

## SPELLCRAFT 631

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

#### Chapter 631: A Complete Mission

>VWUUUUSSSHHH<

As I braced myself, expecting Legris's first strike, he suddenly halted mid attack.

He had barely moved from his location when a somewhat dazed expression manifested on his face.

He seemed downright surprised.

"Hm? What's this?" Legris murmured.

I was still apprehensive, wondering if this was simply a trick he was using.

'Doesn't seem like his style, though.'

"Hahaha, well isn't this interesting." He laughed, removing drops of tears from his eyes at this point.

'What's going on?' I wondered, and I was certain my expression displayed the exact reaction.

"Looks like we'll have to postpone this little fight of ours." Legris suddenly began shrouding himself in darkness.

I was a bit puzzled by the suddenness of the situation that I had to say something... and fast!

"What's going on? Where are you going?!"

Legris chuckled even more in response to my question, causing my heart to race in anxiety.

'What is more important than obtaining a bunch of Arcanas?!' I began to get extremely worried.

"Don't look so anxious, Jared. It's just word from the higher-ups. Apparently, two of our members have been killed. You probably know one—Vaizer."

His words struck me, and I remembered the Dragon Beast folk that was consumed by Nether.

'How can they say he was killed when they were the ones who dealt the finishing blow?'

"The second one probably went after Neron. Such bad luck. Haha. Needless to say, your team won this round. Neron probably completed his mission too. Isn't that wonderful."

If everything Legris said was true, shouldn't he have been upset? Or at least, a bit dissatisfied? Yet, he seemed rather thrilled.

"I'm returning to the headquarters. I doubt we'll meet again, Jared... which makes this somewhat regrettable." Legris, almost completely enveloped in his black pool, waved at me.

I was all the more confused, but I couldn't say or do anything but gawk in response.

"The showdown is close at hand. Bye!"

>VWUUUP<

His negative energy finally consumed him, and it vanished as soon as its job was complete.

I was left in a daze, staring at an empty space as I mulled over everything Legris had just told me.

'We won't be meeting again? What does that mean? I don't understand...'

It seemed they were gathering all their members to the headquarters now that all the Arcanas had been found—well, almost all of them.

I still had no idea where [The World] was.

"What now, Jared?" Edward asked from behind me.

My other comrades had been discussing for some time now but he finally raised the question to me.

"I... am not entirely sure. Let's return to the base first."

Hopefully when Neron and Serah returned, we would be able to establish something more concrete.

At the moment, most of the things I would end up coming up with could end up being nothing more than speculation.

To move forward, I needed to be thorough.

"One thing is for sure, though." I smiled at my allies while nodding.

"We completed this mission. That's what matters now."

I was greeted with their excited smiles and relieved sighs.

Jerry was still unconscious, but I knew he would be fine. As for Ciara, she gave me a glare for some reason.

I wasn't looking forward to an appreciation, but still...

'I guess she's alright too, as far as that goes.'

I felt like a heavy burden had dropped from my chest with the completion of our mission, though something heavier remained there.

'The Nether Cult.'

Whatever was going on with them had yet to be concluded. Rather, it was the opposite. We were probably just getting started.

'Now that we have the Arcanas that they don't possess, we're going to be their next targets.'

That meant we had to prepare for the inevitable move of the Nether Cult. Or better yet...

"Let's return."

... We had to strike first.

>VWUUUUSSSHHH<

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[Moments Earlier]

"Well, we got what we came for. That was surprisingly not as difficult as I thought." A woman with crimson hair grinned as she spoke to her partner.

The dark haired man returned her smile with a distant gaze.

His attention was on the object trapped between his fingers. It was a card that warbled in a somewhat grey color—distorting the space around it.

"Indeed. But, to think we got [The Fool]." He muttered.

The woman drew closer to him and joined him to once again observe the name written on the card, as well as the illustration embedded on it.

It had the image of a ragged vagabond holding a stick, with a cloth tied around it. Somehow, for some odd reason, the image resonated with the two.

"Well, since we completed our mission, we should head back." Serah stretched her hands and yawned slightly.

A quick glance at the landscape showed that it was devastated beyond recognition. Whatever Dungeon or structure that had existed prior to their arrival was now nothing more than ash and smoke.

All that was left were debris and evidence of utter destruction. And standing at the center of the chaos were the two culprits—

Neron Kaelid and Serah Crimson.

The couple seemed to casually stand at the center of the damage they had wrought, acting as though such a thing was only natural.

"Jared gave the wrong coordinates, though. The scope was too large too..." Neron sighed, staring at the woman beside him.

"Yeah. But it wasn't a problem for you, anyway. That new ability of yours is really handy."

"Tell me about it." He grinned.

Both of them stared at one other passionately. Their instincts connected—and despite the very terrible choice of location—they both decided to give into their carnal desires.

"Let's kiss." Serah smiled, drawing closer to Neron, who did not resist whatsoever.

It was a wonder how they could both indulge in such pleasures, but... who was around to judge?

"I would rather not witness such a sight. Cease your actions instantly!"

Well, someone was present, after all. And it wasn't an ally.

"I've been observing you two, and you've gotten even more careless than you were in the past. How disappointing." The intruder growled as he revealed his presence.

He wore a Grand Mage's outfit—consisting of a well embroidered purple cloak, and royal blue wear.

His exquisite garb was only fit for someone of his caliber, and his aged appearance gave him a more prestigious look.

"Neron. Serah. It's been a while, hasn't it?" The older man smiled as he watched the two lovers gaze at him, speechlessly.

They both clearly knew who he was—a fact that caused his grin to widen even more.

"Won't you greet your old friend?"

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

#### **Chapter 632: Old Acquaintances [Pt 1]**

In the past, there were three Grand Mages—even before Serah Crimson became one.

They were considered extremely powerful—elites in their own right. It was trite that they would be considered the strongest in the entire Eastern Kingdom.

Elrich Lendertwale—the Royal Court Mage

Mordecai Kaelid—the Great Sorcerer King

Reed Sterling—the Revolutionary Magic Scholar

These three led the golden age of the Eastern Kingdom, especially when it came to the advancement of Magic.

Elrich developed countless Magic artifacts and explored the functions of several Magic ores as well as monsters in order to determine the effects they had on one another.

Mordecai was regarded as the most powerful and diverse when it came to his Magic Ability. He was the battle axe of the Eastern Kingdom, and it was said that he singlehandedly defended the Eastern Kingdom from the invasion of unstoppable Monsters—making him a legend.

Reed Sterling was the greatest Magic Scholar after the legendary Lewis Griffith. He built on the work of his predecessor and developed countless Magic Theories and their practical applications.

The refining methods through the use of Mana, or how to extract certain elements from their respective compounds. Most of Modern Magic and Technology had one thing or the other to do with this genius.

It was thanks to this, even, that he was granted the title of Grand Mage—despite being barely qualified for the title when it came to actual Magic prowess.

Still, even though he wasn't nearly as powerful as his fellows, his contribution toward the cause earned him great respect.

He was placed in charge of the future generation of Mages—becoming the Headmaster of Ainzlark Academy.

As such, Grand Mage Reed Sterling oversaw the education of the buds of the Kingdom, ensuring the future of Magic remained brighter than ever.

That is... until he vanished some years ago.

It had been as mysterious as it was unexpected. Reed Sterling, without warning or reason, simply disappeared.

No one knew his whereabouts.

... Until now.

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"It's been a while, hasn't it? Won't you greet your old friend?"

The man who stood before Neron and Serah was a familiar face. He was Reed Sterling, the Grand Mage who had been missing for so long.

"Reed..."

"Old man..."

The couple stood still for a few moments, observing their mentor and fellow colleague.

With all they saw, it didn't seem like they were mistaken about the old man's identity. His aged smile and confident demeanor told them that he was perfectly fine too.

When Neron and Serah had been students at Ainzlark, he had presided over them as their Headmaster. He had also been present when Serah rose to the ranks of Grand Mage, and Neron became a part-time teacher at Ainzlark.

Thus, his disappearance had been just as surprising to them as it had been to everyone else—perhaps even more so.

"Looks like you still remember me. That's good." He chuckled, stretching his hand slightly.

His palm was exposed, almost as though he was expecting them to give him something. Was there something of his he wanted back?

Perhaps—

"The Arcana in your possession. Give it to me." His smile remained, even while he made such an absurd request.

"Ah, so it really is true. You joined the Nether Cult."

"Won't you explain yourself, old man?" Serah's voice was much louder as her brows were crinkled in annoyance.

The Nether Cult was responsible for several evils—one of which was the invasion of Ainzlark Academy. If Reed Sterling was a member, then—

"Ainzlark was attacked, you know? Students died! A lot more would have perished too. You're really part of a group that did such a thing?!"

Fire burned in Serah's chest as she stared at the old man. His gaze didn't waver in the slightest, and his hand was still outstretched.

"That was Legris' plan. I had nothing to do with it. Even I find it distasteful to kill kids..." Reed sighed.

"Then why are you still—"

"With that said, if it had been for the sake of my goals and I had no other option, I would have done the same. No hard feelings."

The fact that he could utter something so repulsive, without even changing his current positive expression, sickened Serah.

'Is this really... Reed Sterling?!' Her thoughts rang as she stared at him.

"It's him, Serah. There's no need to waste your time thinking about that." Neron interrupted the redhead's thoughts.

His gaze was calm, and he maintained a collected demeanor. Even with his old mentor right in front of him, he didn't seem fazed.

"Be a good boy, Neron. Serah, you too. Give me the Arcana, and things won't have to get messy."

Serah gritted her teeth in anger. Perhaps because her emotions were more volatile than Neron's. It was just too unbelievable that a man she had looked up to had turned out this way—especially after she had been worried about his whereabouts for so long.

It boggled her mind to no end.

"Can I ask why, at the very least? Why the Nether Cult? Why do you want the Arcanas?" Serah asked, her voice quivering a little.

Silence enveloped the three for a short while. The couple stared at their former comrade, and he returned the favor.

"Well... let's just say I'm not satisfied. It's not enough..."

Serah's eyes twitched once she heard his statement. She didn't quite understand what he meant.

"What are you—?"

"Being a Grand Mage. Being Headmaster of Ainzlark, being given so many titles and granted recognition, they weren't enough for me. The primary objective I have always had was never satiated. That's why..."

Serah was in even more confusion. How could he say those things weren't enough? He was literally granted the highest position a Mage could attain in the Eastern Kingdom! Yet...!

"Power. You wanted more power, right?" Neron asked, his expression containing as much boredom and disinterest as possible.

His cold black eyes fell on the man he was supposed to respect, yet not a sliver of that could be found in them.

"You two wouldn't understand. You were born gifted. You didn't have to struggle for power like me."

An uncomfortable air of silence and tension began rising at an unbelievable rate. Any iota of friendliness was already long gone.

"In the end, power is everything. And that's the only thing I want."

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

#### **Chapter 633: Old Acquaintances [Pt 2]**

Unknown to his colleagues and those who knew him, Reed Sterling was a man who had battled with inferiority his whole life.

Sure, he had a considerable amount of Mana—compared to everyone else. Plus, he Awakened at the age of five, the normal age for children at that time.

He was by no means untalented in Magic. No, he was incredibly skilled in it, and his knowledge of the concept exceeded most of his peers.

However, there was a certain reason why he still felt inferior. Something that always gnawed at him no matter how hard he tried to ignore it.

And that was the existence of far more talented individuals.

Reed was powerful, knowledgeable, and very skilled. That was all true. However, there were people who were far greater than him in those departments.

A prime example was Mordecai Kaelid. They were not even on the same playing field when it came to talent or skill. Reed only had the edge in his research and diversification of theories.

He lost in other areas... badly.

Even though he'd tried to ignore this unfair reality, he had been forced to admit it when it had been shoved in his face in the form of the Headmaster of Ainzlark.

While watching the young ones grow, and nurturing the buds that would lead the Eastern Kingdom into far greater heights, Reed Sterling encountered young prodigies that exceeded his expectations.

Students who had displayed such talent and skill that he became overcome with envy. Not only had they been blessed with amazing Mana, but they had also been adept at using it extremely well.

One of them, in particular, had stood out above the rest.

Reed Sterling could not forget how he had felt when he'd experienced this. The painful feeling he'd had within him—how his heart had tightened and his insides had churned.

He had dedicated himself to growing, for several years, yet some kids easily boasted the same level of ability.

His Original Magic which took decades to master had been achieved by someone whom he'd considered a child.

It had been this unfairness of reality that finally drove him to the edge of despondency. And with said despondency came desperation.

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"Why don't you join our group?"

Legris was the one who brought Reed into the Cult.

He had been working as a staff for some time, but the Headmaster suspected that something had been up with him.

When he finally cornered and confronted him, Legris revealed that it was all a ploy to see if Reed was someone worthy of joining the Nether Cult... and that he had passed successfully.

Reed would have normally avoided something as shady, ominous and repugnant to his ideals. However, after weighing the humiliation he'd had to suffer for so long, he decided to hear Legris out.

In return for a small favor—serving as a bridge between the Eastern Kingdom and the Nether Cult—Reed was given a power that made him completely dumbfounded.

When even more of that power was offered if he decided to become a member, Reed found himself unable to hesitate any longer.

How could he say no to the appeal of an Arcana?

Thus, he joined the Nether Cult.

He'd attained all he had ever wanted... power beyond his peers.

He rose in status, and climbed up to the higher ranks—becoming an Upper Seat. While it was painfully clear that he was out of his league among the Upper Seat within the organization, Reed was able to comfort himself with the fact that everyone there were either not human, or far older than he was.

As far as he was concerned, he was the strongest ordinary human in the Nether Cult, and that gave him immense satisfaction.

He had far transcended everyone he knew in the Eastern Kingdom—to the point where they didn't matter to him any longer.

He was stronger than Mordecai. He was stronger than Elrich. Even his most talented pupils—Serah and Neron—wouldn't stand a chance against him now.

That was all that mattered to him... what he still wanted more than anything.

"Power!"



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"Every member of the Cult has their agenda. I'm just going to achieve my goals through them. That's how it goes." Reed deepened his smile and narrowed his saggy eyes.

He didn't care much for a conversation, so he stretched out his hands even further.

"Give me the Arcana. This is the last time I'll ask."

Neron's response was a sigh. The Arcana was in his possession—still locked between his fingers—though he had no intention of budging.

He glanced at Serah, who had recovered from her initial shock, and was now shaking her head in exasperation.

"You've disappointed me, old man." Her tone no longer contained the flustered element she had displayed earlier.

Her gaze was daring, and her lips had curled up in a smile. She folded her arms and simply stood still.

The couple clearly gave their stance to the old man.

"I see. It's regrettable, then. I'll just kill you."

>VWUUUUUUUUUYUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

A massive surge of energy instantly emerged from Reed Sterling's body. He was emanating so much power that the destruction and debris parted way for his concentrated energy to manifest itself.

The sky parted and everything around them vibrated due to the sheer pressure caused by the magnitude of his power.

"With the Arcana [The Magician], I have infinite Mana. I have transcended the very limits that shackles all Mages!" Reed Sterling declared, bursting forth even greater waves of Mana.

The ground shattered, and everything shook for miles.

He could use his Original Magic without any limits. He could spam Spells as much as he wanted. He could induce Mana Shock. He could overwhelm their Spells with his.

There were many ways Reed Sterling could defeat his foes, no matter how powerful they were. He had indeed reached the pinnacle of Magic!

"So this is why you left. I can understand, considering the fact that no one would normally stand a chance against you..." Serah murmured as she stared at the manifestation of the unreal energy.

Even with her [Invincible], she didn't have an Infinite amount of Mana. Her power simply kept rising to compensate for the power levels of her opponent. She simply got stronger until she beat whoever she targeted.

The problem with fighting someone like Reed was that his limits were not defined. He had boundless Mana, making him impossible to triumph over.

Reed Sterling was truly invincible.

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

#### **Chapter 634: The Dance Of Destruction**

"Will you do it or should I?"

Serah glanced at Neron in response to his question. His eyes seemed somewhat distracted, but he didn't lose sight of their objective.

"I think I'll handle—"

"Such hubris." The deep and commanding tone of Reed Sterling interrupted Serah.

He was floating in the air, at this point. His body burned with such concentrated energy that everything around him was simply eviscerated.

The ground kept melting and breaking apart, while space warped in response to the abundant Mana emanating from his body.

Reed Sterling's appearance had also changed. He now donned a staff that seemed to have been constructed with millions of Mana Cores, due on the sheer concentration of energy around it. Reed's garb was now glowing bright blue.

His eyes glowed a brilliant blue as well, and veins of blue energy appeared all over his skin and face—like cracks on a charred surface.

'His body probably can't handle that much Mana indefinitely.' Neron thought to himself while making this observation.

"I could take both of you on, and nothing would change." Reed pointed his staff at them and narrowed his eyes.

In an instant, he could completely destroy them with such a high-density Mana that the entire area would explode—for miles, at least.

"I'll give you one last chan—"

"Just shut up and attack already." Serah's tone sounded impatient, with hints of annoyance.

Her smile didn't seem very friendly, and her furrowed brow already indicated that she was in a foul mood.

"Tch. You fools. Very well!"

Reed tried to think about what made the two so defiant towards him. He had just displayed how superior he was compared to them, yet...

... Why hadn't they surrendered.

'No matter. The results remain the same.'



By overwhelming them with his Mana and completely saturating the environment with the energy he was emitting, any kind of Magic they tried to perform would be completely suppressed by his power.

Neron and his Time Magic. Serah and her destructive Magic.

Everything would be nerfed, giving him the perfect moment to obliterate them.

Sure, they had an Arcana with them, but it took time to learn to control one. Since he attacked them the moment they discovered it, the two were practically done for.

He had won...

... At least on paper.

'Hm? What is... this?!' His thoughts rang out as he instantly sensed two life signatures amid the destruction he had caused.

Reed Sterling's mind was in an instant state of confusion, and a bead of sweat suddenly fell from his face.

'What? Why? How? I don't—!!!'

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM<

Before his mind could even process the situation in order to answer the list of questions that boggled him, a sharp eruption emerged from underneath him, and a crimson blur appeared.

The blur, in the shape of a woman, swiftly headed towards Reed, closing their distance in a flash.

The levitating man could do nothing but slowly widen his eyes as he tried to react. Everything was so shocking and unexpected that he fumbled in his next action.

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH<

Before he could get a grip, the crimson human was already right in front of him.

"Hey..." Her voice sounded grave and dangerous, causing the old man's heart to race in surprising worry.

"Keuk!" Fortunately, he loved his life too much to hesitate this time.

Stretching forth his staff in order to attempt another blast, Reed charged up the overflowing Mana he had and sent it flying at her.

Sure, it was too close for comfort, but he swiftly erected a dense barrier to act as security.

'Die! Now!'

"I don't think so!" In a swift motion, the blur sent her fist charging at the beam that had enough power to destroy anything it touched for miles.

An obviously foolish move.

However—

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<



Her opponent had been completely erased, not even leaving cinders.

Now in her [Invincible] state, but being powered by something more powerful than her Mana, Serah floated in the air with a sad smile on her face.

'Power isn't everything...'

It sounded hypocritical, considering she had just used a more dominant ability to override his offense and defense. However, Serah held fast to this belief.

After Jared defeated both she and Gerard back then, she had realized just how shallow the concept of 'absolute power' was—at least in her opinion.

'If he had acted smarter... like how he used to, then maybe it wouldn't have been over so quickly...'

Still, the results were inevitable.

>WHOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

The smoke beneath her parted, and someone appeared right beside Serah, placing his hand on her shoulder.

"I didn't think you'd actually do it. It must have been hard on you."

It was Neron, and he gazed at his lover with keen interest at her current state.

Serah undid her transformation while shrugging, turning back to her usual form. She didn't seem to be sad, but a tinge of unpleasant emotions played on her face.

"Reed wasn't much of a fighter. His battle intelligence and adaptive abilities are subpar. Having more power wasn't going to change that." Neron added, hugging Serah from behind.

They enjoyed each other's embrace for some time, drifting in the air like two insignificant birds.

"He belonged indoors. In the lab or in the classroom. It's not our fault he didn't accept that." Serah smiled, tilting her head so she could look at his face.

He tightened his hold around her, and moved his face closer. The two kissed, deciding to completely forget about the opponent they had just defeated.

~Did you get it, though?~ Neron's thoughts resonated within her.

~His Arcana? Yes I did.~ She instantly responded as she deepened her kiss with him.

The couple kept smooching shamelessly, uncaring about whether or not they were needed back in the base.

~Perfect. I bet we're the ones who had it the easiest.~ Neron laughed internally, and Serah joined him.

They both enjoyed their time together, undergoing the therapeutic process they knew to use best, when grieving the loss of someone they once knew—

—Being intimate in a Timeless Word.

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In a large hall that had exquisite murals for design, and incredible chandeliers and tiles, a table existed at the very center.

The table had a couple of chairs. Seated on those chairs were people—though some seemed to be mere projections.

Three seats were placed on the right side, while three were positioned on the left. A grand chair stood at the forefront of the table, and on it sat the leader of the Nether Cult

As usual, a lady in white stood beside him—maintaining some distance between herself and his magnificent seat.

The six who sat, were the only remaining members of the Nether Cult's executive members, and they all just happened to belong to the Upper Seat.

Of the six, only three were physically present, while the others were ably represented by their Magic Projections.

"As I informed you through Magic Communication, Reed and Vaizer are deceased. As such, we will continue our conquest with this number." The leader spoke in his usual imposing tone.

Those present could feel the heavy pressure he exerted.

The First Seat—Legendary Martial Blade God

The Second Seat—Kido Midas

The Third Seat—Karlia the Succubus

These three definitely knew of their leader's power, and they kept themselves in check as a result.

"You all failed your mission. Not only did we fail to retrieve any new Arcana, but two more were lost in the process. A shame, wouldn't you say?"

The guilty parties knew just how they had erred.

The Fourth Seat—Fairy King Beruel

The Fifth Seat—Stefan Netherlore

The Sixth Seat—Legris Damien

They had all encountered the enemy, one way or the other, and each had managed to fail in retrieving any Arcana.

Even though they were not as incompetent as the other members who lost their lives and the Arcanas bestowed on them, it was still shameful that members of the Nether Cult lost their targets.

"I sincerely apologize." Stefan Netherlore bowed his head.

Even though he was simply a projection, his genuine intentions were well conveyed.

A wave of discomfort and awkwardness seeped into the minds of the gathered members. Not long after Stefan's earnest apology, Legris and Beruel apologized as well...

... Though not as profusely as Stefan had.

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

#### **Chapter 636: The Cult's Loss [Pt 2]**

While Stefan apologized with pure remorse and a display of regret, the expression of the two other guilty members were merely husks of sincerity.

And for good reason.

For Beruel, it wasn't in his place to seriously interfere with the enemies, considering it wasn't even within his territory. He simply cautioned himself and decided not to act rashly.

"My original body was searching for the Arcanas as I was instructed to, and I met no resistance. While it is unfortunate that I failed to retrieve any, it wasn't due to any fault of mine."

As a result, he saw no reason to profusely apologize. Instead, he offered his genuine regrets for not taking his enemies more seriously... though there was a limit he could achieve with clones.

As for Legris Damien—

"I would have killed them and retrieved the Arcanas if you didn't call me back. I know I was taking longer than needed, but... victory was within my grasp."

—He sounded more unapologetic than anyone else.

Even though he was currently the lowest in rank, his actions towards the members of the Cult—especially the leader—seemed a bit conceited.

However, in a place such as the Nether Cult, bothersome things like complete respect and limitation of expression was nonexistent.

As a result, even the all-powerful leader didn't deem it fit to make an example of Legris or any of the others.

They weren't in the wrong, after all.

"Ah, that's well alright, Stefan... and the others too."

The most important thing right now wasn't that they had failed in their missions, but rather it was to ensure that such a thing never occurred again.

"We currently possess eight Arcanas, while the enemy has twelve. The odds have shifted against us."

The situation indeed sounded grave. The Nether Cult had spent such a long time gathering these tools for achieving their goals, yet in such a short while, their plans became compromised.

They all knew it was due to the interference of a particular human within the Eastern Kingdom. The boy known as Jared Leonard.



"You don't seem too worried, though. Your tone is awfully calm." Kido Midas interjected, cutting through the tense atmosphere.

The golden haired man appeared as elegant as ever, adorned with earrings and other jewels that simply added to his magnificence.

His smile and playful gaze settled on the unusual composure of their leader. Everyone knew that he hardly showed any emotion, but one would expect some level of annoyance after their organization lost against the idea of a mere child.

"It is regretful that our efforts to secure the last pieces we require ended up being foiled. However, nothing has truly changed."

Stefan and Kido in particular had expressions of curiosity as they stared at the Cult Leader. Only their eyes depicted the desire to know more.

"Even if we had secured all of the Arcanas we sought, and we didn't lose the ones we did, the clash between our organization and Jared Leonard was unavoidable." The Leader calmly posited.

"They had some Arcanas in their possession prior to the search, and we would have still needed to retrieve those eventually. The only consequence of this development is that there are now more Arcanas in their possession."

"Haha! Doesn't that make it more difficult to obtain them?" Kido laughed in response.

It was a habit of his to have fun while making points that many others would rather not get involved with.

However, as has already been proven by the Cult Leader several times, all of his questions would always be accurately answered.

"Each of you possess individual power that surpass anything Jared Leonard and his allies can muster. Plus, it takes a very long time to understand and fully manifest the abilities of the Arcanas. They don't stand a chance."

The Cult Leader's words were absolute, and his wisdom was profound. Even their newest member—Stefan Netherlore—who had gotten two years of training, still hadn't perfected the use of his Arcana.

How much could the opposing side achieve in mere days? If the Cult chose to attack them as soon as possible, then it would be checkmate.

However—

"Are we forgetting the fact that they have [The Hermit] with them? Plus, with Neron's abilities, wouldn't they have enough 'time' to be proficient... at least, to a certain extent." Karlia spoke this time.

She would have preferred to be silent about her thoughts, but the Cult had to consider all their alternatives.

They couldn't mess up now.

'Not when we're so close...' Her thoughts trailed.

"I thought about that too." Kido pointed out, smirking at the Succubus who plainly ignored him.

Needless to say, his words fell flat.

The prospect of Jared and his allies having enough time to grow even further was scary to imagine.

Sure, they couldn't entirely stop time, but the time they had was still unfair.

"Then that's even better."

Everyone stared at the speaker in surprise. It wasn't the Cult Leader, but the authority in his tone was similar.

The one who uttered those absurd words were none other than the First Seat himself.

The Legendary Martial Blade God.

"I see. You want to fight them at full strength?" Kido asked with an amused expression.

It was suicide for anyone to face wielder's of twelve Arcanas who had mastered it to an expert degree. Yet...

"Indeed. I wonder how far I will be able to go. How shall I fare against those odds? It puzzles me."

Of course, the only person who could dream of uttering those brave words was none other than the First Seat.

His words gave the others enough confidence—or at least—a moderate amount of excitement, for what was to come.

"The opposing forces, no matter how long they are given, will not prove to be a threat to us. That much is certain." The Cult Leader concluded.

His focused gaze told everyone present that he saw what they didn't. He knew things they couldn't fathom.

He was truly certain.

"So, what should we do in preparation?" Legris asked, and Stefan nodded in response.

Everyone wanted to know their next step, and as usual, they looked up to their commander.

"We wait. There is no need to seek them out..."

It was a surprising take, but the Cult Members had never had a reason to distrust the judgement of their leader.

They all simply nodded in perfect understanding.

"... They'll come to us."

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

**Chapter 637: Fairy King's Base [Pt 1]**

Finally, with the most important issue already concluded, the members decided to close the meeting with certain small talk.

Not everyone could engage in such trivialities, though.

The First Seat excused himself and went for his usual walk. The Third Seat swiftly left to attend to a research she had abandoned for the meeting.

Time was running out, and she had to do everything she possibly could. Thus, Karlia exited the hall.

"I'll be leaving now. I have some important matters to attend to." Beruel murmured, almost distracted by something.

"Hm? You don't look like yourself, Beruel. Sure you're okay?"

The Fairy King glared at the one who spoke and narrowed his gaze.

"It's none of your business. I'll take care of it myself." With this final statement, his hologram flickered and he vanished within moments.

"Looks like we're the only ones left" Kido playfully looked across the table and noticed the few others who were still there—though not for long.

They were; Stefan, Legris, Kido, the Cult Leader, and his female pet.

"I'd like to discuss some things with you, Legris. Do you think we could rendezvous together?" The young Fifth Seat glanced in the direction of Legris Damien.

The older man didn't seem too surprised by this question, and he responded positively.

"You know where to find me, yes?"

"Yes. We'll see each other soon." Stefan said, before wishing everyone farewell and disconnecting.

"Got any idea what he wants to say to you?" Kido asked the smiling Legris Damien.

The latter simply shrugged, displaying nothing short of a carefree attitude.

"Don't know. I hope it's fun, though." With this statement, Legris disconnected from the meeting as well.

The only one left was Kido and the upper echelon.

"What will you do now?" The Cult Leader asked him.

For a moment, Kido sat in silence, rubbing his bare chin in consideration. Once a few seconds passed, he jumped to his feet and donned his cheerful smile.

"Hmmm... I believe it's time to nip my family problems in the bud."

"It's about time." The Leader answered.

"Yeah. I mean, we're already close to endgame. We don't need anything else sticking out. Besides, Kuzon has an Arcana."

The Cult Leader sighed, rising to his feet as the lady beside him gave him some space and prepared for his departure.

"There's a reason we haven't bothered with him yet. There's no real need to obtain his Arcana. Still... it would be interesting to have it, at the very least."

"Welp, bonus point to me, then."

"Just ensure you keep in touch. All members will be called back to the headquarters once the time is at hand."

Kido nodded at the Cult Leader's words, and the latter walked away from the hall—his pretty white maiden trailing behind him.

"She's cute." Kido murmured, taking one final look around before opening a golden portal in front of him.

"Alright. I should have some fun first." Upon saying this, Kido vanished into his swirling distortion of space.

The entire meeting area thus became devoid of life and personage.

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Beruel sighed as he opened his eyes.

His surroundings were dark, and his body was hardly visible due to the darkness that surrounded him.

In this vast, empty space that seemed to contain only him and his massive throne, he gave a tired expression.

Projecting himself to attend the Nether Cult's meeting was something he didn't quite enjoy since it disconnected him from every other occurrence happening around him.

In essence, he was quite vulnerable in this state

Fortunately, his security systems could sense anything he might be missing, and they relayed the information to him later on.

And this was the very reason why he swiftly left the Nether Cult's gathering despite an issue he had wanted to raise.

'The systems picked up something...!' His thoughts trailed as he narrowed his eyes.

In one blink, several System Windows appeared in front of him.

[SYSTEM ALERT]

<Intruder Detected>

[SYSTEM ALERT]

<Two Intruders Detected>

[SYSTEM ALERT]

<Powerful Beings Closing In>

[SYSTEM ALERT]

<Aether Signature Detected>

[SYSTEM ALERT]

<Arcana Signature Detected>

Beruel's tired eyes went through every single information before him, and realized just how serious the situation was.

"Run facials." His voice echoed throughout the dark hall.

A large screen appeared in the air, and the two persons who had intruded into his secret base came into view.

"Those two? I should have known. Though it's a surprise they managed to decrypt it all in time..."

Beruel was fascinated, but also very annoyed. How did he not notice them coming a mile away? Or how did they track him down without his being informed?

'They were recognized by the system as formidable. As bothersome as this is, I can't underestimate them...'

The Fairy King closed all the glowing windows that manifested before him—with the exception of one.

[SYSTEM COMMAND CENTER]

~Please Input Your Command~

<Input Here>

"Activate security measures by extrapolating their danger levels and appropriately devising the proper algorithm to eliminate the threat."

[SYSTEM COMMAND RESPONSE]

<Understood>

The System Window fizzled out the moment the command was made, leaving Beruel all alone once more.

A number of thoughts plagued his mind, but he chose not to overthink anything this time.

'No one has ever figured out my location before. Even the Cult...'

The fact that these pests were able to find his fortress and dared infiltrate it proved how incredibly intelligent they were.

"The Midas child... he's the culprit behind this. Damn Kido's blood."

Thanks to the incompetence of the other Cult Members, his agenda had been pushed back. He didn't like the fact that they had to wait either.

Needless to say, Beruel was in a terrible mood.

"A Midas boy and a human girl. What an imbalanced matchup." He chuckled a little.

The security systems were activated, and sooner or later, the two would be flushed out. Sure, he knew the boy was especially dangerous—all things considered.

'He killed members of the Cult, and I have yet to see the limits of his power.'

However, the only reason he was formidable was because Beruel was yet to decipher his abilities.

"Display complete footage and commence analysis."

A large screen appeared in the room, showing just about everything that would be going down henceforth.

'I'll see with my very eyes how powerful you are....Midas boy.'

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

#### **Chapter 638: Fairy King's Base [Pt 2]**

Surrounded by several snowy mountains, two individuals stood at the foot of one mountain in particular.

The mountain was indistinguishable from the others—it had a gleaming black surface and thick layers of snow covering it.

The immense cold and barely passable sun made the landscape dark. Add to it the ceaseless downpour of snow, and it was practically an eternal land of frost.

"We've come this far. Nice." The golden-haired boy smiled, staring hard at the mountain in front of him.

Kuzon tilted his face a little, staring at the shorter girl beside him.

Her gaze was not on the mountain, but rather on a device she held tightly in her hands. The object resembled a compass, and it pointed straight in the direction of the massive structure in front of them.

Plus, its green glow indicated they were in the right area.

"It took a few days, but... we're finally here." Anabelle Frederick smiled.

She was covered in a thick sweater, and had a scarf wrapped around her neck. As well as gloves, boots and dense pants. She looked more like a stocky child than a mature lady.

Kuzon noticed this and did his best to suppress his laughter.

Unlike her, he wore a white winter jacket, with a dark red shirt, which matched the color of his jacket and his trousers. He also had on a pair of shiny, black boots.

In contrast, Ana's color was mostly comprised of blue, with little shades of white.

"You did an amazing job, Ana."

"You've said that for the umpteenth time, Kuzon." Ana snapped at him, intentionally refusing to look at his face.

"Haha. True..." Somehow, the awkwardness was also affecting Kuzon—though he was trying his hardest to hide it.

They were both suffering from the backlash of an earlier conversation—one that wasn't very easy to forget.

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[Moments Earlier]

"I finally did it!"

Ana was sweaty, and the bags under her eyes showed nothing but exhaustion.

The young lady had been working for two days straight, so it was simply a given that she would be dead tired. However, even in her spent state, she still leaped with joy once her design was completed.

"Whoah! Ana... what's the matter?" Kuzon popped into Ana's lab, a hint of nervousness and worry in his voice.

He had heard her screams and wanted to check if she was okay... though he still remained nervous due to the fact that she absolutely despised having him interrupt her when she was busy inside.

Kuzon shuddered when he remembered the last time he had entered without her permission—when he'd told her to rest.

It was something he didn't want to experience again.

However, this time, he risked it all, due to his curiosity and worry. Fortunately, no grim consequence came as a result.

"I did it, Kuzon! I solved it!" Ana jumped happily, even gushing at him in excitement.

That was indeed better news than he had been expecting.

Kuzon's eyes widened in surprise upon hearing her words.

'Amazing. I expected it to take at least five days—no, maybe a week?'

It wasn't easy to decipher Beruel's code, considering he was an expert at mechanics. Every road had led to a dead end for Kuzon. Besides, Ana had to backtrack the signal in a way that the owner wouldn't know about it.

That meant she'd had to take a roundabout turn—something that was more difficult and time consuming.

Yet, she'd pulled it off in two days!

"Ana, you're so wonderful!" Kuzon swept her off her feet and raised her in excitement.

"W-what are you doing!!!"

He had forgotten how much she hated that—or perhaps he hadn't. The boy spun around, holding her high up as he laughed and congratulated her even more for her achievement.

"H-hey... s-stop it! STOOOOOPPPP!!!"

In the end, Kuzon had to be stopped violently. Whether or not he had desired this outcome was left to the boy's mind.

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"So, this is the compass that will lead us to his location. The general area has already been established by it. The signals of the two devices which you gave me to cross reference last came from the West—though it is an extreme region that is apart from the Western Continent."

The Compass Ana held projected a map, and she pointed out the general location where they would find their target.

"It's close to the Fairy Kingdom. I suppose that is to be expected." Kuzon murmured, narrowing his gaze on the many islands that drifted away from the Western Continent.

"It wasn't easy transcribing the location. If you hadn't gotten two, I doubt I would have made any progress." Ana added.

"Then I suppose were in luck then. Thanks, Ana. I'll take it from here." Kuzon smiled, stretching out his hand to collect the compass.

His words surprised the girl, and she instantly leaped back—her expression transforming into a glare.

"What?" Ana's tone clearly depicted her thoughts, same as her facial expression.

"Don't be like this, Ana. I needed you to help me find the location of Beruel. I already established this from the beginning." Kuzon sighed, drawing closer to her.

"And after I was done, you'd just throw me away and go on your own way, right?"

"Exactly! Wait, no... don't put it that way!"



Ana's glare intensified, making the young Midas groan in exasperation.

"It's not like I want to relegate you or keep you out of the loop, okay? It's just... you don't stand a chance against Beruel. It's going to be the most difficult fight I've ever engaged in, no doubt. And that's saying something..."

Ana's face softened a bit, though it didn't exactly help the state of her heart. Being left aside because of her weakness wasn't going to appeal to her in any way.

"I can still do something, can't I? I can help!" She argued, albeit hesitantly.

"But, Ana... you're not strong enough."

Kuzon's face depicted how he felt about the whole thing. He truly wanted her by his side. In fact, having Ana with him would probably be for the best.

However—

"I can't allow any harm to come to you."

"Because of the dumb promise you made to Jared?"

"No. Because I actually care about you. This is difficult for me too."

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

#### **Chapter 639: Awkward Partners**

"No. Because I actually care about you. This is difficult for me too." Kuzon sighed.

At this point, the young Midas was right in front of Ana, and he held her hands in his.

As his golden eyes reflected her blue ones, he stared at her small face for moments without saying a word. Hopefully, his intentions would be understood by his much shorter and naïve partner.

"I am coming with you." Ana stubbornly responded.

It almost drove Kuzon crazy.

"I have a Spell Card that will allow me to escape if it comes down to it, so you don't have to worry about my safety." She continued, her determined gaze unfazed.

Despite all of this, Kuzon wasn't completely convinced. His conflicted expression conveyed that very clearly.

"But—"

"Even if you have the compass, you probably won't be able to operate it. It runs on a unique power that resonates with me. It won't respond to your signature."

"A-ah..."

"Even if I design it to answer to you—which would take more time—the compass' function will cease to be relevant once you arrive at Beruel's base. Are you sure you want that?"

Kuzon's expression turned sullen. He knew exactly where she was going with this.

"You said it yourself, Mechanics isn't your forte. Beruel is an expert in this field. Isn't it reasonable to have a partner who can assist you where you're not so skilled? What if a mechanical problem arises and you can't solve it? Not everything can be achieved by sheer power. I believe you understand that, and that is why you had me help you."

Kuzon nodded. As much as he didn't want to, he couldn't help but agree with her position.

"I know I'm not as strong as you, but don't you dare think I won't be useful." Ana drew closer to Kuzon and elevated her height to the best of her ability by standing on the tip of her toes.

Something about Ana's determination caused the boy to be curious.

'I'm desperate to find my uncle, so I need information. Besides, this Fairy has been bothering me for some time. But...'

"... What is your motive? Why are you so interested in this mission?" Kuzon asked the young girl.

Their faces were so close to each other—limited only by Ana's inability to reach further above due to her restrained height.

"I..." Her eyes seemed distracted as she looked away.

She probably didn't know how to say what was in her thoughts. It was something embarrassing, as well as something she was fighting against.

How could she say something like that?

"I... want to further my knowledge and research. Beruel has technology and information I need too. You'll probably kill him, so I want to get as much as I can." Ultimately, Ana lied.

Sure, she wanted all those things, but they weren't her primary motivation when it came to this particular scenario

Kuzon could easily help her ask the questions she wanted, and he could obtain the technology she desired.

She could even watch what was going on by having an Automaton or a Golem of hers follow Kuzon—instead of going physically.

In essence, her presence wasn't necessary to achieve her supposed goal.

Thus, there was something else.

Kuzon must have also realized this, but he didn't say any more. Understanding that Ana would rather keep her true motivation hidden, he sighed and backed off from her.

"You have the Spell Card, right? Please be ready to activate it at all times."

Upon hearing those words which were literally synonymous with a 'Yes', Ana's face brightened up.

"We leave in an hour. You can shower and rest up before then."

>BZZTTTZZZZZ<

In a spark of lightning, Kuzon vanished from sight, leaving Ana alone in the room.

For a moment, the girl stood in silence—stunned by all that just transpired between her and the boy.

Her face slowly turned red, and she suddenly felt her heart rate reach a climax.

"MPPHHHHHHHHH!!!" She held in the scream that would have escaped earlier had she not controlled herself.

She squatted and covered her face in embarrassment, feeling the heat rise in her body.

"Kuzon, that idiot..." Ana murmured.

'How could he say stuff like that with a straight face...'

The memory of how he mentioned his care for her flashed into Ana's mind, and she stifled a scream once more.

Despite her personality and obsession with Magic, she was still a girl. She had a heart that responded to things too!

How could he have said such a thing to her?

"And he expects me to not go with him? No way..."

After all, despite how much he drove her crazy and got on her nerves, Ana could not keep denying the feelings that kept growing within her.

"... Y-you're not the only one who cares..."

The mission came first, Ana was well aware. She also understood that she couldn't drag Kuzon down.

Which was why, while she had been working on locating Beruel, her side project had also been constructed by her Automatons.

'I have no intention of being dead weight.'

She couldn't compete with Kuzon in terms of power. That much was certain.

After watching him win so flawlessly against Jared, Ana would be insane if she thought she could even touch him in a fight.

However—

"There's more than one way to be useful... and I'm going to show you!"

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[The Present]

"So, how do we get in? Is there an entrance? Or...?" Kuzon asked Ana.

He didn't like the awkward silence, so this was the best way he could cope.

~Sheesh. Good going...~ A voice within him laughed at his very forced attempt to strike a conversation.

It came from none other than his Familiar.

'Since when do you make commentaries like this? Stay out of this.'

~Is that how you'll address me? Don't bother asking me for help later on!~

This was the only thing that could break the young Midas—well, other than Ana's cute tantrums.

'F-fine... I'm sorry.' He sighed.

What was with him today? Being pushed around by two females—his Familiar, and his partner.

It was definitely not cool.

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

#### **Chapter 640: Beruel's Protocol [Pt 1]**

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

With a powerful blast, the interior of the base was exposed to the bright light of the outside world.

Kuzon had just used a powerful blast to create a crevice—enough to enable him and Ana to easily enter the structure.

The false snowy mountain was none other than a cover for the hidden base of their opponent.

"Now that we're in, you'll lead the way to the control center. Is that cool by you?" Kuzon asked as they proceeded inside the dark structure.

"No problem."

With her eyes on the compass, Ana walked while replying. It didn't seem at all like she wanted to enter into a conversation—something that stung Kuzon in more ways than one.

'We'll have to resolve this when we return. For now, I should adhere to what the mission dictates.'

~There are traps up ahead, Kuzon.~ His familiar added.

Kuzon nodded and kept his perception to the highest level—considering it was Ana who would be leading the charge.

'I would have used Magic, but that could trigger another effect. So, let's save it for later.'

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Ana came prepared. Even in the thick darkness, her compass brightened the immediate vicinity.

Plus, with both her and Kuzon's enhanced senses, they were still able to keep a constant watch on their surroundings.

The interior of the base was unlike what either had expected to see.

The walls were coated with iron—same as the ground. The echoing sounds of their footsteps reverberated through the area, though neither minded at all.

Considering their loud welcome into the place, they had given up on subtlety.

It was also surprisingly warm within the structure—a product of Magic perhaps.

Since they were in enemy territory, Kuzon had recommended using Resonance to communicate with each other—to which she'd agreed.

~How long do you think this will take?~ Kuzon's soothing words flowed into Ana's head.

She fought to keep her composure and also put her thoughts under control. It would be regrettable if any of her more embarrassing ideas flowed into his head.

~I'm not certain. But this is just one mountain. It can't be that far. Unless, of course, this is connected to a deeper path underground. One sec.~

Ana pulled up an alternate projection from a bracelet-like Magic Tool. It displayed the landscape and coordinates. Kuzon watched it with keen interest as he awaited Ana's explanation.

~An Automaton of mine is overhead outside. It's monitoring our signature.~

~Oh? And?~

~We're still in the mountain, though—~

>BZZZTTTTZZZZZZZZZZ<

Suddenly, the map and landscape projection buzzed and sizzled out.

The malfunction caused even the Magic Tools, the compass and the bracelet, to short-circuit.

"A-ah... ow." Ana instantly threw the bracelet off and dropped the compass.

The moment they left her skin, sparks surged from the both of them until the devices were rendered completely useless.

"Damnit!" Forgetting they were supposed to be silent, Ana watched as both her devices became ruined.

Frustration and pain coursed through her. She knew just how long it took for her to design and create them—yet...!

However, the destruction of Ana's prized tools was enough to tell them that the enemy had begun to move.

"Something's coming!" Kuzon shouted, surprising Ana for a second.

"W-wha—?"

Suddenly, the girl felt a wave assail her, causing her body to tremble. It was an overwhelming power that exceeded anything she could control.

However, this wasn't her first encounter with it!

"Ana—!"

"I... I'm fine." Quickly tapping her chest, she ceased hyperventilating and the emerging sweat on her face stopped as well.

>VWOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHH<

In a flash of light and with the swift motion of the wind, two beings appeared from both behind and in front of the flustered duo.

At that very moment, the entire hallway radiated light—using the luminous ores that had been deactivated before.

The sudden illumination that now covered the vicinity sent a bit of shock to both intruders— especially Ana—who winced as she tried to get adjusted to the sensation.

Unfortunately, there was no time to adapt. The opponents were already present.

"Automatons...?" Ana murmured as she looked around her.

The glowing silver and blue colored beings resembled humans in mechanical suits—though neon wires made up their veins, and their bodies were comprised of hardened shells.

[WARNING]

[WARNING]

[WARNING]

[WARNING]

[WARNING]

[WARNING]

Red System Windows started to appear all around Kuzon and Ana, clouding their vision, but also making distracting sounds.

The Automatons readied themselves to attack, using the intruders' shock to their advantage.

However—

"That's enough."

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

In an instant, both Automatons burst into blue and white flames.

It didn't take seconds before they were completely gone—down to their very core. The mechanical beings didn't just melt. No—they were completely destroyed.

"Haa... can you keep going?" Kuzon asked Ana.

"A-ah...?"

Ana wasn't as fast, strong, or reactive as Kuzon. Plus, without prior preparations, she was inferior to top-tier fighters.

Those were all of her excuses for not being a single bit useful in the just concluded assault on them.

Well, there was also one other factor.

"I'm sorry I didn't do anything." Ana whispered, her gaze falling and her expression sullen.

"It's fine. I didn't bring you here to fight, anyway. That's my specialty."

Kuzon smiled as he walked closer to Ana. He placed his hand on the girl's shoulder and nodded in understanding, flashing a brilliant smile and a confident thumbs up.

"Just do what you have to. Provide mechanical support."

"About that..." Ana laughed awkwardly, averting her gaze from Kuzon.

The young Midas didn't quite understand her words, nor the cause of her reaction. He needed more information.

"The compass and location tracker have both been ruined. I also can't fix them here—not with this kind of situation and certainly not without my equipment."

"A-ah, that's bad..."

Both had decided to abandon Resonance, considering it was far more comfortable to speak aloud... and the enemy was already aware of their presence anyway.

Still, considering the possibility that they were being monitored by their opponent, exposing their plans and sudden weakness was akin to utter foolishness.

Which was why...

~We'll misdirect the enemy with that. While it's true that they have both been destroyed, I already saved the last recorded coordinates. Besides, we don't need the compass at this point...~

Kuzon and Ana nodded, directing their gazes to each other through the vast, empty hallway—now lit by the ores around them.

~Just give me some time. I have a plan.~