

SPELLCRAFT 931

SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

Chapter 931: An Actual Challenge

A massive, imposing golden statue stood before Kuzon.

It was at least fifty meters tall, though the power and authority it exuded made it appear even larger.

The small mountains and hills dwarfed in comparison to the sheer mass the construct had.

Made up of energy, and having a semi transparent form, despite the golden light that comprised it, the statue stood magnificently erect.

It had an emperor's robe, with a cape that fluttered with the harsh winds that blew. The massive crown that floated atop its head like a halo also spun slowly.

It held a scepter on one hand, and a blade was locked in the hips closest its other hand.

'Looks like the First Prince and Princess are taking refuge in its chest region. That should be where the defense is toughest, then...' Kuzon's thoughts echoed as he gazed upon the massive thing before him.

Its eyes glowed white, and its lips were drawn in a frown, displaying disapproval. Its meaning brought a grim expectation to Kuzon.

However, despite the size and magnificent design the massive being had, there was one more thing Kuzon noticed.

No, perhaps it was the most important aspect to this whole thing.

'Its body is comprised of Aether. Every aspect of it...' It was the first time he had seen so much Aether gathered in one place and used by someone in this world.

'The first prince really is special, isn't he?'

"JUDGEMENT HAS COME." The deep, loud, thunderous, and authoritarian tone of the construct emerged, sending vibrations into the air.

Kuzon felt the very atmosphere shake in response to the voice, though he remained fine.

'Haha. Look at this monster. He's leagues above the others.' However, despite saying that, Kuzon couldn't help but smile to himself.

That was because, for the first time since he arrived at this world, he was meeting an actual challenge.

'Neron is not counted. There's no way I'm counting him.'

That 'man' would always be out of the equation whenever power was involved. And he used the term 'man' very loosely.

"Looks like I can't slack off too much, am I right?"

"DIE." The statue stretched its scepter at Kuzon, preparing a high-density Aether blast.

'Hm. It's quite dangerous, that blast.' Having this thought, Kuzon decided it was time for him to take action.

"[Marionette]." A bright idea instantly sparked in his mind as he watched his opponent's trump card. "Let's do something similar."

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

The golden blast destroyed everything that separated it from Kuzon's location, busting up even the landscape that spread beneath.

Nothing was spared.

The destruction caused a massive quake to consume the area, and the golden explosion ascended to the sky.

However—

"[Marionette: Absolute Emperor Avatar]. Complete."

Emerging from the golden explosion was an entity that was made from Kuzon's multiple golden threads.

It was a hundred meters tall, about twice as large as the already massive construct that had manifested first.

It had neither cape nor a royal robe. No, this avatar was actually dressed like a Wizard Mage, same as Kuzon.

It wasn't just the outfit. It seemed his complete appearance of was burned into the construct, making it a much larger replica of the original.

Of course, it was glowing in golden light, and unlike the semi-transparent body of its counterpart, this energy construct was too dense to reveal any such quality.

Other than the casing on its chest that was tinted golden, barely enough for anyone to see through it, every other part of the Absolute Emperor's Avatar was simply shimmering in dense golden light.

"Haaa... I haven't tried this out before." Kuzon's voice echoed through the lips of his avatar as he lowered his gaze and looked at the First Prince's shorter construct.

"What do you think, Prince Kuzon?"

"...."

There was no response, but that didn't stop Kuzon from taking a step forward, donning a smile of absolute confidence.

"Do you still think you can kill me?"

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'What the heck is that?!' The First Prince, Kuzon Midas, thought to himself, his jaws nearly dropping as he saw the massive construct before him.

Wasn't something like this unnatural? No, impossible!

'How much Divine Energy does he have?! How is he using so much!'

As the First Prince, he had been blessed with Divine Energy—same as the Emperor. That was the sign of their legitimacy to the throne. The closer a Royal was to the hierarchy, the more Divine Energy they would display.

Gloria Midas, for example, had Divine Energy, most of which were displayed the higher she went in her 'Gears'. His other siblings had fragments too, but nothing compared to his and the Emperor's.

'No... even father admitted that I have an unnatural amount of Divine Energy!'

Far more than any Emperor before them. Even his father's supply of Divine Energy paled in comparison to his.

In essence, he was the only one who could do something like this. It was what made his Original Magic so invincible.

No Spell could work against Divine Energy this dense and pure. He was invincible in this construct of his.

Plus, the destructive power it possessed, as well as the crippling pressure it emitted, made it the absolute greatest in the Midas Empire.

So why...?

Why did an illegitimate child have so much Divine Energy compared to him?

'Does that mean he's actually... the First Prince? No, he looks much younger than I am. But does that really matter?!'

In the Midas Empire, the one with the highest amount of Divine Energy was the rightful heir to the throne.

It just so happened that the firstborn children usually had the highest amount.

'B-but what if...! What if he's the one?!' Kuzon could feel himself shivering as the logic all came rushing into his brain.

'What should I do? Hand over the throne to hi—?'

His eyes instantly widened the moment that thought crossed his mind.

He remembered the slaughter the man before him had led, as well as the countless destruction he had wrought upon the Midas Empire.

'Someone like you isn't worthy! You're not worthy of the throne!' Kuzon Midas roared in his thoughts.

"The only one who can be Emperor... is ME!"

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Chapter 932: The Absolute Emperor's Power

""RAAAHHHHH!!!"

The scepter was lifted once more, and this time an unquestionably high-density energy beam was about to be launched.

The cackles of golden electricity, and the immense heat it generated caused everything around them to melt..

The clash of two powerful sources of energy became a huge burden for the environment to bear, and it seemed like the world would get destroyed if they kept up their bout.

"BEGONE!" The scepter's beam of energy was launched at the chest region of the the taller construct, pouring all the power it had amassed into destroying the casing that held the man in control.

Unfortunately...

>FSHUUUUUUUUU<

... It was ineffective.

"My turn." The taller, much grander construct spoke calmly.

It raised it's hand, and a royal golden blade suddenly appeared.

Based on its action, it was clear what the objective was.

'It's going to bring the blade down!' Kuzon Midas thought to himself.

His scepter was too thin to handle the weight of such a tall blade, so he quickly resorted to the blade his construct had by the hip.

>WHUUUUUSSSHHHH!!!<

The blade descended with great fervor, causing the clouds to part instantly, and cutting through the winds itself.

It seemed as though space warped as the blade fell, crashing upon the only thing the mighty First Prince could defend with.

"KEUK!"

The weight instantly sent his construct to his knees.

The ground collapsed, forcing the colossal being to sink inside, unable to rise thanks to the sheer weight that held him down.

"Ngh!" Kuzon Midas felt his a sting in his chest as he stood within the protective haven of his construct.

Despite being in his Supreme Emperor Mage Mode, and even using his Original Magic, he couldn't do anything against the opponent that was overwhelming him!

'I... I thought I had studied him well. I knew I hadn't seen his full power, but to think it was this scary!' Sweat fell from his face even though his determined glare remained. 'What a monster!'

As the First Prince, he had once been challenged by all his siblings, and he was able to dominate them with his power.

Even his father, the Emperor, already admitted that he had surpassed him. The moment the old man passed away, he would be the new Emperor.

They all called him a monster genius! The rising sun of their Midas Empire.

Yet... YET...!!!

'Such an entity exists?!' He couldn't believe that the limits of his power and that of the other person was as far as heaven and earth.

In the end, even though he named his Original Magic after the Supreme Emperor, he found himself kneeling before another.

The Absolute Emperor!

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"Looks like fifty meters is the tallest he can go. That's a shame. Should I have just utilized the same height he used?" Kuzon whispered to himself as he watched the construct of his opponent struggle against one simple attack.

'Using [Marionette], I can make this thing as big as possible. Though it would just unnecessary consume too much Aether. Then again, I have an Aether powerhouse with me...'

~Hey! I heard that!~

'I thought you were asleep. Isn't that why you haven't been speaking for some time now?' Kuzon smiled.

~I just woke up. Seems you're still in the fight. I'm going back to sleep.~

Kuzon shook his head in a mock manner, unable to contain his wide grin.

'You don't even help me?'

~Pfft. As if you need my help.~ With that, Leo returned to his peaceful rest.

Even though it was quite lonely being by himself, he couldn't deny he enjoyed the peace that accompanied Leo's sleep.

There wasn't any nagging, at the very least.

And as for what Leo said, it was already glaringly true.

'As he is now... this guy can't stand a chance.'" As Kuzon was still locked in his thoughts, a brilliant idea suddenly flashed in his mind.

"Ah, that could work!" A beam of excitement coursed through his face.

"I mean, I'm going to kill both him and his sister anyway. Might as well do it like this..."

While his opponent was still struggling under the weight of his blade, Kuzon's expression lit up, and his lips moved.

"[Marionette Worms]... kill her."

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"B-brother..." Gloria whispered, feeling her body slowly turning against her. "I... I don't feel so good."

Kuzon, who had been so distracted with the giant blade that kept crushing his construct, hadn't had the leeway to look at his younger sister.

However, the moment he heard her trembling voice, his eyes darted in her direction.

That was when he saw it.

"A-ah...? W-what is... this...?" His widened eyes took in the strange sight of his sister.

Her body had turned pale, and it seemed like worm-like substances were crawling inside her skin.

The worst part was the appearance of multiple cracks on her body. They glowed golden, and no matter how anyone looked at the situation, it didn't look good.

"G-Gloria, what's wro—?"

Before Kuzon could complete his statement, her body was consumed by the worm-like beings, and the cracks grew too bright to be controlled.

And then....

>FSSSHUUUUUUUUUU<

Her body turned into golden dust, falling right before his eyes.

Kuzon's bloodshot eyes took in the scene, his thoughts unable to fully make sense of what he was seeing.

Was his sister dead?

Was Gloria home forever?

He struggled to ask himself the question, and the only answer he could find was a very simple one

YES!

She was GONE!

Lost forever.

The moment that thought settled into his mind, Kuzon couldn't hold it in anymore; his pain and his tears.

"Haaa... Aaaaahhhh.... ARRRRRGHHHHH!!!"

His scream echoes within the lonely expanse that protected him.

Trembling violently, with his bloodshot eyes streaming out tears, Kuzon's gaze shifted from the remnant dust that was his sister's corpse, and turned in the direction of the malefactor.

At this point, he no longer cared about legitimacy or succession. His thoughts didn't consider the throne, or anything about the Midas Empire

Only one thought currently occupied his mind.

"I'LL KILL YOU!"

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Chapter 933: Utter Demolition

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

The massive construct of First Prince Jared shattered, and he emerged from it, his shining golden body coated in an even brighter golden armor.

Several swords floated around him, and a regal crown stood on top of his flowing hair.

"I'LL KILL YOU!!!" He yelled, sending his blades flying the in the direction of the giant 100 meter avatar of his opponent.

>CLANG<

All his blades were deflected, almost as if they were both but tiny grains of sand flung against a concrete wall.

"ARRRRGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" Screaming in pure rage, he raised his two hands above him while ascending to the sky.

Instantly, a golden ball of light formed. He tightened his muscles and began clenching his fingers, causing the energy ball to slowly condense.

Finally, it became as little as a tiny sphere that floated between his palm.

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!" In one rush, he released the energy locked within to form a highly concentrated beam.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

Why?

Why was he so powerless that he couldn't even avenge his sister?

He couldn't save his people. He couldn't protect his family.

... And now he couldn't avenge them either.

"W-why...? Why?!" He cried, pouring the very last of his power into a final attack.

Creating a thin arrow, full of nothing but divine Energy, he hoped to at least penetrate his opponent's defenses and puncture a hole in his heart, or throat, or brain

ANYWHERE!

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

The thin projectile moved in its trajectory, filled with purpose and capacity.

Perhaps this was the one. The one that would finally wreck his opponent and show him the might of the Midas Empire.

The might of the First Prince.

... The might of an older brother!

>CLANG<

Unfortunately, the arrow, just like every other projectile, was simply knocked off.

"Argh... arrhhhhh! ARRRRRRGHHHHH!!!" His screams pierced the heavens and shook the earth.

More tears fell down his eyes and more pain scarred his face. Despite all the praise he had recieved for his strength, when it came down to it... he couldn't do anything.

He was pathetically weak.

"You've run out of power already. Might as well end it now."

>SQUELCH<

Almost as easily as piercing a body of stale water with a stick, the opponent's golden blade went through him without the slightest bit of resistance.

"Oh? Would you look at that. You have red blood too. Just like everyone else."

The mocking tone of his enemy echoed into his ears, but with so much strength already expended, and with him already at the brink of death, Kuzon could not say any word in his defense.

He could only utter the simple question.

"W-why...?"

Gloria was his younger sister. The Royals were his family. The Midas' Empire was his home.

"Why did you do it...?"

He stared into his opponent's clear golden eyes. There was no doubt that this young man was a Midas. They shared the same blood—the same superior genes.

Why would he do this to his only family?

"I don't have a single reason why. But if I were to pick just one of the many options... I'd say it's because you people are an embarrassment."

"W-what...?"

"You heard me. You're an eyesore. Oppressing the weak, asserting dominance, operating on this stupidly strict hierarchy, and even taking over the world... really?"

Kuzon could not understand the words of his opponent.

"What happened to revolutionizing Magic? Reaching the Root? Learning more about Aether, or the worlds beyond this one? What happened to fairness and equality? What happened to the construction of useful Magic Technology and the advancement of knowledge?"

"A-ah.... ahh... a-ahhh..." Kuzon could only leak out, his eyes already losing sight, and his life fading away.

"In my eyes, the inferior ones... are you."

Those were the last words the First Prince heard before losing his life.

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Chapter 934: End Of The Line

"I should get back. Maya should be waiting for me." Kuzon muttered, letting go of the golden blade he had used to pierce the dead First Prince.

The sword vanished the moment he let go, plunging the First Prince into the abyss that was the boiling ground beneath Kuzon.

"All that's left now is the Emperor." He smiled at himself.

"I wonder who the idiot is."

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Just as Kuzon was busy, Maya also had her hands full. No, one could even say she had even more to deal with.

Since the First Princess did not require any backup, and the First Prince eventually intervened when she did, no one among the backup Inquisition, or the Royals who led them, bothered with him.

That meant that diverted all of their attention toward her.

That didn't make it a problem for her, though. Even when the First Princess's Inquisition Officers appeared, with their black and gold armor, she didn't encounter much of a challenge.

A little bit of [Heart Stop] and [Brain Freeze] was enough to stop them.

And what about the most powerful Inquisition force in the Midas Empire—the First Division.

Unlike the Second Division, they had white and gold armors, brilliant as well as powerful.

The power gap between the two forces was too wide to be measured.

Surely, this group would pose enough of a challenge—perhaps even harm—to the lone Mage who was still dressed in her embarrassing Wizard attire.

Well...

"[Death Wish]" was all it took to kill all of them.

Of course, these Spells weren't particularly easy to cast.

They also took a great amount of energy to use, and were exclusive to Aether. However, after training for fifteen years with her Master, such Spells seemed like nothing to Maya.

No, perhaps it was more like they felt so natural that uttering them like that was inconsequential.

Besides, with her nearly bottomless and restorable power source, was there really any need to worry about depleting her energy?

The end result of Maya's bout with all the Inquisition Officers and Royals that attacked her was the sight of carnage that would make even the most hardened of warriors crumble in tears.

Standing in the midst of all this chaos and death was the young lady.

"Looks like Kuzon is finished as well." As soon as she said this, he appeared right beside her in a golden flash.

"Yep. Shall we go see the Emperor now?" He smiled, but then looked around him to see the staggering amount of kills she made.

Compared to hers, his seemed like a carnival.

"You're one scary woman, Maya. Did you even spare anyone?"

"W-well..." She scratched her head awkwardly.

"But what about the plan?"

"I forgot..."

"This girl..." Kuzon sighed to himself, itching his hair as he stared at her. "Just cus you have some power now, you've become so cheeky. Come here!"

Before she could react to his speed, he lunged his two hands toward her cheeks and pinched them while also stretching them out like rubber.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Pwease stawp! I've learned my lesson! Owwww! Pweaseeeee! I can revive a couple! Uwaaaaa!!!"

"Hmph!" Kuzon finally let go after having his fill. "As long as you know."

"You're so mean."

"Me? You're brutal. Honestly, I mean... look at this!" Kuzon nearly cried out.

"D-doesn't that mean you should be afraid of me? I mean... I could do the same to you, you know? And yet, you—"

"Pfft. Why should I be afraid of you, Maya?" Kuzon knocked her head, albeit playfully. "After all, I'm stronger."

Hearing him say that, while also looking at his confident smile, Maya's eyes glittered and her cheeks slightly displayed pinkish hue.

"S-shut up! Who said you're stronger?"

"Well, I am."

"Want to find out? I could instantly kill you, you know?"

"Damage doesn't even work on me."

"This isn't damage. It's instant death."

"Same difference..."

"I could seal you away."

"Effects like that aren't effective on me."

"I could cancel those effects that make my effect ineffective."

"That's impossible. My effect will make your effective magic ineffective, so you can't affect my effect of making your effect ineffective and... ah, let's just stop." Kuzon groaned, already tired despite his supposed inability to feel such a thing.

"So... you're immortal?"

"So far, yes. Though it's only when it comes to damage. Its more like I can't be harmed. If I indeed get harmed, I think there's a high chance I'll die."

"But how can you die without being harmed?"

"There are many ways people can die without being necessarily harmed."

"Oh? Like what?"

"There's 'killing people with kindness.' I also heard that some people die of 'cringe', and some people have overdosed on pleasure and also died. It goes on and on. I'm not invincible quite yet."

"I see..."

Both of them, discussing so seriously about the prospects of their limitations, once again ignored the numerous corpses and the chaos they had wrought upon the Midas Empire.

One could wonder what kind of angels of destruction had landed upon the world.

No, perhaps they could only be referred to as devils.

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Deep within the Midas Empire's Royal Palace was the Throneroom.

The Emperor who sat there watched a screen. His wrinkled face twisted uncomfortably as his hands rubbed his cleanly cut beard.

His aged eyes were fixated on the two people that were displayed on the screen, and a wry smile formed on his face.

"It appears that it has finally come to this..." His tone, gruff and deep echoed in the lonely expanse that shrouded him.

Despite the luxury that occupied his line of sight, his gaze was only focused on the two who would soon reach his doorstep.

"It appears I have no choice."

I raised his hand, now holding a golden goblet filled with nectar that smelled so sweet, yet forbidden.

The golden hue within glowed with mystery and depth, and one whiff of the liquid told him of the inevitable outcome of his choice.

However, after seeing all that had happened, the Midas Emperor knew this was the only way he could win.

The only path he could take.

"Let me just die."

... And so he gulped it all down.

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Chapter 935: The Aftermath

"The heck? He's dead already?" Kuzon slapped his face as soon as he and Maya entered the Throneroom.

The place was grand as well as huge, with pillars supporting the massive ceiling that hung above their heads.

Chandeliers hung above, and many statues decorated the hall. The clear golden grounds were clear as glass, and the carpets and drapes that added a posh vibe to the place seemed very extravagant.

The Throneroom also seemed large enough to contain hundreds of thousands of people, accounting for its size alone.

Unfortunately, none of the two parties who arrived there were concerned with any of those details.

They had been looking forward to an epic final fight, so it was incredibly underwhelming that the Last Boss was dead.

"Since when was the Midas Emperor so shameless? Tsk tsk." Kuzon stepped forward, Maya sighing beside him.

She also clearly wanted to vent out her anger on the Midas Emperor—at the very least, for what he did to her people.

"Maybe I could revive him, and we can have our final fight?" She smiled, almost devilishly.

"He's lost his will to fight. That's why he killed himself. Do you think you could force him to fight for his life?" Kuzon asked his brows raised.

The moment he said this, Maya's countenance fell, and the brilliant look she had dissipated into thin air.

"I could perhaps solve the issue with my [The Absolute Emperor] or [Marionette Worms], but no. At this point, I've lost interest."

Besides, there was probably no more time. He had done what he could here, and he also enjoyed himself while doing it.

'It's time to leave.' Kuzon smiled, glancing at Maya.

"I guess I should first release your people from my Emperor's Domain."

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As easily as it was to place all of the commoners into his alternate dimension, all of them popped back out in their thousands.

The dazed expression on their faces, graduating into the look of positive shock, caused the atmosphere to be rife with loud murmurs and noises.

It took some time for Kuzon to calm them down and explain the situation. It was difficult to restrain the excitement of the crowd, though.

Why?

"We bow to and hail the mighty one, Absolute Holy One and One True Emperor, Kuzon."

"HAIL!"

"HAIL!"

"HAIL!!!"

The whole crowd worshipped him as they knelt and bowed their heads to him in reverence.

"E-eh...?"

Apparently, the time they spent in the Emperor's Domain had granted them a far grander perspective of Kuzon.

In the pocket dimension, he ensured to feed them as much as they wanted, grant them warmth, and showed them so much glory and beauty that they thought they were in paradise.

Perhaps that was why they weren't too fazed about the Royal Midas Throneroom that Kuzon transported them in.

The beauty of the Emperor's Domain far outranked it. And so did Kuzon, who was the source of all that grandeur.

"I am not an Absolute Mighty one or whatever. And I am not a God! I am a Midas—a privileged race known for talent and a special connection with the energy of the world, but a far cry from being almighty!" Kuzon's voice echoed in the hall, silencing the zealots who were already enthusiastic about serving a new master.

"I'll be leaving you all now. Maya here will ensure you people are properly taken care of. Right, Maya?" Kuzon glanced in her direction, flashing a smile.

"You don't have to tell me that. It was always my plan. Hmph!" She pouted a little, causing Kuzon far more confusion than he bargained for.

"In any case, you guy, just stay here for the time being." Kuzon wasn't very good with public speeches, so he strung a few other words together before bidding them farewell and teleporting out of the hall.

"That idiot..." Maya whispered, sighing and following after him.

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Kuzon and Maya, now standing on the roof a long tower that nearly touched the clouds, feasted their eyes on the landscape around them.

They witnessed the chaos they had caused, and the carnage that had occurred thanks to their actions.

It was reminiscent of bittersweet memories for Maya, who had a heavy burden in her heart as she alternated glances between the vast world around her and Kuzon.

"So... what will you do now?" He finally spoke, his voice as smooth as it was hesitant.

The breeze lightly filled the atmosphere with coolness, causing Maya's dark hair to dance a little as she smiled softly.

"I think I'll lead my people down the right path and teach them Magic. I'll start by restructuring the Midas Empire so that both the commoners from the slums and the Midas people can live together. It'll be an experiment. If I succeed, I want to take it global."

In short, she was aiming for equality and a world where everyone could live in relative peace irrespective of their dispositions and ethnic backgrounds.

'That's easier said than done, though...' Kuzon knew Maya wasn't so naive that she would think that such a thing was a readily achievable task.

'The people in this world have been oppressed by the Midas Race for a long time. If released from their oppression, sure they'll be grateful for some time, but soon their suppressed desires will begin to emerge.'

Anger and rage would eventually take over, and every Race would see the Midas Empire as their enemy, considering the dark past.

'Besides, didn't they say this world was in a constant state of war in the past? In order to avoid that repeating itself, she'll need to be very careful.' Kuzon's thoughts echoed seriously.

'Still...' He smiled as he looked at her. 'I know she can do it.'

"I know you're going to do well." Kuzon moved closer to her and used one of his hands to pinch her cheek.

"Ow! Ow! So mean..." She cried out, her voice echoing across the vast Midas lands.

Despite the setting sun, and the carnage, it seemed even friends could have fun.

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Chapter 936: Bittersweet Parting

'Kuzon, you...' Maya's voice echoed as she looked at him.

She remembered when she first saw him. Her first thoughts were that he was handsome. It wasn't until later, when she caught herself in her own thoughts, that she developed animosity towards him.

He was a Midas, after all.

However, as fate would have it, he wasn't really a Midas—at the very least, not in the sense that made him tainted in her eyes.

This alone brought a relief that she couldn't quite describe. It was ecstatic.

And then, they started their journey together. Despite Kuzon's increasing frustration and anxiety, she found herself desiring to spend even more time on their quest.

A huge part of her wanted Kuzon to be happy, and that meant finding the person they were searching for.

However, another part—a more subtle side of her—didn't want their adventures to end.

It was especially dreadful because she realized the possibility of never seeing him again if he disappeared to the homeworld he told her about.

However, now that things had reached this juncture, it seemed her desires ended up being rejected.

He was finally going to leave...

"S-stop it!" Maya's voice echoed, feeling her cheeks sting, yet Kuzon didn't stop. It seemed he enjoyed, more than most things, to tease her this way.

'I can't just leave things like this, can I?' Her thoughts flashed with determination.

It was now her turn!

Maya's eyes fiercely targeted her choice location, swiftly stretching her hands out to both sides his cheeks to pinch them.

Unfortunately...

"No harm, remember?"

... It was useless.

However, she remembered something she said. Something very pivotal. It was something she had been thinking of trying for some time now, and with their close proximity, it was the perfect opportunity.

"Death by pleasure, huh?" A smirk formed on her face instantly.

"What are you thinki—"

Maya's body flowed like the wind, and her face moved closer to Kuzon's in the fraction of a moment.

Her glossy lips met his, and in that brief window, they kissed. Or rather... she kissed him.

However, it only lasted for that brief window.

"Maya, stop!" Kuzon quickly said after drawing her away with his arms.

Her dazed reaction as he did so was well expressed, and so was his flustered, guilty expression.

Both of them, their cheeks glowing a slight hint of red—with Maya's far more obvious—gave bated breaths and couldn't speak for some time.

Perhaps one was waiting for the other to say something, but—

"K-Kuzon... I have something to tell you." Her voice wavered a little, but she fought to make it as firm and as clear as possible.

'I can't believe I'm going to do this!' The girl's thoughts echoed as she tightened her fist in resolve.

Her heart couldn't take any more, and she had reached her limits of bottling it in. Her entire being wanted to let out the huge burden within her.

It was now or never!

"I..."

"Maya, stop. Don't..." Kuzon weakly muttered, his expression showing sadness and a hint of guilt.

'Why is he making that face? She wondered to herself. Too bad her lips moved faster than her thoughts, so she ended up spouting her words.

"I... I don't know when it started, b-but... I have feelings for you, Kuzon!"

Her passionate voice echoed, carried by the wind, reaching the ears of the man she confronted.

Her cheeks were flushed with bright red, and her eyes were shut tightly the moment she finished.

Clenching her fist as she awaited an answer, Maya couldn't believe what she had just done.

Mustering courage to confess one's feelings was no easy feat, yet she did it.

'Oh my goodness! I'm so embarrassed! What will he say?' Her fingers covered her face as even more pink hue gushed out. 'What should I—?'

"I'm sorry, Maya. I can't reciprocate your feelings." Kuzon's voice icily tore through her fragile, defenseless heart.

"A-ah...?"

She could see the guilt on his face intensify. For a moment, his eyes appeared distracted. He was looking elsewhere.

However, the moment she focused on his sharp golden eyes, he brought them in her direction.

"There's someone else, Maya. And I love her." His tone was just as firm, no, firmer than hers ever was.

The resolve he displayed put hers to shame many times over. It hurt her so much.

"So I'm sorry." He bowed slightly.

Awkward silence rang among the two, and once again they were unsure of what to say and who should say it.

"I-I see..."

"Y-yeah..."

The awkwardness intensified.

Pain was clearly evident on Maya's face. Kuzon was the first man she had ever developed such feelings for. Even as she trained all those fifteen years with Crazy Neron, his image never vanished from her mind.

She had loved him for that long, yet...

"That girl you like... must be very special." Maya's tears fell as she spoke.

She didn't even realize it when the hot and bitter liquid flowed down her cheeks.

Her eyes were simply on the man she had hoped to be her lover.

"She is. Very special."

"I see. What a fortunate girl..." Maya sniffed, trying to wipe away her tears, yet more fell.

She couldn't help the seemingly endless pain that swirled in her heart and tortured her to no end.

'I-if perhaps things were different. If they were just a little different...' Her eyes captured Kuzon's hurt expression.

She could honestly tell that his heart bled to watch her like this.

'... I would have begged you to stay here with me. Or I would have left it all to go with you.'

Unfortunately, that reality never existed—at least, not in this place.

In the end, she was never able to get the only man she had ever loved.

"I understand." Maya whispered, her tears finally drying up. A struggling smile began to form on her face as well.

"It seems this might be the last time we'll ever see each other. I don't want you to remember me just crying."

Wiping the last of her tears, Maya's smile radiated, flashing her teeth and closing her eyes.

"Remember me as your very bright and optimistic friend, okay?"

For her another moment, silence radiated the tower's rooftop. Both boy and girl stood there, the wind toying with their hair.

"I will, Maya." Her eyes widened as she felt Kuzon's voice whispered into her ears and an embrace coiling around her.

"You'll always be my very bright and optimistic friend. So please... don't change, okay?"

More tears welled up in her eyes, however, this time she let them flow freely without stopping.

Even as the tears flowed, Maya's smile remained. The bittersweet sensation in her heart gave her these aches and throbs that made her both happy and sad about their current relationship.

"Yeah. And you better not change too!"

"Who do you think you're talking to?" Kuzon's voice confidently echoed, finally releasing himself from her embrace and smiling at her with his thumb pointing at himself.

"I'm the Absolute Almighty One!"

Maya's tears instantly evaporated upon seeing Kuzon's warm smile, and the confidence he exuded

It gave her the inspiration to be brave, embracing the bitter parts of her heart while enjoying the sweet.

Before she realized it, she was snickering.

"Pfft. Idiot."

"Look who's talking."

"H-hey!"

"Hahaha!!!"

"Hahahahahahaha!!!"

Both of them laughed atop that tower, completely immersed in the pleasant company they gave each other.

"Let's see each other again someday, dear friend." Kuzon's fist was sent out, a gesture that invited hers to do the same.

"Yeah. Maybe I'll come visit you one of these days."

"You should. Maybe I'll even give you a tour."

"I'm sure you'll be terrible at it."

"Come find out then."

Laughing once again, they fist bumped. Not as reluctant strangers, or as rejected lovers, but... as true friends.

"See you around, Kuzon."

"Yeah, Maya. Later."

And with that, Kuzon used the Blu-Blu Crazy Neron granted to him to open the golden gateway to his first destination.

The portal swirled and whirled, inviting him as the pool finally stabilized.

He smiled, walking towards it while waving at Maya behind him. With one final look back, he smiled confidently.

"Take care of yourself." And then, he stepped in.

Perhaps Maya could have left it at that. But, she couldn't just let him say the final words. One last time, she poured her heart out to him.

"You t—"

>VWUUUSSHH<

The portal closed at that moment, cutting her short at the last minute.

It left Maya all alone on the tower, taking in the sight of her world all alone.

"I miss him already..." She whispered to herself.

They hadn't known each other for too long, but Maya felt like she had known him her whole life.

It wasn't a very terrible feeling.

"Good luck, Kuzon. I wish you good fortune."

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Chapter 937: Echoes Of Insanity

A massive screen displayed the entire scenario of Maya's confession to Kuzon, and his rejection.

It depicted her tears, and the smile she displayed at the very end.

The screen also showed the final moments of the two's interaction before going their separate way—Kuzon to his home world, and Maya to the extras that didn't matter much to the plot.

"Hahaha! Now that was a good ending, I'd say! Far better than the original version. Pfft!" The man who spoke in his office was none other than a bearded old fellow who sat comfortably on his couch.

He left the screen on, so it kept showing Maya's adventures after Kuzon departed, but at this point, the old man's gaze had departed from the footages.

"As much as I like randomly spying on people like, this one has a special meaning for me." He chuckled, talking to himself.

Or was he looking at himself, really?

No, it seemed he was staring at something else entirely.

Yet, it was just a blank look at space itself.

"Yeah, I see you. I see you reading this stuff. Hahaha! You thought I wouldn't notice. Oh, you guessed wrong. I know who's writing this, and you all that are reading this. Well... not that it matters, though."

More echoes of laughter escaped his lips as he closed his eyes and smiled.

"Once I'm done with the Origin Project, I'll leave this narrative. I suppose that's all that matters now. Little pieces of entertainment like these are worthwhile, though." His gaze went to Maya, and a small smile formed on his face.

"To think just the addition of my homunculus would change the narrative so much. It's amazing, isn't it? If it wasn't for me, he'd have just been traveling on his own. That would suck..."

To make a more compelling story, the old man had added a variable that never existed to begin with.

The girl called Maya.

"Hey! I was going to tell them that!" Crazy Neron yelled out to the air once again.

One could only wonder who he was talking to.

"Well, it doesn't really matter. Her addition to the entire scheme should take this world forward, I suppose. It should be fun to see... if I haven't seen it already. Keke!"

Neron rose from his couch and began floating toward his desk, like a lazy bum drifting through the air.

"A lazy bum? Me? No... no way." He denied it endlessly, but deep within he must have known the truth.

"I work very hard, you know? It isn't easy digging up the secrets of the Mageverse."

Perhaps he wasn't so lazy, after all...

"Hehe. I thought so. Anyway, I can see the branches and paths. The road to 'All Things' itself. It's a little iffy in my opinion." Crazy Neron muttered, finally arriving at his desk, where his lovely cube was.

The seedling within had grown yet again, this time creating more branches from its stem.

"You better not forget your promise, Neron Kaelid. I'll be needing that 'necessary' component soon."

Letting an alternate version of himself obtain and share something was far more valuable and less stressful than him going through all the effort himself.

His creation of 'Origin' already proved how averse he was to overcomplicated matters.

"Still, I wonder why everyone is just fighting over all this existent garbage. I'd rather just make my own stuff." He muttered, indirectly calling himself trash.

"Ah, well played."

He drew his face closer to the cube on his desk, his eyes brimming with excitement.

"The toys I make are built to last. And best of all... they're exclusively mine." He chuckled, and then stared at the screen once again.

He could see a more mature Maya smiling, and something within him stirred a little. It was like a parent seeing his child grow.

"Hmmm. It's not a terrible feeling."

Still, there were other things on his mind. One of the major ones, despite its irrelevance, was the fate of Kuzon Midas and his comrades.

"Will they be able to stop Legris? En, I know how it ends... well I can't see beyond 'that' point, but..." His eyes squinted a little.

"Urgh! This is why worrying about the little things; like saving a planet, a universe, or Magic itself, is pointless. Even this struggle for 'All Things' is pointless."

After all, he would rather just make his own paradise and rewrite his destiny, forgetting that most people, if not all, were not like him.

This lonely existence he possessed was the true reason why he was insane.

"Yeah, yeah. Spoiler Alert, Karlia and Jared @&# #)& @!;& #+ & *# πV /)+@#\$:&. Ah, you censored it? Well played, then."

He finally decided to throw away all those worries and all those concerns, slowly settling for the creation of his that caused all of existence itself not to matter—at least, in his eyes.

"It's not my business anyway. As long as I get what I want... that's all that matters to me." With that, he laughed once again

"I am a Neron, after all."

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[Seoul, South Korea, (Year 2023), Sector 4]

"Are you worried, Noona?" A voice echoed from someone who seemed to be in his late teens, despite being in his early twenties.

He had a very innocent look, a liability in this kind of job.

In front of him was the young woman who sat right beside him.

She had blond yellow hair, and her glittering eyes shone like bright emeralds. Her clear skin and beautiful face made her stand out as a foreigner.

They were currently seated at the back of a vehicle, and they could see the deserted streets if they focused on the modern scenery around

However, both of them did nothing of the sort.

"It's your first time, I know. But don't worry. I'll do my best to be your guide, Noona."

He had suddenly been placed as her guide, per her instructions, despite many people desiring the role.

He was thankful for her intervention, since his previous jobs had been hell. Perhaps this was Sung Han Soo's turnaround arc.

And he couldn't help but be grateful to the goddess who had helped him through the crisis over a month ago, and was still helping him now.

"Han Soo, please stop with the Noona. I'm still not used to it." The lovely voice of the young lady echoed within the car, and her radiant smile took away any form of remnant awkwardness that was bound to manifest.

"Just call me by my name."

Ever since he met her over a month ago, she had insisted on it. Even though she could speak fluent Korean, it was still strange how foreign she was to their culture.

"Y-yeah. I guess I should." It was still a bit weird for him, but Sung Han Soo resolved to follow the lady's words.

Ever since she saved him from those Monsters in that Double-Dungeon, he had owed her everything.

Something like calling her by her name wasn't something he should have even struggled to do.

"Thank you, Aloe Vida. Let's hope today's Dungeon Raid goes well."

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Chapter 938: Arrival At Modernity

'Save our separated comrades, and then return home!'

After getting the major gist of Kuzon's story in mere moments—thanks to the wondrous effects of magic—that was the goal.

However, despite the thrill that accompanied having a clear goal and the means to achieve it, something else crept within me.

It was an uncertain feeling that threatened to swallow me whole, and the more I dwelled on it, the more hesitant I became.

This nearly crippling trail of thoughts led only to one element.

'Neron...'

From Old Man Neron's explanation about our world's Neron and his knowledge of the occurrence of these sets of events, to the fact that no 'Neron' could be trusted, I began to feel unease and doubt.

I had also critically thought about the possibility that Neron knew more than he was letting on, but... it currently felt unreal that he had some suspicious motive behind his actions.

It seemed Kuzon also wanted me to reason things in this light since his own disposition towards Neron was already suspicious.

Regardless, within the span of a few seconds, that seemed to stretch on forever, I was able to at least determine one thing.

'Survive long enough to confront Neron. That's the only thing I can do now.'

With that thought echoing in my heart, I braced myself for the new world that awaited us.

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The golden portal that connected Kuzon and I from the world I previously occupied to the one we approached finally parted, leading us to a new place.

A fresh fragrance accompanied the wind that blew on my face as we were transported to our destination.

With both resolve and determination, I embraced the future to come, stepping out of the golden portal with energy burning in my eyes.

'Eh...?'

... And, well... things didn't always work out as we wanted, right?

Kuzon and I found ourselves in a shady place the moment we arrived.

It seemed like a massive warehouse, made of pure metal. The dimly lit expanse held a lot of crates around, and the hardly tiled ground had a crude look.

However, the most important things I noticed were the people.

The moment we arrived, we were greeted with the piercing gazes of strangers. They were at least a couple dozen of them, and they seemed to have been talking to themselves before we arrived.

The moment our presence was made known outside the portal, though, I sensed an immense amount of malice surge from them.

'Damnit! Why did we get transported to this sort of comprising location.'

Was it just my bad luck that I always ended up in places like these?

The people began to speak different languages, engaging in dialects that I couldn't comprehend.

'Haaa... this is bad. To think I finally arrived at a world where I don't understand what they're saying at all.

'I also don't recognize any of them.' My thoughts flowed as I saw their agitated faces.

Their facial structures were strange. I hadn't seen any kinds of people like these before.

It was certainly strange beyond words. A 'new' kind of strange.

"This is bothersome. They're getting closer." Kuzon muttered, taking a step forward.

I could already guess what he was trying to do.

'Welp. Maybe it's for the best.' Inasmuch as these people were likely not to be enemies, and the whole thing was a misunderstanding, we couldn't resolve the issue without any means of communication.

In the end, we had to subdue them... and then figure out a way out from there.

'To do that, I'm sure Kuzon will resort to his ability.'

In a surge of golden light, Kuzon released an overpowering amount of Aether, causing all the people who had begun to close in on us with weapons go instantly fall to their knees in subjugation.

In a mere instant, we had all of them subdued—well, Kuzon did.

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Magic truly remained an amazing concept to me. Using it, one could achieve literally anything.

And that included learning a new language.

Scanning the memories of one of the people that were currently dazed and kneeling, I got a feel of their language and identity.

"Looks like we're in a place called South Korea. This is the Year 2023, and this place is one of many secret warehouses of an Illegal Brokers' group." I muttered.

It looked like these people were the bad guys, after all.

I should have figured, considering how they looked like thugs—with their dangerous glares and tattooed bodies and faces.

'I just didn't want to discriminate based on appearances.' I smile crept up on my face as I observed the thirty-one men.

All of them looked human, and while I couldn't sense a Mana Core from them, they had vestiges of Mana flowing through their bodies.

'Interesting. They can use Mana without a Mana Core?'

"We shouldn't waste time with them." Kuzon's voice echoed as he glanced at me.

I noticed he was removing his hand from the head of one of the kneeling men.

'Looks like he already absorbed his memories' I smiled to myself.

With that, it seemed the both of us could understand the language of the people of this place.

However, more than that... it seemed there was a much bigger problem.

>BOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

An explosion sent the massive steel door that blocked the entrance to the warehouse flying, and a lot of men in black and blue uniforms rushed in.

They were also speaking in Korean, which was now something I could interpret.

"WE ARE THE SPECIAL SEOUL SECURITY SERVICES!" I could hear a loud echo emanate from outside as more of the men poured in.

In no time at all, they had taken positions in strategist places—some holding transparent-like shields, while others wielding this world's staple weapon—a strange technology called a 'Gun'.

"Get down on your knees... NOW!"

Now surrounded by these men in uniforms, I glanced at Kuzon, who seemed to be waiting for my decision.

'Looks like things are going to get more complicated, after all.'

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Chapter 939: Chaotic News

"Director Baek!" A very lousily dressed worker yelled as he burst into his superior's room.

The man, having glasses, and an untucked shirt, panted as he closed the door behind him in panicky motion.

One would consider it an act of disrespect that a subordinate would engage in such an act with his superior, but the desperation in Hyun-Shik's eyes made it apparent that the situation demanded for it.

"What is it, Captain Hyun?" Baek asked, his brows furrowed, and his eyes narrowed. "You better have a damn good reason for interrupting my nap."

Thanks to his position as a Director within the Hunters Association, he hardly had time to rest. This was one of the rare moments that he could indulge in a brief office nap, and even then...

"It's a huge dimensional spike, sir! The biggest one we've ever seen!"

The moment the Director heard this, all the drowsiness that bogged his mind instantly vanished. Instead, his eyes bulged and he jumped to his feet.

"W-what?!"

His body trembled uncontrollably, and his face instantly paled.

"Did you just say the biggest??!"

Dimensional Spikes were related to the appearance of 'Gates', which opened the door to another world which they called 'Dungeons'

The bigger the dimensional spike, the more dangerous the Gate was.

Gates were usually rated based on letters—from F Class, up to S Class.

"E-even bigger than the one we had over a month ago?"

"Y-yes... it's much more intense."

"KEUK!"

Director Baek clutched his chest tightly and fought to retain his composure. Even though he was just in his early thirties, he had a heart problem, and that meant he couldn't stress his nerves too much.

Still, wasn't the situation already too nerve wrecking for him to handle?

'We were fortunate that time. Some of our country's strongest Hunters were killed, leaving only a Guide as the survivor. If it wasn't for the appearance of that woman, then...'

However, it was highly unrealistic to hope for yet another miracle.

"The dimensional spike that occurred back then exceeded S Class, and could be said to be SS Class. If that's the case, then this one will be—"

"SSS Class, Director. And that's putting it lightly! I've never seen such numbers before sir! We need to act fast!"

"I know that, damnit!" He growled, once again clutching his chest.

As his dark hair swayed, he put his brain into action and began to think of alternatives.

'Every Gate, without exception, remains stable until a week passes. After that, the dimensional fissure opens, and the Monsters within invades the real world...'

That was known as a Dungeon Break.

'If we even want to have the hope of facing this threat, we need every single powerhouse this world has to offer.' As Director Beak was still in the process of internal analysis, looking for a way that could guarantee the salvation of his country, and hopefully the world, Hyun Shik recieved a call on his smartphone and engaged the called.

Mere seconds in, and his eyes nearly popped out of his glasses.

"What?! The Dimensional spike has vanished? What the hell are you saying?"

The moment Director Baek heard this, his body shook a little.

Dimensional Spikes vanishing meant only one thing.

"T-the Dungeon was... cleared...?!"

But how? Something as powerful as that, that threatened to destroy their entire world, was cleared within mere moments?

How?

"It just appeared. How can this be possible?" Hyun Shik muttered in disbelief. "What should we do, Director?"

At this point, even Baek didn't know. However, his heart was racing in excitement and curiosity.

This was an unexpected miracle.

"Send our best agents to the location. I want eyes and ears on the field. Investigate the area too, and any recent activities that have ocured there."

"We already identified the location to be an abandoned warehouse near the Myeongdong Shopping Street."

'What?! The Dimensional spike was there?'

A famous shopping district in their most populous city, Seoul. Imagining the level of damage and casualties the Dungeon would have wrought brought shivers to Beak's spine.

It also didn't help that his wife worked there, and so did his only daughter.

Whoever this unknown group saviors was, Baek now owed them a lot more than he had initially imagined.

It had become personal.

"Do all you can to investigate the scene well. I want to know everything that happened there, and any activity that occurs there."

"Ah, a message just came in." Hyun Shik checked his smartphone, eyes squinting at the screen.

"It seems there was a raid by the Special Services recently. Apparently, some Illegal Brokers were using the place as their base—hiding in plain sight and all."

Baek couldn't believe it. Could the Brokers have been responsible for such amazing feats?

Were they the cause?

'Our devices are top-notch, so they couldn't have mistaken the Dimensional Spike. Then... could it be—'

"Ah, it seems among the list of those arrested, there are two who weren't on the suspect list. They also seem to be foreigners."

Something about those words resonated with Baek, reminding him of a similar scenario that occurred over a month back.

"Those men... were they dressed strangely?" Baek asked.

"Y-yes. I'll send the footages to your laptop now." Hyun-Shik replied, transferring the files instantly.

"One was especially dressed as an old-school wizard. Investigation and interrogations will commence soon, but—"

"It's them! It has to be!" Director Baek's eyes gleamed brightly as he looked at the screen of the laptop placed neatly on his desk.

Seeing one yellow blond hair, and another golden blond hair, it reminded him of yet another blond foreigner that graced their country just recently.

Unlike her, however, they looked much younger. Being generous with his estimation, he placed them within the range of their late teens.

Still, the mystery surrounding them, coupled with the similarity they had with the other single case they had of something so strange, provided Director Baek with his conclusion.

And so, he finally stopped holding his chest and smiled instead.

"Are these the comrades you spoke of... Miss Aloe Vida?"

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

Chapter 940: Custody

"So, tell us your names."

A man stood before us, referring to himself as Agent Joo Won.

He worked for the Special Seoul Security Services—an organization that sought to protect the public from illegal activities involving dimensional energy.

Ah, dimensional energy was kind of what they called Mana here.

"My name is Jared Leonard. My colleague here is Kuzon Midas." I responded cooperatively, while Kuzon simply didn't bother speaking.

I could tell he was dissatisfied with my decision. He didn't think it was the best use of our time, and he probably felt it was too humiliating for someone as powerful as he was to be arrested and questioned by weaklings.

'But, well, he doesn't have [The Hermit] Arcana, so he doesn't know that this is for the best.'

Thanks to my synchronization from my first alternate world, as well as the intense analysis of the golden portal that the Blu-Blu formed, I was able to complete the process.

'Now I can sync my Arcanas to any world by simply connecting the frequency to the current wavelength.'

As a result, I could use my Arcanas in any branch.

'It's better we just cooperate with these people. They're good guys.' I smiled.

Public officers like these fought for the security of the people. They had been investigating the movements of the Brokers for some time now, and they had already planned to raid them before we showed up.

One could say that we interfered in their operations.

'Then again, we did help in subjugating their targets. Shouldn't they cut us some slack?' I understood that things weren't so clear cut in this world, though.

Especially considering the kind of harm Brokers like the ones we subdued caused to society.

'It's fine if we follow due process.'

"Thank you, Mr. Leonard, and Mr. Midas. Could you tell me what you were doing at the scene of the crime?"

In this culture, it was formal to refer to someone using their first names—which would be the opposite for our culture.

The officer must have noticed how distinct our names sounded from the people in this country, and so chose to switch it up.

'Good going.' I smiled.

And as for his question, "It's confidential. We can't reveal that to you."

Speaking in this strange language was a bit strange. However, thanks to Magic, I didn't stutter or get the pronunciation wrong.

Magic proved itself to be a lifesaver once again.

"Really? Why do you say it's confidential?" The Agent asked, a small frown forming on his face.

"You'll soon find out, don't worry." I shrugged. "In the meantime, can I have some time alone with my partner here? Perhaps I can convince him to be more cooperative with you?"

We were currently bound by anti-dimensional energy cuffs (ADE Cuffs for short), but it did pretty much nothing to affect our abilities.

I could easily control the man if I wanted, but there was no real point.

He was going to leave anyway.

"Very well. I'll be back shortly." Agent Joo Won rose from his seat and left for the door, stealing one final glance at Kuzon and I before finally leaving the us.

"Whew!" A tiny huff escaped my lips. It was now time to handle the brewing storm.

'Here goes...'

"Why are we doing this, Jared? There's no time!"

"Relax, Kuzon. I'm sure you can use your powers in this world. Do you detect anyone from our world anywhere in this world?"

He looked a bit hesitant, and then finally shook his head.

"They're probably in a Dungeon currently. We might as well wait it out until they come out. Besides, we shouldn't unnecessarily cause havoc in a new world."

Especially when they weren't using unjustifiable violence against us.

"I have access to 21 Arcanas. You have the aid of a Constellation. I'm sure we can both agree that this world poses no real threat to us."

"The issue is time."

"That's all relative. It's fine. I'm sure our dear ol' pal, Neron accounted for all of this too."

I didn't know how consequential and inconsequential this world would be in the grand scheme of things.

However, it was far better to forge good connections, or at least neutral ground, before obtaining what we wanted.

"How long do we have to stay here, then?"

"It shouldn't be long. In fact, right about... now?"

The moment I said that, our dear friend, Agent Joo Won, opened the door once again.

This time, he had a slightly flustered look on his face, and he was standing stiffly, even bowing his head a little.

It was partially because of us, but that wasn't the specific reason. Agent Joo Won was acting this way because of the person that entered the room after he did.

'There you are, Director!' I hid my smile and watched a man appearing to be in his late thirties enter the room.

He had pure black hair, which I noticed to be a norm in this place, and he wore a brown suit, with a really nice tie.

He had an air of poise surrounding him, and the official smile he gave off connoted experience.

The man who appeared before us was none other than Director Baek, one of the Directors of the South Korean Hunter Association, and the one in charge of the Seoul Division.

~Quit trying to hide your smile. It's so obvious.~ Kuzon's words echoed in my mind.

He was using Telepathic Magic to speak to me, no doubt.

'Well... he's going to be a useful man. Might as well be friendly towards him, especially if you want us to leave here as soon as possible.'

~Okay, fine. Whatever...~

Kuzon sometimes acted immature and pouty, but he was never slow at grasping the true nature of a situation.

I could be guaranteed of his cooperation.

"Greetings, gentlemen. My name is Baek Dong Soo. It's a pleasure to meet your acquaintance." The older man spoke, his deep voice booming across the room.

"Likewise, Director Baek." I quickly responded.

"Oh? You know who I am?"

"Isn't that what Agent Joo Won called you before entering here? My hearing is a little too sharp sometimes." I returned his words with a bright smile.

"Hehe. Is that so? Then I guess those cuffs are unnecessary."

"B-but sir, they're dangerous suspe—"

"They are indeed dangerous—enough so that those cuffs are useless on them. They could probably destroy us if they wanted to."

"I like this man. He knows his place." Kuzon remarked with a bright smile.

This was his definition of cooperation.

"In any case, the Hunter Association will be taking over the investigation of these two. They're under our purview, and are instrumental in the ongoing Dimensional Spike investigation." Director Baek furthered.

In terms of authority and influence, the Hunter Association exceeded the Special Seoul Security Service. That was why I was able to confidently call our reasons 'confidential'.

Because, in the end, the ones that truly mattered to our purposes weren't the people who arrested us, but the ones that understood our value.

"They'll be returning with us to the Hunter Association Headquarters."

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