

SPELLCRAFT 341

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

Chapter 341: The Royal Palace

"We're finally here..." I smiled.

Right before me was the door that led to the throne room.

Behind the massive door were the people who would be attending the meeting—all waiting for my appearance.

I made sure to brace myself, ensuring everything was in place one final time.

To my left and right were the only people I could count on at the moment.

—My parents.

With my mom's encouraging smile and my father's stern expression, they waited for me to make the first move.

Two guards waited till I was ready, and then, when I nodded to them, they opened the large doors to allow me entry.

A forerunner moves ahead of us, announcing our presence to the already waiting audience whose gazes were fixated on the open doors.

"Presenting members of the Leonard Alphonse Sereth Household: Damien Leonard Alphonse Sereth. Anabelle Leonard Alphonse Sereth. Jared Leonard Alphonse Sereth."

As we were introduced, we hastened our steps and made ourselves known to the Royal Court.

The first thought that flashed into my mind as I entered the massive hall was...

'... How elegant!'

The chandeliers, the glistening colors, luminous gems, tiled grounds—everything was the epitome of perfection.

Even the regal carpet that welcomed us was only of the finest quality.

Other than the obvious Magic Spells and enchantments that filled the whole building, it was beautiful beyond compare.

The Kingdom's flag was firmly placed behind the throne, as well as the drapes of the Great Noble houses.

This was the centralization of power within the whole Kingdom.

"They humbly seek the audience of His Majesty, King of the Eastern Kingdom; King Albion Lestrome Indiavel." Our forerunner announced, before completely moving out of the way.

Bowing my head slightly, placing my hand on my chest to display noble etiquette, and placing my foot backward, I perfectly imitated my father and gave the greeting expected of me.

From the corner of my eye, I spotted the graceful display of my mother's salutation as well. It was perfect.

With our heads bowed, none of us could supposedly see the faces of anyone around. Of course, it was easily achievable with Magic, so my action was nothing more than superficial.

I could see everyone.

Ten of the twelve members of the Council that stood before us—in their respective chairs.

They represented the great houses of the Kingdom—a majority of which were Magic Users.

Of course, the four Ducal houses were among them.

Other than them, there were representatives of the Imperial Forces, the Research group, and the representatives from the Western Border.

I could even spot Ivan, Cephas, and... Alphonse?

He was standing right there! I wasn't expecting him to be around, but... it was quite a pleasant surprise.

'Looks like almost everyone is here...'

Last, but not least, was the Royal Family.

The King sat on his elegant throne, with the queen seated beside him.

His three sons—the princes—stood behind him, and the daughter was by her mother's side.

Standing in a corner of the room was someone I recognized, thanks to their robe and distinguished position.

My father had briefed me on his existence, so I couldn't be mistaken.

'The Court Mage...'

He was one of the Eastern Kingdom's only three Grand Mages.

The man was adorned in quite a number of Magic Tools, and their quality was extremely high.

As expected of someone of his level.

Of the three Grand Mages, I could only spot him among the audience.

The head of Ainzlark Academy was still missing.

And finally, I intentionally made sure I excluded Serah Crimson from the list of people my father pulled his strings for.

It would be foolish of me to ignore Neron's advice.

Of the four Ducal Households, only two were present—besides us.

One was the Helmsworth Family, and the second was the Crimson Household. For some reason, the last family couldn't make it.

The Imperial Forces had the Vice Head representing the group, along with someone I recognized quite well.

Her flowing silver hair and clear blue eyes were so remarkable that I couldn't blot them out of my memories even if I tried.

Her pale face was expressionless, but she was intensely staring at me for some reason.

'Maria Helmsworth... it's been a while.' A smile formed on my face.

'Why isn't she staying with her family, though?'

"Raise your heads."

Once this was said, all three of us obeyed in a seemingly choreographed stroke.

I was simply imitating my father, but my parents were incredibly adept at this.

'Even though I took courtesy and etiquette training, it's not like I really practiced...'

Still, although the atmosphere in the Royal Palace was quite heavy, I was determined to remain composed at all times.

This wasn't the time to flop.

As we raised our heads, I finally got a good look at the one who sat on the throne and wore the crown.

King Albion Lestrome Indiavel was a man who looked to be in his thirties, even though his actual age was supposed to be somewhere around his fifties.

His youthful appearance was most likely due to the effects of magic and the royal pampering, plus skincare given to high members of society.

His wife had a similar, if not younger, look. In terms of face value, the Queen was similar to my mom, even though she was meant to be way older.

'Anabelle is prettier, though...' My thoughts trailed.

Their four children all had blank expressions on their faces—as expected of properly trained Royals—though one of them seemed awfully dissatisfied with me.

'Fabian Lestrome, uh? It's been a while.' I shot him a confident smirk.

He was the youngest prince among the three of them, yet it seemed like his ego was the biggest.

The princess—about my age—maintained a graceful display. In terms of beauty, she was very appealing, but... courtesy couldn't allow me to stare at her for very long.

Still, their family's staple blond hair looked even more regal than my family's.

'Well, they are royalty, after all.'

"We greet your Majesty, King Albion Lestrome Indiavel. Apologies for this late audience with you." I let my father handle the greetings, and he did so splendidly.

"Oh, please. Now is not the time for such boorish displays. I believe the situation was urgent, which was why you requested an audience. I permit you to speak."

As expected of a King. His charisma was enough to quell the unease in the massive hall.

A smile formed on my face as I read the room even more.

'This shouldn't be too hard!'

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

Chapter 342: Proposed Alliance

"Jared. This is your queue." My father whispered to me.

After the King had done away with useless salutations, it was finally time to get straight to the point.

My father gave a bit of introduction, for the sake of newcomers, but the members of the Royal Court already knew of my identity.

'After all, they've already received my letter and gifts...'

"As my father has rightly introduced me, my name is Jared Leonard Alphonse Sereth. I come bearing grave news concerning the Demons, as well as a viable solution concerning our current predicament."

As expected, hushed murmurs escaped the lips of many. However, their talks didn't last very long.

"Jared, you say. If I am not mistaken, you are the same one who resolved the Demonic Disturbance three years ago." The King rightly interfered.

I smiled and nodded, happy with his thoughtfulness.

Once he mentioned the Disturbance, no one spoke a word.

Seeing the satisfied grin of a few people on my side—my parents, Alphonse's faction, even Maria—I gained even more confidence.

"Yes, your Majesty. After resolving the incident with the Shadow Demons, I tracked down the mastermind of the incident and also defeated him. This was well witnessed by Neron Kaelid—a trustworthy teacher and Ally."

In order to have an edge in this conversation, I needed to raise my pedigree and also leverage the connections I had formed.

Nothing was more important than that in the noble society. At least, that was what I had learned from the brief interaction with my father.

"After defeating him, I decided to leave Ainzlark Academy to search for more clues on my own, as well as to become stronger. The abrupt end of my education, as well as the declaration of my journey, were properly documented before my departure."

Adding that would be enough to shut the mouths of those who wanted to raise a nonexistent issue from my leave.

"Please get to the point, Jared Leonard." The King said.

His tone didn't indicate impatience, so I didn't think he was dissatisfied with me in any way. On the contrary, he was most likely guiding my speech to be more favorable in the long run.

'Since I'm not very good at this, it's nice to have all the help I can get.'

"The Demons have begun their invasion. As I briefed you in my letter, they have most likely launched a simultaneous assault on both Western and Eastern Continents."

The Human settlements and Elven nation were the first on the target list.

"After defeating the hundreds of Demon Beasts that would have decimated the Western Borders, I stopped by a few other places before arriving here—for due reasons. I certainly hope my lateness is not considered rude."

The King shook his head in satisfaction. I took this as my queue to continue.

"I will now be brief with my assessment and suggestion..."

I could sense the tension in the air. Many Nobles were dissatisfied with my sudden appearance, but they couldn't deny the merit of my existence.

My achievements—both three years ago, and now—warranted their attention and respect.

If I was a commoner, perhaps I would have a much more difficult time. However, I was a Noble too.

While that didn't count for much back at Ainzlark Academy, I was granted a great amount of weight among those of like standing.

Even Damien Lawcroft—who was among the members of the Royal Council, had no choice but to keep quiet and watch.

"... The Eastern Kingdom is in dire need of an alliance!"

Based on what I had seen so far, our Kingdom's military capabilities were not up to par. While the Eastern Kingdom had a few exceptional individuals, such as Neron, Serah, and others, the Demon Race were equally—if not more equipped.

In terms of quantity, they had the upper hand.

Besides, if one out the Demon Lords, and their Arcana into account, it was certain that we were on the losing end.

Plus, Legris Damien's organization was also coming into play. I didn't want to take any chances, so it was best to employ all the help we could get.

"An alliance, you say? You indeed mentioned that you have a plan in your letter, but if it's something as obvious as an Alliance, then..."

From the King's tone, I could tell he was somewhat disappointed.

He probably expected a more grandiose strategy to come from my lips. After all, an alliance must have been one of the earliest ideas they considered when preparing for the looming crisis.

There had to have been a reason why they didn't eventually go on with such a strategy.

However...

"You must be referring to the lack of cooperation between the members of the other Races, correct?"

My terribly confident tone, and semi-formal speech caused a great deal of uproar among the members of the Court.

However, I was done restricting myself by adhering too strictly to formalities.

Since the King seemed like a sensible man, I expected him to also understand the cause behind my words rather than how they were uttered.

"Indeed, young one. As you are well aware, there are four other races who could be potential allies. The Elves, The Fairies, The Dwarves, and the Theiranthropes. However, none of them have responded properly to our envoys."

It must have taken a great deal of resources and planning, for the Eastern Kingdom to try reaching out to the other nations.

For their efforts to have ended in futility... it was quite a shame.

However...

"Your Majesty, a proposed Alliance with the members of the other races will only be possible if certain measures are taken, and a couple of conditions are fulfilled."

... Their approach was simply wrong.

'No one knows the members of the other Races more than I do!'

After all, I had comrades belonging to them in my past life.

Other than Gawain, the Sword King, every other close ally of mine was of separate races.

Even the woman I loved...

"What conditions are you referring to?" King Albion asked with a curious glint in his eyes.

I could feel curious gazes fall upon me as well. However, at this point, I was behind the point of self-consciousness.

It was now or never.

'I've already come this far. Time to push for my plan!'

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

Chapter 343: The Perfect Plan [Pt 1]

"Now is the most advantageous time to push for an Alliance!"

First, silence pervaded the room. Then, murmurs and dissatisfied grunts began swelling.

However, I wasn't done yet.

"Of all the Five Major Races, Humans are considered the least in terms of special qualities and natural strength..."

The others had natural affinities for particular fields, even as kids.

For the Human Race, it was only due to our constant evolution and efforts toward growth that we had been able to stand on equal footing with the others.

"... It's only natural that they would be reluctant to team up with us."

The values and cultures of the other Races differed. For humans, who neither shared those values nor had any dealings with them, it was only natural that their offer would be rejected.

"That brings us back to the start. As I said, an Alliance is not feasible." The mighty and wise King said as he sighed.

A smile crept up my face.

'I remember having this same conversation with that guy, back then...'

Why did Royalty have to be so stubborn?

"No, your Majesty. It's completely possible!"

His eyes bulged at my defiant statement, and an uproar arose in the Royal Court.

Many branded me to be mannerless for challenging the words spoken by the King. Some even went as far as pointing at me and openly displaying their dissatisfaction.

A mere child like me was granted an audience with the ruler of the Eastern Kingdom, yet I didn't know my place.

Upon hearing the barrage of taunts and baseless accusations, I kept my cool.

My parents looked at me with slight worry--especially my mother--but, a single look from me was enough to show them that I was fine.

'The greater the controversy... the better the rewards!'

I caught Damien Lawcroft--now Head of the Lawcroft Household, and one of the 12 Council Members--glaring at me from where he stood.

Unlike the other aggravated nobles, he didn't say anything to damage my position.

In fact, the man's silence was all the more confusing.

"How dare you address Royalty with such gall!?!!" The one who spoke the loudest was, of course, Royalty himself.

'Fabian Lestrome...' I nearly rolled my eyes as I saw his agitated glare.

The idiot had been in a terrible mood ever since the meeting started, and I could sense his animosity toward me ever since I entered.

'He's not important, so... I can overlook his words.'

More importantly, I needed to solidify my points.

"Jared Leonard, please enlighten this Court. Why would your plan for an Alliance work?"

With the King's words ringing throughout the hall, everyone fell silent.

If they had dared speak on more word, it would be them that was defying his Majesty's authority.

I was guessing none of them wanted to do that.

"Yes, your Majesty. Allow me to explain."

Of all the four other Races, the first target had to be the Elves.

For one, their territory was most likely being attacked at the moment.

Unlike us, they were at a greater disadvantage since Miasma was poisonous to them.

Also, Elves had always been primitive when it came to Magic Technology and Advanced Magical Arts.

They stuck very close to natural Magic, and so, even their transfer of information was extremely limited.

Considering the time, the Demons would have been attacking them for two days now, but chances of reinforcement arriving then were extremely low.

For one, they had no Magic Communication Tool or Teleportation Magic at their disposal. Since that was the case, the emergency reports had to be handled through personal delivery.

Considering how large their territory was--and how they were most likely concentrating a bulk of their forces at their Northern Border--it would take the Elves at least five days to completely eradicate the threat of the Demon Beasts.

Two days had already elapsed, so we had three more days to respond to their state of emergency.

I would have liked to wait until they were more desperate, but to prevent more casualties and loss of properties, it was best to respond as soon as possible.

By rescuing the Elves--who had a strict custom of repaying good deeds--we would gain their favor and have a higher ground for negotiation.

Besides, upon realizing just how big a threat the Demons were, and how powerful we humans would be as their allies, they would readily agree to an Alliance.

It was as simple as that!

Upon hearing my words, the Royal Court fell into a deep silence.

Many stared at me with surprise, shaken by my odd sense of rationality and intellect.

Not only had I proffered a solution to a long-standing problem, but I was also completely objective about everything.

Sentiment and emotions would cause anyone to lose their composure and advocate for a rushed rescue of the Elves, but... I was different.

If it would increase our chances better, I was up for saving the Elves. However, to have a better advantage against our potential allies, it was best to let them experience despair for a bit.

And then, we would swoop in at the last minute to reap the rewards.

'I could have just rescued them on my own, but...'

Considering my plans for the future, it was better to have an Alliance between all the races as soon as possible.

"I--I see..." King Albion Lestrome Indiavel murmured, stroking his beard.

Even the loud nobles from earlier had no choice but to be silent.

"... What of the other Races? Would an Alliance with the Elves be enough in our battle with the Demons?" His Majesty asked me with narrowed eyes.

'What a foolish question.' I smiled to myself.

Shaking my head slightly, I looked at the King who sat on his throne and parted my lips to speak.

'Now that I've gotten their attention with this... the one holding the advantage is me!'

"The Demons are far more fearsome than you think. To ensure a complete victory, it's better to form an Alliance with every single Race!"

'... Just as it was done in the past!'

Gasps escaped the mouths of everyone--well, almost everyone--in the room.

"How do you propose we go about that?" The King asked.

At this point, there was no arrogance or condescending presumption in his voice.

He completely understood where he stood, and that the one who held all the answers at this point... was none other than me!

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

Chapter 344: The Perfect Plan [Pt 2]

I was the one who solved the Demonic Disturbance

I was the one who defeated the Demons at the Western Border

I was the one who captured specimens of Demon Beasts

I was the one who gave specific details considering the situation of the Kingdom—including the existence of spies.

And now...

... I was the one who had the answers to the most pressing problem confronting the Eastern Kingdom.

It wasn't an overstatement to say that the members of the Royal Court now had no other choice but to listen to me!

'You should have all done that from the start, rather than letting me go through all this stress...'

Politics sure was annoying.

Now that I had proven my worth, it was time to venture on into the plan.

"The Fairies are close neighbors of the Elves. They have a close relationship with each other."

While the Fairies made it a long-standing principle not to interfere with the secular matters of the world, a Demonic War was an exception.

Still, the Fairies had a deep skepticism toward almost everything. They were also very fickle and unpredictable.

That was why it was better to gain the Alliance of the Elves first, and then pressure the Fairies into an Alliance.

Of course, we would prove our worth and make it seem as though they would be the ones losing out on a deal with us.

Just like an insect would be attracted to the sweet nectar in a flower... I planned on baiting the incredibly selfish Fairies by roping them in an Alliance.

As long as they had a substantial profit, the Fairies would join us.

The major issues for concern were the final two Races—The Theiranthropes and Dwarves.

They were located in the Southern Continent, and their capabilities were the most vital when considering the conditions for war.

I definitely didn't want to engage the Demons without their support.

The Theiranthropes, also known as Beastfolk, were known to have the strongest offensive capabilities among the Five Races.

Even the Demon race feared their destructive and pure instinctive abilities.

As for Dwarves, their craftsmanship was the best among all the Races.

Weapons. Technologies. Artifacts.

No one made these things better than the Dwarves.

I wanted us to ally with them, not only for the War, but even for what would happen after.

They were instrumental in my future plans.

"Do you have a way to bring them to our side?" King Albion asked me with a skeptical look.

Even though I had convinced the Council that the Elves and Fairies could be won over, the same couldn't be said about the other two.

Even for me, it would be difficult.

However, considering the conditions, it was completely possible!

"The Beastfolk value strength and capability above anything else. If we can prove that to them, they will see merit in joining forces with us."

They were meatheads who only respected the strong.

At least, that was what my friend said about them. I considered it accurate, considering the fact that he was also a Beastfolk.

"By allying with the Elves and Fairies, we would already have enough weight to grab their attention. They won't be able to ignore us at that point."

They were advocates for 'Actions rather than Words!'

So, by having two Races on our side, they would be willing to hear us out.

"T-then, they will agree to—"

"Hearing us out and agreeing to join forces are two different matters. Ultimately, no scheming or shortcut will work when dealing with them."

That's right! It all boiled down to power!

"If we're stronger than them, they'll submit!"

It was a simple strategy, but also quite difficult. After all...

'... I don't know how strong they are now.'

Still, I was willing to bet everything on an Alliance with them! That was how valuable I considered the Beastfolk Race.

"As for the Dwarves, if I'm right, they should already have an Alliance with the Beastfolk. If we win one over, we get the other."

The reason why I chose to influence the Beastfolk, then the Dwarves in extension, and not the other way around was simple.

Dwarves were quite stubborn and stiff.

It would take too long trying to bring them over. Besides, even if we did that, it didn't change what we had to do with the Beastfolk.

In terms of efficiency, it was simply easier to deal with the Theiranthropes first.

This was the onus of the strategy I employed in unifying every Race. Sure, the excuse that would be used for our Alliance was the Demon Threat, however...

'... I plan on keeping everyone united even after!'

Smiling at the king and bowing slightly, maintaining the proper etiquette, I concluded my speech.

"I hope I have made myself understood."

'W-who is this kid...?!' King Albion Lestrome Indiavel's mind rang in both amazement and slight fear.

Not only had he completely analyzed the situation, but he also had enough insight to proffer effective solutions to address them.

While it would take some time to completely investigate his rationale and make a decision concerning all he had said, there was no doubt in Albion's mind that Jared was right.

He gulped and controlled himself.

If he allowed himself to look flustered, it would sully his image as King.

'I came to this meeting with curiosity and intrigue, but...'

He never expected Jared to be this exceptional.

As expected of the Hero of Ainzlark!

The King spotted one of his sons who stood behind him, Fabian, and noticed the deep glare he gave Jared.

Fabian's displeasure stemmed from the fact that Jared had taken the spotlight that would have given him more of an edge in the eye of the public, during the Demonic Disturbance.

'Shouldn't he have been happy that the matter was resolved with the least amount of casualties?'

From all he had seen from the reports, King Albion highly doubted that Fabian would have been competent enough to handle the incident.

Jared's skill and capabilities from such a young age had already exceeded the most talented of his sons.

And now, after three years, he had shown more insight than the Royal Court and his Advisers.

King Albion was completely beaten. He knew that!

'For the sake of our survival... for a better Eastern Kingdom...'

There was no argument on his part.

'... We have to listen to Jared Leonard!'

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

Chapter 345: Silent Dissatisfactions

'Damien Leonard Alphonse Sereth... you must be very proud of your child.' King Albion smiled at the Duke who stood before him.

Unknown to the seated man, even the father of the outstanding lad was just as surprised.

'I-Is this really... Jared...?!' Duke Damien Leonard questioned internally.

During their discussion just hours ago, he had thought that his boy was very brilliant for his age.

It was due to this reason, as well as his son's spectacular Magic prowess, that he did everything in his power to organize this meeting.

However, he never expected Jared Leonard to have thought so far ahead.

In terms of knowledge and strategy, Jared had even surpassed him.

It was inconceivable, but Damien Leonard could not argue with what his eyes had seen.

'I thought the reports from Ainzlark could have been blown a bit over proportion, but...'

Seeing was believing!

With a smile plastered on his face as he maintained his calm demeanor, Damien Leonard realized how proud of his son he was.

All of Jared's accomplishments in Ainzlark, and his contributions to the Kingdom, contributed greatly to the image of the Ducal Household of Leonard.

As a result, his father and every member of their family gained even more prestige.

Thanks to their increased status, they were able to expand their influence. The reason Damien Leonard could have made so many calls and pulled that many strings were due to the current power of their Household.

And it was all thanks to Jared!

'Even now... he's done it again!' The Duke smiled sincerely as he stared at his son's composed face.

Once again, as a result of his son's brilliance, the Leonard Household's status had been elevated!

What kind of father wouldn't be proud?

'Shit! Shit! Shit!'

Even while many people—even those who were initially against Jared—were now entrapped in admiration for the young lad, a few still had their reservations.

Two, in particular, were completely dissatisfied with Jared's presence and contributions.

One was obviously the third Prince, Fabian Lestrome.

He tried his hardest to control his reaction, but he was seething within.

'Why? Why? Whyyy?!'

When they were at Ainzlark, Jared had stolen the spotlight from him, and now... it was the same!

Fabian had tried his hardest to support their preparation for a clash with the Demons. He had done his best to assist the Eastern Kingdom, and lighten the load placed on his father.

Even working harder than his other brothers, Fabian made sure he also trained his Magic and Martial Arts.

'Be better! Be superior! Be supreme!'

Even though he was the Third Prince, he was the most talented and skilled of his three brothers.

As long as he maintained that image, then...

Unfortunately, Jared came into the picture and ruined everything.

His brilliant strategy was flawless, and the feats he performed at the Western Border were nothing short of outstanding.

The Research Department was more than happy to receive the carcass of the Demon Beast.

The Imperial Forces sang praises of Jared's feat.

Even now, his father looked completely mesmerized by Jared's outstanding performance.

Even though his ego had been bruised, and he was completely vexed with the young boy before him... Fabian knew there was nothing he could do.

'It's flawless...'

Still, if there was anyone who could turn the tables, then it had to be his biggest supporter.

Of everyone in the Royal Court, there was only one man Fabian wholeheartedly trusted.

He was his biggest sponsor, and the man who had told him the throne was without a doubt his.

'Damien Lawcroft... do something!' The Third Prince turned his eye at the Nobleman who shared his sentiment.

Surely, if anyone could somehow diminish Jared's light, it was him!

'I'm counting on you, Damien!'

'What the hell...?!'

Damien Lawcroft felt conflicted.

'... It's too flawless.'

His eyes were fixated on Jared Leonard.

During the boy's speech, he had been completely silent. Even when the other Nobles were foolishly throwing tantrums, he kept his composure

It wasn't because Damien was in support of Jared. No, it was the opposite.

'How did he...?!'

He wanted to get a proper read on the boy.

Ever since he was at Ainzlark, Jared had always gotten on his nerves.

Initially, it was because the boy reminded him of Neron Kaelid—someone who has always been a sore subject for Damien.

The more Jared accomplished, the more he felt a similarity between him and Neron.

His relief knew no bounds when the boy left Ainzlark.

Damien thought he would have peace once the boy was gone.

Unfortunately, something worse occurred.

Neron Kaelid was made to become the Headmaster.

The thought of being inferior to a bastard like him was something Damien Lawcroft couldn't bear.

His deep-seated inferiority began to manifest.

It was at this point that 'they' reached out to him.

By proving himself to them, they granted him a position among their ranks.

Not only that, but they also made it possible for him to become the head of the Lawcroft Household and become a member of the Royal Council.

Damien was finally able to leave Ainzlark Academy—avoiding subservience to his arch-nemesis.

It was all perfect!

According to his orders, he was supposed to become Fabian Lestrome's biggest supporter. By manipulating the Young Prince, they would be able to control a portion of the Eastern Kingdom's affairs.

Once the War with the Demons was over, Fabian would become King, placing the entire Eastern Kingdom in their grasp.

Of course, Damien Lawcroft would be promoted as a result of this achievement.

Not only that, but he would be the one to personally govern the nation.

How grand was that?

Still...

'They didn't tell me about this!'

... Damien never expected this outcome.

Jared's plan was in complete contrast to the policy that the organization wanted him to undertake.

It was better!

If they used the boy's plan, it would grossly affect his mission.

However, Damien Lawcroft knew there was nothing to nitpick.

Everything favored the Eastern Kingdom.

If he was too rash in objecting, it would only discredit him even more.

'I can't have that... especially not at this critical juncture!'

The only thing he could do was wait.

'As the 10th Seat of the Cult... I have to bide my time!'

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

Chapter 346: Unexpected Interruption

"Hypothetically, if we are to implement your plan for an Alliance... what would be necessary?"

My eyes gleamed with delight and my lips curled up in a smile as I heard the King's words.

'Yes! It worked!'

I had thought some of them would find something needless to nitpick, but it turned out that I was worried for nothing.

"First, we need a proper letter that fully encapsulates an intention to form an Alliance addressed to each Race."

The Alliance Letter's contents would differ for each of our potential partners.

The important details would simply need to be spelled out and—for some of them—the respective merits they would enjoy by the Alliance.

"After that, a proper envoy needs to represent the Eastern Kingdom."

A team consisting of not more than five individuals, including me, would suffice.

Of course, a member of the Royal Family was crucial, as well as someone very strong—if possible, a Grand Mage.

That was why I asked to call for capable individuals.

If we selected the cream of the crop, leaving enough of a framework behind for the Eastern Kingdom, the plan would proceed smoothly.

"I see..." King Albion murmured as he heard my suggestions.

To be honest, I had the people I wanted in mind. However, I didn't want to impose on the King.

As long as he followed my guidelines and the barest minimum was fulfilled, I had no problem with the rest.

'But, based on what I've observed so far...'

"I understand, Jared Leonard. Then, who would you recommend?"

As I expected, he wanted to hear my opinion. No, it wasn't just him.

Everyone in the Royal Court had their eyes on me. They were waiting for my choice!

'Perfect! This is going better than expected!' O smiled, ready to begin concluding my business at the Royal Capital.

Since we needed to leave very soon, it wouldn't take very long for everything to be finalized.

After all the tension, the whole thing was finally coming to an end!

"In my opinion, it would be—"

My eyes bulged wide open and I paused. Something was coming... something big!

Before I could say anything or react, the entrance doors of the Royal Court were flung open...

"HOLD IIIITTT!!!"

... And someone unimaginably loud, as well as unruly, entered our midst.

I turned back and glared at the person who had to show up at such a critical juncture—not even minding the common courtesy that I painstakingly had to adhere to.

The intruder was a woman!

Her red hair and matching red eyes were the first thing that caught my attention.

No, that was a lie.

Her well-endowed chest drew my eyes to them first... before I averted my gaze and looked at her face.

She had an attractive look and an extremely fierce gaze. It was enough to send shivers down my spine.

'Who the hell is this?!' My mind rang as I stared in silence.

The people gathered in the room were equally quiet.

Judging the fact that no guard was making an attempt to halt her movement, and no one was complaining about her presence, I surmised that they all knew her...

... And that she was someone important.

"WHAT'S ALL THIS? STARTING A MEETING WITHOUT ME?!"

'I'm pretty sure I invited the important figures. Some were absent, but... it's not like it's our fault that anyone is late...'

Perhaps it was because of the current progress I had made with the king, but I was feeling quite confident.

So confident to the point of forgetting something extremely important.

"Jared..." My father drew closer to me and brought his mouth close to my ear.

He most likely wanted to fill me in on the rude woman's identity, so I made sure to completely listen.

"... That's Serah Crimson..."

'Eh?' My eyes bulged in surprise.

"... Grand Mage of the Eastern Kingdom!"

My mind felt like exploding once my father's words completely registered.

"You mean... she's...?!"

The woman that Neron warned me about.

The same person whom he said was stronger than him.

That Serah Crimson?!

I gulped and stiffened up instantly. The satisfaction that had built up thanks to everything going my way was beginning to dissipate.

My well-earned confidence was nowhere to be found.

'Shit!'

As I stared at her with both shock and fear, her crimson eyes met mine.

'Eek!' I shivered instantly.

The heat within her pupils was enough to swallow me whole.

It could have just been my imagination, or the presumption built in my mind by Neron's words, but... I felt like a fierce beast had locked its gaze upon me.

"Who the hell is this kid?" She said with a slightly surprised tone.

'Nope! She's human, after all!'

Thankfully, her eyes didn't pay me much mind. I was simply an object of passing interest.

'Neron told me he spoke to her about me, so it's best if I keep a low profile and observe, at least for the time being...'

"Ah, That's Jared Leonard. He was the proprietor of this meeting."

My face sharply turned to the King who said those words.

'Damn! Why did you—?!'

>WHUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMM!!!<

Before I could complete my thought, an immense force surged through my body.

The invisible energy pierced my body and nearly overwhelmed me.

'Mana Pressure?! Keuk!!!'

"Jared Leonard, eh...?"

It felt too powerful and overpowering to be simply that, but I knew it was a simple aura emitted by the woman.

I instantly shrouded myself in powerful Mana and responded to her greeting with mine.

The room felt extremely heavy, and I could tell that all her attention and power were focused on me.

Sweat dripped from my face and I gulped, feeling nearly swept up by the immense tide that she brought forth.

If only she hadn't caught me off-guard! No, even if she had...

Could I really stop this woman?!

As I sought an answer within myself, still maintaining my counter, I saw her lips curl up to form a smile.

It felt like the grin of a devil.

Her red-glossed lips seemed too malevolent to be natural.

'She's dangerous!'

The fact that no one was stopping her made things even worse for me.

They were probably too powerless to do anything. Plus, I was the only one feeling her intimidating aura.

It felt frustrating—as if I was playing in the palm of someone. I gritted my teeth and gave the crazy woman a deep glare.

There was only so much I could tolerate.

'At this rate, I might have to...!'

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

Chapter 347: The Crimson Mage [Pt 1]

"That's enough Serah!" Someone shouted, rushing toward the dangerous woman.

I was too occupied to notice initially, but... that person was my mother!

With a swift motion, she locked her arms around Serah and went for her signature move.

'T-the Suplex?!'

"Don't be mean to my soooooonnn!!!" Anabelle, forgetting she was in the King's presence, went for the kill.

My eyes bulged as I watched the display in slow motion.

'As much as I want to see this... is it alright?!'

My eyes scoured the room, but no one seemed to be attempting to stop them.

Even my father simply sighed and buried his face in his hand--most likely in embarrassment.

Still, it made me realize that I was the only one getting so worked up on the matter.

'Is this... normal?'

"Hummmphhh!!!" Anabelle released a struggling sound as she attempted to lift the monster from the ground.

However...

"Hahaha! I've already told you, Ana! No matter how much you try it, that won't work on me!" The red-haired woman grinned with pleasure.

She probably enjoyed watching my mother struggle as she tried lifting her up.

'N-no... Mom's Suplex didn't work?!'

Now, I was even more frightened of the Serah Crimson woman.

Just how scary was she?

Well, the Mana Pressure from her was enough to tell me that she was in an entirely different league.

"Fine. Fine. I hear you! I'll stop it." Serah grumbled and finally stopped assailing me with her immense aura.

"Haa... haa..." I let out a slightly heavy breath.

It wasn't as though I was pushed to my limits, but...

'How do I put it, it was different...' I stared at the Grand Mage, Serah Crimson, with caution and slight curiosity.

Once again, our gazes met.

"Looks like Neron wasn't lying about you. You're plenty impressive!" She gave a wide smirk.

"Um, thank you..."

What exactly did that man tell her?!

In any case, I made sure not to get carried away by the unfolding scene that I forgot whose presence we were in.

The Royal Court!

I needed to remain composed at all times. Fortunately, my interaction with Serah hadn't escalated into something worse.

If it had, my plans would have been at risk... I think.

"Apologies for the unsightly display, your Majesty." I decided to take the initiative by speaking up.

"O-Oh... um, it's nothing..." King Albion Lestrome Indiavel murmured, as though all of his royal presence had vanished into thin air.

Even merely eyeing the nobles, none of them were speaking.

No murmur spread across them. I had a faint feeling of the cause, and my head naturally turned in the direction of our intruder.

'Is it... because of her?!

Serah Crimson's grin had turned into a slight scowl. Her mood seemed to permeate the entire hall.

"I believe I asked a question. Why wasn't I informed of this meeting?!"

Even I felt shivers from the force of her tone. It was no wonder that everyone was extremely on edge because of her appearance.

'It's all my fault! I was the one who told my father to exclude her from the meeting!'

And that had been because of what Neron told me.

Still, even if I hadn't recommended it, it seemed Damien Leonard was already not planning on letting her come.

In fact, judging from the guilty expressions of the noble and royals present, I presumed that none of them wanted her to be present.

"Hey, Puck!" Serah screamed, looking in the direction of one man among the people gathered.

He was the Vice Head of the Imperial Forces, a man that looked stern and imposing based on appearance alone.

Yet, he had quite a funny name...

"Miss. Serah, please... call me by my actual name here..." The man's voice was squeaky and completely thin.

It was like the giant monolith of a man had crumbled to the form of a child.

Before the imposing Serah Crimson, the Vice Head of the strongest force of the Kingdom was a cowering man.

"Shut it, Puck! Why didn't you tell me about this meeting?!"

Puck shivered as she asked him. I could see the man's eyes dart everywhere, probably asking for assistance from everyone, anyone, who could bail him out.

I spotted the King and other Nobles. They turned away, refusing to take any responsibility for any action.

'Is this actually okay?' My gaze went in the direction of my father.

To my chagrin, even my usually composed father looked flustered. He glanced at me and shook his head, signaling that I remained uninvolved with what was occurring.

Since he knew better, I decided to stick to his words.

"W-well, it was an emergency meeting, and... well... you were busy, and... well..."

With every word that 'Puck' spoke, Serah got a step closer to him.

Sweat poured from the man's face, and the entourage he had with him slowly left him alone.

Maria, who was one of the people by his side, had long left him and moved closer to the Head of Research's group.

"You useless prick of an assistant!" Serah burst out amid the protest of the man.

"Eeek!"

I saw her raise her fist, about to slam it into the shivering man.

'Okay, isn't this going too far?'

At this point, all attention would turn from Serah to me.

It was something I would like to avoid. Not only because we were short on time, but also because it was of more merit if I made an indelible impression on everyone here.

This woman was stealing my spotlight. I couldn't have that.

"That's enough, Miss. Serah Crimson." My voice echoed through the hall.

Even if she was stronger and had more of an imposing presence... she had no manners.

"Isn't it obvious why you weren't invited?"

I knew I was probably going to get on her bad side. At the very least, she would redirect that fist in my direction. However...

"You've ruined the mood of this very important meeting. Because of your actions, not only has time been wasted, but the spirits of our Kingdom's finest have been disturbed."

... If this would allow me to score points with everyone, then it was worth it!

"What did you just say?"

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

Chapter 348: The Crimson Mage [Pt 2]

"What did you just say?" Serah said in a murderous tone, removing her attention from Puck.

As relieved as I expected the man to be, thanks to the fact that his superior wasn't going to punish him, he contradicted it.

His eyes contained extreme dissatisfaction, and I could tell that he wanted me to stop.

'Is he worried about me?'

"Jared, what are you doing?" My father whispered, looking at me with wary eyes.

Even my mom was mouthing the words "No" to me.

It would appear that my actions had more consequences than I initially thought.

"This guy... just because Neron thinks highly of you doesn't give you the chance to run your mouth!" Her glare was on me now.

'Did I make a mistake?'

Perhaps I should have just kept quiet. However, I had come this far already.

Fortunately, many eyes were back on me. The goal was to divert attention to my person. Serah was disrupting that, which made her a nuisance...

... An extremely powerful one at that.

"I apologize for sounding rude. I also apologize for the fact that you weren't invited to this meeting." I switched to a formal tone and slightly bowed.

There was no way I would continue being defiant after so many flags were being raised.

'Since I've gotten everyone's attention, it's time to resolve things amicably.'

"Oh? You apologize, uh?" Serah's glare changed to a grin.

She left the 'incompetent Puck' and began approaching me.

Anabelle and Damien Leonard, my parents, both looked extremely nervous by this.

The heavy atmosphere hadn't vanished—considering the fact that Serah's dissatisfaction had lessened.

'What's going on?'

Before I could answer that question, Serah was right in front of me, with my mother still trying to pull her by the waist.

She was simply dragged around, having no strength to stop or raise the target. It made me feel slightly bad for my mother.

"Yes. Please accept my heartfelt apology." I said, trying my hardest to maintain a confident look.

For a moment, an uncomfortable silence pervaded the hall, and I could feel the worried glances of everyone.

Even Maria looked at me with pity and sadness.

'Hold on, why is everyone like thi—'

"Fine. I accept your apology!" She said with a smile, placing her hand on my shoulder.

Since she was taller than me, it seemed like a big sister patting me.

I thought it wasn't too bad.

"T-then..."

"But, of course... you'll have to take responsibility."

My relieved smile froze midway.

'Eh?' What did she mean by that?

"Argh!" I felt my shoulder being crunched by the Crimson haired woman's grip.

Even with the layers of passive protection I had on my coat, she bypassed them like a hot knife through butter.

"Since you apologized for the sake of everyone, it's only right you take full responsibility, right?" Her grin widened.

'Shiiiiit....'

Now I understood why no one had apologized to her or tried explaining. They were all silent as they watched in discomfort.

Yet... I just had to speak up and apologize.

'What did I just get myself into?!'

But... it wasn't like I could turn back now. The image I was trying to project to the important people was far too important.

"What kind of responsibility?" I said with a strained smile.

My shoulders hurt, but I ignored the pain. A bit of enhancement would have gotten rid of the problem, but I decided to wave it off as no big deal.

"Oh? You've got guts too, uh?" Her sharp teeth were showing at this point.

"Miss. Serah, please—"

One look from her was enough to silence whatever petition my father wanted to make.

My mother also tightened her hold on Serah, but it was of no use.

The woman didn't budge.

"Mother. Father. It's fine. I would like to get this over with. Considering the fact that we're all pressed for time, it's best to resolve this as quickly as possible."

My plans had not included so many disruptions. So, the longer we remained here, the worse it got for me.

My father, after understanding my intentions, backed off. He still looked very hesitant and worried, but since he had decided to put his trust in me, he decided not to interfere.

Anabelle too was surprisingly receptive to my words. She released Serah and returned to my father's side, her head hung low.

'Is she sulking or something?'

"Good. Good. I like your attitude, kid! Very well. There's only one way to take responsibility!"

'Why do I have a feeling that she'll tell me to fight her?'

That was how people like this woman usually thought.

'But, she's a Grand Mage, right? She shouldn't pull that card!'

Would that even be allowed by the King? Multiple thoughts rang through my head. In any case, I had to prepare for an eventual clash with this woman.

Since she was stronger than Neron, I would need to utilize Anti-Magic at the beginning phase and overpower her with my strongest Grand Fusion.

Elemental Chamber was also a necessity. I would also be needing Mage Mode.

'Maybe even Original... no, I can't go that far!'

If I banned its use, then I would avoid using it. Besides, what if she used her Original Magic in retaliation? Would I even stand a chance?

As these thoughts clashed in my mind, Serah brought her second hand and dropped it on my shoulder.

With both her hands on me, I felt a great amount of pressure falling upon me.

It was different from Mana pressure. This was... the power of her resolve.

She drew closer to me, drawing her face to mine.

I felt an overwhelming force close in on me. However, that wasn't all!

'Her breasts... they're too close!'

Yes, they were already pressing on me, close within reach, yet far away.

Unfortunately, I didn't have the luxury to stare or think of them for very long.

Her face brushed by mine, and she drew closer to my ears.

Apparently, the vivacious woman wanted to whisper words to me.

'I can feel her breath! And her scent is...!!!'

It was overwhelming.

I felt like fainting as she was so close.

Was it simply the overwhelming power she exuded, or was this just because of her presence?

I couldn't tell.

'Brace yourself, Jared!!!'

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

Chapter 349: The Crimson Mage [Pt 3]

"It's simple..." Serah Crimson's words echoed in my ears, causing my whole body to tingle.

I felt heat rising from my inner recesses... and hers as well.

It was like Resonance!

Her hands pressed my shoulders even more, and her large breasts crushed me.

>THUMP<

>THUMP<

>THUMP<

I was feeling my heart racing at an unprecedented rate, and my cheeks were so red that I could pass out.

'Are these... my feelings?!'

No, this was...!!!

RESONANCE!

She was resonating with me? Even without my agreement?

The current emotions I was experiencing weren't mine, but hers. It was unnatural and strange, but... I didn't resent it.

'This woman--!!!'

"... To take full responsibility, you only need to do one thing."

Somehow, I felt like I already knew what she was going to say.

My heart thumped at the possibility, and sweat covered my face. Could I handle something like that?

Me?!

"... Neron and I... make us a couple!!!"

Her voice was so loud, even though it was only a whisper.

That was how much it resonated with me.

'That's right. This woman... she's in love with Neron!'

She probably used Resonance to give me a feel of her emotions.

I couldn't doubt it. I couldn't deny it.

Now that I knew that her request came from sincerity, there was only one thought in my head.

'Why me?!'

I was young, inexperienced, and completely oblivious about love and the likes... right?

Why would she do this? Though, I could probably guess the answer to that.

"Neron speaks very highly of you. I can tell that he trusts you very much. So... you'll be able to help me out with him."

I gulped.

'That darn guy!'

He wrapped me in his mess!

A crazy woman like this was in love with him. Yet, he didn't take full responsibility for anything.

"I won't take no for an answer. That's the responsibility you have to shoulder. So... what do you say?"

'You already said I don't have a choice!' I nearly screamed at the woman.

At this point, she retracted her head and now looked at me with a very peculiar expression. Even though she was supposed to look dangerous, her eyes were pleading for assistance.

If I didn't know any better, I would have called her a damsel in distress.

'Maybe... maybe she isn't so bad.' My mind trailed.

"Gah!" I suddenly felt sharp pains on both my shoulders.

My bones definitely cracked.

"Answer!" She pressed on.

'Nope! She's definitely the worst.'

"F-fine. I'll... I'll do it..."

Even though Neron warned me about her, there was no way I could say no when she was right in front of me. Besides, he brought this upon himself.

"Perfect!" Serah grinned, then abruptly turned her face to the left.

I followed her gaze and saw that she was staring at Maria for a brief moment.

I saw Maria hiding her face, and then Serah nodding with another kind of grin.

"Since you readily accepted, I'll throw in a bonus for you!" Serah smiled, returning her attention to me.

"A bonus?" My voice leaked out before I could control it.

"Don't worry. It's something good!"

Once she concluded her statement, the deadly woman patted my shoulders softly and then removed her hands--finally!

"Sorry for ruining the mood here. I was just a bit upset that a Demon attacked the Royal Capital Gates not very long ago..."

'Oh? The one I made? Is she on edge because of the people's safety? That's actually very nice...'

"... By the time I arrived at the scene, the thing was already destroyed! It was so frustrating! Just when I thought I could finally fight one too... a Demon..."

I took back my thoughts in a flash.

Still, looking at the Grand Mage, Serah Crimson, she didn't seem that bad.

Sure, she was a bit rough, but... I didn't sense any malice from her at all. In fact, she reminded me of one of my closest comrades back when I was alive.

If it was with her, then... I wouldn't mind Neron settling down.

"You can resume your discussion. Don't mind me." Serah waved her hand, moving in the direction of the Imperial Forces.

"N-no, how can you say that, Miss. Serah." King Albion finally spoke with a slightly flustered voice.

'About time...' I rolled my eyes, watching his strained smile.

Apparently, I gave the Royals too much credit. Perhaps if I amassed enough power, there would also be no need for palace etiquettes and stuff.

"You're a respectable member of the council. After all, you're the Head of our Imperial Forces... and also the next head of the Crimson Ducal Household."

'... Eh...?!'

My world was once again flung upside down.

So, she was actually the 'Superior' that I wanted to meet for so long.

Thankfully, that plan hadn't bore fruit. If not... I would have been in deeper trouble.

'So she was also a Crimson, eh? I kinda figured, but...'

To think she was the next head? That was crazy.

I looked at the spot where the Crimson stood. They had the same position as my parents, but their prestige was simply based on Magical affinity and military strength.

The Crimson were the most powerful Noble force in the Kingdom--at least, when it came to raw power.

"Cheh! You should have thought of that before excluding me from the meeting."

Even though Serah still seemed to harbor some resentment for not being informed about our gathering, she waved it off and returned the mood of the Royal Court to its previous state--even if only a little.

'Well, at this rate... we can continue the meeting.'

"If I remember correctly, you were asking me for my recommendation of Envoys to take with me to the various Kingdoms." I decided to take the lead on the matter.

Once I spoke, the King and other Nobles nodded their heads.

Even though Serah's interruption was unprecedented, and it took a great deal of time to resolve the issue she presented, it could have been a blessing in disguise.

Based on their expressions, both the Royals and Nobles were exhausted.

They were also powerless in the presence of Serah. If I played my cards right, then... all of them would be more willing to do everything I said.

'Perfect! Things are actually looking good now!'

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

Chapter 350: The Envoys [Pt 1]

"For the Alliance, I would recommend that an Envoy of five should be sent. Excluding myself, we'll need four other people." I recounted my words, bringing the council up to speed.

As for the people I wanted to recommend, I was going to make sure it had to be them and no one else.

'They won't be able to refuse me, anyway...' I grinned.

From the scene I had seen earlier, it was clear that these people were on edge.

They were outmatched by my intelligence and Serah's brawn.

Using this chance, it was best to reap the best rewards from this expedition.

"For the four others, my recommendations are thus; Fabian Lestrome. A trusted personnel that can serve as his regent—someone of his recommendation. A highly esteemed member of the Research Department. And... a Grand Mage."

Gasps could be heard from everyone around me. I was asking for a hefty sum, but... I wasn't done yet!

My eyes darted in Serah's direction, and she looked at me with a bit of surprise and curiosity.

"I would personally like to have Serah Crimson come with us as an Envoy!"

This time, silence pervaded the hall.

"What?" I heard her voice.

The woman was surprised that I mentioned her, of all people.

"Why would you want me to go for a boring-ass Alliance journey?" She asked.

True, someone with Serah's personality wasn't good at diplomacy. It would bore her out, and it also wouldn't bode well for the Eastern Kingdom if someone without etiquette was chosen as our representative.

However... that was only on the surface level.

'No one is more important among those four than her!'

Even if I had to negotiate my teeth out... I wanted to have her with me.

"Miss. Serah... you told me to take responsibility, right? That's what I'm trying to do." I smiled at the woman, giving her a wink.

Her eyes glimmered in response.

"Besides... our journey will be anything but boring. Miss. Serah, I promise you this... you are going to have fun!"

From what I had observed, her personality was similar to a certain someone I knew. If that was the case, then, rather than wasting away in the Kingdom, it was best she came with me.

"Is that a promise?" She said with widened eyes.

'Looks like I have her on board.'

"Yes!" I declared.

"Very well. I agree!"

Once she said that, I looked at the King.

As expected, his expression was enough to tell me how powerless he was in the presence of the domineering figure of Serah.

'If I can have her as my backer, then everything should go on smoothly.'

"Excuse me for interrupting, but... will it really be alright to take one of our Grand Mages from the Eastern Kingdom?"

I slightly flinched at those words.

My eyes slowly went to the one who had spoken. He moved from his corner and walked close to the king.

"A Demon recently attacked the Capital. Who knows how the enemy will move yet? Is it really expedient to take one of our greatest firepowers at such a critical time?"

The man was none other than the second Grand Mage of the Kingdom.

As much as I wanted to deny it, his point was valid—at least, with the evidence they had.

I couldn't very much tell everyone that I was the one behind the Demon assault on the Capital.

Currently, only two Grand Mages were active in the Eastern Kingdom. No one had an idea where the last one was.

Therefore, it was expedient to reserve the remaining two for the Kingdom's use!

'As much as I like that opinion, I can't agree with it!'

That meant I had no choice but to give a rebuttal. It was getting annoying, but we would need to drag the matter once more.

"Zip it, Elrich! I'm going! Have a problem with that?" Serah's voice suddenly echoed through the hall.

Instantly, even the hooded Grand Mage—Elrich—flinched.

I watched him cower and shake his head.

"I didn't think so." Serah smiled.

Like a wounded dog, the man returned to his corner.

'Amazing! She beat logic with her words alone... damn!'

I was beginning to grasp the true nature of society more and more.

As long as one had unstoppable power, they could do anything.

Or was it just because of the kind of person Serah was?

Not only was she of high Nobility, but she was also the head of the Imperial Forces, and then she was a Grand Mage herself.

The Court Magician just couldn't compete with her unbridled authority.

'I'm so happy I'm not on her bad side!' My mind rang in relief.

It would have sucked if I made an enemy out of such an invincible figure.

"Then... may I ask a question?" The King, now as mellow as could be, spoke to me.

His voice was calm and unimposing.

"Yes, your Majesty." I smiled.

"I can understand why you would want a Royal, a close retainer, a Head Researcher, and even a Grand Mage, but... why did you specifically choose the ones you did?"

I expected this.

"For the selection of the Royal, it's simply because I have had prior interaction with the Prince, Fabian. Since we attended the same Academy, he is the most familiar to me."

I further explained how it would be easier to cooperate since we had worked together in the past.

Of course, that was all bullshit.

I knew Fabian didn't like me at all. But, there was a deeper reason for choosing him.

As for a loyal guardian for him, I was certain who Fabian would choose.

'Damien Lawcroft... perfect!'

I made no specific mention of who I wanted for a Head of Research since any capable person would do, but... my selection of Serah was based solely on preference.

'I don't exactly need a Grand Mage, but... I want her to come with me.'

The whole Grand Mage stuff was simply an excuse.

Since I couldn't tell that to the King, I made up a flimsy reason.

"She has the presence required to convince some of our potential allies."

I wasn't completely lying, though. Serah would come in very handy when handling the Beastfolk.

Once I gave a satisfactory response, the King nodded.

"So, does my son, Fabian, agree to this?" He looked at the Prince.

My smile increased.

'Come on, Fabian. Let's hear what you have to say.'