

## SPELLCRAFT 891

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

#### Chapter 891: Closed

>CLACK<

>CLACK<

>CLACK<

Sounds of footsteps echoed in the deep, dark underground prison.

Other than the cheap sets of luminous stones that served as a dim source of light, the entire place was simply filled with cold darkness.

In this silent and bleak place, someone was walking.

He easily passed through the defenses of the prison—a place of maximum security, exclusively made for one person.

Finally, he opened the double-doors that led to the massive expanse where the prisoner was jailed.

Behind the solid bars, and having dense Magic Constraints that covered his hand and legs, was the most malevolent one in the history of the world.

Jared Leonard himself.

"You... why are you here?" His voice, devoid of much emotion or energy leaked out.

His tired eyes stared intensely at the man who was now taking a seat opposite his cage.

"Hey, won't you answer me? I'm taking to you..." A deep glare slowly began to form as he uttered the man's name, almost as though it was a curse.

"... Neron."

As soon as Jared spoke, Neron's face broke into a small smile.

"Relax. I was just trying to get a little comfortable before speaking."

"Why are you here? Is it finally time for my execution? Is that it? You've come to lead me to my death?"

"No. Your sentence has been extended, so you won't be dying anytime soon."

Jared's eyes widened as he heard this. A soft gasp escaped his lips and he expressed disbelief at Neron's words.

"Why? I don't... I don't understand..."

"You should really be grateful to Jane. If it wasn't for her, I would have already put you down."

"H-huh...?" Jared's face twisted even more in confusion.

"She's finally decided to cooperate with the project. Of course, in exchange for sparing your life."

"W-what are you—??"

"The both of you worked on a similar project together, but she's a better expert. Plus, she's more docile, and it's easier to use her. You're a higher profile criminal, so it's best you take the brunt of public attention."

Jared, hearing all of Neron's words, was now swimming in a pool of ignorance.

He had no idea what was going on.

"The generator you two created was taken by your doppelganger. While I found it regrettable that I lost a tool to help me tap into dark energy, it wasn't a total loss..."

Dark Energy? Tool? Jared's eyes widened as he looked at Neron.

The man's jet black eyes was awfully cold. Completely devoid of any emotion other than pure objectivity.

"The blueprint is available, and Jane has the expertise to rebuild. Though, after considering all the factors involved, I've decided not to go down that route. One could call it a change of heart... or plan?"

"What are you trying to do? Get Dark Energy for yourself? Is that it? Now that you can use Magic, you want more power for yourself?" Jared's voice echoed within his massive cell.

A mix of both curiosity and a sense of satisfaction played on his face.

However...

"Pfft. Puehehe... haha... hahahaha... hahahahahahaha!"

... His words were met with nothing but ridicule.

"Why would I do that? You think I'm like you? Power this, Magic that. All of that is useless to me."

"What...?" Jared's whisper faded as soon as it was uttered.

"I want a world without Magic, Jared. A better world."

More confusion was etched on Jared's face. "Lies. How would Dark Energy accomplish that?"

"You don't need to know. I also don't need you to believe me. I just came here to vent a little, I guess."

"What are you even... saying?"

"Tapping into Dark Energy is too tedious. The process is too conspicuous, and the energy is too erratic—unpredictable. Especially in such a large quantity. I wouldn't want to create even more conflict in my pursuit of peace." Neron smiled, raising a finger as he spoke.

"So, I've decided to simply create my own version. A better, more stable version of Dark Energy."

"H-how in the world...?"

"Jane attempted something similar, and while it was inferior, it had some of the qualities of Dark Energy. That's why it's important that she's with me. I'll be requiring her expertise on this matter."

Jared ground his teeth as he listened to Neron speak. He couldn't take one more second of it.

"You won't succeed! You don't think I tried that? It doesn't work! You need the actual thing! Anything else will be inferior!"

"Says who? You?" Neron's darkened eyes twinkled a little as he spoke.

"I swear, you Jareds are all the same. You claim to have such a great understanding of Magic, yet you limit yourselves in the most mundane ways. There are no 'can't' or 'shouldn't' in Magic. It defies all of those. That's one of the prime reasons why it's so dangerous."

"You won't be able to do it..." Jared still shook his head adamantly.

"Really? Even after experiencing the actual thing and having enough samples to run tests and synthesize a better version? How close minded can you be?"

Silence echoed within the room. Both Jared and Neron stared at each other until the former looked away.

A defeated expression played on his face. Clearly, he had lost on all accounts.

"How long... have you been planning this?"

"Who knows? Maybe since I was little. Or maybe a few months ago. Time is a pretty strange thing, is it not?"

"You're crazy!" Jared barked in response to Neron's calm words. "Magic is everything! Do you think this world will be the same without it?"

"We'll have to learn, then. Besides, that change is what I'm looking forward to. A without Magic... doesn't that sound interesting? Is it just me that thinks this?"

"... C-crazy..."

"It'll take some time to sort out the details, but I believe we're on the right track. The other Outers are too busy, so there's no one to interfere with my work. " Neron's word's overlapped with Jared's insistent ramblings about how insane he was.

"With the possibility of life outside this planet, there's the chance that eliminating Magic here would make us vulnerable to alien life. It's only realistic to expand my plans beyond the confines of this place."

"... Insane..."

"But what about the other worlds? Surely they're bound to be threats out there. What if the next visitor that visits from outside our reality has ill intentions? With our current Magic—or worse still—without Magic, we'll be too vulnerable to fight back. You know what that means, don't you?" Neron's smile broadened even more.

"... You're... insane..."

"I have to consider all the variables. To protect everyone and everything. To save as many lives as possible—not only in this world, but outside it—Magic has to be eliminated."

"...C-crazy..."

Neron rose from his position, his eyes staring straight at Jared who kept shivering as he murmured.

"I will create a new world, Jared. A world where my family, and everyone's families, can live in better peace and equality... a fair world."

He took a step closer to Jared, his wide smile not disappearing from his face.

"... And the creation of that starts from you and me."

He passed through the bars that separated the two of them like the security measures were nothing.

They almost felt like holograms at this point, fritzing and blurring in his presence.

"You know, I've been thinking of how to make you suffer for all you've done this far, Jared. I thought about the worst kinds of torture, but even those wouldn't do justice to the people you've killed and the amount of evil you've wrought." In one more step, Neron grabbed Jared by the throat and raised him up, a completely different expression on his face.

This time, it was of a cold, completely numb look. It felt like he was an inanimate statue.

"And then, I finally thought of it. The perfect punishment." Neron's eyes turned blue as he spoke, and some strange energy began coursing through his body.

"You said it yourself. Magic is everything. However, I think you forgot to add one word to it." And with that, Neron uttered them. "Magic is 'my' everything. That was what you meant, wasn't it?"

At this point, Jared's eyes widened in sheer horror.

He must have known what was about to happen. He tried to beg or scream or do anything, but at this point his body wouldn't listen to him.

He was completely helpless.

"I promised Jane I would take your life. I never said the same about your Magic..."

>FSHUUUUUUUUUU<

The strange energy coursed through Jared, filling him up from the inside out. It went through every nook and cranny of his body, purging every single ounce of energy that remained within him.

And then, after a few seconds, the energy left him.

The work was done.

"Congratulations Jared..." Neron spoke, dropping the weakened Jared like a lump of meat.

"... You're now Inept."

He once again passed through the cage, and it made way for him as if he was nothing but a ghost.

"No... no... please no..." Jared's whimper leaked out, but Neron couldn't care any less about them.

It was already too late.

No... it was actually just the beginning.

Neron's smile returned as he left the prison and emerged from the dark underground into the light.

His eyes saw the beautiful world that surrounded him, and his heart imagined the amazing ones that awaited him.

The lost worlds.

Everything was already in motion, and it was inevitable that it would eventually converge... just as he wanted.

"All in due time."

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

#### **Chapter 892: Strange Descent**

[Kuzon's Story]

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Kuzon could have sworn he was just right beside Ana a few seconds earlier.

And then Legris Damien used that strange Spell. It blinded him, and then he felt his body being carried somewhere beyond his will.

It was too late to resist by the time he knew what was happening.

'What is going on?!' He thought to himself, feeling drawn into something.

Something completely different.

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"Where am I?"

Standing on a very dry patch of land, I looked around me and saw no one else.

It was a land devoid of life, light, or much hope. The clouds were dim, like it was about to rain, but the air around wasn't cool in the slightest.

Kuzon wasn't concerned about any of those details, though.

His thoughts were fixated on something else.

The wasteland was empty, with no one in sight in his nearby vicinity. Perhaps things would be different if he used Magic, but...

'Something is strange here. The frequency, maybe? I can tell... I don't belong here.' His thoughts echoed within him.

That, of course, meant he had to leave. However, to do that, it was necessary to deciphered where 'here' was, and how to get out.

Still standing in the wasteland, Kuzon began to mull over all that was going on.

'Based on this feeling alone, and the extremely stale particles in the air, this isn't the world I'm used to. Plus, there's currently no place on our planet that has this kind of setting...'

Could this be another planet? It was likely so. It could also be something that Kuzon feared more than the former.

'Is this a different dimension? Damn...!' He had experienced his fair share of alternate dimensions, so he understood to an extent.

"Is this perhaps related to that voice I heard before gaining consciousness here?"

Before appearing in this world, he had heard Neron's voice. It told him a simple message;

~Try your hardest. Win 'his' approval. Everyone is counting on you!~

Did Legris really transport everyone to separate realities? And was Neron relying on him to help the others?

'This is complicated, but I think I get the picture.' In all things, Kuzon chose calmness over any other expression.

It was much better to reason one's situation as objectively as possible... even though they were going crazy within.

'Ana... everyone...!' His face darkened and he clenched his fist. His heart was racing faster than he could control, a sigh of anxiety, but he did his best to maintain a stable front.

'Whose approval do I have to gain, based on the message?'

Neron was very intelligent and meticulous. Kuzon already knew this. If he said something like this, then it had have some merit to consider.

'That must mean there should be a civilization nearby. Alright then...!' Neron's eyes slowly turned golden as his golden energy leaked from out of his body.

"I've been putting off the use of Magic in this world, but let's see how it goes."

Unsurprisingly, it worked just as well. His senses began to spread out from behind his position, passing through miles in the wasteland, and beyond the continent he stood on.

However, still maintaining his desire to reach the closest civilization, Kuzon focused his attention on a cluster he sensed with his Sensory Magic.

"I've found it. A nearby civilization!" A smile formed on his face and he halted his enhanced search.

'I'll talk to the people there. Hopefully, the person Neron wants me to impress or whatever is there.'

Even if they weren't, he would gain the information he needed for the current world he was in.

He still had no idea where he was, after all.

"I have to go home as soon as possible. I'm sure the others are working on other things on their end too. Since they're counting on me... I can't fail." And with a daring smile, he began his journey.

'Wait for me, Ana!'

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>FWUSH<

All it really took was one teleportation Spell, and Kuzon was already at the outskirts of the village before him.

He decided to put aside the formal attire he wore for the wedding and instead put on a hooded robe that made him seem like a traveler.

'I shouldn't put on the hood. I'm not here to raise suspicion, after all.' If he showed his friendly face around, he was sure more than a few would be inclined to answer his question.

'Still... this place....'

Kuzon's eyes took in the sight in front of him. Greeting his presence was a settlement that could hardly be qualified as a civilization.

Tents littered his sight, and other than the two ascending poles and the connected signpost that marked the start of the town, there was really no line of separation, or walls that properly covered the place.

It was a bare land, filled with tents and people going about their businesses.

'How many are they? Ah, I see. Almost a hundred thousand, huh?'

They were quite a lot, considering the kind of treatment they were receiving, why would they choose to remain in such a place?

'That doesn't matter for my purposes, though. I should hurry.'

The moment Kuzon took a step past the poles and signpost, venturing into the primitive society in front of him, he was instantly greeted with stares from the people who were going about their business.

'Ah, is it strange for them to have visitors?' He pondered.

However, before he could think too far on the issue, he saw the faces of the denizens slowly warp.

Their eyes turned bloodshot, their bodies trembled, and they instantly jerked away from what they were doing.

'H-huh...?' Kuzon thought to himself.

Before he realized it, the several thousand people in the community were already gathering together, all having the same expression of mixed fear and reverence.

Right before his very eyes, these people—both the grown men and women, as well as the younger ones—all bowed before him.

Their impoverished attires were stained by the dirt of the ground, but it seemed they were hardly concerned at all.

Beads of sweat formed on their faces, and nervous reactions pervaded the ever-growing number of bowing people.

"W-we greet you, and welcome you to our worthless community..."

They really were frightened of him. Kuzon could see it on their faces—in their tired-looking eyes.

But why?

"P-p-please spare the lives of your worthless servants and show us mercy. We are willing to do anything, o' Supreme Midas."

Hearing and seeing all of these, feeling the unexpected rush of devotion and attention from all of these people, Kuzon was dumbfounded.

For a second, he became completely blank.

'... What the hell is going on here?!'

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

#### **Chapter 893: Ugly Truth [Pt 1]**

'They're all scared... of me?'

Kuzon was so confused because he had ensured he concealed his power before approaching them.

He had also not done anything worthy of such treatment. After considering their reactions and his current predicament, he could only conclude one thing.

'The Midas Race?'

Did these people fear the Midas Race? If that was the case, then did his people exist in this world?

'That's perfect. I'd find better information there!' If only he were that naive.

The fact that these people were so terrified of him showed there was a problem with the Midas Race.

'Before I see the Midas, I better know what I'm dealing with—thoroughly.'

With that, he took another step forward, causing the audience to squeak.

'Its weird that they're acting this way, but I can just take advantage of this. This way, at the vet least, I'll be getting honest answers from them.'

"You may all raise your heads." Kuzon spoke gently. "I am only interested in asking a couple of questions. Once I'm done, I'll leave."

He could see twinkles of relief in their eyes, but most of them had immense shades of doubt.

'Tough crowd...' Still, it didn't matter to him.

So long as they would answer his questions... that was all that mattered.

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"Where is this place? What are you people doing here?" He began by asking.

He understood the question he asked..might have seemed foolish, especially to residents of this world already.

'Thankfully, they'll answer it anyway.'

"We're mere vagrants. This is a 'Shelter'. We don't have anywhere else to go, so we decided to camp here—in the wastelands." The one who seemed like the leader decided to answer.

He was elderly and frail, and he looked so sickly that he could die at any given time.

'Did he volunteer himself because he knows he doesn't have long to live? If he offends me, or answers incorrectly, and I kill him, it wouldn't really be that deep a blow. Is that what they think?'

Kuzon was once again confused about the line of thought these people had.

"Why have have you all become displaced? What happened to your homes? What happened to this place?" He asked.

At this point, the people shivered more, showing hesitation that had never displayed before.

The fear had reached a new height.

"Don't worry. Answer my questions honestly, and I won't harm you. I give you my word."

Their eyes widened at his gentle tone and understanding face, and he nodded calmly. If he could gain their trust, Kuzon figured he'd be able to get more accurate information.

"W-we're like this because of the 'Cleansing' that happened a few centuries ago. The M-M-Midas Race... purged the world of t-the filth, and... they brought a new world order. Those who did not fit into the new world... we're labeled vagrants. We've been living like this—we and our families—in the wastelands ever since. A-as long as we do not cause any trouble, we won't be eradicated... we hope."

Hearing all of this, Kuzon's eyes widened instantly. His lips quivered, and there was only one word he could say.

"What?!"

>DUM!<

Instantly, an overwhelming pressure enveloped the area, causing all the kneeling residents in the area to nearly fall flat on their faces.

It suddenly became very difficult to breathe, and they felt like they were going to die if the condition lasted for a little while longer.

"A-ah, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to do that!" Kuzon snapped out of his daze, realizing the harm he was causing.

Guilt and anxiety spread across his face. A prickly feeling coursed through his heart, and he felt pangs of pain that he couldn't possibly decipher.

Seeing the powerless and helpless shiver before him, watching in horror as he stood before them.

"W-we are fine, almighty Midas. We are grateful you spared us..."

Even though they said that, Kuzon could sense the hollow nature of their voices.

It was almost like they were automatons who were taught how to respond when confronted with certain situations.

It hurt him to no end.

'The Midas Race did this... here?'

"Tell me more about this world's history. Why do you all live like this? Certainly with Magic, you could live much better lives and improve your civilization." Kuzon said.

He had sensed Mana dancing in the air, and he knew these people had Mana Cores. So, they weren't Inepts.

'Is it that Magic in this world isn't very advanced, or...?' He looked at them, and the denizens appeared very confused with Kuzon's inquisition.

What did he say that was out of place? As he killed over this, the elderly man finally decided to answer.

"W-we can't use Magic, almighty Midas..."

'What? But they can. They have Mana Cores, so they should be able to. Not one of these people is Inept. In fact...'

"The use of Magic by anyone other than a Midas is forbidden. Forgive me for thinking this is some form of test the Midas Empire is performing on us, but none of us have been practiced Magic. I can guarantee that, my Lord."

Kuzon couldn't believe his ears, but he couldn't stop now. He needed to hear more.

"What happens if you use Magic?"

"The almighty Midas Race, in all their glory and magnificence, have created a Magic Device that allows them to detect the use of Magic all over the world. If one is detected, the Inquisitors are dispatched, and that person is purged. Depending on the intensity of the Spell, or the resistance met, the Inquisition also has the authority to purge the entire settlement."

Kuzon was beyond horrified. This tyranny had taken him to a realm of disbelief, yet the words of the man didn't seem false.

He had no reason to lie.

'Is this place real? From all I've been sensing, that seems to be the case.'

In this real, but different world, his own Race had done something so horrific?

But... why?

"Why did they do this?" He asked, the question burning deep within his heart.

"Before the 'Cleansing', the nations warred against each other in what seemed like an endless conflict. Magic was used as a critical element of that conflict. After the 3rd Celestial War, the Midas Empire decided to intervene, thus putting an end to the violence and bloodshed. They banned the use of Magic because of how much it corrupts, and also to protect us from ourselves." The man said, his head still bowed.

'Bullshit!' Kuzon wanted to say, but he swallowed his rage.

The Midas Race probably didn't want any opposition, so they made a system as oppressive as this.

'He said this has been for a few centuries now. That is so...'

This man was probably someone who didn't experience all the calamities himself, so he must have heard everything from a third account, most likely.

'Based on his response, and even the response of all these people, they've been conditioned never to question the Midas Empire. They've become nothing but lowly subjects, and the Midas people are recognized as gods.'

Once Kuzon discovered this ugly truth, he couldn't control his disgust.

'This is clearly wrong!'

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

#### **Chapter 894: Ugly Truth [Pt 2]**

In this new world, the use of Magic was illegal.

That had been the law for centuries. Even though these people naturally formed Magic Cores, they hadn't used them even once. Pretty much no one even knew how to cast a Spell.

According to public policy, that was like casting costly pearls before swine.

"Does this new law apply to ever race? What about the Magical Beasts?" Kuzon asked.

"Y-yes. It applies to all. The Magic Beasts have been domesticated by the almighty Midas Empire, so no one among them dare to defy them. Thanks to that, we now live in a utopia devoid of war and chaos."

Kuzon tried his best to hide his disgust, but it seemed a little leaked out every now and then—especially when he heard answers like this.

'The conditioning is so strong, huh? Or is he just trying to bootlick me?'

In any case, these people who were suffering, still appeared so grateful to the Midas Empire.

It repulsed him.

"We now have order. Stability. Direction. It is all thanks to the Midas Race interfering with our primitive ways and giving us their laws that we could arrive at this development." The old man furthered.

"Praise the Midas Emperor."

Everyone bowed and raised their hands above in response to his words. They all jointly changed the words "Praise the Midas Emperor!"

Hearing those echoes disturbed Kuzon, but he kept his cool. Instead, he looked at the nearly hundred people who committed this act, feeling nothing but pity... and then shame.

However, it was at this point that he noticed something spectacular among the crowd.

It was a young lady among them.

'She's not joining them to say the words. And look at her eyes... the frustration... the anger...'

For some reason, seeing even one among this sea of sheep made him happy.

Not everyone had been brainwashed, at the very least.

"Is this world truly better off...?" Kuzon whispered as he gazed at the darkened sky.

He truly did not think so.

'There are still more questions I want to ask. I should also hurry, so let's get this over with.'

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Kuzon asked more questions and managed to learn even more about the world.

Apparently, a lot people were way better off than those living in the slums. Those ones loved in cities known as 'Zones'.

There were a total of one hundred zones all over the world, made into small cities that confined their residents into that particular box where they did jobs and engaged in monotonous labor until they died.

'Their paths are set for them, and they will continue the loop until they finally exhaust their lives—not able to leave the city even once.'

How was this a better world?

'Can't they see it? They're merely prisoners.'

He learned more, though.

This wasteland, where these people lived, once served as a battlefield. It was also a place where the non-skilled and non-talented could afford to live.

The comfortable lives in the city came with benefits, such as safety, security, and the warmth of civilization. However, that came with the price of taxes and the daily expenses they had to live under.

Some even went into debt as a result.

Those who could not cope with such a lifestyle, due to not having proper skillsets, had no choice but to live in the slums.

"We get provided with our daily rations from the benevolent Midas Empire, even though we do not work or deserve it. They still feed and sustain us." The old man had said.

Kuzon knew all of that was a load of garbage. It was all wrong.

'The Midas are probably keeping these people alive to serve as an example, a deterrent to those in the cities who do not want to lose their privileges. It makes them continue to work harder. As for these guys, they are given very little—just enough to keep them alive—and yet they're so loyal?'

Didn't they understand that they would have been able to eat healthier and better without the oppressive system, to begin with?

'Even paupers should live better lives than this...'

Still, that wasn't all.

Apparently, in this new world talent and skill were everything.

The talent that was required and appreciated couldn't be based on any combat-related skill. In a society where everyone needed to have a place, the lack of the preset abilities meant being forcefully ejected out of it.

That was why slums existed, and why 'Shelters' were built all over the world.

'It's just to maintain this defective system...' Kuzon thought to himself.

He could feel his head hurting anytime he thought very deeply about the matter. Plus, the fact that the people he was speaking to kept praising the Midas Empire didn't give him enough perspective.

He felt like there was something missing.

"The Midas Empire is responsible for the greatest atrocities in the history of this world. They claimed to have ended violence and bloodshed, but they committed the worst kind!" A voice suddenly erupted from the crowd.

Kuzon's eyes twitched as he swiftly diverted his attention to the one who spoke.

'Ah, it's the same girl from earlier. The one who wouldn't behave like everyone else...'

He could already see people around her gasping in shock and begging her not to speak any longer, even going as far as restraining her, but she struggled anyway.

"P-please forgive her indiscretion, my Lord. I will make sure to punish her very strictly for this blasphemy that she has uttered "

"Please forgive the child."

"Have mercy!"

"Spare us."

The village elder and many others began pleading and begging.

It reached a point of irritation that Kuzon finally raised his hand, causing everyone in the pandemonium to freeze.

"Whose child is she?" He asked.

"W-we don't know. She was abandoned here in the slums, and we've been taking care of her ever since."

'So, even in their oppression, they remain kind people...' Kuzon smiled.

At the very least, he couldn't completely despise them.

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

#### **Chapter 895: The Girl Called Maya**

The young lady had jet black hair, long enough that it effortlessly flowed down her back. Her red irises shone like a prized ruby, and her defiant expression added a certain kind of allure to her face.

'Interesting...!' Kuzon smiled as he watched her.

He observed as the villagers had her on a leash—one covering her mouth, and the others holding tightly to her arms and legs.

They probably didn't want her to get into any trouble, or doom the entire settlement.

'A place with so many people, yet she's known by them. Her notoriety must be quite high.' He mused.

"What is your name?"

At that moment, Kuzon's eyes went straight for hers, and he signaled everyone around her to cease their actions.

As a result, they all let go of her, freeing the young lady.

"My name is Kuzon Midas. What is your name?"

For another few seconds, she didn't say anything.

"Don't tell me you're too scared to tell me your name—"

"I'm Maya. Just Maya!" She barked, almost in rage.

Kuzon leaked out an amused chuckle as she spoke. He knew someone like her would most likely respond if he decided to rile her up a little.

And it worked.

"Maya. That's a nice name..."

"W-what..?!" Her response was shock, but also downright suspicion.

"I said you have a nice name. Your personality is also pretty interesting."

"W-what are you... saying...?" Her voice trembled, and she looked utterly confused.

She probably wasn't used to hearing those kinds of statements, and she most definitely wouldn't have expected such a compliment from a Midas.

"Maya, please tell me more about what you were saying earlier."

"A-ah..."

At this point, she began to look around her, seeing the worried expressions of the people. Despite her earlier outburst, she seemed quite considerate of her people.

'Maybe she can't properly control her emotions? Maybe she reached the limits of what she could tolerate before speaking up? Either way...'

"Don't worry about them. I won't hurt anyone as long as my questions are answered honestly. You have my word."

Using [The Emperor] would have been much faster, but ever since he came to this world, the Arcanas that fused with his body seemed to be completely dormant.

It bothered him to no end, but he chose to shelve the matter until he gained more information.

"W-well..." Maya muttered, her expression turning a little darker.

"Yes? Go on." Kuzon nodded on encouragement.

He was truly interested in the true history that these people were avoiding to address.

"The Midas Empire resorted to Mass Genocide, killing everyone who defied them and their new system. That is the true meaning of the 'Cleansing'. They cut off the strong, leaving only the weak and powerless behind."

'A-ah... so that's what I've been missing.' Kuzon's thoughts echoed.

"Only the weak and docile remain. We can't do anything about the situation, and we've accepted it as our fates." She seemed to be seething in anger now.

It pleased him.

"I often ask myself... if the Midas Empire was so perfect, and so loving, and so powerful, couldn't they have found a better way to ensure peace and order? Why would they have to kill so many people—even innocents—just to give us this reality we have now? We barely get by every day, and none of us are allowed to want more. This can't be the work of a just system. This... this... there's something wrong somewhere!"

Kuzon's eyes beamed once he heard those words.

'She's different from the rest of them!' It genuinely made him happy to see someone who strayed from the hive mind.

However, it was also a wonder how she had managed to survive for so long despite her strong views against the Midas.

'The Midas Empire most likely can't see everything. They just detect Magic waves and respond to them as well. However, the dogma has formed an assumption in their hearts that the Midas Empire is all-powerful and can do anything.'

Since they were the only ones who could use Magic, it was only natural that the Midas Race would reign supreme in this new world.

"Keke... kekekeke..." Kuzon laughed at himself, grabbing his face as he felt an uncontrollable emotion rise from within him.

"Hahaha... hahahahahahaha... hahahahahahahaahahaha!!!"

His laughter echoed the surrounding, enough to send the entire area into a wave of silence and confusion.

"It's funny, isn't it? This is why dictatorship is always doomed to fail. It's not sustainable. Hahahaha!"

This time, the people stared at each other in confusion. They didn't really understand what he was implying, but it was their duty to support the words and actions of their Midas superiors

"Y-yes, my Lord. It is most hilarious!"

"Indeed. Very funny, my Lord.."

"Yes. You have rightly said so, my Lord."

"Your sense of humor is transcendent, my Lord."

"Right as always, my Lord."

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!"

Before Kuzon realized it, everyone was already copying him, laughing as hard as possible.

Their laughter rang empty and hollow, yet they kept it up.

"What the fu...?!" Kuzon's face twisted in annoyance.

'Who told you to laugh? Why are you guys so—?!'

Before he could conclude his statement, Kuzon felt an incoming energy from behind him, so he glanced in it's direction.

'Spatial Magic?'

And, just as he guessed, space warped and a portal formed.

>VWUUUUUUUUUMMMMMM!!!<

The portal resembled a puddle of water, but standing vertically.

It was also golden in color, radiating the signature color of none other than the Midas Empire.

'So they're here, huh?'

Footsteps echoed in the silent expanse, and a group emerged from the portal.

They were garbed in golden armor from bottom to top, taking the form of knights. The dignified designs on their armor and helmet showed a form of dignity that couldn't be replicated.

There was a sharp contrast between them and the kneeling residents of the slums.

One of them, dressed in a different, more exquisite, set of armor compared to the others, stepped forward.

He was also not wearing any helmet, so everyone could see his crimson eyes and golden hair.

"We are the Midas Inquisition, Division 15. Magic activity has been detected in this area, and as such..."  
The man's eyes gleamed and a grim smile formed on his face.

"... On behalf of the Midas Empire, we are here to purge the heretic."

Silence and dread instantly filled the air.

"Praise to the Midas Emperor."

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

**Chapter 896: Midas Royalty [Pt 1]**

"Praise to the Midas Emperor."

The word echoed from the lips of Darius, Vice Leader of Division 15 of the Midas Inquisition.

The Inquisition Department, just like any other Midas Construct, was extremely ordered in both its internal and external affairs.

There were a total of 100 divisions, and the lower the number was, the more powerful the Division was.

Division 1 was the most powerful, consisting of only the most elite of the Midas Empire who chose this line as their career path.

However, when one considered how many divisions there were, Division 15 wasn't too bad as well.

And Darius was the Vice Leader of this Division.

That made him one of the strongest in the Midas Empire, didn't it?

He took pride in that day after day, and the appraisal he received from those around him only further went to boost his ego.

Despite all of that, though, there was only one thing that made him feel truly special.

'Subduing the Inferior Race.'

That was why he joined the Midas Inquisition. That was why he loved his job so much.

Even now, as he appeared in front of the kneeling audience, his grin was especially wide.

He was so elated to see all of them kneeling before his mighty presence.

'They're quick to bow, too. These ones know their place.'

That put him in such a good mood. Instead of simply slaughtering everyone here like he originally intended, perhaps he would only kill a small portion—say, fifty percent.

That would be benevolent, would it not?

Darius couldn't wait to begin the slaughter and see the despair the people he subdued would show him.

His body twitched just imagining it.

"N-no one here has practiced any Magic. I swear to you!" An elderly man spoke, his voice creaking like that of old furniture.

It really pissed Darius off.

'Alright, then. It's decided! I'm definitely killing that old man first.'

"Yeah, yeah. That's what they always say. Am I right, guys?"

The five-hundred troops he had behind him all joined him all chuckled in excitement.

One could ask why the Midas would dispatch so many troops, almost all of the total force of the 15th Division, to such a slum. The answer was something even Darius didn't know.

The Leader seemed a bit surprised and told us to go ahead of him.

'I don't mind, though. It allows me to play boss for a little while longer. Hehe! It's always ecstatic, being in charge!'

Watching all these lumps of meat look at him with such fear and trepidation made him so aroused that he couldn't help himself anymore.

He had to take a life—right there and then!

'Let's start with you, old man!'

A Magical glow appeared all over his hand, and instantly, a golden blade manifested.

Darius already knew how he was going to use it. He was going to drive it through the old man's skull, dividing his shrinking brain into two equal parts.

It was going to be magnificent!

">WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHH!!!<

Faster than anyone could see or react to, Darius brandished his blade, taking a step back as he prepared for his straight thrust.

He could already imagine how his blade would tear through the man's skin like a hot knife through butter.

'Haaa... haaa... I can't wait! I cant wait! I can't wai—'

>WHOOOOOOOOOMMM<

This blade shot through space, ready to pierce and take a life.

"Stop..." A low, calm voice suddenly echoed, but Darius couldn't stop.

Not when he was in the zone.

Not when he was so close to fulfilling his long-held craving.

'DIEEEEEEEEE!!!'

"I told you to stop."

Suddenly, someone held the blade he had thrust with so much power, causing the entire thing to shatter like glass.

It was only at that moment that he realized that there was someone who stood in front of the old man.

'A-ah...?!'

This person had golden hair and golden eyes—genuine ones that glowed as he displayed his dissatisfaction.

Cold sweat instantly coursed through his body and he took a couple of steps back. He nearly forgot to breathe, shivering while moving further away from the man he was looking at.

The clanging sound made by the fallen shards of his blade woke him from his daze, yet he found himself unable to properly speak.

Why?

"F-forgive me for my insolence!" Darius, and the five hundred troops he commanded instantly knelt to greet the man in front of them.

Why?

Well, there was only one reason; and it was more than sufficient.

The Midas society operated based on order—on hierarchy.

And at the very apex of that hierarchy were the Royals

Golden hair. Golden eyes. Clear skin. Graceful appearance. Immense power.

These qualities unquestionably defined a Royal.

"Haaa, you idiots..."

And currently, they were currently in the presence of one.

"... What do you think you're doing?" The Royal whispered in his graceful voice.

It caused everyone who knelt before him to bury their knees to the ground.

"You were about to kill an innocent old man. You've not even confirmed if he was the one who Magic or not."

Darius couldn't understand why the Royal was hounding him because of that. He thought he would be more upset that he defied his order to stop.

'Inferior races are livestock. Why... do we need to be considerate towards them?'

It didn't make sense to him. Why was this Royal taking their side?

"For your information, I was the one who used the Magic. I'm guessing you detected a powerful surge of energy. That was me."

"B-but the System registered it as unlawful. All Midas citizens have their Mana signature registered, so they can freely use it. But... "

"Oh? Are you saying I'm lying?" The Royal asked, his eyes narrowed on Darius.

'H-huh? No way! How could I? No one would ever defy a Royal!'

Even if it didn't make any sense, he wouldn't dare question the claims of the Royal.

Darius suspected the Royal was protecting someone from this slum, but what could he say?

He wasn't a Royal. There was nothing he could do about it.

'Maybe it's a whore he desires here. I have no idea why some Midas desire pigs like these, but...' Darius knew he had to back off.

If he didn't want to be the one executed, he had to obey the status quo.

"I completely understand, sir. You are right, sir." He nodded and bowed his head.

Even though this felt very frustrating for him, Darius knew it was only natural.

He had also made others inferior to him do the same. Now it was his turn.

'I am among the elite of the elite. I hardly have to do this to anyone. But, there are still people above me whom I have to obey.'

It was only natural.

"Now, then, you may return." The Royal said calmly.

Now, that... that would be a problem.

"W-we can't do that, sir."

"Oh? Are you defying me again?" Darius wondered why this Royal was acting so oblivious of the Midas System, but he decided to answer regardless.

"Not at all sir. But we have orders from our superior... and we can't disobey."

A very essential element of the top 30 Inquisition Divisions was that their leaders were Royals.

Division 1 was led by the crown prince himself, and going down that trail, less powerful Royals were placed in charge of lower-ranked Divisions.

Their leader, being the head of Division 15, was by no means inferior even though he wasn't at the very top of Royalty

And that meant one thing.

"We can not turn against the orders of the 9th Prince."

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

#### **Chapter 897: Midas Royalty [Pt 2]**

"We can not go against the orders of the 9th Prince."

As those words echoed in Kuzon's ears, he stiffened a little, though his expression remained the same.

'Haaa... looks like things are even more complicated than I thought.' He sighed internally. 'What should I do now?'

Currently, everyone's lives were at a risk thanks to his use of Magic.

'I was careless. I didn't consider that my arrival in this world would cause such a Magic disturbance.'

Plus, he also used Magic to teleport to this place, leading the trail to this Shelter. Ultimately it was his fault, so even if this was time consuming for him, he had to help these people.

'I used telepathy to tell Maya to kneel as soon as I noticed the spatial rift. Thankfully, she listened.' He also erased his presence through Magic, allowing himself to be undetected when the Midas soldiers arrived.

'I wanted to see how they would act. To think they actually wanted to kill an innocent old man without reasonable justification...'

He had noticed the Midas Captain's expression—how he seemed incredibly excited to take the life of another.

'Maya was right. It seems the Midas Empire really is the villain here.'

The big question, however, was what he could do now.

'Should I take them down by force? Should I use Magic to hijack their will? But using more Magic to resist will clearly be detected as unregistered Magic. Wouldn't that create even more trouble for these people?'

Kuzon also knew he couldn't be naive enough to think he could easily solve the problem by defeating the Midas troops.

'Sure, it would save them on the short run, but...'

>VWUUUUSSSHH<

As Kuzon was still considering his options, another golden portal suddenly formed and swirled a short distance from both him and the Midas troops.

The spatial gateway caught the attention of both parties, causing them to look at the individuals who emerged from it.

First came about a dozen more Midas soldiers, dressed in a similar armor as the regular troops that stood behind the one who led them—though they had capes behind them, and the quality and designs of their armor seemed much better.

They were still inferior to Darius's armor, though.

They took their respective positions, like an entourage of someone greater than them, they formed two different rows, standing firmly like statues to welcome the final person to emerge from the portal.

"What's taking you all so long?" A deep, authoritative voice suddenly surged forth, and the owner followed afterward.

He was garbed in thin golden armor that covered his body, with an exquisite white cape that flowed behind him.

His long golden hair trailed behind him, and his smooth, clear face shine with magnificence.

Appearing no younger than twenty years old, his golden eyes showed his identity as a royal, and the authority he exuded showed how much power he commanded.

Then, there was the magnificent golden crown that shone brightly.

"Why have you not dealt with this already, Darius?" The Royal asked, his eyes narrowed.

Every member of the Midas Troops, Darius included, showed homage by bowing their heads, almost planting it on the ground itself.

It was all in reverence to the prince before them.

"We welcome, with reverence, the 9th Prince; Prince Kendrick Midas."

Darius's announcement was followed by a chorus from the other kneeling troops.

Kuzon noticed that the residents of the slums did not utter a word, even though they would have been more than glad to praise the arrival of the prince.

'I see. So they're not even allowed to speak in the presence of Royalty.'

He realized how much of a miracle it was for him to have gotten so much information from the people.

However, the arrival of this prince provided yet another problem.

"Answer me, Darius. What's with the holdup? Have you identified the source of that powerful Magic?" Prince Kendrick asked, his frown not vanishing from his clear face.

"M-my prince, the situation has gotten more complicated than I initially thought." Darius stuttered, his tone completely mellow now that he was in the presence of his true superior.

"Oh? How so?"

"We encountered a Royal who claims to be the perpetrator of the Magic. Since we are not authorized to go against the authority and words of a Royal, we were unable to act." Darius shifted his gaze to Kuzon, who remained fixed in his position.

"The Royal is right there, my Prince."

It was in that moment that Kendrick moved his gaze from Darius to Kuzon, and that shift was enough to completely alter the direction of the entire scenario.

'I didn't know any Kendrick in the Midas Empire. I also don't recognize this face. Also, 9th Prince? I was the only Prince of the Midas Empire...' Kuzon's thoughts flowed as he felt the gaze of the prince.

'Their outfits are also different from my world's Midas Empire. It seems this world's culture and history varies from mine than I initially thought.'

With all of those factors in mind, Kuzon already knew what to expect.

'Haa... this will be quite a mess.' Noticing as Prince Kendrick squinting his eyes at him, he braced himself for impact.

"Who are you?" The prince spoke.

"..."

"I do not recognize you. You're not actually a Midas Royal, are you? You imposter."

'As expected. Looks like the jig is up.' Kuzon would have loved to argue that he was actually a Midas Royal, and the true heir to the Midas throne, but that would be as good as useless in this place.

Why?

'I most likely don't exist in this world.'

"Darius, I will not fault your error. You do not know the identities of all the Midas Royals, so it is understandable. However, since it is impossible for me not to recognize a Royal belonging to my Empire." He narrowed his eyes at Kuzon. "You are not one."

"Well... I suppose you're right." Kuzon finally spoke, shrugging a little.

"I was the one who performed the Magic too. I thought I would pretend to be a Midas Royal to escape liability, so I would get away with it. Seems I was wrong..."

"How foolish. Do you not realize what you've done? There is only one crime that transcends even the death penalty... far worse than the unregistered use of Magic." Prince Kendrick took a step forward, and a sudden pressure enveloped the area.

His frown grew deeper, and his eyes glowed bright golden.

"And that is the act of an inferior pretending to be a Midas, especially a Midas Royal. It is the greatest blasphemy, the most insulting act against the Midas Empire's authority." Another step forward, and the pressure doubled.

"You have committed the greatest sin imaginable, mongrel."

The kneeling Midas troops, as well as the commoners, shivered with each step the prince took.

It seemed like the very air itself was vibrating.

"Your punishment is inevitable. By the time I'm done with you..." Golden energy burst from his body as sparks of Mana danced around him.

"... You're going to wish you were dead."

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

#### **Chapter 898: Clash Of Royals [Pt 1]**

'What powerful Mana...!' Kuzon thought to himself, staring intently at the Royal who stood a good distance from him.

As the golden light flickered off his body, he knew the power was nothing to scoff at.

'It's about the same level as the Midas Royalty in my world. It seems that hasn't changed here...'

However, despite that pedestal, Kuzon didn't seem to fazed. After all...

'It's not going to be a problem for me.' A smirk formed on his face.

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Kendrick felt an unsettling emotion swirl inside him as he stared at the enemy he had to execute.

The crime of impersonating a Midas was the gravest offense one could ever commit. The crime increased in severity when it came to doing the same for Royalty.

It was highly unusual for anyone to even think of doing the former, talkless of the latter.

'I've only heard talks of people doing it perhaps a century ago. But no one in this day and age tries it...'

Yet, this young man attempted doing something so foolish.

'He still won't put off his disguise despite being caught. He's getting on my nerves!' Kendrick clenched his fist and glared so deeply at the man before them.

If looks could kill, Kuzon would be dead many times over.

"L-let us be of some use to you, my Prince!" Darius blurted out as the battle between the both of them were about to unfold.

The Deputy Leader most likely wanted to remain relevant in the fight.

Unfortunately for him...

"Judging by the surge of energy I sensed, the likes of you won't be able to handle him. While it is questionable how a lowlife could attain such a level of power, I will admit that he is strong." Prince Kendrick took a glance at his subordinates.

And then, returning them to Kuzon, he narrowed his gaze and spoke.

"I'll be the one taking care of this trash. The rest of you can kill every witness he—"

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

Before Kendrick could complete his words, an eruption interrupted them, sending a massive gust of wind flying his way.

It was immense, almost to the point of being overwhelming... and all of that power came from a single location.

"If any of you even attempt to touch those people, you're going to die." Kuzon answered, almost murderously.

'He dares stare at me with those eyes?!' The Prince could feel the blood in his veins boil at a terrible rate.

'No, let's not get impatient...' Kendrick told himself.

"Oh? Nice words you have there. Can you back it up."

He needed to test him.

In a flash, a golden blade appeared out of thin air and flew in the direction of a random villager that knelt among the hundred thousand others.

The blade swept through the air, closing in the distance like it was nothing. Within a moment, it would reach and spew blood all over the ground.

However...

"Why did you have to do that?" The opponent's voice echoed as soon as the highly improbable sight occurred.

... The blade was instantly shattered to tiny pieces the moment it went past Kuzon.

"Now I'll have to kill you... Prince Kendrick." Kuzon sighed, his hand covering his face. "I don't like taking back my words, after all."

'What?!'

Before Kendrick could even respond to the extremely conceited words of the imposter, another voice exploded.

"The impudence!" Darius roared instantly, most likely infuriated that a mere imposter would address a Royal that way.

It vexed the prince to no end. Why didn't people just know their place?

"Darius, why are you still here? You were already given your instructions, weren't you? You and the other Inquisition members... kill off the witnesses."

Kendrick's body exploded more Mana, and he made a stance that showed how prepared he was for battle.

A deep frown occupied his face and his eyes told of wounded pride.

"I'll take care of this vermin."

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH<

In a flash, Kendrick appeared right in front of Kuzon, his hand nearing his face at a remarkable pace.

>BOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

One moment, he was about to completely crush his opponent's skull by breaking it apart with his grip alone, and then bashing it on the ground, and the next moment, he was simply crushing the ground underneath him.

Kuzon was nowhere to be seen.

The earth shivered, receiving the brunt of Kendrick's rage. Everyone standing or kneeling could feel the imbalance caused by his attack.

Still, of what use was it when the target wasn't even reached?

"I'm right here." Kuzon smiled, now floating above his opponents.

"I must say... it feels good to look down on my opponents like this. I can see the appeal."

Kendrick's rage instantly grew.

So far he had thought of remaining collected, exhibiting the dignity of Midas Royalty. However, this situation didn't warrant for that, did it?

His enemy was powerful, and he was going to kill all the witnesses anyway.

'There's no harm in using my fill power to subjugate this idiot!'

Once he concluded that thought, Kendrick decided within himself to use them; Original Magic and Mage Mode.

Complimenting these two, he would show his opponent what it meant to be up against unrivaled power.

'But first...!' Kendrick leaped to the air, creating shockwaves that quaked the earth.

'... I won't allow myself to be looked down on like that!'

Several golden blades swirled around him like a storm, each containing enough dense Mana to execute everyone in the settlement without fading away one bit.

Several were more than the vermin he faced deserved, but he wasn't going to be satisfied with any less.

Overwhelming power was his game!

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

The blades lunged at Kuzon, who expertly dodged them and began retreating further away from Kendrick.

Unfortunately for the fool, the blades had already registered his energy signature.

'You won't escape so easily!'

With that single thought echoing in his head, he lunged at Kuzon, his blades also attacking simultaneously.

'I'll make you suffer no matter what!'

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

#### **Chapter 899: Clash Of Royals [Pt 2]**

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH<

Blades with intense energy all lunged at Kuzon, desiring nothing but to end his life—no, more like severely injure him until he could offer no more resistance.

'I doubt this guy would be so merciful as to let me die like this...' Kuzon's thoughts trailed as he smiled. He glanced at his opponent, the 9th Prince, and saw nothing but absolute fury.

They were currently in the air, and while they were still within wasteland territory, the Shelter was no longer within their immediate vicinity.

'Should I push him a little more?'

"Original Magic: Marionette]" Kuzon whispered, weaving invisible threads until they wrapped around each golden blade.

And then—

>CLANGANGANGANG!!!<

In no time at all, every single blade turned into mere shards instead, broken into pieces by the invisible threads he weaved.

'Did he detect my strings, or...?' Kuzon stole a glance at Kendrick, and from the surprised expression the prince made, it was most likely safe to assume he didn't.

'Since we're away from them, I should settle on a decisive battle here.' Spotting an appropriate place to conclude the battle, Kuzon landed in a vast area within the open wasteland.

'I'll end things here once I find out what I want. It shouldn't take too long.'

A rain of golden blades greeted him as the sole of his feet touched the ground, but they only took a sigh from him.

'It's pointless.'

All of them were broken like glass.

There was, however, one presence that lunged at him with immense velocity. He had to give at least some degree of attention to it.

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

Kuzon felt Prince Kendrick's killing intent as he struck, though he had his invisible barrier of strings protecting him from his strike.

'He is really pissed off, isn't he?' The fact that the Prince still hadn't touched him despite all of that big talk he rendered earlier showed how frustrated he must have been.

It wouldn't be long until he would be forced to go all-out.

'Using Magic might be unavoidable in the future. If they'll be able to detect my use of it, I'll need to know how powerful these people are.'

If this was the 9th Prince, leading the 15th Division, and they operated in a hierarchical system, then he expected him to be among the strongest in the Midas Empire.

'Allowing him to draw out his full strength should help me figure out the power level of this place...'

Considering his Arcanas seemed to be malfunctioning, Kuzon didn't particularly have the luxury of being careless.

'I just want this to end quickly. Should I aggravate him more?' He thought to himself.

"Tch! You..." Kendrick's voice interrupted him.

The Prince leaped backward, finally standing on the same ground as him.

'Looks like I won't have to anymore. That look in his eyes... is he finally ready to go all-out?' Kuzon braced himself.

It wasn't going to do him any good to be defenseless against the power of a Midas Royal.

"I believe this is enough of a warm-up. I don't know why you decided to move away from that settlement. You've doomed those people to death already."

"Is that what you think?" Kuzon smiled.

"My subordinates are already extinguishing their lives, no doubt."

'Can he not sense their presence from this distance? That's disappointing...' Kuzon's thoughts trailed.

"I'll make you experience the worst of pain. And while you suffer, you'll remember the people you doomed to death, and the more horrid fate that you will encounter when I take you to the Midas Empire for the appropriate dispensation of your punishment."

After hearing the things Kendrick had to say, Kuzon had two thoughts.

'He sure talks a lot.'

Something he had noticed since coming to this world was the lackluster style of battle.

'Too much talking. Is this a custom here? To talk while having a serious fight? I understand it makes you feel good, but...'

If it was up to him, he would just finish off his enemy as soon as possible. A conversation was possible before or after the fight—not during it.

'Oh well. He provided me with good information, so it's fine.'

And that led Kuzon to his second line of thought.

'Should I allow myself to be caught? That would take me to the Midas Empire, where I can learn more about this world.' he mulled over this option well.

However, just as one would suspect... he had to dismiss it.

'I can't guarantee my safety there. Plus, that would mean having to sacrifice all those people in the village for something I'm not certain will work.'

There were a lot of factors to consider, but he couldn't engage in elaborate thought with his enemy already releasing some dangerous Mana.

>WHUUUUUSSSSSHHHHHH<

Kendrick was currently covered in golden light, far more intense than earlier.

The bright golden surge of energy ascended into the sky, revealing a transformation that increased his already powerful state.

His armor took on an even grander style—something Kuzon hadn't thought was possible.

His cape became bright golden. Glitters danced around him, like butterflies, and a staff appeared on his hand.

Finally, the crown on his head grew way longer and grander than before.

It was like he was a cross breed between a battle-hardened general and a prime ruler.

'Looks a bit too much, though. I suppose that's his Mage Mode?'

Was he going to stack it with Fusion State? What else was he going to use.

Perhaps it would be—

"[Original Magic: True Domain]"

The moment he heard this, Kuzon felt something suddenly shift in his atmosphere. It was no longer the same as it was a second earlier.

"I should have done this from the start. It'll make things a lot simpler.' Kendrick muttered, pointing his scepter at Kuzon. "I guess I didn't want to have to go all-out."

Kuzon's eyes widened the moment he heard those words.

'This is him going all-out? Finally! Let's see the effects and wrap things u—'

"Why are you still standing in my presence? Kneel!" Kendrick's loud, imposing tone surged through the air as his scepter lunged forth.

'T-this is...!'

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

#### **Chapter 900: Clash Of Royals [Pt 3]**

The environmental shift that Kuzon had noticed since the initiation of Kendrick's Original Magic began to grow stronger.

The pressure felt like it was closing in on him, growing stronger and more imposing.

And then...

... Then...

... Nothing happened.

"Hm?" Kuzon cocked his head to the side, his thoughts a little confused about what to expect next.

Kendrick's dumbfounded expression didn't make his confusion any better.

It seemed something was supposed to happen, but nothing was going on. Kuzon considered saying something to ease the awkward silence that had taken solace in the air, but thankfully he didn't have to.

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"W-what?! Why isn't it working?" Kendrick's voice shot out.

'Why isn't he on his knees yet? He should be...' The 9th Prince was on the verge of breaking out in a vicious roar, just thinking about the impossibility occurring in front of him.

[Original Magic: True Domain]

It was his trump card, and Original Magic that was among the best in the Midas Empire, even acknowledged by those superior to him.

It had a very simple, yet complex function; bending his immediate surrounding to his will.

He could make the ground around him break down and become nothing but a swampy mess.

He could remove all the moisture around him completely.

He could make the air heavier and denser, forcefully making anyone in his vicinity to crumble under the pressure.

There were lots of other applications he could utilize, but for the purposes of this match, he had used the third function.

His opponent was meant to be forcefully brought to their knees, or even flat-faced to the ground.

He had used this move over and over again that it already felt predetermined.

Yet, for the first time in so long... someone withstood his power?!

No, it wasn't even about withstanding. It seemed like he wasn't even being affected at all.

Why?

How?

None of it made sense to him.

"Haaa... I see how it is now." The enemy suddenly spoke out, causing Kendrick to become slightly flustered.

Perhaps he could use something else. Something that would instantly overwhelm the target and cause him to be completely submissive to his power.

'If I don't hurry, he'll look down on me. I can't allow that. Anything but that!'

What about removing moisture?

Igniting the oxygen in the air?

Dropping the temperature to the lowest degree possible?

Kendrick tried all of those things, yet...

'... WHY IS NOTHING WORKING?!' His thoughts cried out.

Was it a fluke?

Was his Mana unstable?

Was he doing the Spell wrong?

It was none of those things. There was no problem on his end, so why wasn't he achieving the desired result?

The answer evaded him, and he felt like a fool for even attempting even more variations of his Spell.

'Why can't I just—!'

"... Inferior." The opponent's voice tingled Kendrick's ear in his desperation.

"W-what? What did you just say?"

"I figured it out. The reason why your Magic isn't working on me. It's simply because the energy behind yours is inferior."

"What?!"

Kendrick was confused. What was this fool saying?

"I've said enough. It's time to make good on my promise now."

He wanted to comprehend. He wanted to dig deep until he found the answer. What did he mean by inferior?

"YOUUU VEERRMIIII—"

>SQUELCH!<

Before he realized it, Kendrick was already pierced in the chest by a golden blade.

'I... didn't even... see it coming...'

He had thought his blade projection was immensely fast, but this was on another level. It seemed transcendent.

"Guark!" Blood poured out of his mouth, oozing into the pool that had formed underneath him thanks to the red liquid that flowed from his chest.

Kendrick's rage and anger suddenly began to deflate. Suddenly, nothing seemed to matter any longer.

Nothing except the burning question that ached his heart—the very heart that was being crushed under the weight of the blade that impaled him.

"C-can I ask you one thing...?" Kendrick muttered, his tired gaze on the supposed vermin that stood in front of him.

He didn't realize when he crumbled to his knees, splattering more blood on his golden armor.

The fact that he wasn't healing despite the countless Healing Magic he was utilizing showed just how hopeless and useless his situation was.

"What question?"

"A-are you... really an imposter...?"

This power he displayed, and the authority he exuded, it wasn't like anything a mere Inferior could produce.

'It's almost the same as... when I am facing older brother...' The image of the First Prince flashed in his head.

The rising sun of the Midas Empire—the genius among all geniuses. The one to become Emperor one day.

Why would a mere plebian remind him of his dignified brother?

"I am not."

"I-I see..." It appeared he was right, after all.

This man, though he didn't recognize him, was a Midas.

More questions surged through his mind, but he slowly found himself unable to say anything else.

At the very least, the frustration and anger he had felt plummeted upon this revelation.

'It was... a Midas Royal all along...'

"Can I ask you something too? How strong am I compared to the other Midas Royals?" He could only hear echoes at this point, but Kendrick was surprisingly able to hear the question so clearly.

He didn't think he could give a coherent answer, but... he knew for sure.

"My older brother... the First Prince... will utterly destroy you..."

"I see. That's useful to know."

Once more, Kendrick found himself unable to hear or see anything properly.

He was descending to his death for sure. Still, what was this relief he felt within him?

It wasn't like he looked forward to death, and there were still many things he wished he could have achieved before dying.

However, this relief was too overpowering to resist.

'At least, I didn't die a weakling.'

That was his greatest fear. Throughout his fight with this stranger, that fear had risen to the point of nearly driving him insane.

However, now that he knew the true identity of the one who killed him, he could finally close his eyes in peace.

'I wasn't weak. He was just... too strong.'

The moment he made that thought, Kendrick breathed his last.

... And died.

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