

SPELLCRAFT 921

SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

Chapter 921: Final Acceptance

Time flowed differently in the training hall.

Night or day didn't exist in the space-like expanse, so it was difficult to tell what the time was.

Not that any of it mattered, though...

The one who was concerned with such a concept was too busy engaging in his arduous training to gain a Constellation's approval.

"Power."

To achieve this requirement, he needed strength.

The first means to achieve this was to fix the dissonance that existed between the laws of this new world, and this new dimension, to the Arcana properties he had absorbed.

By doing this, it wouldn't matter what world he got into, he would be able to use his full strength.

Using the [Leviathan] Arcana Spell, and making a few improvements, Kuzon passed that phase.

Still, needing more power, he decided to strengthen and expand his Special Grade Mana Core.

His Original Magic also needed work. Anything less than Primeval Magic wouldn't cut it.

"En. Let's skip that phase." Crazy Neron shrugged like it was nothing.

"We can just chalk it up to your 'Flaw' when the time comes."

As a result, they completely skipped the advancement of his Original Magic.

Achieving all of this, Kuzon moved to the next requirement.

"Charm."

What did he have that no one else had? What made him unique? What made him special?

He could think of a few, but when applying it to a multiverse that had too many variations to consider, Kuzon knew he was stuck.

If he was a Singularity, that would definitely get the attention of Constellations, but he wasn't.

He was just a Midas—something quite irrelevant when looking at the grand scheme of things.

"En. I'll teach you a Spell no one else knows. Well, except me. But that should make you unique enough."

The Spell in question was something he had to spend another inconceivable amount of time learning.

It was the idea of 'Life Creation.' Making a Soul from scratch.

"Should be useful if you add it to your Original Magic. Maybe it will help you in advancing it to Primeval Magic. Meh, what do I know. Oh wait... hahahahaha!!!" Was what the old man said before cackling endlessly.

And so, yet another period of training began.

Finally, Kuzon barely passed the standard after so long, and it was time to move on to the final requirement.

"Flaw."

This was the most difficult to determine, considering Kuzon had spent a majority of his time ridding himself of so many flaws.

However, there were a low of problems with him than he had noticed.

"Your Magic is lacking. If you gain the help of this Constellation, you should be able to further it and improve. Combine that with the Magic I taught you, and you'll eventually reach Primeval Magic in no time."

There were other problems too.

"You worry too much. When that happens, you become timid. You've also lost a majority of your pride and confidence. It can be a good thing, but in the eyes of this Constellation, that's a Flaw they'll seek to correct."

In the end, it seemed he had been more successful in generating Flaws than he initially thought.

"Does that mean...?!" Kuzon widened his eyes as he looked at his teacher.

The crazy old man called Neron.

"Indeed. There is nothing more I can teach you... well, there are a lot, but you probably wouldn't get it, so there's no point."

Kuzon's shoulders dropped instantly, the tiny embers of his confidence slowly dying out.

He used to think he was talented, but after being with Crazy Neron for all this time, he realized he was rather slow.

He was weak as well.

He wasn't too bright either.

These things were revealed to him in his training, and he realized now, more than ever, how much he needed growth.

"You are ready." Crazy Neron finally said, placing his hand on Kuzon's shoulder while exhibiting a proud smile.

"It's time. You know what to do."

As soon as those words were whispered, the old man vanished, leaving only Kuzon in the vast hall.

Despite how alone he must have felt, Kuzon didn't show any hesitation or anxiety.

He simply sat and closed his eyes in meditation.

It was finally time to send the call.

'I know you've been watching. Your interest leaves you wanting. I know you're already in tune. So, heed my call and come through...'

Brilliant bursts of energy slowly enveloped Kuzon, but he was not fazed.

The temperature in the room rose to a terrifying degree, but he chose not to open his eyes.

Instead, he completed his call.

'O' noble and great Constellation... I request to be your Vessel. Grant me your aid and support. I will never betray your trust.'

The promise made to this Constellation was something that served as a double-edged sword.

It was the final and only way he could gain the help of this Constellation despite being so lacking.

'You shall be the only one for me. Forever bound... till all of eternity.'

In conclusion, Kuzon had already forfeited his other two Constellation options for this one.

Perhaps it was a hasty call, borne out of desperation and ignorance. Crazy Neron didn't fault him for choosing this route, though, so the old man must have already known why.

It was simply because Kuzon was that kind of person.

~You will have me and no other, hm? That is satisfactory...~ A deep, imposing voice echoed within and around him.

It felt strange, yet familiar.

~My name is Leo. The representation of authority and sovereign power. My will burns through all, and I subject all to my divine law.~

The flames around Kuzon began to seep within him, entering every nook and cranny of his body, as though purifying it.

It burned, and Kuzon felt like he was melting. Still, he endured.

~I hereby choose you as my host. For just like you, I am the only one among my siblings who despise multiple partners. I shall have you, and only you, as my host.~

The flames finally settled within Kuzon's Ultimate Grade Aether Core.

And thus, the Acceptance Ritual was complete.

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

Chapter 922: Disciples Of Insanity

"Congratulations, Kuzon!" Crazy Neron beamed. "I always knew you could do it."

"Yeah. Thanks a lot."

Even though Kuzon said that, his tone was hollow. It wasn't as though he meant any disrespect or sarcasm toward the old man.

He was just too distracted.

~This Core of yours is too stuffy. Your body constitution is also too weak. Looks like we'll need to make a lot of changes around here! You better be grateful I'm helping you out. I chose you out of everyone else, you know?~

"Yes. Thank you very much." Kuzon said once again.

How many times had he said this already? He had lost count.

It had been some time since the Acceptance Ritual was concluded.

After it was done, and the Constellation of Authority and Power, Leo, began to dwell him, Kuzon made sure to leave the hall and freshen up.

He took a nice shower, changed clothes, and made sure to appear before Neron in his office.

He had thought he would be able to enjoy all of these in peace, but he was dead wrong.

~Hmph!~

Leo was like a baby. He always made a fuss about everything.

Despite having a mature and deep tone, the expressions and personality exhibited were purely juvenile.

Kuzon couldn't believe he was stuck with such a Familiar for the rest of his life.

'Ah... oh well. At least, he's strong.' And the fact that they had firmed an exclusive contract proved Leo was also bound to him.

'Lets try to be understanding and see things from his point of view. He's an immensely powerful being who is stuck with someone like me. I actually have to improve a lot; for his sake, at least.'

~That's the spirit! You know I can read your thought, right?~

How unfair was that?

'Can I read yours?' Kuzon sighed tiredly.

~W-w-why would you need to read mine? Just focus on your training!~

'Okay...'

~Good boy.~

Kuzon stifled all the feelings he would have expressed in a loud scream and simply decided to smile at Crazy Neron.

"You crazy old man. You knew this would happen, didn't you?"

"Kekeke! Seeing you look so miserable makes all of this so worth it. Hahahahaha!"

>CREAK<

Interrupting Neron's laugh and Kuzon's sigh was the opening of the office door.

At first, it opened slowly, but it quickly gained momentum until the whole thing spread wide open.

Beyond the door was someone Kuzon felt he hadn't seen in a lifetime.

"Ah... it seems you've been we—"

Before he could conclude his words, the girl rushed and hugged him.

Her dark hair fluttered, and her crimson eyes glowed in excitement. A bright smile formed on her lively face too.

"Kuzon! It's been so long. I missed you!"

'E-eh...? Was she always like this?' Kuzon thought to himself, causing him to hesitate.

~What are you waiting for? Hug her back! Be a man. Be bold! Do the needful!~

'Fine! Fine! I got it!' Kuzon reciprocated the embrace of the girl he hadn't seen in so long.

"It's nice to see you too, Maya. I missed you as well."

"Hehe!"

The two of them remained that way for some time, only breaking up when Kuzon thought it had become a little too much.

"A-ahem. Isn't it time we talked? There's a lot to discuss, after all."

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"Okay. First things first. The both of you had different time ratios set in your halls. Maya, you trained for about fifteen years, give or take. As for Kuzon, you trained for one hundred and fifty years."

"WHAT?!" Both of them burst out in shock.

"Pfft! Congrats... you're an old man now." Crazy Neron directed his mockery toward the dazed and utterly stupefied Kuzon.

'That means... I'm 166 years old? What the hell...?' How was he going to tell this to Ana when he returned back home?

"I don't mind, you know?" Maya responded, tapping Kuzon on his shoulders.

"Thanks, Maya. That helps a lot." He returned her smile.

She was probably right. None of these things mattered if the bond between friends or lovers were strong enough.

'Jared is way older, and that didn't cause any problems, right? I'll be fine.'

~You know that Maya girl likes you, right?~

'Oh, shut up.' Kuzon's thoughts accidentally slipped out.

~What? What did you just say to me?~

'U-um... nothing?'

~That didn't sound like nothing...~

Kuzon decided to simply zip it—both in thoughts and in words.

He couldn't win against his Familiar, even if he wanted to

"About two weeks or so have passed in the outside world. I could have made it not so, but it's just better this way."

"I see. Thank you, Neron." Kuzon gave a genuine smile, and so did Maya.

"You've both done well. I know it has nothing to do with you guys, and it has everything to do with the fact that I'm your teacher. And the fact that I'm awesome. But... well, you tried your best."

"T-thank you... Neron..." Their voices became hoarser.

More cackles escaped his lips, and he used his finger to rub his nose in pride.

It took all of Kuzon's efforts not to roll his eyes at this point.

"You two are worthy to be called my disciples! Rejoice and be grateful."

Despite his arrogant words, Kuzon felt proud to hear that. Crazy Neron was the most powerful and knowledgeable entity he had ever met.

Despite his obvious flaws, he was a truly amazing person.

"Being the disciple of someone as great as you are... I thank you for such an honor." He bowed his head.

His words rang with sincerity, and from a glance, he could tell that Maya was doing the same as well.

"Huhu! Good thing you know. Now then, it's time to give you my official disciple uniform."

'Oh...' Kuzon's eyes widened as the nice outfit he had just selected for himself vanished.

In its place was the same Wizard-type attire that Crazy Neron was wearing.

Maya was also garbed in the same wear.

'... No!' Kuzon wanted to fall to his knees and cry.

The outfit he had on was too weird and cringy. It might have suited Crazy Neron, thanks to his eccentric old man aesthetic, but not him

"Hehe! You must represent me with dignity and honor. The actions of the disciple reflects the master, after all."

Kuzon and Maya hung their heads in both shame and surrender.

How could they escape this one? It was too late.

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

Chapter 923: Farewell To Wonderland

They had spent a good amount of time with their master, Crazy Neron, but it was now time for Kuzon and Maya to leave.

They couldn't stay with him forever, after all.

"Before you go, Kuzon, I've got something for you."

Thanks to that, Kuzon had yet another private audience with his master.

"Here." The old man suddenly brought out a device out of thin air. "I call this the 'Blu-Blu'."

It was a transparent orb—similar to the ones that contained universes, which littered Neron's office.

The moment Kuzon took it from his hands, though, something bright glowed all over the orb, and what felt like a ring wrapped itself around Kuzon's finger.

"The Blu-Blu will allow you to navigate through the branches and find your friends. The locations have also been preset in that ring you're wearing, so you don't need to learn its complexities to understand how to operate it."

Kuzon wondered if Crazy Neron just called him dumb, but he was already used to these sort of things.

Besides, the old man already knew he was in a hurry to reunite with his friends.

"You just need to press the Orb and course Ether through the ring, which will also flow to it, and that's pretty much it.

"Thank you very much, Master Neron. This disciple really appreciate your help." Kuzon bowed once again.

"En. Its all good." He shrugged. "The first preset destination is Jared's. Neron Alter should be with Jared when you meet him, so it's perfect timing."

"Neron Alter? Another version of you is with Jared?"

"More like another kind of Neron. I've always liked the guy's disposition on Magic. It's almost comedic."

"Oh? I see." Kuzon could tell that this was one of those things Crazy Neron knew, but didn't want to share.

Like what the future held, and all of that.

'Its probably fine to leave it be.'

"You. Jared Leonard. Ciara Epsilon. Aloe Vida. Edward Karl Leon. And finally, Neron Kaelid.

You'll need to find those people and return home."

"I see. Thanks. You said Ana is safe. Does that remain true?" Kuzon asked.

"Your first child will be a boy. You'll have three kids. Don't worry too much about Ana."

The moment Kuzon heard this, a warm smile formed on his face.

He felt warm inside.

~He never said your wife would be Ana, though.~

'Oh come on!' Kuzon nearly groaned in exasperation.

Surely, the old man implied it.

"One more thing. Give this to Jared." Crazy Neron interrupted Kuzon's thoughts and smiled.

It was a small paper slip, just about as large as a finger.

It was glowing brightly, though.

"Give to him at the end of your odyssey through the branches. He'll understand then."

Kuzon didn't really understand, but he had learned to trust his Master through all of the things he had experienced.

~Let's take a peek inside it~ Leo's voice echoed mischievously.

'Y-you...'

"You can try. But are you sure even you have the power to open it if I don't want you to?" Crazy Neron's voice echoed aloud.

Kuzon wondered if it was meant for him... or the Constellation within.

~Tch. Whatever. It was just a joke...~

"Pfft!" Kuzon nearly burst out laughing, but stopped himself.

This was the first time Leo actually backed down. It was refreshing to see.

"In any case, you have to keep growing and learning. I'm sure you'll become much stronger in the future. Not as strong as me, but... well... strong enough."

Kuzon already knew it was impossible to match this old man. Still, he wondered why that was.

"Why are you so powerful, though? How did you become so strong?" He asked, both with sincerity and curiosity.

For a moment, tense silence radiated throughout the room. Once the decorum reached a climax, the old man smiled and spoke.

"I'm Neron. What other reason is there?"

Kuzon chuckled after hearing those words. "I see. Well, that's a good point."

The fact that he already knew three existences of Neron already made it something he couldn't ignore.

'Neron Kaelid. Neron Alter. And this Old Man Neron.' Just how many more was he going to meet?

Thinking about it brought another disturbing thought to the surface.

It was something he had been keeping buried down for so long, but now that his Master was being so cooperative, he decided to ask.

"Can I—no, can we—trust Neron Kaelid?"

Crazy Neron told him that the Neron they all knew and loved, planned for all of this to happen. It also seemed very obvious that he and Crazy Neron knew each other, and that he had a desired outcome in mind.

There was also the fact of how they defeated the Nether, and just how powerful he really was.

It frightened Kuzon, to be honest.

'What is hidden behind that stoic face of his? What kind of thoughts does he have? What is his endgame?'

All of this only made sense if Neron knew Legris would attack his wedding and wreak all of this havoc. If that was the case, weren't they also being played by him?

Kuzon was lost in a maelstrom of thoughts, and he was very conflicted on what to believe or doubt at the moment.

That was why he looked up to his Master. Perhaps if it was him, then—

"Pfft! Hahahahahaha! Oh... ooohh.... Hahahahahahahaha! Puahahahahahaha! Kekekeke... Kikikikikiki... Fuahahahahaha!!!"

Crazy Neron gave the loudest, most energetic laugh Kuzon had ever heard.

It sounded like he genuinely found Kuzon's question to be funny.

... Or downright irrelevant.

"Kuzon, my disciple. I'll only say this once, so listen up. There's no greater wisdom in all existence than this..."

All of a sudden, a pressure enveloped the room, and the smile on the old man's face vanished.

Replacing it was a completely emotionless and cold expression that sent jitters down Kuzon's spine.

"Never trust a Neron."

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

Chapter 924: The Plan To Massacre

"Let's go, Maya." Kuzon whispered as he left Crazy Neron's office.

After his warning, they had discussed a little more, but now it was time for he and his female companion to leave.

"O-oh, okay." Maya responded with a nod.

Her crimson eyes glowed with curiosity as she stared at Kuzon. Something about his troubled face caught her interest.

"Are you okay? You don't look too good."

"I'm fine. Just a lot on my mind..."

"Hmm..."

They both stared at each other for a while, almost forgetting that they had to leave their master's domain.

"Do you think we'll ever be able to return?" Maya asked.

"I don't know. But as master's disciples, I don't see why not." He responded.

"Haa... that's a relief."

It seemed she really liked it in this place. Kuzon could see why. The scenery was beautiful, and there just seemed to be way more to explore here.

'I really doubt that I'm returning here, at least anytime soon. Still, since that crazy old man has made us his disciples, he'd have given us access to this place.

That was his line of reasoning, and it was justified.

"Let's go, then."

And so, the two traversed the land and navigated it together, for one last time, before finally reaching the exit.

With one final look at the place that occupied them for what seemed like years, the sojourners eventually vanished to the normal world.

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"So, what will you do now?"

The two were now atop the mountain they previously occupied before spotting Crazy Neron.

They could see the forest beneath them with ease, and as they enjoyed the cool atmosphere, they began conversing.

"Will you be liberating your people now?" Kuzon asked her, his brows raised.

"I think I'll start with the source. I've decided not to ignore the issue any longer."

"Oh? Bold move. You want to strike at the Midas Empire itself?"

"Yes." Her answer was both firm and resolute.

It was clear to Kuzon that she had been thinking of this for a very long time.

Most likely since the first time she got her hands on some power.

'Well, her level of power isn't bad. Merlin taught her to use Aether, so she's pretty much stronger than all the forms I've encountered thus far.'

Whether or not she'd be able to wipe out the Midas Empire on her own, though, was something not even Kuzon truly knew.

And so...

"Want me to come with you?"

"H-huh...?!" Surprise instantly formed on Maya's face as she looked at Kuzon.

The night's shade made his face darkened, but that was nothing in the presence of her glowing red eyes.

Her gaze was on him, and she intensely stared.

"I mean... only if you want. I don't want to get in your way or anything. It was just a—"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I want you to come with me. Let's do it together!" She smiled so warmly that even Kuzon had to break into a much nicer smile.

"Nice! What's the plan, though? How do you intend to handle it?" He chuckled.

For another moment, they stared at each other in silence.

Maya rubbed her chin under the dim glow of the night's moon and the coverage of stars.

Her serious demeanor showed how important the matter was for her.

"I plan on eradicating all the Royals, Soldiers, and Nobles. Anyone who resists, and has the strength to resist will be completely annihilated."

"What of those who are unable to resist. Like the weak ones? What will you do to them?" Kuzon's gaze deepened.

"I'll spare the innocents, since they didn't really do anything wrong." Maya replied, her hands folded.

"Isn't that too childish and idealistic? You'll spare them because of their innocence? Why if they return for revenge? What then?"

Kuzon wasn't mocking her efforts, and neither was he making light of her resolve.

However, her line of thinking bothered him too much.

'You're making a big mistake. You should never leave a survivor who is plagued with so much anger and grief...' His younger self flashed in his head.

'Whether it takes ten or twenty, or even, thirty years... the survivors will eventually rise up against you.'

It could be a futile effort, but the longer it took to achieve one's revenge, the more intense it often was.

Experience had taught that to him.

"So, what do you suggest then?"

A bright smile finally appeared on his face, and he cocked his head to the side while slapping his hands together.

"You could choose to kill all of them..."

"W-wha—?!"

"... Or you could listen to my suggestion. The choice is yours, of course.

"You have a suggestion? Alright. Let's hear it."

A bigger smile developed.

"You kill some. Spare some. I use [The Emperor] to dominate their will and give them specific instructions. I already have two candidates in mind. They're pretty much my pawns now."

He was referring to the twins who were now probably through with their mission.

'It's been two weeks since then, after all...'

"How should we determine who to kill and who to spare?"

"Hierarchy, maybe? It's indeed right to kill off the stronger ones and leave the weaker ones, just as the Midas did to this world."

It wasn't like it mattered to the mission, though. The suggestion was just to soothe Maya's mind to rest.

'After all, once we're done, there won't even be anyone to resist.'

"Indiscriminate massacres leave a bad taste in my mouth. That's why I made this suggestion as an alternative."

It was ironic enough that he was going to engage in a Midas slaughter, considering his disposition.

But...

'These people aren't them. This isn't the Midas Empire I belong to.'

Did that make it okay for him to take their lives? Probably not.

Perhaps this was just hypocrisy. However, Kuzon did not care.

"What do you say, Maya? Should we go ahead with that?"

It was the perfect way to let off some steam before commencing his mission.

"You're right Kuzon." Maya responded with a smile, her bright irises glowing even further. "This should be fun."

They both laughed in the darkness, their voice echoing across the mountains.

"Damn straight."

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

Chapter 925: The Purge [Pt 1]

In the heart of the fabled Midas Empire, a land steeped in opulence and grandeur, a breathtaking scene could be seen.

Bathed in golden sunlight, the city sprawled before the beholder, a testament to the extraordinary wealth and glory that permeated every aspect of its existence. From the luxurious residences that dotted the landscape to the towering edifices that reached towards the heavens, the Midas Empire emanated an aura of extravagance and splendor.

As one ventured through the streets, a symphony of sounds filled the air. The clinking of coins, the lively banter of merchants, and the gentle rustle of silken garments blended together harmoniously, creating an atmosphere of bustling prosperity. The aromas of exotic spices and rich perfumes wafted through the wind, tantalizing the senses and adding an alluring dimension to the cityscape.

Amidst the vibrant hustle and bustle, majestic buildings soared above, their architecture a testament to human ingenuity. Towers of marble and gold stretched towards the heavens, adorned with intricate carvings and delicate filigree. Gargantuan domes crowned palaces and temples, shimmering in the sunlight, reflecting the Midas Empire's reverence for beauty and magnificence.

But perhaps the greatest spectacle of all was the palace, a majestic structure that stood at the heart of the city, its grandeur unmatched by any other.

Gilded spires pierced the sky, catching the light in a mesmerizing dance, while the walls gleamed with elaborate mosaics depicting scenes of triumph, conquest, and prosperity. The grand entrance, adorned with intricately carved columns and statues of noble figures, welcomed visitors with a regal allure.

Once inside, a world of sheer luxury unfolded. Gilded halls stretched before the eye, lined with tapestries woven from threads of gold and silver.

Crystal chandeliers hung from lofty ceilings, casting a warm and radiant glow on the exquisitely polished marble floors below. The air was perfumed with the delicate fragrance of rare flowers, transported from distant lands to adorn the palace gardens.

Traversing the palace's labyrinthine corridors, one was bound to encounter opulent chambers filled with treasures beyond imagination.

Gems of every hue sparkled in golden settings, captivating the eye with their brilliance.

Priceless paintings adorned the walls, each stroke of the artist's brush a testament to the Midas Empire's love for art and refinement.

In the grand ballroom, chandeliers of dazzling crystals illuminated a dance floor of polished marble, inviting guests to partake in an endless symphony of merriment and revelry.

Beyond the palace, the city extended into the horizon, where pockets of lush greenery and tranquil waterways intermingled with the urban landscape.

Parks and gardens, meticulously manicured, provided a respite from the opulence, offering moments of serenity and communion with nature. Blossoming flowers perfumed the air, their vibrant colors harmonizing with the splendor of the city.

The Midas Empire was a realm where wealth flowed like a never-ending river, where beauty and grandeur were worshipped, and luxury was a way of life.

However...

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

A sudden loud explosion changed everything they were about to experience.

In one mighty blow from an unknown source, the barrier that protected this massive Empire crumbled—no, shattered like glass.

In no time at all, the citizens of this great nation were left completely bare and helpless.

They could only watch as the reapers descended from the sky in sheer horror and shock—a product of living their entire sheltered lives in the safe embrace of their nation.

"R-RUUUUUUUUNNNN!!!"

With powerless voices, like helpless chickens, they all zoomed off, distancing themselves from the source of the explosion and the two strangers who had descended upon their nation.

"Looks like the show is about to begin. How do you want to play this?" The male asked, his golden hair fluttering with the wind.

He looked just like a Midas, though the way his eyes glowed as he stared at the powerlessness of the people showed he was in no way affiliated with them.

"It'll be too slow if we just wait for attention, right? Let's destroy stuff and go to the Palace." The female responded.

Her red eyes glowed in obvious excitement. Her long black hair danced as well, though one of it obstructed her view.

"Fair enough. But first..." The male looked at the stampede before him.

"Let's quell the nuisance first."

With one snap of his fingers, he sent a wave of energy—strong enough to reach even the borders of the Empire.

At exactly that moment, all the worried citizens felt disconnected somewhat.

Their emotions were suppressed, and they were all forced to collapse to the ground.

Before long, they became unconscious.

"The collateral won't be getting in our way. Just be careful where you attack." The male shrugged once the task was done.

"Same to you. But seriously, your power is too much." She answered.

"It has a name, you know? It's called [The Absolute Emperor]."

And so, with smiles plastered on both their faces, Kuzon and Maya—now considered terrorists of the Midas Empire—leaped into the sky, setting off for their destination.

Their eyes told of something that could only be said to mean excitement.

They were really going to have fun; of course, while being dressed as the disciples of their great master.

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The Midas' Headquarters was in utter chaos.

"INTRUDERS ALERT!"

The entire establishment devolved into anarchy.

"Two strangely dressed terrorists have intruded the Empire."

Deep unease rested in their hearts, feelings they weren't accustomed to. It drove them crazy.

"Our automatic defenses are not working. They've already sent the citizens unconscious, and are now in the process of destroying property."

Helplessness began to creep in as well.

"They're making their way to the Royal Palace!"

A question squirmed in their hearts, waiting to get loose. It was something that plagued every human at least once, after all.

"A-are we going to die?!"

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!!!<

The entire building shook as a result of the explosion that was wrought in a distance.

It seemed even the defenses of their greatest stronghold had now been compromised.

The highest centralization of power in the world was now exposed to the likes of merely two terrorists.

However...

"Kekekeke!"

"Those fools..."

"They really do not know anything!"

... The terrorists were clearly too naive.

Why? Why would these people, who were supposed to be at the brink of death, and were supposed to be trembling with fear, be looking happy and expectant?

It all stemmed from one thing.

"They've stepped right into the lion's den!"

"Do they really think they can get away with it now?"

"They've missed their chance to retreat!"

"HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!"

Cackles filled the air, allowing the people within to escape the crippling fear that paralyzed them moments earlier.

Their mindset became one.

'Now that they're in the Royal's territory, ifs over for them!'

And so...

"Let's all try to—"

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!!<

In a flash, before any of them could even react, the entire HQ floor was consumed in immensely deadly heat.

Enough to disintegrate the walls and vaporize the ceilings

Of course, the people there were no exception. Each and every one of them died within a moment.

At the very least, one could say they perished in their ignorant relief. Perhaps one could call it a good thing.

... Or not.

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

Chapter 926: The Purge [Pt 2]

"Alright. Looks like the Headquarters has been taken care of." Kuzon smiled, watching the result of Maya's work.

In a mere moment, she had decimated an entire building.

'Its the third largest building I've seen in this place. And she did it so easily...'

The largest building was the Royal Place, and the second was the Royal Residence.

"She has really grown, huh? Well, I look forward to seeing what happens now."

Kuzon and Maya had split up, each handling the Eastern and Western side respectively.

'That way we both get to have our fair share of enemies without being interrupted by the other.' Kuzon, who was floating in the air, could see a multitude of corpses already beneath him.

Already numbering in the tens—no, maybe hundreds of thousands?

"These are all soldiers and lower ranking Nobles, though. Where are the big leagues?" Of course, he already knew the answer to his Inquisition despite murmuring the question.

'I can sense everything here in great detail. The Royals that are around are donning their armor and preparing their weapons.'

Kuzon also noticed that not all of them were present. Of course, this was to be expected since they arrived uninvited.

'They're using Magic to contact the Royals outside. It seems the First Princess is also not present. The twins are here, though.' His smiled deepened.

He had already decided to spare their lives, considering they were harmless. Plus, they had done him a great service.

'Though it's not like I need it now, but still...' His thoughts came to a close as soon as he detected several presences approach him.

'Looks like they're here.'

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!!!<

Plumes of purple flames instantly consumed the area that he occupied, sending multiple recurring blasts echoing in the sky.

Like condensed fireworks that were made up of pure fiery energy, the flames kept sparking and exploding, brightening up the sky with it's glory.

As soon as the eruption began, a group of twenty individuals appeared.

They were, of course, all Royals.

Some were Princes, some were Princesses, while others were simply relatives who had the Royal Blood.

Their concerned faces didn't vanish despite Kuzon being caught in their explosion. Perhaps they knew it in their hearts.

... That such a thing wouldn't be enough to defeat their opponent.

"I see. So most of the Inquisition Officers are out. You're the only ones left..." Kuzon's voice echoed forth as he descended from the explosion in the sky.

As one would expect, he was completely unharmed by the terrible sight that would have ended another.

Gasps filled the air. Surely, even if he wasn't defeated, they expected some measure of injury to have been inflicted.

Unfortunately, their expectations were quashed.

'Other than the twins, there are about three other Inquisition Officers. The rest are just member of Royalty. Perhaps they were given administrative roles and management activities rather than Inquisition.' Kuzon ribbed his chin as his sole of his shoes touched the ground.

"Well, there's no real need to deal with you guys. I suppose I'll kill off the strong ones and leave the useful administrative-role types."

The group had terrified and rage-filled expressions on their faces, yet for some reason, they didn't move.

No, rather, it was more like they COULDN'T!

"It seems the [Marionette Worms] have fully matured in all of you. That's good..."

There were many features of the Marionette Worms that made them very useful. One of the most important ones was the ability to spread to another and rapidly duplicate in the next target.

By becoming a parasitic Spell-based inanimate mechanism, the Marionette Worm's directive was simple.

Absorb energy from the body of it's host. Subtly spread itself to every part of the body by duplication, and after that, infect another by traveling through the glands and pores of one to another.

Since they were Energy Based, they could phase through thin layers and membranes as well.

In the end... Kuzon could infect as many unsuspecting people as he wanted using this process.

'Good job, twins. Everyone here has already been infected.'

As a result, they couldn't defy him now that he had awakened the latent Marionette Worms.

"Alright. Which ones among you are the strongest?" Kuzon asked the group.

About five of them lifted their hands. The twins were among, and the other three seemed to belong to the Inquisition.

It seemed even more backup would be arriving shortly.

'Lets end it before then.' Kuzon snapped his fingers.

Instantly, the neural pathways of his targets were severed, and the neural network ceased to function.

'I shut down their brain, essentially. They're dead.' Kuzon looked at the three fallen Midas Royals.

As promised, he didn't kill the twins. But, he still caused them to fall unconscious.

'Now, then... let's further thin out the herd.' Kuzon's grin increased.

He didn't particularly enjoy senseless murder, even though it seemed like he did. Perhaps he was simply taking pleasure in something else.

The fact that he had already become much stronger.

"Okay..Next question. Who is the best in administration here."

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After thinning the herd, Kuzon managed to spare five Royals besides the twins. That made up to seven people on his end.

'Having Royals alive to lead the people, even if they are puppet leaders, is essential for the smooth running of the Midas Empire.

This nations culture relied on it a lot, after all.

"It's about time for the main event. Hehe..."

Just as he said this, a intense surge of energy descended from the sky—like a brilliant comment—creating a massive crater upon contact with the ground.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

"Looks like we meet again, Princess."

Just as Kuzon expected, the one in front of him was none other than the First Princess of the Midas Empire.

"You... you bastard! I swear I will destroy every ounce of you for what you've done!"

... Princess Gloria Midas.

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

Chapter 927: The Strongest Princess [Pt 1]

[Moments Earlier]

"What? The Empire is under attack?!"

Gloria Midas and her forces were following a trail left by the Empire's greatest enemy—the Variant—when they got a call from the Midas Empire.

She was beyond astounded when she heard the description of the terrorists.

There were only two people who fit the bill, and hearing what they did made her bite her lip until it bled.

"They even got to the Royal Palace. How dare they..." Her fists were clenched in fury.

Frustration and rage coursed through her.

The most annoying part was that, since HQ down, teleportation was impossible to use.

They simply had to rush to the Empire as fast as possible.

In the end, Gloria had to leave her subordinates behind, crating massive fissures in the ground as she launched herself to the sky and charged straight for her Empire.

"Just you wait, bastards! I'll kill you all!"

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[The Present]

"Y-you bastard!"

Gloria was currently standing before one of terrorists—the male.

He was the one she considered the trickiest and strongest, which was why she had decided to attack him first.

"I'll utterly destroy you!" She barked. The sight of her Empire going up in smoke, and also riddled with tons of debris.

The dead bodies of thousands of Midas Soldiers were right behind him, as well as a sea of darkened blood.

Seeing the members of her Race in such a distracted state caused her even more infuriation. Far more than she could bear.

However, that was not the most enraging part. It was what she saw next.

The fallen bodies of her own siblings, and the other members of Royalty that lay at his feet.

Yes, she noticed some were still alive, but... to think he had already killed most of them.

'You... You....!!!'

It was a pathetic, pitiful sight... and everything was this man's fault!

"Mage Mode: Royal Transfiguration." In a flash, Gloria's body turned completely golden, and the bright flashes of light that radiated from her represented dense energy.

Too dense to be merely called Mana.

It was powerful beyond what any Royal, except her brother and the Emperor, could actually accomplish.

A massive golden crown stood above her flowing golden hair, like a halo on an angel. She had no staff or blade on, but her fists seemed to be especially concentrated with unfathomable energy.

"[Original Magic: Absolute Doom]."

An ominous tone followed her declaration, and the very ground broke apart as soon as she utilized this.

Her body was now covered in rune-like engravings—like dark tattoos on her golden body.

In this form of hers, she was invincible!

Not only did her 'Mage Mode:Royal Transfiguration' give her more power than any other kind of Mage Mode, but it particularly nullified any Spell lesser than the power she emitted.

It got rid of any Trap Spells that served as nuisances to her.

The power she currently wielded was no less than her older brother, the First Prince's in his base form.

However, coupled with her Original Magic, she was bound to be much stronger.

[Absolute Doom] was a specific Original Magic geared towards nothing other than destruction.

Anything within her vicinity was bound to get destroyed as a result.

Whatever she thought of, or even looked at, could easily get pummeled by her thoughts alone.

And, there was the final effect.

Her attacks bypassed defenses, while also ignoring distance and durability, hitting the targets and ensuring damage.

It was the greatest assurance for a decisive victory. That was why she was known as the Strongest Princess in the Midas Empire.

Gloria Midas was at the apex level among Midas Royals.

"[1st Gear]" She muttered, readying her fist for a powerful blow.

Her attacks were divided into 'Gears' to help separate the differences in power.

Of course, [1st Gear] was the weakest.

As for the strongest she had ever dialed up her attacks to... it was the [9th Gear].

'Even that wasn't able to scratch my brother in his completely awakened form, but still...'

Compared to the First Prince, this man wasn't a threat.

"Die!"

A burst of golden aura distorted space itself as the punch was launched.

It defied the law of distance, and in no time, the immense impact was already planted on the chest of the young Midas.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM<

Instantly, he was pushed away from the bodies he has sullied in blood and distasteful carnage.

No one was allowed to spill Midas blood. That was the greatest sin to be committed.

"I'll be sure to punish you properly!" Gloria roared, launching two more punches to send her enemy flying.

Finally, her efforts succeeded, and he was successfully launched to the sky.

"Hmph!"

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

The ground shattered as she pushed herself to meet him in the air, her body flowing as fluidly as energy itself.

'I don't care anymore. I'll skip the 2nd and move to the the 3rd!' Her inner voice as she resolutely stared at the stunned opponent.

"[3rd Gear]" This time, what seemed like a giant incorporeal hand formed right beside her hand.

It had particularly dense golden glow, and it had way more power than the first three blows she had struck at the start of the fight.

"Don't die yet. You have to suffer.mlre first!" Clenching her fist, she pushed it forward, aiming at none other than the man's stomach.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

Shockwaves sent debris on the ground flying, and the sturdier aspects beneath them cracked even further.

Gloria could hear the man cough, most definitely in pain, giving her far more.pleadire and delight.

'This is just a taste!' Claspig her hands together, she raised it, and two energy-based hands did the same, raised above her head in sheer imitation.

The target was suspended in the air, pretty much in pain thanks to her earlier attack.

His eyes were staring straight at her punch, but his body was most definitely paralyzed thanks to her continuous strikes.

"Raaaahhhh!!!"

She brought her hand down, and the clasped energy hands descended on the man, sending him crashing into several building and destroying them all, almost as if they were mere paper.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

Their scattered remains spread through the entire Palace Compound, further sullyng it, but Princess Gloria didn't care. Her gaze was on the man who had taken her blow.

His back broke through the final wall of the many buildings, and he found himself once again out in the open—the Royal Garden, specifically.

"Urk..." A groan leaked from him as his paralyzed body could only stare at her, as she hovered in the air above him.

She only stared at him mercilessly, her eyes glowing ever so brightly in rage.

Only death awaited this man, but he wanted him to suffer even more before she granted him such sweet relief.

And even after death, she prayed he would rot in hell for his evil actions wrought against their chosen Empire.

Her siblings were dead. So many lives were extinguished... the lives of the Chosen Race—the special ones.

All because of this man and his partner's foolish actions.

That was the very bright of lunacy. An abomination that deserved to be extinguished.

"[4th Gear]... "

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

Chapter 928: The Strongest Princess [Pt 2]

Nestled within the heart of the Royal Palace, a garden bloomed in a riot of colors and fragrances.

The air would usually be redolent with the sweet scent of roses, mingling with the invigorating aroma of freshly cut grass. Paths lined with meticulously trimmed hedges would guide visitors through the lush expanse, offering a serene retreat from the bustling life of the palace.

Tall, ancient trees would stand as sentinels, their branches stretching towards the sky, casting dappled shadows on the verdant landscape below.

Sunlight would also filter through the canopy, creating a kaleidoscope of light and shade that danced upon the emerald carpet of grass. Gossamer-like petals would cascade from flowering trees, forming a soft, pastel carpet that whispered with every step.

At the heart of the garden, a fountain usually sparkled like liquid diamonds, its crystalline waters cascading in delicate arcs before settling into a pristine pool. The statue of a nymph adorned the fountain's center, her stone form forever frozen in a graceful pose, surrounded by a chorus of vibrant blooms. Colorful butterflies flitted from flower to flower, their delicate wings a living tapestry of vibrant hues.

But in the midst of this idyllic scene, chaos unfolded.

>BOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

A sudden explosion shattered the tranquility, ripping through the air with a thunderous roar. Flames leaped into the sky, casting an eerie glow upon the once-lush garden.

Fragments of stone and debris rained down, scattering like broken dreams upon the scarred earth.

In mere moments, this supposed utopia had become a hellscape.

The reason?

"How about another round, you bastard!"

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

Well, the cause was none other than the Midas Empire's strongest Princess—Gloria Midas.

Her mere presence in the garden was enough to bring it to ruin. However, her seemingly endless strikes caused the once beautiful paradise to bear no resemblance to its past glory.

It had now become a sea of destruction and flames.

And, lying on the ground of this particularly horrid scenery was none other than the opponent she sought to completely break.

The enemy of the Midas Empire, and heretic who dared to commit the gravest offense imaginable.

"[Fifth Gear]!"

This time, Gloria Midas' body was shrouded with the incorporeal energy-like structure that had formed since her [Third Gear].

This time, it covered her like a bulky energy-armor, though its energy-like state made it more abstract.

The golden translucent light that covered the Princess made her appear even more intimidating, no doubt to the detriment of the one on the ground.

"I'll be taking away your arms now." Having had enough fun and games, Gloria thought it was about time to end things.

She knew the man beneath her deserved far more than death, which was why she had been holding back on killing him.

She would simply harm him so previously that he would not even dream of having any cause for joy after she spared him.

The very edge of despair. The deepest bottom of the sea of despondency.

That was where she was driving him to.

And now... it was time to deal the blow that would finally plunge him to that point.

"Haaa... okay, I think I've seen enough." The young man suddenly spoke, almost as if he was completely fine.

"What are you—"

"Welp..." He slowly got up, and a glow of energy encircled him, restoring his body and outfit to their original state before she began to attack him.

'H-he can heal himself?!' Her thoughts echoed.

"You never really damaged me, Princess. It was all just an act. I wanted to see the nature of your Original Magic. And I think I get the gist now, so it's all good."

Gloria was flustered.

What exactly was this person saying? What in the world was happening?

Indeed, just as he said, he didn't seem to be in any particular danger, and none of his earlier injuries were evident.

It truly appeared like he was completely fine.

'Could it be that—'

"What a nice ability. Ignoring durability, defense, and distance. Your blows were powerful. I even sensed embers of Aether... though not enough to constitute a major threat. I think I would have had to take you more seriously if you could freely use it."

Gloria could understand the tone he used, even if she couldn't comprehend why he now spoke to her this way.

This was the tone of a victor—someone who was completely certain of their victory.

Why would he use this kind of tone in her presence? She was definitely stronger than him.

'Is it because I wasn't trying to kill him? Then, I should give a warning.' Her eyes flashed wide open, and in that instant, a massive pothole was planted on the ground directly beside the opponent.

"With a single thought, I could end your life. I could blow you apart in an instant!"

However, she wanted him to suffer. There was no way she could take such an easy route out. This was a battle of supremacy, where she intended to subdue him over and over.

'I won't resort to that. I'll drive the pain inside you until you—'

"Try it."

"W-what??"

"I told you to try it. That insta-death attack. I want to see if it'll work."

"You... YOU.... YOU BASTARD!" Gloria launched multiple attacks, like a flurry, at her opponent.

Her goal was simple—crush him without mercy!

>BOOOOOOMMMMM!!!!<

The ground parted

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM!!!<

Debris scattered

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

Explosions erupted.

Everything seemed to be descending into chaos and destruction, with no signs of stopping.

However...

"Okay, that's enough."

Gloria suddenly felt the movement of her hands cease. She couldn't use another attack!

She could feel the reason why. Something—no, someone—was holding her hands

And the hands that held them belonged to none other than the man she was now eager to kill.

"There's no point in this, I guess. Perhaps it's time I killed you."

Gloria felt her heart nearly stop once she heard this. For the first time, what was this feeling that lurked in her heart, threatening to swallow her whole?

Wasn't this fear?

Why would she be scared of a bastard like this?!

"Where are the backup? Some should have arrived by now. Ah..."

Gloria gritted her teeth once she heard his question. Of course, several backups had signalled her of their arrival, but she had told them to go over to the Western side so they could deal with this man's female companion.

No matter what anyone said or did, she still considered him her prey.

"You... I'll kill you..."

"You keep saying that, but it amounts to nothing. You should use that word lightly, you know?"

"What are you even—"

"Take me for example. I told your brother's soldiers that I would kill them. I did so."

Gloria could feel the best in her chest rising.

"The same applies to your brother. I also told him I would kill him. What was his name again? Ah, yes... Kendrick."

"YOOOOOUUUUU BAAAAASTTTTTAAAARRRDD!!!"

At that point, Gloria no longer cared about the rules, or the die process the man in front of her had to undertake.

She didn't even care about making him suffer anymore.

She just wanted him devoid of life.

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

Chapter 929: The Midas' Rising Sun [Pt 1]

The man before Gloria truly didn't deserve to breathe the same air she was breathing.

He was the most despicable, heretical, and vile creature she had ever met. Enough to form conclusive murderous thoughts in her mind.

And the result of this resolve of hers was...

'Die!'

... Her [Absolute Doom] ability.

She sent a single thought to him, and stared very intensely at his head, hoping his brain would explode for her to see.

However...

"E-eh?"

Nothing happened.

'What's going on?' She didn't understand why it didn't work.

Her [Absolute Doom] was perfect. It lacked any weaknesses, and the only one who could really resist it was her older brother.

Even the Emperor admitted he had no defensive measure against it, though his power still surpassed hers.

So why?

How could it not affect him?

"[The Absolute Empress] Effect... though I'm sure you wouldn't understand."

'What in the world is he talking about?!' Gloria's thoughts echoed.

She was beyond baffled. Perhaps too baffled to notice that her body had stopped responding to her as well.

"Welp... I suppose this is goodbye, Princess. In the end, you couldn't have damaged me no matter how hard you tried."

Gloria could sense it... the fact that her end had already come.

It was scary, but she felt too weak and powerless to stop it.

In the end... this was how she was going to go?!

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

Her vision went blank for a moment, expecting pain to arrive, and then the bitter pang of death.

However, none of them arrived.

"Open your eyes, Gloria." A familiar voice called her.

Before she realized it, the paralysis on her body had completely faded away. She also felt like she was being cradled by someone.

His muscular arms seemed to indicate security, and the warmth of his touch informed her of safety.

And then there was the deep baritone voice. Gloria could not forget it, even if she tried.

"O-older brother!" Her gasp echoed as she opened her eyes.

Holding her in his arm, like a knight would hold his damsel, was the First Prince himself.

His long golden hair fluttered with the wind, and his brilliant smile matched his well-chiseled face.

He was the epitome of beauty and handsomeness—the perfect crossbreed of the two.

Golden energy flowed around him, granting strength and warmth to the worn-out Gloria.

"You're so cold. I called you by your name, and yet..." He sniffed slightly, a playful smirk forming on his face.

"B-bro, can't you be serious for a minute?" Her voice emerged, from being low and weak to quickly take on a defiant quality.

"Haha... well..."

Gloria, now blushing in embarrassment, quickly detached herself from her brother's embrace and floated on her own.

"W-what about the enemy?" She asked, looking around to notice that he was nowhere in sight.

"I teleported us away from him."

That's right. The First Prince was the only Royal, other than the Emperor himself, who could use Teleportation Magic freely.

Though, he could only teleport himself and those who were in physical contact with him.

"He's probably hot on our tail right now, so we don't have much time." The First Prince maintained his smile.

Gloria looked at him with a somewhat conflicted expression. Joy and relief were definitely present.

After all, he was here now. However, she couldn't help but feel shameful for herself, and also a little angry that her brother hadn't come sooner.

'If he was here... then none of this could have happened.'

"I've been around for some time now. I was watching your fight with that man." He suddenly interrupted her thoughts.

"R-really?! How long have you been present?!"

"Relax. I arrived not too long ago. Even though I can teleport, it's not like I can travel far distances in one stretch."

That was true. Teleportation Magic cast by a person, and not their specialized machine, could only go so far.

The First Prince was the most skilled in Teleportation Magic in the Empire, and even he could only teleport a couple of miles per try.

Teleportation Magic was also extremely draining, so it must have taken a freakish amount of energy to have traveled from his far location back to the Empire.

Could anyone besides the First Prince even achieve something so amazing?

"I only arrived when you started using the 3rd Gear. I watched your battle intently while concealing myself."

Gloria's cheeks instantly reddened from embarrassment. The fact that her older brother had been watching something so shameful as her losing her patience and attacking so violently... made her feel extremely flustered.

"It seems my little sister has yet to lose her easy temper. Though, I suppose in a way... it is cute."

"S-stop it, big bro!"

"Haha. Relax. I'm teasing. I also know about the death of some of our siblings and family members..." His voice trailed.

Though his smile remained, Gloria could tell how her brother was really feeling.

"Y-yeah..." She could only whisper, hanging her head in shame. "If only I arrived sooner—"

"It's not your fault, Gloria. I also came late, didn't I? Don't worry, though..."

His countenance suddenly darkened, and a serious demeanor greeted his lively personality.

The switch was instant, almost impossible to pinpoint when it actually occurred.

"... I'll be sure to defeat him."

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'Hmmm...' Kuzon's thoughts trailed as he looked into the far distance.

His mind flowed to what had just occurred. How someone had just swept in to save the First Princess while he was about to kill her.

'The First Prince, huh?'

His narrowed gaze detected them, a little over two miles from his current location.

'Should I leave this place to intercept them?' He thought to himself.

He knew someone had been spying on them all along. It was one of the reasons he hadn't really been serious with Gloria despite being bored for some time.

Who would have thought it would be the First Prince.

'Seems they're pretty close.' After observing their conversation for a while, that was his conclusion.

There was one thing he didn't account for, though. It was why he was still frozen in his tracks despite his naturally proactive disposition.

"That First Prince..." His eyes focused on the man's face.

"He used Aether."

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

Chapter 930: The Midas' Rising Sun [Pt 2]

If there was something that was lacking in this world, which meant an overwhelming victory for Kuzon, it would be Aether.

But now...

"He used Aether..." That already made the First Prince a threat, irrespective of his capabilities.

Inasmuch as Kuzon was deliberating what to do in the current situation, he already knew he had to get rid of the prince.

'Guess I'll go to their location, then.' In a brilliant golden flash, he vanished from his location—of course, not before informing May via telepathy of his exit.

'If anything extra happens, I'll be back in a jiffy.'

With that in mind, he completely vanished from the Royal Palace.

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Kuzon appeared right in the middle of the siblings' conversation, causing the both of them to look at him with surprise etched on their faces.

Gloria Midas was especially shocked, though it seemed the presence of her older brother granted her some form of solace.

Then, what of the First Prince?

"You got here fast." He smiled, displaying a friendly demeanor one wouldn't expect from an enemy.

"Of course. I can't allow my prey to escape, now can I?" Kuzon responded, a bright gleam emanating from his eyes.

For a moment, there was silence. It seemed they would continue staring at each other this way until he broke the silence.

"Are you truly a Midas Royal?" He asked.

"Why do you ask?" Kuzon swiftly replied with his own question.

"You look like one. Also... perhaps you're an illegitimate child and you are doing all of this because of a vendetta..."

Upon hearing this, Kuzon nearly rolled his eyes. He wanted to chuckle a little, but upon seeing the now serious expression of the First Prince, he changed his mind.

"That's not it." Kuzon smiled. "Calling me illegitimate is too much of a stretch, but maybe you're right."

Kuzon's real father was actually Kido, so he wasn't the actual child of the Empress and Empress of his own Midas Empire.

"Then am I right in assuming this is a vendetta?" The First Prince asked, his eyes narrowed as his seriousness began to increase even further.

Kuzon shrugged. "Maybe for my friend. I just tagged along with her."

He had already found a way home. He didn't need any further things in this place. He just thought he'd let off some steam and have fun with Maya one more time before they left.

'Ah, there's also the horrible things they did to the people in this world. Of course, that's wrong.'

With all of that in mind, though, Kuzon still stuck by his earlier statement.

"You... did all of that... for a friend? It holds no meaning for you?"

Kuzon was relieved the First Prince was finally getting it. There was no real reason to his action.

"I just want to fight. So come at me, First Prince."

At this point, any form of playfulness had vanished from the eyes and face of the Prince.

A deep scowl covered his face, and his eyes held a deep glare. The dark golden gleam they gave off as he stared at Kuzon showed repressed bloodlust.

"I see..." He muttered.

Kuzon nodded in response. His expectations soaring.

So far, the First Princess had been a disappointment. She had traces of Aether, but nothing too substantial. However...

'You're different, right? Show me.'

"I, Kuzon Midas, First Prince of the Midas Empire, will be sure to mete out the appropriate punishment upon you for betraying your people, and also for the gravest crime recorded in our laws—taking the life of a Midas."

"H-huh...?"

"And for that, you will pay the ultimate price." The golden aura around the First Prince, Kuzon Midas, suddenly peaked beyond what it previously displayed.

His long golden hair danced incredibly well behind him, glowing like a glittering river of pure golden oil.

His body took on a golden hue, and white markings covered his golden form.

Despite all of this, the Illegitimate Kuzon kept watching in a daze. The name of the First Prince resonated with him.

It was...

'My name? Ah, I see...'

It seemed the name 'Kuzon' would have been given to the First Prince irrespective of who he was.

'To think it would be like this, though...' Kuzon watched with a careful gaze.

He couldn't afford to get too distracted due to the nature of his enemy's power, as well as potential threat.

'It seems he also wants to kill me. I had better stay on my toes.'

With that in mind, he activated his Original Magic and coated himself with his golden electricity.

"One more question. The Variant. The one called Neron. Do you have any relation with him?"

Once Kuzon heard this, another look of surprise greeted his face.

"Why do you ask?"

"Your strange outfit. It is reminiscent of the times I saw him."

"W-well... haha..." Kuzon could feel his heart ache in humiliation.

He had nearly forgotten what he was putting on, yet this guy had to remind him of it. Regardless...

"Yes. I'm his disciple, and he is my master." He responded, eyes beaming with pride.

"Is that so...?" The First Prince spoke, his eyes narrowing in both contempt and caution. "I suppose that explains why you're strong.

'Its due to my hard work...' Kuzon wanted to say, but he refrained.

"It seems I can't show you any mercy, and—"

"Just start already. You people like to talk too much."

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

In a flash, Kuzon—the rogue—closed the distance between himself and his opponents. His hand neared the prince, mere inches from making contact with his face.

But then—

>VWUUUUUUUUUMMMMMM!!!<

Another burst of golden energy surged from the opponent, pushing Kuzon away due to its sheer power.

This light pierced the heaven and shook the earth. It spread across the area, enveloping one's field of vision.

The moment Kuzon recoiled from the disruption, his eyes widened in response to the new sight that manifested before him.

"H-huh...?!"

"[Original Magic: True Emperor's Edict]"