

## SPELLCRAFT 901

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

#### Chapter 901: Absolute Domination

"Looks like he's dead." Kuzon stared at the lifeless corpse of the 9th Prince.

He displayed no real emotion while staring down at Kendrick. The man was his enemy, plus he didn't even know him in his original world.

There was no real reason to feel any sense of guilt or remorse.

'I should also be prepared to do the needful if someone wears the same face as someone I know in my original world.'

Hesitation was a fatal weakness he didn't want to possess.

'What if it was Ana? Would I be able to do it?' Kuzon couldn't tell unless he experienced it for himself.

He brushed aside the thought and reflected on the just-concluded battle. There were a few things he wanted to mull over.

The first was simple;

"It seems the rules haven't changed here. Mana remains inferior to Aether."

Kendrick's Original Magic seemed formidable enough. The only restricting factor was the fuel behind that power.

'He had bountiful Mana, and his Magic was powerful too. Unfortunately for him, I use Aether now...'

That was all it took to create an impossibly large gap between them.

'I can't assume that everyone in this world can't use Aether, though. I would have asked him, but what if there's some form of Magic that allows anything I say to be recorded and sent to the Midas Empire? Then, I'd just reveal the whole Aether secret to them.'

That would suck a lot, wouldn't it?

The other thing he had to consider was the First Prince that Kendrick mentioned. It seemed like he was going to be someone very powerful.

'Maybe an Aether user. I guess I'll watch out for someone like that, then.'

There were a lot of other things to consider, but it was best he went his way.

He looked at Kendrick one final time. "I think I'll burn it up. It's the least I could do."

Kuzon was about to cast fire Magic on the fallen prince, but then it suddenly dawned on him.

'I swear, it's not to erase the evidence or whatever.'

Now that he thought of it, that seemed like what he was aiming for.

'Well, there's nothing wrong with erasing the evidence. But, I think it should be better leaving things like this. Especially when I consider how things could play out eventually. Yeah... let's do that.'

With that in mind, Kuzon left the dead prince and leaped into the air.

"I should probably get back there soon."

With that thought in mind, he leaped into the air, charging straight at the Shelter.

'Hopefully it's already over.'

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"H-how...?"

Darius was currently shivering as he stared at the scene of carnage before him.

The heads of many Inquisition officers were on the ground, and their blood stained everything in sight.

The pool of dark red liquid oozed on the ground, reflecting the horror that had been perpetrated by something not even he could explain.

'H-how did they die?!' Darius had no idea.

He had ordered them to attack the plebians before him, yet the moment they got closer to them, their heads were sent falling.

It made no sense to him.

How could they die so instantly and suddenly without a sign?

He had also tried using Magic. The surviving knights were ordered to cast long-range Spells to decimate their opponents, yet even that proved useless.

Why?

The Spells, no matter how powerful, never reached them. They would simply get extinguished or destroyed before even coming close to any commoner.

It reached a point of shame for Darius. And slowly... that shame morphed into fear.

He suddenly remembered the words of the imposter that his superior was most likely already done dealing with.

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

Darius gulped. He truly couldn't wait for their leader to return and handle this problem for them.

'I don't want to seem like a useless subordinate, but this is out of my power.' He turned to his remaining subordinates, and even they seemed too frightened to move.

"Surely, Prince Kendrick would understand... right?"

"The dead have no need for understanding anything." A sudden voice interrupted Darius's line of thought, causing him and the rest who stood him to look above them.

Floating there was the golden-haired imposter.

He stared at them with a bright glow evident in his eyes and a chilling grin on his face.

"Y-you? W-where is Prince Kendrick?" Darius yelled, forgetting his fear for a moment.

"Oh? You're quite slow for a superior race. Didn't you hear what I said earlier?"

The moment Darius's thoughts trailed to the words the man uttered, his body shivered. His eyes bulged, with his irises shaking in disbelief.

'N-no way! He killed Prince Kendrick?!'

"I'm surprised, though. To think some of you are still alive. You're a lot more careful than I gave you credit for."

Darius's body shivered at the mere sound of their enemy's chilling voice.

'What should I do now? What can I do now? Can I... do anything now?!'

"Since you didn't try to lay your hands on them, my threat doesn't apply to you. This is quite the problem. Should I spare you or..."

Darius couldn't believe he was doing this. His lips trembled, and his body moved on its own.

His subordinates followed his lead, like mindless drones, and all of them plopped to the ground on their knees.

They ignored the blood and gore before them, and with a trembling smile that showed nothing but sheer fear and submission, Darius felt his lips move.

"S-spare... us...?"

In response to his words, the obviously supreme one who floated above them ribbed his chin in consideration.

Darius could only beg—no, pray—that he was shown mercy.

At that point, there was nothing that occupied his mind other than his instinctive desire to preserve his life.

He didn't want to—

"Nah."

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

The last thing he heard was the sound of his head being severed from his body.

And just like that, Darius's vision he dark and he lost all sensation.

In that moment, death came for him and his subordinates.

About fifty-nine of them or so.

"It's nothing personal."

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

#### **Chapter 902: Lingering Issues**

Kuzon descended from his height, using Magic to gather the gore in one pile by the side so he wouldn't get stained.

'I'll leave it there too... for now.' His thoughts trailed.

For now, there were more important things he had to settle.

And they were staring at him right in the face.

[A Short While Later]

"You guys shouldn't really be so stiff around me. Honestly, it's cool."

Kuzon fought back the urge to sigh when dealing with these people.

Ever since he had defeated the Midas that would have slaughtered them, they had been treating him as a literal god.

He didn't realize when they shifted their loyalty from the Midas Emperor to him, the Midas Slayer.

Apparently, he was now a hero to these people.

'Have they forgotten the fact that it's my fault that their Shelter got attacked, to begin with?' He really couldn't deal with people like these.

'The sooner I leave, the better.'

The problem, however, was how he was going to leave.

"Your Shelter is pretty much compromised already. Those Midas idiots will definitely send more people to deal with this problem." Kuzon told the denizens of the Shelter.

"What's taking them so long, then?" Maya was the one who responded.

She, unlike the others, was someone he felt he could reason with.

So she was right in front of the entire crowd who sat on the floor as he addressed them.

"They're probably looking for the appropriate team to send. A higher division that will get the job done."

Sending more weaklings would be a poor move on the part of the Empire.

'I expect something among the ranks of the 10th Division... maybe even stronger.'

Looking at these poor people, they wouldn't stand a chance of surviving without his help.

"Is there anywhere else you can go? Maybe another shelter you can retreat to?"

He really didn't want to bother with these people. They would only slow him down, and he was currently in a hurry to reunite with his comrades.

'Honestly, if I didn't cause this mess I wouldn't be the slightest bit concerned.'

This wasn't his world. They weren't his problem.

"W-well... not exactly." The elderly man finally spoke, his tone containing uncertainty.

'Uh oh.' Kuzon already knew what was coming next, and he didn't like it the slightest bit.

"We're pretty much criminals of the Midas Empire. The other Shelters won't accept us due to the risks associated with harboring the Empire's criminals. They may even capture us and offer us as a tribute to them..."

Hearing the words of the old man confirmed Kuzon's fear. In this world, fuelled by dogma and instilled reverence of the Midas Empire, who would dare take them in?

'Besides, they'll be endangering other lives if they find a place that'll accept them. I don't want more innocents to suffer because of me.'

It was annoying, but Kuzon couldn't deny that he had to help them.

Taking responsibility wasn't something he liked doing, but with the way he was progressing with Ana, he had to start doing it at some point.

"Alright then. It seems I have no choice. All of you here will be under my protection." Kuzon sighed.

As he said this, everyone erupted in cheers. Their voices echoed loudly, displaying relief that their hero would personally save them from certain doom.

"Well, you people should relax in my domain until I figure things out. Till then..."

With the snap of his fingers, Kuzon generated a massive golden wave that traversed the entire area that the villagers occupied.

Instantly, the pulse swallowed all of them, causing them to disappear. Trances of golden dust were left behind, and in no time at all, all but one had vanished.

"Alright. With that, the—"

"W-w-what did you just do?!" The only one he didn't teleport raised her voice in both shock and apprehension.

"Where did everyone go? Where are... what did you... what's going on? Explain yourself! Why am I the only one—"

"Calm down, Maya. I transported them to a place called the 'Emperor's Domain'. You can also call it the 'Realm of the Emperor'. It's an alternate dimension that I control."

"W-wut...?"

Her blank face and completely confused demeanor showed him she didn't understand what he was implying.

It was what he would expect from a primitive people when it came to Magic.

'Do I really have to explain this?' He nearly slapped his face hard, but managed to control himself.

"Basically. It is a world that I control. Think of it like a Shelter I built in a place that is invisible. It's also safe, so they can be protected from harm."

"O-ohhh! Like a safety castle."

"Yes, that's right. A safety castle... whatever that means..." He murmured the lady part, but tried to maintain his dependable smile.

Hopefully, he wouldn't have to explain further.

"Alright then. I believe you!"

'Hm? Just like that? Looks like she's more trusting than I gave her credit for.'

He really made the right call by choosing her among everyone else.

"B-but why am I still here?" Maya asked, her face turning slightly pink.

Now that he thought of it, it was just the two of them in this empty shelter.

'A-ah! Don't tell me she's misunderstanding something.'

Before anything further was said, Kuzon swiftly decided to clarify.

"I wanted someone to be my guide. It's going to be difficult and strange traveling this world alone."

"Ohhh. I see. That makes sense. Why do you want to travel, though? You want to search for a safer land for us?" She asked, quickly catching up to his intentions.

It brought him relief.

"There's that. But also because I'm looking for someone. I'll need to ask you some questions as we travel, and it'll help in my search.'

He still had to find the 'person' Neron told to gain approval from. The whole thing seemed vague, but that was the only clue he had at the moment.

'This Maya seems like the most bearable person I can have to be my guide. She's smarter than the rest, and I can expect some level of unbiased answers...'

There was one final thing he had noticed since the very beginning, but chose to keep a secret.

It was her potential.

"Who would have thought I would find someone like that here..." Kuzon smiled while looking at her innocent face.

"... Someone with a Special Grade Core."

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

### **Chapter 903: The First Princess**

[Moments Later]

Like a ripple on mid-air, a golden rift formed and space parted.

The dense power leaking from it was enough to make the area vibrate, even if it was just got a moment.

And then, knights began to pour out.

They wore had black armor, with gold designs and inscriptions on them. Each of them also had a number imprinted on their left shoulders, the sign of a hierarchy that existed among them.

As these elite knights began pouring out, they took their places in two opposite rows, prepared to usher in the great one who served as their leader.

They bowed in greetings as it remained only the Midas Royal who led them.

In response to their reverence, the object of attention emerged from the golden portal.

Her hair was golden, and her eyes followed the same pattern. That said, she had black glossy lips, and her eye liner trailed in black hue.

Her long dress was black, with golden designs on it, and a very regal tiara sat atop her head.

"We greet the Midas 1st Princess, Gloria Midas!" They all declared.

"Yeah, yeah..." She quickly dismissed them with a sleight of hand.

Her eyes were too distracted by the sight of gore she was looking at to care about the petty greetings her subordinates hand rendered to her more times than she could count.

"Hmm? Isn't this an interesting sight?" She whispered.

Before her very eyes was a pile of dead bodies—a hill with hundreds of Midas soldiers dead.

Blood stained the floor, and the buzzing flies danced around their rotting flesh. It was an humiliating sight for any Midas to be found in.

"To think Division 15 ended up like this..." She muttered. Her golden golden eyes brightened as she stared at the pile. "I don't see my brother's body there."

Her subordinates gathered around her, most likely to hear her instructions.

"Spread across the area and scout. I want every good details reported back to me."

Bowing their heads in reverence, the black and gold knights accepted their task and vanished.

Once most of them left her, save the few dozen that liked to serve as her close guards, she sighed a little.

'To think you'd cause so much trouble, even in death, Kendrick...'

Every Midas had undergone registration with the Empire. It allowed them to monitor their health and also record their death.

Considering the fact that Royals were a lot more special than the average Midas, this applied to them more than most.

The moment Kendrick died, the Royal Palace of the Midas Empire was informed.

'We would have taken action for sooner, if not for the absence of anyone more competent. I'm just arriving from my last mission, so I had to come here as the only available person left...'

Not that she was wouldn't have rushed here anyway once she heard who it was that had kicked the bucket.

Of all people, it had to be her closest sibling..

Sighing and taking a walk around, she took a good look at the slums that stood not very far from the area of carnage.

'You're telling me a bunch of nobodies killed Kendrick? It makes no sense...'

Based on the reports, Kendrick came her to explore a powerful and unexplained surge of energy. Plus, the use of unregistered Magic.

'But how would a slum get access to such Magic?'

However, the fact that none of them were here, and she could still detect Frances of a Spell, proved that these people were indeed guilty.

"Just you wait, you—"

"We've found the 9th Prince, Princess Gloria Midas."

She swiftly turned in the direction of the knight who knelt beside her.

A murderous look played all over her face, and it was clear that she was seething in unfathomable rage and unbridled wrath.

"Lead the way."

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"Based on the marking, it seems a large impaled him from the chest, protruding out of his back..."

Gloria was a little proficient in autopsy, so she could tell just how her brother had died.

'It wasn't a surprise attack too. Since it was coming right at him.'

Just how fast was the enemy?

There was too much information that she lacked, so Gloria could only clench her teeth in annoyance.

'Look at that look of relief on your face. Did you really want to die that badly?' She already knew the answer to that.

She knew how tenacious Kendrick was. She also knew that, despite his rank as 9th Prince, and being placed in charge of the 15th Division, Prince Kendrick displayed exceptional skill even compared his brothers.

His Original Magic was also one of the most powerful in their ranks.

'He wouldn't have accepted death so easily. Was his opponent a powerful person he could do nothing against?' Her eyes widened and turned bloodshot as she could only think about one person.

"Could it be 'him'?" The image of a bearded man came to her mind, but she quickly dismissed the thought.

'No... this doesn't fit his M.O.' Perhaps he had changed his mode of operation, but Gloria didn't want that to be the case.

She couldn't accept that he had already started targeting the Midas Inquisition and Royals.

It was supposed to be the other way around.

All the top Midas Inquisition Division; The 1st to 10th particularly, had been hunting him down for years now.

Yet, there seemed to be no progress.

"Damn it! And now this...?" Gloria felt like throwing a fit right there and then, but she controlled herself.

As royalty, she had to remain composed at all times.

"I promise you, though, perpetrator..." She whispered, staring at the bloodied corpse of her brother.

"... Whoever you are, you will suffer only the most gruesome death by my hand."

Squeezing her palm so hard until it seemed like her skin would pop, golden magnificent energy sparked forth.

"I, leader of the 2nd Division, promises that."

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

#### **Chapter 904: The Start Of A Journey**

"So, Maya... I have a couple of questions." Kuzon asked as he sat opposite the girl before him.

It was late, and the two of them were both currently seated atop a small mountain. A campfire dwelled between the both of them, keeping them warm, but the fire wasn't large enough to block the vision they had of each other.

In this situation, traveling all alone, they had sat in silence until Kuzon raised the topic.

And that was because of one lingering feeling that had been gnawing at him for some time now.

'Did I make the wrong choice?'

The reason for this worry stemmed from the fact that he currently had no real direction for his mission.

'Was I supposed to get the approval of the Midas Emperor? If so, then I've failed woefully.'

After killing the 9th Prince, he knew he was going to piss a lot of people off, including the guy's father.

Such a man wasn't going to be willing to cooperate.

'Still though...' There was one thought that kept Kuzon from completely regretting his actions.

'Neron wouldn't want me to get the approval of such a douchebag, right? I mean, an Emperor that would allow all of these is essentially a monster.'

There was no way Neron would think he was going to cooperate with someone like that.

'Which means there has to be something useful...'

The only source for clues he had was this girl before him. Hopefully she had something useful for him.

"Ask away." Maya replied with a smile, most likely enjoying the warmth the flames provided her.

"Well... other than the Midas Empire, is there any other person—or group of people—who still uses Magic?" He could see Maya's face twist a little.

Perhaps she didn't understand the question.

"See, I'm looking for someone. He's meant to be really important and impressive..."

Kuzon didn't know what to expect from Maya, but he could only cross his fingers and hope for the best.

Even if it wasn't much, it would still help in narrowing his search a little.

"There is one man..." Her voice trailed, and the words she uttered instantly caught Kuzon's attention.

"Oh? What man?"

"Well, he's more akin to a myth. They say he defied the Midas System decades ago, and till now the Inquisition still hasn't found him. And so, he still freely uses Magic till this day."

Neron beamed when he heard this. This indeed sounded like the kind of person worth his time.

'Looks like not all hope is lost yet.'

"I actually... think I've met him before. I'm not sure, but I think it's him."

"Oh? Could you please tell me about that encounter? What did he look like? Where did you meet him? Anything at all."

Maya looked at Kuzon with a bit of hesitation. "You promise yiu won't laugh or find it silly?"

"I won't." He responded sharply.

Anticipation was building up within him as he awaited Maya's response.

"I saw him one night. He was riding a flying sleigh. A couple of flying deer-like creatures were pulling the sleigh, and I saw him cruising through the sky with that strange mechanism. It felt... off."

Kuzon had to admit... that was indeed a very strange story. However, Maya wasn't done.

"I heard him make sounds like 'Ho ho ho' as he cruised the sky, and till now I still don't know what those words mean."

"Ho ho' ho? Hmm... I wonder what it could mean." Kuzon also rubbed his chin. The more he heard, the more he was lost in the bizarre nature of Maya's tale.

'She doesn't seem to be lying, though. I should learn more about this guy.' He finally decided.

"How did this mysterious man look like?"

For a moment, Maya maintained silence, most likely trying her best to remember his features—or better yet, trying to properly articulate them into words.

"He has a white beard. He was also dressed strangely... with something like a hat and an oversized robe."

"Hmm. I see. I see."

Kuzon had to admit, it would be difficult tracking someone down with only that amount of information.

'I have a strong feeling this is the guy I'm supposed to find. But it's gonna be tough.'

Considering he didn't have too much time at his disposal, he had to hurry.

'Where should I even start from?'

"Can I ask a question too?" Maya's words interrupted Kuzon's thoughts, and he nodded almost instantly.

For a moment, the both of them maintained silence. Only the low cackle of the burning wood separating them could be heard.

And then—

"Those powers you have... will you be using them to liberate the people of this world? You know, help them from the—"

"No. I won't."

"What? Really? Why? You have so much power. You could help so many people with it. If I had that much power, then..." Kuzon could see the frustration in her eyes, but he still didn't change his demeanor.

'I wonder if I should tell her about her Special Grade Mana Core yet. Na... she'll want me to train her, if that's the case.'

Considering he was in a hurry, there wasn't enough time for that. And that was specifically the issue.

"I don't have time. My world is in danger, and I have people I must protect there... even if it means abandoning the ones here." He answered honestly.

"T-that's really cold. How can you expect me, or even others to help you, when you won't even lend a helping hand to those around you? You have the power, so why not make a difference?"

Just as Kuzon expected, Maya was already making a big deal out of this. He once again reminded himself not to inform the girl of her latent.

At least, not until he had gotten all he could from her.

"If it's going to be like this, then why should I even help you on your search?" She blurted out, obviously cross with him.

Kuzon couldn't help but sigh.

'This is getting a little troublesome...'

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

#### **Chapter 905: Wanderer**

"You have to help me find the legendary figure, Maya. He's going to be beneficial to not only me, but you as well." Kuzon spoke, his voice calm and clear.

He intently gazed into Maya's red eyes, showing as much seriousness as he could.

"What? What do you mean?!"

"If we could meet him, he can teach you and your people Magic. With Magic, you'll be able to stand up for yourselves and fight for your world. You could also convince him to help liberate this world."

Once Kuzon said this, Maya halted her protests and remained dazed by his words.

"Y-yeah. I guess you're right about that."

It turned out she was the one being close-minded about the benefits of helping Kuzon.

If he wouldn't assist in liberating this world, she just needed to find someone who would.

"Besides, how can you say I'm being heartless? Am I not sheltering your people in my special dimension?" Kuzon added, feigning hurt feelings.

He clutched his chest and looked immensely pained.

"Well... we wouldn't be in this mess if it wasn't for you." Maya responded instantly. "Don't push it."

Kuzon nodded instantly. "Yeah. Good point. Sorry about that."

Maya laughed slightly at Kuzon's straight-laced response, and seeing her innocent chuckles brought at least some measure of ease to him.

Enough to make him break into a genuine smile.

'Something still bothers me, though...' His thoughts trailed.

It concerned the mythical figure that Maya was talking about. If he truly was so powerful and impressive, why hadn't he helped out this world already?

'Even though I told Maya that this guy would help them if we find him, I highly doubt it. If he wanted to save these people, he would have done so already.'

There was also the problem he had to face when dealing with this person.

'Will I be able to get the approval of this person? Will he even be willing to help me?'

The only thing he had to go on was an abstract hope that an unknown man existed, and that he had to gain his approval.

He didn't even know how correct Neron's voice was.

'Unfortunately, I don't have any other alternative.'

Whether this was ideal or not, he just had to follow Neron's instructions and hoped things ended up working out.

'You have a lot to explain when we meet again, Neron.'

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[Two Weeks Later]

"Damnit!" Kuzon banged his hand on the rocky ground that served as their seats for the night.

Frustration swirled on his face as the bright embers of the campfire caused it to glow.

Opposite him was Maya, and she remained silent as he went through his fit of stifled rage and annoyance.

She knew why he was acting out like this, but after all they had been through together, she considered it best to simply watch in silence.

As for Kuzon, he couldn't properly articulate the full extent of his frustration into words.

That didn't stop him from trying, though

"Two weeks. It's been two weeks now, and nothing!"

Kuzon and Maya had wandered around the world for two weeks, going through both cities and slums in order to find their mythical figure, all to no avail.

They had also gone to remote areas, like mountainsides or forests, yet found absolutely nothing.

'I've tried using Resonance and Mana/Aether Search, yet nothing...'

The use of Magic would cause the Midas Empire to detect him, so he had been avoiding it's use for some time now.

Rather than leak out his energy, he simply used it within himself to try to detect anyone who fit Maya's description.

So far, nothing!

'I'm severely limited in ability thanks to those pesky bastards.'

Even searching for alternatives like Arcanas was pointless! He had asked Maya, but based on her answer and the little research he had done in the world so far, it seemed like those didn't exist in this world.

'I guess that explains why this body, which is supposed to be reinforced by my two Arcanas isn't responding as it should.'

The rules of the world had to have something to do with it since his world operated on a slightly different set of tenets.

'Since the people here are different, the same should also go for the flow of Mana, and the nature of Spells. I'm pretty fortunate I have Aether.'

But what if it?

So far he hadn't made a single progress in his search for a man who might not even exist.

'Let's not give up. Not yet.'

Setbacks were always a part of research and searches.

As long as he kept moving forward, while using his head, Kuzon was determined about finding his answers.

'It won't be long now. I'm certain.'

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[One More Week Later]

"I've had enough of this!" Kuzon fumed, walking into a clearing in the forest.

"W-wait, you can't be serious. Surely, you know the risks!" Maya protested, moving behind in a hurry.

Concern was etched on her face, but also a slight hint of fear.

For the past week, she had seen Kuzon's agitation slowly grow. And now, it had reached the climax.

"You're about to do something stupid!"

Why was she even bothering? She couldn't stop him, or change his mind.

She could only trail behind him and powerlessly tell him to stop.

"I'll be fine, Maya. I've thought this through. If we keep going on like this, we may never find him."  
Kuzon paused in his tracks and turned to look at her.

"I know it's dangerous. However, it's the best bet I have. If you want, I can out you in the Emperor's Do—"

"No! I want to stay with you."

A small smile formed on Kuzon's face. It seemed both sad and happy at the same time.

"Thanks, Maya. It's been three weeks, and I haven't actively used Magic in order to avoid detection."  
Kuzon finally returned his face forward. "It's most likely that they've registered my Magic signature as a top class enemy, so if I use it now, I can expect powerful opponents to come my way."

Maya understood why he planned on doing this regardless of the danger involved.

'We've not found the man he's searching for yet, so rather than simply looking for him blindly, Kuzon wants to get his attention.'

Whether or not the would work was arbitrary. However, she had faith in Kuzon.

'Please work!' Maya cried as she looked at the desperation on Kuzon's face.

'Please work for his sake!'

>VWUUUOSSSHH<

The brilliant flow of Kuzon's bountiful energy began to rush forth, causing the very environment to tremble in his presence.

Slowly, the light ascended upward, illuminating the dark skies much brighter than the sun or moon.

It was almost like daytime once again.

"Alright, then! Let's see what we'll fish!" Kuzon grinned with anticipation. "Please don't let me down!"

After moments of flashing his bright golden energy, he finally quelled it.

At this point, there was only one expression left on his face.

"Haaa... damn it."

Disappointment.

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

#### **Chapter 906: Cousins [Pt 1]**

Disappointment permeated Kuzon's face as soon as he retracted the last ounce of his energy.

It seemed even this risky venture turned out to be fruitless, after all.

'I still didn't sense any energy for miles, and I don't think I was able to get his attention.'

Unfortunately for him, he still had to face the consequences of his actions.

And that was...

>VWUUUUSSSHH<

... Midas company.

As golden portals began appearing around Kuzon, almost as though trying to trap him and his partner in their encirclement, he began to delve into deep thought.

'Should I just avoid them?' He clicked his tongue as soon as the thought emerged.

'So far, I've been doing that. What has that brought me? It seems taking things easy and safe isn't cutting it...'

Wasn't it time for him to get a little radical?

'The Midas Empire should have solid information about him if his existence is indeed true. I believed Maya before, but I'm already having doubts. At least, this way...'

The golden portals finally stabilized, and from them emerged an army.

All of them were covered in gold armor. They looked prestigious—more prestigious than the last batch he had fought.

Plus, their numbers as they poured out of the swirling portal was, way more than anything he had seen in this world before.

At least, in terms of hostile forces.

Still, Kuzon wasn't fazed. Instead, he has a determined expression rooted on his face.

"What should we do now, Kuzon? Can we still escape?" Maya asked him, causing gin to shrug a little.

That much was a given.

While teleporting could prove problematic for them, due to the Midas Magic sensor, which would detect them wherever they appeared next, they could still find loopholes to the system.

'If it comes down to it. I could also transport us to the Emperor's Domain, where we'll spend some time and wait until everything here is settled.

Once that occurs, we'll reappear.

Sure, the Midas Empire would be able to sense their return, but before they could dispatch any troop he could find some way to run and hide.

'Though it's getting annoying that we have to hide. Should I just get rid of the Midas Empire?'

The only thing stopping him at this point was the presence of his priorities. Also because he was still uncertain about their strength.

'I won't risk my life. Well... it looks like I already am.'

Kuzon and Maya were now watching how a troop the size of at least five thousand golden knights encircled them.

In terms of numbers, it was clear they were screwed.

But that wasn't all...

"Haa, so these are the ones responsible for our little brother's demise."

"Hm? They look really weak, though."

Two Midas Royals emerged from the golden portal directly opposite Kuzon and Maya.

They had flowing royal robes, unlike the armor the thousands of knights around them donned.

Their distinct royal outfits made them stand out, especially since these two appeared completely identical.

The one on the right had dark blue designs to compliment the golden color of his robe, while the one to the left had a bright red compliment.

One was also a boy, while the other was a girl.

Arrogant grins were plastered on their faces, and they seemed to be in the natural state of mockery. With their brows curled up and their eyes full of pride, they stared at Kuzon and Maya.

"You two... you are enemies of the Midas Empire. You're going to be taken back to the Empire, where your punishment would be rightly allocated."

Once again, Kuzon considered whether he should go to the Empire.

'It's too much of a risk. Let's see how this goes, though...'

Despite the thoughts that currently plagued his mind, there was one that remained at the forefront—especially when he stared at the twins in front of him.

Their faces looked so familiar to Kuzon, and he could already picture the people they reminded him of.

'My cousins. These two look so much like them.'

"Reverence to the the 4th Prince and the 3rd Princess. Prince Geri and Princess Leri." The the troops roared as the echoes of their voices soared into the air.

'I see...' Kuzon's thoughts trailed as his eyes narrowed on them. '... They even have the same names as the ones I used to know.'

His cousins were killed in the Midas Massacre, along with all the other members of his family.

They were already dead.

'These two are just alternate versions of my dead family. Even so...!' He squinted his eyes.

"Oh? Don't tell me he's frightened already." Leri, the 3rd Princess gloated, snickering wickedly.

"Perhaps he didn't expect us to bring an army of this size. Don't underestimate the Midas Race, you fool."

"He's even trying to imitate us. What a nincompoop."

"His crimes are already severe enough as it is. This bastard really is a glutton for punishment."

They laughed even more, causing Kuzon's heart to ache a little.

The reason wasn't unfounded.

'I'm an idiot. Why did I get so worked up?' Looking at the two of them, they indeed looked like his cousins.

However, that was where their resemblance ended.

'Their personalities are too different from these people. It's almost like I'm staring at strangers.'

Kuzon didn't know whether to be grateful about this, or frustrated.

Either way, he could finally resolve in his heart and clench his fist in determination.

'I don't know these people. There's no way I'm holding back.'

"Hm? It seems they're not moving. Do you think they want to surrender?" Geri murmured, staring at his sister.

Their twisted smiles grew even wider.

"How boring. I was hoping he would entertain me for a while longer. What a shame."

Snickers echoes in the air even more.

"Seize them, my 7th Division knights." Jeri said.

"Restrain them, my 6th Division knights." Geri added.

The thousands of golden soldiers began to move, each step creating a quake.

With no way to escape, and being completely surrounded, it was certain that the rat had finally been caught.

... Or had it?

"It seems I'll finally be able to blow off some steam, Maya." Kuzon smiled, glancing a little at the girl beside him.

"Let me show you real Magic."

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

**Chapter 907: Cousins [Pt 2]**

"[Original Magic: Marionette]." Kuzon whispered.

Instantly, golden threads began to dance around him. Almost like completely thinned out tentacles, they formed, wrapping themselves in the air with their multiple appendages.

>ZZZTTTTTZZZZZ<

Golden electricity instantly covered Kuzon's body, and the threads around him began to glow.

"I hold nothing against you, but..."

The knights that had so confidently marched forward slowed down, and even took a step back.

The amount of power they were sensing from the Kuzon alone must have halted them in their tracks.

"W-what is that power?" Geri whispered to his sister.

"No idea. It feels similar to what big brother has, though." Jeri answered, her eyes cautiously staring at their target.

Despite this, though, their pride remained.

"What are you waiting for? He's a trapped animal! What could he possibly do against your numbers?!"

The Knights shook a little the moment they heard the words of their superior.

"Attack him. Use your Magic! Attack all at once!"

The moment this command was given, each knight brought out what seemed like golden staves from their waist, pointing it at Kuzon and his glowing wires.

>WHUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMM!!!<

The terrifying sounds of multiple Spells being initiated at once caused a warbling effect all around Kuzon.

The surrounding aura and their multiple effects should have fazed him and put him under pressure, but nothing of the sort happened.

And thanks to his defensive measures on Maya, she was completely fine too.

No, rather, she was ecstatic.

'Show me, Kuzon!' Her thoughts echoed with a yearning that even she had tried but failed to ignore for the past three weeks.

'I want to see it! I want to see more Magic!'

The knights fired their Spells—whether it was fire, or lightning, or light, or any other destructive element that was bound to cause some damage.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUMMMMMM!!!<

The earth quaked and destruction erupted, causing smoke to ascend into the sky.

None were naive enough to celebrate yet, though. Not until they saw the corpse of their target.

Unfortunately for them...

"Hm? Not bad."

... He remained unscathed.

Thin layers of transparent threads blocked their attacks, preventing not even the slightest one slip through the cracks.

It was an absolute defense.

"Guess it's my turn." Kuzon's smile grew a little as he took in the shock of his audience. "Let's try out this construct... Fenrir."

>FWIIIISSSHHHH<

The golden threads quickly multiplied, creating a massive construct within seconds.

The wires formed muscles, and veins, and smooth linings to cover all these things in order to form a perfect replica of Kuzon's imagination.

The construct stood at least fifteen meters tall, with a completely golden hide. It had the form of a wolf, though its regal appearance made it appear as something far more divine.

"W-what?!" Kuzon could hear many voices erupting around him. He only had one word for them.

'You're all too slow.'

In a flash, the threads he manipulated carried him and Maya to the back of the giant wolf, and he watched his enemies from above.

"Kill them."

"GRRRRRRRRRRRRRR...."

In an instant, the wolf's body burst of golden electricity, and it let out the most magnificent roar.

"ROOOOOOOOAAAARRRRRRRRR!!!"

Whether or not wolves roared didn't matter now. The most important thing was the effect.

The dense electrifying aura around the construct instantly traversed the area, pouring through all the knights around it.

"ARRRRRGHHHHH!!!" Their voices echoed across the forest as the brilliant glow of golden electricity shone through.

It was hot enough to burn through the armor they wielded in an instant, causing the hot liquids to melt their flesh and bodies along with them.

Being fried alive while encased in a melting vat of gold... the pain was too intense to imagine.

Needless to say, a good number survived the attack, and they readily prepared a counter.

Using Magic to fly, while increasing their defenses to the maximum, they all ignored the wolf and went for Kuzon who stood atop it.

Once again resorting to surrounding him, they gathered all their energies to take him down in one fell swoop.

What they noticed, however, was that his head was lifted to the sky—almost as if staring at something they couldn't see.

And just as they were close to reaching him, they could finally see a radiant glow of light shining upon them—like a second sun.

But this was no sun.

It was simply the reflection caused by multiple golden constructs that descended upon the surviving troops like rain.

"Construct: Arrow."

>WHOOOOSSSSHHH!!!<

Like divine punishment, the arrows from heaven, as fast as light, found their way to the opponents.

They pierced through their defenses like they was nothing, and more than five of them were distributed per individual.

Their skulls were pierced and crushed by the weight of the arrows.

Their hearts were specifically targeted, same as three other regions in their bodies.

All of them with perfect, pinpoint accuracy.

"GUACCKKK!!!"

Blood stained the interior and exterior of their armor as all the remnant knights plopped to the ground.

All of them dead.

"I wanted to try more, but I guess this suffices." Kuzon smiled at the sight of carnage he had wrought.

Over five thousand powerful individuals... dead in merely seconds.

'This is nothing.' He shrugged. 'I could have easily controlled them with [Marionette], but why should I? Let's save the best for last.'

His eyes were now on the doppelgangers of his dearest cousins.

He could see their expressions of fear and shock at the scenery he had so graciously created for them.

The pride that once littered their eyes was now nowhere to be found.

Right now the twins looked dazed beyond recovery. The perfect result for Kuzon.

'I have many use for them. I could take them as hostages. I could extract information from them. The list is endless, is it not?'

Perhaps they didn't deserve to die, but that wasn't any of Kuzon's concerns. He would kill anyone that stood in his way, and there was no time to begin a moral deliberation on his part.

'I just have to get back home. That's what matters most, isn't it?'

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

#### **Chapter 908: Marionette Worms**

Geri and Jeri had always been special since they were born.

Born as royals, bred as geniuses, raised to be superior; only a few could boast of being their equal or being stronger.

Now, both of them being nineteen years, they were soon expected to take on active roles in the administration of the Empire.

As Midas Royals, they were destined to topple the world and dominate anyone who stood in their way

... So why?

Why were they currently on their knees before this man?

'I... I can't move my body.'

'W-what did he do?!'

The young man they claimed as their target, rushing to the scene to defeat despite their older sister's insistence that he was her prey, had now become the predator.

The giant wolf he created stood a short distance from them, with his partner still seated atop it.

As for him, he had descended from it and managed to subdue them without even saying a word.

It puzzled them how they couldn't even shift a muscle voluntarily.

It was like their entire body was stuck.

Why?!

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'They shouldn't bother. They're not breaking out of [Marionette]'

Kuzon's golden threads were the most versatile weapons in his arsenal.

Not only could they construct whatever he desired, but they could be used for both offensive and defensive purposes.

He could make them completely invisible, and he could also utilize them in many unpredictable ways.

Still, one of the most basic ways to use it remained...

'Puppeteering.' His smile widened as he looked at the kneeling twins who were completely powerless before him.

"I have some questions I'd like to ask you. Considering the fact that you're the heads of the 5th and 6th Division, yet you're currently at this level... it shows how much of a threat I pose to your Empire."

Frankly, Kuzon had expected this level of antagonism from the Midas Race.

In fact, he orchestrated it.

'It's why I left those corpses there without burning them. It was bound to incite rage within the Royals. It's also why I never hid my identity in any city I visited. Surely, I expected some kind of investigation on me. I wanted to stand out.'

It wasn't simply due to the Midas Empire, but also to gain the attention of the man Maya mentioned.

If he could see how much the Midas Empire despised him and wanted him dead, surely, he would be able to consider him the enemy of his enemy.

That form of reliability was something he had hoped to cultivate.

'But it looks like the man didn't notice. Either that or he's still keeping his distance.'

Should he not have kept up his Midas identity? No, that wouldn't have worked.

'I'm not an expert at Disguise Magic. If this guy holds the key to getting me home, then he'll surely see through it.'

The best thing was to be true to himself and prove how he wasn't on the side of the Midas Empire.

'Well, considering how these guys are high-ranking Royals and made it a priority to kill me... I can guess I've gotten a bit of attention from them.'

"I'll be granting you control over your facial muscles. You'll be able to speak. I want some questions answered. Be honest, and I'll spare your lives."

Compared to the value of the information he wanted, their lives weren't worth much. Kuzon had no real motive to take their lives anyway.

Of course, that was only if they cooperated.

'But knowing these fools...'

"Y-you think you have the upper hand? Forget it!"

"We'll never tell you anything!"

'As expected, they're being stubborn.' Kuzon sighed.

He could understand why they would be so stubborn as to not give in to an enemy. However, this was too much of a waste of time for me.

'If I could use [The Emperor], I could easily dominate their will.' Unfortunately, that option was currently not available.

There were other methods he could use, and it seemed like those were what he had to consider.

'I didn't think I would have to use this again, but... oh well.'

"[Marionette Worms]"

Threads began to appear around Kuzon, dancing like snakes as they coiled and wrapped themselves around his body.

Their thin layers glowed with a certain allure that rang of both beauty and danger.

"It's too bad. For you two."

Slowly, the thin threads began to extend over to the twins.

"W-what are you doing?!"

"S-stop! Stop right this instant!"

The threads didn't stop, though. Almost as if they had a life of their own, they began burrowing right into the body of the twins.

They entered their ears, into their nostrils, wiggling into their eyes, and also into their mouths.

That wasn't all, though. They became much thinner, to the point where they weren't visible to the eyes any longer, and began entering the pores in the skin of the two Midas Royals.

In no time at all, the golden wires had penetrated all of the holes they could into the body.

"This should suffice." Kuzon smiled at the two, almost with eyes of pity.

Why was he looking at them in such a way? There could only be one reason.

"I now have complete control over your bodies. I mean that in every sense."

Once his threads penetrated into the target's body, they began a process of division and replication, breaking down into smaller versions, and also creating more clones to take full charge of all the organs in the body.

Their internal organs were already under his control, and pretty much all the tissues too.

'The cells are being taken over, and the process is almost done.'

A few seconds more and these two would completely be his.

Evidence of that was the current blank expression they have him.

'I have access to all their information. I can control their very lives. I can even give them temporary autonomy and the illusion of free will, but they'd be dancing at the palm of my hands.'

This was a method that best replicated his [Emperor], though this was far crueler.

After all, he had violated every single portion of their bodies.

'You could have just answered my questions from the start.'

At this point, there was no going back.

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

### **Chapter 909: The Alternate Midas Empire**

Having access to the thoughts and memories of the Midas twins, Kuzon resonated himself with the Marionette Worms, allowing for property immersion into their consciousness.

Thus, the very secrets they tried to hide now became revealed to him.

All in plain sight.

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The Midas Empire had been around for thousands of years.

Many often attribute their existence to that of evolution, and claim that they share a common ancestor with humans.

Perhaps they were right, considering how similar both Races looked.

The only difference between the two, obviously, was power.

The Midas Race could draw out and absorb more power than the humans, making them somewhat superior—both in the eyes of the humans and the Midas themselves.

They took this superiority to mean seclusion, thus deciding not to interact with the outside world.

They remained in their own comfortable patch of land, more than large enough to occupy them.

However... even though they expected to continue down this path, the most unprecedented thing occurred.

Their resources slowly began to get depleted—specifically the minerals and rare plants that they used for relevant purposes within their Empire.

As a result of their limited and depleting resources, the Midas Empire began to set its eyes on the outside world.

They noticed just how many resources existed outside their tiny rock, and slowly this observation morphed into something more.

Greed!

Their desires were sparked, and they began to wonder how to go about their plundering while maintaining the high status of the Midas.

Then, as they deliberated, an opportunity suddenly presented itself to them in the form of a Celestial War.

They used this chance to subdue the other Races while claiming to have a righteous and just cause.

At first, the people saw this as a much needed intervention. In fact, most of the lay people belonging to the grassroots appreciated the effort of the Midas Empire.

But who could have known that this was only a means to their true end?

The Midas Empire used their power and technology to suppress everyone else, threatening death if their stipulations weren't followed.

They began the Inquisition to prevent anyone from using Magic, so as to maintain peace and complete submission.

As expected, though, not everyone sat right with this tyranny that the Midas Empire began to express.

Heroes and villains teamed up to stand against the Midas Empire. Unfortunately for them, they were outmatched.

The Midas Technology exceeded what they could even imagine; and thanks to them plundering resources from the continents outside theirs, they were able to make their machines more powerful.

Also... their denizens, specifically the Royals, were immensely powerful.

The entire war did not even last a day, yet the Midas Empire achieved flawless victory.

One would think the bloodshed was just done. How naive that was.

No, the true horrors were just beginning.

In order to prevent any further insurrections, the Midas Empire began secret raids, and witch hunts.

They would smoke out any potential insurgent, and then kill them. They planted spies in every settlement to ensure they could always have access to streams of information.

Plus, they made their Magic Detector Satellite, which told them of Magic activities all over the planets.

Their suppression was flawless, but they could see that the people they were oppressing slowly began to dwindle.

Their lack of prosperity, and their broken will seemed to hinder their productivity and subservience to the Midas Empire.

And so, they created the 'Zone System.'

They made prosperous cities, granting roles to citizens with high prospects, rewarding them based on merit.

As for the worthless trash, they were taken to the slums, where they would be given the most minimal amount of care.

Still, the fear that these people could once again go against them remained among the Midas Upper echelon.

This birthed yet another sinister plan—indoctrination.

By creating institutionalized breeding grounds for indoctrination, the Midas Empire were successfully able to construct inescapable cage that trapped anyone and everyone inside.

The Academies and Institutes were made for the rich, while Shelter Resource Programs were made for the slums.

The children and youths brought up under this system would grow to adults, and then raise their own offsprings to think the same way.

This cycle would forever weave a web of dependency and loyalty to the Midas Empire.

It was perfect!

... Well, almost perfect.

Everything was going great until 'he' showed up.

An irregular that was not indoctrinated by the Academy nor higher levels of education. His opinions and views showed a sharp contrast to what everyone had been led to think.

It made him a dangerous variant that had to be suppressed.

However, when they tried to, they realized the boy could use Magic.

He had been using it in secret, yet he avoided their absolute detection.

How?!

How was he doing that?!

It made no sense!

In any case, the suppression of the boy failed, and he became the greatest blot in the history of the Midas Empire.

As well as their greatest pain.

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"I see..." Kuzon whispered as he took in the last vestiges of the memories his targets had to give him.

"It seems this person is the same one I'm looking for. He's the number one enemy of the Midas Empire, and pretty much all the higher-ranked Inquisition Divisions spend the majority their time searching for him."

That meant he was a very difficult man to find. Strangely, Kuzon felt relieved that he wasn't the only one having a tough time when it came to this mysterious person.

'These two don't have any concrete information on him too. Just a couple of sightings. Looks like they're a dead end on that front. However...'

Kuzon's gaze narrowed as he stared at the two of them.

'They still have their uses.'

He had been trying to decide whether to go to the Midas Empire all this time, but thanks to these pawns he didn't have to.

'I'll simply use them as extensions of myself. It's safer and more efficient.'

Thus, he could keep searching for the mysterious man while also gaining more information from the Midas Empire.

'It's perfect.'

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

#### **Chapter 910: Reinforcement**

'It seems this wasn't a total waste of time, after all.' Kuzon stared at his two new pawns.

He could easily plant them in the Midas Empire and use them for his ends.

A sly smile formed on his face the more he thought of the prospects

There was one problem, though.

'The Midas Empire's suspicion. So far, I've slaughtered all my enemies. The mere fact that I spared these two is—'

Before he could complete his thoughts, Kuzon's eyes widened in mild shock. It was most likely due to the occurrence that his senses picked up.

"Hehe... so that's it." A slight chuckle escaped his lips.

'And here I was worried about what excuse I would have to utilize in sparing them so my actions don't seem too suspicious.'

His eyes darted behind him, and then all around his immediate surroundings.

'It seems I don't have to worry about that anymore.' He could already feel the distortions in space, and golden lights began to appear all about the expanse.

'They're here!'

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[Moments Earlier]

Gloria Midas was furious.

She had just returned from her patrol and rigorous search for the mysterious man, who had just been sighted at the North Pole.

She thought she would be able to get some clues, but everything seemed like a waste of time.

He cleaned up his tracks well—almost to the point that it seemed he was never even there at all.

It frustrated her to no end.

'We are doing our best, pouring our utmost attention to catch this bastard, and yet... yet...' Gritting her teeth, she returned to Headquarters.

She had to submit her reports to the Management Officer, and then ask for any updated information concerning their second headache.

'The Midas Slaughterer.'

Thinking about the person, or group, that killed their Midas Inquisition Division 15, and also her younger brother, caused her ruined mood to plummet even further into sheer rage.

Yet, Gloria controlled herself.

Yes... she was the First Princess for a reason. Her dignity and poise had to be well proportionate to her strength.

As a symbol for all the Midas maidens, and also for her younger ones. She had to remain calm no matter what.

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"WHHAAAAAATTTTT?!" Gloria's voice echoed like a roaring trumpet in the Observational Chamber within HQ.

Her bloodshot eyes and gritting teeth showed her current state of fury, and any second it seemed the cup would overflow.

"Why did you allow those two to go? I told you to inform me! I said he was my prey!"

The man in charge of the Observational Consul #B35 pleaded with her, of course. As a member of the lower strata of Midas Nobility, what chance did he stand against the most powerful woman in their Empire.

Unfortunately for him... he had caught her in a bad mood.

>SQUELCH<

Just by the tightening of her fist, the man's head squeezed like a piece of mold, spurting out blood out of his twisted nose and ears.

Needless to say, he died on the spot.

Killing a Midas was illegal—a crime worse than death. However, there was only one group exempt from this rule.

The Royals.

As a result, Gloria could kill pretty much anyone that pissed her off.

Except, of course, Royals.

"Someone should come clean this mess! Also prepare the Teleportation Chamber. I'm going to the branded to the location!" Her roar echoed across the entire Observation Chamber, causing all the remaining staff to scramble.

Her instruction was of utmost pertinence.

"What of your backup First Princess? Your subordinates are not yet here, and—"

"I can go alone!" She fumed, making her way to the Teleportation Chamber—a white hall that had a vast expanse within.

"Create multiple portals to confuse the enemy. I'll face him alone and drag him here with my own two hands!"

As crude as they sounded, everyone knew just how much strength was backed into those words. Nobody dared question her decision.

"U-understood!"

And so, they shot the Teleportation Beam which took her straight to her destination.

... Bringing us back to the present.

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>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH<

In a flash, almost like a blur, Gloria leapt from the position she appeared from and instantly dashed in the direction of the only stranger that she could see.

He was standing right in front of her kneeling siblings, and a somewhat disgusting smile was on his face.

'BASTAAARRRRRRDDDD!!!'

She poured intense, pure energy into her fist and targeted his position as she carried her body to him.

And then—

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

The ground erupted, sending large chunks of debris flying everywhere.

The trees that surrounded that area were instantly flattened, and more vibrations coursed through the large clearing in the forest.

Despite all that, though, it seemed the malefactor escaped her attack.

"Tch!"

He now stood beside a large golden wolf, having a female partner riding it.

'So they were two, after all.' Gloria gritted her teeth as she narrowed her gaze on them. 'I'll kill them!'

Of course, she knew she couldn't actually kill them. Their punishments were far steeper than that.

Still, she was going to make them wish she had done them the pleasure of ending their lives.

'And that bastard... he's impersonating a Midas Royal?! How dare he!'

Gloria felt she might explode from pure rage. She was currently standing in front of her siblings, but her back was turned to them. She had to face the malefactor while protecting them from any further attack he was about to render on them.

"B-big sis...?" She heard their voices utter.

They sounded so sleepy and weak. Just what did the imbecile before her do to them?

"What is your current condition? Can you still stand?" She asked, not sparing them a single glance despite the concern on her face.

'It would be foolish to take my eyes away from the enemy. For now, I can only ask of their wellbeing.'

"... C-can't."

"S-sorry, big sis..."

Just how badly did this young man and his partner injure them?

"Haa... I see." Gloria's eyes lit up in fiery determination as her body instantly manifested golden light.

"You should rest. Leave the rest to me!"