SPELLCRAFT 791

[SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar](#)
Chapter 791: Darkness Versus Light [Pt 1]

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

A brilliant explosion detonated in the sky—a mass of both purple and golden colours. As they tore through the very fabric of space above, everything beneath and even the entire world trembled.

This was a clash between two beings with phenomenal power. It was a battle between the golden boy and the being of absolute darkness.

Kuzon against the Nether.

They had been at this for quite some time—exchanging blows, deflecting each other's attacks, and displaying even more abilities to defeat their foe, yet it always ended in a stalemate.

"You're annoyingly persistent." The Nether stated, floating in the air as his majestic form warbled.

He had been five meters tall when they had started their battle, but now Kuzon could already see some changes. The Nether was at least two meters taller now. His power kept rising as time went on, and the young Midas wished his power was the same.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the case.

'A few more exchanges, and he'll be stronger.' Kuzon thought to himself, narrowing his eyes as he watched his opponent prepare the next barrage of attacks.

"[Anti-Life Barrage]" The Nether sent forth several nether darts that far transcended the speed of light—and they were all focused on Kuzon.

Normally, he wouldn't have had to fear them because of his constitution, but it seemed like the Nether planned on destroying even the Laws that governed his body and granted him his invincible form.

At the moment, the Nether couldn't achieve such a thing yet, but Kuzon wondered if that could change in the nearest future.

'Let's not think too hard about this!'

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

In a burst of glorious light, he destroyed all the projectiles, instantly rushing towards the Nether in his golden form.

>WHOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHHH!!!!<

He closed the distance between them in a flash, generating his own projectiles using his Original Magic, which was already evolving into something more.

"[Arrow Of Destruction]" He whispered.

Rather than creating multiple projectiles that the Nether would be able to dodge, Kuzon focused his strings towards making just one that possessed more power and speed.

In a flash, the arrow was created—far larger and denser than reasonably possible. It also oozed with the golden light and authority that Kuzon possessed.

"Go." Kuzon smiled, launching it at the Nether.

"Tch. Begone!"

>WHUUUSSSSHHHHHHHHH!<

The dark pulse utilized by the Nether to completely offset the arrow's impact, or better yet, corrupt it, was suddenly negated by the arrow.

"W-what?!"

Kuzon smiled, watching the surprised Nether receive his attack head-on.

And then—

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The highly dense burst of energy sent the Nether flying upwards and detonating beyond the clouds. Thanks to Kuzon's control, he concentrated the explosion at a single point, refusing to let it leak beyond the area of impact.

If he hadn't done so, the results would have been disastrous to the surrounding areas.

"Besides, it's more effective this way…" He murmured, narrowing his eyes at the centre of the explosion.

"Unfortunately, even this is not enough."

Just as Kuzon began speaking, a far more powerful and larger Nether emerged from the destruction. The power he was oozing seemed to have quadrupled, and his size was now nine meters tall.

His glowing purple eyes watched Kuzon, both with irritation and excitement for what was to come.

Several tendrils danced in the air around him, waiting to be launched, and several other orbs of dark light also floated within his vicinity.

In terms of power and pretty much everything else, Kuzon could already tell that he had been surpassed. The Nether, which kept evolving, had finally reached another precipice.

It was a point that Kuzon could not attain—at least, not in this state of his.

"Looks like this is it for me…" He smiled, casting a brief glance at his allies fighting against the other enemy.

It seemed they were having the upper hand there, and it was only a matter of time before they achieved victory. In that case, since they were trying their best, how could he throw in the towel now?

"You dare look away in my presence?" The Nether's voice shook the very air and his presence caused thundering storms above to begin to brew.

Nether permeated their surroundings, and while Kuzon's Aether was enough to fight off the corruption around him, he could not stop everything.

Not with the kind of strength his enemy possessed.

"Time to conclude the theatrics. Young Midas, your power is impressive, but unfortunately for you, this is where you die."

The Nether raised his hand and above it emerged a dark orb, coated in purple light. The orb suddenly developed a ring around it.

"[Essence Of Dark Return]" The Nether spoke, ready to launch this new Spell at Kuzon.

Whether or not the boy could stop it remained a mystery.

"Die."

>FSHUUUUUUUUUUU!!!<

The orb didn't need any form of speed to close the distance between it and Kuzon. It simply appeared before him. And then—

>FWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!<

Like a balloon, the ringed orb expanded, consuming Kuzon and the space around him with its malevolent form. As soon as it did that, it compressed slowly, growing unstable as purple light radiated all around it.

"Implode." The Nether grinned.

>WHHHHHHUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Hardly making any sound, the dark, purple orb contracted and then emitted a strong black and purple light that shone brightly across the area. This implosion was to cause everything it consumed to be completely broken down by its darkness and ultimately destroyed.

That was the nature of the Spell.

And yet…

"Why are you still alive?" The Nether's eyes widened as he looked at the boy called Kuzon.

No, it wasn't Kuzon he was staring at.

It was the entity beside him. There was another being that was completely shrouded in light—from his form, to the energy around him.

His entire being glowed with white light and his hand was on Kuzon's golden shoulder.

"You should be dead!"

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Chapter 792: Darkness Versus Light [Pt 2]

"It took you long enough." The young Midas smiled, glancing beside him to see the friend he'd supposedly lost.

Tension was still in the air, but something was different about it. Despite the strong pressure the Nether exuded, it felt like nothing when these two stood side by side.

"Well, better late than never."

Both The white being and Kuzon remained unscathed from the implosion that would have ultimately killed them. And now, they were both smiling.

"I made sure to destroy your soul. Ah… I see… Aether intervened. Why is she so invested in you?" The Nether's eyes narrowed, and he seemed to be clenching his teeth.

He didn't look too pleased, and the climbing rate of his power was enough to attest to that fact.

"He's stronger than I remember." The being in white light muttered, the energy within and around him coalescing in one spot as it grew more and more stable.

"Of course. And you know why." Kuzon replied.

A brief moment of silence, mixed with uncertainty spread into the air. Both sides—light and darkness— stood still to observe the one opposite them.

"Are you ready?" Kuzon spoke, his eyes still on the Nether, as his friend cracked his knuckles.

"Haha… that's a strange question."

A grimoire suddenly appeared in front of him, and what seemed to be a staff of pure light manifested in his hand. A large mage cloak covered his body, and a hat of the same aesthetic floated on his head.

All were in pure white, with golden designs marking and outlining the edges and centre.

Jared Leonard, in this form, was heightened beyond imagination.

"Why else would I be back?"

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[MOMENTS EARLIER]

Within the world that transcended description or comprehension, Jared—in the form of his past self, Lewis—stood before Aether.

He had just been told to make a choice; one that could ultimately destroy him due to the intensity of the power he would have to channel

"If I do this… does it guarantee everyone's survival?" He asked the celestial entity before him.

"It all depends on you, and how much power you can control."

According to her explanation, even the Nether only possessed a fraction of his true strength. However thanks to his body constantly acclimating, he would always increase in strength.

The same applied to her, even if she chose Jared to represent her.

"If you work together with Kuzon, though, the chances of your success will increase."

"Then, how do we stop the Nether for good?" Jared asked, curious.

"You'll need to possess more energy than him, and then pry open his dense body to retrieve all the Arcanas. Finally, you'll have to reopen the gate and send him back to where he came from. As long as he returns to the Nether Realm, this world will be safe."

It sounded difficult, and it was going to be his hardest mission yet. However, Jared felt a little uncomfortable with the plan as a whole.

"Is there really no way to destroy him? He's a constant threat to this world. Destroying him for good seems like the most reasonable solution."

"It's impossible to destroy him. You'd be better off sealing him off." Aether sighed, shaking her head slightly.

If this was what the God of his world said, Jared had no choice but to concede. Still, one other thing remained on his mind.

"This plan of yours… is it possible for me to revamp it?"

"Revamp in what way?"

A smile formed on Jared's face. He looked like someone who had just found the perfect plan.

"Instead of struggling to pry open the Nether to gain access to the Arcanas… Why don't I just make new ones?"

Since Ciel was able to make them, nothing was stopping him from doing the same.

"You know their structure, and you also have the power. If you use me as a channel, we can create new Arcanas."

"I understand that. However, the time and strain it'll place on your body is too much. Although, I admit that your plan has some merit to it." Aether replied, ushering a moment of silence as both parties fell into deep thought.

After barely any time passed—not that the concept existed in this realm—Aether's eyes glimmered with inspiration and a smile formed on her face. She had gotten the perfect solution to the problem.

"How about we reach a compromise?"

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And with this compromise reached, both parties decided it was time to begin Jared's comeback, as well as the power of Aether in its purest form.

The comeback of Aether Herself!

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"What's the plan? Aether told me you both cooked up something." Kuzon said, prepared for any moment when the Nether would choose to strike.

"I do. And it'll require all of us." Jared's gaze moved towards his friends and allies who were too busy fighting Ciel to even notice his return.

They must have had quite a decent amount of trust in Kuzon—or complete immersion in their battle—to have missed his resurrection.

"Don't tell me… it's the power of friendship?" Kuzon slightly raised his brow, confused by Jared's vague terms.

"No… not that. It's the power of Arcanas. Just trust me."

"Fair enough."

With both of them prepared to take on the Nether, Jared's grimoire flipped its own pages, and suddenly another copy of him appeared out of nowhere.

"Neat trick." Kuzon commented.

"Thanks. Picked up a few things on my way back. Now then… let us begin."

>WHOOOOOSSSSSHHHHH!!!<

Both the false Jared and Kuzon charged directly at the Nether, who was already preparing multiple copies of the orb he'd used moments earlier.

The original Jared—that is, I—stayed back and closed my eyes while focusing on the task ahead.

Remembering the words Aether told me…

"Rather than create new Arcanas, you can simply attract all of the existing Arcanas, and create the missing ones."

… I began the process.

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Chapter 793: The Amalgamation Commences [Pt 1]

'Without being a proper vessel, I won't be able to handle Aether's power…'

I began the process of attracting all the Arcanas that had not yet been corrupted by the Nether's influence.

'Without sufficient power from Aether, I can't defeat the Nether.'

In the end, I still needed to pry open the Nether's vessel, in order to ensure that he could never return to this world by utilizing the Arcanas in his possession. But my current power wasn't enough. This was only a tiny fraction of what I needed.

A mere drop in an all-encompassing ocean.

'But this drop will be enough for what I'm about to do.'

"[Call Of The Progenitor]" A Spell I had learned from Aether; it was meant to allow me to easily attract all the Arcanas in the world to my current location.

The moment I cast this Spell, I began to sense all of the Arcanas that still existed in this plane—undefiled.

The Magician

The Pope

The Lovers

The Chariot

Justice

Wheel of Fortune

Strength

The Hanged Man

Death

The Tower

The Star

The Sun

Judgment

"Thirteen of them, huh?" I smiled to myself.

That took over half of the burden from my shoulders.

In the process of scanning the world and resonating with these thirteen Arcanas, however, my attention was brought to some rather interesting observations.

'Some Arcanas are still in use. Maria is utilizing hers, and so is Elrich. Those fighting Ciel are using theirs as well, albeit to a limited degree.'

Even Jane was still using the Hanged Man in her office, even though the project was supposed to have been completed.

'And then, there's the lab...' My senses went to the structure that belonged to Karlia.

It had been long buried under the sea of destruction, but it was still sturdy enough to not be destroyed. I could sense [The Lovers] Arcana within it.

'Karlia…' Before arriving here, Aether put me up to date about everything.

She showed me how the Martial Blade God sacrificed himself in a battle against the Nether. It was fortunate that he left behind his Arcana, though I suspected that he must have known we would have use of it in his absence.

However, the most concerning incident was Karlia's abduction by the Nether. The Nether took her, no doubt. Aether did not know where, so it had to be somewhere only he could access.

The Nether Realm, most likely.

'Let's not get distracted.' I told myself.

I had a mission, now that I was back in this world as Jared Leonard. I had to defeat this evil monster that sought to eradicate all of existence.

'Once I obtain all the Arcanas, I'll be able to access the Nether Realm too. I'll be able to save Karlia.'

Having that thought was enough to give a final push to my resolve and I completed the Spell.

Instantly, a white cocoon shrouded me, keeping me in its warmth.

I could feel countless energy sources lunging at me from various directions. It was only a matter of time before the existing Arcanas arrived, meaning I had to create the remaining based on the time I had left.

'Let's trust in Kuzon, the duplicate, and everyone else. I'll be back soon.'

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Elrich Lendertwale had just arrived at the Eastern Kingdom, where Maria had erected her huge Dome to protect the several denizens around the world who were inside it.

As promised, he had brought even more powerless people to seek refuge in the dome, and he was about to go to get more.

The corruption had stopped, but they had no idea when it would commence again. To save as many lives as possible, he had to hurry.

However…

"Huh…?"

He couldn't teleport!

Suddenly, even the dome went down. It seemed like his and Maria's Arcanas had suddenly stopped working.

"What is going on?" Maria gazed at him, her face instantly paling as she heard the terrified murmurs of those protected by her sanctuary.

As if that wasn't enough, the Arcanas in their possession suddenly warbled and left them. In mere moments, the cards rose to the sky and went off in the same direction.

Shock and fear, mixed with confusion, filled their hearts at that very moment.

"What could be happening?" Elrich wondered.

"I have no idea. It must have something to do with the Nether Cult, though!"

While they were speaking, another bright light emanated from within their midst, and they found yet another card flying in the same direction as the previous two.

It had the insignia of a multitude of stars, and an entity at the very centre of it.

"T-the Star? Then—!"

Maria and Elrich instantly looked in the direction of the unconscious Stefan. Much to their shock… he was nowhere to be found.

"What in the world is happening?!" Maria exclaimed, now paralyzed with fear and worry.

Not only had they lost their greatest source of strength and protection, but now even the prisoner had managed to slip away.

Locked in mystery and fear, they pondered what to do next.

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"You persistent rats!" Ciel growled as she was surrounded by the alliance that sought to stop her and her master.

Jane, Aurora, Dulum, Z'ark, Gerard, Jerry, Ivan, Asa, Maro, Beruel, Ana, Edward, Ciara and Lemi were all working together to defeat her. It sounded like a bit of overkill, but it only attested to the level of danger she posed.

As a matter of fact, if not for her massive deficiency in power, she would have easily defeated all of them despite their number.

However, thanks to their Arcanas, and her lack of sufficient energy to initiate more powerful Spells, she found herself cornered.

Her Clairvoyance and the Magic Items she had on, were her only saving grace now. Still, time was running out and she had to score a decisive victory.

'For my Master. For the Nether!'

Chapter 794: The Amalgamation Commences [Pt 2]

"W-wait, what?"

"What's going on?"

"Why is this happening now?"

Suddenly, those who possessed Arcanas began to exclaim just as they were about to gain the upper hand.

With shock and disbelief on their faces, they watched as their abilities stopped functioning. As though that wasn't bad enough, they felt the power given to them by the Arcanas leave.

Ciel watched this sight in surprise, however, she did not break into relief.

>SHWUUUSSSHHH!!!<

Their cards left them and lunged in the direction of a white cocoon that now hovered in the air.

The process was faster than anyone could follow, so before they could do anything, it was practically too late. The Arcanas fused with the white cocoon, along with a couple of others that flew over from their respective locations.

All the cards flew into the single white object.

"What in the wor—" Before Ciel or anyone else could properly react, a loud eruption caught their attention.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

This explosion also came from above them—far beyond the height of the white cocoon and on a scale that none of them could fathom.

"I-is that…?!"

"N-no way! It really is him!"

"He didn't die! I knew it!"

"H-how is this… this is impossible!"

While the allied fighters expressed delight, Ciel displayed immense disbelief. What she was witnessing defied her view of her Master and his supreme power.

"Jared… and Kuzon…"

They all watched as light and darkness danced in the sky above them—completely beyond the realm that mere mortals could reach.

"... They're on a completely different level!"

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"You're pretty good." Kuzon smiled as he flew side by side with Jared's duplicate.

It was a mere husk, meant to duplicate his body and nothing else, yet Kuzon could not help communicating with it.

So far, they had tried their best to match the Nether—it was mostly thanks to their combined efforts and the support they rendered to each other. Although, so far things were at a stalemate.

"How long will this process of yours take?" Kuzon asked, barely dodging a very dangerous strike from the Nether as he swiftly closed in on the aggravated enemy.

He did not expect Jared's duplicate to answer, but to his surprise, the clone glanced at him with a disapproving look in its eyes.

"You shouldn't be distracted. Carelessness is an enemy." It spoke.

Kuzon's eyes instantly popped wide open—not just because Jared's clone had spoken, but because of the feminine tone that emerged from his lips.

It sounded melodious, yet firm. Kuzon instantly recognized that the voice belonged to none other than—

"Aether?!"

"Yes. I have decided to control this form in order to offer my help. The most I can do, however, is remotely manipulate it. It's not sufficient for habitation."

Kuzon's smile widened and his expression brightened instantly. Hearing that he had Aether by his side was more than enough to cheer him up.

"Aether. So you finally decided to show up." The Nether's tone caused the air to vibrate and a far more malevolent aura took over the area.

"Keuk!" Kuzon felt a force pushing him back, but he quickly regained his composure as he stood beside Aether's bright form—or rather, her manifestation in Jared.

"I will not allow your will to come to pass." Her voice echoed from Jared's lips, and her bright golden eyes shone with determination.

"That vessel is too weak. I grow stronger with every moment that passes. Even if you stall, there is no point."

Almost immediately after he spoke, his power climbed to yet another degree.

"He's already stronger than the both of us, and it's difficult to keep up. Any longer and…" Aether's eyes narrowed.

"Isn't it ironic that the essence of hope and light is being pessimistic?" Kuzon responded with a smirk to hide his own nervousness.

"I am not the personification of hope or pure light. Despair exists in this world and so does darkness. I am all of those things. However, I also represent the natural order of things, which ensures that hope triumphs over despair, and light over darkness. I am balance."

"You are a fraud." The Nether interrupted with a menacing cackle.

"Your so-called balance is flawed and you know it. You are only one side of the coin, while I am the other." He added. "The one who actually seeks balance is me!"

"What you seek is the destruction of all that exists in your selfish pursuit to be whole. That is not balance at all. It is simply chaos."

"Call it whatever you want. No one will be around to complain once I get what I desire."

The Nether's grin grew wide, and he immersed himself in his growing energy, while the power of his adversaries kept getting smaller in comparison.

However—

"MASTER! That strange cocoon is taking in all the surrounding Arcanas! I fear they may be up to no good!"

Ciel's warning was enough to snap the Nether out of his arrogant rants and break away from the distraction that both Kuzon and Aether tried to offer.

"You…" He growled, instantly shooting his attention towards the cocoon. "What are you up to now?"

He knew it was impossible for them to seal him away without the power of all the Arcanas. However, the Nether was also well aware of the fact that it was possible to duplicate Arcanas if one had enough power.

The fact that so many Arcanas were gathered in a single location already meant that something was definitely wrong somewhere.

He could not allow it!

"Stop the Nether with all your might. Make sure you protect Jared." Aether spoke, swiftly moving Jared's duplicate to intercept the incoming Nether.

"Get out of my way!" Instantly utilizing an overpowering pulse, he instantly pushed the duplicate body out of his way, overwhelming it with corruption so that it disintegrated.

Kuzon appeared before the Nether next, his eyes blazing, and his will unmoving. Once again, he faced this creature of darkness, but now he was at a disadvantage.

However… that didn't deter him from his mission.

"No way are you going past me."

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Chapter 795: The New Emergence

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The blast of Nether disintegrated the surrounding area, turning it into nothing but dust. Fortunately, Kuzon remained intact.

'I can't get too close to him because of the surrounding Nether. Even though he technically can't harm me, I can't stop him…'

The most disturbing situation, however, was that time was running out.

'I can't maintain this state forever. I also don't know what to do until Jared returns…' After considering his predicament for some time, Kuzon made up his mind on what to do.

He decided to stop thinking.

'Screw it! Let's just give it everything I have!'

>VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHH!!!<

In an instant, several golden threads manifested, forming several different things. From blades to beasts; these creations of Kuzon each possessed enough dense Aether to cause massive damage.

Pouring his power into these took a huge strain, especially since it was instant, however, Kuzon kept making them.

"Fire."

Several dense artilleries were fired at the approaching Nether, but they bounced off its dense layer of Nether, as even more were fired. Kuzon's plan was to wear down his defences by keeping up the destruction.

And the plan worked!

After some time, the dense shell of Nether broke, and several more of his attacks pierced through, hitting the Nether consecutively.

This chain reaction caused a massive explosion to occur and it kept expanding, devastating the entire area in the process.

Until…

"Enough!" A more powerful dark wave swept the explosion away, revealing an even more powerful version of the Nether.

"Shit!"

Before Kuzon could say or do anything more, the Nether approached him and grabbed him by the throat.

"Keuk!"

"You little insect…" The Nether growled, tightening his hold on Kuzon as he glared at him. "Count yourself fortunate that I am yet to be able to corrupt you."

In a quick move, he flung Kuzon away, sending multiple blasts of Nether to keep him busy while he lunged for the white cocoon.

'I can't sense anything within it. Strange…' The Nether thought to himself, approaching it in no time.

Whether or not he could sense its activity didn't remove from the fact that it was dangerous, though. And with that in mind, the Nether proceeded to destroy the cocoon.

But—

>SQUELCH!<

Piercing him right in the chest was a golden arrow filled with the densest form of Aether he had experienced thus far.

"Guh! Y-you…" He glared at the boy behind him.

Kuzon was currently out of his golden form and now looked like a regular person. He had barely any energy left and it appeared that he had condensed all of his leftover energy into that single arrow.

And it worked!

"Tch! What a nuisance!" The Nether shrugged off the Aether arrow, fully destroying it with his own superior Nether.

Kuzon, already looking plenty exhausted, simply smiled at the sight.

"It seems I'll need to destroy you first. Fortunately, that is possible now." Pointing but a finger at Kuzon, a dense surge of negative energy gathered at the tip.

It warbled in its blackness and shades of purple hue, and the very air shook as a result of its power.

"Die." Said the Nether.

>WHOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!<

Unable to escape or defend himself against this incoming ray of destruction, Kuzon could only think of his friend and the defeat that awaited the Nether.

'I have done my part, Jared. Now you do yours.' He closed his eyes with a smile. 'It's a shame I won't get to see it.'

The blast finally washed all over Kuzon, consuming him totally in its murky corruption. Having no defence now, he was bound to die.

However—

"Huh…?"

The negative energy was dispelled, and Kuzon was safe and sound in his location. A white orb surrounded him, and it had protected him from sure destruction.

Before anyone could wonder why or how it happened, someone emerged from the cocoon.

"Hey…" He held the Nether's monstrous hand with his gleaming white one.

The cocoon shrivelled away, revealing the emerging person in all his glory.

He had a pure white, gleaming form with sparks of golden radiation floating around him. With majestic, golden designs on his outfit, his staff, his grimoire, as well as his floating mage hat, he looked utterly majestic.

However, that wasn't all.

Around him hovered twenty-one objects—each with varying colours. The objects warbled with energy and seemed to resonate with one another.

They also had orb-like contraptions that surrounded them in their respective energy colours.

These twenty-one Arcanas floated around the newly emerged person from the cocoon, and something else appeared behind him—imprinted with gold on the white fabric in his back.

It was a twenty-second card.

In fine golden print, with marvellous designs surrounding it, the card showed a being who was impaled by a nail and possessed a surrounding robe that floated around it.

It was The World.

"... I'm back."

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Once again, I found myself in the same space as the last time—directly within the Root.

"Congratulations, Lewis." Aether told me.

She was smiling and I instantly realized that the time had come for her to take the wheel in this situation.

Just as the Nether had taken charge of the Cult Leader's body, it was preferable that she took charge over mine. That way, she who knew all primordial things would be able to utilize her power to the fullest.

"You may use my body as you like. As long as you defeat the Nether once and for all." I said, nodding in approval.

Aether shook her head slightly, still maintaining her gentle smile.

"It seems you misunderstand. I will not be controlling your body. I will simply dwell within it."

I did not understand her statement.

"Think of me as a partner. Just as you have Familiars whom you bond with and utilize Fusion Magic with. I will take on such a role."

It sounded unbelievable to me at this point, but—

"You want us to work together… in Fusion Mode?"

I had to admit, it was very cool!

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Chapter 796: True Convergence

"W-which one… are you?"

As the Nether glared at Jared's new form, he was simply speechless.

Looking into his eyes, he could find traces of Jared, as well as the Aether locked within that same form.

It frightened him.

"We're a combination of both." The strange amalgamation between a mere human and a primordial entity spoke for itself.

In this new form, Jared Leonard and the Aether had become one. Just like him, they also had all the Arcanas.

'So what? It doesn't matter! We'll have a similar level of power, at the very least.' The Nether assured himself, deciding to test the waters.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

As he released his wave of negative energy, Jared smoothly disappeared from his position and appeared beside Kuzon, who was still suspended in his white orb.

The young Midas had passed out, and Jared seemed to be concerned about his well-being.

"Watch over him." He spoke to his comrades who were observing everything from their lower viewpoint, before sending the white orb to them.

It was insulting to the Nether, but he contained his frustration. Rather, a very suspicious and wary expression took over his face.

"I'd rather not desecrate this place any more than you already have. There's an entire expanse of space out there. I'd rather do this there…" Jared spoke, his tone a little low.

"And how does that concern me?" The Nether assumed authority, despite his caution.

He made sure not to show any sign of weakness, even as he observed the kind of power this new Jared possessed. Even if he was at his peak, Jared was still a human vessel. He could not hold too much power.

'Compared to me, who has acclimated for some time, he just got used to this power. It's my victory…' He encouraged himself.

"I will fight wherever I—"

>WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

With a speed that not even the Nether could explain, he suddenly found himself flying higher into the sky.

"W-whut?!"

Even though he tried to stop, he found himself unable to. And as soon as he tried harder to break free from the pressure that pushed him upward, a powerful blast from Jared drove him further beyond the clouds.

Until finally, they got into the vast expanse of space.

"You were saying?" Jared smiled, appearing before the Nether after creating a considerable distance between them and this home world.

Tension permeated the void of space as both beings stood opposite each other—having at least ten meters of distance between them.

"How did you do it? How did you manage to overwhelm me? We should be equal in strength, at most." The Nether asked, his eyes narrowing at his opponent.

He was so close to getting everything he wanted, yet these people were getting in his way once again! And now, the ultimate foe was before him, yet why did he feel so stuck?

"Equal in strength? No, in terms of sheer power, you should still be superior."

Exactly! The Nether knew that much.

So why did he feel so pressured? Why had he been overpowered? It made no sense!

"However, you're going to lose based on one major factor." Jared's voice suddenly interrupted his thoughts.

"SPELLCRAFT."

The instant Jared said this, the truth became obvious to the Nether.

All he had to do was take a proper look around him and everything suddenly made sense. Throughout the vast space and even going beyond the stars, the Nether could feel energy converging and dispersing.

He felt his influence dwindle and also realised that he was being boxed in by the surrounding power. And who was the one that controlled this power?

"Y-you…" The Nether could already feel it now.

Something he hadn't felt in so long.

FEAR!

"That's right. Using Spellcraft, I can control everything that is made up of Aether by utilizing the Aether in my possession."

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The greater the amount of energy one had, the more one would be able to influence their surroundings. Since I had a very large pool now, there was really no limit to my influence in this galaxy—at the very least.

It felt amazing, being connected to the world around me.

I could see so much, it felt beyond incredible!

This was my first time out in this void, outside my homeworld. The fact that so many other planets existed outside of it—as well as the fact that there was even more than one universe—simply amazed me to no end.

Still, I focused on the task ahead of me.

'I would have had to sacrifice my body to reach the level needed to stop the Nether, but with this, I only need to draw power from the Aether around me.' A smile crept up on my face.

Thanks to this loophole, I could exceed my limits many times over and overwhelm the Nether's current form.

~The plan hasn't changed, Lewis.~ A voice surfaced within me, and I recognized her instantly.

There was no way I could forget Aether's presence within me. Besides, she was currently the only Familiar I had.

~Take out [The World] Arcana from him, at the very least. If possible, remove all the Arcanas he has. Since you possess equal, no even greater power thanks to Spellcraft, it should be possible.~

"Understood!" I responded, eager to try out this new power in my possession.

I felt like I was at the very summit of Magic—capable of bending the laws and being one with the surrounding cosmos.

If this had been me in my past life, I would have been more than satisfied. However, I knew better than to simply be content with this.

After hearing all that Aether had to say about everything, I couldn't delude myself into thinking this was the limit.

What was that thing I couldn't hear back in the Root? What existed beyond this realm of reality? These other worlds that stretched far into the universe… how did they function?

After being granted so much knowledge and power, I realized that there was something I sought more than anything else.

MORE!

SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar
Chapter 797: The Final Dance [Pt 1]

I readied myself to begin the fight that would determine the fate of the world.

It didn't take me very long.

>WHOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!<

My opponent, the Nether, floated a short distance away, his form now shifting and warping in the void. Clearly, he was trying to evolve once more.

'Don't even bother!'

I reached out with my mind, feeling the surrounding energy respond to my call. I began to draw it towards me, coalescing it into a swirling vortex of power around my body.

This way, not only my strength, but also my speed, stamina, and everything else about me would improve drastically.

'I can now fight on equal grounds!' I thought to myself.

The Nether responded in kind, drawing on his own power to create a vortex of dark energy that seemed to suck the light out of the stars. His darkness was restricted to his immediate vicinity, thanks to the density of Aether I made surround him.

'You once called my Spellcraft inferior, didn't you?' I smiled, drawing nearer to him. 'Let's see if you still think that!'

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!<

Our first head-on clash broke space, causing us to recoil backwards instantly.

As we circled each other, the gravitational pull between us began to increase, distorting the space around us. I could feel the pressure building, threatening to crush me under its weight.

It seemed our power was too great for the surrounding area to handle. I had to end this battle… and fast!

I focused on channelling the Aether around, using its power to counteract the Nether's negative energy. Just as it could corrupt Aether and destroy it, I could do the same since I had more power at my disposal than he did.

"Damn you!" The Nether roared with fury, most likely feeling the pressure build even more for him as he lost more of his currently finite power.

'We're not done yet!'

I unleashed a burst of energy, sending a shockwave rippling outward. Thanks to his vulnerable state at the moment, the attack connected.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The Nether was thrown back, his form twisting and writhing as he struggled to regain his balance. But he was not defeated yet.

With a flick of his hand, the Nether unleashed a burst of energy of his own. He seemed to have put a great deal of power into it—far more than I had prepared for.

"Guh!" The force of his powerful attack sent me careening backwards, my body tumbling through space.

I could feel my consciousness slipping away as I struggled to regain control.

~Don't be careless.~ Aether warned me.

Perhaps I had gotten a little carried away. Sure, I had the advantage in power, but that wasn't always what decided fights.

Hadn't I won against people who were stronger than me before? This was no different!

"Alright… let's get even more serious!"

I focused on channelling Aether once more, transforming it into a series of codes. The energy responded, flowing through me and surrounding me in a protective shield.

Once my defence was settled, I decided to focus more on my strongest suit, and not simply brute force.

I had the Arcanas at my disposal, after all.

"[Dimensional Cage], [Collapsing Star], [Exploding Sun], [Grand Black Hole], [Fallen Nebula]." I transcribed the Spells as Aether guided me, flipping through the pages of my book to record them.

>WHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The space around us was twisting and warping, distorting the very fabric of reality. While the effects of the Arcanas couldn't affect the Nether, they could still affect the surrounding area where we fought.

As long as that was possible, not even he could resist the power I unleashed.

"KEUK!" The exploding sun erupted within the Black Hole that swallowed him, and a massive ball of heat crushed his dark body.

He couldn't escape due to the glass-like cube that surrounded him—which I made very dense with the power of Spellcraft.

"The power of this very world rejects you…" My eyes glowed brightly, and every single orb behind me followed suit.

"... You never stood a chance!"

In a last-ditch effort at resistance, the Nether roared, tearing through everything that bound him. He was going through yet another evolution, but that was going to be his demise.

"I don't think so."

Stretching my hand forward, I clasped my fist in mid-air—or rather, space—instantly halting his transformation.

"W-what…?!" The Nether's eyes instantly bulged, feeling a shock course through his body no doubt.

"I have to thank Kuzon for that arrow…" A grin formed on my face as I felt the resonance between my Arcanas and the ones within the Nether.

"Looks like this is the end."

"W-WHAT? HOW? NO WAY! NOOOOOO!!!"

Sending all my Arcanas towards the Nether while projecting [The World] in front of me, I sent the surrounding Aether flying towards the Nether.

First, I had to pierce his body to get rid of his Arcanas.

What better way to do that than to use my own?

>VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!<

The inrush of so much energy nearly overwhelmed me, but I kept pushing. My body began to ache, and I could feel it reaching its limit, but I continued going.

"S-STOP IT! STOOOOOPPPPP!!!"

Finally, with a burst of energy that seemed to come from the very depths of my soul, I unleashed a final, devastating attack.

The Nether was thrown back, his dark form flickering and fading away from the host it inhabited.

As soon as the Nether left the Cult Leader's body, I got to see how emaciated and utterly disgraceful he looked.

His body was barely a bag of bones, and dark marks of corruption pervaded his skin. He looked absolutely miserable, even as his tired eyes stared at me.

"K-kill... Me…" He whispered, feeling the coldness of space course through him in his vulnerable state.

"Of course…" I replied.

I was going to kill him either way.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" The misty form of the Nether roared as it tried to return to the host that stood a few distances from him.

It was too late for him, though.

Using my Arcanas to resonate with the ones in the Cult Leader, I generated the ultimate resonating dissonance.

In essence, an explosion of sheer power.

[SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar](#)
Chapter 798: The Final Dance [Pt 2]

The Nether was just within range.

With him and his host, already trapped within the range of the blast, I planned on completely destroying both of them.

'I'll eliminate the threat once and for all.'

The thought of Karlia flashed through my mind, causing me to hesitate a little. However, I highly doubted this wicked being would be honest with me about her location.

Also, to what end? Why would he even choose to tell me anything?

In the end, it was more detrimental to keep him alive.

'I'm supposed to send him to his dimension, but…' With two versions of the Arcanas present, I didn't simply want the misty Nether to return home unharmed.

I wanted it gone for good.

'I know this is only a portion of it, but if I extinguish him completely, then…'

And it worked!

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO OOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The explosion was very compact—as I tried to ensure that it stayed within a particular range, but at the same time, destroyed my target.

In his misty state, the Nether didn't stand a chance at all.

It consumed him, the Cult Leader, and anything within a few kilometres of the center. Of course, I ensured to keep my distance so that I could watch the magnificent eruption of multicoloured light.

It was beautiful.

"It's over… I win…" I muttered, feeling exhaustion course through me.

My glowing white form dissipated, and I could feel my consciousness slowly drifting. Before I completely fell into an unconscious state, I considered it best to return to my homeworld.

I wouldn't be able to survive here for even a second longer if I became weakened to the point of passing out.

~Lewis… I warned you…~

Upon hearing Aether's dreadful tone, I paused. Her voice sounded very low, and considering how worn out my body was, it was probably my waning connection with her that was to be blamed.

~... You should have gone with the original plan.~

I realized that. However, by destroying every portion of the Nether that managed to leak through, the results were the same. When weighing the two options, I found it unjust that the Nether wouldn't suffer for its acts.

Besides, the plan worked. I ensured I calculated everything, and there was no way the Nether could survive such a powerful explosion.

"Huu…"

My body froze the moment I heard a rough, distorted tone coming from the center of the explosion.

"… I have to thank Ciel for this one."

My eyes bulged, and my tired body shook a little. I was confused, but the creeping fear began to make me terrified.

Out of the dispersing aftereffects of the explosion, emerged the Nether, in a completely new form.

He had a ragged state—like the form of a wild monster. His shabby black hair floated above him, and more purple aura coursed through him.

To be honest, this seemed like a major downgrade, compared to his previous forms, but he still appeared as menacing as ever. In fact, one could say he looked the most monstrous in this new state.

"H-how…?"

'Why isn't he dead? What's with that new form? He shouldn't have that! No way!'

As the Nether cackled, triumphantly emerging from what would have been his end, he didn't pay mind to me, but his current body.

"This is a far more inferior vessel. It's weaker than the last, and it's unstable with no Arcanas. I can only use it as a temporary measure, and I'll have to manage my power so this form doesn't get destroyed…" He muttered.

His tone cracked and warbled, like a broken source of ominous aura. The Nether he emitted was far less than his previous body, but it was still considerably massive.

At the very least, it could still kill me, and everyone else on Earth.

~You were warned, Lewis. You shouldn't have been careless.~ Aether hounded me with the truth of my carelessness, causing my heart to tighten in guilt.

And then fear.

'I messed up.' My eyes bulged.

"Jared Leonard… you almost got me." The Nether finally looked at me, his eyes fiery purple and black.

I shivered at his gaze.

"What will you do now? Not only have you lost the means to stop me, but you're pitifully weak, right now." He cackled in arrogance.

Unfortunately, he was right.

I already destroyed the Arcanas by resonating them with each other and offsetting the balance to create an effective dissonance—causing enough of an explosion to swallow him in it.

Thanks to the absence of the other Arcanas, I couldn't utilize [The World], and I also couldn't recreate all the other Arcanas since I was already so spent. Plus, it did take some time to make everything.

But, I had already calculated all these aftereffects before, and I'd been fine with everything because of my confidence in the Nether's destruction. It had been my sure bet, and I'd thought that I would definitely win.

So, what happened?

'He mentioned thanking Ciel. Did she do something? Damnit!'

Ciel had been planning this for so long. Perhaps she'd had yet another body for the Nether in case of emergencies.

If that was the case, then I was totally screwed.

'What should I do?' Panic spread through my body as the Nether drew closer to me, having a terrifying presence that brought me closer to passing out.

My body could barely move, but I was too frightened to go back to my world and sentence everyone there to death.

"You fool. You messed with me. Now, I'm going to kill you and everyone you love." He moved even closer, excitement all over his twisted face.

This was bad. Even though everyone relied on me… I had still managed to screw things up at the very end.

[SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar](#)
Chapter 799: The Light Of Salvation

Darkness closed in on me; like a predator did to its prey.

Paralyzed with fear, overwhelmed by guilt, and full of exhaustion, all I could do was powerlessly watch as my enemy approached.

I knew for a fact that death would soon follow—and not just for me, but for all of existence.

"Hehehe." The Nether cackled. "I'll be sure to—"

Suddenly, it stopped taunting and moving closer to me. It was just as abrupt as it was shocking. I was surprised by this, but the next statement that came from his crooked lips shocked me even more.

"Y-you… why are you here?"

His eyes were not on me, but something behind me—something that Instilled fear within him.

"You did well, Jared… or should I call you Lewis now?" A familiar voice danced in my ears, and it wasn't until the sound was uttered that I noticed someone was behind me.

'T-this person…' I tried to look behind me, but my body had grown too stiff to listen to my commands.

A hand softly touched my shoulder, instantly spreading warmth and energy through me. I felt this jolt of life course through my body, and I felt good as new—almost as if… everything had been reversed.

My eyes bulged, and I swiftly turned behind me to see the face of my saviour and the source of fear for the Nether.

It was Neron!

"Good work holding on for so long. Apologies for being a little late."

No, in my opinion, he was right on time. Everything had just been about to go into disarray, but I suddenly felt a tinge of relief.

"This reminds me of Ainzlark." I thought aloud.

Back then, even when I failed to defeat Kahn, he came to my rescue. At that time, all I'd felt was relief and comfort that he came to save me and everyone else.

However, currently… I felt a lot of frustration.

'I could have handled it well. Yet, I messed up!'

Unlike my battle with Kahn, I'd truly had the overwhelming advantage in this fight against the Nether. Yet…

"There's no need to blame yourself." Neron's voice echoed in the vast expanse. "I already knew this would happen, anyway."

My eyes widened and at that moment I realized something, I discovered that Neron was far different from what I remembered.

And I meant that literally.

He had flowing white hair, which seemed far more majestic than before, and his pure skin radiated such light and splendour that it made my heart race. His eyes especially drew me in, displaying various colours as he smiled brightly.

He represented such purity that I found it impossible to look away from him.

"You did a wonderful job so far, Jared. You can leave the rest to me."

Thanks to his power, I felt just as powerful as before. Sure, I still didn't have the Arcanas, but I could still fight. However, I decided to listen to him and watch instead.

To my surprise, I no longer felt frustrated by this outcome. Rather, I was curious and trembling with anticipation. A question coursed through my mind as I watched him move from behind me.

'What will he do?'

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'Why is he here? I was assured that he was already dealt with. And he's in that form of his? Damnit!'

The Nether felt a strong sense of dread as he watched the conversation between Neron and Jared.

There was only one reason why the two could freely discuss in his presence—and that was simply due to the power they possessed.

Or, more specifically, the power Neron possessed.

'What should I do now?'

He couldn't run. He couldn't hide. It would be more than foolish to fight.

Should he just give up and try again another time? The Nether was caught between so many emotions, and he felt a very strong sense of frustration.

'But I'm so close already! Closer than I've ever been! This can't be!'

He was a Primordial Entity. The very personification of corruption and chaos. How could he be wary—no, scared—of a mere mortal?

The answer existed in the rewritten future—how this very mortal had vanquished him.

'He's dangerous!'

"What's wrong? Not happy to see me?" Neron's voice suddenly echoed through the air, causing the Nether to shiver even more.

"I would have come out to play with you earlier, but I had to deal with Legris first. It's rather unfortunate, but he managed to catch on quickly and escaped before I could completely destroy his Limbo."

The Nether was well aware of this Legris Damien. He was a special case—something akin to an oddity, even in the Nether Realm.

About a millennium ago, however, this Legris suddenly vanished, removing all traces of his existence from his tree.

And it wasn't just one branch. No, all the Legrises in his infinite branches disappeared.

'He defeated Legris…' The Nether shuddered even more.

"Now that things have reached the climax, why don't we finish this?" Neron smiled, the power within him rising as he spoke.

The question of what Neron was going to do assailed him. If it was to destroy him, the Nether was sure that this weakened form of himself wouldn't cause Neron a bit of trouble to destroy.

If that was the case, however, wouldn't he have done so already?

"What are you planning?' The Nether asked.

"You'll see." He simply replied. "First, the preparations."

With a snap of his fingers, he caused three bright sparks of light to appear around him. His grin grew wider and his eyes gleamed with delight.

"I've missed you three."

The bright sparks of light hummed, and they all fused with him once more, causing a massive change to occur within him instantly.

"You… why are you going this far?" The Nether asked in a trembling tone.

The brilliance of Neron's light swarmed the vast space and the pressure outmatched anything anyone had been able to display thus far.

"Why are you using three Constellations at once?"

[SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar](#)
Chapter 800: The Grand Idea

Constellations were the most powerful of Familiars.

There exists a cadre of Familiars; ranging from The Common Grade, The Noble Grade, The Imperial Grade, The Fable Grade, The Legendary Grade, and The Transcendent Grade.

Out of all these grades, Constellations were the only ones in the Transcendent Grade.

The Phoenixes who were known to be the most powerful in the world were in the highest level of the Legendary Grade and the Transcendent grade was often mistakenly attributed to them.

True Transcendent Grades, however, existed beyond the bounds of the world. They existed beyond the reaches of space and were spread across the universe.

The myths were made up of twelve Constellations, though it was unknown if they really existed. However, if they did…

… Then they would be among the most powerful beings ever to exist.

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Yet, Neron possessed three of them.

Utilizing Grand Fusion Mode, he harnessed their power and transformed his already-perfect state into an even better one.

"Libra. Sagittarius. Capricorn." He whispered as he ascended to a new form.

He now had flowing white apparel, with what appeared to be a scale floating on his right shoulder, an arrow on his left one, and a majestic incorporeal clock behind him.

His white hair grew even longer and a strange design appeared on his face, around his eyes and on his forehead, resembling a universal concept that defined explanation.

Finally, in front of him appeared a concept similar to a small universe. It was woven to resemble an orb, but it literally depicted the cosmos, galaxies, and innumerable stars within it.

"Do you know what happens when you have so much power? Who am I kidding, you definitely do..." Neron began, smiling at the paralyzed Nether.

"To be honest, even with this power, I wouldn't stand a chance against your complete form, in your realm, now would I? Fortunately, the conditions are just perfect here."

The universe before him slowly began to warble and move—the stars shifting.

"Not only are you mortal here, so long as the right conditions are established, you are also subject to certain laws. In your previous body, the Arcanas negated the effect of Law, but in this state of yours, you're more than vulnerable."

Perhaps it was Neron's intention for Jared to fail all along. After all, that would place the enemy in a body that had more weaknesses than the one before it.

But to what end?

"Even now, without [The World] connecting you to your world, you should still be able to resonate with it. Also, your original body still has a connection with this one."

"What do you plan to do about it?" The Nether's eyes narrowed on Neron, cautiously planning what he would do based on the response given.

"Just as you destroyed all of Jared's Souls based on this resonating link, I plan on finally eliminating you. Jared is right, after all. You're too much of a threat to simply seal you away until the next event, and the event after that."

The Nether would somehow find a way to return—perhaps not in their generation, but in another one. Or what if he chose another timeline?

As long as his threat hovered above their world, he was more than an active danger. Thus, the best method would be to destroy him.

But how?

"That's impossible. I existed before even time began. You can't destroy me. Doing so would mean collapsing the whole Nether Tree, and—"

"The Tree sprouts from the Root, which originates from Origin, where 'All Things' lie. You are simply a supervisor, created from Origin to monitor and prune your world as you see fit. Your end will be of little consequence to the continuing of the Nether Realm."

"Tch. It's still impossible! I cannot be destroyed. I exist beyond the bounds of—"

Neron sighed loudly, interrupting Nether's angry rant. It wasn't quite clear who the Nether was trying to convince—Neron, or himself.

"Your main self is currently incorporeal—similar to a Soul. That is why you require an active agent to act beyond the realm of the Root. If I hijack this body of yours and use that Resonance against your defenceless soul, what do you think will happen?"

"You can't destroy me!"

"I can't truly. However, I wasn't really going to. You are a primordial entity that has existed since time was founded."

"E-exactly! I am—"

"Why don't I simply return you to the state before that?" Neron grinned wider.

An air of unease followed his statement and dead silence took over.

"Time began to exist at a point. That coincides with when the world BEGAN, and you BEGAN to exist in a reality with time. What if I returned you to whatever form you were in before time, and ensure you never have a place in a temporal reality?"

It was a complicated venture. Too ambitious for a mere human to propose. The dawn of time marked the very start of everything that existed.

The Planck Time.

If Neron was going to undertake this task, he would need to return to a specific point in time, kick the Nether out of it, and shut the doors within a Planck time, thus technically destroying the Primordial entity from everything that existed simply by ensuring it never did, to begin with.

Unfortunately, this task…

"It's impossible! You don't have enough energy for that! No one does!"

The amount of time Neron would need to bypass was something no mortal could ever attain. It defied the laws of the world! Not even Aether could grant him such power because his body wouldn't be able to handle it.

Besides, doing that would mean he could even destroy Aether if he wanted. That was too dangerous a power for any one person to possess.

"Haven't you heard the popular saying? Magic exists to make the impossible possible." Neron smiled, turning back to look at the blond-haired boy who was watching him intently.

"You're going to want to check this out, Jared. It should be fun."