remained unfazed as he stared at the distance.

"I just consider myself fortunate..." Was all I could mutter.

"I see. Somehow that statement doesn't feel false. You must really feel that way."

Of course, I did!

This second chance at life... it was something that was miraculously granted to me. Many troubles had found me, but, so far I was very lucky.

My dying wish came to pass, after all.

"You should know what I want to say, so... I'll just cut through the chase."

'Here it comes...'

"Jared... what do you plan to do with the Demons?"

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

Chapter 332: Conflicted Emotions

"Jared... what do you plan to do with the Demons?"

Once Neron asked the question, I remained silent for some time. My brain was probably searching for the best way to convey my answer and the reason supporting it.

But, no matter what I said... could that really justify anything? Neron wanted me to be real with him, so... I intended to do just that.

"I saw the blueprints. I'm no Scholar, but... I know the consequences of such mechanics. Plus, the core element required is too immense... what do you plan on using it for?"

When Maro asked a simpler version of this question, I refused. However, when it came to the man in front of me, I had to speak up.

He could be my greatest supporter... or my worst enemy—depending on the situation.

With this in mind, I stared at his dark eyes and opened my lips. As my mouth moved, words came out. They were barely audible, but I conveyed my message perfectly.

Neron's eyes slightly widened upon hearing my goal. The look of surprise on his face matched the weight of my decision, and I began wondering what his stance on the whole thing would be.

"That's the right choice, Jared. Don't let it weigh too heavily on you."

Had he sensed my hesitation and burdened emotions? Perhaps so. Neron was always so perceptive.

Still, the fact that he said that made me feel slightly relieved.

"I'll be getting very busy soon. You won't see me for a while... probably until the whole issue is settled." I smiled.

"Hmm, I doubt that." Neron shrugged.

He was probably up to something again.

"Since you're headed for the capital, I'd like to give you one word of warning." He furthered.

'What warning?'

"There are three Grand Mages of the Eastern Kingdom. One was the previous Headmaster of Ainzlark, who is now missing. The other two are located in the Capital..."

"Oh? You want me to be wary of them?" I asked.

"No. Just one of them. Her name is Serah Crimson. I may or may not have bragged to her about you... so... just be careful around her..."

Neron's speech contained quite a bit of dissonance when he was talking about her. His pale face was also slightly pink. It was the first time I had ever seen him act this way.

'Is she that big a deal?'

"These Grand Mages... are they stronger than you?"

To my knowledge, Neron had no official title. It was hard to compare him to the highest-ranking Mages around, even though I knew he was crazy strong.

"Hmmm... I'm not sure." He mumbled, as though still deep in thought.

'Are they that strong? If so, then...'

"I was stronger than them the last time, but... I can't say the same about now..."

My calculations froze once I heard this.

The previous Neron was nowhere as powerful as currently. There was no way anyone who was weaker than him then could measure up to his current estate.

In essence...

'... He's trying to be modest?'

I nearly burst out laughing, but controlled my emotions well.

"There is an exception, though." Neron's voice sounded a bit chilly and stern.

"You mean the woman you warned me about? Serah Crimson?"

Now that I thought about it, there was a name like that in Ainzlark's Hall Of Remembrance. She was third in ranking, directly beneath my name.

"She's as strong as you?" I asked, curious about the identity of a monster beyond Neron's limits.

Was he simply joking? That could certainly be possible. Besides, he probably just wanted me to be wary of her and—

"She is..."

'Eh?!' My eyes bulged the moment I heard that.

Such a thing was possible?

"... At least when it comes to combat. She's highly volatile and destructive in Magic, and her use of Mana is far more efficient than mine."

This was the first time I would hear Neron speak so highly of a person.

"We haven't met in a while, so I don't know how she's faring but... just be careful." Neron looked a little worried as he spoke.

This woman—Serah Crimson—was simply that dangerous!

'In that case...'

"Compare her to me. How much stronger is she?"

Neron paused and took a second to think. I watched him closely, a little nervous.

The major reason for my confidence was because of the fact that I had gotten much stronger compared to the past.

Alongside strength came weight. My words carried power, and I could prove myself to be capable enough to handle the important affairs of the looming war.

But, with what Neron was inferring, was I simply a small fish in an ocean full of much wilder creatures?

"Based on what I've seen so far, and from my estimate, I'd say she's at least ten times stronger than you."

'Keuk!' My heart hit a pause.

"That strong?"

"Yeah. That woman is also very deceptive. I just hope you never run into her... she's a monster!" He said with a wry smile.

Was Neron trying to scare me, or was he being dead serious?

"If by rotten luck, you do encounter her, do not believe any word she says. Trust in the words of your mentor!"

Since he had gone out of his way to warn me about the biggest threat to my plan, I had to take it with all seriousness.

"Understood."

"Whew! Alright then... I wish you good luck. Is there any other thing you need to take care of before leaving?" Neron asked with a knowing smile.

He must have had a faint idea.

"Yes. I should see Ana about a promise we made in the past..."

"That girl has feelings for you, you know that right?" Neron raised his brow playfully.

I loosened my lips and sighed at his statement. It was obvious, wasn't it?

"I know, but..."

Now wasn't the time to bother about such trivialities.

"... Not yet."

The man beside me simply gave a light smile as he shrugged.

"Then when?"

I didn't have an answer to his question. Before I could even articulate another excuse, he was already on his way forward, quickening his pace.

Figuring that was the end of our conversation, I hurried my steps as well.

'Feelings, uh...'

Was the problem really with Ana... or me?

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[A/N]

I need more reviews and interaction for this story. It's to encourage me and also get your suggestions.

So, please, I would like to appeal to the readers to give their reviews... and also comment more.

Thanks for reading!

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

Chapter 333: Gift For A Friend

Ana opened the door to her room in an exhausted manner.

She immediately made for her bedroom and fell upon her spacious bed.

It wasn't as though the furniture was extraordinarily large, but Ana's tiny frame made it appear so.

As she sighed and contemplated the events of the day, the young girl couldn't help but feel tired.

'I never expected so much to happen...'

She had a lot to think about, and, starting from tomorrow, she would be busy with Jared's project.

It was a chance to show him just how much she had grown.

Still...

'... At this rate, will I ever surpass him?'

>FWUSSHH<

As she was having this thought, a gust of wind appeared in her room, and a flash of blue light swirled.

Space warped, and someone made an entrance.

Ana—who was already on her guard—sharply made to prepare a Spell to protect herself and destroy her enemy.

The Automatons and Golems all around the room were also on standby.

Whoever the intruder was... they made a fatal error in coming to her sanctuary!

"Ana, relax! Jeez... it's me!" A familiar voice rang out from the looming ball of blue energy.

The child-like girl instantly halted her actions and gave a surprised yelp at the person who appeared.

"J-Jared?!"

The boy smiled and gave a light, awkward wave.

"Hi... I wanted to see yo—"

Before he could complete his statement, Jared's eyes traveled across the room—spotting the bed, the wardrobe, spare underwear, towel, and many other things one could only find in a particular area.

"... A-ah..." His voice quivered the moment he realized what he had done.

Ana, who was also gaining awareness of the whole situation, began to blush violently. While she was still in her regular attire, thanks to how tired she was, it was still very embarrassing and uncomfortable to have a man suddenly barge into her room.

Even if the man was Jared. NO! It was precisely because it was this boy that she felt even more flustered.

"W-what are you doing here!"

"I... just came to say a few things and—"

"In my room?!"

"I simply sensed you here and teleported inside. I didn't really..."

The back and forth went on for quite some time, with both parties looking flustered and defensive.

Finally, after a moment, their energies simmered out.

Once that happened, both friends stared at each other with simply awkward and tired expressions.

Huffs escaped from their lips as they have heavy breaths.

"Why... are you here...?" Ana finally asked, taking a deep breath and having a seat atop her bed.

She beat the surface of the large mattress, signaling Jared to have a spot beside her. The girl was already tired of arguing, and rest was what preoccupied her mind.

Well, that wasn't all...

"Ah, thank you," Jared said, moving swiftly to sit beside the young lady.

Their bodies brushed by each other as he sat atop her bed. His taller body sank a bit as his buttocks met the fluffy surface of Ana's resting space.

As much as she was trying not to steal a glance at him, Ana noticed those little details.

"I'm sorry for interrupting your rest. You must have had a very busy day..." Jared began by saying.

He wasn't wrong about that fact. All she had wanted was to simply relax and let go of everything.

That was before Jared showed up.

With him around, her mind was in shambles, and it took every ounce of her self-control to keep from gushing out in emotion.

"I'll be leaving Ainzlark this evening... in a couple of minutes, and I simply didn't want to go without saying goodbye."

"Oh? Okay... how long will you be gone?"

"Two weeks. I'll be back for the device once it's complete."

Ana felt a little sting in her heart.

Somehow she felt that he was only going to come back to see the device she would be making... and not her.

While she felt more motivated to work harder, Ana felt a void within—that Jared wasn't seeing her as she wanted him to.

"And also... I came to give you these."

A sudden warp in space appeared, and from the portals came at least a dozen books, packaged in two neat piles—all arranged on the bed.

The books looked old-fashioned, but properly preserved by Magic.

At first, Ana was puzzled by Jared's motive and intentions for bringing such old books to her.

Did he want her to study? Despite how busy she was going to be, did he still plan on giving her more work?

What kind of guy was he?

"I can guess what you're thinking, but... why don't you open one and check it out?"

Ana eyed Jared as he smiled after saying this. Deciding to give him the benefit of the doubt, she chose one of the books at the top of the pile.

"I swear if this is just—"

Before she could complete her statement, her eyes bulged and she nearly guffawed. What her sights were feasting on... were words she had never expected to see.

Lewis Griffith's Hidden Treatise. [Vol. 1]

"L-Lewis Griffith's... I haven't... seen this one before...!!!"

She began flipping the pages, desperately scouring her attention and checking out the details of the book's contents.

"This is...!!!"

It was at this point that all the exhaustion of Ana vanished.

She had been met with an unexpected surprise—the stockpile of Lewis Griffith's Hidden treasures!

'I'm happy she's excited about this...' I smiled, watching Ana pick each book from the pile, going through them like a crazed maniac.

Those were my secret books... knowledge I never shared in my past life.

Of course, the details of Spellcraft—among a few others—weren't there, but this much was plenty enough for her.

I noticed Ana's growth had reached a precipice, and it would be unfair of me not to grant her more materials to increase her capabilities.

For a Scholar like Ana, Lewis Griffith was the biggest gift I could grant her.

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

Chapter 334: Last Destination

"Glad to see you like them. They're books I found on my journey. I've gone through them already, so I'm lending them to you now... I'm sure they'll be—"

Before I concluded my statement, Ana jumped into my arms and hugged me tightly.

It was unexpected, and my body slightly tilted backward as she rested her weight on me.

'She's so light...'

I could smell a faint whiff of her. She smelled good—though a bit sweaty.

Still...

"A-ah! So-sorry for being so forward..." Ana snapped after a few seconds of being locked in my embrace.

As she began drawing away, I pulled her back and smiled.

"No, it's fine."

'It's my fault for not hugging her back...'

Even though we were friends, why was I being too formal?

'No more!'

If I didn't give her enough emotional support, Ana could end up kissing another guy. If this was what I needed to do for her... then I wasn't going to hold back.

I brought her close to my chest and hugged her too. Ana's head rubbed upon my shoulders, and I felt her hair tickle my face.

'Ana... wait for me, okay?'

Once I was done with the Demons...

... And when I had completely eradicated the threat my enemies posed to me...

'I'll finally have an answer for you...'

Till then, this was the best I could do.

Ana kept thanking me profusely, grabbing all the books excitedly.

It was as though she was never tired.

'With this, she'll understand that Lewis Griffith's Theories are complete. With that, she'll be able to build upon it and achieve greater heights. Both in Magic... and engineering!

Then, she was also delving into Alchemy.

Her long range of talents and skills never ceased to amaze me.

Once all the excitement died down for a bit, I bid my farewell to her.

She was initially hesitant to see me go. However, after we spoke for a while, and shared some words... the girl finally agreed to part ways.

"When we next meet... I would have grown even better than this!" She declared brazenly.

My lips curled up in a smile and I nodded.

"I expect nothing less."

Rising from her bed, I gave one last farewell, and activated The Tower Arcana.

With sparks of blue energy, and the warping of space, my body vanished from Ana's room... and I departed for my journey.

>VWOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHH!!!<

My body flew in the night sky, witnessing the brilliant glow of the moon descend upon the world.

As I traversed the clouds, my eyes witnessed thousands of houses and structures beneath me while I moved at ultra-speed.

The cold wind of the night brushed my face, and I felt the pervaded darkness around me.

"Now... one final thing..."

The Royal Capital was my last goal.

Once I resolved matters there, things would go much more smoothly for me.

The problem was the woman that Neron mentioned.

'Serah Crimson, eh?'

My mother had to be close to the Capital by now, since she would be using Magic for transportation— not just a carriage.

According to Neron, there were a few other acquaintances that I would get to meet. One of the names had me in a bit of excitement.

'Maria Helmsworth... I wonder how she has been!'

Of all the friends I made at Ainzlark, she was the one I was least interactive with. Yet, the girl's talent and unique disposition had me drawn to her.

Hopefully, she had also grown immensely.

As I made these thoughts, an energy swirled within me.

I sensed the disturbance and knew what it was. Now that I was flying, all alone, he had finally manifested.

>FSUUUUUUUUU<

A deep, dark energy emanated from me. Like a shadowy fog, it hovered beside me. This was the partial manifestation of one of my Familiars.

"Kahn... what is it?" I smiled.

The dark fog kept silent for a bit... and then it spoke.

"My Lord... about your earlier conversation with Neron Kaelid..."

'As expected.'

He was most likely referring to my private conversation with Neron while we were on a walk.

The discussion of my plans for the Demons.

"I meant every single word." My words were blunt.

"Understand, Master. But..."

Kahn was a loyal being who acted according to my whims.

Even though it felt a bit weird, since I was well acquainted with him in the past, I made sure to properly establish our master/servant relationship.

Still... it didn't mean that he would feel comfortable with every decision I made.

"Do not worry, Kahn. I haven't forgotten my promise to you." I gave a slight smile.

Even though he had caused such a great tragedy at Ainzlark, I knew Kahn was a being of principle.

It was due to this knowledge that I was extremely confused by his actions. They weren't ordinary.

Keeping this in mind, I decided to investigate.

It wasn't until after assimilating Kahn properly, and restoring him to full strength, that I realized the ugly truth.

He had been manipulated!

Even he wasn't quite sure as to how and why he decided to lay waste to the human settlement.

Also, according to the information he gave me concerning the current state of the Demon Realm, I could surmise that the Demon King did not betray the pact.

This was most likely a rebellion—an uprising.

The Demon Society operated in a strict hierarchy, and it was nigh impossible to break out of it.

That was why a rebellion was highly improbable... unless they had help.

'Does this have to do with the organization Legris mentioned? I wonder...'

If that was the case, then I had a good idea of what they were after.

In any case, I needed to be more careful and take many things into consideration.

"... I understand. Thank you, Master." Kahn's voice interrupted my thoughts.

As soon as he spoke in relief, the black fog dissipated, and he returned to his abode within me.

I smiled and stared far into the horizon. With my current speed, I would arrive at the Capital in a few minutes.

'As much as I'd like to see the authorities now, courtesy demands that I wait till morning. Unless...'

A mischievous smile appeared on my face and an idea wrapped presented itself in my head.

"That will work!"

After all... time was of the essence!

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

Chapter 335: The Royal Capital [Pt 1]

About a dozen guards were stationed around the main gate of the Royal Capital.

They often took rotations and patrols in order to avoid focusing their attention solely on one spot.

This way, efficiency and security were guaranteed.

Even though it was inconceivable that anyone would launch an assault on the portion of the Eastern Kingdom where power was centralized, this level of security was trite.

Two of the Kingdom's three Grand Mages were currently residing in the Capital, and this place had the second highest concentration of powerful Magic Users and Martial Artists—the first being Ainzlark.

As a result, even the six guards who currently manned the main gate while their comrades went on patrol had nothing to do.

They yawned while staring into the night sky.

The gates were well fortified with luminous lamps, causing the entire area to shine with brightness.

All they could see before then was an empty road, no danger whatsoever.

This was a most boring job, filled with nothing but standing and yawning until one's round was over.

The guards were not complaining, though. Their fat salaries and heavy paychecks made them more than happy to keep working in such a drab place.

This was the Royal Capital, after all.

No risk. Lots of rewards.

"Man... when will the first Patrol squad be back? I want to take a walk too..."

They usually rotated the patrol among themselves. That way, none of them would die of boredom.

"I have no idea. I just wish we had chairs we could use to wait. Just punishing my legs for nothing... tch..."

As they complained about absolutely mundane things, the guards were unprepared for the surprise the night brought.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!!!<

Like lightning descending from the heavens, a flash of bursting energy came upon the earth.

The earth quaked and the guards all lost their footing.

In an instant, their easygoing expressions vanished, and they all laid eyes on what had appeared before them.

Standing a few meters from the Capital's walls, just a small distance from the soldiers, was a terrifying being that defied all logic.

It had a hulking stature of at least 15 feet, having a monstrous body and burning skin.

It looked like a living personification of an erupting volcano. However, another distinct energy shrouded it... something that mere guards had no words to describe.

—Miasma!

This was definitely negative energy!

"Grrruuuuu..." The lava monster growled, shining with pure amber as it moved.

The ground it trod on became a sea of flames and molten magma.

Even the guards, in their expensive armor, felt the extreme heat that the monster exuded.

No prophet was needed to tell them that the being before them was a monster of absolute destruction.

Only one thing rang in their human mind.

'RUN!'

They had to flee.

This being was something beyond their capabilities.

The Royal Capital had a special barrier reinforcing it.

In the likelihood that it was sieged, the field would activate and lock all the threats out. Then, without wasting much time, the Mages would be dispatched to handle the incursion.

The guards were, at most, just decorative fodder that could simply be used to buy time.

However, these men were not willing to die a vain death.

Even if they had received huge sums of money for doing nothing.

Even though they had spent so many years lazing around and proudly calling it their profession.

When the time for action arrived, the guards were now petrified with fear.

'T-this isn't what we signed up for!'

'Flee... I need to flee!'

'M-monster!'

Surely, they had heard of the looming Demon threat, but who would have expected one to come knocking on their front doors.

While this creature resembled a Magic Beast more than the Demons described in reports, the bone-chilling and sickening aura of Miasma was something they could only attribute to creatures of darkness.

They stood no chance!

Hopefully, the quake had gathered the attention of the Mages within the Capital. They were meant to buy time, but no sane man would risk their life for nothing!

"RUUUUUNNNN!!!" The guards screamed as the flaming monster approached in its terrifying form.

The men began retreating within the Capital walls.

They knew that their jobs were officially over. Even if they managed to survive this onslaught, they would forever lose their positions in society.

They would be remembered as the failed guards who refused to man the gates.

No one would be willing to aid anyone who would jeopardize the safety of the citizenry.

Perhaps they would even have to move out of the Royal Capital and find another life for themselves.

But, anything was better than dying!

Death... was it as simple as just escaping this danger? Would their lives truly be spared if they could avoid the monster?

A thought rang in the minds of all the guards who were about to hide like cowards.

Treason!

If they fled now... if they abandoned their duties... they would be charged with the severe crime of treason.

Death awaited them either way.

Once these men realized this, they were left with two options.

Die now, in the blazes of honor and glory—being remembered as the heroes who fought for the Kingdom.

Or a public execution as dogs who were more concerned about their lives than the welfare of the Kingdom.

Their families would be ostracized, and no one would remember them for good.

Either way, they would die, but...

... Any sensible person knew the right choice to make.

"AHH! DAMNIT!"

"I SHOULD HAVE NEVER TAKEN THIS JOB!"

"DAMN IT! DAMN IT! SHIIIT!!!"

The guards who had been relishing their privilege, were now filled with resentment and regret.

It was too late, though.

That was why they all turned back to face the monster. The six soldiers unsheathed their blades and brandished them with all diligence.

They would rather go down in the blazes of glory—even if the heat looked painfully scorching.

"GUUUUUUU..." The monster heaved a heavy fog of hot steam, nearing them rapidly.

They all gulped and infused their Mana, activating the effects of the Magic Armor and weapon they had on.

As guards of the Royal Capital, their equipment was by no means shabby.

With their abilities boosted by their armaments, all six put on false brave looks and readied their frightened bodies.

"Shit! Take formation! We're attacking!"

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

Chapter 336: The Royal Capital [Pt 2]

"Hiyaaaaa!!!" The guards all yelled, activating their respective Martial Arts.

With a choreographed performance, the six created a large wave of blue energy.

It was a horizontal strike, curving beautifully to form an arc.

>SWIIISH!!!<

The energy-infused attack neared the monster at a seemingly intense speed.

>BOOOOOMMMM!!!<

The destructive capability of a joint Martial Arts move was by no means little—especially since veteran guards were the ones who activated them.

With proud looks of slight relief, the guards silently rejoiced... and prayed that this was enough to slow their opponent down—even a tiny bit.

Unfortunately, they were wrong!

"Guruuu..."

Their combined moves hadn't as much as scratched the creature.

"EEEEKKK!!" Their skins jumped, watching the monster near them even more.

Sweat dripped from their faces as they gulped in fright. Even if they had made up their minds to sacrifice themselves rather than be punished as traitors, it wasn't as though they wanted that outcome.

Still, they had to keep going!

They infused their Mana once again and launched yet another attack.

Null!

They used another special combo.

Futile!

The guards tried their best combined assault

Not a scratch!

Now huffing and puffing, the men realized just how weak they were. Compared to one monster, they were nothing but insects!

Upon realizing their limits and impending doom, the guards could only heave out in exhaustion. Their hands trembled as they struggled to keep a grip on their blades.

Swallowing their saliva, they glared at the approaching monster.

They had long given up on putting up a decent fight. Only one path to salvation remained open.

'Backup! When will backup come?!'

Their thoughts were muddled, but if help arrived soon, then perhaps... perhaps they could live!

"Guarrdssss!!!" A loud voice boomed, causing all the men to look above them.

Sure enough, there were a dozen Mages who were on floating boards.

'Backup is here!!!'

They all had their cloaks and special wands activated. Each Mage also had hats and special outfits that complimented them perfectly.

They were the Guard-Mage division, the first line of defense against any assault on the Capital.

The reason they were late was most likely because of the time it took them to equip their gear before charging into battle.

Since it was a bother to always water Magic tools, even these Mages slacked off in their guard duties and usually left them hanging around.

Upon seeing the threat from afar, they frantically put on their outfits and charged to the gate.

Fortunately, nothing major had occurred... yet!

"This is an unidentified Magical Beast. We'll take it from you!" The Mages told the Guards.

Their tone sounded awfully condescending for latecomers, but the soldiers could not complain.

In fact, they were relieved.

It was no secret that Martial Artists were the lowest on the food chain, and they were considered inferior to Magic Users.

And so, even though the guards had been risking everything to keep the monster at bay, it probably wouldn't take much from the Mages to finish the thing off.

That meant only one thing to the desperate men.

'We're... we're saved!'

They leaped for joy while retreating—happy that they didn't have to go through any more terrifying combat.

'They'll handle it! The Mages will protect us!'

With this in mind, the guards were able to quickly evacuate to the Capital's interior.

No matter what, the Capital wasn't going to fall because of a mere monster!

The twelve backup Mages looked at the fiery monster with caution.

They were certified, -grounded individuals, who had fought monsters and Magic Beasts quite a number of times.

However, none of them had seen something as peculiar and dangerous as the one in front of them.

Its surroundings burned just by the terrible creature's presence, and the evil aura emanating from it was not something they were familiar with.

"We'll hit it with combined Advanced Magic!" The leader of the Mage Squad told his subordinates.

They all agreed without hesitation, preparing a water-based Spell that was bound to be the most effective against such an evil being.

However, before they could complete their chant...

"GRUAAAAA!!!"

... The monster moved!

>WHOOOSSHHH!!!<

With such speed that defied its huge stature, the fuming creature closed its distance between the Mages in an instant, leaping high into the sky with a single thrust.

The earth shattered apart as it lunged upward, causing all the Magic Users to shriek in shock.

They immediately ceased their chants and shrouded themselves in defensive Magic.

>BOOOOMMMM!!!<

The Monster clashed head-on with their defensive layer of Mana.

"GURKK!!" The humans felt recoil as their barrier cracked.

Fortunately, their opponent had not built up enough momentum, so their efforts trumped it.

Once the beast began descending to the ground, leaving itself wide open, the Mages took the opportunity to begin their assault

"Strike!"

Refusing to waste time on a joint chant, all the Mages simply launched respective Water Magic Spells that would yield the best results in the shortest time.

Hails and bullets of chilly liquid descended on the falling creature, causing harsh clouds of steam to rise and fill the atmosphere.

>SHUUUUUUUUUUHHH<

The hiss of heated water pervaded the atmosphere, causing the entire vicinity to be shrouded in white fog.

Even if the regular vision of the Mages had been hindered, they still had their sensory abilities.

With their eyes enhanced with Mana, and all their bodily functions equally augmented, they could perceive all that occurred around them

The Mages felt as the hideous monster crashed to the ground, creating another reverberating tremor.

However, the moment the monster's impact was felt, another terrifying thing happened.

>BOOOOMMMM!!!<

It bounced back up!

This time, with an insurmountable pressure that caused the Mages to flinch in their high estate.

"Fortify the barrier!"

Before they could conclude their endeavor, the monster emerged from the thick fog, shrouded in even more flames.

>KRRRRAAAANKKK!!!<

With a deafening roar, it broke through their defenses, causing the seasoned experts to scatter as a result of the explosion.

Their floating boards were destroyed, causing them to crash to the ground in an instant.

[Perfect Flight] was a Spell that required immense concentration; which was why Mages who were more combat-oriented preferred using Floating Boards to fly.

The disadvantage of that was the fragile nature of such a tool.

>THUD!<

The twelve Mages landed on the ground, each wincing as their enhanced bodies were met with the impact of the cold floor.

Thanks to Magic, they suffered no serious injury, but... that didn't bring them relief in the slightest.

"GURRUUUUUU..."

Standing before them was the cause of their calamity—

An unstoppable monster!

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

Chapter 337: The Royal Capital [Pt 3]

A few seconds

That was all it would take before the Mages would experience death.

It wasn't as simple as closing one's eyes and never opening them again. No, this was something crueler.

The sight of the booking ground, and the feeling of extreme heat, was enough to tell the defeated ones of the fate that awaited them.

Still, they were not done!

"Rise!" The leader of the Mage Squad screamed, rising to his feet.

None of his injuries had been serious, so he could cope.

The others were the same.

They rose, unsure of what else to do. If they tried using Advanced Magic, the monster would charge at them before they could complete the chant.

If they used simpler attacks, their efforts would be rendered useless.

It was at this point that the Mages realized their error.

'We shouldn't have told the Guards to retreat!'

They could have at least served as some form of vanguard for them while they prepared their Spell.

Ultimately, the only reason for their current state was their overconfidence.

They thought they could handle something beyond their purview, and now...

'Even then...!!!'

The men gritted their teeth and gathered their Mana.

They had no intention of letting the innocent ones beyond the walls suffer for their arrogance.

Even if it cost them everything, the Mages were prepared to fight the horrifying creature.

Their eyes brimmed with a sense of duty, and they were resolved to break through their limits.

Even as the earth shook with each step the monster took, the Mages began preparing their Mana.

It was now clear that they couldn't beat the thing.

However... they could at least buy time!

"Hold your ground!!!"

Gritting their teeth and gripping their wands, they were prepared to risk it all—even Mana Shock—as long as they could complete their duties!

However...

"That's enough!"

... Unexpected help arrived right on time!

>WHOOOSSHAAA!!!<

Descending from the sky, like a pillar of light, a being crashed upon the monster with deafening pressure.

>BOOOOMMMMM!!!<

Everything around them broke apart!

The Mages had to cover their eyes and brace themselves, as the impact shook them even to their foundations.

As their eyes were glued shut, they felt the immense presence of the monster slowly dissipate.

'WHAT?!' Their minds rang.

If they didn't know any better, the Mages would have believed that the creature was dead.

But, that was impossible... right?

As they opened their eyes, the twelve men were made to know the extent of their foolishness.

The burning creature had lost all its flames, and there it lay on the ground... completely and utterly destroyed.

Yes, it was dead!

Standing at the center of the molten ground and the dead creature was someone they couldn't recognize.

Of the Archmages and Grand Mages, none of them fit the description of the person who made an appearance.

Not only was he too young, but his calm and innocent demeanor made them doubt he was even a Mage.

But, could they really deny what they had just seen?

There he stood, a teenager that was not qualified to be called an adult, staring at the beaten Mages.

The men felt a wave of humiliation, but a stronger sentiment of gratitude and relief made them swallow their broken pride.

They had just been saved. That was all there was to it.

>FSHUUUUUUUU<

Steam rose as the ground began cooling, and the mysterious man approached them. His white coat fluttered with the wind as he kept moving.

"Good evening... I have urgent news for the King!" He spoke in a refined manner.

His voice contained both calmness and urgency. Still, something about him made them listen with rapt attention.

Before they could open their mouths to reply him, or even thank the young one for saving their lives, he spoke again.

"... The Demons have begun their invasion!"

'As expected, it works!'

The moment I uttered the words of Demons invading, the Mages all stiffened and displayed horrified expressions.

Normally, they would have dismissed it as immature words from a kid, but after everything they had just seen, I doubted they would resort to that.

A monster they all struggled to defeat was taken down by me... in a single hit, for that matter.

Their pride had been crushed, and they had no choice but to respect and listen to my words.

The damage done was minimal, and I ensured that no one was seriously hurt.

Some of them may have been scarred or traumatized by the monster's assault, but if they were fazed by only this much, then they would be better off quitting the security division.

'Still, to think they were so weak...'

Sure, they were simply the first response squad, but I expected more resistance. After all, the more of a threat I made the monster pose, the better my case would be.

As for how the 'horrifying creature' spawned, it was simply a Golem I made with the Highest Tier of Advanced-Level Magic. I added Miasma to the mix, making it appear to be a Demonic entity.

Of course, this Golem was meticulously made, so, even experts would determine it to be a living entity if they attempted a Magic Autopsy.

My goal was to create an urgency that would give me an edge for my request.

An audience with the king.

'So far, so good!'

I was brought into the Capital immediately after I made my declaration.

Usually, there would have been a thorough identity check, but the situation was too urgent for that.

After being directed to the interiors by the head Mage, I followed him to an area within the gates.

The other Mages had to take care of investigation and other affairs. Since I was with the Superior officer, it was clear that my position had been properly established—at least, to an extent.

"I need to report this matter to my Superior. Please come with me!" He said in a frantic tone.

I could sense his discomfort.

The man was struggling with how to address me, considering I was more powerful than he was, yet a younger individual.

It didn't matter to me, so long as my goals were achieved, but Magic was meritocratic in nature.

Age wasn't synonymous with respect—power was!

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

Chapter 338: Final Option

The Mage, whose name I eventually knew to be Derick, used a Floating board to rush toward the headquarters of the security division in order to make his report.

He asked if I needed one, but I chose a Fight Spell instead.

We both swiftly moved to the headquarters, and I was finally able to achieve a portion of my goals.

Meeting the one in charge!

We bypassed the many buildings within the Capital, giving me a nice view of the entire place.

The landscape was so beautiful--neatly arranged in rows.

The buildings were also luxuriously made. Of course, not every house was extremely pleasant to the sight, but they were all relatively better than the average construction.

The street lights illuminated the dark streets, but no one was within sight.

"There has been a curfew imposed, ever since..." The man whispered.

I noticed he hesitated to say any more, so I didn't push the issue.

'It must be due to the fact that the Demons have begun attacking the borders...'

The envoys of Alphonse's territory should have already arrived at the Royal Capital and given their reports.

I was certain that my letter and research subject had been well received by the Royal Capital.

While they must have been busy trying to keep everything as confidential as possible, they most likely neglected the main security of the Royal Capital itself, causing the guards to be quite weak and few in number.

'Considering the fact that the enemy will strike other territories first, it's actually wiser to dedicate their forces somewhere else...'

As I observed the Royal Capital from my height, I spotted the center of the marvelous city.

A towering building stood erect--like a monolith.

Thanks to my enhanced vision, I could see it clearly.

It was the Royal Palace--my primary destination.

But, first, I had to gain a considerable amount of weight. Which was why I chose this route.

Derick and I got to the headquarters in a short while, landing on the highly fortified grounds of the area.

The Headquarters of the city's defense forces--a place that contained the bulk of the Kingdom's capable soldiers--had both Martial Artists and Mages who were trained for combat.

It was located close to the Royal Palace, near the center of the whole Capital.

Four garrison positions were scattered at the cardinal points of the city.

The Headquarters was simply the brain behind their operations, as well as the area where a majority of the troops were gathered.

I saw many mobilized members of the Capital's forces--most likely prepared to deal with the monster that attacked not long ago.

Derick had already spoken to them via a Communication Magic Tool, so they were no longer in a hurry to launch a counter at whatever was assaulting the Capital.

'They're simply on standby, uh?'

The troops greeted Derick and me with a bow. We responded and made our way to a building that seemed to stand out among the rest.

The security personnel that guarded the building were different from the others we came across.

From their Magic gear to the level of power they possessed, I could tell that they were in a separate class.

"This is the office of my superior..." Derick muttered as we got even closer to the large door that was guarded by two exceptional individuals.

"The leader of the Imperial Guards?"

Derick looked at me with surprise when I said that. Was I wrong?

"No way! Someone like that...!!!"

Derick was already looking flustered, as though meeting the one I spoke of was inconceivable.

'If I can gain access to the head of the Imperial Guards, then I can have a big backer to support my actions in the Palace.'

Especially considering adversaries like the Serah Crimson that Neron mentioned.

"My superior is the Vice Head of the City's Guards. There's no way I can meet someone so high-up."
Derick informed me.

'Ah, I see how it is...'

I had made quite the blunder.

Of course, a mere unit leader wouldn't be able to get me the connection I required.

It would have to pass through certain individuals before finally reaching the Head of the Imperial Guards.

'Whatever...' I sighed.

"I'll be on my way now. There are a few people I know in the city. I would like to check up on them."

Derick seemed surprised by my words. Why wouldn't he be?

I had already expressed interest in meeting his superior, but, now I wasn't so hot about the prospect.

'It'll take too long...'

Why did I even bother with the whole theatrics? This had been a waste of time.

'I'll just stick to the original plan...'

"Farewell. Make sure to report everything you experienced to your superior. The other guards of the city should serve as good witnesses."

Derick was still processing my words when I lifted off from the ground and flew into the night sky.

>VWOOOSSSHHH!<

The cool night breeze welcomed me as I scoured the city on my lonesome.

I smiled, watching the tall and luxurious homes, the lush compounds, and the extremely detailed landmarks that filled the area.

'What now? There's only one other place...'

I was avoiding this, but it seemed like I had no choice.

My eyes didn't need to scour the city for long before I found my target.

"I suppose it's time for another reunion..."

With a gliding movement in the air, I dashed in the direction of a place that should have been familiar, but was completely foreign to me.

'I wonder if that person will recognize me.'

On the cool night at the Capital, a figure loomed.

Investigators and dozens of guards secured the area that was devastated by the earlier assault of a fiery creature, creating quite a stir in the outskirts of the city.

As they were fishing for samples and discussing with eyewitnesses--the Mages--someone approached the cluster of people.

Initially, no one paid the shadow any heed, until it was right in the midst of the crowd.

"This looks like fun. What's going on here?"

The moment everyone on the scene heard this voice, their skins jumped.

With stiff bodies, they turned in the direction of the voice.

Sounds of gulps and shivers could be heard among the troops. Their eyes contained hints of fear and reverence.

After all, the one who had appeared before them was none other than...

"We greet the Head Of The Imperial Forces!" Everyone saluted.

... Serah Crimson herself.

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

Chapter 339: Familiarity

In a dimly lit room, exquisitely furnished, and immensely protected through the aid of several Magic Tools and barriers, a man was busy sorting through documents and writing in correspondence.

The middle-aged man didn't get very long hours of rest, so, even when a majority of the Royal Capital was asleep, he was busy at work.

He had slight bags under his eyes, but that didn't diminish his charming looks. His regal face, his blond hair, and his cleanly cut beard were all evidence of his noble heritage.

The immense focus he gave his work was a testament to the outstanding dedication he had toward the duties bestowed upon him.

He would have kept at this work for the next few hours before getting a brief moment of rest.

'I still need to meet the King tomorrow... and then there's that discussion...'

There was a lot to do, so he had to be as quick and accurate as possible.

The Eastern Kingdom depended on him!

Amid his work, a sharp knock was heard, disrupting the man's focus.

'What now?' Slightly irritated, he glared at the door whence the noise came from.

"Come in."

A heavily armored man entered the exquisite room, bowing to the man who sat behind his desk.

"What's the matter?" He asked impatiently.

"Milord! We have an intruder!"

This made him even more aggravated by the intrusion.

As he had told his guards several times, they were not to interrupt his evening sessions unless it was something absolutely unavoidable.

'Couldn't they have just captured the intruder and waited till morning before reporting this?'

Still, as a Noble—especially one of high standing in society—he had learned the ability of self-control.

Still keeping a straight face, he confronted the Guard on the matter that seemed so urgent that it couldn't wait.

"W-well... the thing is..."

The Noble waited patiently for the excuse of his Guard.

"... The intruder..."

Once he heard who the intruder was—or, at least who he claimed to be—the blond man left his office in an instant.

He rushed out of the room and swiftly made for the place where said person was.

His guard stuck close to him and made sure he was always ahead. This was for protection, so the noble couldn't complain.

Once they descended the stairs and reached the entrance of the large manor, the Guard opened the door and led his master outside—to the vast compound.

What met the man's sight was a formation of guards that encompassed one individual.

Their blades were sheathed, and they were ready to strike if the intruder made any suspicious movements.

Mages were also present—though they were a small distance away from the guards.

They had their Spells—both defensive and offensive—ready.

However, despite all this, the one who stood at the center remained unfazed.

It was at this moment that the Nobleman got a good look at him.

The intruder also stared back.

As they looked at each other, a sense of familiarity blossomed, and both individuals instantly came to an understanding.

"Lower your weapons, everyone!" He ordered.

The Guards instantly obeyed, though their expressions showed reluctance.

The Nobleman left the safe distance he had from the intruder and began drawing nearer.

As he stepped foot on the compound ground, the other person also began moving closer.

No one stopped his advance.

They simply watched in both curiosity and caution.

Once the onlookers looked more closely, though, they noticed a resemblance. It was so uncanny that the men wondered why they hadn't noticed until now.

Both men—young and old—now came close to each other, about only a few inches from touching.

"It's been a while..." The first to speak was, of course, the young man.

The older fellow was still quite surprised.

Their blond hair fluttered as the wind howled, and they stared at each other with their similarly shiny eyes.

"So, you're finally back..." The man's parted lips finally brought forth words.

A second of silence enveloped the two of them... and then they broke into smiles.

"... Father."

The man's smile broadened upon hearing those words from his son.

"... It's good to see you again, Jared."

Damien Leonard Alphonse Sereth, one of the Kingdom's four Dukes, and the most important man in administrative affairs—second only to the King.

This man was none other than my father.

Usually, many kids would be proud and boastful of the fact that their father was someone extremely valuable to the nation, but I didn't really have such emotions.

For one, I never really knew him.

He was always working in the Royal Capital, so I never got much of a chance to interact with him.

Again, a lot of kids would bear resentment toward their parent for not properly giving them attention. But, I didn't view things that way.

His work was indispensable to the Eastern Kingdom.

There was no way I would be selfish enough not to understand that.

Perhaps it was because I was someone very similar in my past life—so dedicated to Magic that I didn't pay much heed to much else.

The Leonard family was only able to stay relevant because of his efforts, as well as those before him.

But focusing more on administrative affairs, our family proved to be immensely useful to the Eastern Kingdom... even if we hadn't produced a single Magic User in over two centuries.

How could I resent such a man?

Even at the moment, seated directly before him, I felt nothing but comradeship and understanding toward him.

"I can see you've been quite occupied, father." I smiled, looking in the direction of his office desk and the numerous documents he had to take care of.

We were currently in the lounge area of the very same room, which I already surmised to be his private office.

This Manor was the Leonard Household's stronghold within the Capital.

While it wasn't as huge and luxurious as the one back home, it was worthy to be called a Ducal residence.

My father was the one who spent most of his time here, but there was enough room to occupy the whole family if we chose to move to this place.

"Oh, that... well, the Kingdom has been encountering quite the number of issues. And after a report came in yesterday, things got busier..." Damien Leonard said with a tired smile.

He was most likely referring to the assault on the Western Border.

'Good thing he's up to speed. Now, then... I should seize this chance!'

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

Chapter 340: Father And Son

"I'm guessing you know that I was the one who saved everyone there."

He nodded.

"The King received your letter, and the researchers are currently dissecting the Demon Beasts that you captured for us. Without exaggerating, I'll say your contributions will be very instrumental in the coming crisis."

I could sense a glow of pride in his words. My father's tired eyes brimmed with satisfaction.

Unlike my doting mother, he didn't bother bawling or complaining about my absence. Our mature conversation was evidence that he no longer saw me as a child.

'That makes things easier...'

"Anabelle also contacted me through a Magic Communication Tool. You went to visit the Manor, didn't you? That was a good choice."

He probably knew how much my mom suffered thanks to my absence.

In his way, Damien most likely tried to comfort her. However, there was a limit he could do with the matters he had on his plate.

Just as he didn't criticize me for my actions, I didn't intend on doing the same for him.

"She will be arriving in a few hours, so you should be able to see her soon."

'Looks like Ana will make it in time, after all...'

"I also visited Ainzlark Academy. My allies there are aiding me in something that would also prove valuable to the conflict." I said, diverting from the topic of family.

His eyes sparked with interest.

"Something I should know about?"

"No. At least, not yet. But..."

This was the major reason I decided to come here.

"... I need to speak to the King as soon as possible."

As expected, my father's brow furrowed slightly.

Since he didn't frown, that meant it wasn't entirely impossible. However, that didn't make it a simple matter.

"I got a hold of your letter. Since I'm in charge of administration, I understand what you wrote there. The King himself would like to meet you as well, since you've done the Kingdom a great deed already."

'But...?'

I asked internally.

"However, the Council is a different matter entirely. Many of them view your sudden appearance with suspicion, and it'll take some time before we can finalize a meeting date." My father sighed.

"Even if an invasion could occur at any moment?"

He nodded.

"That's how bothersome aristocratic matters are. Still, it's not like we have to stick by the rules, especially since an assault just occurred at our front doors."

'He knows about that already? How fast is his information network?' My mind raced with slight surprise.

"I assume it had something to do with you? Was it an attempt to quicken the process? If so, that was a good move."

I was amazed by his deductive skills as well. He wasn't my father, and the head of administrative affairs, for nothing.

"Yes. The Council members who are hesitant for a meeting will have no choice, at this point."

Even if they were suspicious, nothing bothered a noble more than personal safety. Once they realized that danger was befalling their premises, the Council Members would have no problems hearing what I had to say.

"There are two Grand Mages in the Capital, but... if a battle should occur here, there's no telling the damage that will be wrought. That's probably what they're scared of."

Members of the Council were of high nobility. They even had Royal blood.

That was why they could seat in the Royal Palace and govern the decisions that could be made, alongside the King.

It wasn't an absolute rule dictated by the King. However, since he still had 'absolute power' in a sense, he could veto their decisions.

The problem was that the Council Members had a deeper connection to the Kingdom's Nobles.

If the King stood against them too much, he would be picking a fight with the Nobles. For a better Kingdom and easier administration, it was better to avoid that.

'Ah, politics is so complicated...'

It was no wonder I never bothered about it in the past.

I was trying my best to better understand it, but I wasn't exactly an expert in the field. Fortunately, I had a father who was pretty much a political pillar.

If I could leverage our connection, it would be the best way to get what I wanted.

"How soon can a meeting be set up?"

Upon hearing my question, my father stoked his beard and looked to the ground for a few seconds.

After that, he sharply stared at me.

"How dire is the situation?"

His voice sounded grave.

Depending on the intensity of our current predicament, he would pull out some cards that he wouldn't normally use.

That showed a great deal of the trust he had in me.

"It's extremely unfavorable. The Demons have the upper hand in terms of information and power. If we want to turn the tables, we have to act quickly."

Damien Leonard Alphonse Sereth sighed and nodded upon hearing my comment.

"Then... I'll set up a meeting tonight!"

My eyes bulged the moment he spoke.

'That soon?!'

Even with his numerous connections, I didn't expect him to have such authority.

'I should have just leveraged on him from the start!'

This was why I sucked at politics.

"It'll be hard to convince the Council, but after the earlier attack, they'll be willing to cooperate. As for the King and Queen, they'll be easier to convince, especially since we can pressure the Council."

I was liking my father more and more.

"For a proper meeting, we'll need important stakeholders, especially since that's what your letter indicated."

Correct.

I didn't only need Nobles and Royals in attendance. While they were the decision-makers, they were completely useless when it came to taking actual action.

The Head of the Research Division.

The Head of the Imperial Forces.

The Grand Mages.

The Head Warriors.

I needed as many powerful individuals to be in attendance.

That way, after the meeting, I could take action immediately.

"I have a direct connection with the Crimson Household. They're also a Ducal Family, so it'll be much faster if I employ their aid. They also owe me a big favor."

My father continued mentioning the numerous strings he could pull, making me in greater awe of his capabilities.

By the time we were done, I realized that in only a few hours, a meeting could be set up.

"I don't know what exactly you have in mind, but... you are my son, Jared. I'll trust you!"

Those words were concise and terribly short, but...

"I understand. I won't let you down!"

... They meant a lot to me!