

SPELLCRAFT 641

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

Chapter 641: Beruel's Protocol [Pt 2]

"Damn it..." The Fairy King spoke from within his hallowed space.

Surrounded by darkness—with the only source of light coming from the bright screen in front of him—Beruel's eyes remained fixated on the two unwelcome guests he had.

'I would have attacked them before they even infiltrated my hideout, but that would have caused too much commotion, and if the Cult gets a hold of my signature, then...!'

Beruel didn't completely trust the Nether Cult—just like he didn't put his faith in just about any institution.

After being betrayed, it would be foolish for him to make the same mistakes again.

Besides, the Nether Cult didn't care about his most trusted subordinate's death, and the members hardly shared his values.

He was simply using them.

'They can't know of this place, though...'

To the outside world—and even the omnipotent clairvoyance of their leader—this was simply a mountain.

And that was simply because of his strong efforts to hide this location. He was also the most intelligent and skilled when it came to mechanics, which was why none could track him down.

'I've been using clones to cater to my affairs and responsibilities so far...'

Never had he once exposed his real body to them—and for good reason. Perhaps most would call him paranoid, but he was simply being as cautious as he could.

Hubris was the cause of his previous downfall, after all.

"Speaking of clones..." Beruel sighed, instantly regretting the actions he'd made prior to his notice of Kuzon and Ana's assault.

"... All of them are scattered around the world—looking for clues for the Arcanas."

The recent meeting with the Cult had ended with the conclusion that all of the Arcanas had been found, making his efforts worthless.

'I've called back the clones, but it'll take some time for them to get here, especially since they're doing it discreetly.'

He had a few left as backup clones, but it was regrettable that he was limited in his arsenal.

After all...

'They're more pesky than I thought...'

Beruel sighed.

So far, Ana and Kuzon had been avoiding the traps he set while also defeating the enemies he was sending to them.

Advancing to the deeper portion of his base got progressively more difficult, but they surprisingly got closer with every attempt he made.

'I didn't think they would have Aether... or at least the Midas boy.'

Since he was being absolutely cautious, he had used Aether as the base of the Automaton he was using as security protocols.

Normal Mana or Miasma didn't work on Aether, making his Automaton practically invincible—or at least, that was how the story was meant to be.

Instead, Kuzon kept destroying them with relative ease.

It frustrated him beyond words.

"I would have sent a few clones, but he's clearly proven he can handle them. It's better not to spread them out, but gather them to form an airtight formation."

Beruel's beef was with Kuzon—since he had killed his subordinate. As for Ana... well, no one could know his secret base and live.

"I'll kill you both for sure."

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>WHOOOOSSSSHHHH<

Ana's eyes sparkled with wonder as she saw Kuzon obliterate the several Automaton that tried to attack them.

She couldn't count just how many he had defeated at this point.

Not only was he faster than any of them, but even before they could utilize a single skill in their arsenal, he destroyed them.

His fierce gaze and precise attacks caused her heart to race every moment she saw him in action.

Ana wished she had realized it earlier, but she was now too far gone to care.

'I'm falling hard for this guy... no way!'

"Are you alright? Is it ready yet?" Kuzon suddenly asked her after taking care of the final threat.

"Y-yes. On both counts." She found herself laughing nervously.

'What am I doing?!'

Ana brought out a glowing shard from her clasped hands. The object was similar to a blue stone, and it warbled the moment it became exposed outside the covering of her palms.

She had been working on this for some time now, and it was finally ready.

"What exactly is it?" Kuzon asked, drawing his face closer to the stone.

The closer he got, the more it warbled. Its glow intensified, causing Ana's eyes to widen in surprise.

"I-it's for detecting a certain kind of power I'm currently researching. I discovered it not too long ago, but after recent events, my perspective is shifting..." She murmured.

"What do you—?"

"It'll serve as a guide. I'll configure it to gravitate towards the strongest source of the power. That way, we'll be able to navigate our way through this place." Ana interrupted by speaking over Kuzon's voice.

"Okay...?" The young Midas responded, still curious about certain things.

An awkward moment of silence existed between the two after this. It was pretty obvious that each had something to say to the other, but they decided to keep their mouths shut instead.

"Once I release this, it'll move in the direction of the strongest signature. Try to keep up with it."

"Haha... I'm not worried about myself." Kuzon responded to Ana's words of caution, causing her to give him an annoyed glare.

"Sorry..."

Ana sighed, shrugging upon hearing the apology. While it warmed her heart, she didn't want to show any weakness at this point.

"You're right. My equipment probably wouldn't work due to the overriding energy that's coursing through this place. It's hard enough to even maintain focus due to the insulation I have on."

"You could retreat, you know—?"

"No."

"Fine..." Kuzon sighed, swiftly moving close to Ana before she could react.

"Kyaaa! W-w-w-what are you—?!"

Kuzon lifted her off the ground, cradling the flustered young girl like a baby. Her blushing face warped into complete shock and embarrassment, and even though he was grinning... the young Midas was also blushing pretty hard.

"It's necessary. We have to hurry, right?" He whispered, trying his best to maintain his cool.

"... Right..." Ana had no choice but to respond.

Though hesitating slightly, she released the small blue stone into the air. And then—

>VWOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHH<

—It instantly zoomed off.

"Haha. You're right. It's quite fast. Brace yourself."

Golden lightning appeared all over Kuzon's body, sending waves of energy surging through him.

And then—

>WHOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH<

—Off he went as well.

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Chapter 642: Emperor Vs Chariot [Pt 1]

>VWOOOOOOSSSSSHHHH<

Navigating through the metallic recesses of the huge base, Kuzon swiftly flew with Ana safely in his arms.

The girl held onto him tightly, which made him smile in a somewhat satisfied sense of enjoyment... though her glare on him made it difficult for the pleasure to be complete.

Thankfully, his eyes weren't focused on her, but rather on the object he so diligently trailed—the shard that was attracted to the very core of the base— which was made by none other than Ana herself.

Kuzon did his best to keep up with the shard while also controlling his speed so he wouldn't overtake it—thus keeping the golden flashes of lightning at minimal level.

"How much further... ow?!" Kuzon asked silently, receiving a stinging pinch behind him from Ana's little hands.

Just how much could she achieve with those seemingly delicate fingers?

'A world of hurt... that's for sure.' Kuzon smiled internally as he decided to do his best not to get on her bad side.

~Focus on the mission, lover boy.~ Xenia chastised him, to which he maintained a respectful silence.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM<

Traps appeared here and there, but Kuzon decided not to delay in his quest to complete his mission as swiftly as possible.

Using his immense speed and Bond Magic, he coated his immediate surroundings with golden lightning and blue flames. This destroyed everything in his path.

The machines didn't stand a chance and we're instantly obliterated as he made his way to the heart of the base.

And he did!

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"W-what is this...?" Ana was the first to speak, disembarking from Kuzon's arms as her blue eyes curiously stared around her.

This space was far different from the corridors and paths they had been traversing. Sure, those were huge, but this massive hall was something else.

It was massive!

The bright lights emanating from the ceiling and walls gave it a sublime feel, and the platform they stood on also had neon glows.

The large opening that had been used to enter this place had been violently shut behind them, leaving them trapped in this massive space.

The shard had led them here, and it remained suspended in the air afterwards.

Such a large space, which was densely crawling with energy, hardly felt like it was buried underneath a mountain.

However... that was the least of the things that warranted a observation.

"This is quite a surprise." Even Kuzon fell into awe.

In this massive room, at least a hundred human-sized tubes were present. They had numerous wires connected to them from the walls, ceiling, and floor—they glowed white, blue, red, gold, and other colors and had particular fluids which were added to the casings... or at least what was within.

Within the tube was a transparent fluid—similar to water, but not quite. The differently colored wires all dumped their contents into the liquid within the tube, and everything turned clear.

Clear enough that the spectators could witness what was inside each tube. The beings that remained suspended within the casings of water-like substances.

"They all look the same. They look like—"

"The Fairy King himself." Kuzon interrupted Ana and gave a slight frown.

He had expected to see something unexpected, but certainly not this. It almost felt... familiar.

'No. This isn't quite the same.'

"What are all these for? Not just two or three. There are like a hundred here..." Ana was extremely shocked, to say the least.

Hundreds of seemingly living beings that shared the same physique as the one who they were searching for.

"It's so..."

~AMAZING, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?~

A loud sound buzzed from all over the room. It contained pride and charisma—two core impressions that the Fairy King gave.

The question echoed across the vast room—seemingly coming from everywhere—yet they couldn't pinpoint their foe's location.

"... I was going to say absurd. What do you think you're doing, Fairy King?" Kuzon's tone, while calm, seemed to hint at a bit of impatience.

~WHAT AM I DOING? WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'M MAKING MORE OF MYSELF!~

Kuzon's eyes narrowed as he stared at the sleeping beings in their pods. Just as he'd suspected, they weren't merely Automatons or Golems.

No, they were something more!

"Clones. You're making clones of yourself, aren't you?" Ana beat Kuzon to the answer by raising a question for the invisible owner of the voice to answer.

Her eyes seemed to glitter with surprise, but not amazement. Kuzon had to assume she had seen something like this—or perhaps experienced it before.

Why else would she be able to appear so calm?

'This doesn't match the kind of shocked reaction Ana would give...' Kuzon's thoughts trailed as he tried his hardest to stay on guard.

'The question is where she has seen something like this before. She couldn't have—'

Before Kuzon could dig deeper into his thoughts, he felt a strong surge of energy.

It caused the entire room to reverberate, and the pods—or rather, the liquid within them—suddenly started glowing.

>SHIIIIIIINNNNNNGGGG<

~IT'S A SHAME THAT I WON'T BE ABLE TO USE EVERY ARSENAL AT MY DISPOSAL. IT'S ALSO A WASTE TO USE THESE ONES. HOWEVER... AS LONG AS THIS INVESTMENT ENDS WITH YOU BEING DEAD, THEN IT'LL BE WORTH IT!~

The loud screech that echoed all across the room contained anger and depraved excitement.

Before either Kuzon or Ana could completely decipher his words, however, the glass-like containers opened up.

>SPLOOOSHHH<

Liquid fell to the ground, creating a pool of transparent liquid that evaporated within seconds, leaving behind the beings that had been previously asleep.

~I WONDER HOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FARE AGAINST ALL OF THEM! THEY'RE THE NEWEST BATCH. EVEN IF YOU—~

"Ana... I think it's time for you to escape." Kuzon whispered.

He no longer cared for the Fairy King's explanation. He only wanted the safety of his dear friend.

"I... I can't leave you like this!"

Ana knew her job was done. They had reached the center of the base, and even she couldn't do any more.

Besides, she could sense why the shard was so attracted to this point. The strange energy signature that it felt from the room was spot-on

Ana could feel it—the powerful energy that crawled within each of the hundred clones of the Fairy King that had now opened their eyes and brought forth their wings.

She could feel the immense power.

It far outweighed any she had ever encountered before—even far more than what Kuzon had produced with the help of his Familiar.

"I know I can't help, but... I can't leave you to deal with them all by yourself!" Ana stubbornly remained.

~DON'T YOU EVEN THINK OF ESCAPING. THE SPACE HERE IS TOO WARPED TO TRY. ESPECIALLY NOT WITH THE SPELL CARD IN YOUR POSSESSION!~

Upon hearing this, Kuzon's eyes twitched and Ana broke into a worried expression. Even if she wanted to escape with her partner, that was rendered impossible.

At this point, it was plain as day to the duo.

"We're trapped."

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Beruel grinned within his chamber as he watched the two slowly get surrounded by his hundred duplicates.

'[The Chariot] Arcana invokes technology and technomancy. I've intricately designed all of them to share my exact attributes. No... even better. They have Aether.' The Fairy King thought with glee.

The girl was useless, no doubt. She would die soon. As for the young Midas, Beruel knew he was capable of utilizing Aether.

'I saw from the footages. I've observed your abilities.'

However, even his utilization of Aether could not surpass a hundred clones that had been sucking the energy for a while now.

'These should take care of the both of them. No, it's probably even an overkill!' Beruel thought to himself.

He watched in anticipation, waiting for the execution of his subordinate's killer, as well as the extinction of his friend.

'Or better yet, I can use her as a bargaining chip with Jared Leonard. Alright then. I'll assemble her body together once this is done.'

Now deciding on his course of action, Beruel mentally instructed his clones accordingly... and then watched what would play out.

"Hehehe. This should be fun!"

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Kuzon was indeed in a tough spot—much tougher than he had ever been before.

'As expected. He's difficult...'

The reason he had defeated Jared so easily was because the latter didn't have access to Aether.

Unlike him, all hundred of Beruel's clones were brimming with it—more than he could handle if he chose to utilize it.

~You can retreat, Kuzon. I can guarantee that you have enough power to do so.~

Kuzon bit his lip.

Was that really the only solution he had?

"No. I'm not going anywhere."

~Kid, really...~

"If I run away now, how will I ever grow? How much further will it be before I can confront Kido?" He spoke aloud.

All this time, he had violently trained and diligently hunted down members of the Nether Cult. He knew how much of a challenge Beruel would be, but he chose to confront him anyway.

"I won't lose." Kuzon stubbornly said.

And he was confident of this claim.

~Don't tell me... you're going to use 'that'?!~

The young Midas smiled.

'To effectively use [The Emperor] and win this, I'll have to exceed my current threshold...'

Kuzon knew his limits. His body couldn't handle enough Aether to override his opponent's power.

That was why...

'... I'll be using my Midas Treasures now.'

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Chapter 643: Emperor Vs Chariot [Pt 2]

As the last prince of the Midas Race, Kuzon was gifted with the treasures of his people—the Midas Heritage.

His Ring.

His Bracelet.

His Necklace.

They all symbolized different aspects of the Midas culture, and they all possessed immense power.

'I'll need to resort to using one of them.' Kuzon thought to himself, staring at the enemies that surrounded him.

~You don't have to do this, you know? I can just manifest and destroy them, if it comes down to it, so—~

"No. I'm not making you fight. It's my battle." Kuzon stubbornly clung to his word.

His eyes were ablaze with determination. So much so that it surprised Ana. She hadn't seen Kuzon look this serious before.

"Besides... this won't take too long." Kuzon smiled.

Xenia, his Familiar, decided to simply observe instead. Usually, she would have been on his case and done her best to tease him. But...

... She understood the state he was in.

Kuzon needed this victory.

"Hey, Fairy King. If I win this fight, will you give me the information I need?" Kuzon asked, a daring smile playing on his face.

He clutched his left arm with his right—raising the former to display a golden bracelet hidden within his sleeves.

The bracelet had strange encryptions on it, and they began to glow on his wrist.

~I DON'T CARE! KILL HIM!~

The Beruel clones all summoned dense energy in form of Aether and created light projectiles that instantly became sharp spears.

Each spear was filled to the brim with concentrated energy, and they sent all of them flying at Kuzon in a flash.

A golden-blue barrier was instantly raised around both Kuzon and Ana, shrouding them in the dome of protection.

The metallic surface of the ground took most of the damage, sending sizzling smoke spreading everywhere.

Fortunately, the barrier remained intact.

~TCH!~

"I'll take that as a yes. In that case... I'll show you something interesting, Fairy King." Kuzon's voice echoed amid the smoke and dust.

He exited the barrier made by his Familiar, walking calmly through the smoke.

'Take care of Ana...'

>VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSHHHHHH<

The bracelet on his wrist gleamed brighter than ever, now sending waves of power swirling around him.

A golden pillar of light shot through the ceiling, and everything around Kuzon cleared up instantly.

Now at the center of the chaos, right in front of the well-protected Ana, was a newly transformed Kuzon.

His body was completely gold—from top to bottom. The way he gleamed like precious stones, so captivating and royal, made all eyes fall on him.

His attire also adopted the gold attribute, and even underneath him—the ground itself—was getting drenched in his color.

"Emperor's Transfiguration."

This wasn't Mage Mode. This wasn't Elemental Chamber. This wasn't Fusion Mode. This was... something different entirely.

"I'm ready—"

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!!!!<

Before Kuzon could finish his statement, multiple blasts of light descended upon him. The hundred clones above baptized him with a rain of destruction.

"KUZON!" Even Ana was surprised and scared for her partner.

She believed in his power, and his newly transformed state gave her confidence. However, the power of the clones was something she had yet to experience to such a degree.

Frankly, it frightened her.

Though she was stuck in her bubble—courtesy of Kuzon's Familiar—Ana felt impatient.

'You better be alright, Kuzon!'

>WHOOOOOSSSHHHH<

As though answering her thoughts, a violent pressure swirled around Kuzon, enough to push away the smoky mist that shrouded him.

He was still standing—no, at this point, he was floating—completely unharmed.

"Your attacks are useless. None of them will work." Kuzon whispered.

Was he bluffing or not? Even the Fairy King's clones couldn't tell. Which was why they decided to attack once more.

'I don't have time for this. Xenia...!' Kuzon's thoughts sharply summoned his Familiar.

>VWUUUUSSSHHH<

Golden light coated his body, and flame-like energy manifested all over him. At this point, he was both in Fusion Mode and his previous state.

'Fused Emperor's Transfiguration.'

And with his current power, Kuzon was confident enough to achieve what he wanted.

'This is the end.'

There really wasn't any need for him to jump around and take them all on, one after the other.

There was no need to summon massive amounts of energy to attack them. No. He had a more effective means.

"[The Emperor]..." Kuzon stared at the multitude of attacks that were being rained down from above, and he sighed.

It was all useless.

>SHUUUUUUUUU<

Within moments, the attacks dissolved, and everything turned into nothing but tiny particles of light.

'Now, then, as for you all. How about... this.'

Kuzon snapped his fingers, and all hundred clones instantly experienced the unexpected—

—Death!

>VWUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMM<

Instantly consumed by the very Aether energy they displayed, the Clones' bodies disintegrated, all at once.

~W-WHA—?!~

Their destruction looked like fireworks, and their brilliant detonation filled the room with blinding light.

'Now, channeling all that excess energy right there...!' Kuzon commanded all the volatile particles of light to move in a single direction—the wall that was right in front of him.

>WHOOOOOSSSHHHH<

Kuzon smiled as he watched the exploding shards collided with the wall, generating a massive reverberation that caused the entire room to tremble.

And then—

"There you are."

—The walls completely broke apart, revealing something... or rather, someone within.

~Kuzon, it's not safe to go on.~

'You're right. I'll undo it.'

>VWUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMM<

His golden body evaporated, leaving him to descend from the air with only a flicker of his Familiar's blue and gold Aether.

He returned to Ana's side, and the girl expressed relief once he was near her.

"Kuzon! Thank goodness!" She rushed to him, hugging him tightly the moment he got close enough.

'W-whoah!' The young Midas controlled his cheeks from going beet red, though he couldn't help the smile growing on his face.

Kuzon could feel Ana tremble, and her breathing was somewhat heavy—her eyes were also teary.

"Thank you, Ana. I'm fine." He returned her hug, albeit a bit awkwardly since she was much shorter than he was.

Still, even with this emotional moment, the boy's attention did not leave the gaping hole he made in the wall.

Kuzon's eyes glowed golden as he stared deep into the dark opening a distance from him, and his grin broadened.

He could definitely sense someone within—just as he had been able to when he had achieved the heightened state he'd previously utilized.

"Won't you come out to welcome us, Fairy King?"

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Chapter 644: Absolute Defense

'H-how...?!'

Beruel's mind had been hurting ever since Kuzon managed to survive the attacks of his clone without so much as a scratch.

Their Magic was supposed to be concentrated to the highest degree, and even one blast should have eviscerated anyone who didn't employ the protection of Aether.

He had observed the boy, and the young Midas never erected a barrier in his golden form. He simply tanked their assault.

As if that wasn't enough of a strain on his senses, Beruel also watched as Kuzon dissipated the condensed light attacks made by his clones.

He then destroyed said clones, and—

'H-he... how?! No way...!'

Beruel now stood in his observation room, watching as a massive opening manifested in front of him.

His dense barrier had been bypassed—or rather, obliterated.

Even the walls which he had especially used the strongest alloy he could find to create had also been destroyed.

His sanctuary had been breached, and he was now left bare—having only his technology to defend himself.

"Won't you come out to greet us, Fairy King?"

Beruel's face scrunched up upon hearing the condescending tone of the young Midas. Veins appeared all over his pale face as his dull green eyes displayed sheer fury.

'Darn brat! He must know, by now...!' Beruel gritted his teeth as his System Window appeared in front of him.

This wasn't over yet. He couldn't give up at this point.

'I can't defeat him as I am now. I'll accept that much...!' Beruel's thoughts trailed.

However, that didn't mean he was going to allow himself to get defeated by a brat. Never!

'This isn't over, Midas boy!'

The Fairy King's mind swiftly went to work, and he figured out the best way to achieve his objective.

'I'll draw this out for as long as possible. If I buy enough time for my incoming clones to arrive, then it's possible!'

Not only would he be draining Kuzon's energy, but when thousands of duplicates arrived on the scene, it would be over.

"Activate all sanctuary defences. Protect me at all costs."

The System glowed instant red, executing its command in a flash.

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"Hm? What's going on?" Kuzon murmured, feeling the room tremble.

While he and Ana remained in the protective bubble of his Familiar, Kuzon still felt the tremors manifesting around him.

The walls of the large area they were in was transforming, and even the large hole that Kuzon made was closed up within moments.

"Hiding, I see..." The golden-haired boy smiled.

Sparks of golden electricity appeared on his body as he made to move. However, he was stopped by his partner's off behavior.

Ana's eyes were widening, as though she just realized something.

She swiftly activated a ring she had on, summoning something in the process.

"Alright! Magic Tools are finally working!"

Something about Kuzon's protective barrier made it possible for her to utilize her Items. The moment Ana realized this, she went straight to work.

>SHUUUUU<

The item she summoned was a box, and she swiftly knelt and opened it to bring out one of its many contents.

"What are you doing?" Kuzon asked in puzzlement.

This didn't seem like the time or place for scientific experiments.

The walls had already fully transformed, and several blasters were pointed in Ana and Kuzon's directions.

Spikes also protruded from the ceiling and surfaces around them. In essence, their surroundings had been turned against them.

It definitely wasn't the time for Ana to start fiddling with her technology.

"I'm trying to be useful. These stuff clearly aren't enough to stop you, so the only conclusion is that our opponent is trying to buy some time."

"Yeah, I know that much." Kuzon responded.

It was precisely the reason why he wanted to end things quickly.

"I think he's trying to call more clones." Ana added.

"That's a fair assumption. I thought of it too."

Again, this was why he wanted to end this charade quickly—before things escalated to a point where he would have to push himself again.

"I'm trying to interfere with his communication with them. If that's the case, then we can take our time interrogating him and also exploring this place without worrying about being overwhelmed by his forces."

Kuzon's eyes widened slightly as he tried to control his surprise.

Truly, the reason he was so interested in the Fairy King was information. As an Upper Seat, Beruel must have had access to Kido—his uncle.

Obtaining said Intel wouldn't be very easy, and he would most likely have to engage in a lengthy conversation to fully collect all he needed to know.

Rushing things wouldn't solve the problem.

"How do you plan to do that?"

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM<

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM<

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM<

The numerous blasters bombarded the barrier around Ana and Kuzon, but the most they could do was leave scratches which ended up vanishing within moments.

The spikes were also sent, but none could pierce their safe haven. It was strong enough to distract Ana from her primary objective.

"This stuff is pretty sturdy."

Kuzon shrugged in response.

"Xenia is incredibly strong. This guy's technology doesn't stand a chance. Also, you were saying?"

"A-ah, I mean... I already analyzed the frequency of each chip you gave me. That's how I was able to backtrack it to this place and find out where the source was coming from."

"Okay...?" Kuzon nodded.

He understood everything thus far. After all, even he had tried utilizing Magic to connect the frequencies, but failed.

"Since I understand the frequency, I can use it to trace the multiple clones he's summoning—how many they are, and even their location. I can use this device to interfere with that frequency." Ana showed Kuzon a cube.

It was glowing, warbling with several runic inscriptions that seemed like a fine hybrid between Magic and Technology.

"I developed this to mess with Gawain, but..." She murmured.

"I understand what you mean, but Beruel is controlling them using an Arcana, most likely. [The Chariot] allows him to use technology with seemingly no limits. That's most likely how he was able to make all of this. Your device won't be able to usurp his command."

Surprisingly, Kuzon's words did not appear to faze Ana in any way. In fact—

"I know."

—They only made her smile even more.

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Chapter 645: Ana's Brilliant Plan

"Of course, I know I'm not as strong as him. The power he displayed is enough to show the difference between us. Even though the slightest interference would cause his communication network to fall apart, I don't think I have enough energy to break the firewall."

Kuzon's expression fell slightly. Ana was a genius, but that didn't make her omnipotent. Still, the fact that she was still smiling confidently showed that there was something else... something more she had in mind.

"You can do that for me, Kuzon. Your Arcana allows you to control stuff, right? Plus you have that strange energy signature I keep detecting and thinking is the root source of all of this. If it's you, I'm sure you'll be able to do it."

The young Midas couldn't contain his surprise at this point. A bright smile formed on his face and his heart leaped beyond what he even imagined was possible.

This girl, Ana... she was just too amazing in his eyes.

"So, Kuzon... what do you say?"

Amid the chaos around them—the destruction, explosion, and numerous projectiles that seemed to never end—Kuzon knelt and softly touched Ana's hand which was holding the device.

His face depicted a warm sense of affinity that he couldn't resist. The moment his hand touched hers, Ana also felt something.

It didn't seem like they were giving Beruel much thought at this point. They were simply lost in the moment.

"You're amazing, Ana." Kuzon spoke, squeezing her hands with his.

"I know. And don't you forget it."

He nodded.

If it was this girl, then he wouldn't mind being with her after this was all over. Kuzon could feel it within himself.

'She's brilliant!'

And as much as he didn't like the next words he was about to utter, Kuzon didn't mind. If it was for Ana, then why not?

"I'll do whatever you want. So, show me."

Ana nodded, excited to see Kuzon being very cooperative. It was one of his best traits, after all.

"It's simple. The device will simply resonate with your abundant energy and you'll break the firewall with it. Then, you'll use your Arcana to forcibly interfere with the communication network."

"Hmm... but would it really be that simple? He's also using an Arcana to control them, no?"

"He's using his Arcana for so many things. That should spread his control thin. You should be able to at least interfere, even if you're not usurping control."

Kuzon nodded at the explanation. Ana was right, after all.

Even for him, the more targets he used his Arcana on, the tougher it was to maintain it. That was why he had needed a good deal of Aether to utilize [The Emperor] on Beruel's clones, since there were so many of them.

"Alright. Got it. Let's give it a try... wha—?"

Kuzon's face lit up with surprise as Ana's hand swept over his hair and she patted him lightly.

"Good boy."

'W-w-wha—?!' His mind was completely going through a crisis.

With Ana smiling so sweetly and she resorting to that for the first time, Kuzon felt an indescribable emotion that caused him to lose his emotional composure.

'No! Focus, Kuzon!' He shook his head with resolve.

Ana's hand was soft and warm, but he had to attend to other matters first.

Ana retracted her hand, and her face turned pink for a moment before returning her attention to the cube she presented to Kuzon.

"L-let's get to work!"

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"What are they doing?" Beruel murmured.

He was watching from his safe haven, waiting for his minions to arrive so they could decimate his opponents.

It was annoying how they had shielded themselves with such a dense barrier and didn't even seem to worry about its stability, but Beruel didn't feel the need to be upset about that.

What annoyed him the most was their public display of affection—especially in such a tense situation.

'Couples... those two couples...' He gritted his teeth.

Now he had one more motivation to get rid of them—though all his efforts so far seemed to be ineffective.

"No matter..."

The spikes and blasters were simply to buy time, after all.

"... Their true opponents will be arriving soo—" Beruel's eyes suddenly popped wide open due to a strange sensation he felt.

'U-uh...? What's... this...?'

Beruel's face paled instantly as he stared at the screen, only to see Kuzon and Ana looking directly towards him with grins on their faces.

'They knew? What have they done?!' His mind raced.

The sensation he felt was a disconnect—no, it felt more like an interference—between him and his clones.

Without the resonance between himself and his duplicates, the latter would only end up being figurines with no action.

'H-how did they—?!'

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM<

Everything around him shook as the wall in front of him creaked. Even though he had further enhanced it to ensure his protection, dents started to appear all over its surface.

'N-no!' His eyes went straight to the screen that displayed both Ana and Kuzon, but only the girl was in the barrier.

As for the young Midas—

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM<

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM<

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM<

—He was directly assaulting the only thing existing between Beruel and his opponents.

With each pounding, Beruel grew even more anxious. He commanded his security system to stop the intruder at all costs, but they were instantly decimated by his opponent's sheer power.

Only Beruel's clones could stand a sliver of a chance, at this point, and they were inactive.

'Damnit!!!'

>BOOOOOOOOOIOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The bombardment finally broke through, and the wall came crumbling down after a couple more hits.

'Eeeek!' Sweat formed all over Beruel's face as he saw the light pierce his dark room.

The System Window in front of him buzzed, but the Fairy King ignored it completely. What held his total attention was the young man who floated so close to his dark room.

His golden hair fluttered as he smiled casually. His hands were folded, and golden threads danced around him.

"S-shi—!!!"

"Don't even think about moving." The young Midas named Kuzon declared, glancing away from the Fairy King for a moment.

Ana, his partner, appeared from beneath. She was inside the spherical barrier that was sturdy enough to maintain its integrity despite the volleys of explosions that had been constantly fired.

With both of them now standing outside the room—a miniscule distance from Beruel himself—the Fairy King felt incredibly frightened.

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

Chapter 646: The Truth About Beruel [Pt 1]

"Finally, we meet. I do hope this is your real body."

Kuzon smiled as he gazed in the direction of the Fairy King. Ana remained by his side as they both stood at the entrance.

"S-stay back!"

Beruel's squealing tone seemed nothing like the commanding voice that had been playing on the speaker.

It was more frail, weak, and somewhat underwhelming.

"I don't think so, Beruel. I have some things I would like to ask you. Now, then, we're coming in."

Despite the powerless command of the Fairy King, Kuzon floated into the room with Ana by his side.

>BZZZTTTZZZ<

A blaring sound and red flashes of light appeared all over the room the moment they entered Beruel's haven.

[SYSTEM NOTICE]

<INTRUDERS ALERT>

"Silence." Kuzon coldly responded.

Instantly, the System buzzed and vanished, same with the unpleasant sounds.

"Y-you..." Beruel's voice croaked.

"Like I said, don't move. Oh..."

Kuzon's eyes lit up with surprise and intrigue the moment he took a step closer to Beruel. He was fascinated, as well as amazed.

"[Illumination]."

White bubbles of light danced around the room, making it clear as day.

"D-don't! Stop it! Don't look at me!"

The light fragments finally revealed the Fairy King's true body—the one known as Beruel himself.

"D-don't... look at me..."

Beruel's head was hung wearily on his sunken shoulders as he sat on a massive throne. However, instead of the regal appearance of a King, he looked like something else.

For one, his silver hair was now gone—leaving nothing more than a few strands of faded, white hair.

His emaciated physique made the regal apparel he wore look oversized, and his pale body indicated that he wasn't at his finest.

His wings were wilted, falling flat against his back. They also had a faded ash color—quite pitiful for a Fairy, let alone royalty.

Tons of wires were connected to his throne, which in turn connected a single large pipe into the base of his neck.

"I see. So that's why you stubbornly tried to get rid of us rather than escaping..." Kuzon muttered as he stared at the pathetic excuse for a Fairy King.

Even Ana's face was nothing shy of a shocked expression.

"... You can't leave this place, can you?"

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How long ago was it?

Beruel couldn't remember at this point. Yes... he couldn't remember when he was born.

It had most likely been over a thousand years, at this point.

He forgot a lot of things, frankly. No longer could he recollect the appearances of his deceased parents, or even any of their characteristics.

Other than the core tenets of his values and the memories that had the strongest impression on his mind, all that remained in Beruel's fading mind were vague memories of the past.

It wasn't as though he was afflicted with an illness, or a curse had been placed upon him. No, it was something rather simple and biological.

He had gotten old.

Fairies weren't immortal. They had never been. Yes, they lived for very long, but so what? Eventually, death would come for them, no?

As such, old age was only inevitable for a Fairy like Beruel—who had lived far beyond what was normally permitted of a Fairy.

Ever since he got banished from the Sanctuary and he'd had to leave the Mana saturated environment, he began to age faster than usual.

He did his best to slow it down, but the best he could do was this—pumping concentrated Mana into his body and forcibly prolonging his life by reducing his physical activities and the strain it had on his expiring body.

This led him to his current predicament—being an immobile being who could only properly manifest in the form of his clones.

A husk of a Fairy King.

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"Interesting..." Ana muttered as she stared closely at the Fairy King.

After observing him for just a few seconds, she had a lot of questions in her mind.

For one, why was the Fairy King so humanlike? Other Fairies appeared tiny, but he was similar to an Elf, appearance wise.

Also, what happened to his wings?

'They're so different. Could this be...?'

Fairy King Beruel was right in front of them, but his appearance was so surprising that it didn't even feel like a victory any longer. The conclusion was so underwhelming that Ana forgot they were standing face to face with the enemy.

"Beruel, I want answers to my question, and you're going to give them to me." Kuzon spoke in a commanding tone, drawing closer to the husk of a being.

Throughout their short time together, the Fairy King had only told them to stay back, and also not to look at him.

Apparently, even he knew he was not a sight for sore eyes.

"You... you killed my subordinate..." His tired voice trailed.

It sounded devoid of life, and it felt so strained that it almost seemed like Beruel was dying at that very moment. However, despite its tragic tone, an evidence of anger could be deciphered from his words.

"I did." Kuzon answered.

"Why? Did he not give you the information you wanted?" Beruel's pale face displayed even more anger.

"He did tell me what I—"

"THEN WHY?! WHY DID YOU KILL HI—!" Beruel's eyes bulged and he began to cough before he could conclude his rageful inquisition.

"Ack... kack!"

One look at him and one could tell how severely strained his body was. His sickly appearance and the bags under his eyes clearly showed he wasn't long for this world.

He was dying.

Yet, his pure anger and grief wouldn't let him stay still. His emotion of pure wrath was sent towards Kuzon.

"I see. So you also feel pain when someone you love gets killed..." The young Midas whispered.

The cold gaze he directed at the Fairy King depicted nothing like remorse. He was simply observing him with interest.

"W-what are you talking about?" Beruel groaned as he recoiled from his earlier cough.

"I killed that Fairy for the same reason I killed the others. Because of the incident that occurred twelve years ago."

Beruel's annoyed face slowly turned pale, and his anger started to die down. Even though the flames of hatred remained in his eyes, he couldn't fully manifest his previous expression of disdain.

"W-we had nothing to do with it..." He muttered.

"No. You all did. For your goals of obtaining the Arcanas, your organization was culpable for the Midas massacre."

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Chapter 647: The Truth About Beruel [Pt 2]

"I was only three years old, you know? Can you imagine how I felt seeing everyone and everything I cared about get destroyed?" Kuzon's tone was calm.

His eyes showed no emotion, and everything about him felt empty.

Even Ana felt a chill run down her spine as she looked at his completely stoic face. He was utterly cold.

"That was Kido and his partnership with the Demons, the Whites. I had nothing to do with it."

"But you benefited from it. Isn't it your joint goal to obtain all the Arcanas? No matter the means, you'll do whatever you can to get it."

"N-no, I—"

"Even setting waste to an entire civilization. Exterminating thousands of people. Did you even feel any tinge of remorse after hearing all that happened?"

Beruel was silent at this point. His tired face seemed like it couldn't take any more talking, but Kuzon wasn't done yet.

"I'm not here to discuss what happened back then. I just want you to understand that the pain you feel now is incomparable to my loss. I killed that Fairy simply because of the chain of events your organization started."

Beruel couldn't defend himself. He knew the boy wasn't wrong. Obtaining the Arcanas at all cost... that was what he wanted, wasn't it?

"Just so you know, I have no personal vendetta against you or your organization. However, if I am to choose between killing or sparing you, I'd choose the former. Killing any of you won't bring back the dead, but..."

Kuzon drew closer to the Fairy King, his hands now in his pockets as threads swirled around him.

"... It brings some form of satisfaction, at the very least."

He now stood in front of the powerless Beruel. As the boy stared down at the Fairy King, and the latter looked up to meet his gaze, a tense silence began.

After a few moments, Beruel looked away first.

"I... I will be honest with you. I do not feel guilty about joining the Cult. I also do not feel responsible for the acts the members have committed—whether good or bad. I joined for my own goals, and I still stand by them."

Beruel's tired eyes showed absolute seriousness.

"I'm dying. And I want to avoid that at all costs. It might seem selfish to you, but there's a lot I still want to do. I despise the gaps in my memory, and I also feel frustrated with how pieces of my identity are slowly scraped away as time passes by. I want to be whole..."

"I don't care." Kuzon cut the old Fairy short with his unfeeling gaze and completely disinterested tone.

He simply desired one thing. Everything else seems secondary.

"I know you don't. I also know I'm a hypocrite for blaming you for his death when in fact... he only joined the Cult because of me." Beruel gave a smile for the first time.

It was bitter and sad—distant as well—but it was genuine.

"Young Midas... I indeed joined the Cult to retrieve all the Arcanas, but I never approved of the massacre. Your people weren't mine, but I grieved for them. You may not believe me, but... I did."

Beruel's tone was completely different from before. It felt honest and genuine.

"I already told you. I don't care. I just want information on Kido. If you want me to spare your life, then fine. You don't have long in the world, anyway, and your Cult won't be able to acquire all the Arcanas. In the end, you'll die... without my intervention."

Beruel sighed.

"So... spill."

A brief moment of silence spread throughout the room. Ana was still shaken by Kuzon's change in tone, and Kuzon awaited Beruel's reply.

However—

"I... I can't."

—The old Fairy refused to budge.

"Why not? Does the Cult have some sort of hold on you? If you divulge information about them, will you be killed?"

"No. That's not it. No member of the Nether Cult has seen my real body, let alone being able to subject it to such."

Beruel's eyes were distracted, and his body felt completely like a statue.

"Then why? You have attachments towards them then? You wouldn't betray your comrades, is that it?"

"No. I despise Kido, and I'm mostly indifferent about everyone else in the Nether Cult. I do not share their values, neither do they share mine..." Beruel muttered, barely audibly.

Even when his subordinate died, none of them could have cared less. They simply overlooked it and went on with their grand scheme.

What did he expect from the same group that had been fine with genocide—both of the Midas Race and also the Demons?

He couldn't bring himself to agree with their core tenets.

However—

"My goals... I will not do anything to jeopardize it. I have endured countless centuries of this pain. I was among the first three members of the Cult. I have come this far..."

"If you die by my hands now, then there's no point." Golden lightning flashed on Kuzon's body as his stoic expression turned into a glare.

"You're right. Such a dilemma, isn't it? But, at the very least, I'll die knowing I didn't do everything in vain."

If he chose to give the boy valuable Intel, then he wouldn't be able to obtain his desire. He would live his life forever losing himself, and his mind would expire long before his body would.

Beruel didn't desire such an end.

"Pfft.... haha... hahaha... hahahaha!"

The old Fairy's eyes widened in shock to see his interrogator burst out in laughter. One or two beads of tears formed in the young boy's eyes as he laughed in seeming delight.

"Haha... I see. Is that so? Well, that's good. At least you're different from everyone else I've asked."

"O-oh, even my subordinate...?"

"He didn't know much, to begin with. He tried to hide the little he knew too, based on his loyalty to you, I suppose. However..."

Kuzon's grin grew wider as his eyes displayed a glint that made Beruel's fragile heart pound in fear.

"... I really don't need your cooperation to get the information I require."

Amid the emotional appeal and exchange of questions, it seemed like everyone had forgotten one major factor.

"I have [The Emperor]. You have to do as I command."

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

Chapter 648: Conflict Of Interest

Of all the Arcanas, a single one was considered to be one of the most powerful—even in the Midas Empire that studied them.

It was [The Emperor].

It had the ability to control anything within its immediate vicinity.

Whether Magic, animate or inanimate objects, laws, etc. So long as it existed within the user's domain, it could be subjected to their will.

It was the ultimate Arcana for dominance.

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"You don't have a choice, Beruel. I might as well begin the interrogation now."

The Fairy King groaned, and an expression of discomfort formed on his face. However, he slowly broke into a tired smile.

"I have an Arcana too, you know? Your power won't—"

"You possess [The Chariot]. It handles technology nicely, and I reckon it's how you were able to prolong your life beyond the normal standard." Kuzon stared at the many wires that were fixed into Beruel's throne, and the mechanics that surrounded them.

"But, [The Chariot] does not grant protection against my ability. If you had [Strength], for example, you'd be able to use the Aether to achieve a versatile set and protect yourself from my influence, but..."

Kuzon stretched his hand and touched the pale head of the Fairy King.

"... You can't resist."

Beruel's eyes bulged, almost popping out of their sockets as he felt the energy swelling from Kuzon's hand. His body throbbed in futile resistance, but the end result was inevitable.

He realized it already.

The young Midas boy had won.

"K-Kuzon, stop!"

Suddenly, the energy that permeated the Fairy King ceased. It hadn't completely vanished, but it simply halted in its takeover.

"What is it, Ana?" Kuzon asked, turning around a little to see a distraught Ana.

His cold gaze didn't leave him for long and he didn't seem like he was going to stop what he had started... even though Ana's expression was that of disagreement.

"Don't do this, Kuzon. I..."

"You're sympathizing with him now?" Kuzon asked, his expression still as stoic as before.

Though, it was obvious from Kuzon's tone that he didn't care for Ana's opinion at this point.

"I'm not. It's you I'm concerned about."

"There's no need to be concerned about me. This isn't the first time I'm doing this. If you don't feel comfortable watching this, you can leave. The Spell Card should be working now, right?"

Kuzon's gaze left Ana, and he focused his attention wholly on Beruel.

Silence pervaded the room—at least until the Fairy King was completely under Kuzon's influence and began spilling everything the boy wanted to know.

Questions like:

"Where is Kido?"

"How strong is he?"

"How strong are the other members of your organization compared to you and him?"

"What seat is he?"

"What abilities has he displayed for you to see?"

"What have you heard him say?"

Specific questions that were met with helpful answers. Thankfully, Beruel had fought with Kido several times, due to their disagreements.

"It wasn't much of a fight, since he is far superior, but he did display some abilities." Beruel had explained, going further to spill all he knew about the man.

This lasted for several minutes, until finally... Kuzon was finished.

"That's all." Removing his domination effect from Beruel, Kuzon stepped away in disinterest.

Even though the old Fairy groaned and coughed, he didn't even bat an eye and walked towards Ana instead.

"We should leave now."

His approach was met with a fierce glare from Ana. Her blue eyes depicted disdain, something Kuzon hadn't expected from her at this point in their relationship.

"I had to do it, Ana. If that's why you're upset, then you should know—"

"I'm not upset that you did whatever you could to achieve your goals. I would do the same to obtain what I wanted too..." Memories of how she captured Demon Lord Lydia played on her mind.

"Then—"

"You told me to leave... despite me being concerned about you."

A bead of sweat fell from Kuzon's face. He realized he blew her off in a somewhat mean way, but he couldn't help it. He required focus when he wanted to achieve his objectives.

It was the same when he nearly killed Jared in their duel.

"I'm sorry for being harsh towards you. That wasn't intentional." He smiled softly and placed his hand on Ana's very stiff and cold shoulder.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, okay?"

With Kuzon going as far as apologizing and even using gentle words now, Ana couldn't see even the shadow of the cold emotion he had just displayed.

'He's probably like that for a reason. I'm the same...'

It would be hypocritical to judge the boy for crimes she too had committed. However, seeing Beruel's state did something to her that she normally wouldn't consider.

It appealed to her emotions.

'Maybe I'm the one not being logical here. But—'

"I understand, Kuzon. It's fine." Ana returned Kuzon's apology with a genuine smile.

"Ah, then shall we—?"

"You can leave without me. There's something I want to try out first."

"Huh?"

Ana walked past Kuzon and moved in the direction of the silent Fairy King. He was in an aggrieved state, no doubt.

It was too bad his physical condition prevented him from being expressive enough to display the pathetic condition he suffered internally.

"What do you think you're doing? If you're worried about whether or not he remembers, I already erased his memories of my compulsion and our visit. He's in a daze right now."

Ana stopped in her tracks and stared at Kuzon coldly—just the way he did at her.

"Return his memories... now."

For a moment, tense silence permeated the room. The partners stared at each other with varying thoughts going on in their minds.

Then—

"Why?"

—Kuzon broke the silence with a simple question and an unenthusiastic shrug.

"Just do it."

"I'll need a reason to do that." He persisted.

The young Midas was curious about Ana's plans, and the only way to really get an answer was to put her in a situation where she had to spill.

"I need him to be fully aware for me to attempt what I want to."

Kuzon's smile broadened, and he approached the short girl who was now busy observing the Fairy King's frame.

"And what do you want to attempt?"

Ana's eyes remained on the specimen in front of her—her blue eyes glowing in anticipation of a new task she had never attempted before, at least on this scale.

However, she felt somewhat confident she could achieve it.

'I have to!'

It was the perfect chance to test her limits and also to help the dying person in front of her.

"I'm going to give Beruel what he wants. Immortality."

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Chapter 649: Beruel's Problem

"What? Why? No... how?"

Kuzon was a Midas, so he knew immortality wasn't necessarily inconceivable. However, no matter how powerful a body was, or how skillful an individual became, they couldn't escape the expiration of their own bodies.

It had to come, sooner or later.

Sure, making new bodies was something that could be achieved, but...

'Ana can't possibly mean that, right?'

Kuzon had no idea what was going on in the girl's mind. He had to give in to his curiosity, though.

"If you're so curious, then restore his memories." She smiled at him.

It was a sweet, innocent smile, but Kuzon somewhat felt like he was the one being baited, and not her.

'Sigh, whatever. Let's see what happens...'

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"U-urgh..." Beruel groaned as his tired eyes opened and his vision returned.

It felt like he had just woken up from a sleep, something that never happened unless he wanted to.

'What's this? The last thing I remember was...' His eyes caught the appearance of two people.

A boy and a girl.

It only took one second of observation for him to tell who they were, as he remembered what they did to him.

"Y-you—!!!"

Before he could protest any further, Beruel found himself violently coughing.

His emaciated body throbbed, and it seemed like he was going through a seizure with every whooping cough that proceeded from his mouth.

Slowly, however, he became stabilized.

"Calm yourself, Beruel." Kuzon spoke in a model tone.

"I said I would take it from here." He was swiftly replied by Ana.

"Sorry... jeez."

Ana stepped forward to the recoiling Beruel, who stared at the two with utmost suspicion.

"What do you two want? You should have erased my memories after you compelled me to divulge the intel you wanted."

"Oh, I did. She told me to return it to you."

Ana felt peeved that she was actually being ignored by the old Fairy who would rather talk to Kuzon than the girl in front of him.

"And you listened to her? I suppose I overestimated you, young Midas." Beruel groaned.

"Hey! I'm right in front of you, you know?"

Awkward silence descended upon the room as Beruel's gaze finally rested on Ana. He spent a few moments observing her from head to toe—though the way his tired and elderly eyes ogled her felt uncomfortable to the younger girl.

"You are...? Who are you?" Beruel finally muttered.

"What? You can't pretend you don't know me! Kuzon and I literally came here together! We're partners!"

The old Fairy's face slowly transformed into anger.

"And how dare you raise your voice at me? Females should learn to show respect to the males. Is this how you train your female? Tch! And what's this deal about partners? She isn't your subordinate?" Once again, Beruel turned his attention to Kuzon.

"Pfft." The golden haired boy stifled his laughter and awkwardly looked away.

As much as he wanted to see Ana's expression in response to the Fairy King's sexist and bigoted disposition, he also felt that he wouldn't be able to control the level of amusement he would display.

'This is the scumbag you want to help, Ana. Hahaha!'

"Hey, listen here old dude..." Ana grabbed Fairy King Beruel by the head.

Her eyes were twitching while a strained smile was plastered on her face. Despite her very good intentions, Ana was already reaching a point whereby she wanted to knock some sense into the older fellow.

"W-what are you doing? Who said you could touch me? I'm a King, you know? Also, you're not only a commoner, but you're also a female. Show some respect!"

"Shut up!"

"My... how dare yo—"

The Fairy King struggled to get her hands off his head despite his sickly frame, exerting his declining physical prowess more than he should have.

Ana found her impatience reaching an unprecedented degree—until she couldn't take it anymore.

>WHAP!<

"A-ah, I'm sorry!"

Ana said that, but the damage had already been done. The fine print of her palm had already made their mark on the Fairy King's cheek.

The echoing sound of the slap remained for a few moments as every single person present in the room were quite literally lost for words.

"Y-you..."

Beruel's bulging eyes stared at Ana in absolute shock. His pale skin shivered and his scanty teeth were clenched with a strong emotion.

'Ah, I lost control for a sec. This is bad...' Ana's mind plunged into worry.

She didn't want to have to resort to it, but if Beruel kept proving stubborn, then perhaps Kuzon could offer a little bit of help to 'convince' Beruel.

Unfortunately, that would eventually pose more problems for her and everyone else.

"... W-why did you hit me?"

"Because you were being a jerk. I helped you regain your memory and I'm trying to help you, but you chose to be an idiot."

"Jerk? Idiot? You dare say that to me? Jane... you've gone too far. I'm your King! Don't you forget that!"

"Hold on... Jane?" Ana looked behind her to seek out Kuzon's opinion, but he simply shrugged.

She couldn't have heard wrongly, right? Beruel just called her Jane. Was he mistaking her for someone else?

If that was the case, then there was one particular name that stood out for Ana—and most firm followers of the legend of the past.

"You mean... Jane Ursula?"

"What are you—? Don't change the topic now! Why do I have to call you by your full name? You've been growing more rebellious as of late! You should know your place."

Frankly speaking, Ana was more confused now than before. Could this be due to shock? Or was Beruel hallucinating?

"Beruel, it's Ana and Kuzon. You're not talking to Jane Ursula. You're here, in your hideout. We're the intruders, remember?"

Suddenly, the old fairy's eyes widened, and some sort of darker shade enveloped his dull eyes.

"A-ah... what was I...? Did I say anything weird? I must have spaced out. Who are you again?"

"I don't think I care enough to tell you." Ana sighed and walked away.

"I thought I wanted to help you, but I've lost interest. I mean, you are a villain, so I didn't expect a righteous personality. But, it seems you'll be a pain in the future, and I'd rather not have that."

"W-what are you—?!"

"She wanted to solve your problem since she felt somewhat bad for you. You just had to piss her off. Nice going." Kuzon added to the Fairy King's incredible dilemma.

"What? I don't understand. What are you saying?"

He was so lost that even more wrinkles appeared on his face as he looked for answers from the two.

"What kind of person were you, Beruel? Before all of this. I don't think you were a good guy."

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

Chapter 650: The Fairy King's Past [Pt 1]

"Remember, son. Remember the building blocks of our society. Do not forget our legacy."

Those were the only words Beruel still remembered from his father.

They were the things he often heard since he was little. Those words filled his childhood, and his father never ceased uttering them every now and then.

One day, when he was old enough, he asked his father—the Fairy King at the time—what those words meant.

What were the building blocks of their society? What was their legacy? How could he forget what he did not remember?

"Son, look around. What do you see?"

It wasn't until his father took him to the very zenith of the Fairy Kingdom and showed him the world from above that the young Beruel understood.

He witnessed the lives of the commoners. He saw them go about their businesses. He watched the young, the elderly, the successful, the rejects—Beruel truly saw everyone and everything from his height.

"You are on top. You were born to be on top. You are a male. You are a Royal. You will be King."

Those words were pounded into his head by his father's loving whisper. Beruel's innocent eyes couldn't help but widen in understanding as he heard the tone of the most powerful man in their society.

His father was the wisest of all. He stood at the pinnacle and understood all things. The boy thought that perhaps the older, wiser, more powerful, being could answer to yet another one of his concerns.

"What about them?"

Beruel found himself pointing below—at everyone his eyes could see;

His mother, who was talking with his father's other wives.

His many sisters.

The palace guards.

The numerous Fairies that flew here and there.

Beruel didn't understand their place in this world. If he was meant to be on top, what could that mean for everyone else?

"They are whatever you want them to be. Remember this well, son. The subjects only exist to serve us. The males are superior, and the King is supreme. Do you understand?"

Beruel thought the explanation was simple enough to understand.

He reasoned with his father's point of view and found out how it resonated well with the Fairy society.

He could finally understand why his father and other males were allowed to have multiple spouses while the females couldn't.

He also understood how custom dictated that the women bowed to the men in greeting. Looking at how society was shaped, and how peaceful everything was... Beruel thought it was paradise.

'They're all happy. There's no conflict. This is utopia.'

Yes. His father was right. How could he not have noticed till now?

Everyone was smiling and functional because of their roles in society. How the Kingdom operated, was so it could provide the best means of living. Nothing had to change.

Thus, even when Beruel matured and became of age, this ideology of his solidified. A mindset was formed, and it became the very principle he abided by.

When he became King, he ruled in accordance to the building blocks of his Kingdom. He operated with respect to the legacy of his predecessors.

In all honesty... he was doing an extremely good job!

He created policies that ensured the occupational opportunities and academic curriculum of the male and female gender. He ensured a proper divide existed between the male and female careers.

Sure, there existed exceptions and outliers, but those were nigh impossible to scale through.

Beruel looked at this utopia he made every day and smiled. He wished his father was alive to see what he had made of this wonderful Kingdom, but he knew that his ancestors would be watching with smiles on their faces.

However...!

There was one bane to his existence—a being that always seemed to defy his policies and made the very system of the Fairy Kingdom seem like nothing but rubbish.

Her name was Jane Ursula—dubbed by many as the Mad Witch.

Jane was everything that was wrong with the Fairy Kingdom—at least, to Beruel. She was a rebel that always seemed to exceed the lot assigned to her by custom.

She outdid her male counterparts in Magic, technology, research, combat—just about every field imaginable.

She was a genius!

It almost seemed like the Fairy Kingdom could not contain her abilities, and the worst part of it all was that she was far older and more experienced than even Beruel.

Nothing he did seemed to work on her, and she seemed out of his control. The laws and protocols he made never seemed to faze her and she kept rising to the top.

Perhaps he could have taken more drastic steps to ensure that she submitted to his will, but there was a significant element that prevented Beruel from taking such an action.

He... was infatuated with the Fairy.

"You... Jane Ursula... you will be mine!" He often told himself several times.

Even though he had many women to comfort him, and he had a lot of subordinates at his beck and call, there was only one person he desired.

Unfortunately, she always seemed out of his reach.

Jane Ursula ignored all attempts he made to get her attention. The only time they both communicated was during disagreements and heated arguments.

Beruel didn't understand why, but those moments always made him excited. Even though it was extremely blasphemous for a female to defy a male, he found himself sinfully reveling in her rebellion.

He intentionally frustrated her efforts by creating hindrances, or by refusing to accord her promotion or recognition—knowing fully well that she would come to argue with him on his decision.

How he loved those moments.

Beruel knew it was wrong. He knew she had to be punished severely for insulting a male—not to mention the King.

Still, he humored her.

Perhaps that was the cause of his downfall. The ancestors must have had enough of his foolishness and he paid the price for abandoning the words of his father.

A coup occurred, and Beruel was shamefully driven out of his Kingdom. The very peace and stability that had existed for so long finally came crashing down.