

## SPELLCRAFT 841

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

#### Chapter 841: The Lord Kuzon

"Lord Kuzon, you can't be serious!"

The deep, loud voice of the Dragon King, Z'ark, echoed within the vast golden palace. The ornaments and jewels that complimented the walls, ceilings and floors made it absolutely breathtaking, but nothing about the unbelievable beauty of the Midas Throneroom mattered at this point.

Z'ark, now donning his miniature form as a small-sized Dragon was currently appealing to the one who sat on the absolute golden throne.

His gaze contained disbelief and his clenched fist showed that he strongly disagreed with the person on the throne. It was due to this frustration that the Dragon King finally spoke up.

"You want to risk the lives of our combined forces just to carry out an immensely risky attack on Jared's domain? That's madness!"

The more Z'ark thought of the decision, the more illogical it appeared.

'We're safe within this barrier. As long as we further strengthen our defences and build our strength, we'll be safe from harm.'

Z'ark realized that this was a selfish move. His rationale condemned the rest of the world to suffer under the mighty hand of a tyrant. However, that appeared to be the most reasonable path for his people.

'Even if we were to attack, we have to build our strength now and bid our time.' Only when Jared's domain became weak and careless could they even think of striking against him.

"From the little information we were able to gather, we know that Jared has tightened security and his guard is even higher than ever. What you're suggesting... there's no worse time to carry it out than now!"

He could only hope that the emperor he was appealing to could see reason in his words. For the sake of the United Magic Beasts and also the Midas Race, war had to be avoided at all costs.

"Are you done?" The young, calm voice of the seated Emperor finally rang out, causing Z'ark to tremble a little.

His gaze was lowered, but he could still see the cocky smile of the child that sat on the throne as the ruler of his people.

"How long do you think we can rely on this barrier to shield us from the filthy reaches of those savages?" The Emperor began. "The mere fact that they have tightened their security means they are hiding something. I can tell that they are making preparations and we must not allow them to finalize it."

"B-but—"

"This is the most logical thing to do."

His golden hair danced as he spoke, and his clear skin depicted the purity of his royal lineage. As he stared at Z'ark with his golden eyes, the latter could sense something much deeper than mere logic.

'He may sound like he's doing the most rational thing, but we both know why he wants to attack!' Now that Z'ark had reached the very end of his rope, he only had one final thing he could appeal to.

"Emperor Kuzon, please reconsider!" He cried. "Please consider your people and—"

>BAM!<

The moment Z'ark uttered those words, Kuzon banged his fist on his armrest, creating a deafening echo that sent an aura of dominance surging through the whole room.

"I am considering them! This is for them! For the Midas who have perished because of that bastard, Jared. For my parents who suffered death at his hands. I will never forget. I will never cease in my consideration!"

In the end, this was what everything boiled down to...

"What would you have me do, Z'ark? Forget the tragedy Jared has wrought? Ignore the evil he brings upon the world? How can you stand here and talk like this when you know how your people were persecuted and hunted down due to that man's madness?! If it hadn't been because of the Midas Race who offered you sanctuary, you and your people would have been long dead."

Z'ark bit his lip lightly, creasing his eyes as he powerlessly listened to Kuzon's words. Most of what he said was true—no, perhaps all of it was.

'We offered our allegiance to the Midas in our time of desperation, making us a vassal state under them. We've been ordered around and we're subject to your rule as a result...' He hung his head powerlessly.

In his eyes, he could hardly see much of a difference between Kuzon and Jared. He and his people had simply picked the lesser of two evils, choosing to be subordinated to the peaceful and isolated Midas Empire than actively engage in the conquest led by Jared.

'But now, even the Midas Empire wants to court war with Jared's United Nations. My people can't bear this. But... what can we do? We are bound to serve the Midas Empire, as long as it doesn't directly mean our extermination.'

Thanks to the loophole that existed in their arrangement, the Midas Empire could always order the Magic Beasts to do anything. All they needed was a justifiable reason that proved to benefit both parties.

'You bloodthirsty, childish Emperor. You'd throw so many lives away just to satisfy your thirst for revenge.' Z'ark felt his blood boil, but what more could he do but hang his head and bow in submission?

"I am the Midas Emperor. I decide what's best for my people. I have chosen the next course of action." He rose from his throne, a charismatic smile etched on his youthful face.

"We will strike Jared and his forces at full strength, and overwhelm them with our power. Once we get to the heart of his domain, I will personally fight with that filthy monster. I will make sure he dies by my hands!"

Kuzon Midas gave a maniacal grin, already drunk on the ecstasy of his imagined outcome.

"The one who will kill Jared Leonard... is me!"

>VWUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!<

Just as he said this, a sudden gust of wind blew into the throne room, and space warped on a particular point.

In a flash of blue light, a group of people suddenly appeared and in front of them was someone who could never be forgotten by the Midas Race.

He had the same kind of golden hair as Kuzon and his golden gaze had the same glow. Other than the difference in their age, they appeared very similar.

"I'm back, Kuzon." The man whispered. "It's good to see you are well."

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#### **Chapter 842: Down To Business**

'Oh boy. Is this Kuzon? He looks funny in that emperor attire.' I nearly burst out laughing when we finally got transported into the palace by Ciel's Magic.

He had this large golden robe, with tons of ornaments on it. It looked extremely funny. Too funny to even describe— as it looked to be wearing him instead of the other way around.

'Z'ark looks pretty much the same, though. Could it be that this is how Midas Emperors dressed back in my world? I have to ask Kuzon. Honestly...'

Fortunately, I was able to establish enough self-control to stop myself from laughing out loud.

"Pfft..." I ended up chuckling a little, though.

Fortunately, it didn't seem like anyone heard.

"Kido... what are you doing here? No, how did you get here, to begin with?" Kuzon's tone was harsh and his eyes were ablaze with fury.

He glanced at the rest of us, donning a gaze of arrogance and conceit. It almost felt like he saw us as animals—no, maybe even worse.

"You even brought your filthy comrades with you. How did you Outers manage to get in here? Could this be the work of a mole? Tch, those—"

"Who are you calling filthy? Don't forget the land that you now claim as your own belonged to the Demon Race. Why don't you evacuate from here since it's so filthy!" Karlia burst out in anger, her violet eyes turning crimson with animosity.

"Tch. Our Race has purified this place. It is no longer filthy because we exist here. Do not seek to sully our pure utopia with your presence."

"That's enough, Kuzon. Karlia, please calm yourself. This isn't worth it." Kido finally spoke, raising his voice as he pleaded for silence.

Even though he wasn't using the effects of his Arcana Spell, both parties fell silent.

'Impressive. Such good charisma. See, Kido? You can do it if you try.' To be honest, Kido seemed like he would make a better emperor than Kuzon.

At least, according to what I've seen and heard about both of them.

'Also... judging by their exchange, it seemed that this wasn't the first time the Outgroup had interacted with Kuzon. Maybe they bumped into each other a few times during missions? Yeah, that makes sense...'

Since they shared a common enemy, it was more probable that Kuzon and the Outgroup had a history. Unfortunately, based on the drivel that just came out of Kuzon's mouth, I could already deduce that their few interactions hadn't been pleasant.

"That's enough fooling around. Let's get down to business." Neron sighed, stepping forward as the leader of our little squad.

"I agree. Finding out how you managed to make it this far can wait. For now, though... I'll simply capture you." Kuzon's grin grew wide instantly. "Get them, Z'ark."

>VWUUUUUUSSSHHHHHH<

Without hesitation, the Dragon King lunged at our group, heading on a direct collision course with Neron, who was currently in front of everyone.

In a flash, the Dragon King assumed his massive form, ready to crush Neron and everyone else with his massive power. Considering Neron was inept, he was mostly right to assume he was fodder.

"Haa..."

Even faster than it took the Dragon King to reach him, a sudden pulse surged from Neron's body.

His hair turned white, and flashes that appeared to look like electricity covered his body. His eyes glowed a brilliant blue and his skin brightened.

He stretched out a hand, easily stopping the powerful charge of the Dragon King at that moment. Without even moving an inch, he caught Z'ark by the head, holding him in place.

"W-wha—?!" The Dragon King could only bark in shock, feeling his body become completely paralyzed by a foreign influence of... Mana!

Yes... Mana.

The Dragon King and Kuzon must have already known of Neron's status as an inept. They must have assumed he could be easily taken care of, thereby striking a deadly first strike on the Outgroup.

How wrong they were to assume that.

"I said, enough fooling around." Neron whispered, before crushing the thick scales that covered Z'ark's head.

The poor Dragon King seemed like he was going to scream judging by how bloodshot his eyes became, but his jaws were forcefully shut tight by Neron's pure exertion of force.

"MMMPPPHHHH!!!"

For a few seconds, Neron remained in this state, his intense gaze properly accentuating his signature deadpan expression.

A mix of fear and pain seemed to rise from the depths of the Dragon King's heart, and I could even see Kuzon become petrified by pure shock. None of them had expected our dear leader to possess so much power.

As casually as Neron stopped Z'ark, he finally flung him away, causing him to land right at the feet of Kuzon—with a heavy thud, of course.

>BOOOOMMMM!!!<

Fortunately, none of the fancy stuff was damaged.

Neron remained right in front of us, and Kuzon appeared flustered with the defeated Z'ark groaning at his feet. That made Neron's statement abundantly clear.

"Let's get down to business instead."

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It only took a brief moment of silence before Kuzon called for the guards, but it was useless.

"I cast a Displacement Spell the moment we got here. No one is going to hear you." Ciel replied, smiling triumphantly.

By using [The Tower] to a degree of mastery, you could make something beyond spatial perception. It was the whole logic behind my [Unknowable] Spell.

"Y-you... you think you scare me? I am the Midas Emperor! I can take you all down, no sweat." Kuzon yelled, still flexing his superiority like the idiot that he was.

'I can't tell if he's doing this intentionally, maybe to let our guards down, or if he's really this stupid.'

Watching this imbecile speak just desecrated the 'cool' image of Kuzon I had in my head. It was pure sacrilege.

"It seems you are yet to listen to reason. Then, why don't we allow our newest member to teach you some manners?" Neron spoke calmly, now glancing in my direction.

'E-eh?'

This wasn't part of the plan, but that didn't mean it was against it as well. Still, to think Neron was going with this. It was totally...

'... AWESOME!'

Words could not describe the kind of emotions that currently swirled in my heart. To think Neron was giving this round to me... how could I ask for any more?

'Kuzon and I have fought twice before and he beat me both times.' It was embarrassing now that I thought of it.

A young kid like that kicking the ass of an old man.

However, I already learnt my lesson from those two fights. I used those losses to learn new things, and thanks to the humiliation I suffered, I was able to grow even further.

"Are you looking down on me, filthy Outers? Sending your weakest to—"

"Then it shouldn't be a problem. Since you're going to deal with all of us eventually, there's no problem starting with our newest member." Neron seemed to be enjoying himself as he spoke.

I took his cue and stepped forward, resting a calm gaze on Kuzon.

"Tch. You filthy barbarians. I'll show you..." He murmured, finally returning my gaze. "I'll make sure you regret that chuckle you gave."

'Ah! So he did hear me back then...' I nearly flinched in surprise.

In any case, a Midas was still a Midas. Just because this Kuzon was an absolute brat compared to the one I knew didn't change their lineage.

'He's the Emperor. I have to treat him as such...' My gaze narrowed as I caught his prideful smile.

'Will I need to go all-out?'

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

#### **Chapter 843: Absolute Emperor's Monologue**

Kuzon's heart raced as he watched the Outgroup in sheer annoyance.

'Filthy... they're all filthy!' His thoughts rang.

Why were they here, sullyng the Royal Palace with their impure presence? To him, it was a crime worth disposing anyone of.

'No... not yet. I need to know how they achieved this!'

The Midas Empire's defences were by no means a walk in the park. They had a very powerful warding barrier, for starters. Even the immensely powerful Jared Leonard could not find a way to go around or disable it.

Furthermore, they had powerful guards stationed everywhere.

'I made sure even the royals served as leaders among the guards. Cousins, uncles and aunts. Even Kido was meant to be a guard before he went down this foolish path.'

If the Royals were guarding the Midas Empire, it only made their security tighter. How then would anyone be able to get this far into his precious domain—especially if they were the Outers?

'And now they're challenging me? These bags of filth?!'

There was a time when he never really had an opinion of the other races. He hadn't considered the difference in power and prestige between his Midas Race and the other Races as a cause for discrimination.

However...

'Weak-minded savages that fall for Jared are all inferior.'

Whether it was the annihilated Demon Race, the humans, or whatever other Race. All of them succumbed to Jared's influence. All of them were too weak to do anything about it.

'Only the Midas Empire stands tall. We are this world's only hope.' They had to wipe out the evil known as Jared Leonard from the face of the world.

It boggled his mind why no one understood such simple logic. Were they idiots? Yes, that was most likely the case.

'I'm the strongest and wisest person in the greatest Empire. I'm the only one fit to destroy that evil monster, Jared. I will wipe out that monster and then lead the new world into prosperity.'

The Outgroup had always been a thorn in his side in his quest for perfect balance. It was most likely for the best that they came to visit him.

'I'll end all of them and then torture the last one so I can get the information I desire.'

That way, nothing would stand in the way of his goals... his perfect picture of restructuring the world once Jared was defeated.

'Don't these idiots realize it yet?' Kuzon scowled at his enemies with malevolence. 'They can't save anything. The only one who can make a true difference... is me!'

Then again, he had to consider the right strategy to employ.

Yes... he wasn't simply going to charge towards them like some complete amateur. No, as a brilliant Emperor, he was built better than that.

'Seeing as Neron can easily defeat Zar'k, I have to assume he's the most powerful in the group. Has he been hiding his powers? Or did he just use his trump card? No, I doubt it.'

Someone as shrewd as Neron wouldn't use his trump card so readily. Besides, he looked completely fine even after subduing the Dragon King, so he couldn't have exerted that much power—at least, not very much.

'Maybe he's just acting fine. Yes, that's most likely the case. He's pretending to be fine and he's trying to restore his strength. Or maybe he used a one-time use Magic Item, and he can't use it anymore. That means he's still an Inept!' Kuzon's grin was already broadening at this point.

'Knowing how sly Neron is, he's trying to manipulate me into thinking otherwise. Keke, you can't fool me. Your silly little tricks won't deceive me!' Kuzon's pride began to swell the more his thoughts dwelled on the events that just occurred.

'There's also a chance that Z'ark went easy on him because he expected him to be inept. Honestly, there are so many things that point out that Neron is still weak.'

The most obvious was his recent taunt.

'He wants me to fight their newest member? Why else would they sacrifice their weakest comrade, if not to test the waters while avoiding the most sacrifice.' Kuzon could see right through their obvious tactics.

'They're simply reaching, at this point. Their desperation is obvious to me.'

The more Kuzon thought of it, the bigger his confidence became. He considered his chances and realized the battle was absolutely in his favour.

'The most troublesome ones are still that white-haired lady and Kido, though.' He thought to himself.

When the Outgroup teleported here, he had sensed the energy signature coalesce on her. Besides, she was the one who cut off the Throneroom's connection with the outside world. That was enough to settle it.

Anytime he encountered the Outers, she always seemed like an important figure to them. That told him something.

'She's dangerous.'

As for Kido, he was a Midas Royal, and between the both of them, he was the older one. And unfortunately, that stood for something.

'Unfortunately for him, he's not as adept towards violence as I am. Plus, I have the [Ultimate Power] on my side.'

As the Absolute Emperor, he had gotten gifts from both his parents—the secrets behind the Midas Royal authority.

The source of their great strength.

Only a few throughout history had ever possessed one of these two kinds of gifts, but he actually had both of them. And, they were of the utmost grade, considering it had been passed down from generation to generation by his prestigious family for millennia.

It was time to teach these fools—once and for all—the true might of the Midas Empire.

'I'll show them why they're nothing but filthy trash and why I am the only one who can stop Jared to save the world.' Kuzon grinned, now diverting his attention to the first one he would eliminate in order to initiate the chaos that was about to ensue.

First, he would kill the blue-haired idiot. And then, he would proceed to dispose of everyone else, except Kido—for old times' sake.

He had everything all figured out, and there was only one way this whole thing could end.

'In the end... victory is mine!'



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

### **Chapter 844: Speculative Analysis**

I eased my breathing and kept a focused gaze on Kuzon, ensuring to keep my Aether Cores prepared at all times.

The Outers had already taken a considerable step back, moving some distance away from both me and Kuzon. Even the Dragon King limped away from what was now seen as the battleground.

"The rest of you should not bother running away. I'll deal with you all next." Kuzon had even said not too long ago.

It concerned me a little.

'Even though we've isolated him, and the Dragon King was easily beaten by Neron, he's very confident. Why?'

There was one explanation that kept pounding in my head. And it made me even more tense as I considered the battle that would ensue very soon.

'He's strong!'

Why else would he be so confident about taking down all the Outers? He must have had enough justifications to prop up this aura of dominance.

That meant I couldn't underestimate him.

It was a good thing Neron chose me to fight this guy. If any other Outer had done it, then they most likely wouldn't stand a chance.

'If I'm correct, then this is indeed the best arrangement.'

Of course, this was all pure speculation. After all, I had already noticed a lot of issues that were incompatible with the power Kuzon supposedly possessed.

'For example, why is the barrier around the Midas Empire so weak? I mean, it's not extremely weak, but it should be way better.'

It bothered me a lot that even my evil version hadn't invaded this place yet. Then again, perhaps evil Jared was more concerned about other things and simply didn't think the Midas were that much of a threat.

'But if Kuzon is this strong, then he is supposed to be taken as a threat. What if evil Jared is even far stronger than Kuzon, which is why he doesn't see him as someone worthy of his attention?'

The Outgroup also mentioned how they were always very careful to ensure evil Jared and his forces would be unable to decipher their movements and capture them. But if Kuzon was this strong, it meant evil Jared was far stronger, which meant he would have been able to easily defeat the Outers.

'Is he letting them get away with it? Am I just overthinking things?'

Yes, that was probably the case. I was making too many assumptions without any substantial evidence to back them up.

'Rather than thinking about all that, let's focus on what's in front of us.'

Using my Magic to perceive my opponent and sense their energy wavelength, I could decipher how powerful they were. Of course, it was possible for someone to hide their true strength, but it was worth a shot.

'Hmm... he doesn't appear very strong.' This Kuzon also had a Special Core Grade, but something about it felt... unfulfilling and weak.

Was he hiding his true strength?

'In my world, Kuzon has a range of abilities; ranging from Original Magic to Bond and Fusion Magic, to pretty much a superior use of Magic compared to most Mages. He is also more adept than most experts in Martial Arts.'

In essence, he was a golden boy in all fields.

'Even if I have confirmed that Arcanas don't exist in this reality, the Midas Royalty must have trump cards that should make this battle tricky.'

I wanted to avoid using my full strength since I was conserving my energy, so I would only be responding to his heightened powers if he used them.

'Everyone I've met in this world has been weaker than I expected. I mean, it's to be expected given how Magic hasn't really advanced that far.'

Magic Technology was still limited.

There were no such concepts as Familiars

Original Magic and Mage Mode were extremely rare. Not even the Outers could use them.

The disparity went on and on.

However, there were certain exceptions to this rule.

For example, even though things were not as advanced here, there were certain things that existed here that I had no knowledge of in my world.

'For example, Neron's [Overdrive] pill that will temporarily grant him amazing Mana Abilities before ultimately killing him.'

Or the fact that he was able to develop a serum using Edward's blood and his Magic Research to decrease his ageing and increase his physical strength.

'Neron in my world used Time Magic to keep himself from ageing, but this world's Neron used extensive research to achieve the same result. He's merely slowing it down, but still...'

There were many other innovations this world had that didn't appear in mine, which made me all the more cautious.

'Besides, this is the Midas Empire. Magic Innovations, technology, and extensive research are their forte. I can't afford to get careless.'

Even Kido didn't know the true secrets of the Royals since he wasn't the heir. When I asked him, he said only the one to inherit the throne was blessed with the hidden knowledge and power of the Midas Rulers.

'I just have to operate on the assumption that he's stronger than what I expect. I'll prepare every countermeasure and make sure I win this, no matter what.'

I leaked out a diluted form of my Aether, mimicking the Mana of this world, so as to hide my cards. I didn't want him to consider the possibility of me possessing even more power.

"Hehe... I see you're already set." Kuzon stepped forward, descending from his throne as he shrugged off his ridiculous robe.

He revealed his regal garment, a simpler white shirt and trousers—which were also imbued with golden designs.

"I'll end this quickly..." He grinned mischievously, and I braced myself.

'How far do I need to go? If push comes to shove, I'll surprise him with my Familiars.'

Currently, I had a massive amount. If I caught him off-guard, then...

'No. Let's see how far he pushes me first.'

"[Special Purple Bolt]."

In a brilliant burst of power, I witnessed a flash of powerful light radiate from Kuzon's fingertips.

Cackles of purple electricity danced on his fingers, and I instantly felt a coalition of surprising emotions wash over me.

'T-this is...!'

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

**Chapter 845: Emperor Versus Magic Scholar [Pt 1]**

.>ZZZZTTTTZZZZ<

As the brilliant spark of lightning crackled, I saw it charge in my direction.

It rushed towards me like an unstoppable stream of water, threatening to consume all that it touched. The dense quality of Mana residing inside was immense as well.

... For an Intermediate Spell, that is.

'Is he being serious right now?'

With a mere sigh, I deflected the assault with a barrier. I was already beginning to feel agitated—not because of the Spell in particular, but because of the thought process behind it.

'I really don't like being underestimated to this insulting degree. I suppose this works to my favour, but still...'

Kuzon must have thought an Intermediate Spell would be enough to destroy me, which was why he used the purple lightning Spell to attack first.

'I thought he'd use something flashier, you know... to strike fear into everyone.'

I guess I was wrong about him, though. Who would have thought he was considerate enough to severely dial down his Magic Power when fighting me?

'He could also be conserving his power for the big guns...'

There was also the possibility that this wasn't entirely an act and that perhaps I was the one overestimating him. For now, I decided to walk on careful ground.

"I'm impressed you repelled that." Kuzon's voice suddenly distracted me, snapping me out of my inner thoughts. "It seems you're not as weak as I thought, are you—?"

Before he could conclude his statement, I utilized the watered-down Aether flowing from me to create my own Spells.

"[Air Strike Barrage]"

Before he could finalize his taunts, which I thought were to simply buy time for himself—for reasons unknown—I decided to take the first step.

'If he's strong enough, he'll sense the Spell and he'll be able to avoid it.' My thoughts trailed as I watched him.

Surprisingly, though...

>BAM!<

>WHAM!<

>BOOM!<

The slap and blows of multiple wind strikes were sent to Kuzon, and I saw his shocked expression as it connected with his body and he writhed in pain.

'E-eh...?'

'That was just a moderate Advanced Spell. I was using it to test the waters, but...'

To my surprise, Kuzon took it on. Did he do it intentionally, or...?

'No, at this point, I'll have to stop finding excuses for him.' While it was best to remain cautious, I could no longer operate with my earlier theory.

If the unforeseen occurred, I would just have to revert to my initial position. However, for now, I had to act with the assumption I had fought so hard to ignore.

'This world's Kuzon... could also be weak!'

It made logical sense and so far as this person had given me no reason to think he was more superior than he appeared—both from his external and even what I sensed from his Internal self.

'I can think of millions of ways to beat him, but something is off...'

He had only shown one Spell, so I couldn't get too cocky.

"Y-you... It seems I went too easy on you, eh?"

>VWUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!<

Suddenly, several flashes of lightning began appearing around him. Violent winds also blew, and it seemed as though he was covered in a very deadly storm.

"I won't make the same mistake again."

The Kuzon I knew would only mess around if he wanted to have fun, and he was pretty decisive in his actions. If he had been in the shoes of this person, he would have already done what he could to eliminate me, and then go after the other Outers for the same purposes.

No, he probably would have just fought against all of us on his own terms.

'But this guy...'

"[Divine Lightning Maelstrom]"

Forming a massive spiral, the violent whirlwind charged at me, coated with brilliant bursts of electricity.

The ground shook and I could feel vibrations all around me. Despite the effects it was having on my surroundings and the obvious threat it would pose, I couldn't help but sigh in disbelief.

'This is an Advanced Spell. But it's still very lacking...' With yet another but more concentrated surge of my power, I was able to deflect the Spell with a barrier.

"Tch!" Kuzon's face twisted into a rage.

"What kind of defensive artefact are you wearing? Ah, I see... so this was your plan, Neron."

What the hell was he saying now?

"No wonder you wanted me to fight this one first. You already made him a sophisticated defensive artefact, didn't you?"

'Ah, is this guy for real?' I nearly rolled my eyes as he continued his theatrics.

"You must really think you're clever. Do you really think that if you hold out for long, you'll be able to escape me? You think you'll resist my power for a long time?"

I glanced at Neron with a raised eyebrow, but he just smiled and shrugged. Did he know something I didn't?

In any case... this whole thing was now bordering on the ridiculous.

'Maybe I should just get this over with and then we'll get the plan underway. It's not like we have all the time in the world.'

"I'll show you, then... the difference between us..."

>VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Suddenly, I felt a rupture of Mana that put all the earlier attempts to shame. No, since my arrival in this world, this was most likely the strongest amount of Mana I had ever sensed emanating from a single person.

It was golden, glorious and highly concentrated. The bountiful flow caused me to marvel at its beauty.

"I will now reveal one of the two gifts I received thanks to my ultimate position as the Absolute Emperor."

The purple flashes of lightning around him turned golden, and his appearance slowly changed.

Suddenly, he now had a large golden necklace, and a large crown floating on his head. Bangles covered his right arm and rings littered his left fingers.

A golden sceptre made its way to his grasp and a golden cape floated behind him.

"T-this... this form is..." My eyes widened as I recognized the Mana Signature and Transformation Process.

If I wasn't mistaken, then...

"I will show you the ultimate ability of the Midas. The true dominant race of this planet. Feast your eyes on the last thing you'll ever see before your inevitable demise!"

I wasn't wrong, after all. There was no way to mistake this.

"... My Emperor Mage Mode."

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

#### **Chapter 846: Emperor Versus Magic Scholar [Pt 2]**

Why...?

Why in the world was this idiot putting 'Emperor' as part of the title? Wasn't this just plain old Mage Mode?

'Was this how his predecessors had dubbed it? How narcissistic could they have possibly been?'

This stuff could be used and learned by anyone with enough talent and skill in Magic. Yet, it seemed like Kuzon thought he was something extremely unique for having it.

'This is... troubling.'

The art of Mage Mode being passed down, like some sort of special secret, must have been one of the causes behind Magic's slow progression in this world.

Everyone hoarded too much information and the few who could use strong Magic—like Mage Mode and Original Magic—began to act as if it was exclusive and special to them.

As a Scholar and a Mage who had dedicated himself to the art, I could only say I was utterly disgusted by this.

'I only kept Spellcraft, as well as a few theories and designs—like multiple Mana Cores—because the world simply wasn't ready for it.'

I also couldn't prove a lot of those theories right or wrong, so there was no way I could publish such content. As a Scholar, I had to have empirical, well-researched, and accurately described results, before I could put anything out there.

I didn't have that luxury.

'Also, if I had just left it lying around, it's possible that the people might cause even more harm than good just from using it recklessly—without my supervision.'

That was why I buried my secrets. Someone would have been bound to find it eventually, and by then the world would have either figured out what I discovered, or they would have advanced to the point of properly testing and utilizing the things I left behind.

'But that's not what I see here...' I glared at Kuzon's haughty smile.

The elite thought they could keep the strong Magic for themselves, thereby creating a gap in the knowledge and practice of Magic.

"It's disgusting..." I muttered.

"What did you sa—"

Before Kuzon could complete his statement, I rushed towards him, ignoring all the defences and buffs provided for him by the artefacts he donned.

I instantly distorted the purple lightning that flashed around him, quieting them instantly. In one quick swoop, I grabbed his neck and fixed my gaze on his.

"You're disgusting."

I had no idea why I was feeling so annoyed. Maybe I did, but chose not to think about it too much. One thing I knew for sure, though, was that this person I was holding tightly was a disgrace.

"T-tch... Y-you!"

He managed to slip away thanks to short-range teleportation, finally creating some distance between us.

I watched as he appeared and flung an intense surge of Magic at me.

'Light Magic... and it's this pure...' I thought to myself.

Swiftly coating myself in Light Magic, while also intensifying my body's enhancements, I evaded the bright bursts of power.

'He's using it so crudely. So much Mana, yet he's throwing a great deal of it away.'

What about moulding the energy to form a more desired, efficient result? Simply shooting blasts of intense Mana wasn't going to help his cause.

"Just... dieeee!" He condensed the golden light in both of his palms, forming something akin to an unstable overflow of golden energy. It was like an ever-morphing orb that contracted and convulsed.

'That is a lot of Mana...'

Kuzon directed the Spell at me, causing the very air to vibrate as it approached me.

'Unfortunately, it's just that. Simply Mana.'

After watching this person use his immense power so foolishly, and seeing how he always avoided any close-range fights, I could already tell that he had no real Battle IQ.

His Martial Arts skills were most likely nonexistent and his control over his Spells was basic, at best.

'Maybe I should show him...'

A smile formed on my face, and so I decided to use the very first transformation I was able to achieve.

"Elemental Chamber."

Instantly, a wind sphere enveloped me, and it was coated and encircled by the basic elements; fire, water, earth and lightning.

The level of control required to utilize so many contrasting elements in such a stable form was only really possible with multiple Cores.

'Though, with his Special Core and that energy in his possession, surely he should be able to find a way to mold his Mana into something similar. Even if it's just two or three elements.'

That was what I was hoping he would see.

"W-what is... what is that? How do you have the same power he does...?!"

Same power as who? This world's Jared?

I mean, we were sort of the same, so I expected that he could at least do this much.

'Elemental Chamber is still basic. There's the Grand Elemental Chamber as well where I can use even more elemental attributes. But that'll be overkill.' For now, I was satisfied with just this.

My hypothesis of Kuzon had already been proved.

'He's weak.'

However, I wasn't done. There was one more thing I wanted to see. Until then, I would keep this up for as long as I wanted.

"[Penta Bomb]" I generated a floating orb that seemed like a miniature Elemental Chamber.



The orb was made of wind and had a center that was rich in energy. That served as the core of the spell, just as I was the core of the current Elemental Chamber.

With the centre of gravity established, the other elements swirled around the orb to form the bomb. It all happened in a flash, and all five elements coalesced to form my new technique.

Yes. I just developed it on the spot.

"Water. Earth. Fire. Air... and Lightning." I mumbled while staring at the obviously frightened Kuzon.

"Prepare yourself,"

I stared down at him from my superior estate, preparing to launch my Spell. Of course, I was giving him enough chance to react.

Why?

Because I was waiting for something.

'Let me see it, Kuzon. Show me your second Trump Card.'

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

#### **Chapter 847: The Midas Touch**

'W-what is going on right now?'

Emperor Kuzon, even when arrayed with powerful artefacts while being in his Emperor Mage Mode, found himself trembling slightly.

As he raised his head and witnessed the amount of power condensed in the ever-growing multi-elemental orb floating on the palm of his opponent, Kuzon felt a degree of intimidation that he hadn't experienced since the tragic day he lost his parents.

He had vowed never to suffer defeat at anyone's hands ever since that moment, and he couldn't break that promise now—not to this newcomer.

'Tch! What trick did those Outers pull?' Now wasn't the time to dwell on those matters, but Kuzon was certain they were using underhanded means.

'It doesn't matter, though...' A smile formed on Kuzon's face.

Even though he hadn't expected himself to utilize this power yet, it seemed he was left with very little choice in the matter.

The 'Penta Bomb' descended from Jared's palm, moving rapidly to decimate Kuzon. He felt the pressure from the orb as it approach him, but his gaze showed a conviction that defied the impending danger.

'I'll blow them all away with this... my second Trump Card!'

After his fight with this current opponent, he was going to use this ability to decimate everyone else.

It was an ultimate ability that was bound to destroy any target—the Original Magic of the Royalty of the Midas Race!

"[Midas Touch]"

Instantly, a golden glow appeared all over Kuzon's body, and the radiation spread around him, turning everything into the same colour.

Before the Penta-Bomb could even get to him, it turned into nothing but a golden statue before falling to the ground and becoming a golden dust that danced away like sand.

Above the swirling sand was the young Midas in his newfound power.

With his body now golden, every single aspect of himself had improved. He was at the very pinnacle of Magic.

'Hahaha! How about that!' Kuzon looked at his opponent with widened eyes, watching as he expressed immense shock.

As expected, even the haughty Outer had finally realized the difference in their strength. Sure, Elemental Chamber, or whatever the guy called it, was impressive, but this power far out scaled it.

The [Midas Touch] was a transformative Original Magic—the rarest kind that changed everything about the caster, and also their surroundings. Unrivalled in strength, and unstoppable in dominance, he stood tall.

Plus, there was the hidden card of 'Petrification' for anyone or thing that became exposed to his radiation for too long.

'If I touch the target, the speed of petrification intensifies, and they will become blocks of gold in merely a few seconds.'

It didn't matter what kind of power they possessed. As long as they existed... they would become golden statues.

The certainty of his victory caused Kuzon to cackle, basking in his golden aura.

'It is my victory!'

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'What am I looking at here?'

Kuzon was now golden and he was emitting some dangerously strange power. His surrounding environment was becoming petrified, and it seemed like he was directing the same radiation in my direction.

'This looks like Kuzon's Transfiguration ability, doesn't it?'

The power that Kuzon possessed in this state was beyond amazing. Plus, with his upgrade after his initial death, he was practically invincible in this form.

'He doesn't petrify the surrounding with radiation, though... so is this different?' Perhaps this was a more dangerous form of that.

If that was the case, then I was in danger here.

'My power still hasn't reached the level I want it to yet. I'm not confident in fighting against my world's Kuzon like this.'

However, unlike him, the energy signature I was sensing from this Kuzon seemed far weaker. Logically speaking, I felt like I could still take him down.

'It can't hurt to be careful, though. It was far better to understand the variables involved.'

I still hadn't confirmed if he had the ability of permanent petrification, or even the conditions for said ability. There was a lot to consider, so I couldn't be making any assumptions now.

'For now, let's test him.'

The Penta Bomb attack failed, so I would have to go stronger.

"Let's do this..." A smile formed on my face and I chose my next course of action.

Instantly deactivating my Elemental Chamber, I entered a new state—Martial State.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

My blue hair turned white and I could feel an immense surge of energy flow through me. White bursts of energy surrounded me, and I could finally sense everything at a much larger scale.

'Alright, then.' I grinned, staring at the glaring Kuzon. 'Let's do this!'

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'As expected, he's an impudent fool!' Kuzon thought to himself as he watched the opponent undo his long-range Assault State, and choose this new form.

'Hasn't he noticed my petrification attribute? If he draws closer, it'll be my win!' As if reading his mind, the white-haired fool suddenly dashed towards Kuzon, emitting a dangerously powerful aura.

Kuzon instantly poured a great deal of his strength into his fist, sending it flying at the enemy—who was also launching his fist at him.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The impact of their attacks sent shockwaves flying through the hall, and the swell of power was enough to push the spectators back.

"Nng!" Kuzon could feel his body recoil from the shock.

From what he could tell, even with Mage Mode and Midas Touch, this person was still stronger than he was. It defied logic, but that was the case.

'He's most likely the most powerful among the Outers.' His thoughts echoed as he felt his arm throb with pain.

Even with the pain, though...

"Haha... hahaha.... Hahahaha!"

... He began laughing.

Kuzon laughed so hard as his fist opened up, and he tightly grabbed the opponent.

"It's my win now!" He screamed, now awaiting the effects of petrification that would descend upon his opponent. "Dieeee!!!"

Silence.

The silent gazes of everyone in the hall descended on Kuzon... Including the one who was supposed to have become a statue at this point.

"W-why...?" Kuzon could only croak amid the silence.

His heart raced, and a certain amount of doubt and fear arose within him.

'Why isn't he turning into gold?!

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

#### **Chapter 848: Kuzon's Loss**

Kuzon could feel his nerves stretching thin.

Sweat formed on his golden brow and his widened eyes sought an explanation. Right in front of him was a person who was supposed to have become a statue, but was perfectly fine.

How was such a thing possible? How could it happen? This was the ultimate technique of the Midas Race!

No one was supposed to be able to resist it. Yet...

'Why isn't he petrified yet?!

... Here he was, watching an exception to the absolute rule.

"Hmm. I see now." A voice appeared from behind him, and someone suddenly materialised. "So that's how it works."

Before Kuzon could even react, the hand of the oddly familiar voice landed on his shoulder, sending a very domineering feeling coursing through him.

"Y-you... how are you...?"

Kuzon knew he was holding the opponent right in front of him. Yet, why was there another one standing right behind him?

"C-clone...?!"

"Close, but not quite." The voice came from behind him, and suddenly, the one he held became nothing more than particles of light.

The particles found their way to Jared, and they fused in no time.

"You wouldn't understand, even if I told you." The young man behind him added, instantly driving Kuzon into a state of rage.

"How dare yo—"

Before he could even complete his sentence, and pour out his abundant energy, the hold of his opponent suppressed everything.

"K-keuk!"

He couldn't even leak out a single word.

"I thought I would be careful, so I decided to use this means, but it seemed I overestimated you."

Kuzon could sense the condescending tone being used on him—the Absolute Emperor.

He couldn't take it. It infuriated him to no end.

"But, well... I suppose something good came out of this venture. I was able to scan your [Midas Touch]. It's an interesting ability. With just enough tweaks, I can..."

>VWUUUUUUUUUUUOSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!<

Kuzon's eyes instantly widened when he heard the sound of the wind echoing in his ears and saw the golden aura that emanated from the Outer.

In moments, the Outer was now in the same form as Kuzon—golden all over, with a brilliant smile on his face.

Disbelief was etched in Kuzon's eyes, and he found his heart slowly turning mellow. His body collapsed like jelly, and he quickly lost the will to fight.

The hidden technique of his family... had been easily copied by a mere outsider.

"Y-y-you... filth..." Even though Kuzon said this, there was hardly any animosity in his words. It felt so weak-willed that it was almost sad.

"If I use this as a base and add it to other Magic effects, I should be able to develop something good. As I thought... there are some innovations that are still worth keeping here."

As if that wasn't enough, the defeated emperor heard the Outer mutter words like; "Kuzon is going to be so shocked when he sees this..."

He would have questioned it, but he was currently too broken to utter any word. He was stuck in the pressuring hold of his opponent, who could easily replicate his trump card.

What more was there to say or do? He knew it well enough.

'It's... my loss...'

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I didn't think it would be this easy, but everything worked out in the end.

While Kuzon had been basking in his power, I used [Unknowable] and [The Moon] to create an invisible clone. Then, by activating Martial State, I swapped places with the clone, allowing me to be completely undetectable while Kuzon fought the duplicate.

Calling it a duplicate sort of watered down what it was meant to be.

Simply put, I extracted a portion of myself and made it into another me. The 'clone' that fought against Kuzon was simply another 'me'.

The reason I chose to use the Arcanas in my fight with Kuzon was because of my caution. I could have even sought any simple cloaking Spell, but I chose [Unknowable].

That was how careful I decided to be.

'Thanks to going through that route, though, I was able to confirm something important.'

The [Midas Touch] affected Mana on the same wavelength as anything native to this world. Since Mana existed everywhere here, Kuzon could petrify the Mana itself, thus affecting everyone and everything by extension.

Even Inepts still breathed air that had fragments of Mana. Plus, their Souls had Mana. As long as the concept of Mana existed, [The Midas Touch] would affect it and petrify the object of attention.

'Unfortunately for Kuzon, I don't exist in this reality, so the wavelength is different.'

I also remembered that the Aether transformed my Soul into pure Aether, so it wasn't Mana-based any longer.

'Once I turn all the Mana Cores that exist in my body into Aether, and my Soul pumps out more Aether, the leftover Mana Particles in my body will eventually vanish and become Aether.'

In any case, his ultimate power wasn't going to work on me... which was kind of sad, considering the petrification was the only thing about the [Midas Touch] that really worried me.

"It looks like I win this round, Kuzon." I smiled at the broken youth, though no form of satisfaction really coursed through me.

There was no way I could take satisfaction in beating someone as weak as this. Even Neron, who had been inept just a while ago, would be able to defeat this Kuzon.

'The petrification will be a problem, but knowing Neron, he'll be smart enough to figure it out.'

Ciel would also be able to win. Edward and Karlia as well.

'As for the others... well...'

With Arcana Spells, it was sort of cheating to even compare their powers with Kuzon, to begin with.

I deactivated the [Midas Touch], deciding to practice its use later. For now, it was far preferable to continue the talk we were having right before the interruption.

Since we won, Kuzon would have to hear the Outgroup out.

'Everything is going as planned.'

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

#### **Chapter 849: The Outgroup's Proposal [Pt 1]**

'Now, then...!' I glanced at Neron, stepping back to join the remaining members of the Outgroup. 'The rest is up to you.'

Neron returned my smile with a nod, stepping forward to approach both the defeated Kuzon and the shivering Dragon King. Based on the short exchange between our parties, it was clear who had the upper hand.

"Tch... whatever. I suppose I'll hear you out." Kuzon gritted his teeth as he returned to his throne.

He put on his emperor's robe, doing whatever he could to regain his dignity. I wondered if he was so lacking in self-awareness to understand that it was already too late.

"Thank you, Emperor Kuzon. I will be representing the Outgroup in this discussion. I apologize for just barging into your palace, but such measures had to be taken so we could speak with you."

"W-well, you could have at least..."

As expected of Neron, through his eloquent speech and expert use of words, he began to reduce the tension that permeated the throne room.

Before long, even the wounded pride of the Emperor seemed to have been restored to a considerable extent.

'By appealing to subtle flattery, and these other means, Neron is priming this childish version of Kuzon to be more susceptible to our message.'

Whether or not this would be sufficient for our goals was another matter entirely. Still, I trusted his method of executing our strategy.

"The Outgroup seeks an alliance with the Midas Empire and the Magic Beasts. We plan on making a coalition and stopping Jared before he expands his influence and power even further." Neron declared.

The moment he said this, I could already see the dazed expressions of Kuzon and Z'ark.

'Now, then, what will their decisions be?'

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'E-even the Outgroup wants to attack Jared's Domain? We were just discussing the matter before they arrived...' Zark's thoughts echoed as he glanced at Kuzon.

He could tell that the young Emperor was trying his hardest to hide his emotions, but his expression gave away his look of satisfaction.

'Kuzon must be happy that even the Outgroup agrees with his reckless strategy. But still, we shouldn't go down this route. It's too—'

"It's too risky. You want me to risk the lives of my people, and the entire Magic Beasts to attack Jared Leonard at this point? The security measures in his territory have skyrocketed recently. In terms of manpower, we are sorely lacking. Not to mention, we're safe in this haven. Jared's forces haven't managed to invade this place yet, and they never will."

Z'ark's jaws nearly dropped when he heard Kuzon give his opposing reasons/

'T-those were my exact reasons! Why is he repeating what I said?!'

Didn't this mean that Kuzon already knew that he was right? He had simply wanted revenge, after all. However, now that the Outgroup came up with the same solution, he was adamant about accepting their proposal.

In the end, the most rational solution would be to build their forces and wait for a sign of weakness from Jared's Unified Nations.

"Do you really think you are safe here? Do you think your people will remain safe from the outside forces forever? Jared and his allies have conquered every single place in this world, except this one. Do you not see that it is only a matter of time?"

"This place is special. Don't compare us to the others. We will never fall."

"We were able to penetrate this barrier pretty easily. Do you really think it's that impossible?"

"W-well..." At this point, Kuzon was at a loss for words.

He glanced at Z'ark, but even the Dragon King was speechless. After all, the Outgroup had indeed easily broken past their defences as they had claimed.

"Our group isn't confident of stopping Jared alone. It shows how powerful we think he is. Logically speaking, he should be able to penetrate your barrier already. Unless..." Neron rubbed his chin and gave Kuzon a knowing look.



"W-what are you saying? Are you telling me he already has his means, but he's biding his time? You're saying the barrier isn't a problem for Jared and his forces?!"

"The likelihood is high. And so, I ask, are you willing to take the risk, even if there is only a slight chance of it happening?"

Gulps escaped from the throats of Kuzon and Z'ark, but they did their best to hide their discomfort.

"Isn't it more prudent to build our forces first? Instead of haphazardly attacking, we can wait until we're ready to—"

"And what if the enemies attack while you're preparing? Not only would you be ill-equipped, but you'll be fighting on their terms. Besides, the longer you wait, the more you push yourself to the point of disadvantage." Neron proclaimed, his voice rising steadily.

"Jared grows in power with each day that passes. He amasses more power, and his ambition peaks to greater heights. In essence, he becomes a much bigger threat the longer you stay dormant."

Neron's words commanded silence in the throneroom, leaving both Kuzon and Z'ark dazed. Had they been so shortsighted all this time that they hadn't bothered to consider the consequences of postponing coming to a decisive action?

"I-I told you, Z'ark! Do you see? My idea was right all along! We need an all-out assault on Jared's domain, and then we'll take him down!" Kuzon suddenly changed his position, now staring at the Dragon King with feigned superiority.

Finding a way to remain absolved from any blame, he attempted to deflect, while passing the blame to his powerless vassal.

"We should attack the heart of his empire! Strike the head, and the body will—"

"No. That's not what we're talking about here." Neron suddenly interrupted Kuzon's glorifying words.

"H-huh? Wasn't that what you meant?" The young emperor stared in confusion.

In response, Neron shook his head.

"You seem to be misunderstanding something very fundamental here, Emperor Kuzon." A dark glint appeared in Neron's eyes as he spoke with all seriousness. "We aren't simply aiming for the capital, but for all of the Kingdoms under Jared's banner!"

Shock and disbelief spread through the two parties, but that only served to broaden Neron's grin.

"It's not just the head. We're going to be taking down the entire body as well."

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

#### **Chapter 850: The Outgroup's Proposal [Pt 2]**

"WHAT?!"

The expressions of the Midas Emperor and the Dragon King morphed into that of shock when they heard Neron's absurd statement.

"W-what exactly are you implying? If what I heard is right, you're trying to..."

"Indeed. We will launch a well-coordinated and simultaneous assault on the various territories that Jared controls."

Once again, their faces displayed puzzlement. They appeared downright stupefied by Neron's logic.

"Are you stupid? What kind of dumb plan is that?"

Um, I actually made the plan. Hearing that these people were badmouthing my creation so much would have hurt my pride, but I completely understood where they were coming from.

It sounded insane to challenge the most powerful person in the world by splitting our forces to all the areas he controlled while leaving a less-than-desired number to face him.

'When cutting down a tree, you don't have to take down the branches first. When killing a person too, it's best to use the most efficient method to end their life.'

However, we weren't simply concerned about ending Evil Jared's life, or his rule. By the time one considered the various people who were under his control, it became easy to imagine many scenarios where they could be threatened if the situation was handled with care.

By spreading out and ensuring every territory was accounted for, we wouldn't need to worry about the fates of the innocents who would get dragged into the conflict.

'I'm sure Neron will explain the rationale perfectly well.' I smiled at our dear leader as we all watched him address the issue.

"Jared has major factories and bases stationed all over his Allied Nations. He has innocents working under him, and he controls their very lives. Our priority isn't merely to stop Jared, but to ensure their safety as well."

"But by focusing our attention on Jared and ending his reign, we can guarantee their security. Both goals aren't mutually exclusive!" Kuzon argued, as expected.

Just as Kido told me, he was really more interested in defeating Jared than anything else. I mean, my alternate self was a genocidal maniac, so I understood the hatred Kuzon hatred toward him.

"I understand your line of logic, but it is flawed. When two elephants battle, the grasses always end up being trampled. While I do not consider myself superior to anyone, our joint forces will end up being a powerful force that stands against Jared's forces. Ultimately, weaker groups and individuals will end up suffering the brunt of our assaults."

That was why damage control was important. Neron was hitting the nail on the head.

"By ensuring we cover Jared's entire territory, we can launch attacks on the several bases and strongholds of power. We will emancipate the people, then we will deliver righteous judgement on Jared's forces, leaving no chance for them to recover. There will be no chance of retaliation or any hostage situation. In one clean sweep, we will take care of all the problems—branches, stem and root."

There was a lot to discuss in terms of logistics and practicability, but this was just the basic overview of the plan.

"You... you may sound smart, but..." Kuzon's low tone interrupted the silence that accompanied Neron's calm presentation.

The frown on his face showed irritation and I could sense elements of animosity. As an absolute emperor used to having his way, he was most likely displeased by Neron's opposition to his selfish plan.

That said, though, there was one major flaw with all that Neron had said so far. Based on my predictions, Kuzon had most likely spotted it.

'He's going to use that to try to resist Neron's proposal.'

"You claim this and then say that. Yet what do you have to show for it? At the end of the day, all the things you spouted are just idealistic. Jared's army far out scales anything we can produce!"

Kuzon was mostly right. The plan was idealistic.

"Do you understand how much land we'll need to cover? Have you considered transportation? Or the total resources we'll need for the potential expenses?"

Once again, Kuzon hammered on the plan's impracticability.

"You lead a little bunch of people, so I don't expect you to understand. Leading an entire Empire is far different from the image you're painting. The fact that we're up against the combined forces of nations shows just how large the scale of this conflict is. Don't get in over your head!"

Perhaps he was right. Were we too arrogant in our plan by assuming that we could take such a route and still end up victorious?

There was a lot to consider and the requirements that we needed in order to fulfil the conditions of victory seemed too impossible.

"We should just go with my—"

"No. It is indeed possible." Neron's voice interrupted Kuzon's, a smile plastered on the former's face.

My grin widened upon hearing his response.

'That's right...' My thoughts trailed. 'With Magic, anything is possible.'

"Based on the calculations we have made, we need over 5 million members in our forces in order to stand a chance against Jared and his forces." Neron began. "To guarantee overwhelming victory and the safety of those we want to protect, we are raising the number to 6 million."

"Can you hear yourself?" Kuzon instantly scoffed in response. "The Midas Forces, in addition to the Magic Beasts barely exceed the one million mark. While you lot are certainly formidable, your numbers leave very little to be desired. Even if we were to draft citizens and choose to squeeze in the most capable of soldiers, we'd hardly reach the two million mark."

What Kuzon had just stated were brute facts. I was stunned to hear the number they had in their forces. Looking at Neron, he was stunned as well.

"I thought they'd be way less, but it seems we will have no problems, after all." He smiled, provoking even more puzzled reactions from the dumbfounded duo.

"Can you even listen to the drivel you are uttering? Are you mad?!"

"I'm perfectly sane, I assure you." Neron stepped forward, oozing confidence. "My confidence simply stems from the fact that there appears to be no need for concern."

"W-what...?"

Kuzon and Z'ark seemed to think Neron was retarded. Considering the fact that all of us Outers looked completely unfazed by Neron's words must have made them conclude that we were all nutjobs.

But was that actually the case?

"We currently possess five million forces at our disposal. The problem was that additional one million, which, fortunately, you possess."

Silence followed Neron's assertion, and I could sense the disbelief—no, utter bafflement—that grew thick in the hall.

'Too bad they don't know of my pocket dimension and the number of constructs I have inside.'

"From Automatons to Golems... We have an ample supply of soldiers. We only ask for your cooperation in supplying the rest."

Surely, Kuzon and Z'ark were smart enough to realize the implication of our offer... and our claims.

'Not only can the Outgroup infiltrate the Midas Empire at any time, but we also have an army that's more than twice the amount that they can ever manage to muster.'

Unless they were complete idiots, the only answer they could give was a resounding YES.