

## SPELLCRAFT 481

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

#### Chapter 481: Mass Genocide [Pt 2]

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"

Deafening roars of a multitude rang in the air.

The devastating battlefield rumbled as millions of footsteps trod the earth.

The graphic display of violence and intense emotion wafted in the atmosphere, and this blood-curdling passion kept rising at a never-ending tempo.

The first clash was between the Magic Beasts and the Demon Army.

Everyone forgot about positions and strategy and simply fought with all they had.

The wings combined and began a desperate struggle for survival.

It was no longer a war, but a one-sided Subjugation.

Dragons poured out breaths of burning flames or hardened frost. These breaths were in terrifying degrees that they decimated dozens—if not more—per second.

Harsh winds and flames as of purgatory were brought forth by the Griffins and several other powerful Beasts.

Destructive blasts raged, tearing apart the outnumbered victims of the massacre.

The land Magic Beasts did not spare the Demons as well.

They raged, using their superior numbers and extremely sharpened skills to turn the tides.

As they poured out in their multitudes, the Magic Beasts tore apart their foes.

Of course, they also suffered damage.

However, none were fatal.

Automatons in stealth pervaded the battlefield, healing the Allies who suffered damage.

They also buffed them with various spells, ensuring they had the strength to continue battle.

At no particular juncture, the combined army decided to join the murder fest.

It could have been because they were now bored of watching the Magic Beasts for all the work, or maybe their fear was completely eliminated and they simply wanted to have a piece of the action.

Before long, everyone was now participating.

They knew their superior numbers would cause some of them not to have a single kill.

Four million versus two.

Clearly, even if the numbers were to be equally divided, half of their troops would not see a single prey to vanquish.

Still, they charged into battle, hoping they could at least engage in the exercise.

"I won't fail this time!"

"Yeah! Let's show what we learned!"

Using the Magic Card given to them by Jared, the two Elves—Lemi and Freya—summoned Hugo.

The Ultimate Golem's size instantly stood out among the denizens of the battlefield.

Even the Giants were not as tall as the hulking Mecha warrior.

"We'll do it right, this time!"

"Yeah. I remember the controls well!"

Both Elves entered the massive structure and took full control.

Thanks to Jared's expert teachings, they had finally gotten the hang of things. That was why they were confident about using Hugo's features in such a saturated area.

Any little mistake from their end would cause a friendly fire.

"Let's goooo!!!"

These cousins weren't the only ones having fun, though.

At specific points on the battlefield, some rather interesting battles were occurring.

For example, Serah Crimson was currently fighting Zenkiel—Leader of the Demon Lords.

On another end was Serci, who was engaged in combat with Gerard.

Lubick tried to handle the entire battlefield, but found himself overwhelmed—especially because of the bombardments caused by Hugo.

His goal was to stop it, but even he met resistance.

Ivan Smith, as well as the other notable Elves, fought against Demon Generals.

It truly wasn't worthy of being called a fight.

It was a full-on massacre.

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"It's all your fault..." Someone murmured heavily.

It was none other than the Demon King himself.

He found himself all alone—desolate, as his people were cut down one after the other.

His right-hand man, Zenkiel had tried to protect him from a crazy red-haired woman, and they were now duking it out somewhere.

The few Magic Beasts that tried fighting him wound up dead, and the witnesses had enough sense to back off.

Everyone avoided him, and he ignored them. That was because his sights were set on only one person in the entire battlefield.

"Jared Leonard... it's all your fault!"

How a single child was able to completely turn the tides on the Demons was something Abellion could not fathom.

It wasn't that he was in any way unintelligent, but it was due to this very fact that the Demon King could not comprehend being bested by a mere human child.

No matter the amount of credit he gave to their Race, there was a limit to everything.

Yet, with the way the blond boy was smiling while in the air, watching the bloodshed from his elevated position, Abellion knew everything was all because of him.

Jared Leonard bested Zenkiel, his greatest strategist, in wits. He also commanded an army this immense.

Somehow, Abellion's pride was hurt. But, even worse was his rage.

'He must be responsible for Lydia's death!'

No, it even went beyond that.

The slaughter of his people could also be attributed to the pesky boy's interference. Everything was his fault.

"You bastard!" Abellion felt his body surge with uncontrollable emotions—and with those emotions came insurmountable power.

"Die!"

A purple portal appeared above him, and a dark, ominous sword was lunged in a flash.

>WHOOOOSHHHH<

Moving faster than eyes could process, the blade was sent to sever Jared's head from his body, causing the thing to plop onto the ground.

The sword was capable of achieving this, and it went straight for the target.

However—

>CLANG!<

—It met resistance.

"Master, it seems the Demon King is after your head." A warbling tune came from the one who instantly parried the blade with a sword that it summoned at the last minute.

The Platinum Armored entity so easily deflected the sword, causing it to swerve away in the air.

'H-he... blocked it?!'

Abellion was impressed and also dazed by the Armored one's immense ability.

He could have sworn that neither of them had been paying attention to him before—and even the blond boy was yet to even look in his direction.

What kind of reaction speed would have been able to fluidly parry an attack you didn't previously see coming?

"I see..." The blond boy, Jared Leonard, murmured as he finally stared in the direction of a dumbstruck Abellion.

"You handle him, Gawain. I've found what I'm looking for."

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

#### **Chapter 482: A Demon's Desire**

I was initially on the lookout for someone, but I ended up simply watching the landscape—how it changed due to the effects of war.

The conflicting crowd was so lively that they took my attention in no time.

There was no joy to be found in war, but extermination had a certain feel to it. It was difficult to resist enjoying it when you were the one on the winning side.

As I watched the Demons get utterly squashed, a feeling of satisfaction permeated my heart.

'I shouldn't like this, but...'

If I had to dirty my hands, the best way to do it would be to at least take pride in it. It would be incredibly heavy on any person if they couldn't at least enjoy whatever task they undertook.

I was no different.

As I watched the battle, a blade was launched at me from below.

It came from a bloodlusted individual who had been glaring at me for some time.

Using Spellcraft in combination with Sensory Magic, I was well aware of my surroundings. His attack couldn't catch me by surprise.

'I wanted to ignore you if you stayed put, but...'

Fortunately, Gawain was by my side, so it simply took care of the strike for me.

"Master, it seems the Demon King is after your head."

Hearing the noble sound of my Automaton always brought me joy—even though he was literally stating that someone was after my life.

It was at that moment that my eyes caught the person I was searching for.

As expected, he was on the run.

At that moment, I lost interest in whatever else and decided to give chase—if it could be called that.

"You handle him, Gawain. I've found what I'm looking for."

In a flash, I teleported away from the place and moved for my target.

Perhaps if I wasn't so pressed for time, I would have fought with the Demon King a bit. But, I found the whole thing pointless.

After all, I wasn't meant to be his rightful opponent.

'I wonder...'

With a smirk, I made my appearance as space distorted.

With me right in front of the escaping target, he could do nothing but halt in both shock and desperation.

That only served to make things more interesting for me.

"It's been a while... Kyron."

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[Moments Earlier]

'I have to get away! I have to get away!'

A certain Shadow Demon was fleeing for his dear life.

If it was a simple soldier, one might have dismissed his fear and understood the cause of his retreat.

However, this wasn't a simple Shadow Demon. He wasn't even a Captain or General.

The fleeing black being was a Demon Lord!

The dark clouds of Miasma at the rear provided Kyron enough cover to slither through the ground like the shadow he was.

Using his semi-tangible form to deflect any attention that came his way, he sped across the battlefield with haste.

'We can't win! It's over! I have to flee!'

Kyron could not understand why Abellion had chosen not to retreat—not that there was any avenue for that in the first place.

In his opinion, it wasn't cowardly to run. Kyron would do whatever it took to win—to survive!

That was what he stood for.

'This wasn't how it was meant to go! Shit! Shit! Shiiittt!!!'

His ambitions. His grand goal of ruling as an absolute dictator. Everything was going down the drain.

For his plan, he intended the Demon Conquest to go according to Abellion's wishes.

Once they conquered everything, it would only be fair that each Demon Lord would be awarded their respective territories.

With his own patch of land assured, Kyron intended to raise an army—using what he had learned from rearing Demon Beasts, as well as his sly intelligence—building enough power to take over the other regions.

Slowly, but certainly, he would finally attain absolute power and become the Demon King.

He knew it was possible, which was why he made sure he dedicated every waking moment to this cause.

But...

"Why did this have to happen? Damn it!"

Everything had gone down the drain.

The Demons were going to be killed here, no doubt.

If Kyron stayed, he would encounter the same fate. That much was obvious. That was why he ran with all his strength.

The only thing keeping him going was the tiny glimmer of hope that still failed to leave him. His darkened mind clung to the inextinguishable desire within him, and Kyron's head began generating scenarios where his grand ambition could still be plausible.

'I have to live! They can't follow us to the Demon Continent. The Miasma there is... yes... they won't be able to stand it!'

If he hurried, he could survive and build his strength.

He could formulate a lie that Abellion left the future of the Demon Race in his care.

No one would suspect a thing since the Demon King would most likely die in the conflict.

'The problem is Desgarion. There's no way he'll let that fly!'

Whether he liked it or not, Kyron knew Desgarion was much stronger than he was. In a direct conflict, he would lose badly against the Crimson Demon Lord.

In fact, which Demon Lord wouldn't?

'I can always handle it by drugging him with that special formula... yes. The one Legris sold to me in exchange for an extra portion of Miasma...'

That was how he had been able to insure his victory against Kahn—his previous subordinate.

In a fair match, it was doubtful if he would win.

What most people didn't understand was that a fight didn't have to be fair for a victor to be decided.

'If I eliminate Desgarion, I'll be the most powerful Demon around. I'll rebuild the Demon Realm. We'll become much stronger than before, and then one day...'

The other Races may have gotten a temporary victory at the moment, but Kyron didn't intend on letting that last forever.

'... I'll lead the Demon Race and take over the world!'

That was Kyron's grand dream—his everything.

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

#### **Chapter 483: A Demon's Revenge**

Kyron finally escaped the violent roars and bloody entrails of battle.

Now reaching a supposedly safe area, Kyron grinned in satisfaction.

His victory was assured. Until—

>VWUUUHS~~HHH~~<

Space distorted before him, and a being emerged from the blue portal that was generated.

The entity—a blond human boy—was smirking while staring hard at the Shadow Demon Lord.

There was no way Kyron wouldn't recognize the individual before him.

It was—

"It's been a while, Kyron."

—Jared Leonard himself!

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'What is he doing here?' or 'How did he notice my escape?'

Perhaps even 'Why is he after me?'

There were many things I could detect from the way Kyron's eyes widened while he halted.

"Y-you..." His deep voice trembled a bit.

I smiled, staring at the Shadow Demon before me.

While I currently didn't have any personal business with him, memories of my past life came rushing in.

This was certainly the bastard.

Shadow Demons looked identical—but that was only to people who hadn't properly interacted with them before.

I wasn't an expert myself, but there were certain things I couldn't forget—like the Demon's lanky and thin shape, as well as the sound of his voice.

This truly was the scumbag Shadow Demon I remembered.

"Quick question before we begin," I spoke, raising a finger.

I didn't have the time to waste on someone like this.

"Do you know anyone by the name of Karlia?"

The Shadow Demon's eyes slightly trembled. That told me the answer I required.

"If I tell you about her... will you let me go?" His voice was husky and calculating.

'Does he plan on using a cheap trick on me? Me?'

"I might consider it. But, first, I need to know... is she alive?"

The night before the day I died, Karlia showed herself to me. The Succubus hadn't aged a day.

There was a possibility that she was still alive. If that were the case, it would be best to steer away from her. Nothing good would come out of engaging in another entanglement.

'Though, now that I think about it...' My thoughts trailed.

"Y-yes, she is. I can tell you all about her. If you can guarantee my safety." Kyron spoke with feigned confidence.

How he was able to lie so easily made me amused. Then again, he had always been a power-hungry fool.

'I suppose it's time we put an end to this little charade. I have somewhere else to be.'

"It's unfortunate, but I can't guarantee your safety. Don't worry. I'll obtain my information from you either way."

"Wha—?!"

Snapping my fingers, I manifested a spacial distortion, and a massive lump of black metal came out of it.

"This is it, Kahn. You can come out now."

"W-what? Kahn?!"

Ignoring the flustered Demon Lord's blubber, I summoned Kahn from my Core, and then...

"Thank you, master!"

... The Shadow Demon's Bond Soul dived into the metal lump I just summoned.

>BRUUUUPPPP<

Upon entering the metal, it became a blobby substance and began taking shape. I watched in amusement, wondering the form Kahn would choose.



As for Kyron—

>FWOOOOSSSHHHH<

—He attempted to use that window of opportunity to flee.

"That's not a good idea."

As he swiftly moved in his shadow form, a barrier of light spread all across the area, forcing him to stop before getting burned.

"Be patient, Kyron. What's the rush?" I laughed.

We were currently standing on the plains, a bit far away from the current conflict occurring. A bit further and we would reach snowy mountains and a harsh landscape—then the Demon Realm would be the next destination after crossing the border.

"Tch!" The Demon Lord clicked his tongue as he glared at me.

"I am done, Master." A deep voice appeared beside me, and I glanced at the gleaming person who was speaking.

"How is the new body?"

Kahn began moving his fingers, looking at them with interest. I could tell that he felt a bit strange controlling a body after being a Soul for a long time.

The current form Kahn had was similar to how he was in the past.

The materials I used to construct the metal lump were similar to the ones the Wisps got. The only difference was that this one reacted to Miasma, and was made to be more durable.

In terms of quality, it was as good as Gawain's structural build.

Still, my Ultimate Automaton had the win when it came to overall effectiveness.

Kahn must have retrofitted the material to suit his tastes, donning his form when he was still alive.

Still, I wondered if it was uncomfortable.

"It's perfect. This body is perfect, master." He spoke, and then his face turned in the direction of Kyron.

"Looks like you've only grown more pathetic, Kyron," Kahn said, staring hard at his previous subordinate.

"How can you be...?!" Kyron probably couldn't hide his shock any longer.

"You're working with a human? No... that's not right! How did you make Kahn your familiar? This shouldn't even be! This is all wrong!"

It seemed someone was having a hard time keeping a grasp on reality.

"Well, Kahn, as per our agreement, you get to have your revenge on Kyron. I also haven't forgotten about that other thing."

"I am immensely grateful, master."

Both of us simply ignored Kyron's tantrums—a dead man's words meant nothing, anyway.

"I'll be leaving you to your business, then. Ah, one more thing..." I smiled, looking at the cornered enemy that Kahn was going to tear apart.

"Make him suffer as much as possible."

"Eeeek!"

"Understood, master! I will try my best."

Kahn's response satisfied me, so I took my leave.

"Later, then. Have fun."

With that, my body once again ascended into the sky, and I vanished from sight.

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"Are you wondering where he is headed in such a hurry?" Kahn spoke to Kyron, who was still bewildered by Jared's exit.

"W-why...?"

"He's going to the Demon Realm. It's finally time..."

"Why are you serving a human?"

Kyron seemed to forget his situation for a moment and had the gall to ask a question.

"... The end of the Demon Race is right around the corner."

Kahn's eyes held admiration for a moment, and then once his gaze rested on the despicable vermin before him, they returned to a hateful glare.

"Now, then... shall I begin?"

"K-Kahn, wait! Let's discuss this properly."

>SHING!<

The Shadow Demon's right hand transformed into a terribly long blade, and several shadows danced around him as he approached with bloodlust.

It was already certain that Kahn was beyond reason.

Only one thing was on his mind at that point in time.

—REVENGE!

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

**Chapter 484: Demon Coast**

In a brilliant gust of blue, I warped above my destination.

I heard splashes of water, smelled the troubled sea, and witnessed how the tides crashed upon the coast.

The darkened sky, as well as the chilly nature of the environment, caused me to smile while slowly approaching.

The rocky area was merely the beginning, and the deeper one went, the thicker the negative energy would be.

Dark skies and a dark place.

I was looking at nothing but the Demon Realm.

"Looks like I can't teleport any further because of the Miasma."

To traverse the area, I would need to rely on my other abilities.

Mana was practically nonexistent in this place—thanks to the Miasma Generator which was powered by [The Devil].

Thanks to that, it was best for me to utilize Miasma in my time here.

It wasn't as though I could not utilize the Mana within me—but it would simply be easier and better to use Miasma.

>WHUUSHHH<

Coating my body with the dark energy, I enhanced my bodily functions and took flight into the continent.

Previously the Northern Continent, this Demon Realm was by far the largest patch of land of the four.

That was also the reason why the Demons attacked it first in their conquest when I was still Lewis Griffith.

It spread for miles, and the terrain was mostly rocky.

While in the past, this was a country known for the cold, and then several minerals, it was nothing more than a pitch-black world that swelled with Miasma.

Despite all we did for them, all the compromises we made, they still had the gall to wage war against us.

That was completely unforgivable.

'It's not our fault that they never advanced. We have them a good piece of land, we gave them an Arcana, a Miasma Generator. We offered peace, even when they would have ultimately lost the war...'

The more I thought of it, and let anger well up within me, the easier things became.

In the Demon Realm, not everyone were warriors.

Using Spellcraft—the Miasma version—in addition to my sensory prowess, I could sense several territories that had thousands of Demons within them.

They were the simple citizens of the Demon Realm.

Sure, a lot of them had been drafted into the army, but the elderly and children were still present.

Not everyone could fight in a war... and not everyone wanted to.

Some could probably not even be aware of the War that was going on—though I doubted that, due to the nature of Demon society.

'I can sense a strong presence there...' My mind wandered to the Eastern Border of the Demon Realm.

That had to be where the last Demon Lord was waiting for a strike from the enemy—that is, us.

'Should I just ignore him?'

By shrouding myself in Cloaking Magic, I could avoid detection—plus, my outfit basically allowed me to be both intangible and invisible.

Even Neron would have a problem sensing me if he was caught unawares.

'I can just do what I want, and then leave. But...'

One could call it curiosity.

'... Let me indulge a little.'

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Desgarion was getting impatient.

He had been waiting for how long now, and no enemy had come his way.

His entire being was expectant, and the image of what kind of battle he would have kept ravaging his mind.

His body sought violence, and his muscles ached for battle.

'Was I tricked? Are there no enemies?' At some point, the Crimson Demon began wondering to himself.

All he wanted was a strong opponent to give him exhilaration.

He wanted to get even stronger by overcoming travails.

That was why he wanted to play an active role in the war—yet he was relegated to this role.

Desgarion still had no complaint, if he was going to fight a strong opponent. But, he slowly began to wonder if there was even an enemy to fight.

'They'll regret lying to my face!' His anger rose slowly.

Veins appeared on his red face, and the fiery Miasma leaking from his body was enough to distort the atmosphere.

Waiting impatiently had its limits, as such, the Crimson Demon Lord was reaching a precipice.

Fortunately...

"Looks like you grew tired of waiting."

... Someone finally appeared.

Desgarion jumped to his feet, instantly putting all his focus in the direction of the voice.

His muscles tightened and his battle senses were wide awake.

After all, until the person spoke, even Desgarion hadn't sensed anyone.

"You..." The Crimson Demon's eyes widened a bit as the image of the person before him finally registered.

A young, blond boy was standing before him.

His white coat fluttered as a result of the harsh coastal wind, and he donned a smile.

"You are Jared Leonard, aren't you?" He spoke, readying himself for a fight.

While the Demon Lord was surprised that he came alone, that was simply a testament to the young boy's strength.

It would have been fun to decimate an army, but the Jared Leonard figure must have thought of anyone else as fodder.

'Fodder that would just get in the way of our brawl!' Desgarion grinned devilishly as he stared at Jared Leonard.

"I'm surprised. You aren't looking down on me because I'm a child." The blond human spoke, not exactly looking shocked.

Still, it wasn't like a battle-frenzied being like Desgarion cared much for expressions.

"Age doesn't matter. Power does. You made all those other guys quake in their boots thanks to your intelligence, and I heard you best Neron Kaelid in a fight."

The human's smile broadened further. There was no denial.

"That's why I will fight you right here and now. Make it enjoyable for me!" Desgarion grinned widely now.

His body gleamed brightly, and then black armor began forming all around his red skin.

"I'll use everything I have from the start. Let's not be boring about this."

The black armor had glowing red veins all around it, and the thing completely shrouded him.

Desgarion, now encased in black and red armor, released a phenomenal amount of Miasma that burned everything around.

His body was steaming hot, and the pressure he exuded was simply devastating.

Even Jared, who was watching had to give kudos to the magnifying energy he was witnessing

In terms of power, Jared found the being before him to be even more impressive than the Demon King Abellion.

It was possible that the Crimson Demon Lord before him was actually the most powerful one around.

"Then that's perfect." He whispered under his breath.

The earth rumbled, and everything around shattered as Desgarion rose from the ground.

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM<

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#### **Chapter 485: Jared Versus Desgarion**

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM<

In a brilliant detonation, the armor-covered Crimson Demon lunged at Jared Leonard.

His face was hidden underneath his black armor, so the human couldn't see his obsessive grin.

Raising his hand to deliver the first strike, Desgarion poured a ton of energy into it, hoping Jared would at least be able to handle the blow.

>WHOOOOOSSSHHHH<

Surprisingly, as the fist was launched, creating torrents of wind flying around, Jared was able to deflect the strike by shifting his hand, right before the hit connected.

This changed the trajectory of his punch.

>BWUUUUUSSSHHHH<

The waters parted instantly, unable to contain the pressure that surged through them.

"U-uh?" Desgarion was dazed by the fact that Jared had so easily deflected his strike, especially considering it was a last-second move.

Gnashing his teeth and launching his second fist without wasting any moment, Desgarion put even more power into the second hit.

However, the result was the same.

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM<

Echoes of destruction rang in the air as the second hand was also deflected, making the Crimson Demon open to a strike.

The human—Jared—did not falter in making good use of this opportunity.

>FWOOOOOSSSHHHH<

Using a powerful elbow jab that was filled with power, he dug his attack into Desgarion's armored body, causing the hard casing to break.

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

Desgarion flew away instantly. His body helplessly crashed far from the opponent, unable to bear the brunt of his strength.

"Gurk!" Desgarion let out a pained groan as a result of the damage he suffered.

"Hmm, not bad. But, you're not as strong as I am." Jared murmured as he drew closer to the fallen Demon.

Everywhere was devastated, and it had only been a few seconds since the battle began.

"Keke... so you're this powerful. Perfect!" Desgarion grinned, rising from the debris around him.

The black armor with red veins was slowly reconstructed, and the shattered parts were restored.

"Let me have another taste!"

Once again lunging at Jared Leonard, the Demon Lord now set himself ablaze with crimson energy and charged with ferocity.

This time, it was completely different from earlier.

However, the human didn't seem fazed in the slightest.

With a simple thrust of the hand, an unstoppable pulse was generated.

Before Desgarion reached his target, the pulse generated a 'push' effect, repelling him with irresistible pressure.

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM<

Once again, he failed to land a hit.

Even as he crashed upon the ground, the Crimson Demon did not feel any sense of disappointment.

The pain coursing through his body did not translate to fear.

The rabid sensations he was feeling simply drove him further into the battle.

"MOREEEEE!!!"

Desgarion craved more power, and Jared delivered every single time.

>BOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

A Crimson Demon's regenerative factor was very high, and Desgarion's capability in that department was borderline scary.

Still, with the current tide of the battle, it was very obvious who would emerge victorious.

After all...

"This is quite a letdown."

... The human known as Jared Leonard didn't even seem to be trying.

'Just how much power does he have?' Desgarion wondered within himself.

Most of his armor had completely shattered thanks to the last strike Jared poured at him, so Desgarion's face was currently evident.

"If this is it, then there's nothing to learn..." Jared mumbled.

Desgarion didn't like the human's disconcerted tone. It proved that he wasn't enjoying the battle.

'Maybe it's time to kick things up a notch.' Desgarion thought to himself.

His current abilities were not enough to cause Jared Leonard to use his full capabilities.

Even though he had activated [Martial State], nothing much had changed.

Jared was simply too skilled in Martial Arts and Magic to be beaten by that alone.

There was a time when Martial Arts were all Desgarion could utilize. However, after suffering defeat at the hands of Abellion, he realized his limitations.

Determined to grow even stronger, the Crimson Demon Lord finally immersed himself in Magic.

He didn't bother practicing mundane or common Magic—no, there was only one thing he was interested in.

Only one power guaranteed him undisputed victory.

"Original Magic..." Desgarion whispered, grinning at Jared Leonard with bloodshot eyes.

The human didn't show any change in emotion, but it was only a matter of time.

"... [LIMIT BREAKER]"

Power unlike ever before instantly emerged from the Crimson Demon's body.

Even Desgarion was amazed by how much energy he had.

His muscles grew larger in size, and his black armor increased in bulk and quality.

The Miasma Desgarion currently possessed was by far the most he had seen.

Even the human before him, who was surprisingly using Miasma, didn't have as much as him at this point.

And the reason for that was simple.

Desgarion's Original Magic: Limit Breaker

It had the ability to record the experiences of Desgarion whenever he fought a stronger foe.

His body would also analyze the damage dealt to him but the power of his opponent.



As a result, this Magic enabled him to transcend the level of his opponent—at least with what they displayed.

His body would evolve beyond the damage he had taken.

His energy would rise above that of his enemy.

Every capability he had would skyrocket to match—no, even surpass—whoever he faced.

That was the nature of his Original Magic.

"You're strange, you know? A human using Miasma... and having this kind of strength. It's simply perfect!" Desgarion grinned, having newfound power that made him desire more.

"I wonder just how much further I can grow!"

The energy he had was enough to blow everything away, and the very earth was scorching, boiling, melting, as a result of the power he displayed.

Desgarion was very pleased.

In every area, he had evolved once more.

"Wow. I'm impressed. This is simply amazing." Even the human, Jared Leonard, was astounded by the Crimson Demon's development.

"Hahahahaha! You still do not fear. That means you have more power in store. Show me, then. Show me more!"

No matter what was thrown at him, Desgarion was determined to climb higher until he was beyond the peak of everyone.

The pursuit of strength, and the path of violence. That was all he had ever known.

"I see... alright then."

The human was now smiling, gleaming with something too twisted to be called simple excitement.

"This is a good opportunity. I always wanted to try this one Spell out."

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

**Chapter 486: Vermillion Rupture [Pt 1]**

Desgarion felt alive, more so than ever before.

He gazed upon his opponent, who also looked equally entertained.

There was nothing better than duking it out with an opponent when both parties were immersed in the thrill of fighting.

Even though he knew the final victory would be his, Desgarion desired to enjoy the savor of battle as much as he wanted.

>VWUUUSSH<sub>HH</sub><

Increasing his speed and building a nonstop momentum, Desgarion sped through the vast expanse laid out before him and lunged at Jared, who already took to the space above.

He prepared a blast using both his hands, making it swirl as it got compressed to form more destructive power.

"Haaaaaa!!!" Desgarion released the ray of pure crimson destruction.

It far surpassed anything Jared had thrown at him in the past, and if the human didn't raise his defenses, he would be—

"Nice move." Jared's voice came from behind.

"Uh?!"

Once again, the human was one step ahead, and a very strong punch landed on Desgarion's face before he could fully process what had occurred.

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM<

Descending like lightning, the Crimson Demon crashed upon the earth to form a crater.

Despite his newly obtained power, the hit still stung.

'He increased his power too...?' Desgarion smiled, groaning as he rose from the rubble.

"But it's no use. I'll simply outgrow this too."

Desgarion's body glowed, and then once again, he acclimated to the hit that Jared gave him.

"Interesting..." Jared's voice echoed as he observed the Demon Lord heal and get stronger.

Desgarion didn't understand whether the human understood what was happening, or if he thought it was simple Magic Enhancement.

'If he knows, then why does he keep attacking? I'll just keep growing stronger.' That brought him to the conclusion that Jared did not know the nature of his Original Magic—at least, not wholly.

Desgarion's body raged with more energy and a purple glow now emerged from his fist. It contained a strange power that he hadn't displayed before.

"HAAAAAA!!!"

He lunged the blow before reaching Jared, and an overpowering pulse charged at the human with unreasonable speed.

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM<

A large cloud of destruction hung in the air thanks to the impact. And then—

>VWUUUUUMMMM!!!<

Multiple orbs that contained many colors began manifesting.

"[Grand Harmonious Storm]"

With that voice in tow, a bunch of immensely powerful elemental Magic rained upon Desgarion.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMM<

The earth sizzled, and it was pretty much a sea of molten magma at this point.

Heat rose in all directions, and destruction could be seen for miles. But Desgarion was still standing.

His body healed once more, and his armor was in the process of being fixed.

He had wounds, but with his cheat-like Original Magic, they would be recovered in no time.

"Hahahahaha! I can feel it... this power!" The rush of energy and increased physical prowess made Desgarion so happy that he nearly went insane.

He would keep evolving until he stood at the pinnacle.

At the moment, no one—not even the Demon King—was stronger than him. The only exception was the human before him.

But, he too would soon fall.

"Alright, I've seen what I wanted. Let's end this, shall we?"

A golden book appeared before the human, and the pages began flipping.

An unbelievable amount of energy manifested... but it wasn't the Miasma that Desgarion was used to.

This was—

'MANA!'

—Something a bit more dangerous.

As a Demon, his body naturally had resistance to Miasma.

But, Mana was different. He hadn't built up his defenses against the conflicting energy yet, and if he wasn't careful, he would be consumed before his Original Magic allowed him to acclimate.

'I'll bolster my defenses, then. If it's on the same level as—or even slightly higher than—the last one, I can handle it.'

The Crimson Demon watched something form in the sky.

It looked like a swirling pool of red. Unlike his crimson color, this had a more gem-like luster. It also spoke of an unspeakable evil.

It was a swirling pool of vermillion... and the immense energy began condensing to form something else.

—A drilling arrow.

The vermillion arrow whirred as it spun, growing more powerful with every rotation it took.

On and on, it did so in a never-ending cycle, taking in more vermillion Mana as the spin grew faster as well.

'That's dangerous!' Desgarion thought to himself and took to action.

He surmised that as long as he stopped the spin, he would be able to cancel the increasing danger of the Spell.

And the best way to do that was to assault the human casting it.

Desgarion didn't hesitate to generate his most powerful blow as he charged at Jared Leonard with the aim of killing him.

However—

>VWUSH<

—The human teleported just as the hit was about to hit.

The Vermillion arrow kept growing.

It was peaking beyond belief, enough to make Desgarion wary.

'Tch!' Maybe I'll target the Spell this time?'

Condensing his energy and releasing it in a straight thrust, Desgarion aimed his power at the Spell being generated above him.

Hopefully, the two would offset each other—since they belonged to contrasting elements.

However—

>SHUUUUUUUUUU<

Before the blast reached the swirling pool, it broke down completely.

That was when Desgarion noticed it, the fact that the surrounding Miasma had been broken down, and the problem kept spreading beyond their battlefield.

The usually thick cloud of Miasma that provided an overflowing rate of negative energy had vanished from the area.

'W-what is this Spell...?!'

Desgarion could feel his senses alert him of the danger.

'I have to stop this!'

Despite that, no matter how hard he tried to attack the Spellcaster or the Spell, it wasn't effective enough.

And then—

"I've still not gotten the hang of things... and I was multitasking, so it took more time than expected." The human's voice echoed in Desgarion's ears.

"But, it's finally ready. I've reproduced the Spells those two used at that point, and combined them. Vermillion Burst and Harbinger Of Rupture... they make a good combination."

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

### **Chapter 487: Vermillion Rupture [Pt 2]**

Desgarion realized that it was too late to stop the self-sufficient arrow of energy.

The surrounding Miasma wasn't dense enough to combat the raging power of the Spell. His best hope was none other than retreat.

'I have to get away!'

He wasn't conceited enough to attempt risking it all by tanking such an attack.

Sure, he loved violence, but Desgarion was averse to recklessness.

He had a long way to go, and a peak to attain. Certainly, he wasn't planning on killing himself.

"What are you thinking?" The human's voice caused Desgarion to flinch a bit.

He was floating above, but Desgarion felt like their distance was further than what normal sight could perceive.

Which was why he had to live and become stronger.

"I already set a barrier around this place while calculating the area of impact. You can't escape."

Desgarion heard those words but did not pay them any heed.

If there was truly a barrier, he would shatter it and make his escape.

His speed rose as his survival instincts kicked in, and Desgarion shot through the sky in flight speed.

"You don't get it, do you?"

>SNAP<

With the snap of his fingers, Jared warped space and caused a portal to swallow the fleeing Demon, returning him to the location he previously was.

"U-uh?!"

"You can't escape. Simply accept it and hope you survive."

Desgarion's surprised eyes watched as the spinning arrow aimed at his location.

'N-no!'

"[Vermillion Rupture]"

Beyond the speed he could conceive, the arrow shot to the earth, rending even the air in its path.

Everything burned, and that included the residues of the Demon Lord's Miasma.

And then, as soon as it reached Desgarion—

'I have to... I have to take it!'

—The Spell gloriously erupted.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Even though Desgarion coated himself with layers upon layers of Miasma, he could feel all of them fade away.

The arrow drilled through everything, and the heat it brought burned them into nothingness.

The dense black armor was no exception.

Soon, he found himself completely naked, having only his dense body as a source of protection.

But, even that couldn't resist the power that assailed him.

"GUARK!"

To survive, Desgarion kept activating his Original Magic, causing him to evolve the more the energy kept damaging him.

As he acclimated, his body was destroyed further.

The process was painful, but he gritted his teeth and endured the agony, and focused on survival.

Degeneration and Regeneration occurred at a fast rate as the Vermillion Rupture's explosion scarred everything in the coastal region.

"It's even more amazing than I thought. What a guy." Jared muttered, watching the scene from above.

"But, as expected... it won't be long now."

Desgarion couldn't hear or see anything beyond the redness that surrounded him. Even with his power, his strength, he found himself struggling against a higher one.

He hadn't felt this overwhelmed in his life, even when he fought Abellion.

That time, he had lost due to the difference in skill.

Magic was the deciding factor.

However, this round was different.

If they possessed power at a similar range, then it would have been a foregone conclusion that Desgarion would win.

But, that wasn't what happened.

His opponent was simply in a realm beyond his grasp.

It was his mistake for underestimating his foe. But—

'I can do this! I can survive!'

His body was already slowly getting used to the pain of being completely rendered into nothing. He was slowly transcending the point of death.

If he endured for a little while longer, then perhaps he would be able to make it out of the vermillion hell he was stuck in.

'Just a little mor—!'

Suddenly, the unexpected—or rather, undesirable—happened.

Desgarion... ran out of Miasma.

"E-eh...?"

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The moment that happened, his death was already a foregone conclusion.

The Crimson Demon Lord's demise was quick, and his whole body was turned to fine dust—and then burned beyond recovery.

\*\*\*\*\*

"I wonder what would have happened if he didn't run out."

As I witnessed the devastated ground, I pondered on the potential fate of the opponent I just defeated.

He wasn't a bad challenger, and his Original Magic was definitely going to be a pain in the long run.

I dragged the fight out to learn the structure of his Original Magic. Once the scan was complete, I ended things quickly.

'To think he resisted that long...' I was in luck that he ran out of Miasma.

If he didn't... If he had survived that...

"I would have had to resort to Anti-Magic."

Fortunately, the threat was extinguished, and I got to learn something new.

There was also the option of blasting him to smithereens with a far more powerful Spell, so the situation wasn't extremely dire.

"Alright, then. Let's return to business."

\*\*\*\*\*

I utilized my Magic Coat's [Unknowable] function, allowing me to be undetectable, while traversing the land of the Demons.

My goal was the large castle that stood magnificently erect, at the center of the continent—surrounded by six pillars.

It was the Demon Castle.

My goal was to meet up with someone, and also to obtain something.

Whether I was able to achieve either, neither, or both, were probable. Still, it was in my best interest to act accordingly.

In some moments, I arrived at the Castle, meeting it desolate—as expected.

Other than a few Demon Captains and some fodder that patrolled the area, the place was practically empty.

I invited myself into the Palace and walked down the empty hallway.

I bypassed the security functions since I could not be detected anyway.

Arriving at the Throne room, memories flooded my head, and I strained a smile.

It was just as I remembered it. The Demons never even thought of renovating it or anything.

Other than myself, there was one other presence within the room.

Despite my expectations—or lack thereof—I met someone seated on the large, black throne.

His hair was grey, and his horn was twisted. He had a wrinkled face and a shriveled body.

He was clad in ceremonial garb, and the dignity he exuded would make anyone know of the Royal bloodline in his veins.

The grey-colored Demon tiredly looked at me as I dispelled the [Unknowable] Spell and approached the throne.

"Demon King Aries... it's been a while."

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

#### **Chapter 488: The Demon King**

Aries—the former Demon King—sighed as he felt the weight of both guilt and worry assail his heart.

That was the sole reason he left his chambers and stayed in the Throne Room for some time.

He donned his ceremonial robe and held his scepter, watching an empty room from his elevated platform.

Everything felt so empty and meaningless.

"The War..." He murmured, remembering the last battle that occurred in the past, and how it had ended.

The Demon Race was lucky to get a fresh start, a new beginning.

Aries understood that they were blessed. Not only did they have a definite territory, but they had the perfect environment for living.

He had thought his citizens would have the same thought as him, but it was the opposite.

They somehow thought the Demon Race was on the losing end in the deal that was made.



His son, Abellion, especially thought that the Demons were being relegated and looked down upon due to their reclusive territory.

He believed that someday, the Races would band together and extinguish them completely.

"If they wanted to do that, they would have done so all those years ago..." Aries mumbled to himself.

He still remembered the leader of the Delegates—how the man had proffered a solution that seemed too good to be true.

Aries wasn't averse to violence, but he preferred common sense.

So, once he realized the plan was possible, he readily agreed.

Till now, he didn't regret that choice.

"Why can't they see it? Why don't they understand?"

It wasn't even until about over a decade ago that the grievances against the other Races reached an unstoppable degree after being dormant for very long.

Abellion, his son, managed to seize control over his people—and little by little, there was no power left for him.

Aries was now old, and so Abellion was already more powerful.

It was to be expected that he became the next Demon King, but the old one still didn't like what it caused.

His loyal Demon Lords were eliminated as a result of Abellion's thirst for power, leaving Aries without any support.

All he had left was his life, and his frail body.

"The Demon Race... will lose..." Aries was certain about that outcome.

Why?

"That man said it. He said that if we broke the pact... we would be eliminated."

Usually, a Demon would hold the words of humans with contempt, but this particular one was different.

Lewis Griffith was a human unlike any other.

He had tried warning and stopping his foolish son and his supporters, to no avail.

All he could do was sit on his throne for the last time and wait for the horrible news of defeat to reach his ears.

It was at that moment Aries felt a presence manifesting in the room.

Surprise rang within him, but his body was too tired to accurately display his gushing emotion.

'Who is that? A human...?'

Aries was stunned that a human could make it to the Demon Palace, a place with an immense concentration of Miasma that even Inepts wouldn't be able to bear.

He could also sense Mana coming from the person... as well as Miasma!

Aries was stunned as to how a human could achieve something of the sort, but he remained seated and watched the exceptional boy approach.

"It's been a while, Demon King Aries." His voice wasn't entirely immature, but it didn't belong to an adult either.

Aries also didn't understand how such a child was able to address him with such levity, even addressing him as though they had met before.

No longer able to control his curiosity and unease, the seated Demon King, at least as he was in the past, finally opened his lips and spoke.

"Who are you?"

The man before him gave a short laugh and kept approaching.

"I can't say that. But, you should be well aware of our promise. Or did you forget what I said?"

"Uh?" Demon King Aries didn't completely grasp the situation, but so many things were being hinted at.

'C-could he be—?!'

"Let's not get into unimportant details, old man. You should know what is happening outside, right? The War."

Aries was still locked in an internal deliberation, but he still managed to nod his head in response.

"You were warned, Aries. You should have taught your son better, controlled your people more."

Aries could not argue or excuse himself from the accusations being rained on him. Despite his old and feeble frame, he was still Abellion's father.

He was still a Demon King.

If only he had done more to steer his people in the right direction, then maybe this wouldn't have happened.

"Have you come here to kill me?" Aries spoke hazily.

"No. I only came to say goodbye. Also, I've come to retrieve the Arcana that was given to you. It seems your Race has forgotten who found your source of nourishment."

Aries' heart was pained. As much as he knew who the rightful owner of the Arcana was, and that the Demon Race didn't deserve to be in possession of it after breaking their pact, he couldn't agree to the human's wish.

"I-if you are who I think you are, then you have to understand. Without it, my people will not survive." Desperation was evident in his plea, and he knew he was being shameless, but Aries had to appeal for his people.

Even though the ones foolish enough to go to battle already had their fates sealed, the innocents could still be spared.

"I don't see what the problem is. Your people won't be needing it anymore."

"W-wha...?"

The human's face slowly turned dead cold, and his hand was outstretched.

Aries knew his statement could only mean one thing. It was bad for his heart, but the old Demon started panicking within himself.

"Yes. If us as you think. This very day, I will be wiping out the Demon Race from this world. The dead have no need for a means of sustenance, do they?"

Aries was beyond grieved to hear these words. He knew their sins deserved punishment, but this was too extreme.

"Now, I ask again... where is my Arcana?"

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

#### **Chapter 489: Final Act**

"No!"

The old Demon King knew the implication of his words, but he didn't have any choice at this point.

It was an ungrateful, conceited approach, but he was left with no other option.

"What did you just say?"

"No. I won't let you... I can't let you."

The human furrowed his brow and sighed. He stretched out his hand and gave a serious look that made Aries shiver a little.

"The Arcana."

"N-no. I won't give you."

The death of his entire Race, Aries would never stand for that.

His son's foolishness would bring about many deaths... there couldn't be more added to the pile.

"You haven't changed, uh? Doing whatever it takes for your people." The blonde spoke.

Aries knew who the human was, and while he wondered how it was possible, he didn't know what to say.

'I failed in our agreement...' The old one thought.

The first War started because he needed to aid his people. He caused such great tragedy, and now his son trod the same path.

Even at that... even then...

'I can't—no, I won't—give up on my people!' With this thought clinging to his head, Aries stared hard at Jared Leonard—the one he knew as Lewis Griffith.

A wave of unease filled the hall as both parties looked at each other. The one who was uncomfortable by the other's straight face was the former Demon King.

One would think the tension would be forever.

"Whatever. I'll just look for it myself." The human shrugged and began exiting the Palace.

For a moment, Aries was relieved by what he heard. However, he wasn't out of the woods yet.

"W-wait. Are you serious about this? You'll really kill all my people?"

"Yes."

"Is there no other way?"

"I remember what happened the last time I sought another way. So... no. This is the end of the line."

Aries didn't want things to reach this point. However...

"I-I can't allow that."

Rising from his throne while raising his body through Magic, the old Demon took to the air.

His body was shrouded in incredibly dense Miasma, and the power kept climbing.

"What are you doing?" Lewis Griffith's reincarnation asked with a somewhat annoyed expression.

"I won't allow you to destroy my people."

The human shook his head and gave an exasperated sigh in response.

"You are too weak to stop me, you know? Your level of power is nothing compared to back then, but even if you were at full strength, that wouldn't mean anything to me."

"Heh. Old age does something to you. I may be weaker, but I don't intend to lose." Aries smiled devilishly, summoning a dark blade from nowhere.

It was his Demon Edge, a blade that had the natural ability to absorb Miasma. Since Aries hadn't used it in ages, the level of negative energy it had was phenomenal.

"Old age has nothing to do with this. This weakness of yours isn't normal. You must have been poisoned or something."

"W-what?!" The words of the human shocked Aries.

"Do you understand now? The very Demons you chose to protect poisoned you so that you would grow too weak to rule. Abellion took that as his chance to rise to power."

The old Demon was fraught with disbelief at this point. Despair began to slowly seep in too.

"This whole time, you probably thought your weakness and inabilities were the reasons for things turning out this way, but that's not completely true."

"T-they betrayed me...?" Aries mumbled, his body trembling a bit.

"Of course. Though it's not their fault as well. They were being manipulated as well. This entire situation really isn't your fault, but your race is still at the center of everything. To protect my people, I must decimate yours."

"I... I see..."

Aries understood Lewis's point of view.

Both of them desperately wanted to protect their own. Since that was the case, there was no way he could not respect the man's choice.

Nevertheless—

"I will still raise my blade to stop you." Aries drew his sword.

"As expected, you won't change, uh? Well, that makes me a little happy."

Aries found the human smiling, and then a wave of nostalgia permeated his heart.

This was the Lewis he remembered indeed.

>VWUUUUSSSHHH<

A ripple appeared in space, and Lewis brought out a blade from its depths.

It was similar to Aries' weapon, filled with immense Miasma.

"Since you want to do this the hard way, let's get this over with."

With both parties drawing their blades and giving each other fierce smiles, they readied their stance and poured their energy into their whole bodies.

Even though they were clashing as enemies, both sides knew fully well what the other wanted—and they understood their stances perfectly.

Life had just dealt them this situation, and things could only be resolved with one side completely exterminated.

"Let's do this Aries!"

"I'm coming, Lewis!"

Energy clashed, and the two opposing forces smiled while crossing blades.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM<

Only one would emerge as the winner.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Two minutes, five seconds. That's awfully short." I mumbled while exiting the decimated Demon Castle.

It was basically nothing but rubble at this point.

"He really has weakened by a lot. Those bastards just had to take things this far..."

Aries and I weren't really friends, but we understood each other—even in the past.

That was one of the reasons we got along so well—it was also because of this that Kahn couldn't exactly despise me.

After all, that Shadow Demon Lord idolized the King with everything.

'I'm surprised he didn't ask to see Aries before I killed him...'

Kahn had a selfish request, which was to kill Kyron—the one who betrayed him—by himself.

I granted the request, and also promised him something else.

But, to think he never addressed meeting the Demon King for the last time.

'I guess he now sees me as his master.'

In any case, things went as expected. Aries was stubborn to the very end, so that meant no one else knew the location of the Miasma Generator and The Devil Arcana.

>VWOOSH<

Taking to the sky, I departed from the ruined Demon Castle—a smile on my face.

"Perfect. Then, let's get down to business."

It was now time for the final act.

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

#### **Chapter 490: Ivan's Breakthrough**

"Haa... haa..." Ivan Smith huffed and puffed.

He was currently standing before a formidable opponent, but he refused to back down.

"You're quite strong for a human. You were able to last this long against me." The voice of Ivan's opponent tickled his ears.

It was none other than a Demon General—Lakyus, leader of the Nine Stars.

"I am the second most powerful Demon General, you know? The first belongs to the Crimson Demon Race, so it's no competition. Still, you'll find that among the Demons, I'm pretty high-end."

For a moment, Lakyus looked at the chaos and carnage depicted around them.

He watched how his brethren were slain one after the other.

Still, he did not seem fazed in the slightest.

"We're most likely going to lose this battle. This day will be the one where I die. However, I know my death won't be by your hands."

Ivan didn't respond to the opponent's words. He simply clung to his Wax Blade, and began repairing his Wax Armor.

He was currently using his Bond Magic for defense while utilizing his Fire Magic for offense.

Still, it hadn't left a scratch on his opponent.

That was due to the nature of Lakyus, known as the Demonic Dragon.

This Demon General resembled a Dragon, having a scar on his face, and several black tattoos to match his green scales.

The darkness in his eyes, as well as the immense Miasma swirling within him, attested to his strength.

Ivan could tell that his opponent bested him in power.

"Your flames will never pass through my defenses, and my attacks are too ferocious for you not to utilize the entirety of your wax for defense."

Ivan knew the Demon spoke the truth.

It was 'Check.'

However...

'No! I can't let it end this way. I won't!'

He hadn't been playing around throughout the waiting time for the War.

While Jared and everyone else explored other strange lands, he had been training vigorously, doing his best to hone his skills.

His teacher, General Clara of the Elves, had given her best to properly train him. She gave her utmost effort to achieve the best results in a short while.

There was no way he could shame her... or lose sight of his goal beyond that.

If he couldn't break past the wall before him, there was no way he would be able to achieve even greater heights.

"I must... get even stronger."

Ivan had long realized that he couldn't surpass Jared Leonard. He didn't have enough talent or technique to do so.

However, what he could do was to become strong enough to overcome his challenges and best his opponents.

He didn't want to be a burden.

'I might not be the savior... but I won't be among the saved.'

He was done being a victim. For the first time, Ivan wanted to have a taste of triumphing over a stronger opponent.

"This battle... I will win!"

"What did I just say? You can't." Lakyus murmured, now brandishing his claws.

The Demon's body was covered in Miasma, and his offensive weapons were the ten claws he currently readied.

Lakyus had no specialty. He was good at both Martial Arts and Magic, and he was very adaptable in combat.

Best of all, he knew how to gauge an opponent's strength.

That way, he never underestimated or overestimated them.

This made him the overall best Demon General—exactly why he was certain that Ivan would be the loser in their exchange.

"Let's take this past the breaking point, then. I don't plan on losing!"

With a ferocious roar, Ivan released a great amount of heat, causing even Lakyus to take a step back as a result.

"If you do that, you'll burn out your Mana much faster." The Demon General mumbled as he watched Ivan raise the intensity of his flames.

"We're taking this past boiling point!"

Instantly, the earth itself started to melt, and then something started pouring out of the ground.

The entire surface became liquid—no, semi-liquid.

But, that wasn't all.

"Not yet..." Ivan growled, increasing his flames even further as he pressed his body into the earth, filling it with more heat.

The bubbly ground was now nothing but whitish liquid.

If one looked closer, there could only be one description for it.

"W-wax?!" Lakyus noticed the composition of the very liquid that surrounded him.

It was melted wax!

How was there melted wax surrounding them?

Worst of all, the heat that passed through the wax made it dangerous—as it passed even the regular heat Lakyus was used to.

'I better fly.'



Flexing his wings, Lakyus made to ascend to the clouds. However, there was no way the human would have accepted that.

"Oh no, you don't!"

Instantly, a wave of flowing wax crashed upon Lakyus—like a massive wave—causing him to crash back into the puddle of heated wax.

"Harden!"

Instantly, the boiling stopped, and the liquid wax sharply returned to its solid state.

Ivan tightened his fist and concentrated on removing all forms of heat from the Wax that held down his target.

The result?

"U-uh? W-what is... this??" Lakyus was petrified—literally.

His body was completely submerged in solid wax, causing him to be trapped within the dense structure.

"You..."

"I'm not done!" Ivan roared, once again summoning all his strength and pouring it into the wax compartment that Lakyus was stuck inside.

"You won't escape this prison!"

By making the interior harden while turning the insides to jelly-like heated wax, he could guarantee that his opponent would be trapped within his Wax Prison.

Lakyus would burn, drown, and suffocate all at once.

His body would be burned both inside and out thanks to the immense heat of the wax, and once it reaches a precipice, Ivan would harden all the Wax that was in and out of the Demon General.

"I can control the composition of Wax, and fluidly bend it to my heat."

His Individual Magic—Fire—and his Bond Magic—Wax.

Combining those two was what he learned while he was with Clara. As a result, a new Magic emerged from within the young man.

"Fusion Magic... [Burning Wax Emperor]!"