

## SPELLCRAFT 471

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

#### Chapter 471: Subtle Preparations

It was similar to a communication device, but extremely small.

By placing it within one's ear, one could connect to another person who had the same device.

Thanks to this, Neron had been up to date with the incidents going on with Jared, and vice versa.

'So, what's your next move?' The stoic man asked his protege.

~I'm still handling the Beastfolk, but things should be going as planned. The Royal Court Magician should be fulfilling his end of our deal, and the Demon Army should be attacking in a few days.~

Jared continued by mentioning how Lydia's death would aggravate the Demon Forces, but also make them extremely cautious.

There was the possibility that they would choose to retreat and gather more forces, but the most likely choice was to invade the Humans en masse and destroy everything in their path.

The way of violence was the heritage of the Demon Race.

~Damien Lawcroft has also made his move, though it's to my benefit. I'll be rounding things up with him soon. But, it'll be perfect if he sees everything he has struggled for fall before his eyes.~

'Your devilish intellect never ceases to amaze me.' Neron grinned.

~Oh, please. You're one to talk.~ Jared seemed to be chuckling where he was.

'You'll be acting on your own soon. Will you be alright? Even though they've sent their armies to invade the Humans, I doubt they'll leave their home territory unguarded.'

~Yeah, I know. I'm counting on that. Besides, I have to go alone. There's someone I want to see before finishing the job...~

'Kay.'

~You'll be making your move soon, right? I look forward to seeing the mighty Neron in action. Hahaha~

'You little... sigh. Well, you won the bet. I might as well finally get it over with.'

~You're sounding like I am forcing you. It'll be an enjoyable experience for you, don't you think?~

'Yeah. Yeah.'

~To be honest, I'm surprised... to think you've already completed the Weapon. And to think it was achieved because you used The Hermit Arcana. I'm amazed that you've gotten the hang of it so quickly.~

Neron smiled to himself upon hearing the young boy's praise.

As the older fellow, he wasn't supposed to be feeling this way, but Jared's compliments always made him happy.

'Well, I had lots of free time. I'm currently keeping it in the special storage. You're the only one who can access it at this point, so... whenever you're ready.'

~Cool. Well, I have to go... these girls are pestering me again.~

Neron felt a feeling surge in his chest. It could have been jealousy, considering no girls were flocking around him.

Serah chased them all away back in the good old days.

'You lucky bastard...!' Neron was nearly in tears.

~Hahaha. Good luck, man!~

With that, their communication line was cut, and Neron turned to look at his comrades.

They were all basically waiting for him at this point.

"Sorry. Had to take care of some matters." Neron smiled, his gaze especially focused on Ana.

"Let's leave, then. Oh, you can dispel the illusion now, Ana. I'll also undo the protective barriers. This workshop doesn't serve a purpose any longer." Aloe Vida said.

Maro seemed to be the most impatient of all. After all, he had work to attend to.

"I guess we all have some form of work to do. What will you be doing, Ana?" Aloe asked the young girl with a smile.

The answer was quite obvious.

"I want to study the specimen I recovered. It should help with my research on Anti-Magic... and something else..."

"Alright. Please be careful. Also, you did a wonderful job. Even I am not certain I could have beaten that monster." Vida gave a genuine smile to accompany her praise.

"Please, Miss. Vida. I fought her, so I should know. You're stronger."

"Hahaha. Is that so?"

Aloe Vida was a woman who didn't believe much in her strength, but others knew quite well how powerful she was.

Not only did she have access to Original Magic and Mage Mode, but her Mana Capacity was also extraordinary.

Besides, Jared gifted her a Grimoire that contained certain Spells and applications that made her more powerful.

To be honest, if Ana had to give her opinion, Aloe Vida had to be among the strongest people in the Eastern Kingdom.

'Is she already Grand Mage Level?' The young girl didn't have an estimate.

Still, for a woman to have achieved such a degree of power in her twenties... it made Ana desire to work even harder.

'I can't be left behind, can I?'

"Welp, I'm off to slack off in my office. Call me if you need anything."

Neron spoke the moment he stepped out of the door of the Warehouse. Instantly, he vanished.

"That guy..." Aloe smiled, snapping her fingers to undo the defensive Magic she had used on the Warehouse building, as well as the spot where Ana's Illusion Magic was used to replicate the Weapon they were building.

"Thank you all for your cooperation." Ana smiled while Rhea—her Familiar—dispelled the illusion.

"It was no problem. Still can't believe you could make a clone of me. Well, since I was allowed to remain shut in with my work while the Automaton performed my role, I have no complaints." Maro spoke with a grin.

"I was simply curious. But, you exceeded my expectations, Ana. Well done."

"Hahaha. You guys overestimate me."

To be honest, Ana didn't feel quite as achieved yet.

Her Automatons were no match for the Demon Lord, and even with her Assault Mode, she couldn't completely defeat the opponent.

As a Mage, she was simply too weak.

'Hopefully, I'll be able to change everything with this research!'

Her ultimate goal was to revolutionize Magic in ways that Lewis Griffith hadn't before.

To do that, she had to study what he stood for, and then create a different path for herself.

Of course, having sufficient power was indispensable to achieve her goals, but Ana knew that her true desire was to invent a different kind of power that the world hadn't seen.

That way, her name, Anabelle Frederick, would be the new Lewis Griffith—no, even better.

'I have a competitor already, but... I won't lose to you, Jared!'

She was going to be the ultimate Magic Scholar... no matter what!

[A/N]

I think Ana just got scarier. She's actually more similar to Jared than the other girls.

I wonder...

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**Chapter 472: Conflict Among Allies**

King Abellion opened his eyes slowly.

He had been spending so much time seated on his throne that he often slept there as well. As such, when he woke, he found himself still in the same position.

"So... she's dead, uh?" He murmured.

Every Demon Lord was connected to Abellion via Magic. As such, the death of Lydia came to his notice the moment she drew her last breath.

His expression didn't change from the stoic expression he donned.

Abellion's eyes were still a bit heavy from the short sleep he had, but they seemed a little downcast.

"Who did it...?" The Demon King whispered.

Even though they never really went public with their feelings, the truth was that he and Lydia were lovers.

They had loved each other for so long that the King couldn't even begin to express the sense of loss he was currently experiencing.

"W-who....who did it...?" His whispers grew harsher.

Abellion had hoped that he and Lydia would finally go public with their intentions after the war.

Even though her mission was dangerous, she had done worse in the past—like the time with the Midas Race those years ago.

He didn't doubt her capabilities, neither did he want her to be useless to their cause. Lydia was one of his most useful Generals, so it would have been a waste to keep her from doing her duties for the sake of protecting her.

"What a fool I am..." Abellion stifled his overflowing emotions and supported his dropping head with his hand.

His bloodshot eyes and gritting teeth gave off a feel of anger, but really, he was still wallowing in grief.

The pangs of his loss were so great that the King began channeling it into something else...

"But... this just proves how right I am."

... Blame!

"Those humans are too dangerous! Not just Kahn, but now, even Lydia..."

His father had been wrong!

If only they had taken action sooner, then perhaps things wouldn't have gotten to this point.

The only thing Abellion wasn't certain of was whether or not Lydia was able to destroy the machine that threatened their existence.

Abellion didn't doubt his deceased lover's loyalty to him. However... he couldn't count on the fulfillment of her mission.

"The humans are more of a threat than I thought. It is indeed better to take care of them first."

Fortunately, they were of the mistaken belief that the Demons would attack the Elf Kingdom first.

That way, there would be less resistance if they struck the human Kingdom.

Abellion already had the perfect plan.

All the Whites within the Kingdom would be called to retreat. They would gather all their forces and strike.

'I should go as well...' There was no way he could stand still after Lydia was killed.

It was his duty as her superior... and her lover!

"I'll make sure to watch them fall into despair... and I'll make sure the culprit dies by my hand!"

With this, his obsessive gaze rested on the looking shadow that was appearing before him.

"Legris Damien? What are you doing here?"

The shadow became unveiled, and a youthful man emerged.

"Ah, I just came to offer my condolences. I heard Lydia died."

"You... how did you find out?" Abellion growled.

"I have my ways. Besides, I actually came on official business. The loan period has reached. I'm here to retrieve the Arcana we lent to you."

"Huu... is that so? Very well. Meet Kyron. He's the one managing things in that department." Abellion spoke.

His heart was still trying to recover from the news of his beloved's death. While it was important to maintain his image as King, the Demon no longer had it in him to display that level of charisma.

"Then, I'll be on my way. If I may, I'd just like to give one warning..."

"What is it?" Abellion spoke rather impatiently.

Even though he had resolved the earlier issue of Jared Leonard with Legris Damien, he was still rather annoyed at the human before him.

"There's a man in the Eastern Kingdom, Neron Kaelid, if you can help it... don't fight him."

"Oh? Why?"

"Well, isn't it obvious? You'd lose."

Abellion couldn't stand it any longer. His pent-up anger and frustration finally reached a precipice beyond what his self-control could handle.

"That's it!"

In a fit, Abellion summoned an immensely powerful blade out of thin air—utilizing his Original Magic from the start.

>WHOOOOSSHHHH<

Faster than even Legris Damien could notice, the blade impaled him in a flash.

"Guark!"

Even as the human spat blood, and a pool was forming under him, he never ceased smiling.

"Y-you... do you have an idea of what you've done?"

Abellion realized that attacking a member of the Organization would spell bad news for him and his people.

His anger had caused him to make an error. However—

"You're nothing but a mere human who's good with his tongue. Surely, 'they' will understand why I had to do this. Besides... what importance could you, a member of their lower seat, warrant? Certainly, they would much rather value their relationship with us than keep a dog like you."

Abellion was in the mood anyway.

'I might as well unleash a bit of my frustration here...!' The Demon King thought to himself, still gallantly seated on his throne.

"Haaa... is that what you really thin—?"

Before Legris could complete his next statement, another huge blade was lunged at his head, ripping him into two.

It was a gory sight—how blood sprouted from his cracked skull like a fountain—but Abellion didn't seem concerned.

"Foolish human. He should have known his place." The Demon King murmured.

Though he had known Legris Damien for quite a while, it wasn't like Abellion felt that deep a connection to him.

He was but a mere human, after all.

"It's funny how arrogant a person becomes when they get a taste of power."

"U-uh?!"

As Abellion heard a strange voice and uttered a sound of confusion, strange energy wafted in the air.

It was the same unpleasant power he had always noticed around the man he just killed.

'T-this is—?!'

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**Chapter 473: The War Begins**

"You've gotten quite cocky haven't you?"

The voice echoing in the air made Abellion shiver.

The Demon King's body trembled slightly as he wondered what exactly was happening.

>SWOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHH<

Inescapable darkness began leaking from the corpse of the man he had just killed.

"U-uh?" Abellion was confounded, but before he could stand, he was completely enveloped in it.

Like a thick cloud of smoke, it completely shrouded the King seated on his throne.

And then—

"There you are, Abellion."

"Feeling alright?"

"Don't you think you went too far?"

"Come on, why were you so harsh?"

"Were you that pained?"

"Did it hurt?"

"Don't cry."

"Hahahahahahaha!"

Multiple voices swirled around him in the endless darkness he found himself in.

Abellion tried moving, but he felt like he was tied to his chair. No—rather, he felt like he was being held down... by hands!

"Where am I? Who are you? Show yourself!" Abellion demanded in a fierce growl.

His eyes saw nothing, but he could feel several individuals surrounding him.

They seemed to be a multitude beyond number.

They laughed.

They sneered.

They jeered.

They snickered.

These individuals were one and the same—yet different at the same time.

They were also the ones who held him down. All of them had their gazes on him, causing the Demon King to feel more overwhelmed than he had ever felt in his life.

"Who am I? Ah, that's quite funny..." A voice emerged in the darkness.

It was a single person, yet it felt like the multitude was closing in on him.

Abellion felt like shutting his eyes and burying himself far from the unpleasant feeling he was experiencing, but there was no escape.

He tried using Magic, but he had no access to it.

Abellion's Miasma seemed meaningless in this world he was trapped in. It was like such a concept did not exist.

Finally, the figure stopped right in front of him with a wide smile.

Even though Abellion could not see anything, he was beginning to recognize the voice. It was a bit different—having an air of dominance and malevolence—but it belonged to none other than one individual.

"L-Legriss... is that you? Let me out. Let me out right no—"

Instantly, a hand wrapped itself around the Demon King's neck.

It felt cold—beyond chilly!

The hand tightened its grip, causing Abellion's face to warp in agony and a new emotion he had never shown since birth.

—FEAR!

"Guk! W-what... urgk... are you doing...?"

The Demon Lord began suffocating. His bloodshot eyes brought forth fluids and his body spasmed violently.

Even as he tried to stop what was going on, he was completely subdued by the numerous grips that held him down.

"What's the matter, Abellion?"

"What happened to your arrogance?"

"Come on..."

"Keep going."

"Say something."

"Do something."

"Anything."

"Why don't you try your best."

"You're a Demon King, right?"

"You're the mighty Abellion, right?"

"Come on."

"Entertain me."

"Keep going!"

Numerous voices overlapped as they sang the same tune in Abellion's ears.

At this point, the Demon King realized how overwhelming and powerless he truly was. His body no longer had any strength to resist, and he could feel his consciousness fade.

'Maybe... this isn't so bad...' Was what he would have thought of if he wasn't experiencing such great fear and pain.

The feeling of helplessness that was alone to him was being wrought by a human—someone he often looked down on.

It simply showed just how narrow his view had been.

"I could kill you right here and now..."

"... But that'll be too boring."

"Resist with all your might."

"Fight with all you can."

"Do everything in your power."

"Give me a good show."

More chatters arose around the Demon King and he could feel the black mist around him clear up.

"Don't disappoint me, Abellion..."

Then, just as he was suddenly thrust into the strange world, he was ejected out of it.

"A-ah...?!" The Demon King was trembling and sweating profusely the moment he realized what was going on.

His eyes instinctively went to the floor where the corpse had been.

Legris Damien's body had vanished, and only the demonic blades remained.

'Fuck...' Abellion rubbed his face with his trembling hand.

Fluids were still remnant in his eyes, and his body still hadn't forgotten the cruelty he had just experienced, but...

"I-I... THAT B-BASTARD...!!!"

... Everything only seemed to fuel Abellion's rage further.

"He... He dares?!"

Abellion realized that he had been careless by underestimating the human, but that didn't mean he admitted to his defeat.

If he was more prepared, then Legris wouldn't have tricked him like that.

"That bastard ran off, uh? How dare he?" Gritting his teeth and clenching his fists, Abellion was fueled by unexplainable rage.

Slowly, his heart forgot about the pain of loss that Lydia's death brought. Instead, the Demon King's ego sought recompense.

"Those humans... I'll burn them to the ground." He rose while speaking.

The Miasma that gathered around him was enough to make the entire room vibrate.

"I am Abellion... Demon King of this domain! No one is stronger than I am! No one!"

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"That idiot. Pfft." Legris smiled, playfully flipping a card in his palm.

It was an Arcana—[The Lovers].

Thanks to this Arcana, the Demons were able to produce many powerful Demon Beasts.

Usually, by exposing Magical Beasts to the proper conditioning—involving Miasma, of course—they would become Demon Beasts.

However, the success rate was low, and the resources needed were immense. Besides, the strength of the Demon Beast was proportional to the Magical Beast in question.

However, thanks to the Arcana the Demons borrowed, that problem was solved.

"Well, I better take this back to them." Legris smiled, looking at the Arcana with a slight smile.

Most people would stare at such an item with unimaginable greed and would do anything to covet it, but not Legris.

"All these petty fights for toys like this..." He snickered, looking behind him to see the Demon Army ready to launch their assault.

"With what I've shown Abellion, he should be feeling more determined to fight. What a fool..." Legris snickered as he began floating away.

Ultimately, the Demons would end up being wiped out. Even the Organization knew that much. After all, that was their goal from the start.

To be honest, Legris didn't care about incidents like this. His goals were far more complex and grander.

Still, that didn't mean he wasn't planning on enjoying the little things of life.

And so, as he stared at the inferior beings going about their daily tasks, a condescending smile formed on his face.

"Just make things entertaining for me."

[A/N]

Legris is more frightening than you all think he is.

Hahaha, I'm glad you got to see something interesting about him.

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#### **Chapter 474: Demonic Invasion**

[Days Later]

"It's time."

As Abellion whispered this under his breath, he looked beyond the high ground where he stood and watched the massive expanse of land before him.

The Human Territory was bustling with life—so much life.

What would occur if all that life was turned into Miasma?

Abellion looked behind him and saw his Demon Lords bowing. They now numbered four—considering Lydia was dead and Desgarion now kept the fort.

Since he would be leading the army, it was imperative that someone strong remained to protect their borders.

No matter what anyone said about him, Desgarion was still the strongest Demon Lord. After all, he nearly brought loss to the Demon King—Abellion himself.

Since that was the case, the seething King could focus all his attention on ensuring the humans completely got exterminated.

And... with the current state of his army... that wouldn't be a problem!

Five million Demon Beasts. A hundred thousand Shadow Demons, Fifty Thousand Shapeshifters. Fifty Thousand Blue Demons. A hundred thousand Green Demons. A Hundred Thousand Yellow Giant Demons. And, their trump cards, a hundred thousand Crimson Demons. That made a total of Five Hundred Thousand Demons from every Race.

Adding that to their several summons and the enslaved monsters in their control, they numbered roughly two million.

Abellion was proud to lead so many troops to decimate the filthy creatures he would soon encounter.

He never underestimated them, but Abellion also never considered them on the same level as the Demon Race.

For Kahn and Lydia, they must have swarmed both with extremely powerful individuals.

Perhaps it was due to the loss of his lover, or his wounded ego after losing to Legris, Abellion wasn't exactly in a stable state.

The only thing that put him at ease was the fact that on this very day... the Humans would cease to exist.

"Kyron and Serci, you'll take the Right and Left Wings respectively."

Serci would lead the majority of the true Demons in their army, while Kahn commanded the Demon Beasts.

"Lubick, you'll take the rear and be in charge of backup and bombardments."

As a race specialized in Magic, he and his Blue Demons would support from behind. Not only were they blessed with an abundance of Miasma and the skill to use it, but their Magic Research and Technology were also groundbreaking.

There was no better place to place them.

"As for you, Zenkiel, you will lead the army as my right-hand man. Everyone's actions must coordinate well with Zenkiel's orders. I will leave that to you."

Abellion wasn't interested in giving orders mid-battle, and he knew why.

He had to focus on finding the one who killed his sweetheart, and also raze everything in his path to the ground.

That was all!

"Damien Lawcroft has reported that the human armies have indeed gathered in the Elf Kingdom. Everyone is preparing for our assault there."

The Demon King couldn't help himself. A smile crept upon his face once he heard that lovely news.

"Perfect. Then, there's nothing stopping us, is there? Let's move out."

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The ground rumbled, quaking as the Demon Army approached.

Everything around withered as the joint Miasma of the Demons was enough to corrupt everything around them.

The clouds darkened, and everywhere rang of despondency and misery.

Dark pulses permeated the vicinity, yet the massive armada did not cease in their movement.

They did not falter in the slightest.

As Abellion pressed on, with Zenkiel by his side, he noticed the massive reinforced wall that stood before him.

This was the Northern Fort, made to ensure nothing got past its watch.

Since every soldier was conscripted to fight the Demons in the Elf Kingdom, there wasn't anyone present to man the defenses.

"How foolish..." Zenkiel whispered to himself.

They either had too much faith in that exceptional human, or overestimated the capabilities of their defensive measures.

Sure, it was an impressive wall. However...

Zenkiel glanced at his Master, who was already preparing a Spell.

"Out of the way."

Appearing from a purplish portal was a massive sword—black and twisted.

The distortion in space spat out the blade, instantly cutting through the air and targeted at the wall.

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

Instantly, the enormous structure collapsed, shattering like glass.

The debris was sent backwards, and everything crumbled before the massive sword.

>SHUUUUUUUU<

The sword, upon completing its task, vanished into particles of purple energy.

Abellion smiled with satisfaction and kept on pressing forward without stopping for a second.

Zenkiel, who was watching from a slightly adjacent angle, could not help but admire the master whom he swore his fealty to.

King Abellion, unlike most individuals, hardly resorted to regular Magic when fighting. He preferred utilizing his Original Magic to solve everything.

An unlimited array of Demon Swords of various shapes and sizes—all contained within his special space.

They had various effects, but a common factor among all of them was that they never missed their target... and each one of them was crazy strong.

Zenkiel shuddered at the thought of facing someone who commanded such power. His Master truly was incredible.

'Now is not the time to be in awe of his Majesty. Focus on your task, Zenkiel!' The Demon Lord chided himself as he looked beyond the damaged walls.

The human lands were spread before them. All that was left for them to do was conquer it.

'We might encounter a few resistances, since they couldn't have moved the whole army, but...'

The Demon Lord was guaranteed that it would be too late for the humans.

'Even if they had their full force, there is no way they can measure up to this many troops!'

Zenkiel wasn't one to get too cocky, but the fate of mankind was already sealed. Everything was going according to plan.

"MARCH ON!" His deafening cry pierced the air, granting motivation to the Demons who moved with great vigor.

For their King. To avenge one of their leaders. For bloodshed.

Each Demon had its reason for attacking. However, that didn't matter to them as a collective.

Only one thing was assured.

"Death to the humans!"

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

#### **Chapter 475: Turnaround [Pt 1]**

"Alright. They've begun their assault already." I said to everyone around me.

They returned my gaze with slight confusion—save a few.

The leaders of each race were with me, all waiting at the front lines.

The Elf Queen—Aurora Vindiel

The Fairy President— Jane Ursula

The Beast King—Gerard

The Dwarf Chief—Dulum

The Human King—Albion Lestrome Indiavel

Everyone was gathered.

Other than the leaders, their strongest generals—for humans, that would be the Grand Mages—were also among us.

The rest of the army stayed a distance away—consisting of the ranks and files belonging to each race.

It truly was a united front—a total number of three million.

We were currently on the vast Elf Plains, waiting for an assault from the Demons from their Northern Border.

If an all-out attack were to occur, there was no doubt they would choose that route.

"But, I see no one appearing," Gerard murmured, straining his eyes and most likely heightening his senses to detect an enemy.

Of course, he would not sense anyone. That was because our enemies weren't going to attack the Elf Kingdom, to begin with.

"I see. So they chose to attack the humans instead." Jane Ursula smiled, tilting her glasses.

She just had to open her little mouth, didn't she? I wanted to be the one to reveal that part.

"W-wha—?" The people around me exploded in surprise.

Who could blame them?

Per my instructions, we concentrated our forces in the Elf Kingdom. The other nations, especially the Eastern one, were quite vulnerable at this point.

"B-but, that wasn't the plan, right?" King Albion especially panicked, looking at me with widened eyes.

It was his Kingdom at stake, after all. His dear citizens and heritage. What kind of king wouldn't be worried?

Still...

"All of you should relax. There's no way Lewi—I mean, Jared, didn't see this coming. If he realized they've begun their assault, then surely he predicted this turn of events."

As expected of Jane. She could always see through me—with or without the Soul Brand connecting us both.

"Jane is correct. But, there's more. I didn't just predict this outcome... I actually orchestrated it."

Yes, it was all according to design.

More surprised gasps burst from everyone around me.

My smile widened as I looked in the direction of one interesting individual among our small ranks.

"Damien Lawcroft, do you understand now?"

Among our small group—consisting of only the most important and powerful members of our army—Damien Lawcroft stood directly beside his Prince, Fabian.

His eyes were widened with shock as he gave an expression of inexplicable shock.

"W-what...?"

"I mean, you were played all along. I'm certain you thought this would be the fall of the Human Kingdom, no? I'm also sure you commanded your subordinates in the Capital to finalize things for you there."

His body shuddered the more I spoke, but he did his best to hide any form of agreement with what I was saying.

"W-what are you talking about, Jared? Why would I side with the Demons? Are you crazy?"

Damien Lawcroft's eyes moved in the direction of everyone present. They were all staring at him with cold and stern expressions on their faces.

"H-hey! Don't tell me you believe what this guy is saying. Why would I do something like that? H-hey, come on! Your Majesty, you believe me, right?"

King Albion, as expected, didn't change his hardened expression. His glare was enough to tell the man in question that he couldn't count on him.

In essence, it was a dead end.

"Do you understand your situation now? And, don't even think for a second that everything went according to your plan. Sir. Elrich Lendertwale?" I turned to a man who was directly beside the King.

He was the Royal Court Mage, and a Grand Mage in his own right. Since protecting the King was his primary task, he never left Albion's side.

"Yes. I've rounded up every single Cult Member as per your instructions. All of them are in my custody."

"W-wha—?!" Damien seemed to accidentally blurt out.

What he wasn't aware of was that after my whole presentation at the Royal Palace, I had a brief meeting with the Grand Mage, Elrich.

Since I wouldn't be able to personally interfere with the affairs of the Royal Palace, I made someone else do it.

By telling him of their moves, as well as giving him a gift in return for his troubles, I was able to ensure he performed the role fluidly.

"There are indeed other spy networks in the Eastern Kingdom, but Neron also handled them after completing his investigation, right?" I smiled, using Magic to amplify the sound of the Magic receiver in my ear.

"Sure. They've all been rounded up. There could still be others lurking in the shadows, but I doubt it." Neron's voice echoed across the area.

He was still in Ainzlark Academy, but he was a man of many means when it came to achieving his goals.

The guy scared even me.

"As you can see, this whole front was just a way to ensure that everything was handled nicely," I explained to the flabbergasted man.

The only one who was probably looking just as stupid, if not more so, than Damien, was Fabian.

The Prince was shocked by everything that was going on around him. His dumbfounded expression was precious, but the serious situation didn't allow me to break into a laugh

Yes, that was pretty. But, still...

"D-Damein... is that tru—?"

Before Fabian Lestrome could conclude his statement, Damien Lawcroft used Magic to restrain him and instantly created a hostage situation.

Blue energy surrounded the prince, and a Mana Blade was pointed at his throat. Damien stood beside the prince, eyes bloodshot and his teeth gritting.

"You must have given up on trying to explain yourself. That's a shame."

I wanted him to grovel more.

"Don't come closer. If you value the life of your son, don't take a single step."

Was Damien stupid? Was the current situation too much for him to understand that his brain was fried?

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

#### **Chapter 476: Turnaround [Pt 2]**

"Have you forgotten that I can use Resurrection Magic? It doesn't matter if you kill the Prince. There's no value in that hostage."

It sounded cold-blooded, but that was just a simple fact.

Jane Ursula was also here—an expert at Soul Magic. With both of us present, there was no way we would be bothered about something as trivial as death.

Plus...

"You really think your attack is faster than me?" Serah Crimson grinned, staring at the cornered man.

Before he would kill the shivering Prince, Serah would simply take his life.

Damien was surrounded by powerful members of each race—a situation I created for the very purpose of exposing him.

"What now?" I sneered at Damien, leaking the condescending smile I had been saving for this moment.

Fabian was paralyzed by his assaulter's Magic, and could only whimper like a dog. His expression morphed into betrayed surprise as his whole world came crumbling down.

To be honest, I didn't resent the Prince. He probably turned out the way he did because of Damien's influence.

"Tch!" The man in question clicked his tongue, darting his eyes around.

'He's probably thinking of escaping, but simply running away won't do. Come on, Damien. Show me...'

In the end, there was only one thing he would be able to resort to.

"Original Magic..." The man growled, glaring at all of us as Mana burst from within him.

Serah glanced at me—same as Elrich—and I smiled at them.

For Serah, I shook my head to prevent her from acting. However, since I already knew what Elrich wanted to do, I let him make his move.

"... [Ad Tandem]"

>FSHUUUUU<

Space distorted around him, and his hand held the hostage.

I figured he would try to escape with Fabian in tow. The Prince could still make a nice bargaining chip. However—

>SNAP<

With the snap of his fingers, the Court Mage instantly caused Fabian to appear beside him—and out of Damien's grasp.

"W-wha—?!"

Before he could completely react to the situation, his Spell was done, and the sniveling rat had no choice but to abandon the Prince and escape for his dear life.

>FWUUUUUUUJSSSSHHHHH!!!<

He instantly vanished from his position, leaving something behind.

The item that replaced Damien in his position was a crystal—and it kept shining brighter by the second.

'Ah, I see...'

Before it reached its critical point, Dulum—The Dwarf Chief—approached it in a flash.

"Break!"

Instantly, the Mana Crystal shattered, losing its charge.

"Looks like Damien left a farewell present for us." I smiled, turning to everyone who were still trying to keep up with the rapid events that occurred.

The answer was simple.

If my guess was right, then Damien had some sort of teleportation ability that let him go to his determined location.

The thing, however, was that he always left something behind any time he did this.

Even when he went to communicate with the Demons about me, the Automaton that was observing him captured the very same thing.

'Could it be that he swaps location with items? Is that the nature of his Original Magic?'

It was certainly interesting.

In battle, it could prove quite troublesome.

Imagine trying to catch someone who could swap locations with items—probably people too.

'Considering he didn't use it here, there has to be a limit, though.' I smiled.

As for the crystal he swapped with—it was a mine that would blow us up. The sly man most likely wanted to deal a fatal strike to at least one of us.

Unfortunately for him, I was ready to defend everyone.

It was a good thing that the Dwarf Chief was an expert on ores, and his Magic allowed him to dismantle the Mana Crystal Damien left behind for us.

"Master Dulum! You truly are amazing. You handled it in seconds. I couldn't even react in time!" A shriek pierced the air and someone appeared before the stubby Dwarf.

Yep, the man screaming was none other than the Human Head Of Research—Bradford.

According to what I was told, he had now become a loyal lackey of the Dwarf Chief after seeing the wonderful technology of the Dwarf City.

He was now working hard to convince the Chief to take him as an apprentice.

While it would certainly be entertaining to watch how things unfolded, I knew that it would only be a matter of time before our Nations unified.

Once that happened, we would begin to share information and technology with one another. Bradford's wish would eventually be fulfilled, so there was no need for such humiliation.

"Hohoho! You know it, human! This is the Original Magic I've cultivated due to my incredible experience with Ores!" The Dwarf Chief rubbed his beard as he laughed heartily.

The Chief wore exquisite dwarven armor, and as expected of their race, he was a short dude.

Definitely not even up to four feet in height—but his stature didn't seem unnatural in the slightest.

Dwarves simply looked like plump humans, but in actuality, they were ripped to the core.

Their glistening muscles, chiseled abs, and gleaming skin only testified to the experience they had in handling their everyday tasks of developing wonderful technology and raw minerals

Of course, when it came to Innovations, they couldn't best the fairies. But, the Fairy Race got their materials from the Dwarves.

The Dwarven Race also built whatever tough blueprint was sent from their Fairy neighbors, so both sides were happily in an Alliance.

"Master! I am truly in awe!" Bradford pressed on, appearing genuinely pleased with Dulum's display.

"Hahahaha! This much is nothing!"

I smiled wryly upon witnessing the sight. It seemed Dulum had a weak spot for praise.

Maybe he was a narcissist, or perhaps Bradford was just that good at making someone's head swell.

Either way, it seemed the both of them made a lovely pair.

"Was it fine to let Damien get away?" Elrich Lendertwale asked, looking concerned.

I glanced at him and shrugged.

"It's better that way."

I had already put a tracker on him, anyway. If I was fortunate, he would lead me to even bigger fish—perhaps another member of the Organization he was a part of.

Ultimately, I was still going to win.

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

#### **Chapter 477: Miracle Of The Tower**

"By the way, Elrich, I have to say... I'm impressed you already figured out how to use that stuff to this extent."

I was referring to how he rescued Fabian from Damien's clutches.

It wasn't something as simple as snapping one's fingers.

"Ah, you mean [The Tower]? I am only capable of doing that much, I'm afraid." He smiled in humility.

"I see. Well, keep practicing. You'll get the hang of it."

It seemed he wasn't very skilled at handling that level of Space Magic yet.

I understood his plight since it took me some time to master that Arcana as well, though the others were harder.

'In only two weeks, he has progressed this far. It's not bad. He's not a Grand Mage for nothing.'

Other than the plan concerning Damien's spies and the future of the Eastern Kingdom, I gave Elrich Lendertwale an Arcana when we discussed.

Of course, I had my reasons.

"I will keep practicing." He bowed slightly.

He was my junior, so his actions were natural, but it was going to appear strange to the audience.

"Let's get you out of that." I smiled at the victimized Prince, using Anti-Magic to cancel out the effects of Damien's Magic.

Once he was free, Fabian fell to his knees and trembled.

His body shivered as tears fell from his eyes and he growled. I couldn't relate to his emotions, but that didn't mean I didn't have a good guess.

'Feeling frustrated and stupid, uh? Join the club.'

I actually didn't like it when Legris turned out to be the culprit—especially because I was so close to trusting him.

'Fabian had it worse, though. Poor kid.'

"I can't believe he would do that. Damien Lawcroft... just why...?" King Albion murmured, now displaying his shock.

I never informed him beforehand of Damien's betrayal, but Elrich was well aware. Until all the spies within the Capital were apprehended, the Court Mage wasn't supposed to tell the King either.

I imagined the man was still recoiling from shock.

"You did well not to show any emotion when we confronted him. That certainly pushed him to a corner and forced him to reveal his true nature." I spoke, offering whatever consolation I could.

The King didn't hesitate to believe my words when I said Damien was the villain of the whole incident, indicating how much trust he had in me.

Such a man was well worth my time.

"What now?" Albion slowly recovered from his shock and looked at me with expectation.

"You said the Demons have begun their invasion, right? Shouldn't we find a way to intercept them?" King Albion said.

"True. I guess it's time to begin."

Everyone was now staring at me, waiting for what would happen next.

The obvious answer was that I would transfer our army to the Eastern Kingdom, where the Demons were currently ravaging.

The only issue was—

"Can you pull that off?"

The one who asked was none other than Elrich Lendertwale.

Despite his trust in me, it was close to impossible to imagine transporting an army of three million.

Considering the amount of Mana that would require, a human wasn't supposed to wield that much power.

Neron and Serah could pull it off, though. Their Mana was simply that surplus. They were simply monsters.

As for me...

"I can't do it alone, but..."

... I had been preparing for this scenario for some time now.

"... I should have enough Mana in stock."

Snapping my fingers, several flying Automatons that resembled metal spheres began appearing in the sky.

One after the other, in their multitude, they became visible to the army that looked above them.

"I used cloaking Magic to ensure that none of them was visible as they remained suspended in the sky for some time. They've been collecting a good amount of Mana."

Aurora, the Elf Queen marveled.

She never noticed them, no doubt.

"S-since when...?" She murmured, staring at me.

"When Freya permitted me to use my Automatons. I figured that wouldn't be considered intruding on your land, so I helped myself."

In any case, these Automatons were brimming with a decent amount of Mana. Each probably had the same quantity as a regular Gold Core Grade—and there were hundreds of them in the sky.

'If I use Spellcraft in addition to these guys, there shouldn't be a problem.'

"[Great Sage's Memoir]." Manifesting my Original Magic, I took to the sky and positioned myself before the arranged Automatons that hovered above the marveling army beneath us.

"Let us begin."

The pages of my Memoir flipped until I arrived at the spot where [The Tower] was stored.

Gathering the Mana around me, while synchronizing with the Mana in each of the Automatons, I prepared to teleport everyone.

'This should be fun.'

\*\*\*\*\*

"Easy. Too easy!"

Those were Abellion's thoughts as his army marched on, decimating everything around them.

They hadn't arrived at a proper city yet since they were on the outskirts of the Eastern Kingdom's civilization. Still, it was only a matter of time.

Abellion could see a town ahead.

He was using enhanced sight, so he could clearly see what was going on in the settlement.

Abellion noticed the filthy vermin going about their daily activities in the town.

The human denizens had smiles on their faces. Some laughed, some seemed tired, while some weren't exactly in a happy mood.

Still, none of them seemed to be bothered about the impending Demon crisis.

The Demon Army was still a distance from the nearest settlement, so, no human could detect them yet.

Even at that...

"Look at them, living their lives in ignorance..." Abellion's body quivered in annoyance as his grin widened.

He raised his hand, ready to give his army the order to devastate the first town in sight.

His seething emotions had reached a climax.

"I'm going to enjoy this..." He murmured under his breath.

"ATTA—!!!"

Before he could conclude his words, a massive gust of wind enveloped the area before them, and a bright blue light dominated everything around.

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

#### **Chapter 478: The Battlefield [Pt 1]**

The empty, vast field before Abellion's army instantly became occupied with several newcomers.

The Demon King couldn't help but widen his eyes in shock.

No... it couldn't be!

The blue light faded, and the flashes of sizzling Mana finally stopped, leaving behind an army larger than the Demon Forces.

"N-no way...." Zenkiel gawked, unable to comprehend the current turn of events.

Every single soldier halted in their tracks as they spotted the enemies. Their unstoppable confidence shriveled up that very moment.

"How is this... possible...?!"

No one could understand how and why such a thing had occurred.

It was unbelievable, to say the very least.

That's right! Standing opposite the Demon Army was a joint force of the newly formed Alliance.

An army of three million.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was perfectly timed, so our entrance achieved the best effect on our enemies.

I watched the Demons from my heights, in their vast number, gawk as we made ourselves known. As the blue hue around died down, I made sure to observe their ranks properly.

Fortunately, their battle formation was just as I expected.

'You didn't let me down, Zenkiel.' My smile widened.

"Now that we are here... I suppose this means this will be our battlefield." I looked in the direction of the leaders who were around me.

They nodded, looking determined.

Some tried not to show it, but I could tell that they were intimidated by the sheer size of the Demon Army.

Sure, we outnumbered them. But it was Demons were extremely dangerous when it came to combat and Miasma usage. Plus, a majority of our soldiers came from the Human Kingdom.

We were considerably weaker than Demons when it came to regular members of our forces.

However...

"This will be a very intense battle." Aurora looked at me, preparing herself.

"Indeed. That makes me quite excited." Serah responded, grinning widely.

It was expected that people would lose their lives in war, so Jane and I would also prepare to resurrect our fallen soldiers so no life was lost on our end.

We would give it our all until we achieved victory.

That would be the idea in everyone's head. However...

'I don't plan on that at all...'

>FWUSH<

My body instantly began returning to the ground.

Slowly, I reached the level everyone was at.

My Automaton remained in the sky to serve various purposes, so they simply hovered above our troops.

"So, what's the plan, Jared?"

The question seemed stupid, as we were already in the thick of things, but I understood the intention behind Elrich Lendertwale's words.

"The enemy forces are spread out, and each wing has a Demon Lord guiding them. The main area also has two immensely powerful individuals."

I recognized one to be Zenkiel, and the other had to be the Demon King.

'As expected, it's not the one I know of. So, that's Prince Abellion, eh?'

I never met the Prince in my past life, but it would seem his hatred for the other Races was what sparked this conflict.

It made me realize once again that the best way to handle the threat of the Demon Race was to simply exterminate them.

"That's right... this isn't meant to be a battle. It's a simple massacre."

The people around me looked a bit taken aback by my words, but there was no need to explain every single detail behind them.

"Shouldn't we split up to direct each wing of our forces as well? At this rate, other areas will suffer more damage than necessary." Serah Crimson posited.

As someone who was in charge of the military, who knew the importance of strategy—as well as the capabilities of the Eastern Kingdom's Army—she knew her stuff.

However...

"That is not necessary. After all... this isn't meant to be that kind of fight."

They all looked at me with surprise once again.

Had it not been for what I had already achieved, they would have called my actions foolish.

But, the only one who would be referred to as a fool at this point was someone who didn't pay believe me.

>SHWOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH<

Instantly, space ruptured, and an entity emerged from within the blue portal that manifested.

It had a gleaming white body—no, more like platinum.

It was a fully armored body, having plates to cover every inch, and then the joints were well supported with softer metal fibers.

The helmet covered the whole face, but left two gleaming areas to represent the eyes.

It floated in the air, and four balls hovered around the being.

I felt the tension around me rise as both the Humans and Demons looked above to spot the newcomer.

The only one who wasn't surprised was me.

"Looks like they're right on time." I smiled.

The white-clad armored warrior glanced in my direction and moved, instantly lunging at me.

The white balls followed without slacking.

Their speed was great, and in a flash, they were before me.

"Master Jared, I have returned." The Armored being stated with a tone of reverence.

His voice warbled and echoed, indicating that whatever it was... it wasn't human.

"Well done, Gawain. How did it go?"

It was an Automaton I named after my old friend—The Sword King.

But, unlike the others I made in the past, this one was quite different.

Why?

"Everything is ready. As expected, there was a little resistance, so I had to 'convince' them a little... as per your instructions."

Gawain was my masterpiece.

If Hugo was the ultimate Golem, then this being kneeling before me was the perfect Automaton.

I designed it that way.

"You didn't even address us!"

"Didn't you miss us at all!"

"We worked hard too, you know?"

"Boohoo!"

The four balls began echoing their thoughts too.

Within them were Bond Souls—the very first I ever had.

The Four Elemental Wisps.

"I was going to address you guys eventually, you know? Besides, why are you taking that form?"

I had placed all four of them in their respective bodies as an experiment of mine.

I wanted to see if a Familiar could independently act without the presence of his master as long as they still shared a Mental Link and had a capable body.

Fortunately, that experiment bore results.

"It's good to have you guys back."

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

#### **Chapter 479: The Battlefield [Pt 2]**

The Demon Army was stagnant—most likely trying to reorganize while wrapping their heads around the new situation.

That bought me enough time for a little chit-chat with my four Familiars.

"I've missed you guys."

Of all the Familiars in my possession, they were still the most talkative.

The rest simply preferred to communicate with each other or laze around unless needed. Kahn and I often communicated, but that was simply business.

"We missed you too, Jared!"

"But we also had fun!"

"Yep! Exploring the world was fun."

"Indeed!"

Blue. Red. Green. Ashen.

These four Wisps were my first Familiars, so of course, they would have a special spot in my heart. However... now wasn't the time for sentimental nonsense.

"You didn't answer my question, though. Why are you taking a ball form?"

The material I used to construct their bodies allowed them to change form by infusing it with Mana.

In essence, their bodies could be whatever they desired.

So... why a ball? With my great intellect, I couldn't understand it.

"We thought it would look cooler if we were like, hovering around Gawain."

"Couldn't Gawain just summon some balls himself?"

"N-no! We wanted to do it ourselves. We wanted to be the balls!"

I felt like the conversation was heading in a strange direction, and I wasn't ready to enter that territory just yet.

"Huu..." With a sharp exhalation, I brought the conversation to a close.

"Did you obtain what I asked, though?"

I know I had asked Gawain the same question, but they were the ones who were supervising the Automaton.

So, of course, I would have them take responsibility.

"Don't worry, Master, everything is ready!"

"Just as you wanted!"

"Just give the signal!"

"Anytime!"

It pleased me to hear that they succeeded.

Sure, constant communication was being done between them and me, but we got busy on both ends, so I hadn't spoken to them in a while.

So many things could happen within that short period.

"You did your tasks well. I will surely reward your actions." I spoke to the four hovering balls, as well as the Automaton who was still kneeling.

"Hehehehe!" The silly four laughed.

But, my Automaton had a different reaction.

"I am not worthy of your praise. It is only natural I do so, for I am yours."

It felt a little weird, especially because I was sort of the one who designed Gawain that way.

Perhaps I could change its program to be a bit more flexible? No, it was better this way.

A perfect weapon meant that it was supposed to be good at especially one thing... combat!

"Rise, Gawain. You guys too. Take your positions till I give the signal."

"Yes, boss!"

"Understood!"

"I'll tell you all about our adventures later."

"Later, then!"

As the balls resumed their routine of dancing around the platinum-armored being, the latter bowed and vanished in response to my order.

Instantly warping to the sky, it remained stationary, simply gazing at the Demon Army.

I felt a warmth in my heart while watching his glistening figure and perfect response features.

'It took me fifty years to complete that baby. I'm so proud of you...' I could feel tears of pride welling up in my eyes.

"Jared, what was that all about? Who, or rather, what, is that?"

Serah was the first to speak, but everyone else also flooded me with questions.

Even Neron, who was listening in rang inquisitions in my ear.

"It's my Automaton—relax." Was my response.

The four Wisps inhabited Artificial Bodies, while the Platinum Armored dude was a creation of mine.

There was nothing to be worried about—though I knew worry was the least of their motivation.

"Jared Leonard, that Automaton is exquisite—no, exceptional. Please, after this is all over, make me your apprentice!"

"M-me too!"

Bradford and the Dwarf Chief both bowed as they spoke with passion.

"A-ah...?"

The flurry of praise and comments was more than I bargained for.

As much as I liked the attention my creation garnered, it was too suffocating to answer everyone at once.

Especially because—

"HOW DARE YOUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!"

—The Demons were watching too.

"YOU DARE... WHEN FACING THE MIGHTY DEMON ARMY... YOU DARE TO MAKE HEARTY CONVERSATION LIKE THAT..."

The one who spoke in a fit of rage was none other than Prince Abellion.

"I guess he's King now, right Kahn?"

The lurking Shadow Demon appeared on my shoulder in a miniature misty form and nodded.

"Yeah. The Generals also seem to be here... except two."

"Then, that's just as planned."

"Indeed, my Lord."

Kahn's misty form lingered for a while longer, and I knew why.

"Don't worry. I haven't forgotten our agreement."

"Forgive me, Master. It's just... with such tension in the air... I can feel my entire being pulsating."

I understood his emotions. Demons were creatures of violence, after all.

'Don't worry, Kahn. I intend to make you achieve what you desire. It will be advantageous for me too.'

With that, the Shadow Demon vanished and returned to his designated Core.

"Alright, then." I returned my gaze to the Demon King who kept spouting angry words at our joint army.

"WHO IS IT THAT KILLED THE DEMON LORD, LYDIA? BRING THAT PERSON FORWARD, AND I WILL GUARANTEE THAT YOU WILL ALL DIE EASY DEATHS."

I didn't know if he was simply spouting those words of his to stall for time while his army changed formation, or if he was simply mad at us for that.

'It could be both, who knows?'

Either way, it didn't matter. Ana was the one who killed Lydia, and she wasn't even present.

I could presume that she, alongside everyone on Neron's end, was assisting in rounding up the filth within the Eastern Kingdom.

Once this war was over, I could look forward to a safer place to call home.

'Yeah. This war... should be over.'

"YOU HEARD ME, FILTHY MONGRELS!" Abellion's voice was loud and powerful, and it was also beginning to get annoying.

"That's enough." I declared, rising to the air.

"You Demons seem to be misunderstanding two things."

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

**Chapter 480: Mass Genocide [Pt 1]**

"Firstly, you lot are currently outmatched. Even with our current numbers, A war with you will end in our victory."

I ensured everything was within calculations, and while we would suffer the loss of some lives, they weren't beyond saving.

In essence, this situation was already checkmate.

However, it wasn't good enough.

"Secondly..." I especially smiled at Zenkiel, and then gave a condescending glare at all the Demons who were spread before my eyes.

"... This isn't simply a war."

A War occurs between two parties who battle as a result of conflicting goals.

This was different—which was why I didn't want to allow things to go the way they would supposedly have gone.

With a hard, cold stare at my enemies, I stiffened my heart and gave Gawain my signal.

"It's an extermination."

>VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMM<

The loud hum was followed by sudden breaks in the space above everyone on my side.

Several massive portals appeared, and the swirling pool of warbling blue began to spit out various creatures.

From Dragons, to Griffins, to Pegasi—I also saw a couple of Gargoyles.

Several creatures of flight began emerging from the wormholes that suddenly appeared... in their multitude.

'Not yet... that's not all!'

Emerging from the ground were also creatures of various sizes and differing races. Manticores, Chimeras, Hydras, Kobolds, Orcs, and several other minority groups among the world's vast races started to appear.

Earth Dragons, among several other offshoot species of the mighty Dragon race, also emerged.

Also, the Giants didn't neglect to make their entrance as well.

The portals spat them out endlessly, and they kept appearing with their ferocious nature in tow.

These were what could be classified as Magic Beasts—a minority race in the world that didn't have a definite patch of land as their territory.

They were supposedly more powerful than most members of the majority, but their small number and lack of definite territory made it difficult for them to emerge as a superior group.

Ultimately, they were either uninterested in starting disputes or were too few to go against an entire nation.

However, with a joint front emerging from the spacial gates, the several groups were now an army of their own.

A total of one million in total.

"W-what is... this...??"

"I-impossible! I can't... I don't understand..."

"This is just..."

I heard voices of confusion and awe—even from my allies—as these beings finally stopped pouring out of the portals.

"J-Jared, what is this? What's going on here?" Serah shouted at the top of her lungs as she looked above to meet my gaze.

She, like everyone else, wanted to understand the situation.

My allies were overwhelmed by the sheer number of disastrous beings that could be considered immense threats—but so were my enemies.

"It's simple, Serah. This is the plan." I smiled confidently at everyone.

This was why we didn't need any tactical formation or a battle strategy.

It was because this fight wasn't meant to be a battle.

We didn't need to resort to complicated plans when it came down to concluding the task before us.

There was only one thing expected when it came to Mass Genocide, and that was a one-sided slaughter of the other party.

"We simply kill them all. That's all there is to it."

Our current numbers of four million would suffice for that—or would it?

'I would have used the Automatons and Golems I have in store, but I guess there's no need for that.'

There was such a thing as overkill, after all.

"Do you understand now, Abellion? Demons?" I returned my gaze to the flustered Demon Race.

No matter what they did at this point, it was pointless. They could only struggle for their dear lives.

"You're all going to die here, today. Consider this the penance for your sins."

The attack on Ainzlark Academy... the lives that were lost as a result... I hadn't forgotten.

I knew that these guys were simply pawns, but that didn't change the fact that they had to be done away with.

'To prevent any further tragedies in the future, I will have you all sacrifice your lives.'

"Now, then..." I smiled, looking around at the forces on my side.

At this point, Gawain and the Wisps were beside me—awaiting instruction.

The Magic Beasts who witnessed this instantly knew who was truly in charge, since they were used to the authority of my Automaton.

And so, with everyone behind me waiting for my instruction, I raised my hand and gave a devilish grin at the objects of elimination.

"... Let us begin!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Abellion could not describe it in words.

His body actually shuddered for a second when he saw the miraculous sight appearing before him.

He could feel emotions that reminded him of that time with Legris—in the pitch-black room.

But, there was no way he could back out now.

Death lingered in the air, and he knew his army was inferior to that of the enemies.

Abellion wasn't stupid.

From the corner of his eyes, he could spot his subordinate, Demon Lord Zenkiel.

The Demon King knew that the Commander-In-Chief also felt the same—that the situation was hopeless.

They had walked right into a trap.

Abellion had no idea where things went wrong, and he had no time to actually consider those thoughts.

The only thing facing him now was the battle ahead.

"Huu... I have never felt so humiliated in my whole life."

The scenario with Legris Damien was something he suffered alone. But now, his entire Race faced the immense force of their enemies.

"I was right, after all..."

The Humans were threats.

If only they had acted sooner, then things wouldn't have gotten to this point.

'Father, you didn't listen...!' Abellion gritted his teeth and pulled himself together.

The annoyance he felt toward his father seemed to give him the strength to move forward.

"My King, we will follow your orders. No matter what!" Abellion heard voices resonate within him.

Those were the Demon Lords.

Despite the despairing situation, their positions hadn't changed.

Even the Demon troops still had their faith and utmost loyalty in their King.

None had lost any trust in their absolute ruler. How could he let them down at this point?

"Very well..." Abellion growled within.

Retreat wasn't an option anyway. If they were going to fight, it had to be for nothing less than victory.

"... LET'S GO!"