

SPELLCRAFT 831

SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

Chapter 831: The Loli's Dream

"I couldn't evacuate until I had taken all of my equipment with me. B-but by the time I was ready, everyone else was gone..."

Ana told me the funny story of how she had been left behind by her coworkers—many of whom were most likely her subordinates.

In a huge factory like this, there were bound to be many ground workers, and then there were the superiors who handled the more complex matters. The fact that she had her own workshop, as well as projects that she had deemed worth saving... That meant she was someone pretty high up.

'She'll be useful.' I smiled to myself.

"I-I'll do anything! Please just spare me. I... I have a dream I must attain at all costs..."

People would say anything to escape harm—especially something as grave as death. Ana could easily tell me anything to prevent me from killing her.

Still... I wanted to hear what this dream was.

"Tell me your dream."

"W-wha... uwaaa... I can't..." She covered her face, blushing even harder than ever before.

Why was she blushing when she was in danger? Was she really feeling embarrassed in such a tense moment? It had been a while since I had seen my world's Ana get flustered like this around me.

She seemed all grown up now.

'Well, except when she's with Kuzon. Those two act like children all the time.' I nearly sighed.

This whole thing just reminded me of how much I missed my old world, and how concerned I was about the ones I got separated from.

"Speak." I deepened my voice in order to pressure Ana to reveal her dreams.

I didn't have all day and neither did she.

"W-well... I..." Her expression slowly started to fall. The cute and flustered Ana slowly vanished, and her bright blue eyes darkened very fast.

"I... want to have revenge. My parents and eleven siblings were all killed thanks to Jared Leonard. He took everything from the Fredericks, just because we never sided with his cause. He made my family an example to everyone else who thought of rebelling." Her tone was sullen, and I could feel my heart twisting just from hearing that.

"I wasn't home when it happened. I had to change my identity and my name. You called me Anabelle, but my new name is Liliana. Anabelle is the name I discarded, just so I could blend in and stop this monster." She clenched her fist, and I could see the frustration on her face.

Using Magic, I could also see that she was telling the truth. It was both sad and relieving, to hear her story. It turned out Ana wasn't a bad person here.

Still, something bothered me about the entire narrative.

"Didn't you look up to Lewis Griffith's exploits?" I asked, rubbing my chin.

"H-how do you know that?" Her cute eyes widened in response to my words. "I... never told anyone."

"I just do." That was my response.

As someone with a higher position of power, I didn't have to answer her question. Besides, if she ended up being an ally, she would eventually find out the truth about me.

"I indeed admired Lewis Griffith. It wasn't for his malevolent acts, though. I admired his Magic Genius, and so I began applying myself ever since I was young. Using everything, from knowledge to the practical use of Magic... I strived to reach his level."

So, in this world, Ana actually started using Magic at a young age. That was a relief to hear.

"But, after his return... when Jared Leonard's army killed my family and he proclaimed himself the reincarnation of Lewis Griffith... I was appalled."

It seemed Ana didn't know too much about the atrocities that Lewis Griffith committed in his past life. She probably didn't know about the Demon extermination incident and the fact that this world's Lewis intentionally caused the extermination of two entire races.

It took the death of her entire family to despise him.

"What of the Helmsworths? The Netherlores? The Crimsons? What happened to the other Noble Households?"

If perhaps they had rebelled or joined his side, I could find a way to sift through the people I knew, and the people that would mean trouble.

"Jared Leonard collapsed the entire nobility. The Netherlores fiercely stood against his rise to power, especially after he took over Ainzlark, but they were met with destruction. The other three major Noble Households joined forces and went up against Jared, but they all suffered the same fate."

As it turned out, this world's version of me was so brutal that he even killed his new parents with his own hands.

'What in the world...?'

I was already beyond stupified. However, I couldn't show Ana how flustered I was.

"Well, I believe you. I choose to believe you, Ana." I moved closer to her, patting her head. "Don't worry, I won't kill you."

A smile formed on my face as I watched her blush and nod gently. She really was incurably cute.

"In any case, we should get out of here." Drawing her little frame to myself, I carried her in my arms.

'She's lighter than I expected. Has she been eating well?' I asked myself.

My world's Anabelle was definitely heavier. Or... perhaps, was she just eating too much? Ah, this whole thing confused me every single time.

"W-where are we going?" Ana shrieked, asking me with a flustered face. Honestly, just watching her act this way was well worth it.

"To the Outgroup. Surely, you've heard of them."

"Y-yes. An elite, mysterious force that fights against injustice and for the sake of the people. B-but no one knows where... no... don't tell me... you're one of them?!"

Well, I wouldn't exactly call myself an Outer. However, Ana was blushing so hard already, and I could see glimmers of stars in her eyes.

How could I let her down now?

"That's right. I am an Outer." I smiled wryly.

"Whoah!!! That's so cooooo—"

Before she could say any more, I accelerated my body with Light Magic, coating the both of us in Aether.

>WHOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!<

In no time, we were out of there.

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Chapter 832: The Outgroup Discourse

Silence permeated the dimly lit room as Neron and his allies sat.

The lounge was a place they often sat down to discuss random ideas, or even silly ones. It was the one place in their invisible fort that was notorious for the amount of noise that leaked out if it, yet today... this place was quiet.

Each member of the Outgroup sat on a comfy sofa—courtesy of Magic and Engineering—and they either looked too stunned to say anything, or too conflicted about where to begin.

Ciel wasn't present, though. After teleporting the whole team, she was too exhausted to move, so she was taken into her room to rest.

All that was left were the rest of the team members, and none of them was speaking. This threatened to go on forever. However—

"I would like to apologize, everyone. I put your lives in danger, despite thinking I had everything planned out. I really am sorry."

Neron was the first to speak, rising to his feet and bowing his head before every other member. He had a genuine expression to show how sorry he was, and his tone proved it too.

Everyone either watched him with stunned reactions, or understanding ones.

"Neron, it's fine. I don't think any of us could have expected that outcome." The first to speak was, of course, Karlia.

It was expected that she would support him, though her tone sounded a little off. It was clear that she was angry... even though she said it was fine.

"Karlia is right. Something must have happened that caused such a drastic shift in their security." Beruel added, rubbing his chin as he considered the options.

Back when he ruled, Beruel was known as 'The Wise King.' This was due to the fairness he displayed to his people, as well as the policies he enacted.

He had to consider the strategy a ruler would utilize, especially when that ruler was Jared.

"Agreed, Beruel. It must have been a new policy from Jared." Vaizer added.

He too was revered among his people back when he was king—though it wasn't due to wisdom or anything of the sort. For Beastfolk, strength was everything.

The moment he lost to Gerard, he had forfeited that right. He would have gladly stepped down had it not been for Gerard's affiliation with Jared—or rather, his subordination to him.

As a result of his weakness as former king, his entire race was subject to such a tyrannical monster. That was why Vaizer knew Jared's twisted wisdom when it came to leadership.

"Hmm, could it be something we didn't notice? We've been more concerned about this raid for some time now. I believe there could be some things going on behind the scenes." Kido added.

He was his brother's counsel many times, so he was adept at giving insightful comments on matters like this.

No matter how one looked at it, the plan was perfect. Neron wasn't at fault.

"They could have developed new Magic Technology to detect us sooner. Perhaps they already prepared for our assault..."

None of them even suspected the existence of a mole among them. No, that would be absurd. They were family. None of them had that capacity.

"Maybe it has to do with the other world Jared's return." Stefan suddenly blurted out, causing everyone to look in his direction.

He looked nervous at first, but after a pat from Reed Sterling, and an understanding nod from Neron, he proceeded to divulge his thoughts.

"I was studying, back in Ainzlark, about the Cosmological Variance Theory. It's a long experience, but it seems this world has its variables and constants, which won't be interfered with unless an external source acts on it. If that happens..."

"... The Variables will shift." Neron completed Stefan's words for him, smiling at the young boy for bringing out something so insightful.

Not even the adults had thought of that.

'He really is a genius—not only in Magic, but also in study. It would be nice to see how far you can go.'

It all added up to Neron now. Everything about the absurdity of their recent experience became unraveled.

"They must have tightened security and focused more on their defenses than ever before. Who would have thought they would cease attacking the Midas region and halt their expansion. Even Gawain was dispatched, which means the situation is grim."

At this point, Neron had to subscribe to Stefan's opinions.

"Stefan is right. Jared's sudden appearance in this reality is what caused the active caution of the enemy camp."

"I knew that kid was trouble." Karlia gritted her teeth and frowned, while folding her arms in anger.

"Relax, Karlia. He saved our lives." Neron sighed. "And in the most absurd way too."

"Finally! Are we finally going to talk about that?!" Edward jumped from where he was partially asleep on the sofa, his eyes now beaming with excitement.

It was understandable, since he must have been exhausted from the fight, so no one had disturbed him. Who would have thought that he was waiting for everyone to talk about the new Jared.

"To think we thought that we could take him on..." Beruel whispered, shivering a little.

"Did you see how he easily beat Gawain like he was nothing?"

"That last spell he used, just before he vanished... do you think he was able to wipe out the rest?"

"Based on that unbelievable intensity, I would say so!"

"Simply astounding!"

Everyone was beaming with such surprise and wonder that most of them forgot the peril they had been in just moments ago. This gave Neron the perfect opportunity to talk to Karlia.

"I know you're angry at me, Karlia. I know you didn't want me to die back then, or to leave you alone. I broke my promise to you... that I would always remain by your side." He knelt as he spoke to her.

Their eyes connected, and tears began to fall from the Succubus's angry face.

"Y-you..." Her voice was shaky, but her frown easily melted to that of sadness and then devolved into a purely teary baby.

"Y-you... never do that again!" She hit his chest, crying some more.

Neron understood her frustration, and the overwhelming emotion she was feeling.

After losing her family to Jared's evil plan, this group was all she had left. Neron was the anchor that kept her here, and his death would devastate her.

He knew that ver well, yet he told her to live on without him.

'In the end, I was just being selfish...'

Her tears soaked his shoulder, and as she cried loudly, her voice echoed into the noisy room. Even with the sound of the other Outers chatting in the backdrop, Neron and Karlia had their intimate moment.

Everyone knew better than to interrupt them or pay any attention. They simply focused on the amazing sight they had experienced... wondering just how powerful this new Jared was.

However, there was still a prevalent thought on their mind.

Even with all that power... was he a match for the threat that plagued their own world? Could this newcomer beat the horrific existence born in their world?

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Chapter 833: Back To Base

"I'm back, guys!"

Appearing within the lounge area, where I had sensed all the Outgroup Members, I declared my presence to everyone present.

It seemed that they had been engaged in a lively discussion moments earlier. Their odd stances and the noise they were generating when I initially appeared in the room proved that.

However, immediately after I appeared they all turned silent and froze.

"U-um...?"

Their eyes were on me for a moment, but they quickly moved in the direction of the girl beside me. The blonde with a child-like body.

"Ja... I mean, who is that?" Neron was the first to break the uncomfortable silence in the room.

I was still in his disguise, so Neron must have thought it was most appropriate not to reveal my name yet. That was a smart call.

He, as well as the other Outers, however, looked very anxious about my sudden appearance in the room. I suspected two reasons for their reaction.

One was my display of power mere moments earlier. I must have shocked them with my level of power—though, to be fair, I was the one who was more shocked by their lack of it.

The second reason—which I felt was the most pertinent at this point—was the fact that I had a stranger with me as I casually entered the base.

Based on the properties of the Outgroup's base, it had no way in or out. No doors or windows existed in the entire fort. It was also invisible and imperceivable from the outside. That was most likely how they had been able to avoid detection for so long.

Even the Outers teleported to their destination when they wanted to leave, and they teleported back—using their predetermined coordinates. Plus, this area was chock-full of different Magic Effects.

One of them was Time Magic.

'I noticed it more when I awakened my Aether Core. This place slows down time, doesn't it?'

If I had to guess, I'd say the ratio was about 3:1. For every three hours spent here, only one would pass in the outside world. It wasn't the best, but at least that gave them more time to prepare and practice.

It was fair enough.

In any case, since I couldn't teleport—thanks to my Arcanas which are currently out of commission—I had to resort to the next best thing.

[Phasing Magic].

I could already detect them, thanks to my Nano Automatons. Thus, it ensured that I wouldn't mistake their location for another. Once I had pinpointed their position and neared it, I activated [Phasing Magic] for both me and Ana.

'If I was the only one, I could have used my Original Magic to activate Damien Lawcroft's Magic.' That way, I would simply trade places with one of my Nano Automatons.

However, with Ana by my side, I had to resort to this.

"I understand your apprehension, but, please hear me out." I raised my hand in surrender, trying to show them that their apprehension was unnecessary.

At this point, I knew I could best most of them in Magic Combat. Not only were they weakened, thanks to their earlier mission, but their expressions proved just how amazed they were at my display of power earlier.

I could show them even more.

'But, we're at their base, so I'm sure they have many defensive measures and arrays in case it becomes necessary to fight.'

I was going off-track in my thoughts, though.

Currently, there was no need to fight or anything. I was on their side. Hopefully, Neron would be able to understand that.

"That girl's lab coat has the insignia of Jared's empire on it. The uniform she has under the labcoat is also the staple wear for the workers at the factory we just attacked." Neron added, obviously refusing to back down so easily.

"I appreciate the fact that you saved our lives. Words cannot express that. I am also glad that you are well. However, bringing a member of Jared's empire to this place is..."

Neron drew closer to me, his intimidatingly taller physique daunted me a little. I could feel the pressure exuding from his naturally charismatic aura.

'Haa... let's hear it.' I waited for him to chew me out.

"... Simply amazing! This is astounding!" Neron suddenly beamed, causing me to doubt if I had heard him right.

'E-eh?'

He placed his hands on my shoulder, grabbing them with such energy and vigour that I felt they would fall off.

"We've been trying to capture one of them for so long now, yet you got one. That's awesome!" He appeared genuinely happy, which was totally unexpected.

It wasn't just him, though. The other members of the Outgroup looked pleasantly surprised. It almost felt like I had brought a gift for all of them to enjoy.

"W-well, haha. You're... welcome?"

I didn't know they were searching for a hostage. Now that I considered it, though, that was a good idea. Hostages, especially compliant ones, were very useful.

In fact, one of the reasons I brought Ana with me was because she could divulge the information I wanted. It must have been the same for the Outgroup.

"How did you do it, though? We were sure they had all evacuated." Neron's excitement nearly caused me to start laughing stupidly as well, though I controlled myself.

It reminded me of how my world's Neron and I often joked about many things—Magic included. We even talked about our past lives often after the three months.

Despite what I initially thought, Neron and I had almost nothing in common. We were polar opposites in many areas—though, of course, there were a few things we shared.

And even that was mostly affiliations with people.

'I guess I didn't really know the true Neron until he got his memories back.' Brushing aside my thoughts about my world, I explained how and where I found Ana.

As expected, everyone was impressed with how I was able to find the place—and also how Ana, despite her small frame, had a workshop all to herself.

"So, you actually managed to get an executive staff of the factory? That's beyond amazing!"

Neron shared my sentiment as well. Having a higher-up was far more useful than simply capturing a footsoldier.

"U-um..." Ana's voice suddenly interrupted our conversation. "... I'm not an executive staff or anything like that..."

What was she talking about? Did that mean she was in an even higher position? I didn't want to overestimate her capabilities in this world, so I assumed she was simply of a high rank.

But, with what she was saying...

"Your workshop appeared small, though. Or was that just one of your workshops? Then that makes sense..."

It was possible that the place I found her was simply where she kept her secret stash. If that was the case, then it was possible that Ana was even more impressive than I gave her credit for.

How impressive, though? I was about to find out.

"I'm... I'm... I'm just an ordinary factory worker!"

For a moment, Ana's voice did not properly register in my head. It appeared to be the same for Neron.

However, the moment we heard this, both of us widened our eyes at Ana at the same time.

"WHAT?!"

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Chapter 834: Unraveled Disguise

Okay... I hadn't expected this.

As I looked at Ana's face in shock, she fidgeted uncomfortably, blushing and looking hesitantly at the ground.

Could she sense my surprise? My disappointment?

"B-but, you had a workshop, right?" There was no way a workshop would be given to an ordinary factory worker.

Unless...

"I made the workshop myself. It's a secret one too. No one has ever found me there... except you." Her tone became softer as she kept speaking. "I collected scraps and parts disposed of by the factory to develop my tools. Sometimes, I stole some of our raw materials..."

So that was how she had been able to achieve it. It seemed I had assumed too much.

"When we got the alarm that we were being attacked, I couldn't just leave everything I had worked for behind. I thought I could quickly retrieve them, but..."

The backpack Ana carried behind her was where all of her items were. She must have used some form of Structure Alteration Magic to reduce the size. I remembered the Dragon King had one of such Magic—though, his was probably more advanced.

"I see. I understand, then." I smiled, drawing closer to her.

She tightly shut her eyes while clenching her fist in turn. I wondered if she felt I would be disappointed by the sudden revelation.

'I mean, I am a little disappointed, but...' Ana wasn't completely useless yet.

"The fact that you could make amazing inventions from scraps further proves your value. You should be proud, Ana." I patted her head once more, gazing warmly into her eyes.

Looking at how cute she was, and how she responded with a nod, I grew nostalgic. Honestly, I had missed Ana's cute days.

"In any case, it's time to get rid of my disguise. There's no longer any reason to keep it on."

"I was beginning to wonder when you would." Neron replied with a light chuckle.

In any case, the moment of truth was at hand for Ana. I just hoped she wouldn't freak out too much.

My blue hair faded into yellow and my facial structure reverted to its original—more handsome—form. Yes, my original 'Jared' look was definitely superior in terms of looks.

As a light mist rose from me, the transformation was undone, and I was back to my original form. The first person I glanced at was Ana, trying to confirm if she was alright.

"J-J-J.... L-Lord... J-Jared?!"

As expected, she wasn't!

Sweat broke out all over her face and her bulging eyes were filled with fear and stifled rage. As I watched all the colour drain away from her face, I decided to quickly resolve the misunderstanding.

"F-forgive me, Lord Jared! I honestly did not mean any of the things I said earlier. That story was false. I... I am your loyal servant. P-p-p-please, spare my lifeeee!"

Ah, wasn't it a bit too late for that, though?

'At this point, she must be thinking something along the lines of this being a test of some sort.' Ana was very calculating, so I expected this much from her.

She would probably think of ways to guarantee her escape and would operate on the assumption that I wouldn't believe her anyway.

'It would have been fun to tease her some more, but there's no time for that.'

"Ana, relax. I'm not the Jared you know." I sighed. "I mean, why would the Jared of this world be working with the Outgroup."

This had to be the first time, but Ana's bright eyes widened as she looked around her—seeing all the Outers that were presently occupying the lounge.

I had no idea if she didn't notice earlier, but... her face suddenly lit up in surprise.

"T-that's true. B-but wait... what do you mean by the 'Jared of this world'?!"

It was time to explain this again. Fortunately, I had Magic which could just relay the information I wanted to her without much effort on my part.

'This shouldn't take too long.'

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"A-ah, I see..." After experiencing layers upon layers of my memories, Ana must have already gotten the gist of everything.

Of course, I only showed her the parts relevant to the discourse, so she didn't know much else about me.

"I-I'm sorry for doubting you." She muttered.

"It's fine. I understand why you would react like that."

At this juncture, with the Outgroup already aware of my capabilities and with Ana already up to speed about the gist of the situation, it was time to bring up the true reason I brought her into the fold.

Fortunately, based on all I had seen, that reason was still valid.

"Ana was a brilliant Magic Scholar in my original world. She developed countless devices, discovered a new energy source, and defeated many people who were stronger than she was. She was the perfect culmination of Skill and Knowledge." I looked at this world's Ana with a smile plastered on my face.

"You haven't changed in that regard, even in this world. That is why I want to suggest making Ana a member of the Outgroup."

Not only did she have a good motive for wanting Jared gone, but she was also very skilful. Besides, I sort of didn't want to let her out of my sight—both for practical and conventional reasons.

'I still don't understand how this world's mechanics work. Technology, Magic... almost everything here is a mystery. Having her around should make it easier for me.'

Of course, with Neron and the others here, I could most likely make do without her. That was why this was most probably more personal than practical.

'Then again, wouldn't Neron be busy? It's still a mix between the two. Ah, but if Ana joins the Outgroup, she'll be busy too.'

I finally decided to cease my mental back and forth. The decision was not mine to make, it was the Outgroup's.

And so, as I looked at Neron, casting my gaze on everyone as well, I hoped they would make the right call.

'I don't know what I'll do if they don't.'

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Chapter 835: Invitation

"She's been able to achieve a lot by collecting scraps, while also working as a regular factory worker." I said, attempting to convince the Outers of my opinion.

'This is just a guess, but the reason she didn't ascend to a higher position is most likely because she was hiding her skills, and she was slacking off in her main duties.'

Ana's focus must have been constantly divided between work and her personal 'activities', yet she balanced both pretty well. That was plenty impressive.

"She also has a motive. Besides, you guys are understaffed. It wouldn't hurt to have an extra hand on deck."

"But she's just a child. We're not desperate enough to start involving kids." Stefan suddenly burst out.

His face appeared very concerned, and I could tell that he was worried about Ana.

"The Outgroup faces death in every mission. It's never a piece of cake. We're not going to endanger a child just so—"

"I... I... I'm sixteen, for crying out loud!" Ana's voice suddenly peaked above Stefan's, causing everyone to let out shocked gasps.

Their jaws dropped, and their faces were very comedic to watch. Even Stefan, who had been advocating for her safety, froze in place.

"F-for real?" He muttered, still unable to recover from his shock.

"Yes! And by your own standards, aren't you pretty young too? You don't look any older than me."

Stefan would be the same age as Ana, if I wasn't mistaken. In essence, if Stefan could join the Outgroup as a legal adult... so could Ana.

"Hold on, didn't Stefan join since Ainzlark's collapse?" I asked, a little confused.

"No. He only recently joined when he became an adult. Before then, he was training and practising his Magic." Neron answered.

"Ah, I see. But what of Ciel? Isn't she a—"

"You know very well that Lady Ciel is an exception." Neron snapped, falling for my bait. After his response, he realized how I was pulling his legs, and we both smiled.

"In any case, the decision is up to you. Is that fine, Stefan?" I glanced at the slightly blushing boy.

Ana was also looking at him, so he must have felt a little embarrassed.

"Y-yeah, it's fine. I apologize for making assumptions about your age. That was very presumptuous of me."

I wouldn't exactly fault Stefan for arriving at that conclusion. I mean... anyone would pretty much think the same thing if they looked at Ana. Still, it was pretty cool how he apologized politely.

"It's fine. I get that a lot, so I'm not bothered. Thanks for worrying about me, though." Ana gave Stefan a bright smile, to which he responded with a hard blush.

I kinda felt happy for the boy. Now he had someone his age to whom he could talk to.

"Well, this decision is a very important one. We'd like to have some privacy to decide." Even though Neron was the leader, it seemed he ran a democratic administration.

This would make the process slower, compared to autocracy, but I could understand the appeal. Everyone trusted Neron's decisions, and he trusted them as well.

'It's not that bad.' I smiled, wondering if I could have found better ways to lead my team—whether against the Demons or the Nether Cult.

"We'll be going to the other room to discuss. Make yourselves comfortable here in the meantime."

"Fair enough." I smiled, watching as the Outers exited the lounge to go into the Strategy Room, most likely.

I still had my Automatons on them, and I could most likely eavesdrop on their conversation. But why bother? It didn't really matter.

'I also trust Neron's decisions.'

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After what seemed like barely five minutes, the group returned.

'That's fast.' I thought to myself.

Perhaps the Strategy Room had a greater Time Magic ratio than the other rooms. Or maybe they were quick in making their decision. Either way, I wanted to hear the verdict.

"We've decided that I will take her under my wing. Ana is very good with crafting devices, correct?" Neron glanced at her, causing both her and me to nod.

"We badly need technical support on the team. Currently, I'm the only one with that level of skill. Beruel knows a bit, but his speciality is Magic. It's a bit too much designing equipment and managing resources alone."

Ah, I see. Just how hard was Neron pushing himself every day?

Not only was he the leader, but he was also their mechanic and developer. He was the strategist as well, and he even engaged in combat with the rest of the team.

'He's spreading himself too thin. I'm sure this will be affecting some of his research and designs.'

It was one more reason why the team needed Ana.

"If you're interested, we can learn from each other and grow. Since you must have some ideas I do not possess, and vice versa, we can grow together and make sure that the world benefits as well. What do you say?"

Ana must have been completely caught off-guard by Neron's words because she suddenly froze. Before long, her body trembled, and tears began to fall from her eyes. Her wide eyes glistened like the sun shining on the surface of the sea, and her cheeks took on a light shade of pink.

It was both a marvellous and emotional sight.

"I... I wouldn't want it any other way." She sniffled, trying her best to compose herself into forming a smile. "Thank you for the opportunity."

Neron smiled and nodded at her. Not long after, though, he cast his gaze upon me.

"Jared, we also had a discussion about you."

I expected that to have happened eventually. It was a good thing he was getting to the point instead of beating around the bush.

"First, though, I would like to ask you what you plan on doing now. Based on your reply, I'll consider what to say next."

My lips curled up to form a grin before I finally revealed my intentions.

"I will simply do whatever I can to help this world, while also striving to return home. That is my goal."

Neron nodded slightly, his smile unchanging. "That's good enough for me."

The Outers also nodded, smiling in their respective ways. Even this world's Karlia, who seemed to hate me the most, wasn't scowling or staring daggers at me.

That was a good thing, right?

"We would like to invite you to join us as an Outer. What do you say?" Neron spoke, stretching his hand towards me for a handshake.

"Our world really needs you. Will you help us?"

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Chapter 836: Conditional Agreement

Deafening silence echoed in the lounge as Neron stretched out his hand to make his offer.

I stayed silent, almost as though in silent contemplation. However, even before he said anything, my mind had already been made up. Surely, he must have noticed it as well...

"Watching all of you right now... being unable to even scratch the surface of your full potential... It's honestly hard to watch. How can the Martial Blade God be this weak? How basic are his Martial Arts? And the rest of you; how come you haven't developed more techniques or grown any further than this?"

I wasn't particularly talking to anyone, but I could sense some uncomfortable fidgeting among my audience.

'Honestly, it's insulting, almost like a bad joke, seeing them like this. We risked everything to stop the Nether Cult, yet this group poses very little threat here. And the worst part is that they're the good guys.'

Perhaps if they were stronger, I would have simply focused on using them to achieve my goals. Unfortunately, it seemed they needed my help even more than I needed theirs.

'Other than Ciel and Neron, I don't think I can benefit much from the rest. Then again...' A smile formed on my face.

'I think I just want to help them out.'

"I'll join your group on one condition," I said, my eyes brimming with enough confidence to cause even more fidgeting in the seats by everyone present.

'I'll need to observe how Magic Technology and other things have developed in this world. I'll also need to learn Spell Formulas from Scratch. Ciel will have to guide me on that. I need to learn how to acclimate the Arcana Spells that are in my Original Magic to this place.'

Learning things from scratch, how fun...

"What is your condition?" Neron finally asked me.

"It's simple. I want to be placed in charge of training."

Currently, the Outers were too weak. But, that could be fixed. As long as I taught them what I knew and shared some of my techniques with them, they were going to be fine.

"It's for your own good." I smiled at everyone around me.

"I see. So we're that weak, huh?" Sadness crept up on Neron's face for a short while, but it quickly vanished.

"I'll need to discuss this with Ciel, but I personally agree with your condition. If it will make us stronger, then I am more than willing."

I reached out my hand to his outstretched one, finally shaking him. "Glad to hear it. Let's do our best together."

'I'll need to spend more time with Ciel, trying to figure out how to sync my Arcanas with this world's system. I'll also need to train everyone here. Finally, I'll need to work on my Aether Cores.'

I was finally about to fully form my second one. Just a tad bit more concentration and I would achieve it.

"There's a lot of work to be done, and very limited time." I said. "My presence here must have alerted this world's Jared, so they'll probably be on high alert. As a result, it's possible that they'll be very cautious at first. We'll use that to our advantage and train as hard as possible during that period."

Going out on missions now was risky. As much as I wanted to test the waters, I had to be careful. If the Jared of this world was working together with Merlin in order to tap into Nether, my extremely frugal Aether wouldn't stand a chance.

"I say we do some intensive training here for three months. That's the barest minimum. Thanks to the Time Ratio that's going on here, only one month would have elapsed in the real world, am I right?"

"You know about the Time Ratio too? Amazing..." Neron appeared genuinely surprised, but that only served to raise his opinion of me.

"Ciel helped set it up, right?"

"Yes. She has access to Ancient Magic and her connection to this world—while extremely limited now—allows us to achieve certain law-bending effects."

'That must be this world's definition of Arcanas.' I smiled to myself. As expected, Ciel was the key I needed.

"It's going to be a hectic couple of months. I hope you're all prepared." A wide, intimidating smile spread on my face.

Many shivered at the sight of it. After all, they had seen the kind of power I wielded. However, I could also notice the level of excitement written on their faces. They wanted to grow.

"W-will we be able to use powerful spells like you after the three months? Is it really possible to grow that fast?" Stefan asked with a puzzled, yet eager expression.

Even as a genius in this world, he must have realized the limits of growth that every person had. How could he advance so quickly?

'I'm sure everyone is curious about it too... how they can develop very fast.'

Without speeding things up any further with my [Hermit] Arcana, this was as far as we could go. Even in my own world, reaching the level I desired for them within a mere span of three months was asking for too much.

But, it wasn't impossible.

"I'm going to teach you all a special technique. It will serve as your ultimate weapon—your trump card!"

The time had finally come to pass on my most guarded secret. I would have preferred another method, but for their quick growth and this world's survival, I was going to do it.

"You all will be the first to learn it, so be grateful. I haven't even taught this to those in my original world yet."

I couldn't use it yet since I hadn't synced with the signature of this world's energy, but it would be easier for them to get the hang of it. Perhaps watching how they did it would help me out in harnessing the power as well.

"I'm going to teach you Spellcraft. With it, you'll be invincible."

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

Chapter 837: The Boy Who Desired Magic

Within the depths of a massive castle that stood tall in the Eastern Kingdom's Capital, now known as the heart of Jared's domain, the vast throne room rang with silence.

No one was present there, save for the young man who sat on his throne.

At first glance, it would seem as though he was sleeping, thanks to the way he drooped his head, resting it on his hand while sitting on the golden throne. However, upon closer inspection, his lips could be seen to be moving.

Was he talking to himself? No... there was someone else present.

Or rather, something else.

"Even now... I can't forget how we met." The young man whispered, not bothering to look at the ghost that hovered beside him.

"If it hadn't been for you back then..."

The young man on the throne, Jared Leonard, was recollecting his miserable past—back when he had been the poor Inept called Lewis Griffith.

He had always loved Magic since he was little, and watching others perform it fuelled his desire to one day utilize Spells himself. He read all manner of books provided for in their little town and he impatiently awaited the time when he would Awaken.

"You can do it, Lewis."

"You're our joy."

His parents had encouraged him every step of the way, and they had supported him in his journey to become the greatest Grand Mage in the Eastern Kingdom—no, ultimately the world.

Unfortunately...

"It appears Lewis is Inept. He won't be able to form any Mana Core or use Magic. I truly apologize, but your son... will never be able to become a Mage."

Those words remained etched in his soul and even now the mere thought of that day stung his heart.

The trauma from the revelation caused him to remain silent, unable to utter a single word. His dreams had been shattered, and his hopes had been dashed like they were nothing.

Nothing made sense anymore, and at that point—when he had been at his lowest—he looked up to his parents for their support.

"What? Are you serious? Then why have we been feeding you all this time? Why did we bother raising a deadbeat?!" His mother had said.

"If only you'd had more children for me! Curse your womb, woman. How will I be able to revive the Griffith name if your seed is inept!" His father had replied.

Apparently, he had been born into the lineage of a fallen noble family. The Griffiths suddenly lost their ability to use Magic, thus they were excommunicated from the Noble Hierarchy. Since they were mere Viscounts, no one cared for their little family.

Still, the Griffiths never gave up. They kept trying, for generations, to revive their fallen family and reclaim their place in the social hierarchy.

What they needed wasn't merely a Magic User, but someone with immense, indisputable talent that would pave their way into the luxurious and respectable life they had once enjoyed.

And they all thought Lewis Griffith would be that person.

"My brothers also gave birth to useless children, and now you. Aren't you all useless? Shit, even incest isn't working..."

The Griffiths had done their best to keep their family lineage pure. They had squandered the small fortune they had in trying to do anything to restore their Magic abilities.

Unfortunately, everything ended up going down the drain. All their efforts were null.

"Useless child." After receiving a lot of harsh beatings from her husband, his mother stared at him like some kind of animal.

No, something even lower.

"Why were you even born?" She had said.

They got ready to leave the Capital that very day, and after a few days on the road, they arrived at their destination.

He remembered dreading every second of the journey. The harsh words of his parents had damaged him irreparably, but he knew that even more would come from the townspeople he had looked down on.

He wasn't wrong.

"Pfft! Even Jared is Inept? Looks like there's no hope for your branch too, Lista.

"Better luck next time. Buahahaha!"

"Cheeky kid. You would think he had some talent to support his claims. So he was Inept all along."

"Look at his face. Such a disgrace!"

"Why did they bother bringing him back? Should have just left him in the city. Tch."

He remembered wanting to scream at the hypocrites for criticizing him when even they were mostly Inept, but he had no courage to do so. Even his parents didn't bother responding to the taunts and insults of the crowd.

They merely directed their glares at him.

"This is all your fault, Lewis."

"Tch. Useless son. Didn't you say you would make me proud?"

It was at that point that something broke inside him—something he had never been able to repair.

Ever since then, he had despised his name and everything his past stood for.

He ran away from this town merely a few months after the incident, unable to bear the indiscriminate torture and starvation he was put through.

They all shunned him. They all treated him like dirt. First, he felt shame, then self-pity, then self-loathing and finally despair.

However, everything changed when he mysteriously found the Ancient Cavern of Dark Secrets. It was there he met the remnant of Merlin's Soul, and he gained access to the hidden knowledge no one possessed.

And so, as he grew and learned under the tutelage of Merlin, the Dark Apostle, his despair slowly transformed into something else.

It turned into pure rage.

Enough to let him slaughter every single person who had doubted him and insulted him. Killing his parents felt particularly satisfying. Those who didn't wrong him were spared from immediate death.

He had needed subjects to experiment on, after all.

After learning all he could from the cavern, performing all sorts of atrocities in isolated research, he travelled the world and went to other sites all over the world where he encountered more materials from the other Dark Apostles. He learned Spells, though he remained incapable of using them.

Although, unfortunately, only Merlin's Soul survived whatever skirmish happened so long ago, but that didn't matter now.

As long as he could learn more, he had been more than willing to continue.

When his journey around the world came to an end, he enrolled in Ainzlark Academy at fifteen years old—the standard age at the time—and gained access to more mainstream knowledge and information, thereby strengthening him further. Soon, he became dissatisfied with the limited amount of knowledge he could obtain.

The limits were frustrating, and even modern Magic at that time had not advanced enough to satisfy him. To make the advancement he had desired, there was something he'd had to do.

Something no one else had been willing to undertake.

"Dark Magic... I'll do it."

Whether it came about by human sacrifices, experimentations, or whatever vile means—he was ready to do everything it took to reach it.

The very peak of Magic.

He'd made allies in his past life, thanks to the knowledge and manipulative tricks that Merlin taught him. He had also been able to bring a lot of them to his side, and anyone who stood in his way was eliminated.

Finally reaching the limits of his mortal life, he decided to undertake the risky venture of Reincarnation. He had studied this his whole life, in addition to Merlin's guidance as well.

And he finally perfected it!

"In my next life, I'll finally do it. If I don't do it by that time, then, I'll just have to keep trying. Again and again! Until I have everything!"

Magic. The world. Everything.

"I want them all!"

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

Chapter 838: Brewing Emergence

"We've come this far already..." Jared Leonard's dark voice echoed in the throneroom.

The person he was speaking to remained silent, simply floating beside him as he muttered his thoughts out loud. The dead weren't expected to speak much, or even at all, but Merlin was usually more talkative.

"What's wrong? Having second thoughts?" Jared asked, stealing a glance at the old ghost.

"I'm just considering what your Automaton reported. The man he faced... doesn't he bother you in the slightest?"

For a moment, Jared said nothing. He closed his eyes and heaved a heavy sigh. His eyebrows became creased and a scowl appeared on his face.

"I am."

Gawain was his best creation. Even though Hugo rivaled him in power, Gawain's speed and energy output efficiency was higher.

He was the pinnacle of Magic Engineering, built upon many years of research and a conscious effort to achieve the best.

"It's difficult to compress the power Gawain possessed into a small Artificial Core. Usually, you'd need them to be as big as Hugo. Plus, with the overheating and energy consumption, making it an Automaton would ultimately overload its Magic Circuits, so it's much better if they're Golems..."

It had been difficult to solve all of these problems while creating Gawain. He had also kept evolving the Automaton, using only the best materials to achieve his current state—at least, before he went and self-destructed.

"Gawain's code wouldn't let him self-destruct unless the enemy was overwhelmingly stronger than him. It bothers me that someone like that appeared, especially soon after we sensed the anomaly. They're clearly connected."

The worst part remained that this individual was on the side of the Outgroup.

"Even if Gawain were to have been sacrificed, I wanted him to at least take out Neron and those pests. To think they survived annoys me to no end." He clenched his fists.

"What of the one who was swallowed up by Gawain's explosion? Do you think he survived?" Merlin's cold words echoed in Jared's head.

"That remains unclear." The moment Gawain self-destructed, they lost connection with whatever happened after. "The site was investigated by drones just recently, though. It seems the factory is still standing."

The explosion was supposed to level everything.

"We'll have to live with the assumption that the enemy survived."

It angered him to no end, but Jared maintained his calm. Interferences were inevitable, but having an unknown variable suddenly appearing right when their plan was in its final phase made him incredibly uneasy.

"Will he get in the way of the project, though... this new variable?"

"No. We've had interferences from the Midas Empire and the Outers, but none of them can stop what's about to come."

Merlin's wrinkled face morphed into a smile and Jared joined him in it. "Whether or not we can eliminate them before 'it' is concluded is irrelevant."

Closing his eyes once more, Jared broke into an evil grin. He remembered how much time and effort it had taken for them to finally arrive at this point.

"Once the project is finalized, it'll be over for all of them."

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[Three Months Later]

I walked into the strategic planning room for the first time since I arrived in this world, seeing that everyone else was already present.

'Looks like I got a bit carried away and lost track of time.'

Smiling, I entered the room, observing how moderately vast it was to allow for free movement and proper expression of ideas. This was where the Outgroup usually planned its operations.

The only reason I hadn't come here before—despite being an official Outer—was because there had been no need for strategic planning for the past three months.

Other than training, learning, and constructing, nothing much was happening here.

Exactly as it should have been.

"I apologise for being late." I told everyone, watching as they shifted their gaze to me.

They all looked a little different from the first time I saw them. Perhaps it was just sentiment, or maybe it had to do with the fact that they were currently wearing well-polished gear and the aura around them felt more impressive.

Either way, I was satisfied with what I was looking at.

"It's fine. Neron just finished briefing us about the plan." Karlia said with a slight nod, a small smile on her face.

It had been three months, and I was glad our time together had been enough to give her a more favourable impression of me. However, if there was something I hadn't been expecting, it was the fact that she was Neron's lover in this reality.

'I shall never speak of this when I return.' I closed my eyes and nodded, maintaining my smile as I banished the image of the couple making out.

"And? Have you all mulled it over?" I asked, glancing in the direction of the leader.

"Not yet. They appear to have some issues with it, so I was hoping you could articulate it better."

Neron's dark hair swerved as he smiled warmly at me. He was currently wearing his usual dark cloak, with golden embroidery on it, possessing all manner of effects that made me think he was over geared.

"Is that so? Then, as you wish, leader, I will explain the plan in greater detail." I returned his smile.

Neron had probably wanted this outcome from the beginning. Perhaps it was because I came up with the whole thing, therefore he wanted it to be me who presented it in front of everyone. Even after the past few months, he always ensured I had a major role to play within the group's core functioning.

I stepped forward, eyes on everyone present.

Neron, Karlia, Edward, Kido, Stefan, Beruel, Reed, Vaizer, Ana, and finally... Ciel.

Everyone was present and accounted for.

"I've been monitoring the affairs of the outside world for the past month. It's time for the Outgroup to make their first appearance in a while."

I could see excited smiles forming on their faces. We were all itching for some outdoor activities. Besides, I could tell they were curious about something.

'How strong have they gotten?'

"I'll explain it quickly, so pay attention." My voice echoed throughout the hall and my heart swelled with equal excitement.

"We're going to the Midas Empire."

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

Chapter 839: Invading The Midas Empire

"We've all gotten stronger these past three months. We've trained hard and studied hard too." I began, addressing my audience with a serious tone.

"However, for us to overthrow the man known as Jared, we'll need more allies than this group of Outers. To make a real difference and also to eliminate his control over practically the whole world, we'll need help from the most powerful allies we can get."

I glanced at Kido and he seemed a little anxious.

'I can't blame him, though. Even in my previous life, the Midas Empire didn't take any side during external conflicts.' The only reason I was even banking on the idea of getting support from them this time around was that Jared was a common enemy.

"As we all know, the Midas Empire is situated in the Northern Continent, and they are already allies with the Magic Beasts who live there as well. Forming an alliance with the Midas Race will grant us access to the Magic Beast army as well."

Once that was done, the first part of the takeover could be considered settled. All things considered, I didn't have the time and luxury to play the long-term game, so I was aiming for a short and decisive victory against Jared and his allies.

"I can recognize the worry that is pervading this room. You might all have doubts. However, I want to assure you that this was well thought out by Neron and me. With that in mind, anyone that has a question can ask it."

"I do."

As expected, the one who spoke was Kido.

"Yeah? What are your concerns?" I smiled.

"How certain are you that Kuzon will accept to join hands with us? Also... what are you going to do if he refuses?"

I could see concern written all over Kido's face. In as much as Kuzon was being a brat, according to what I had heard, he still cared a great deal for him.

"I won't do anything to him. It's his choice. However, we just have to be very persuasive when we ask him."

"Persuasive? In what way?"

A wide grin formed on my face, and it seemed that the flustered Kido felt even more uneasy the moment he noticed it.

"Well... It's better I tell you now."

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After I explained the things that were needed for the mission, it seemed everyone finally became satisfied with it. Kido still looked a little nervous, but he didn't object to the plan either.

'I also don't like rushing things, but it's better this way.'

The meeting was practically over, so it was time to get the mission underway. I glanced in the direction of our Spellcaster, nodding instantly at her.

"Ready whenever you are, Ciel."

She had the coordinates to the Midas Empire already, thanks to my prior preparation, so she was going to teleport everyone to our destination.

'Her control over teleportation has improved a great deal. Plus, she can use it at will now.' A smile formed on my face as she responded with a confident nod.

After spending months with the Outers, I had grown to like this world's version of Ciel. I had initially been suspicious of her, but after some time I realized that I was allowing my knowledge of the other Ciel to affect my view of this world's version.

'She's very kind, considerate and selfless.' I could only imagine the loneliness and pain she'd felt, being the only one to stand against evil in the past.

Yet, she reincarnated and did her best for the team as well. Before my arrival, she would always drain herself for the sake of the team.

Needless to say, after spending a lot of time researching Magic together, I grew to like her more. We had a lot of interesting conversations, and I was truly glad I got to know a woman so kind.

"Let's gather around." Neron told the team, and we all huddled together within moments.

He stretched out his hand, smiling at everyone present. I could already tell what he was about to do—and so could everyone present.

We all brought forth our hands as well, with each of us forming a fist while converging in a small circle. I could feel the spark of energy that formed as a result of our combined fist bumps.

"Let's all do our best." Neron declared.

"Yeah. Let's!"

Once that was concluded, Ciel closed her eyes, and an instant burst of power encircled us. The Mana that swept through us encircled our group, creating a spatial distortion in moments.

I watched as the blue shimmers of light glowed ever so brightly and the transition from our location began to happen. My vision slowly blurred, and everything around me began to warp.

In mere moments, I found myself in a different location—the same as my allies.

'Looks like we made it.' A smile formed on my face.

We were currently standing on the outskirts of the Northern Continent, and I could even see the golden barrier that covered the entire piece of land from a distance. Even the sky was coloured in a golden hue, as the protective dome spread through all of its environs.

'Ciel managed to get us inside. She doesn't appear tired too. It seems my theory was correct.' Utilizing Arcana-Based Magic was enough to bypass the Midas' Ultimate Barrier.

I was able to teach Ciel how to use the Arcanas, just as she was able to show me the way this world's Magic worked. It felt good watching the result of our research, and her constant efforts at training, play out so well.

'I don't need to expend my Aether. That's a relief.'

Unfortunately for us, my victory was cut short by the immediate reaction of the Midas Empire's impeccable security.

In a flash, multiple individuals who donned golden attires and possessed staffs and staves—along with Magic Beasts beside them—suddenly surrounded us.

"Intruders, halt!"

I could see about a hundred robed men—at least—who were already glaring at us while emitting strong Mana signatures that threatened to pulverize us at any moment.

"Take one more step and you perish." The one who appeared to be the leader stepped forward, a deep glare on his face.

"You are trespassing on the Midas Territory."

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

Chapter 840: The Emperor's Brand

Immense tension filled the air, and I could only watch in silence while donning my blue-haired disguise.

The hundred or so men that surrounded us already had their Mana flowing through them, and I could tell just how powerful they were. If we were to take a single step, they would try their best to subdue us instantly.

'Whether they'll be able to succeed or not is another issue entirely.'

"Y-you are... the Outgroup." The leader of the squad muttered, his staff warbling with a deep golden hue.

He had long golden hair and his hair was in a ponytail which was tied behind him. He looked like a young man—in his early twenties, at the very least. His golden eyes, along with his flawlessly clear skin, indicated to me that he belonged to the Royal Family.

Also...

"Kaliel, stand down. It's me, Kido." Our Outgroup Ace finally stepped forward, speaking in a low, calm tone.

"Y-you... What are you doing here?! No, how were you guys able to get past the barrier, to begin with?"

It appeared they knew each other, after all.

'They must be panicking. No one has been able to penetrate their barrier since the start of the conflict, yet we achieved it. It's in their best interests to eliminate us, but they're probably wondering if they can achieve that.'

This situation sort of reminded me of how it was when I first arrived in this world.

"We come in peace. We've only come to see Kuzon." Kido added. "Please, Kaliel... let us pass."

The golden-haired chief guard seemed conflicted about what choice to make. His hardened face seemed to soften a little, and I could sense hesitance in his strong gaze.

"I-I can't. Even if it's you... Sir Kido. The Emperor has told me to guard this place with due diligence and to put down any unlikely insurgent that is powerful enough to so much as partially breach the barrier. Besides... ever since you left, he said that he no longer considers you a part of our Empire."

How troublesome. Things seemed a bit tighter than I had expected.

"You can't make any exceptions?" Kido looked conflicted, clenching his fists in frustration. I simply watched the whole exchange in silence.

I pretty much knew how things would end at this point.

"If you leave now, I'll pretend I never saw anything, so please..."

Gasps escaped from the others that surrounded us. They were probably shocked that he was being so lenient.

'The fact that we can bypass the barrier means we can most likely do it again and again. It's safer to eliminate the threats than give them the chance to cause another breach in security.'

I couldn't tell if this Kaliel was being overly generous, or if he was just ignorant of the implications of his actions.

It didn't matter either way, though. We couldn't retreat after coming this far.

"Apologies, Kaliel. That is not an option for us." Kido took another step forward, an imposing aura already coming off of him.

Kaliel and the hundred guards braced themselves. He clutched his staff tight, quickly activating a defence Spell to protect himself from whatever attack Kido was going to unleash.

Unfortunately for him, though... this wasn't an attack you could 'block.'

"Stand down."

The moment Kido said this, the bodies of all the armed men instantly tensed, and a powerful aura came over them after his command.

"Drop your weapons."

Instantly, they did as they were told. Each of them, even Kaliel, let go of his precious staff. As their weapons fell on the ground, we were left with nothing but complacent soldiers.

Kido appeared conflicted about doing this, but I appreciated the fact that he recognized the need for such action and did it anyway.

He was way too nice, after all.

"Ask them where Kuzon is. For all we know, he might not be in the palace." Neron approached Kido, speaking calmly.

"Where is the Golden Emperor?" The moment Kido spoke, Kaeliel opened his lips and divulged everything without hesitation.

"He remains in his palace. He is currently having a meeting with the Dragon King, Z'ark."

The Dragon King was most likely the leader of the Magic Beasts in this world as well. That meant they were planning something big. It was a good thing we came at this particular time.

'How lucky!'

"Thank you for your help. Now, then, resume your guarding duties and forget you ever saw us."

"U-understood."

Kaeliel and the other soldiers kept standing as our group passed beside them, all completely still. They probably wouldn't be able to move until Kido's influence over them wore out.

"What a scary power..." I heard him whisper to himself.

This had to be the first time he was using it on so many people, but he didn't appear worn out. As expected of the results of his efforts in training and practice.

'He still needs to speak to exert his authority, but it seems he's pretty much gotten the hang of [The Emperor].'

Since I had all the Arcana Spells in my Original Magic, I pretty much understood the structure. By obtaining Ciel's help in transcribing them to suit this world's frequency, I was able to evolve their function to acclimate to different frequencies.

In essence, even if I wasn't in this world, I would be able to switch frequencies to use them—so long as I utilised Aether when doing so.

'It's still a theory, but it should work.'

As for why Kido had an Arcana, it was simply because I gave it to him. No, not just him. Each member of the Outgroup had been given a specialized Arcana Spell. It was just that me and Ciel knew more.

Though Ciel's knowledge and control were only limited to about five.

'Since Arcana Spells consume a lot of energy, and they have to cast them by themselves, I only told them to use it in special cases.'

I watched as the glowing brand of [The Emperor] on Kido's hand dulled. His influence was probably losing its potency, so we had better hurry.

'I guess we better make it to the meeting fast. Though, I doubt Kaeliel and his guards will remember ever seeing us.'