

## SPELLCRAFT 871

### SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

#### Chapter 871: The Outpouring

'I'm surrounded? Ah, I see... I was careless.'

Still firmly holding Jane in his arms, Jared watched his enemies close in on him. His gaze was especially fixed on Neron. He had noticed something different about him, after all.

"You can use Magic now? How interesting..." He whispered, maintaining his careful expression.

In response to his obviously apprehensive demeanor, Neron broke into a smile. Jared felt irritated just watching a look of satisfaction on the face of his most despised adversary, but he controlled himself.

"Isn't this the time you show us your incredible power? Tell us we're worms, and proceed to wipe the floor with us?" Neron said, radiating even more of the confidence Jared despised.

"Why do you ask? Do you already miss the last beating I gave you? I should have killed you back then..."

"You talk as if you could. In the end, you just weren't given the chance thanks to the situation."

"A situation you devised. As always, Neron... you remain the greatest annoyance that stands in my way."

At this point, Jared could do nothing but calmly watch as his adversary drew closer to him.

'I would have displayed my power, and I don't think it would be too difficult to escape this situation, but why does it seem like that is exactly what they want me to do?'

When he thought about it deeply, couldn't they have ambushed him, or perhaps attacked him with a combined effort, rather than leisurely approach him like this? It seemed to him that they were daring him to retaliate.

'Do they have some sort of trick up their sleeve? Ciel was able to hide Jane from my senses, only revealing her presence when she wanted. That shows that they're at least not the weaklings they were in the past...'

Plus, Jared could sense it—the power that the group in front of him leaked.

'They're far more polished than before. Even their equipment is astounding. They really prepared well...'

And now, they had also succeeded in trapping him.

"I suppose this is a 'Check', one step away from Checkmate." Jared gently put her down, using Magic to ensure her body didn't touch the cold, dirty ground.

Sparkles of light danced around Jane, causing her to levitate mere inches from the floor. The light also encased her in a protective dome that boasted an immense concentration of energy. In essence, it was her haven.

"How considerate of you. If only you had spared only a small degree of that affection for others, it wouldn't have come to this." Neron said, a grave expression on his face.

Jared shrugged instantly. He wasn't in the mood to get into this discussion any longer. It had been too long since he chose to walk down this path, and his dream was in sight. Only a fool would give up now.

'What has this world ever done to deserve my affection? It has caused me nothing but pain and hatred. Crushed by the weight of despair, my desire formed, and I decided to do whatever it took to arrive at my goal.'

How was he the one in the wrong? No, he just wanted what was denied of him in the first place—what he had to struggle to obtain.

"Power. All I need is more power. Jane understood that. She deserves all my love and affection... not the rest of you mongrels." Jared's thoughts leaked out as he glared at the Outers.

"You can stall for time all you want, Jared, but that doesn't matter. Once the wormhole you generated becomes stable, we'll destroy it."

Of course! They must have known that doing it prematurely would only doom the world.

"You need to get to the portal in order to get what you want. We're not going to allow that." After Neron said this, a bright light manifested from Ciel, and a highly concentrated dome covered Jared and his immediate vicinity.

"Is that so?" The white-haired overlord responded, a wry smile forming on his face.

An influx of emotions coursed through him, and his heart palpitated slightly, but he maintained a calm expression. Rather than waste his breath saying any more, he observed the shield that covered him.

'It's dense. Also rich in Mana. I see... they've really thought this true.' If he used his strongest Spell, he would be able to break out, but they weren't going to give him enough room and time to use it.

'In the end, all I can do is wait, huh?'

But, how long did he really have to wait? That was the most pertinent question.

And the answer?

>VWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHH<

"Hehe..." Jared grinned, raising his head to witness the source of the echoing sound.

It wasn't just him. The Outers also observed the rushing sound that emerged from the final stabilization of the wormhole's event-horizon.

In essence, the moment of truth had arrived.

"It seems you people misunderstood something." Jared's smile kept widening as he gazed at the blackening sky.

"I don't need to go to the portal to access Dark Energy..."

Misty blackness suddenly began gushing out of the swirling rift in the sky, like how water burst out of a leaking tank.

The outpour raged, rushing only in one direction.

"... The Dark Energy will come to me."

Just as he made this statement, the shield around him cracked, buzzing in response to the incoming corruption that gnawed at its vitality. It weakened the dome enough for him to resort to his ultimate technique.

"[Spellcraft...]"

At that moment, the dome shattered, and the darkness collapsed on him.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Everything around him shattered, and even the Outers were pushed away due to the sheer pressure that enveloped him.

Slowly, the darkness raised him above the earth, taking him to its source. The wormhole called for him, pouring out even more of its contents to him.

Immersed in the bountiful sea of Dark Energy, Jared could feel what he had sought for so long—he felt it in abundance.

"Power..."

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#### **Chapter 872: Dark Reign [Pt 1]**

A dark blot formed in the sky.

So ugly and magnificent that everyone could watch in sheer horror and awe. This blight that darkened the whole world towered above everyone and everything else, doused in the ooze of darkness.

The ooze converged and formed a man. The man had white hair, and black-like veins around his pale body. His eyes glowed purple, and everything around him seemed to grow distorted as a result of his mere presence.

"Haa..." Misty breath escaped his lips as he looked at his hand. Dark Energy converged there, and he inhaled the mist it produced.

"So, this is it? The power I have sought after for so long."

He had built his body to be strong enough to contain it. He had left his primary Core dormant, and even created multiple hollow Cores so he could absorb as much Dark Energy as he could. And now... he had gotten it!

Unlimited energy, newfound power. He could feel his desire getting fulfilled—to be the strongest in the world, and even beyond. His wish is to possess all the Magic and be supreme.

The means were now in his grasp.

He had won!

"There's still so much power to tap from. Haha... I really did it!"

As his cackle echoed across the dark skies, certain people watched from beneath. Their faces told various expressions—not that he cared to notice.

He only sought the one man he wanted to gloat to.

"Do you see, Neron? Do you understand now? Hahahaha!"

However, even though he gave the most maddening laughter, tearing through everything with the echoes he made, Neron's gaze remained unfettered.

It almost felt... detached.

'You're supposed to feel impressed—no, threatened! You should look up in awe or fear—maybe both! Show me something! This isn't the kind of face you should be making!'

Neron's unimpressed expression ached his heart, but it also brought about a blood-curdling thought.

'D-did he expect this too...?'

That couldn't be, right? RIGHT?!

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'As expected, he had a countermeasure...' Neron's thoughts trailed as he watched Jared's elevated position—how he oozed so much Dark Energy.

'I'm a little envious, but I can't be in too much of a rush.'

Neron knew the amount of Dark Energy above him was enough for him to achieve his goal—wiping out Magic from this world.

However, that was only one piece of the puzzle.

'Mana won't be an issue. I thought it would be difficult to achieve, but after learning Spellcraft, it shouldn't be too difficult to tweak a few things to achieve the desired result.'

Spreading Dark Energy into every nook and cranny of this world, ensuring the quantity and quality were well-regulated, he could get rid of all the environmental Mana. Once that was done, he'd only need to use it on the living creatures.

'That would be more complex, but it won't be difficult.'

All he had to do was generate a formula that would induce 'Ineptness' in anyone who consumed it. Considering everyone had different qualities and quantities of Mana, the major hurdle he had to cross was administering the right dosage to them.

'I'll also have to account for timing. The effects have to take place as close to simultaneously as possible, so everyone can lose their ability to use Magic at an approximately similar time.'

If it was a worldwide phenomenon, it would remove suspicion from him as a malefactor. Or, even if he was still spotted as the origin, he could always show them the utopia he wanted to create.

'There's still a lot of work to be done before then, though. I'll need to do more experiments and research to arrive at the perfect formula—preferably one that automatically administers the right amount of Dark Energy to nullify a person's Mana.'

Then, there was the BIGGEST obstacle he had to face.

'The otherworld Jared. He's been of tremendous help to us, but he's also detrimental to the plan.'

Words could not describe how much he respected and even admired the Jared that had come from another completely different reality.

He liked how easily they understood each other, as well as the mutual understanding they shared. He especially admired how, despite the tremendous power he possessed, this Jared would rather help others and assist in their growth.

'He uses his powers for the good of others, and he also desires the welfare of those who should be nothing more than strangers to him.'

Neron genuinely saw Jared as a good friend—a comrade who could understand his ideals.

Unfortunately...

'Despite his good intentions, I'm also certain he has caused his fair share of misfortune thanks to the use of Magic. He must have also suffered a lot of hardship as a result. In the end, Magic is the same everywhere.'

He would have loved to pitch his plan to Jared. He had even hoped they could work together to actualize a relatively more peaceful world without the use of Magic.

Regrettably, he could already see how impossible that desire was.

'He loves Magic. I can see it. There's no way someone like him would understand. Even if he does... he won't accept it.'

Neron could already see Jared as a hindrance to his plan, and as long as he remained in this world, he couldn't actualize it.

'I already know I'm no match for him.'

That was why he had to be patient. Even with his grand prize above him, he had to hold back his desire and play his part in ending the devastating battle that had occurred for far too long.

'Still...' As Neron thought of Jared, something that had been bugging him for some time now resurfaced.

'Where is he, anyway?'

They had been carrying things out according to plan, and Jared should have already been done with transporting all their allies.

'I thought he didn't want to make his move until the portal stabilized, but what about now?' Neron could only contemplate in his head as he kept up his poker face.

"What should we do now, Neron? He has succeeded in fusing with the Dark Energy." Karlia asked, looking worried as she stood beside him.

In response, Neron could only leak out a short sigh. Their plan ended at stopping Jared before he could reach the portal. There was nothing after that.

'But, I can't just say that, can I?'

His hair instantly turned white, and energy danced around his body. In a flash, he transformed into his heightened state.

"We just have to do whatever we can." He spoke, and a wry smile formed on his curled lips.

"We'll do all we can to stop Jared."

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I watched the fight from a distance, observing everything thanks to my immense perception.

I could already sense everyone on the other continents, seeing as they rushed to the Eastern Continent thanks to the dark blot in the sky.

'So, that is this world's version of me, huh?' The resemblance was uncanny.

What got my attention the most, however, was the swirling portal that murked up the sky and supplied Evil Jared with so much power.

'To think I initially concluded that it was Nether when I first heard the story...'

Now that I was looking at it with my very eyes, I knew better than to make such a skewed comparison.

NO, Dark Energy wasn't Nether at all. It wasn't even close.

'It's just Miasma.'

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

#### **Chapter 873: Dark Reign [Pt 2]**

Miasma had an adverse effect on Mana.

It corroded the purity of Mana, corrupting it and disrupting any Spell that was made using it as a source of power. Following this logic, it was very reasonable now that I really thought about it.

"In a world that knows only Mana, Miasma is a valid source of dread."

Dark Energy and Dark Magic... they pretty much stemmed from Miasma, and not Nether as I had initially thought.

'It's embarrassing to be wrong. Though, it's a relief that's the case.' Fortunately, I was able to look into the future thanks to [The Hermit], so I pretty much knew the events that unfolded before they did.

Still... to think all of this conflict was because of some Miasma. It was very valuable here—addressed as ultimate power—but in my world, it was just another source of energy.

'I guess power is relative. This world has a low standard for power, so the stakes are a bit low...'

I observed as my evil version stood tall, spreading his arm wide as he grinned. It seemed he was waiting for something.

'Ah, yes... so it's about time for that. Well, this should be good.'

I intended to keep observing for some time. I could pretty much stop this conflict if I wanted to, but it wasn't time yet.

'The Outers need to grow with their newfound powers. Once I'm gone, they'll be the protectors of this place. I can't have them be weak.'

All of a sudden, I felt like a doting father. It was a bit weird, but I understood the feeling quite well.

'We've become very close this past couple of months...' I smiled, looking at the ensuing catastrophe a good distance from me.

Things were about to get a lot worse.

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Jared, cloaked in darkness, watched his enemies connive against him, but all of that was of no use. They had no possible card to use against him.

Perhaps the last thing they could resort to was to attack Jane, but he had already transported her away.

'It was the first thing I did with this power...'

~And it'll be the last.~ A voice suddenly echoed in Jared's head, causing him to sharply respond to the owner.

"What are you sayi—"

However, before he could utter another word, the most shocking thing occurred.

>VWUUUUUUUUUSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!<

The darkness that circled him suddenly began to spiral out of control, and even more blackness fell upon him from the rift in the sky. It consumed his body, suffocating him till no end.

~Hehehehe! I'll do a bit of remodelling to make this a suitable body.~ Merlin's hollow voice echoed  
The question was... suitable for who?! At this point, the answer couldn't be any more obvious.

"Y-you... bastar—" Drowning in his own power, Jared cursed and cursed.

Even if he could no longer speak, he cursed within himself as more darkness buried him. His onlookers only watched, seeing the invincible Jared Leonard completely fade into the darknes.

... And someone else emerged.

"N-no..." Ciel whispered as she witnessed the entity that emerged from the void this time.

He had long white hair, and a robbe that seemed to be the night itself. Dark orbs danced around him, and a dark purple halo stood above his head.

He opened his eyes, showing how the whites of his eyeballs had turned dark purple, and his irises now giving off a bright golden hue.

"That is... he's back..." Her voice wouldn't stop quivering. Her eyes depicted a glare that no one had ever seen on Ciel's face.

It was one that represented both hatred and anxiety.

"... Merlin!"

>FSHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU...<

The excess energy vanished, leaving the man named Merlin floating above. His warbling orbs kept him company.

"It's good to be back in the flesh..." His handsome face spoke, and a deep voice emerged.

Compared to the presence that Jared had exuded, this person gave a pressure that felt too unreal to be true..

"Putting up with that whiny brat was worth it." With a grin as wide as the devil's, he smiled.

He looked around him for a moment, and a glow appeared in his narrowed gaze.

"Let's take care of the trash first." Raising his hand above his head, an inconceivable amount of dense Dark Energy gathered there. "[Dark Corruption]."

>WHUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Instantly, a wave of energy shot through the entire area. Like a pulse, it covered the surroundings within moments.

And then...

>CLANG!<

>THUD!<

>CREAK!<



Every single living entity on the battlefield fell, with the exception of the Outers—all of whom were within Ciel's white dome.

The Automaton and Golems also fell, as if becoming dysfunctional. Even Gawain—the one on the side of the Outers—met the same fate.

In a flash, all the potential enemies and small fries that would only serve to distract him were dealt with.

"Much better." Merlin smiled, his gaze now centering on the Outers.

Out of all the members, there was only one person who had his gaze. She was the only Outer worthy of interest in his eyes.

"Ciel... its been a while, has it not?"

"Merlin, you bastard. Don't think you'll get away with this." Ciel growled, her glare intensifying.

"Oh? What are you going to do about it? You're stuck in that form, and your Magic Power is abysmal, compared to all those years ago."

As much as Ciel wanted to disprove his statements, she could only bite her lips and keep up her expression of disgust.

"And would you look at you ragtag group? You really think these people can stop me now that I've acquired this much Dark Energy? Not a chance."

The Outers were never a threat to him. And now, even if Ciel did regain her lost power, they still wouldn't be able to stop him.

"Admit it, Outgroup. You've lost this battle." Merlin's confident voice echoed in the darkness.

"I win."

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

### **Chapter 874: The One Called Merlin**

Merlin felt ecstatic.

The power flowing within him was just as he had hoped. No, it even transcended his expectations.

'So this is what it feels like... to be a god?'

He could see everything for hundreds of miles. He could feel the world around him, down to the elements that made everything up. The power that swirled within him seemed to be without end.

This was true power.

'Don't you worry, Jared. I'll use this body well. I'll even help you achieve your goals...'

The poor boy had always been a pawn in his plans. Ever since he was Lewis Griffith, he had been emotionally unstable—the perfect vassal he required.

However, for his slave to do his work with utmost priority and urgency, he had to possess a false sense of agency. As a result, Merlin had convinced Jared that the latter was in control, which made his ego grow as well as his efforts.

He only made suggestions to Jared, allowing the lad to figure the rest out. It was astounding how much progress was made as a result of that arrangement.

Jared was brilliant! His intelligence surpassed Merlin's expectations. Without his tutelage, the boy would have probably ended up being someone great—even though that would take him down a different path.

He was indeed fortunate for gaining access to him first.

'And now, after our long journey together, I've finally gotten what I wanted all along.' Merlin had told Jared about his desire to be resurrected once he obtained the Dark Magic, but why would he simply settle for that?

There couldn't be two kings in a nation. How could he coexist with Jared when both of them desired unlimited power?

In the end, one had to go.

'And that person was you. I'm sorry, Jared, but this too is the fate of the weak.' Merlin grinned.

With this body, and the power he had access to, Merlin felt like he could finally begin his task.

"Killing everything here..."

After completely destroying every single life form on this planet, he would leave for the other worlds that existed within the infinite expanse of Space.

Merlin could feel his heart whenever he thought of his desire, and desired even more to indulge in them.

'Two things need to be done before then, though. First of all...' His gaze fell on the Outgroup, especially Ciel. "I'll need to kill all of them."

Then, the second was finding Jane Ursula. She was a brilliant person, and he could foresee circumstances that would require him to make use of her abilities.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to have a companion too. I'll use a Spell to warp her mind and make her my loyal slave. That should do it..." A sick grin of perversion formed on his face instantly.

It looked too twisted to be called a mere smile.

'Be grateful, Jared. I'll be helping you and your lover fulfil your dreams. Leave it to me.'

Once those two factors were dealt with, he'd use [Spellcraft], Jared's best technique, to manipulate the vast stockpile of Dark Energy in his possession, to create a large-scale Spell that would prove fatal for the world.

With his plans already set in his mind, Merlin decided to proceed with the first task at hand.

"Killing you all comes first."

The Outgroup didn't wait for him to conclude his words, however. They all launched themselves, attacking from different directions as they wielded strange tatooes on their bodies.

'Let's see how you do. I'm also curious about trying out this power!'

"[Death] Strike!" Edward was at the forefront of the battle. His blade was coated in smething black and immensely powerful.

Even Merlin's eyes twitched once he observed it.

'That's... dangerous.'

He didn't know exactly what it was, but it seemed to have the quality of permanent death. Whether or not it would work on him was another issue entirely, though.

'Let's not be too careless, though...!' Being much faster than the swordsman, even though the latter was in Martial State, Merlin appeared right beside him, dodging the strike effortlessly.

"Begone."

One of the orbs behind him turned into a beam of purplish black light, firing an immnse cluster of energy at him.

"Wha—!"

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Edward was sent to the ground, most likely eviscerated as a result of the powerful blow dealt to him. Such an amount of Dark Energy would kill anyone many times over.

"You bastaaarrrd!!!" Next up was Karlia, who came from behind him. Her body was burning hot, and a massive orb stood above her. It seemed she wanted to crush him with it.

"Useless..." Merlin grinned.

He stretched his hand to her orb, while two of his lunged at her.

Dark purple energy flew frm his palm and disintegrated the huge sphere. As he did this, his spheres created sparks of purple and black lightning, electrocuting her down to her bones, boiling even her blood.

"ARRRRRRGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

It all happened in an instant, so Karlia was too unconscious and damaged to see the destruction of her orb.

She plummeted to the ground, but before she landed, Merlin sent a dark spike, in the form of a blade, at her. "You're an eyesore. Die."

However, just as it neared Karlia, almost fatally impaling her, the spike suddenly vanished.

"H-huh?" Merlin's face twisted in surprise. 'Did my Spell just get... nullified?'

"NOW, EVERYONE! COMBINED ASSAULT!"

Edward, who was supposed to have died, rose from the massive crater on the ground. The whitish transparent barrier around him also faded.

As for Karlia, she sings behind her flapped, and she regained her consciousness.

The Outsiders, in complete sync, utilized their strongest techniques and Spells on Merlin.

Z'ark poured out his fiercest Dragon Breath.

Karlia combined all the elements she could and launched the amalgamated energy.

Ciel used her [Tower] and [Pope] Arcana Spells to form a spatial orb that contained as much purified energy to it. [The Magician] also allowed her to pour as much Mana as she could into the strike.

Edward used the strongest technique he could utilize, coating it with the [Death] Attribute of his Arcana Spell. "Martial Blade God Technique #49: Shattered Blade's Uprising"

As for Neron, he used the strongest Magic Item in his possession and pumped it with all the Mana he could to generate the strongest chain reaction as it resonated with the other Spells and techniques being used.

Thus resulting in a massive explosion.

"Let's do this everyone!"

That's right! No matter what, they had to emerge victorious!

>WHUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The multiple concentrations of energy swept through space and focused on a single target.

Merlin quickly used all the orbs at his disposal to generate a massive shield to cover himself, but even that did not stop the combined efforts of the desperate Outsiders.

"Keke... kekekekekeke.... kekekekekekekekekkeke!!!"

As soon as the barrier shattered, the converged energies met their target and generated the biggest explosion they had ever experienced.

>BOOMMM!!!<

The heavens erupted, and the earth quaked as the eruption was initiated.

In the blink of an eye, everything turned pure white, and for that moment, darkness was banished.

In the minds of everyone who won, there was a simple question.

"Did we... win?"

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

**Chapter 875: Downfall**

Fading darkness.

With light already shining, the slithering shadows receded. They coiled back, their fates undecided.

In that moment, hope was lit anew. The onlookers were brought relief, and it seemed they could finally rest in their achievement.

However, this sweet delusion only lasted for a brief moment.

"Haaaa... hahaha.... ahahahaha..."

The malevolent cackle of the monster they all feared echoed in the air, bringing the hopeful fools back to their senses. The battle wasn't over.

Not yet.

"That hurt, you know?"

Dark purple mist hissed from Merlin's body as he once again appeared. It seemed a good chunk of his lower body was missing, but it was being restored in no time.

The dark clouds returned, and the situation reverted to how it was before their assumed victory.

Nothing had changed.

"I take it back. You're a pretty good team. I underestimated your power."

Merlin's body was now completely restored, and it seemed like he never got scathed in the slightest. The sight was both baffling and terrifying.

"However, that makes you that more dangerous. I should take things a little more seriously."

Stretching his hand out, Merlin closed his eyes and whispered.

"[Dark Summon: Wraith]."

At that moment, a terrifying screech pierced the air, and a malformed entity was birthed from the darkness.

It had a ghost-like body—transparent and floaty. It also had pale skin, accompanied with sharp claws and monstrous jaws.

A monster—that was what best described the being.

"An incorporeal entity even more dangerous than a Spectre. Your attacks won't work on it, and it'll drain your life force. Using this, I won't need to do the dirty work myself, and I'll be able to watch you all suffer." Another twisted grin formed on his face.

However, this grin was cut short by the appearance of someone he wasn't expecting.

The footsteps of the lady that emerged seemingly out of nowhere caught the attention of both the exhausted Outsiders and the almighty Merlin.

The latter's face contorted to express downright shock.

"How unexpected. What are you doing here?"

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Jane Ursula had woken from her slumber a few moments earlier, and she witnessed the desperate attempts of the Outgroup in stopping Merlin.

They ended up failing, obviously.

She thought of them as foolish. Why would they undertake a task that they knew would most likely not guarantee them any success? It really boggled the mind, didn't it?

In any case, after watching for long enough, she couldn't hold it in any longer.

And that was what led to this moment—Jane Ursula standing before both the Outers and Merlin.

"You should really take your disgusting ghost claws off my Jared's body." Jane declared, her hand on her hip as she spoke.

Despite the immense aura of malevolence that poured from Merlin, she didn't seem too fazed. Her eyes showed nothing but confidence with every syllable she uttered.

"Jane, it seems you really had a few screws loosened from your head when you got knocked out. Is that why you no longer feel fear?" Merlin replied, still stuck between surprise and amusement.

"I suppose this is a good thing. I get to achieve both of my goals quicker than I thought. Kill the Outers and obtain Jane. Both are within my sight."

Jane didn't budge despite his bone-chilling statement.

"Why did you betray Jared? He was really going to do it, you know? He was going to revive you." Her voice was calm, but stern.

"Why wouldn't I? We both desired unlimited power. We both desired to rule everything. He stood in the way of that, so I got rid of him. Wouldn't Jared have done the same?"

"So, all this time, you've been manipulating him and using him for your purposes?" Jane further asked.

"You get the picture. As always, you're sharp."

"Hmmm..." Jane placed a finger on her glossed lips. Before anyone realized it, they curled upwards.

"Pfft... just as he suspected."

"What?"

"Pfft... haha... hahahaha... hahahahaha!" Jane couldn't stop laughing at this point. Despite the people looking at her, she didn't shy away from cackling as much as her heart desired.

"Why are you laughing? What's so amusing to you?"

"Ah, nothing really. It's just... haha... Jared already realized this would happen." Jane spoke, still recoiling from the humor only she felt.

"He... did?" Merlin's face twisted in disbelief.

Why?

If Jared really suspected him, he would never have danced along and fallen so easily for his trap.

But Jane didn't seem to be joking. Despite her laughs, her words felt totally real.

"Why would he...?" Merlin's eyes widened slightly, and his lips twitched the moment he stared at Jane one more time.

She had a device on her hand.

The answers suddenly began manifesting in Merlin's head as he considered the most probable reason Jared would allow himself to be taken over.

"No..."

"Yes, you bastard." The device in her grasp was a simple switch, but it was far more complex than anyone would expect.

"Wraith, stop her!"

"Too late. The switch has already been flipped." Jane smiled. "I was just stalling for time."

The Wraith didn't move an inch from its position, and neither could Merlin. He looked at his body, and found it to be different from the one he had just earlier.

It was wrinkled and completely emaciated. Worst of all...

"N-no way!"

... It was incorporeal.

Merlin had reverted to his state as a ghost.

"I have to thank you, Merlin." The deep voice that should have belonged to him rang from the body that should have been his.

However, it seemed someone else was in control.

"Thanks to you taking over my body, I was able to build an even stronger capacity for Dark Energy. I was also able to absorb your memories. I now have access to all the knowledge you chose to withhold from me..."

It was Merlin's body and voice, but it was already clear who was speaking.

"J-Jared...?" Merlin's voice stuttered as he witnessed the malevolent smile he displayed.

Upon hearing the name, his face only showed more satisfaction.

"In the flesh."

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

### **Chapter 876: Dark Lovers**

A disturbing silence echoed as all parties partook in a staring deadlock.

Jared Leonard, floating in his majesty.

The Outers, transfixed in their surprise.

Jane Ursula, brimming with satisfaction.

... And Merlin, pale with horror.

"Looks like our long game has come to a close, Master. I learned a lot from you, but there's literally nothing else you can teach me." Jared gleamed evilly.

He used his fingers to tap his head, his smile intensifying. "Everything is already in here."

It was now checkmate.

"You should know this already, but the [Dark Summon: Wraith] Spell isn't only used to deal with physical opponents."

It instantly dawned on Merlin what Jared meant by his statement.

"N-no... please wait..." He began to whimper.

"Incorporeal enemies are a chore to deal with, you know? That's why Spells like these are useful."

Merlin found himself paralyzed despite how horrified he was by the fate that awaited him. The Wraith whom he summoned was already drawing closer to his ghost form.

"I should thank you for freeing me from the burden of summoning the Wraith myself. As always, you've been most useful."

"Wait, Jared! Hold on! L-let's be rational about this and—"

"I am being rational, though."

"I am your Master!"

"That didn't stop you from betraying me."

"I-I was going to fulfil your dreams. I promise! I swear! Hey, just listen to me. Stop that Wraith, Jared. Jared! Lewi—"

Before Merlin could say any more, the Wraith pounced on him, devouring his soul and extinguishing the last flicker of life that existed there.

In a mere moment, it was snuffed out.

"Urgh. Finally. Good riddance to bad rubbish, am I right, guys?" Jared's attention moved to the Outers, who were still shell-shocked by the sight before them.



"Oh, don't give me that expression. You saw how he was, didn't you? He deserved it." It felt a little strange hearing someone who appeared far worse condemn another villain.

It was the perfect example of the pot calling a kettle black.

"Don't worry, though. You'll be joining him soon. One thing to get out of the way first, though..."

Jared shifted his attention from his enemies and focused everything on the most important aspect of his grand plan.

"Jane, you genius!" He grinned, launching himself at her.

Gracefully, yet swiftly, he closed the distance they had, grabbing her by her slender waist as he pulled her close to his chest.

The onlookers knew better than to interfere, lest they got caught up in a crazier affair. Plus, Jared's current power made it impossible for them to get close, even if they tried.

"Huhu... you and your sweet mouth." Jane licked her lips as she drew her face closer to his. In that single magical moment, both of them merged lips and kissed.

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[Meanwhile]

"What the heck? Yuck! Why in the... with Jane? Urghhh! Whyyyy!"

I almost retched multiple times just watching the display of affection between this world's version of me, and this world's version of Jane Ursula.

It was so gross.

'I mean, Jane isn't bad by any means. No, she's actually really pretty, but... hey, what am I thinking?!

I could feel my cheeks grow hot, and an uncomfortable feeling swirling deep inside me.

"Hell no! I don't like Jane! We're just friends. Best buds! Yes... that's all!"

I wasn't just saying this for my sake. It was true.

Honestly!

I truly had no feelings for that woman.

... We were just friends.

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"Mmmhmmm"

The two lovers locked eyes as they concluded their passionate kiss.

"That was amazing..." Jane whispered.

"Looks like this new body's gonna be great." Jared responded with a sly grin.

Normally, if something as bizarre as a body swap occurred between a lover, the other lover was bound to feel a little weirded out. It would usually take some time before they could achieve the same level of intimacy as before.

But that logic did not apply to Jared and Jane.

He had already reincarnated once, after all. Having a different body wasn't so strange.

"You're even more endowed down there..." Jane grabbed something in-between Jared's legs, causing him to let out a soft moan. "It's bigger than your first body. Isn't that hot?" She licked her lips seductively.

Jared gulped, feeling something rise—both within him, and without.

"You little tease. I'm going to enjoy breaking you..." Jared grinned, responding to her tease.

"Oh? How will you do it? Which 'me' will you break? My smaller form or—"

"HEY! THAT'S ENOUGH!" A voice suddenly halted Jared and Jane's conversation.

It penetrated the darkness that enveloped them, and the power was enough to break the concentration the two had.

"Please, just stop. I can't... can't stand this anymore!" The voice cried out.

Jared and Jane cleared up their dark smokescreen and were surprised to find a blue-haired stranger floating in the sky as he complained about their actions.

"Isn't that..."

"Yeah. The one who fought Gawain. As I suspected, he is an Outer. I wonder why he didn't show up sooner." Jared smirked.

"Maybe he was tending to the other territories. It would make more sense that way, considering they were able to fall so easily."

"Hmm... true..."

Jared and Jane stared at each other so affectionately once more, and everything around them vanished, including the intruding stranger.

Their faces drew closer to each other, and just as they were about to connect—

"Come on, guys! Break it up. It's gross!"

"Shut up!" Jared instantly snapped, sending an immense surge of Dark Energy flying in the direction of the intruder.

It seemed due to his anger, he had let out more power than necessary. This amount that currently lunged toward the imbecile was enough to wipe out the entire Outgroup—no, perhaps even more than that.

'Oh well...' Jared thought with a smirk '... I suppose he'll learn his manners in the gra—'

>SHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU<

His eyes twitched as he felt the immense Dark Energy he threw dissipate.

"What?"

At this point, both Jared and Jane gave the stranger their whole attention, finding him completely unharmed.

"Haa... really." The blue-haired imbecile groaned. "How am I supposed to face Jane when I get back?"

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

#### **Chapter 877: The Blue-Haired Outer**

"Who... are you?"

I heard my doppelganger ask me the question with a puzzled expression on his face.

His question was understandable, considering I was just a random nobody who happened to crash upon his happy moment.

But, I had no choice!

'Any further and it would have been bad for my eyes.'

This was the reason why I didn't use [The Hermit] Arcana Spell to look further into the future.

It was just too... weird.

'Jane has always had a kind of image in my head. Seeing her act like this, especially toward a version of me is too strange.'

It got even worse when he changed into a sexier, more manly body.

Seeing Jane get intimate with him just didn't sit right with me. I had to stop them at some point.

As a result, I ended up interrupting the final fight between the Outers and the antagonists of this world.

'I really didn't want to interfere, but...' This was also a good way to end this.

"I believe I asked you a question. Who are you?" Jared, my doppelganger, asked in disdain.

Suspicion glowed within his eyes, and I could see a mix of both caution and bloodlust.

"I am an Outer. I'm here to help out my colleagues, obviously." I replied calmly, floating in the direction of Neron and company.

Their expressions were already lit with excitement and anticipation. I guess they had been waiting for my arrival for some time now.

'Sorry I'm late, everyone. I was watching you all...' My thoughts trailed as I smiled at them.

I also sent them a wink, hoping they wouldn't overreact as a result of my appearance.

"How were you able to deflect that attack just now? It shouldn't be possible by any standard." I heard my evil alternate say as he clutched Jane tighter into his embrace.

'Ngh!' I felt a sharp sensation pierce my heart upon watching the sight, but I controlled myself.

As for his question concerning the attack he sent toward me... it was completely ridiculous.

'That much Miasma wouldn't even pierce my defenses. Besides, there's also Anti Magic, and so many other Interference-based responses I can use.'

In the end, it was never a threat.

The true answer to his question, however, was something else.

"I have a Magic Item on. It automatically negates attacks that fall below a certain threshold." My reply was succinct and honest.

Ever since I began my three-month training regiment with the Outers, I began immersing myself once more into Item Creation.

I was able to develop an Artificial Mana Core for Neron, though we followed his specifications and a blueprint he designed himself.

'That guy is a beast in any dimension. Seriously.'

I was also able to somewhat upgrade Gawain and Hugo—though only a little bit.

In the process, I learned a lot about Magic Engineering in this world and was able to create Magic Items that operated according to this world's wavelength, and could also alternate to my world's frequency.

'I forgot how fun stuff like that could be. Honestly!'

In any case, that was my answer. I used one of my Items—a ring I currently wore on my right finger.

"I see. To think you've advanced that far in Magic Technology. Looks like you've got some serious competition, Jane." Alternate Jared, or maybe I could refer to him as Evil, moved his gaze to Jane.

"Well, maybe. But it still doesn't explain how he was able to negate such a huge amount of Dark Energy." She answered.

I mean, the process was quite simple. Just release a wave of Mana that offset the incoming wave of Miasma.

My item simply calculated the intensity and quantity of the Miasma being directed toward me and sent an equivalent wave of Mana to stop it.

'I guess they still think Dark Energy is the apex of energies, when it's just like the twin of Mana.'

The issue with this world was a lack of enough in-depth analysis into Magic.

'Original Magic is extremely rare, and even Mage Mode is kept as some sort of secret trump card that others can't know.'

It stunted the growth of Magic greatly.

'That's why arrogant pricks like this guy, who has more knowledge and power than anyone, starts getting ideas on how to rule people with his hidden power.'

Looking at him now, though he no longer possessed my face, I couldn't help but feel a little irritated.

Still, it would be hypocritical to completely blame everything on him.

'In this world, bad people are now good. I suppose it's also understandable that good people are bad.'

They all had different experiences, so who was I to pop out of the blue to judge them?

I just wanted to end the war, restore peace to this place, and then return home.

'I'll leave the administration of justice and stuff to the residents...'

"Where did you come from, stranger? I observed your battle with my Automaton, and I noticed your strength. Where have you been all this time?"

I shrugged once I heard the question. I really didn't have to answer.

"Did you have anything to do with that surge of energy that occurred over a month ago?"

He was most likely referring to the moment I arrived in this world, but I ignored the question as well.

"It appears I'm being too lenient with you. I'm not usually this forgiving, you know?"

I didn't know if my doppelganger was trying to look good in front of his lady, but it wasn't really working.

I had a lot on my mind, and it was taking some time to really unpack.

There were so many variables to consider, so I wanted to be careful about what route I should pick

"It's really hard, you know...?" I muttered, staring at the two architects of this world's current state of chaos.

"Trying to pick out which method to use in dealing with you two is just too difficult "

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

#### **Chapter 878: Jared Versus Jared [Pt 1]**

So many lives extinguished.

So much havoc wrought.

So many atrocities done.

And yet, these two were intent on perpetrating even more chaos.

'I can't allow that.' My thoughts finally settled. There was only one major issue with all of that, though.

Where was I even supposed to start from?

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"Jane, why don't you stand back and watch? Leave this guy to me." Jared said to his woman.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. He was able to deflect that much Dark Energy. He was also able to defeat Gawain, and even though I'm exuding this much power, he doesn't seem fazed in the slightest."

Jared already knew this person was not ordinary.

"Still, he's no match for me. I just don't want you caught in the cross-fire."

"Damn. Now I feel like dead weight." Jane murmured.

"Don't take it too hard. Once we're done with these nuisances, you'll be able to harvest enough Dark Energy for your devices. That should give you an edge over everyone else." Clearly, Jared was trying to comfort her.

"Well..."

"We're going to conquer everything together, aren't we? Cheer up!"

In the end, she just couldn't say no to Jared. As a result, Jane agreed to stay away from the battle, floating away from Jared's arms.

A snap from his fingers caused an immense barrier, similar to a curtain, to separate Jane from everyone else.

It was translucent enough for her to see through it, but the amount of Dark Energy in it made it virtually impossible for anyone to dream of penetrating.

"I don't mind the both of you attacking at the same time, but I'll respect your wish." The blue-haired Outer spoke impudently, but Jared ignored his clearly provocative words.

'Is he trying to imply that he is stronger than I am? That he is more powerful than my endless supply of Dark Energy?'

Jared glanced at the Outers and noticed how calm they were. None of them even bothered to assist their comrade.

In fact, they were all seated on the ground, watching the battle that was soon about to unfold.

'This is a little unsettling, but...' Looking around—watching the devastation his power had already caused—was enough to bring back his confidence.

'Merlin was able to vanquish all of the small fries with an intense wave of Dark Energy. I currently have his memories, and I have the power to boot.'

Sure, this person was a lot tougher than the fallen Automaton that littered the battlefield, but he was still mortal in the end.

There was no way he could conquer Dark Magic.

"[Dark Summon: Principality]"

Jared already knew the first thing he had to do was feel his opponent out and test the limits of his ability.

To do that, a fitting opponent was necessary.

The Principality that was summoned had gleaming dark armor that covered the entirety of its body. Its bright red eyes shine with violence, and dense purple energy rose from its body.

A cape of darkness flowed behind it, and spikes littered the shoulder and back portions of its armour.

It resembled a knight, but as a Principality, it was several levels higher.

"GRRRRRRRRRR..." A deep growl leaked out of its helmet, and it was clearly thirsty for battle.

'Looks like it's a Berserk Principality this time.' Jared smirked.

The kind of Summon that had little to no intelligence, all for the sake of increased battle proficiency.

In essence, it was the best when it came to raw power among the rest of its kind.

'It should be able to reproduce that wave of Dark Energy I produced, and so much more. It's immensely powerful too. To think Merlin was keeping something as amazing as this from me...' Jared grinned evilly.

He couldn't wait to see his new summon in action.

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHH<

In a blur that even startles Jared, the dark Principality lunged at its target. It moved like a shadow, donning an intensity that betrayed the natural laws of nature.

In no time, it already closed the distance between it and the opponent.

However...

>FSHUUUUUUUUU<

As soon as it got closer to the blue-haired Outer, reaching the same range as the previous attack, the Principality began to evaporate.

Within a second, barely any speck remained of it, before it completely dissolved into the air.

"H-huh...?"

It was unreal. Even Jared couldn't believe his eyes when he saw what had just happened.

'It vanished? Just like that? How...?'

He had been paying close attention to the fight, and he didn't even see the opponent move a single muscle. The Outer simply stood still as the Principality closed in.

'There was also no sign of Magic, so how?'

"I told you already. Any Spell under a particular threshold won't make it to me. It'll be counteracted."

But this was Dark Magic! How was it possible to stop something that was meant to be the very antithesis to conventional Magic?

It made no sense.

'Nothing stops Dark Magic!'

"Is there anything else you'd like to try?" Jared heard his enemy say.

He felt a tight knot in his heart as the taunt echoed in his ears.

'Is he really... looking down on me?'

Even now that he had access to unlimited Dark Energy, and enough power to rule the world beyond his planet, he was still being looked down upon.

"Shut up..."

It was unacceptable.

"[Ultimate Dark Summon: Ruler Of Death]."

>WHUUUUUSSSSSHHHHHH!!!<

A massive burst of Dark Energy gathered right in front of Jared to create the most powerful entity that could be brought from darkness—both according to his memories and the ones he stole from Merlin.

A dark cocoon was formed, and almost as soon as it was made, a creature tore through it.

It was at least five foot tall, and it had a massive robe that covered its entire body. Its sharp sickle was tightly gripped by its black bony hands.

Everything about it screamed of blackness and evil, and its eyes were oozing malevolent purple energy.

It was a creature sculpted perfectly to embody its name.

Death.

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

#### **Chapter 879: Jared Versus Jared [Pt 2]**

The air grew heavy thanks to the presence of the ultimate creature of darkness that floated with its massive sickle.

The Ruler Of Death itself.

As it opened its bony jaws, a misty aura that killed everything around it pervaded the summon.

"This is the very embodiment of death. It's even stronger than I was before obtaining Dark Energy, and its concentration of Dark Energy is unrivaled among any other summon." Jared boasted, almost to himself.

He might have gone a little overboard, causing even the area around to start rotting, but if it was to prove his superiority, then it was all worth it.



"Ruler Of Death..." Jared began, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction as he watched his surprised opponent.

"... Kill that man for me."

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'Amazing!' My thoughts rang as I watched the new summon my counterpart conjured up.

'I have never applied Miasma like this. To think it could also be used this way...'

It was just as I postulated a while back. There were a lot of things in this world that I could learn, even if their Magic wasn't as advanced as I initially thought.

'I'm definitely memorizing all of these things and recording them in my [Great Sage's Memoir].'

There was one issue with the Spells so far, though.

'They're too weak. Even this one is no exception.'

Sure, it was stronger than the previous one, but not by much.

They would both be registered as Advanced Spells in my world. Sure, the Principality would be considered to be on a lower tier, while this one had a high tier, but it certainly wasn't the highest.

After Advanced Spells, there was still the Peak Magic Category, and then the Transcendent Stage.

Also, recently, I had been exposed to the Primordial Realm. It just went to show how big the world really was.

'Compared to that, this is hardly impressive.'

While this world had a lot of unique elements to it, the power level was too low.

"May I ask a question before you begin?" I raised my hand, staring honestly at my doppelganger

Something about the evil grin he wore told me he couldn't wait to tear me to shreds.

"How powerful is the Spell you used to summon this creature?"

According to what Neron told me, they used the 'Star' system to identify the strength of Spells.

From One-Star to Nine-Stars, that was how this place operated.

"It's a Nine-Star Spell. To think you wouldn't understand it even after seeing it. Did I overestimate you?"

"A-ah, I see..."

So, the limit of this world's Magic was the Advanced Grade?

Well, certain Spells... like the ones for Teleporting and the few law-altering Spells I had observed certainly fell above the Advanced Grade, but the way they were applied was too lacking.

They also consumed too much Mana and required a lot of time to prepare, so I couldn't really call them efficient.

'Honestly, if not for the Miasma handicap, I'd say my 12-year-old self could win in a fight with the strongest person here...'

Perhaps I was overstretching it a little, but—

'Ah, here it comes!'

The Ruler Of Death sped through the distance, causing the very air around it to distort as it approached.

Judging by the overlap of energy, and from what I was sensing, it was going to swing its scythe to initiate its first attack.

The attack would contain an immense amount of Miasma which would naturally kill anyone by inflicting Miasma poisoning.

That was probably why it was called the Ruler Of Death.

Unfortunately for it, though, it wasn't going to work on me.

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

As expected, it swung its scythe and directed all the concentrated Miasma at me.

>FSHUUUUUUUUUU<

The demonic energy dissolved just a couple of inches from me—yet the effect of my Magic Item.

'Anything below Peak-Level Magic won't work on me.'

In essence, it was probably safe to assume that I was invincible in this world.

"WHAT?! HOW ARE YOU DOING THAT?!" I heard the enraged voice of my very clearly confused doppelganger.

Evil Jared was looking like he had just witnessed something completely impossible. His face twisted in utter dismay, and he seemed powerless in his ignorance.

'Sucks to be him...' A wry smile formed on my face.

The only reason I was prolonging this battle was to see what else I could learn from the supposedly most powerful person in this world.

So far, it had been disappointing, but it was possible that his pride prevented him from revealing all his cards.

After all, this was most likely the first time he had been pushed this far despite claiming to have ultimate power.

'Should I rattle him a little...?'

Yeah, that would most likely work. The problem was picking the Spell to use.

'Ah, why don't I mimick him? Yeah, that should do it.'

So far, I had been nullifying his Spells and using a 'mysterious power' he didn't understand. If I spoke in his language when it came to Magic, then perhaps he would be willing to go all-out.

"Alright then..." I began circulating my internal energy.

It wasn't Mana or Aether, though. It was the third kind of energy I had in abundance within myself.

Miasma!

"Kahn, you're up."

A dark shadow erupted from me, and my favorite Demon among the surplus that dwelled within me emerged from it.

His shadow-like body warped until it formed a solid form. Sharp claws for hands, and a spiky shoulder, along with pointed ears that peaked at the top of his head, and then the two eyes that contrasted his black body; all of them became regally evident.

"My Master, you have summoned me..." Kahn muttered with a bow.

The both of us floated in the air, yet he maintain his usual display of reverence.

"Yes, Kahn. You should know what to do, don't you?" I can't my gaze on the dumbstruck Jared that watched what I was doing from his distance.

I wondered what was on his mind, but I decided to simply enjoy what was about to occur instead.

Kahn joined me in looking toward the person he would be facing.

His face cracked close to his jaw, revealing his widening sharp teeth.

"I understand, master. I will do my best."

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

#### **Chapter 880: Jared Versus Jared [Pt 3]**

"T-that is...!!!"

Jared's eyes went nearly bloodshot as he watched the recently summoned dark entity that his opponent brought forth.

The being was coated in dense blackness, and it was constantly oozing Dark Energy.

Not only was it superior to the Principality from earlier, but Jared was certain it had the same, if not more, power compared to the Ruler Of Death.

Slowly, all the pieces started coming together.

"Ah... now I understand. So this is why you were able to stop my attacks..." He gave an undaunted smile, and an expression akin to relief spread across his face.

"You practice Dark Magic too, don't you? It's no wonder."

"Well, I don't exactly call it Dark Magic, but... yeah, I guess you're right."

Jared's smile widened even further.

"Then I suppose I'm done feeling you out. So far, you've overcome all my challenges. I suppose I'll fight you in earnest now."

"You'll have to go through my bodyguard first."

By bodyguard, he must have meant his summon.

'He's still looking down on me, huh?'

At this point, Jared decided to calm himself. It was natural for someone who had Dark Energy to grow confident in their abilities. After all, he was the same.

'So, he uses both Mana and Dark Energy, and he can create an even more impressive summon than I can. That makes him very formidable...'

A grin began to form on Jared's face as he began to decide within himself...

'... Just where should I start from in order to tear this guy apart?'

A mix of anticipation and disgust swirled within his heart, and it was all for one reason alone.

'I am the only one! The only one allowed to be this strong!'

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The Outers, who sat under the canopy of darkness, watching the brewing conflict between their hero and their arch nemesis, were now in a very tight spot.

They were watching something unexpected. In all their encounter with the good Jared, they had never seen him mention this ability, yet...

... How could he use Dark Magic?!

Ciel was the one most astounded by this sudden display of power. She always knew Dark Energy to be evil and corrupt, yet for someone as the otherworldly Jared to wield it, her worldview slowly began to crack.

Just what was Dark Energy?

There was one member who was both shocked and exhilarated as he witnessed the sight before him.

His eyes were wide with excitement, and beads of sweat dripped from the side of his face.

"Haaa... I see now." Neron muttered, his focus concentrating solely on their blue-haired ally. "So you also have Dark Energy, Jared."

It seemed he was right, after all. The more he watched Jared in action, the more he realized how mistaken and shortsighted he was.

Everyone in the Outgroup was shell-shocked by Jared's display, and for good reason. Once again, he had broken the bounds of common sense.

Were they to fear him now, or perhaps Revere him more? Torn between this dichotomy, they kept watching.

'Just how much more will you show me? How much will you show us?' Neron smiled in anticipation.

The real battle was only just beginning!

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"I'm ready!"

Upon saying that, Kahn coated himself in more darkness and lunged at Evil Jared with breakneck speed.

'The fact that he and Karlia didn't recognize Kahn as a demon makes me suspect there weren't any Shadow Demons in this world...'

I removed my mind from the distracting thought and instead decided to watch the battle about to occur.

Kahn traveled past the distance in a brief moment, already appearing before Jared with his hand morphed to form a massive dark blade.

'Starting off with a melee, eh? What will you do, alternate me?'

Jared crumbled into darkness, and then appeared a couple of meters away from Kahn, sending multiple large spikes flying in his direction.

The Shadow Demon, of course, easily deflected them, now using his second hand to form another blade.

Both arms cross-slashed, causing an immense surge of Miasma to fly in Jared's direction.

He erected a shield to protect himself, and then caused multiple elements to descended upon Kahn.

'Haaa! Nice!' I grinned, particularly happy to see that move.

'So he has multiple Cores too. I wonder when he'll use Mage Mode, or Elemental Chamber. Does he have Original Magic? It would be cool if he does.'

I hoped his Original Magic was different from mine. That way, I would be able to take it for myself.

'All's fair in love and war.'

The battle continued, mostly with Kahn attacking and Jared being on the defensive. It seemed he was waiting for something, so I decided to keep observing.

'Should I have used Abellion instead of Kahn? He's stronger, so maybe that would have put more pressure on Jared.'

But Abellion could be a little too much. He was an idiot prince, but his power was quite impressive. Especially his Original Magic.

'Hold on, did I just compliment him? It seems this world is lowering my standards when it comes to Magic.'

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

The explosion caused by Kahn's use of a Spell caused me to return my gaze to the battle.

Kahn's Spell was a swirling storm of dark flames that created a massive eruption around him.

Fortunately, Jared was able to once again come out unscathed.

'Hmm... something feels off.'

I wasn't underestimating Jared, or anything. I also wasn't particularly hoping for his downfall. However, so far, I had been noticing some discrepancies with all of Kahn's attacks, and then the area around Jared.

It took me only a couple of seconds to figure out the cause.

'Oh? So that's what it is! Jared, you sly dog!'

Why didn't I notice it sooner!

'He's using Spellcraft!'

Had I really lowered my standards to the point that I wouldn't suspect this? This world's Jared knew how to use Spellcraft.

'If that's the case, then Kahn is most definitely going to lose this fight.'

Why? Because it didn't matter how much power he had if Jared had the power to hijack his Miasma and even use the abundant supply of Miasma in his own possession.

'Plus, there are other factors—like the techniques he hasn't revealed yet.'

So far... I could see evil me taking the win here.

'Sorry Kahn... maybe next time.'