

## SPELLCRAFT 911

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

#### Chapter 911: False Clash

Silence.

A choking silence that could make anyone in the vicinity freeze in fear and trepidation.

That was what was currently being displayed by the few who stood in the devastated landscape of shattered ground and razed trees.

"Who are you?" The first to break the silence was the Midas Impersonator, of course.

'He doesn't know who I am? I guess he wasn't able to get any information from the two.' Gloria narrowed her eyes as she stared at him.

He didn't seem all too threatening, but that was only at face value.

'The girl also doesn't look harmful. The only thing to be really concerned about us that giant wolf. It shouldn't be a problem for me, though.' She thought to herself.

Despite her looks and personality, Gloria was actually very adept at using her head. Even now, while being consumed by insurmountable rage, she was still thinking and strategizing.

That was just the kind of person she was.

"I am the First Princess; Gloria Midas. Identify yourselves, and be prepared to face the consequences of your actions.

'Looking at this bloody mess, he and that girl must have killed all these Inquisition Officers.' Gloria could see how their numbers were about five thousand.

Confirming this, it wasn't very difficult to believe that they were able to defeat Kendrick and his Division.

'But how? Why are they so strong?'

Gloria was not among the close-minded Midas citizens who believed that a non-Midas could never stand a chance against a Midas. Reality didn't work that way, unfortunately.

The fact that there was a non-Midas that had escaped their grasp for so long proved just how formidable they could be.

'Does that mean they're also irregulars? But how?'

After the disaster with their current headache, they had ensured their indoctrination methods improved by leaps and bounds.

Their current system was more akin to brainwashing than anything else.

It wouldn't be easy, or even possible, for anyone to break the mold.

'And if they did, we would have been notified. So... how?'

That didn't matter right now, though. Her major concern was capturing the enemy, protecting her siblings, and then returning to the Empire.

'So what if they defeated five thousand Knights and two Royals? I could do the same!' She gritted her teeth and tightened her fist.

Her confidence was further boosted by the fact that the two would naturally be tired after their fight.

Evidence of that was how the Midas Impersonator was breathing heavily. He was trying to hide it as best as he could, but she noticed it regardless.

'The girl on top of the golden wolf is an even better pretender, but it's probably because she used that pet of hers to do the fighting. She's most likely not a combatant, so if I defeat her summon, then...'

Gloria's grin widened as she pretty much developed her strategy on the spot.

'Let's do this!' With a determined gaze, and a fiery heart, she resolved to fight...

... and WIN!

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'Looks like she's all fired up. I don't want to fight her, though.' Kuzon gazed at his opponent.

If he did, it would be a waste of the opportunity he had been given.

'I would rather retreat. It's better that way, and it wastes less time.'

He had already achieved his goal. All he needed was for his minions to invade the ranks of the Midas Royals.

'If I can use 'that', then things would get even more interesting.' He smiled internally.

Kuzon could only hope the princess in front of him was noticing the subtle signs of exhaustion he was giving her.

She was bound to underestimate him thanks to these factors, so her initial attack wouldn't be overwhelmingly powerful.

'Once she does that... at that exact moment... that will decide everything!'

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

Just like clockwork, the Midas Princess lunged at Kuzon, shattering everything around her, though paying special mind not to affect her siblings.

Like the wind, she rushed towards him, her hand outstretched.

'... As expected.' Kuzon thought to himself.

This was the part where things got interesting.

His construct, Fenrir, instantly jumped in her way, shielding Kuzon.

At that moment, Maya fell off the massive wolf, slowly falling in midair as she displayed surprise and slight fear.

"You....!" The loud voice of the first princess echoed at that very moment, and more golden light shrouded her body.

>BOOOOMMMMM!!!<

The loud impact made from her clash with Fenrir sent shockwaves flying around, and the ground trembled once more.

Kuzon stifled his smile and caught Maya, who yelped as soon as she fell into his arms.

'Time to undo Fenrir so it seems there was damage...'

The golden threads that made up his massive construct instantly scattered, starting from the point where Gloria's fit landed on.

Snapping and dissipating not long after, the pieces of Fenrir's body began to vanish.

"Heh!" Gloria leaked out a condescending smile as she glared even deeper at Kuzon and Maya, who now seemed powerless and helpless.

"All I need to do is take care of you two now." She strengthened her muscles and prepared for yet another display of sheer strength.

"Really? You should be more worried about your siblings, you know?"

Gloria's eyes widened as he said this, granting Kuzon yet another reason to smile.

"Kak!"

"Urgh!"

Both of them suddenly coughed out blood, their vomits oozing from their mouths. They shivered, their faces pale.

Gloria, who hadn't looked at them before, sharply glanced in their direction out of pure concern.

The moment she noticed their physiological reactions, only one thought appeared in her mind.

"P-poison?!"

"Hehe. Correct. How else would I have been able to take down two Royals of such strength?" Kuzon swiftly responded.

'Good. She's biting in.'

Gloria's face turned distraught. However, at the same time, she expressed more rage than before.

"You bastard!"

"Call me whatever you like. I need to do whatever I can to win. In any case, what are you going to do about them? Will you save them? Or will you continue this fight?"

Kuzon's grin grew wider.

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

#### **Chapter 912: Retreat**

"Will you save them? Or will you continue this fight?"

Of course, Kuzon knew the answer he would receive wasn't as clear-cut as his question posed.

He also knew just how cruel the Midas Empire was. Even though it was taking her a long time to decide, Gloria's eventual decision would be to do everything in her power to capture him.

'However... that brief moment of hesitation is all I was after from the very start. It's checkmate, Gloria. I win!'

The moment Gloria got distracted by the choices presented to her, torn between her responsibility to the Empire and attachment to her siblings, the ripe opportunity emerged

And that was...

"W-what is... this?!"

... A bomb!

"I'll use... urgh... the last bit of my power for this. Guh... take thiiiiissssss!!!" Kuzon coughed, hoping his performance was convincing enough.

Falling from the sky, and heading straight towards Gloria, was a massive golden ball of light.

It was also approaching at a terrifying speed that seemed impossible to completely dodge when one measured it's range of impact.

"Bastard! You think I'll let you kill yourself?!" Gloria dashed towards him.

"Hehe. It's much better than being captured by the Midas Empire. It's regrettable that this is as far as we go, but..." Kuzon grinned, almost sadly.

He held Maya very tightly at this point, and his face showed how prepared he was to face death.

It left Maya clearly confused and panicky. His acting was enough to make her doubt the words and instructions he had given her through Telepathic Magic.

"Eeeeehhhhhh!!!" Her scream was accompanied by the loud eruption of the bomb.

And then...

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

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The brilliance of the explosion finally died down, leaving Gloria dazed as she rubbed her eyes.

A downcast expression formed on her face as she rose to her feet and clenched her fist.

'So... it was a flash bomb, after all.'

She felt like crushing someone's skull just based on the rage she was feeling.

'They managed to escape, didn't they? To think that man made this elaborate scheme to plot their escape.' Gloria was both impressed and disgusted.

'Should I chase after them? They should still be weakened, so maybe I have a chance...'

The loud coughs and painful groans of her siblings made it very difficult for her to think straight, though.

'Well... it's not guaranteed that I can catch them. From experience, these kind of people are extremely difficult to capture, especially when they're on the run.'

And so, rather than risking it all by giving chase, it was better to go for the one with the guaranteed result.

Saving her siblings.

'If I end up giving chase, and these two die... if I end up failing to capture him, it will be double jeopardy.'

Playing it safe, this was the most reasonable choice.

"Geri, Jeri... let's get you both treated." She smiled at the weakened Royals.

"Y-yes..." They answered tiredly.

"Thank you big sister."

It seems their teleportation badges had been destroyed thanks to their earlier fight with the imposter.

That meant she had to use hers for them. But, this meant she had to return to the Teleportation Chamber.

By the time the whole process was complete, it would be too late even if she returned immediately after.

The trail would have gone cold by then.

'Oh well. It can't be helped...'

Even as she approached her siblings and prepared to teleport back to their base, Gloria couldn't help thinking about the irregulars—specifically the Midas Imposter.

Her face turned red in fury and she clenched her fist in obvious rage.

'I swear, I'll kill him with my own hands!'

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"Whew! That was a close one, wouldn't you agree?" Kuzon smiled, seated beside Maya on a mountain.

There were a bunch of mountains that peaked a short distance from the forest. From their current position, they could faintly see the scene where they fought, and could clearly see the rest of the massive forest.

"Could you have defeated that Midas Royal, though?" Maya asked.

"Is that even a question? Of course, I can. At this rate, I'm beginning to think even the First Prince isn't that big a deal."

"I wouldn't advise you to underestimate him, though. I heard that one time, he and the rest of his siblings trained. Only he stood against all of them and defeated them. He's that strong."

"Oh? Where did you get that information from?"

"W-well... the people in my village. I suppose."

"Have you ever been to the Midas Empire?"

"Uh, no."

"Seen the Royals train?"

"N-no, but..."

"So, a bunch of guys in the slums told you the story and you just took it at face value? Don't you know the meaning of exaggeration?"

At this point, Maya was red in the face. Her puffed up cheeks showed she was pouting.

"I was just trying to help, you know? You should be careful about those people!"

"I hear you. Haha, it's just that... I have no reason to doubt my strength or overestimate my opponents." Kuzon grinned.

"So far, it seems they're all too weak."

Anyone hearing this would think he was being conceited. However, since he had pretty much gotten the memories of Midas Royals, he could say as much with confidence.

'Maya is right, though. That First Prince did defeat all the Royals. It seems he has some sort of hidden power. I shouldn't be too careless...'

He needed more information, but not necessarily related to the Midas.

'I'm still at square one when it comes to the mysterious man. Plus, my pawns are currently asleep in the infirmary, so I can't use them currently.'

It was better to leave then that way, so as not to garner suspicion.

'I used my Marionette Worms to secrete energy that interfered with their Mana flow, causing some Mana Shock, intense fever, coughing among other things.'

It mimicked poison perfectly.

Fortunately, he could hide his Worms, so they wouldn't be detected through Magic; at least, not the kind that he knew the Midas Empire used.

'Once they're up and well, I'll use them properly. For now, though... there's one thing on my mind.'

He stared into the forest, finding himself deep in thought and slight confusion. His eyes were capturing the image of a particular person amid the trees.

'Who the hell is that?'

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

#### **Chapter 913: The Old Man [Pt 1]**

Amid the cluster of trees was an old man.

He had a cloak covering his entire body, but that didn't stop him from being recognizable at all.

His flowing white hair and long beard leaked out of the hood he wore, and his jolly eyes couldn't be contained by the hood's disguise.

The old man took a step, and then two, glancing around him as if trying to ensure no one was following him.

Walking in the woods was a good way to traverse the world while trying to hide one's identity, but the man's caution seemed too far-fetched.

No, in the first place... who was he?

"Maya, look at that person?" Kuzon pointed at the bushy bearded old man who stroked his beard as he glanced left and right before taking even just a couple of steps.

He seemed clumsy for an old oaf, but something about him just drew Kuzon in.

Perhaps that was why he couldn't look away.

"T-that's him! That's the man with the sleigh! He's the one you're looking for?" Maya's voice suddenly peaked, causing Kuzon to swiftly cover her lips so she wouldn't make any further noise.

If someone like the old man was cautious enough to look around him, Maya's words could have attracted his attention.

'We're not too far from him. Though I wonder why he isn't just using Sensory Magic.' Kuzon thought to himself, recoiling from Maya's words.

"He's the mysterious man? The Variant that's causing the Midas Empire such a headache...?" Kuzon looked at the old man once again and his heart fell.

'Really? Him?'

Sure, the man seemed 'odd' enough. However, the possibility that he was just an eccentric old man was certainly high.

'I can't sense any Mana coming from him. No Aether too...'

Nothing in the man's outfit had any Magical effects, and the fact that he was being so overly cautious while slowing himself down, instead of simply using Sensory Expansion or something, made him doubtful.

'I know of the Midas Rule, but you can still perform basic sensory stuff despite it. That's what I've been doing. If he's truly the enemy of the Midas Race, he should have figured it out...'

Kuzon mulled over these thoughts, alternating states between Maya and the old man. In all honesty, he was disappointed.

However...

'This is the closest we've gotten to solving the case. It wouldn't hurt to give it a try.'

Perhaps it was because he now had a contingency in the Midas Empire—or rather, two—Kuzon didn't feel as anxious or as frustrated as before.

"We'll follow him from behind. Let's see what he's up to."

It would be difficult to follow someone's trail, and stalk from afar, without Magic. However, Kuzon was an expert in that area.

'His means of detection are sloppy at best. He won't be able to catch me.' He smiled, glancing at Maya.

"You just have to follow my lead. Don't do what I wouldn't do, and don't stray away from me."

If this was indeed their guy, Kuzon still wanted to obtain enough information before approaching him.

'He seems especially cautious and fritzzy.' With that in mind, he decided it was time to enact his plan.

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Kuzon and Maya trailed after the old man for a couple of minutes, traversing the thick Custer of trees, and doing everything they could to stay hidden

By ensuring they stayed a sufficient distance from him, they maintained their hiddenness. Plus, the little sounds their footsteps made couldn't travel very far, making it pointless for the old man who tried to see and hear the approach of enemies.

He looked like an idiot to Kuzon; placing his hand around his ear, or his hand over his eyes.



'He won't be finding us.'

After following him for a while more, they finally slowed down thanks to the old man stopping in a particular place that even Kuzon didn't know existed in the forest.

'I surveyed this place, though. Was this always here...?'

It was a cave.

This cave was embedded into a massive stone-like boulder, and it was covered with plant-like curtains.

It was a primitive method, but understandable.

'Why is he going to the cave, though. Don't tell me... it's his home?!'

The old man ventured inside, causing curiosity to rise in Kuzon's chest.

He couldn't take the suspense anymore, so he focused his vision so he could see beyond the plant-like curtains, and then into the cave itself.

'By circulating my energy flow and concentrating it internally, I can do this. I wonder why the old man doesn't do the same to better sense his vicinity...'

Since they began observing the old man, the chances that he was the man Kuzon was looking for had fallen drastically.

At this point, it was mostly out of curiosity that he kept on spying.

He also had nothing better to do—at least, until recovered completely.

'Hm? That is...!' Kuzon's eyes narrowed as he looked at what the old man was doing inside the shallow cave.

Rather than resting, the old man cleared some of the twigs that seemed to litter the floor, taking away a moss-like carpet too.

Once those were shifted to the side, something became visible to the old man, and to Kuzon.

'... A vault?'

The metal-like casing, and its solid handle made it look like the real deal.

'Looks like it isn't his home, after all.'

However, that raised her another issue for concern.

'What is a shabbily dressed old man doing with a vault like that? Could he be plundering someone else? No. Am I placing too much emphasis on his appearance?'

'Maybe he's in disguise and is the real deal. But, his actions don't add up.' Kuzon shook his head as his thoughts clashed, trying to focus more on the scenery unfolding before him.

'What will you do next, old man?'

Before Kuzon realized it, the man jumped into the vault, closing it instantly.

The twigs and carpet miraculously returned to their position to cover the vault, completely making it the same as before.

As a spectator, Kuzon was stunned, to say the least.

'E-eh...?!'

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

#### **Chapter 914: The Old Man [Pt 2]**

'The vault was actually a secret entrance? Interesting...' A smile formed on Kuzon's face as he narrowed his sight on the twigs that now covered it's metal surface.

"Looks like the old man has gone inside the hole else. Shouldn't we follow him?" Maya asked, her tone a little hushed.

"Hmm. Yeah, if we don't want to lose the trail. We should also head in."

The problem was the unpredictability of the situation.

'What if it's a trap?' Even with his sensory abilities, he couldn't sense beyond the metal vault door.

He had no idea what to expect beyond it.

'But now that the old man has piqued my interest, I guess we can go an extra mile.'

With that in mind, Kuzon and Maya left their hiding spots and approached the cave. Their goal was simple;

Infiltrate the secret area that the old man went to, and keep following him!

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"Are you ready?" Kuzon asked, both of them standing above the vault.

It was pitch black, and even now that the entrance was open, Kuzon couldn't sense anything beyond it.

It puzzled him to no end.

Still... he had come this far already. His interest in the old man was already growing beyond what he initially expected.

It was even possible that he could be the one he was looking for.

"Y-yeah. Though I'm a little bit... kyah!" Maya's last words were interrupted by a yelp. This was because Kuzon suddenly held her and drew her close to himself.

"W-w-what are you doing?" She screamed, her face beet red.

"Relax. The opening is not too big. We can both fit in if we stick together like this. Besides, didn't you say you're scared?" Kuzon smiled, looking straight into her eyes.

"Don't worry. I'll protect you."

Maya's crimson eyes widened, and they seemed to sparkle the moment Kuzon made the statement.

She was so distracted by his words echoing in her ears, and the smile he gave off, that she didn't notice when they plunged into the vault.

... And descended into darkness.

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"W-what is this place...?!" Kuzon was the first to speak so loudly.

Merely due to shock alone, he had forgotten to remain in character. Both he and Maya were now somewhere completely different from what they knew just a second ago.

It was like new a world far removed from the mundane realities of the life they had experienced before now.

"This place is... a pocket dimension?" Kuzon thought aloud, looking at everything around him.

It was a realm brimming with enchantment, whimsy, and unfathomable beauty—a veritable tapestry woven with the threads of imagination.

The skies of the land were a cerulean expanse, dotted with fluffy, cotton candy clouds that lazily drifted by. The air was infused with a fragrance akin to sweet blossoms and hints of freshly baked confections, enticing the senses and drawing visitors deeper into this extraordinary land.

'Is it like my Emperor's Domain? No... this place feels far stranger. Far removed from reality.'

He couldn't explain his unease and his comfort. He stared at Maya, and the girl seemed tok stunned to even say a single word.

The situation must have puzzled and amazed them both.

"Look at the footprints. The old man must have passed this route. Let's walk quickly so we can catch up to him." Kuzon said, finally snapping Maya from her daze.

"Y-yeah. Let's..."

With both of them nodding in agreement, they continued their journey through the strange land around them.

As one ventured forth, they would find themselves traversing winding paths that meandered through meadows adorned with vibrant flowers of every hue.

Each petal boasted a unique, vivid color, radiating a luminosity that illuminated the landscape with an ethereal glow.

Butterflies danced in a graceful ballet, their wings painted in vivid patterns, carrying with them the secrets of the universe.

The trees they saw defied the ordinary, stretching toward the heavens in fantastical shapes and sizes. Their trunks and branches were adorned with sparkling crystals that shimmered like stars, casting a gentle illumination upon the verdant grass below. The leaves rustled in harmonious melodies, whispering ancient tales of adventure and mystery.

Creatures of all shapes and sizes roamed freely, their forms fantastical and their demeanor curious. Mischievous fairy-like beings fluttered about, their iridescent wings creating a kaleidoscope of colors as they playfully darted through the air.

Squirrels with iridescent fur scurried along, chattering in a language only they understood, while unicorns grazed upon the velvety moss, their coats resplendent with hues that seemed borrowed from a rainbow.

Rivers and streams flowed through the land, their waters crystal clear and infused with a luminescent glow. The gentle babbling of the brooks created a soothing symphony that harmonized with the chorus of nature. Bridges, crafted with delicate precision, arched gracefully over the water, inviting wanderers to cross and discover the wonders that lay beyond.

Perhaps the strangest observation of the two strangers was how time seemed to exist in a perpetual dance.

The sun, adorned with a golden halo, painted the sky with breathtaking hues as it made its slow descent. Moonbeams, silvery and soft, cascaded down upon the landscape, transforming the world into a dreamscape where reality and fantasy intertwined.

At this point, Kuzon was beyond stupefied, he was beyond dumbfounded too.

'Impressive! The system that make up this entire place... did that old man make it? No, this is too amazing! I can't believe it!'

Kuzon had to admit to himself that he could have been wrong.

No, at this point, he probably was.

'This place is the real deal. That old man, whoever he is, is definitely the real deal!'

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After walking a little further, following the footprints, they finally spotted the old man. The way he walked so casually in such an amazing landscape told Kuzon that this man most likely lived here.

This was his natural habitat, wasn't it?

'It's no wonder the Midas Empire hasn't been able to find him. He lives in his own pocket dimension, huh?' Kuzon smiled nervously

His heart was already pounding in both anxiety and excitement.

However, choosing the pragmatic option, Kuzon kept his emotions suppressed and decided to be as careful as possible.

'Let's keep watching him. He'll eventually stop at his home or something.'

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

### **Chapter 915: The Old Man [Pt 3]**

"Haa... haa..."

Kuzon could feel it. The mental strain that was afflicting his body, even though he was still physically healthy.

'How long? How many hours has it been now? No, perhaps more than that?'

Kuzon was currently hunched over as he constantly kept taking steps so he wouldn't lose sight of the old man in front of him.

It had been so long since they started following him that it didn't seem real that they would continue pursuing the relentless fellow.

One stare at his shabby back, and Kuzon's tired eyes fell even further.

'I-impossible! How is he still moving?!'

"Urgh...." A slurry voice sounded atop him. It came from Maya.

She had used up all her strength a while ago, and was now being carried by him.

They were both tired, no doubt.

'How can he keep this up? Is this perhaps the special effect of this world? Magic?'

It was indeed possible that he was being 'affected' by a negative condition. Perhaps he was hallucinating.

His Arcanas were currently on the fritz, so he didn't have any absolute defense against such measures.

'Should I use Magic to cancel it? But...!' The reason he didn't want to use Magic was because he was bound to be detected if he did.

Not by the Midas Empire, but the old man.

'Am I really sure he hasn't noticed us already? If we are in his domain, then he should have.'

'Or is this place just a Magic Spot in this world? Could it be that this old man found it by accident and made it his home?'

There were many alternatives, now that Kuzon thought about it.

However, it still didn't shake off the uneasy feeling he had.

'Just a little Magic. Let me try it.'

Kuzon closed his eyes and circulated his energy, coursing everything through his body.

>FSHUUUUUUUU...<

"Haaa..." Opening his eyes slowly, exhaling deeply.

It turned out he wasn't under any illusion.

'Let's keep going, then.'

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Fortunately, not too long after, Kuzon and Maya saw the old man arriving at a residence.

But...

'Huh?!'

... It was as underwhelming as the cave from long back.

The shack looked like a small wizard's hut, made from straw and stone bricks. It had a chimney, and magical dust-like smoke rose from it.

All in all, it was bizarre and unimpressive.

'This is his actual home...?' Kuzon's eyes widened slightly as he watched the old man venture inside.

'Let's not judge things at face value. So far he keeps surprising us, right?'

The problem right now was what to do now that the old man had arrived home.

Were they supposed to watch a bit longer? Investigate the terrain? Extensively discuss all they had seen?

Kuzon quickly mulled over all these details, but finally arrived at a simple answer.

"We're out of time. Let's go in."

"A-are you sure? We should be more patient. Maybe even rest a little."

Kuzon found it odd that the person who had hitched a ride on his back could spew such words.

In one big shrug, he pushed her off his back, causing her to Yelp as her buttocks hit the ground.

"Ow-ow! You're so mean."

"Yeah, yeah." Kuzon couldn't care less. His gaze was more focused on the old man's cottage.

"We're going in, Maya."

"F-fine..."

And so, the two ventured straight into yet another world they didn't expect.

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Within the confines of the unassuming abode, a magnificent hall unfolded, defying the laws of space and reality.

It was a place where magic thrived, casting its ethereal glow upon the two who dared to venture inside.

As Kuzon and Maya stepped through the threshold, their senses were immediately captivated by an array of strange and mesmerizing sights.

"N-no way. Again?!" Kuzon nearly screamed this time as his eyes took in the miraculous sight before him.

The hall seemed to stretch infinitely in all directions, its vastness defying the confines of the humble hut that contained it.

In the midst of this enchanting spectacle, their eyes were drawn to peculiar creatures suspended within glass jars, their otherworldly forms both curious and captivating. Each jar held a mysterious being, frozen in time, their presence evoking a sense of awe and wonder... as well as dread.

An assortment of staffs and staves adorned stands and lined the walls, their intricate carvings and ornate designs imbued with an undeniable allure. Each one seemed to possess a story of its own, whispered by the ancient, yet beautiful wood that coursed through its very core.

Books, ancient and weathered, were scattered throughout the hall, their pages brimming with forgotten knowledge and untold tales. They beckoned the two curious souls to unravel their secrets, promising an adventure that transcended the boundaries of the mundane.

Sparkling jewels and curious artifacts adorned every corner, casting a kaleidoscope of colors and reflections that danced upon the walls.

Rare and peculiar items, most of which were unknown to even Kuzon, were put on grand exhibition, showcasing the mysteries that lay hidden within their delicate frames.

"L-look there, Kuzon. I told you I saw him riding reindeers in a sleigh!" Maya dragged the dazed Kuzon to yet another awesome spot in the massive hall.

There, nestled among the treasures, stood a stand adorned with miniature wooden reindeers.

Their lifelike features and delicate craftsmanship breathed a semblance of life into the very wood from which they were carved.

"It's almost like they're alive..." Kuzon whispered.

Still, all of this magnificence that bewildered them had one flaw in Kuzon's eyes.

'They don't have an ounce of Mana or Aether. Not even the mystical-looking ones.'

He had thought, for sure, that they would be powerful, but their lack of any kind of special attributes disappointed him.

'They are beautiful, though...' Kuzon's thoughts trailed as he watched them with longing eyes.

"Are you done sightseeing?"

Kuzon's body stiffened the moment he heard the strange, yet oddly familiar voice.

Twisting sharply in the direction of the tone, his vision met the old man they had followed here.

He stood a distance from them, a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes. More spectacular, however, was the new outfit he donned.

'W-what the hell is that?!' Kuzon thought to himself

It was a weird wizard attire. It had bright multicolored dyes as the base and weird star designs all around it, with a crooked wizard cap to match.

'What in the world is—?'

"So? What do you think of my 'toys'?" The old man's smile widened as he intently stared at the two of them, specifically Kuzon.

'His gaze feel so intense. I couldn't even sense him until he spoke.'

Also, by toys, did he mean the objects that decorated the hall? Kuzon was more surprised that he didn't ask what they were doing in his abode.

'Did he sense us here, after all?' In any case, Kuzon decided to answer.

Now that it had come to this, and he was going to have to win the old man's trust, he had to be honest.

"I think... they're beautiful. But as far as Magic goes... they're not too impressive."

Hopefully he didn't sound too condescending. However, that was simply how the whole thing appeared to him.

"Oh? Is that so?" The twinkle in the man's eyes died so quickly and suddenly that Kuzon felt a heaviness suddenly envelope him.

"How disappointing..."

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

#### **Chapter 916: Crazy Variant**

Disappointing? His response was disappointing?

Kuzon was stunned. He had thought his honesty would be appreciated. Should he have lied?

'No. Something tells me that would have been worse. Then...'

"I mean, I expected this outcome. Yes. You were bound to say that, weren't you, Kuzon?" The old man rubbed his white beard as he so flippantly mentioned Kuzon's name.

"Y-you know who I am?"

"Well, maybe you should see for yourself, then. I mean, what was I expecting, right? It's not like you'd be able to get it at first glance." He completely ignored the confused Midas and muttered even more.

"Hmm... this should do it..." More murmurs.



Kuzon, at this point, had reached the limits of his patience. He couldn't just stand still and let the man ignore him.

He had to win his approval. In order to do that, he needed his attention.

"What exactly is going on—"

>SNAP<

All it took was one snap from the old man.

'... Huh...??!'

And the impossible occurred.

Kuzon instantly fell to the ground, his eyes bulging, turning bloodshot instantly. Sweat poured from his skin and his body trembled to the core.

An overwhelming might seemed to keep him down, kneeling and shaking as his mind nearly went blank.

This inescapable, unbelievable pressure... where was it coming from?

Above? Behind? Below?

It was all, and yet none, of those answers.

'E-every... everywhere?!' Kuzon's fragmented thoughts managed to utter.

The unimaginable power that crushed every ounce of his will emanated all around him—specifically from the very items that pervaded the seemingly infinite expanse.

'E-even one... the weakest one I sense... is stronger than me...?!'

It sounded ridiculous, but it was true!

His face slowly turned, and he could see the reindeers that he once discarded as beautiful junk.

Just one of those reindeers possessed more power than he had amassed.

To think he was weaker than a mere 'toy.'

Kuzon shook endlessly, his entire being completely subjugated. He could no longer fight the power that seemed to swallow him whole.

He was no match.

He could never dream of even coming close.

"Okay, maybe that's enough. Don't want you to go crazy on me. Haha...hehehe..." The old man cackled, snapping his fingers once more.

In an instant, almost like waking up from a nightmare, the pressure vanished completely.

Silence enveloped the area, and nothing but Kuzon's heavy breath pervaded the hall.

"Haaa.... haaa... haaa..."

His clothes were already soaked in sweat, and the sting of humiliation coiled around his heart.

Never before had he experienced such an overwhelming power.

Not even from the Nether.

"W-what is... who are... ah... what of Maya...?" Kuzon slowly looked beside him.

Maya was lying face flat on the ground, completely still and quiet.

'S-she is—!'

"Oh, she fell unconscious instantly. Don't worry, she's fine."

"A-ah... I see." His worry vanished completely the moment the old man said that.

He also saw that she was breathing just fine.

"So, what do you think now? About my toys?" The old man folded his hand and grinned exquisitely.

'What the hell? Those are toys?!'

They were items that infinitely defied logic and contained such unfathomable power.

Yet this crazy old man called them mere toys?

"T-they're powerful. Too powerful..."

"Meh. I think they're fine, but nowhere near powerful. They're just prototypes, after all."

"E-eh...?"

"They're decorative items, you know? I made them in my youth, when I was still obsessed with form over performance. Hold on, I'm still in my youth, right? Yeah... still youthful. Hehehe."

Was this man kidding him? Every word he spouted seemed like crazy nonsense.

The very epitome of bullshit.

"I'm actually in my late thirties... right? Well, not exactly. Ah... time is such a funny concept, isn't it? Pfft... I can be millions of years old, and still just in my late thirties, while looking like I'm fifty or something."

Kuzon was so confused. He felt lost in a torrent of thoughts that it felt like he would unravel at any moment.

"Who...?" His voice finally made it out of his lips. His gaze wavered, but he still stared at the old man with the last ember of his determination.

"Who are you?"

"Me? Eh, I don't know what to say. Names aren't very important to me. They're meant to be distinct, but in actuality they're not."

'What?'

"Think about it. How many people bear my name, or your name, or their name? It's an infinite amount! Those other branches having the same name as you... it ruins the concept of self-identity, doesn't it?"

"I-I guess...?"

As expected. The man knew of the branches. So this was a branch, after all.

'That must be how he knows my name.' Kuzon's thoughts echoed. 'He should have a way to return me home!'

The crazy old man kept rambling, his voice and words scattered.

"... But, well, I guess you need to call me something besides 'crazy old man'. Though, I know you'll still tell our dear MC that when you meet him."

"MC? What do you mea—"

"My name is Neron. Ring a bell?"

At that very instant, Kuzon's words ceased and his jaws nearly dropped.

Bewilderment played on his face as he stared at the youthful smile of the old man, while also feeling indescribable feelings.

"Hahaha! I knew you'd react that way. Pfft, just look at that expression."

Kuzon's eyes twitched. He was facing Neron himself? This old man was...

"I'm not 'your' Neron, though. Ah, when you put it that way... oof..." He rubbed his white beard even more.

"T-then, you know the Neron of my world, right? You know my world too, right? That means you can—"

"Of course I do, Kuzon. What do you think I am, chopped liver? This guy..." Old man Neron laughed, slapping his hand on his face almost as if it was funny.

'What is he finding so hilarious, though?'

"Its just hilarious anytime I interact with you guys. I mean, I'm often engrossed in my own stuff, but isn't it amusing?"

"What is...?"

"Okay, okay. Get this. Imagine you're in your house one day, and a very small ant just walks in. But you can see it, right? And the ant climbs your body, and you can feel every single sensation. And then it reaches your shoulder, and it realizes you've been staring at it for a long time. Then it gets surprised and starts to talk to you. It asks how you could see it, even though it's your house. It asks if you know it is an ant, or that it came from an anthill, or whatever. You get the point. Now multiply that by infinity! That's how hilarious this situation is. Hahahahaha!"

Kuzon didn't know how to feel by the words of this world's Neron.

Was he calling him an ant? No... infinitely lesser than an ant?

"Look, Kuzon. You realize that I let you guys find and track me down, right? I pretty much knew all you would do and how you would react—all the alternatives."

So that was why this old man found things so funny.

'To him... even this conversation is as predictable as anything else.'

That was just how crazy this Neron was.

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

#### **Chapter 917: True Insanity**

Have you ever bothered with observing the mundane lives of everything in the world?

Even down to the very atoms.

Ever tried to understand them. Replicate them. Create them. And understand them again.

And then... have you ever considered just how many atoms there would be in the vastness of a planet. A solar system. A galaxy. A universe. multiverse.

All of existence.

... If not, then you do not know the true meaning of insanity.

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"I need your help, Neron. I'm sure you already know the details of my predicament. It's of utmost importance that I return home. Please can you... no, I mean, please take me back!"

Silence echoed all over the hall as Kuzon pleaded with the old man before him.

Desperation rang in his eyes, and his heart oozed sincerity.

"Hmmm. Well..." Old man Neron rubbed his beard, his eyes closed for a few moments.

One could only wonder why he was taking so long to determine his answer when he already knew what it would be.

"Nope. I don't wanna."

"H-huh...?"

"I said I don't feel like it. It's all inconsequential to me anyway. Why should I bother?"

Hearing those words caused a certain effect within Kuzon.

His heart began to race quickly, and his muscles tightened. His teeth grinded together and his facial muscles twisted to depict one thing.

Anger.

"Why? I'm sure it wouldn't take you much effort at all."

"En. It wouldn't even take any."

"So why? It won't cause you any detriment, right? So please just help me and—"

"You do realize how hypocritical you sound right now, don't you? Didn't Maya ask you to help out with saving other people? I'm pretty sure you responded the same way I did."

Upon hearing those words, Kuzon's heart grew heavy. He understood the implications behind them, but how could he simply accept it?

"I-I couldn't do it because I didn't have enough time. I have to return home for my friends and family. For my world."

"Simply put, you would only take action if it's of value to you. Besides, didn't you pass by many settlements in your investigation? I'm sure it wouldn't take you any time at all to save the suffering people by at least transporting them to your Emperor's Domain."

"B-but where would I put them after—"

"Oh, please. Like you couldn't just destroy the Midas Empire and give them the land. Oh, is that too extreme? If you were going to meet me anyway, and dump Maya's load on me, wouldn't it be better if you were already saving this world's denizens, rather than just handing all the responsibility to me. The people in this reality are also people, you know?"

"If you feel this way, then why didn't you save them sooner?" Kuzon yelled, unable to contain his dissatisfaction.

"Same reason you didn't. I care about something more. So much so that I really couldn't care less what happens to this reality. And if I don't care about the reality I was born in, do you really think I would consider your own world? Especially when, if our roles were reversed, you wouldn't care about mine?"

"I... I..." Kuzon was at a loss for words.

"Look. I get it, okay? You want to save your people and planet and lover, and all of that. But try to think about it from my perspective. Just wrap your head around it for a moment. Maybe I should explain." Neron sighed.

"I'm not interested in this world. Your world is included in it. This entire dimension was created by me. It's currently as large as a couple million universes, and I can make it stretch on as much as I want. I set an automatic expansion rate, so it's growing on its own. I can also manipulate it at will."

"Even... spending all this time talking to me is more important than sending me to my world? Even though this is far more time consuming?" Kuzon spoke, his words echoing the pain that occupied his heart.

"What time is being consumed? It's all relative to me. I'm sure you thought you were walking for hours while following me, right? Well, it only took me a moment to get here."

Kuzon's face entered a daze as soon as he heard Neron. He didn't even know what to say in response.

"Do you get it now? The laws of reality are different here. I pretty much make the rules, and the amount of life here is already far more than this world and yours combined."

"A-ah..." Kuzon could only whisper.

It seemed he had been underestimating the man in front of him all this time.

He was beyond fathoming.

"Let's continue our talk in my office. I feel like seating down." As soon as he said this, a chair suddenly appeared, and the old man plopped to his seat.

'If you're seated now then why do you need the office?' Kuzon wanted to say, but no words came out.

"Wake up, Maya. It's time to go."

"Y-yes!" Maya jumped to her feet, her expression indicated complete attentiveness.

"A bit of time and energy manipulation makes her up and ready in no time. Perfect, right?"

Before Kuzon could even give an answer, Neron moved away from him, toward a magnificent golden door that suddenly appeared in the middle of the hallway.

At this point, the young Midas knew not to question anything he saw anymore.

With Neron, it felt like anything was possible.

"Let's go!"

The door opened, and in an instant, all three of them were sucked inside, dragged into another new world.

\*\*\*\*\*

This time, it was a library.

One look, and one could tell that this was a place not meant to be perceived by mere people.

Its grandeur knew no bounds, stretching endlessly in every direction, defying the limits of mortal comprehension.

The library's imposing façade rose majestically, adorned with intricate carvings and shimmering stained glass windows. Its architecture bore the marks of countless civilizations and eras, reflecting a timeless amalgamation of human achievements and wisdom.

"Haaa... I really can't see the end of it." Kuzon whispered.

Even though he was using his full Magic capacity to sense how large it was, he simply couldn't comprehend it.

This place was impossible large.

"Welcome to my Grand Library. Feel free to explore, or not. I mean... your choice." Old man Neron hovered on his chair as he moved forward, not even bothering to look at the two dumbfounded people who gawked at everything in their line of sight.

"T-that is...!" Kuzon's gaze traveled to a particular corner in the library where a pile—no, more like a heap—of cards stood.

He had sensed strange signatures from the cards, so he moved there in a hurry.

"A-ah, those are... well, they're not really that impressive." It seemed Old Man Neron was a bit embarrassed when he talked about them.

Almost like they were a pile that didn't deserve anyone's attention.

"T-these are all Arcanas! All of them!" Kuzon shouted, almost deafeningly.

There were all the real deal—no, perhaps even more impressive. He even noticed a lot of variations that were foreign to him, but we're just as powerful as the others he was familiar with.

How was this even possible?!

"I call them the Bala-Blu. You want some?"

Kuzon could feel it more and more as he conversed with this world's version of Neron. He had been skeptical to conclude it before, but now he was certain.

'He... He's crazy!'

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

#### **Chapter 918: The Origin Project**

"Seems like you don't want them. Oh well..." Neron shrugged, almost like it all didn't matter to him.

"N-no! I want them. Give them to me."

"You realize that those won't work in your world because of the Law Alignment issue, right? Isn't that why your Arcanas aren't working too?"

"W-well..." Kuzon could only chuckle slightly in disappointment.

That was indeed true. These Arcanas wouldn't do any good in his world.

"I mean. Unless you use [The Leviathan]. It can fix up the alignment issue. But... en. Let's forget about it."

In a single 'POOF', the Arcana pile disappeared.

"NOOOOOOO!!!" Kuzon cried out loud. He was just about to look for the Arcana that Crazy Neron had told him about.

Yes, Crazy Neron.

'That's the best term that properly define this insane entity!' Kuzon concluded. There was no way this man was even a man anymore.

He was literally a god.

"Come over here. Let me show you something actually impressive. It's what I'm working on. Why I'm so busy." He smiled, a youthful twinkle in his eyes.

Kuzon hadn't seen that twinkle in a very long time, and he wondered just what kind of project would make the old man glow like that.

'If Arcanas don't even faze him, then... just what could it be?!' Kuzon could feel his heart race in excitement.

He couldn't wait to see how profound the work would be.

His heart was already sullen—humbled beyond expectations. He glanced at Maya and saw her beautiful childish innocence.

She was so astounded that words failed to come out.

Speechless beyond imagination.

'He really is amazing, isn't he?' Kuzon now reflected on his hubris.

'I already suspected that the mysterious man, whoever he was, would not help Maya and her people. If only I considered the same for myself...'

Crazy Neron had so much power, and that meant he was beyond bothering over their own little problems.

'I was never a priority, to begin with.'

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Crazy Neron brought Kuzon and Maya to a wide desk. It covered a great distance that Kuzon thought at least a dozen versions of himself could lie down comfortably on the piece of furniture.

As soon as Kuzon noticed the desk, though, he also observed yet another pile beside it. This pile consisted of glass orbs, all of them just lying on the ground and on one another.

A couple were on the table, but they were too scattered to be the main focus of Neron's display.

'What could they be all about?' He reached out for one among the pile and resonated with it.

"H-huh...?! No way! No..." Kuzon's face twitched in shock and more sweat appeared all over it.

Inside the glass orb that he held was an entire universe.

'T-there are so many lying around. He has so many universes just sitting here?! Don't tell me! Did he—?!'

"Ah. I call those the Bu-Laba. Universes I made myself. Pay them no mind. They're not the focus for today."



Words could not escape Kuzon's mouth as he dropped the orb and remained stupefied. He slowly moved closer to the craziest man he had ever met, noticing something shimmering on the desk before him.

"This is what I'm currently working on." A tinge of pride echoed from Crazy Neron's mouth as his eyes focused on the cube before him.

Both Kuzon and Maya couldn't help but stare at it as well.

The object appeared to be a transparent cube. This cube glimmered with white light, but upon closer inspection, there was a whole spectrum of lights it emitted, but the rate and speed were too fast and imperceptible that they eventually just appeared as white.

The cube housed something similar to a seedling. The little leaves and trunk had already broken out of something akin to a water-like surface, most likely meant to represent the soil.

And the little roots were wrapped around a bright source of energy. It looked like a mushy thing. Solid one second, and the permeable the next.

"What do you think this is?" Crazy Neron's voice echoed.

Kuzon and Maya could not answer. They could only keep staring at the germinating plant.

They watched as it grew about half an inch longer, extending a branch by the side.

The seedling had a pure translucent color to it, and it glowed like white, though the multiple colors were what comprised the seemingly monochrome hue.

"You can't even guess? Well, I guess I'll explain, then." Crazy Neron smiled, almost as if he always wanted to do this.

"I'm creating my own 'Root'. The starting point of a tree of existence."

"E-eh...?" Kuzon's tone sounded squeaky as he robotically stared at the old man who gracefully hovered on his chair.

"You know there are two Roots, right? One is Aether and the other is Nether. They all stem from Origin, opposite and balancing existences."

Kuzon struggled to keep up while still confused as to how the being in front of him managed to pull off such a feat.

"I thought it would be cool to make my own Root. So, I started by generating an artificial 'Origin'. Honestly, that was the hardest part of this whole venture."

"A-ah... I see..."

"I could only do it because I have seen it before. 'All Things.' It exists in Origin, and it's basically infinite, unlimited, and all-encompassing power. Ever since my encounter with it, I've never been the same."

"O-oh..."

"Past. Present. Future. I live in all those realities at once. Occurrences aren't really relevant to me because they are already there for me to observe and interact with."

"S-so, that means..."

"Indeed." Crazy Neron smiled at him, his eyes glowing brightly. "I can already see how everything will end up for you. I know how it all started. I know how it'll end."

Kuzon gulped.

"The 'me' you see. The 'Neron' you're interacting with is only an extension of my existence. You are but a frame that arrives and vanishes, but I am constant."

This was the true reason why nothing mattered to him in this reality—no, in all of existence.

Why he didn't care for the existing rules and concepts of everything.

He had already experienced them all!

"That's why my Origin Project is so interesting. It's a completely new world. A place where I am the variable, not the constant."

In essence, Crazy Neron was completely detached from pretty much all that existed already.

"I understand now..." Kuzon whispered, his widening eyes finally closing slowly.

"Oh? You do? That's a relief."

"I understand why Neron wanted me to get your approval."

"Hm. Is that so?" Crazy Neron once again seemed disinterested.

Kuzon could see it in his eyes—how he didn't really care what happened to anyone or anything.

They were all simply beneath him.

'Still... still...!!!'

"How can I obtain your approval? How can I get your help? I'll do anything!"

There had to be a reason why Neron would tell him to seek this person's help. That meant it wasn't an impossible task.

'I can do it. No... I must!'

"Kuzon, you assume too much." The crazy old man's voice finally emerged with a sigh.

The young Midas' eyes widened as he watched Neron smile once more. His eyes were also glowing.

"Who said I was the one you need to gain approval from?"

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

**Chapter 919: Constellation's Approval [Pt 1]**

"W-what did you say?"

At this point, Kuzon was she'll shocked. What was the man before him saying?

He had spent over three weeks trying to resolve the issue of finding the man Neron told him about.

And now that they had reached this juncture, he was telling him it wasn't as he thought? Something didn't seem right.

"Dont get me wrong, Kuzon. You did well in searching for me. You could say I'm the pathway to finding your prize—the actual person you're meant to impress."

Kuzon calmed himself and decided to listen, not think.

Crazy Neron was someone who saw the end from the beach, right? That meant all he was saying had to have been valid.

"Who am I supposed to impress? Where's the person that's going to approve of me?" He asked, determination seared into his eyes.

'Its already three weeks. I can't delay things any further...'

Despite thinking that, Kuzon had already begun to think about the general relativity of time.

And it hurt his head.

"A Constellation. He wants you to get the approval of a Constellation."

Kuzon's face twisted a little in confusion.

"You don't know what Constellations are?" Crazy Neron asked, his face depicting shock.

"Don't you already have the answer to that?"

For a moment, the old man paused, scratching his beard in the silence. "Oh yeah... haha... good point."

Kuzon nearly sighed in the process. Of course, he knew the Constellations. They were mythical beings that were said to be the greatest above all kinds of Familiars.

However, their true identities remained a mystery, and they were pretty much gods in their own right.

'I can't say I really know a lot about them...' Most of the information he got about the Constellations came from Xenia, and even she didn't know too much.

'Xenia is a step below their level. But even that makes all the difference.'

"Well, Constellations are high-tier entities. The highest living souls that exist in the plane of reality. Do you know what that means?" Crazy Neron asked, one of his brows raised in amusement.

"No... I don't. You know this." Kuzon kept his own eyes from twitching in annoyance.

Why was this guy being so playful about everything, and then beating around the bush. All he cared about was telling him the things he didn't know, and blowing his mind away with all the power and knowledge he had.

'He doesn't even want to help me.' Still, Kuzon kept up his countenance and tried his best to endure. More information meant he understood what he was dealing with.

"It means they're constant."

"H-hold on. Constant? Like you?" Kuzon instantly snapped.

He never knew that detail before.

"No. It's different. I exist in the past, present, and future, and I can permeate my existence beyond this plane... but I just choose not to. However, for the Constellations, they are 'constants' in every branch of reality."

That meant that it didn't matter the branch, or whatever difference each world had. Constellations remained the same in every world.

"That's because there are only twelve Constellations. They permeate themselves through the entire branches, so it appears like all twelve exist in each branch."

"I see..." Kuzon muttered. "So, I'm supposed to gain the approval of this Constellation. Which one is it? How do I go about it?"

A part of him feared that Crazy Neron would leave him to solve his questions himself. That would completely suck.

After all, he wouldn't even know where to start from.

"The Constellation is going to remain anonymous, at least until you gain its approval."

"But how will I go about that? Ah, sorry... you don't want to help me, right?"

"Hahahahaha!" Crazy Neron suddenly burst into a throaty laughter, beating his own stomach for some reason.

It always creeped Kuzon how serious the man could be for one second, and then switch to the borders of insanity.

"Don't be so blue, Kuzon. Don't worry. I'll help you this time."

"Really? Why?" Surprise instantly formed on the young Midas' face.

'Why would he go that far for—'

"Neron Kaelid and I had a deal, so it's all good. I'll help you out with the Familiar issue, and then the other matters afterward."

"W-wait... really?"

"Yeah. Also, I don't get why you're in such a rush. It's not like the situation is that dire. Well, maybe for one of them, but it's not too serious." Crazy Neron muttered in his last statement, gently rubbing his long beard.

"Hold on, what did you just say?"

"I mean you should worry about yourself for now. Do your best to gain the approval of the Constellation. Anything else can wait, right?"

Hearing those words caused Kuzon's heart to tighten.

Was he just supposed to forget about the friends and allies he had made in his original world?

What about his lover? And her family? Crazy Neron said the situation wasn't very dire, but that statement could be taken in a relative context.

Just what would qualify as 'dire' for him? Still...

"I understand." Kuzon muttered.

He had no choice but to listen to the old man's words.

"That's epic! I already knew you would say that, though."

"Sure..."

"One last thing, Kuzon. It's something Neron Kaelid should tell you himself, but what the heck. I'll just say it." Crazy Neron's grin grew wider. "Your Neron meant for all of this to happen."

"H-huh?!" Kuzon had his suspicions, but to think that was actually the case.

"You're not the only one who got sent to other worlds. There are a couple of you. Ana is safe, but Jared and the others are busy navigating their way in the new reality they've found themselves in."

"A-ah... I see. But why would he do that?"

"Constellations. Just as he wants you to obtain one's approval, he also wants the others to do the same. It's all necessary. Throughout your journey, you'll see what I mean."

"A-ah! Does that mean I'll succeed?"

"W-what? I never said that! Hmph!" Crazy Neron responded, flustered because of Kuzon's assertion.

"I-in any case, you need to work very hard. You too, Maya." Attention suddenly shifted to the young girl who was busy observing the orbs in the pile beside the desk.

"Eeek! W-what? What about me?" She promptly answered, now stuck under the pressure of both Neron and Kuzon's gaze.

"You're going to learn how to use Magic while Kuzon is in trying to get the Constellation's attention."

"O-oh! Really?"

"Indeed. You have a Special Grade Mana Core. That means your affinity for Magic is pretty much at the very top. It would be a shame to see it go to waste."

"O-oh? Wow! Really?" Kuzon's body shook a little once he saw the excitement on the girl's face.

Instant guilt coursed through his body.

"Yes. It seems our dear Kuzon was too distracted, so he didn't notice that..."

"Y-yeah. Haha... haha... ha..." N awkward laugh escaped Kuzon's lips, and he prayed nothing was said on the matter any further.

Fortunately, Crazy Neron granted his wish.

"Alright, then. Shall we begin? I hope you three are ready for this." The old man cackled loudly, , lifting his chair far above the two so he could look down on them.

"You'll never leave this place if you don't succeed!"

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

#### **Chapter 920: Constellation's Approval [Pt 2]**

Constellations were very powerful entities. They were boundless in terms of the branch differences, and their varying resonances.

In the eyes of the Constellation, they were in one and all of those branches at the same time.

It then raised the question;

Why would such powerful entities be Familiars to weaker Vessels?

No one knows for sure. Perhaps it was just in their nature—to search though the Branches for worthy candidates that would inherit their power.

Of course, their standards were completely arbitrary. It was up to them, and no one else, who they would choose... and who they would ignore.

Ah, yes, a Constellation could also have more than one vessel.

Unlike the other way around, where humans could have more than one Familiar, these amazing beings could have more than one host.

Considering the vastness of the branches, and the nigh infinite number of worlds that existed, that much was reasonable.

Now, one could ask; how would they be with one host, and then be with another host?

But wasn't that a foolish question?

Constellations were present in all the branches, all at once. If they weren't limited by such obvious boundaries, why would they suddenly be restricted to one host?

In the end, Constellations stood at the apex, yet longed for a companion—a vessel they could serve.

Still, that brought up yet another question. Perhaps the most important one of all...

What kind of person would such beings want as a host?

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"Power."

"Charm."

"Flaw."

A pause echoed across the vast hall where Crazy Neron was addressing Kuzon.

Just these two were standing in this openly vast room.

It was colored with dark hue, like the very blackness of space, with shining stars radiating all across the room.

Kuzon felt like he was already one with the universe.

"These are the three general criteria that every Constellation considers before choosing anyone as a Vessel."

"I see." He responded.

"There are other criteria, which they decide on subjectively. But these three are crucial." Crazy Neron elaborated.

"What are they all about?"

"Power is, of course, the level of Aether you have in your control, the level you've reached in Magic, blah blah. Charm is your appeal. How unique are you among the vast population in all the branches in existence? That sort of thing." Neron paused.

"What of the last one? Flaw?"

"Ah, yes. It's just a lack. If you're already that impressive and you have no flaw, then what's the point, right? I mean, the Constellations look for the people who they can assist. They need a flaw to operate."

"A-ah, I see. Can I ask a question?"

"You want to know if I have a Constellation as a Familiar, don't you?"

Kuzon nodded instantly. There was no point in hiding these things from Neron.

"I don't have one. And you wanna know why? It's cus I have no flaw! Hahahahaha!!!"

Hearing the narcissistic laugh that Crazy Neron made caused Kuzon to roll his eyes nearly sarcastically.

'You really believe that, huh?' His thoughts echoed.

But was it truly possible? That a person would be without flaw? If it was Crazy Neron, then perhaps that was—

"I'm just kidding. Haha. I'm not perfect. On a serious note, though, I have flaws. The answer is simple. I chose not to have any of them as my Familiar."

Kuzon's eyes nearly popped out of his sockets.

"The primeval rule states that you can't be the vessel to more than three Constellations. It's for balance sake. That's why your buddy, Neron Kaelid, only has three of them."

"H-hold on. You're saying you rejected all of them because you couldn't have them all?"

"No. Not all of them. Constellations like Virgo and Gemini don't really like me. Ah, and there's that prick tok. So, only nine of them made the offer. I declined, though."

'Nine... Constellations...?'

Kuzon was about to work his butt off to simply gain the attention, and ultimately the approval, of one of them, while this Neron got nine?

How did that even make any sense?!

"How many approached the Neron Kaelid from my world?"

"En. I knew you'd get to this. Ask him when... I mean, IF see him."

"Is that so?" Kuzon grinned, though he had a glare in his eyes."

"Damn straight. You better get to work. I'll guide you on how to go about it. I pretty much know what those guys like."

"Wait... how?"

"I told you I didn't choose any of them. That doesn't mean we aren't tight, though. I mean, we talk and hang out. They also do me favors sometimes, so it's all good."

'S-so... instead of exclusively being the host of three, he found a way to gain the favor of the nine that approached him?!'

"The other three are a bit stubborn, so while we're not on the best of terms, we still tolerate each other. Ah, except that prick. Yes. Yes, I know you can hear me. So what? What are you gonna do? Hahaha! Hahahahaha!!!"

Kuzon was pretty much dazed by all he was seeing.

'I wonder which Constellation he's referring to.'

"I'll help you out, Kuzon. We have an eternity together, so I don't really care how long it takes. You're not leaving this place until you get it right."

"Haa... I'm already beginning to dread all of this. What of Maya? How is she?"

"En. The other 'me' is taking good care of her. I'm going to drill in as much Spells and Magic as possible into her. Maybe I should call it the 'Maya Project'. Gotta see how much power she can hold."

"Please don't go overboard." Kuzon sighed, rubbing his head.

"Oh? So you do care!"

"Yes. I mean, she was my partner for weeks. Of course, I care. At least, with this training... she can finally save her people." The young Midas smiled. "Thanks."



"Oh! No need to thank me. Remember what I said. It was a deal."

"No. I mean about Maya. Did my world's Neron tell you to train her too?"

"Nope."

"So thanks."

"En. Let's not get sidetracked. Focus on what's ahead of you, Kuzon."

Beyond the massive hall, where only two people resided, a fiery entity watched with great interest.

It seemed there was soon going to be a change.

... Even if it would only come after a lifetime.