

SPELLCRAFT 981

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

Chapter 981: Hero Of The New World

The desolate landscape stretched out before Sung Han Soo, mirroring the turmoil within his heart.

Jagged rocks and barren earth provided the backdrop for the confrontation that was about to unfold. The air was heavy with anticipation as he faced off against Gyu Pol.

The wind howled through the rugged terrain, carrying with it a sense of foreboding.

Gyu Pol stood before Han Soo with a wicked smirk playing on his lips. His eyes gleamed with a malevolence that sent a chill down Han Soo's spine.

The villain's voice cut through the silence, a sinister, yet taunting tone attached to it.

"Sung, eh? That name reminds me of a foolish Hunter I once knew," Gyu Pol sneered, his tone laced with venom.

"A pathetic excuse for a hunter who thought sacrificing himself for the greater good made him a hero. But in reality, he was nothing more than a fool who squandered his power and strength."

To this man, power was only meant to be used for one's own gain—the very antithesis to what a Hunter stood for in the first place.

Han Soo's fists clenched at his sides, his face contorting with a mix of anger and pain.

The mention of his father, the man who had been his guiding light, sent waves of emotion crashing over him.

Memories of his father's sacrifice, the weight of the burden he had shouldered, flooded his mind.

'He... he died in service, but...'

With unwavering determination, Han Soo locked eyes with Gyu Pol and spoke, his voice filled with conviction.

"You know nothing. My father was a hero in every sense of the word. He showed me that true strength lies in selflessness, in using one's power not for personal gain but for the protection of others. His sacrifice was not in vain."

The wind whipped around them, seemingly echoing Han Soo's words, as if nature itself recognized the significance of this moment.

The young Hunter's eyes burned with a fire that matched the intensity of the desolate landscape.

He refused to let Gyu Pol's words tarnish his father's memory or undermine his own resolve.

"I will defeat you," Han Soo declared, his voice filled with unwavering determination.

"Not just for myself, but for everyone who stands here today. For everyone who has suffered at the hands of your wicked cause. For everyone in the world who still has the thoughts of heroes planted in their hearts."

Han Soo didn't care how he sounded at the moment. He only bled out his heart to his adversary.

"I will prove to the world that heroes still exist, that there are those who will rise above darkness and protect the innocent."

"Oh?" Gyu Pol's smirk grew wider once he heard Han Soo's words.

They seemed like nothing but empty comments to him.

"What an idiot" He sneered, his voice dripping with disdain. "You think you can defeat me? You're nothing compared to the power I possess."

What could a no-name Hunter hope to achieve in the face of a Pillar? An SS Class Hunter?

Well...

"We'll see about that."

Han Soo's gaze hardened, his eyes narrowing with determination.

"[Skill Activation: Dark Constructs]."

Utilizing his major S Class offensive Skill, Gyu Pol summoned shadow-like structures from the darkness.

They had twisted, malevolent forms, glowing obsidian black and purple.

But what of it? Han Soo no longer felt intimidated by whatever the enemy would throw at him.

Only one thing was on his mind at this moment.

'Let's do this!'

... And that was his victory.

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH<

The several dark tendrils lashed at Han Soo, their slithery dark bodies whipping across the landscape to close the distance and destroy their targets.

The wind parted, making way for them to squash him flat.

However...

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

... He was too fast for that.

Launching himself into the air, Han Soo's body twisted above the tendrils, evading them very quickly and easily.

He propelled himself toward Gyu Pol, who stood astounded by the agility the boy displayed.

"[Fire Lances]"

Han Soo's Spell magically brought forth several flaming spears, all pointed toward Gyu Pol.

>WHUUUMMM!!!<

The spears flew ahead of Han Soo, flying toward the adversary with breakneck speed that amazed all who watched.

"Don't underestimate me, you brat!"

The response was followed by several more dark tendrils launched at the flames, smoldering them as soon as they made contact.

The tendrils went on to attack Han Soo, and since he was still in midair, moving straight for Gyu Pol, the latter already had a grin that commemorated his victory.

"Looks like I'll have to give it my all." Han Soo whispered in a barely audible tone, a small smile forming on his face.

The tendrils neared, and it seemed like he would be corrupted and consumed by the darkness that closed in on him—his fate already sealed.

But—

"[Elemental Chamber: Lightning]"

>BZZZZZZZZZZTTTT!!!<

In a flash, Han Soo vanished from the sky, and a pulse of lightning shot through the dark tendrils, rendering them useless.

Within a mere moment, the several dark constructs turned into nothing but obscure ash, leaving Gyu Pol in a state of confusion and shock.

"W-what's going o—"

"I told you..." Han Soo suddenly appeared behind Gyu Pol, his voice soft as silk, yet dangerously firm.

Gyu Pol could barely follow his movements with his eyes, his skin tingling with the lightning induced sensation that he felt.

Han Soo was currently enveloped in lightning; his hair standing upright and firm, colored bluish-white.

His eyes glowed blue, and his form exuded magnificent energy unlike anything Gyu Pol had ever experienced.

'N-no... no way!'

He knew instinctively that he had to run away! He had to use his other overpowered Skill. The only one that could stand a chance against what was to come.

He had to use [Shadow Form]!

"[S-Skill Activation...]"

"... I will stop you."

And in that split-second...

Before Gyu Pol could escape the attack, and before anyone could take a single breath in or out.

... The Spell was complete.

"[Final Flash]"

>BZZZZTTTTTTTTTZZZZZZZZZ!!!!<

After that, everything became blank, and the scenery was doused in white.

The only thing the audience could perceive... was the glorious sound of thunder.

>BOOMMMMMMMM!!!!<

Death comes for all.

Everyone was subconsciously aware of this concept, but they somehow managed to be surprised when their turn arrived.

The same could be said for the case of Gyu Pol.

As he was utterly eviscerated by Han Soo's Spell, he felt completely shocked—both literally and figuratively.

His death arrived in the blink of an eye, and after suffering with a blank thought for what seemed like an eternity encapsulated in a moment...

'Shit!'

... He died.

"WOOOHOOOOOO!!!" After the chaos came cheers.

"H-he did it!"

"South Korea really did it!"

"Who is that Hunter?"

"Oh, you don't know? That's the son of the legendary S Class Hunter of Korea. It seems he takes after his father."

"What is his name?"

Everyone looked at the boy who made a pillar of light that served as both the righteous judgement of an enemy, and a beacon of hope to the world.

"His name is Sung Han Soo."

Right there and then... that young Hunter surpassed his father and rose in both power and fame.

He became a true hero!

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Chapter 982: The Man Called Chad

In a large expanse, filled with countless machinations and technologies, a brilliant spark of blue light erupted.

It warped space, forming a swirling hole in the air.

Within this portal emerged a man with long white hair. His handsome face was tainted with sweat, and a worried expression polluted his usually calm demeanor.

This was Chad, and he had successfully escaped from the clutches of the woman who has become his bitter enemy.

"Haa... haaa..." Leaking out heavy breaths, his feet stepped upon the squeaky white tiles.

He looked around him with a tired smile, satisfied to see the products of he and his subordinates' activities as the Shadows of Light.

This was their secret base.

'She'll never find me here...' Chad smiled to himself, making his way past the countless devices that he had stores for various reasons.

His goal was a particular device that was being preserved in a cocoon.

'Even if she does find me, there's no way she'll be able to win against me in here'

This was quite literally his place of power. No one could come in except him, and if they forced themselves in, they were in for a ride awakening.

'Everything in here is under my control.' From the Mechs, to the Special Items, to the security systems in the room.

He could find nowhere safer than this sanctuary.

"And now, I have this..." Chad grinned, finally reaching the cocoon to take out the item he had been thinking of ever since he was in the Grand Symposium—no, even before.

It was a round orb, almost as big as an adult human's head. It shone crimson, oozing an ominous but overwhelmingly powerful aura.

'The SS Class Core the South Korean Hunter Association contributed, along with the ones I had in my grasp before... coupled with the Blood Stone formula... '

Merging all of these to form this single item was the culmination of his scientific progress, and the epitome of power.

Simply put, he was invincible with this.

'We've wasted a lot of energy creating fissures in our world's dimensional wall so as to suit our purposes, but we no longer need to do that...'

All of that energy now belonged in the orb he held on his grasp.

"With this, I'll reshape the world in my image." Chuckling to himself, he drowned himself in the pleasure that accompanied the possession of ultimate power.

At this point, who could stop him?

"It seems you're enjoying yourself." A familiar feminine voice echoed within the massive hall, causing Chad's skin to jump slightly in shock.

'What?!' His eyes widened and his brows twitched. 'She found me already?'

His heart raced slightly, causing him to clutch the orb in his grasp even tighter. As long as he had that, why did he need to fear a lone woman?

"To think you managed to escape the hall explosion unharmed. The fact that you're here means you let the others die." Chad smiled.

"They all survived. I saved them."

'What?!' Her words and actions kept surprising Chad, but he kept his shock to himself.

Instead, he calmed his breathing and maintained a confident demeanor.

"Oh?"

Turning to face the owner of the voice, his eyes met hers, and just as already suspected, she turned out to be the lasting thorn in his side.

"Aloe Vida..."

"Don't use your filthy mouth to utter my name." Her annoyed tone rang out, sending a chilly feeling coursing through the room.

'Tch. Arrogant bitch!'

Chad's glare intensified as he watched her draw closer to him. In his mind, even though he was completely infuriated with her existence, he was also very cautious.

'I can't let her take another step forward.' He echoed internally.

"[Automatic Defense Activate]."

The moment he said this, the Mechs that littered the room whirred to life, and several drones appeared seemingly out of thin air.

Several weapons, mostly energy-laced guns and even blasters, all popped out of the walls and ceilings.

"You should know better than to attack a dangerous beast in his territory." Chad's grin grew wider, amusement written all over his face.

"Die, bi—."

>WHOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH<

In what felt like a gust of wind, Chad felt his vision being obscured, and everything became a blur.

He couldn't tell what happened, since it all took a moment, but once his vision cleared up, the scene before him unfolded.

"—tch... huh...?!"

What greeted his sight wasn't the bloody mess he wanted.

No, instead, he met all his weapons and Mecha completely ruined. Their parts were all damaged, on the ground with no sign of ever being capable of repairs.

Everything was destroyed in a single moment—a moment not even he could have comprehended.

"H-hold on... what?"

Not a single one was spared.

"You were saying?" Aloe's voice echoed once more, and she had closed the distance even more.

With nothing else standing between him and her, Chad understood—despite his current confusion—that his last resort was himself.

'Still... how fast is she?'

She was able to destroy everything in a single moment. What of she did the same to his orb?

"[Zero Null Field]"

Using the power of his Blood Core, he generated a powerful red barrier around himself.

With it, no matter how fast she was, there was no way she would be able to reach him.

He could simply fight her from a distance—his specialty.

'My Authority doesn't work on her, do that limits my option. Oh wait...!'

Sure, it didn't work when he was in his base form, but with the Blood Core in his possession amping all his abilities, surely there was no one in existence who could resist.

"Stop moving." He declared, his voice raised to emulate an intimidating tone.

"What?"

"Huh?"

"Why should I stop moving?"

"Wait... why isn't it—??"

"Your tricks won't work on me." The moment Aloe Vida said this, she was right in front of his barrier.

In the past, he might have considered himself invincible behind the wall of sparkling red. However, with all this woman had shown him...

If there was a slight chance—just a little bit—that she could penetrate his defenses, then all of his confidence slowly began to dissipate.

And then—

"This is in the way."

—Just like clockwork—

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

—The barrier shattered into pieces upon impact.

"G-gurgh!"

Chad was instantly blown away by the resultant pressure caused by the impact between Aloe's strike and his supposedly barrier.

He crashed upon the ground, his body sore from being knocked down—something that had never happened in all his life.

'Damn it! Damn you!' His glare multiplied infinitely as he captured the standing woman before him.

She seemed unstoppable—like an invincible wall that could never be surpassed.

Why and how? Chad had no idea.

"How... are you... so strong?"

"It wouldn't change anything. This power I have... you can never possess it."

Biting his lip as he felt his muscles ache, Chad's expression fell. He could no longer exchange words in argument with her.

"I see..."

"Now it's your turn to answer my inquisition." Aloe stood above Chad, a condescending expression falling on his pathetic state.

"Why did you do all of this?"

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Chapter 983: Open Eyes

Chad was an orphan who grew up in the slums.

He had always struggled his whole life, considering life on the streets wasn't a very easy one for anyone.

He struggled to eat a single meal, and as the years passed he found himself growing even more aggressive in his pursuits for power.

One couldn't fault a child who grew up in such an environment for seeking more power to guarantee his wellbeing.

And so, during his early teens, this young Chad found a Gate in an alleyway. He had heard many rumors about Gates and Dungeons, but this was the first time he ever saw one.

Captivated by its beauty, he reached out to touch it, unfortunately slipping into the portal's open door.

However, something miraculous happened as he traversed the bridge that connected the two separate dimensions.

He awakened!

Of course, as soon as he found himself in the Gate, he rushed out.

He reported the Gate and got money for his exploits. Thanks to the newly awakened power within him, and his surprisingly high affinity for Dimensional Energy, he finally had the means to obtain more power.

He used this method to awaken more people, and together they built what was now the current Shadows of Light and The Zenith.

Despite how far they had come, and how many atrocities had been committed as a result of their actions, in the end... it was simply birthed from the dreams of a very young boy.

A boy who simply sought to survive in a harsh and cruel world.

"You ask why I'm doing this. That's why." Chad concluded his story with a sullen tone. "I want to reshape the world into something more. Something better."

His face fell even further, and a defeated sigh escaped his lips.

"Sure, I did a lot of terrible things. I caused a lot of harm to people. But without my guidance and assistance, even more chaos would have been wrought."

Chad explained how The Zenith united the nations of the world, fostering more cooperation among everyone.

The Zenith also dealt with their fair share of Gates, and that the general casualty had reduced by a large margin compared to the old days.

In the end, his plans did more good than evil.

"It's all for a better world. Tell me, have you never had to make sacrifices for the greater good?"

With those words, Chad fell silent and stared at Aloe with his bright blue eyes.

Sincerity poured out of them, and the sadness locked within his irises could pull anyone in them.

"That's why..."

>VWUUUUUUUUUSSSHHHHH<

At that moment, before anyone could ever react, the Blood Orb in his grasp erupted majestic crimson energy—all directed toward Aloe.

"... DIEEEEEEEEE!!!"

The energy flowed out seamlessly, rushing out to destroy her and consume everything.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!<

Chad grinned maniacally. His bulging eyes depicting insane cackles of laughter.

"Hahahahaha! Stupid bitch! That's what you deserve!"

Chad Ross to his feet, his face completely absolved of even the slightest hint of remorse.

A sadistic grin took complete dominance instead.

"Liar."

Chad froze in his steps as he heard a voice emanate from behind him.

'E-eh?'

"You're a good liar." The voice that was supposed to have vanished from the world echoed in his ears.

'Crap! I have to escape! I have to ru—'

>VWUUUUUUUUUMMMMMM!!!<

Suddenly, his body felt paralyzed, and he felt an overpowering sensation that forced him to his knees while he trembled.

He couldn't have known of it's existence, but this was pure Mana Pressure.

"If it had been the me of the past, your story might have worked. Unfortunately for you, I can see clearly now."

'N-no, I... I...'

"So tell me the truth. The whole truth."

Chad's mind went blank at that moment, and the overpowering command of Aloe Vida forced his lips to split open and divulge everything.

"I... I just wanted to rule everything! I've wanted it ever since I was a kid. I had very rich parents. Even though we had money, I felt it wasn't enough. I wanted everything. I wanted more power! That was why, when I accidentally got into the Gate and awakened my powers, I knew it was my destiny. I am special! It's my destiny to rule others! Is there any other reason? Do I need anything else? I was born for this! I was born to control everything and everyone! Why else would I be blessed with so much power and talent?"

Chad's voice manically echoed within the massive room, not ceasing to emphasize how special he was.

"I see. So that's all there was to it." Aloe smiled sadly.

Why did she expect anything different?

"Kuzon was right. It seems I've been too naive and biased all this time."

Not everyone was as kind as she would like to imagine. Some people simply enjoyed the inflicting so much pain on others.

It disgusted her to no end.

"Pathetic!" With a single slash of her hand, she sliced away Chad's head, separating it from the rest of his body.

Blood stained her, but Aloe didn't mind in the slightest.

She simply watched the corpse's head roll, and his body collapsing to the ground as it drowned in its own pool of blood.

"A fitting end to a pathetic pig like you." With that said, Aloe vanished from the hall, leaving only wreckage and death behind.

None of it was worth her time any longer.

Returning to the Symposium, Aloe found everything had been resolved—just as Kahn had told her.

Sung Han Soo really held his ground against one Pillar, genuinely surprising her.

'Just what did Jared teach you?' She thought within herself.

Despite the rollercoaster of emotions, however, it seemed it all worked out in the end.

And perhaps, above all else, they had one person to thank for it all.

"... Jared."

A smile formed on my face as I recieved notification from Kahn through our mental link that the situation had been resolved.

'Good. Good.' I smiled, nodding in satisfaction.

While it was indeed a long simulation, it seemed everything played out just as I planned.

"That's all that matters."

With that, I gave Kahn my final instructions, and continued focusing on the very important task in front of me.

"Finally in Level 99. Just one more, and it's game clear!"

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Chapter 984: The Deal Made

[A Few Days Later]

The Hunter Association was bustling with activity, as usual.

Everyone was going about doing their thing, and I could sense pretty much everything that was occurring around me.

'I can tell that they're working extra hard.' I grinned, finally forcing myself to return my focus to the room I was standing in.

I, Kuzon, and Aloe all sat before the Chairman, with Director Baek and the other Directors of other states showing up.

I saw a couple of new faces, and while it would have been interesting to know a couple of them, it was already too late.

The meeting mostly comprised of thanks and gratitude to our little group for helping them. They showed us footages and numbers of what we had done, ensuring we were properly aware of the hood we had done.

... It was frankly a little boring.

'The Zenith has been disbanded, so every nation has decided to band together as a cooperative unit, with no central authority figure at their center...'

They would develop something similar to a union, where they could simply share ideas and make agreements.

Whether a country chose to follow it or not would be up to them; though there would be certain things that every member would have to agree on before joining.

So far the arrangement was going well. There were bound to be hiccups on the way, but I had trust in this new system.

"... And finally, I want to say that your request has been fulfilled, Jared." Chairman Sung's words returned the sparkles in my eyes.

The only reason I had endured all the cheesy contents of this meeting was because I was waiting for him to say that.

The deal for my help with the Zenith and everything else was for a certain request of mine to be fulfilled.

I had made good of the promise on my end. It was finally their turn.

"As you said; you want all the information this world has about Gates, Dungeons, Dimensional Breaches, Technological Blueprints, Science and Technology, etc."

That's right! This world intrigued me so much, and their application of technology especially made me very curious.

If I applied it to my current knowledge and Magic prowess, I expected significant growth. How could I let go of such an opportunity?

'Also, I can recreate video games and television later on. Smartphones and laptops will also come in handy. Just saying...'

In the end, it was a whole new world!

"Everything you asked for is contained in an automated hard disk, with Yottabites of data to sort through. We added all the information we could find about our world that could be useful to your ends there. It's a lot, but you requested this."

"Thank you." I could only grin to express my gratitude as the Chairman brought out something that looked like a briefcase.

That was the automated hard disk, no doubt.

'Usually, you'd need to plug hard disks to a computer to access the files. However, this hard disk is the computer. It shows its contents in holographic form without the need for a computer.'

It was a brilliant parting gift.

"Usually, thus would have taken a long time to complete, but thanks to your Time Magic, we were able to speed up the process." The Chairman, and all the Directors lowered their heads in thanks once more.

"Truly, thank you all. Heroes from another world."

I smiled softly, and I noticed Aloe was getting a little emotional in the room. The only one who didn't really seem affected by their kind gestures was Kuzon.

I could tell he wasn't particularly displeased with us helping them. However, he never really seemed invested in this place, so I could understand his reluctance to accept gratitude.

'It's fine. We'll soon be leaving, anyway.' I shrugged.

"You are welcome. We also had a good time here. Besides, we had a deal, so I can only call this fair."

If I hadn't helped them take down the Zenith, a whole chunk of the information they collected for me would be missing, considering the Zenith was hiding a lot of information and schematics from the rest of the world.

That was why I had to take them down first.

'And even with my Time Magic, it still took three days. It's crazy when I think about it.'

I wondered just how many things I would have to sort through.

"How is your investigation on the Zenith and Shadows of Light going?" I asked casually.

At this point in time, there was no need to keep secrets or hide anything from each other.

Chairman Sung and Director Baek were well aware of that, though the other Directors fidgeted a little.

"We've found a lot from the investigation. It seems the fear that people were gaining powers outside the Hunter Association isn't unfounded, after all."

"Oh?" My smile grew broader.

"It seems Chad had the special ability to awaken others. He used that to build his army and also distribute power among Brokers to cause the Hunter Associations more trouble and weaken our control."

It made sense, since it would cause even more chaos if even Brokers had Awakened humans among their ranks.

"We're still investigating how the Shadows of Light were able to make Gates spontaneously appear and break, though. We know they're responsible for a lot of the Dungeon Breaks, and now we know that they're able to make Gates too. We just want to know how they're able to do that."

Even though I wasn't particularly well-read in this world's history and the models in place for their Dimensional Theories, even I could tell that their Dimensional fabric was thinning out.

'Chad and his minions most likely weakened the fabrics of their space-time dimensional layer, thus exposing it to another world.'

The process would be random—spawning different kinds of Gates—with every try. However, I had a theory that the more energy they expended, the higher the Dimensional Spike, and thus the higher the difficulty of the Dungeon that would appear within the Gate.

This was all just my speculative analysis, though.

'I mean... what do I know?'

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Chapter 985: Farewell Once More

"So, do you have any way of finding out more about the Gate Creation and Dungeon Break initiation?"

Upon hearing my question, Chairman Sung sighed and slightly nodded.

"We have put all of our current findings in your automated hard drive. However, we're still working on it." He spoke, glancing a little in Aloe's direction.

"Everything we should know about it should be in the base of the Shadows of Light. Upon investigating the place thoroughly, the Technology there should have significance to their activities. If we can figure out their proper mechanics and functions, as well as access their mainframe, we should be able to unravel this mystery."

Even though he said all this, Chairman Sung still didn't seem to be in a positive mood. Aloe also appeared fidgety.

"What's holding you back, then?"

"Well, Miss Vida destroyed everything in her fight with Chad, so it'll take a lot of time to piece everything together and figure it out." Chairman Sung laughed awkwardly.

"I apologize!" Aloe instantly bowed her head, clearly flustered by the whole thing.

"Haha. It's fine. Honestly. The mere fact that you were able to defeat the strongest Hunter makes it already worth it."

"Thanks for your understanding..."

An awkward silence greeted the room, and I took it upon myself to switch the subject matter to a positive one.

"And how is Sung Han Soo doing now? Heard he's about to begin an international tour."

After saving everyone in the Grand Symposium, the Hunter Representatives of their respective Associations instantly noticed him, and there were many opinions of him.

All of them were positive too.

Just as I planned, he became a centerpiece in the world—an emerging Hero that this reality needed at this focal point.

'Things are going to get rougher from here on out, so having a symbol of hope will help a lot.'

Still, I found myself wondering if this was the best way to handle this situation.

'I could fix the broken pieces of technology for the Hunter Association so they can find out what Chad was hiding, but if I did that it would impede their own progress in doing the same.'

They were ultimately going to find a way out themselves. I couldn't intervene and stunt their growth.

The same applied in a much wider sense.

'I can use my Arcanas to seal all the dimensional fissures of this world and stabilize their dimensional fabric.' If I did that, there would be no more Gates or Monsters to trouble this planet.

But once I realized the kinds of problems I would cause as a result of that alone, and the threats they would encounter in the later future, I had to leave things the way they were.

'The people here need to grow, and these problems are perfect for fostering just that.'

The only thing I could do was to help in quickening their growth.

"Chairman Sung, I will grant you one final means of assistance. Consider it a little gift from me to you."

"R-really?" Sparkles already appeared in the eyes of the old man.

It made me laugh a little—internally, of course.

"I will give you the means to generate Mana Cores, like what Han Soo has, and also improve the Awakening rate of your world's denizens to 99 percent."

"E-eh...? Really?" Not just the Chairman, but every single Hunter Association staff in the room had their faces morph into shock.

I had just stated something absurd, though based on my track record, they already knew I couldn't be bluffing my way out of this.

Perhaps that was why they were so shocked.

'To be honest, the people in this world are even more compatible with Mana than in my original world.'

Seeing how Han Soo grew in such a short while, while due to his efforts and dedication, I realized that his body readily accepted the Mana and integrated it properly.

However, it was this compatibility that was their flaw. Because their bodies could take in Mana, it distributed the Mana Particles, spreading them across the body, rather than allowing everything to converge in a spot to form a Core.

'Considering how many Hunters already exist without needing the 'Quickening' ritual, or merely directing the Mana Particles to form a Core, I wonder how many will exist if they use a better method to Awaken.'

It was quite possible that those who failed the Hunter Awakening would begin to form Mana Cores over time, like Han Soo, yet would be labeled Inepts.

Not only would I need to educate the Hunter Association of this prospect, and teach them how to go about it, but I also had to inform them to check their records for those whom they deemed to have failed and call them back.

They would be surprised by what they saw.

"We would be very grateful for your guidance, Mr. Leonard!"

Their bows were already getting pretty stale at this point, so I only waved and smiled in response.

'I appreciate the sentiment, though.'

After speaking on the subject matter for some time, and also granting them an Artificial Mana Core for study, we concluded the meeting.

With all we spoke about, I was sure they would be able to piece everything else together.

'If Chad and his goons could make Blood Stones, I'm sure they'll be able to properly implement this information using the Artificial Mana Core as a Model and Han Soo as a subject of study.'

I, Kuzon, and Aloe returned to our rooms, where we would be spending the rest of our time conversing before deciding to leave.

I had said most of my goodbyes already. Other than Sung, whom I planned on teaching one final technique, I no longer had any further business in this world.

'I also hope they enjoy my little gift.' A grin formed on my face.

I hoped this world developed a kind of Magic upon the realization that Skills were too restrictive.

Everything was only a matter of time and progression.

'Considering <The Great Blight> that is to befall this world, they better hurry.'

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Chapter 986: Next Destination

"H-Hyuuuung!!! I can't believe you're leaving!!!"

This was why I wanted Sung to be the last person I told my farewell to.

I saw how he went all emotional on Aloe when she informed him of her departure, and now it was my turn.

'Oh well...' I smiled.

It just went to show how much he valued our short whole together, I suppose.

"Haha. I might come and visit you someday. Who knows?"

"Really? That would be awesome!"

"I know, right?"

It was uncertain if that was ever going to happen. However, to properly give this world something to help them—a final parting gift—I decided to entrust Sung with something I knew would help him and this world in the long run.

"I will be teaching you one last technique. It's my trump card." I smiled, placing my hands on his shoulders.

"O-oh? Hyung's strongest spell? I can't wait!"

"It's not a Spell. It's more than that. It's a well-guarded secret that I haven't even taught to my friends."

I had no idea why I was revealing something so close to my heart to someone I knew for a meager one month.

Perhaps it was because I knew it would be extremely difficult for him and this world to survive without having this sort of insurance on their side.

'Maybe...' I maintained my smile and looked at him with utmost seriousness.

"I call it Spellcraft. It'll allow you to harness more power and protect those dearest to you."

"Spell... craft...?"

"Yes. Now you must promise me, Han Soo. Promise me you'll never teach this to anyone until you've figured out they're deserving of such power."

Even though this world most likely needed Spellcraft to survive, and only Han Soo couldn't protect everyone, I was also cautious about the power of Spellcraft falling into the wrong hands.

'That's why I didn't tell the Chairman and Directors.' Not all of them could be trusted, and in time the Hunter Association would realize that.

But Han Soo was different. I had done my due diligence to research him—past, present, and future.

His future would change a bit, thanks to my current influence, but that wouldn't change who he was at his core.

He was a good person.

"You are a worthy successor to Spellcraft."

I was only able to show him the basics, and tell him how to go about it.

The rest was up to him. Though, I had a little more assurance than mere faith that he would be able to learn it before it was too late.

'And he must also find successors that he can trust with Spellcraft as well.'

Once I was finally done sorting out my last loose end, it was time for us to leave.

"I certainly hope you're satisfied now, Jared. You're done with everything you want to do, right?" Kuzon said, his brows furrowed in annoyance.

"I am. And thank you for being patient with me." I smiled.

"How is Sung now?" Aloe asked me, her eyes filled with concern for the young man.

The way they parted was rather emotional, after all.

However, the moment I recollected Sung's determined expression, and the promise we shared, I could only give one response.

"He'll be fine."

A relieved smile formed on Aloe's face, and I granted her a reassuring nod.

"Well, since we're all here, I suppose it's time to leave." Kuzon spoke, preparing the Blu-Blu, our ticket out of this world.

"Well. I'm ready when you are, Kuzon." I chuckled.

"Tch. About time." He responded with rolled-up eyes.

"Same here." Aloe interjected.

"Yeah, yeah."

The orb in his grasp shone golden, and a bright portal appeared before us, calling us to yet another unknown realm.

'I wonder what we'll encounter this time around.' With that thought surfacing in my mind, we all took a leap of faith and ventured into the golden spatial rift.

... Unaware of what awaited us on the other side.

[Grand Federation Calendar: Year 3,567]

[Zone 13, Planet Zipliblog]

A fortified facility stood imposingly on the grand Zipliblog planet's surface, a testament to the advanced technology and security measures employed by its insect-like inhabitants. Inside, the air hummed with a subtle energy as bipedal guards, adorned in sturdy armor, patrolled the corridors, their multifaceted eyes scanning for any signs of intrusion.

And then—

>DRRRRRIIIIIIINNNNNNGGGG!!<

Deep within the heart of the facility, in a dimly lit control room, a panel flickered with alarms and warnings.

The holographic display illuminated the tense faces of the security personnel as it blared the news of a breach.

Panic filled the room, but the guards swiftly coordinated their efforts to apprehend the intruder.

Meanwhile, in the shadows, the enigmatic culprit prepared to execute their meticulously planned heist.

Clad in a sleek stealth suit that seamlessly blended with the surroundings, they moved with a grace and precision that rendered them nearly invisible to the alien guards.

Silent footfalls carried them through the labyrinthine corridors, avoiding the patrol routes and motion sensors that dotted the facility.

As the alarm wailed throughout the facility, the guards frantically converged on the designated breach point.

They brandished their energy rifles, ready to confront the intruder. But each time they closed in, the culprit deftly slipped away, their stealth suit rendering them virtually undetectable.

They utilized the intricate layout of the facility to their advantage, disappearing into ventilation shafts and using secret passageways known only to a select few.

The guards grew increasingly frustrated, their chittering mandibles clicking in agitation as they failed to apprehend the elusive thief. They coordinated their efforts, setting up ambushes and deploying specialized units to track down the intruder.

However, each time they believed they had cornered their prey, they found themselves grasping at empty air, their quarry always one step ahead.

As the chaos ensued, the culprit, having evaded the guards once more, accessed a control panel that controlled the facility's security protocols.

Their stealth suit interfaced seamlessly with the alien technology, granting them unprecedented access to the facility's systems.

"Hehe. Finally found it! There you are, my precious."

A holographic display materialized in front of them, displaying the intricate details of the facility's layout and security measures.

With their newfound control, the infiltrator initiated a shapeshifting sequence, their body transforming into an exact replica of a high-ranking Zipliblog commander.

They observed their reflection in a nearby reflective surface, the bipedal insect-like form taking on the appearance of the esteemed leader.

The disguised culprit confidently strode toward their ultimate goal—a room deep within the facility that housed a highly secured vault.

As they approached, two high-ranked guards—the most skilled in the whole facility—saluted and stepped aside, their respect for the esteemed commander, overriding any suspicion they might have harbored.

Upon reaching the entrance to the restricted area, the shapeshifted commander's façade faltered for a moment, a look of annoyance crossing their features as they were denied further access.

"U-um... commander... no one is allowed in there."

Surely, the commander should have been aware that this was a classified zone that no Zipliblog inhabitant could enter—not even the esteemed leader.

It was a territory directly controlled by the Grand Federation.

"We'll have to ask you to stand back... sir."

The guards' unwavering commitment to protocol surprised even the infiltrator.

It seemed this was as far as they would be able to go.

"I understand." With a resigned sigh, they drew a concealed energy weapon, its sleek design and deadly capabilities hinting at its illegal nature.

>PEW!<

>PEW!<

With a swift and precise motion, the disguised culprit eliminated the guards, their silenced weapons offering no warning to the doomed sentinels.

The alien bodies collapsed to the ground, hollow and lifeless.

"It seems they hired amateurs to guard. Now isn't that a surprise." Generating a sarcastic laugh, the shape-shifting effect they pulled off slowly unraveled, revealing a woman standing in a skin-tight bodysuit.

Her long brown hair danced behind her, as a streak of purple hue stained it.

"It's a good thing I came prepared." Her sonorous voice echoed as she brought out an oddly shaped key and inserted it into the only hole that existed in the vault in front of her.

>FSSHHIIIIII<

The door hissed open, revealing a vast chamber filled with rows upon rows of highly valuable artifacts and resources.

This was the coveted vaulted place—the ultimate prize.

However...

"This isn't it. What I'm looking for should be deeper inside."

All of these treasures simply served as a distraction to prevent anyone from going further and finding the rarest kind of mineral in the known Universal System.

"Isotope XY. Hm?"

Turning her attention to one of the two supposedly dead guards, she noticed him struggling to breathe, his once vibrant armor now marred with bloodstains.

Nothing but apathy flickered across her face as she regarded the injured man.

"S-so... it was you..." His voice, weak but resolute, cut through the stillness of the chamber. "... The most wanted criminal in all registered Zones within the Grand Federation" he rasped, his words accompanied by a violent fit of coughing, dark blue-like droplets splattering on the polished floor.

"... Ciara Epilson."

Ciara's gaze hardened, a predatory glint in her eyes as she acknowledged her infamous reputation.

The guard's words held no surprises for her; not anymore.

"Seems you're more persistent than I gave you credit for. Perhaps you have something dear to you that you're fighting for."

The wounded guard's eyes widened, a mixture of fear and recognition flickering within them.

He struggled to reach for his weapon, a futile attempt to defend himself against the embodiment of chaos standing before him.

"No, you don't." Ciara's hand moved with ruthless efficiency, drawing her own weapon from its holster, its polished surface glinting ominously in the dim light.

In a swift, fluid motion, she silenced the guard's feeble attempt at defiance, the weapon's discharge echoing hollowly through the chamber.

His body convulsed and slumped to the ground, life extinguished, as the air hung heavy with the acrid scent of expended energy.

Ciara cast one last disdainful glance at the fallen guard, a testament to her unwavering resolve and relentless pursuit.

"You should have just pretended to be dead."

Unfazed by the violence she had just inflicted, Ciara Epilson disappeared into the depths of the vault, her steps echoing against the vaulted walls.

"... Not that it matters to me."

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

Chapter 987: Man In The Wasteland

[A Few Months Ago]

From the depths of a spatial rift, a young man emerged. His dark hair cascaded around his chiseled features, emphasizing his tall and handsome physique.

With an air of confidence, he surveyed the desolate, ruined world that lay before him.

The remnants of buildings stood as hollowed skeletons, their structures crumbling and decaying under the weight of time. Jagged shards of glass and twisted metal littered the ground, remnants of a forgotten era.

Yet, despite the desolation surrounding him, the young man remained unfazed. His stoic face, etched with a sense of familiarity, betrayed no surprise at his sudden change in environment. As his piercing gaze swept across the desolation, memories stirred within him, like ghosts from a bygone time.

"Mmm, brings back memories," he muttered, his voice carrying an undertone of both nostalgia and resignation.

There was a hint of melancholy in his tone, as if he were revisiting a place he had left behind long ago. He had seen the ravages of destruction before, and perhaps this reminded him of those times.

He took a step forward, his boots crunching on the debris underfoot. The wind howled through the broken windows, carrying with it a haunting melody. It whipped through his tousled hair, as if whispering secrets only the desolation could comprehend.

The young man's eyes were keen, as if he possessed an inherent knowledge of this forsaken world. His surroundings, though supposedly alien, seemed to hold a thread of familiarity for him. He moved through the ruins with purpose, traversing the desolate streets and shattered remnants of what once was.

"The rest must have arrived in their respective worlds. I imagine they must be confused right now..."

He raised his head to view the darkened sky, and for a moment, shut his eyes to think a little.

"I wonder..."

As he walked, his mind wove a tapestry of memories, intermingling with the stark reality of his present. Faces long gone flashed before his eyes, moments frozen in time etched themselves into his

consciousness. He allowed himself to be consumed by the memories, for they were all he had in this desolation.

Though the world lay in ruins, a spark ignited within the young man's eyes. It was a spark of resilience, of unyielding determination. This desolate wasteland was his stage, and he was ready to play his part.

However...

As the young man stood amidst the desolate ruins, his gaze fixed upon the remnants of a forgotten world, a sudden disturbance in the darkened sky caught his attention.

>WHUUUUUUSSSSHHHH!!!<

With an ethereal brilliance, a figure sharply descended, shrouded in a swirling vortex of blue and white energy. The luminescence cast an otherworldly glow upon the surroundings, illuminating the twisted remnants of the shattered realm.

The figure that emerged from the vortex was a young boy, no older than thirteen.

His slender frame was draped in a mage's outfit, his long dark robe billowing around him as if caught in an invisible wind, and his white hair danced atop his head.

The intensity in his eyes matched the power that radiated from his very being.

The young boy landed gracefully on the cracked pavement, his presence commanding attention. He glared at the stranger who had arrived before him, his gaze a mix of curiosity and suspicion.

"Who are you?" he demanded, his voice carrying a hint of authority that belied his youthful appearance.

The young man's face remained stoic, his dark hair rustling in the wind. He regarded the young boy with a knowing gaze, his eyes reflecting a depth of wisdom beyond his years.

"You know who I am," he responded, his voice carrying an air of familiarity that echoed through the desolation.

As the two figures locked eyes, a silent understanding seemed to pass between them. They resonated on a level that defied explanation, their connection transcending the desolate world around them.

A subtle smile tugged at the corners of their lips, a shared recognition of a shared destiny.

"Neron," the young boy uttered, his voice softening as he spoke his own name.

The stranger, too, revealed a smile, as he whispered his own name in return.

"Neron."

The resonance of their voices intertwined, carrying a sense of belonging, of a connection forged by fate itself.

These two were one and the same. They were Neron.

"What happened in this world?" Neron Kaelid asked, his voice laced with an underlying urgency.

Devastation stretched as far as the eyes could see, and there was no living entity in sight. Just a void of destruction and hollow vestiges of structures long forgotten.

The younger Neron's gaze fell to the ground for a moment, his expression clouded with a sense of regret. "This world... it was destroyed," he replied somberly, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I couldn't stop it. They were far beyond my abilities."

The older young man's brow furrowed, a glimmer of empathy shining in his eyes.

"I'm sorry. It was the same for me as well. Fortunately, I was given a second chance." Perhaps those words could not be of much comfort to the child, but there was a solution that could work.

"What if I told you that you have a chance to set things right? If you help me, I should be able to help you."

Confusion flickered across the child's face as he looked up at the older young man.

"What are you doing in this reality? And why do you need my help?" He inquired, his voice tinged with both curiosity and skepticism.

A sigh escaped Neron's lips as he glanced around at the desolate ruins. "I was forcefully sent here, from my original reality," he explained.

"I have to find a way back, but I can't do it alone."

The young boy's eyes widened, realization dawning upon him. "So, our paths have crossed not by chance, but by destiny," he murmured, his voice filled with a mixture of awe and uncertainty.

"But can you really trust me with all of these words? And how can I trust you?"

A smile played on the older young man's lips as he met his gaze with unwavering confidence.

"Of course, I can trust you!" Neron Kaelid's smile grew wider as his pitch-black gaze stared deeper into the young man's innocent eyes.

"You're a Neron, after all."

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

Chapter 988: In The Thick Of Battle

[Grand Federation Calendar: Year 3,567]

[Zone 19, Lost Planet E-A345]

The ruined landscape stretched out as far as the eye could see, bearing the scars of a once-thriving civilization.

Among the debris of collapsed buildings and twisted metal, the battle between two alien species raged on with unfathomable ferocity. On one end of the battlefield, the alien race known as the Gatorians stood tall. Their appearance resembled a fearsome cross-breed of fish and alligators, a formidable sight to behold.

The Gatorians possessed powerful limbs that ended in articulated appendages designed to hold and fire advanced energy rifles. These weapons emitted intense beams of concentrated energy, capable of piercing through armor and disintegrating their enemies.

With each thunderous blast, the air crackled, leaving trails of scorch marks and vaporized debris in their wake.

On the opposing side, the Aviarans took to the skies, their bird-like wings gliding effortlessly through the battle-scarred sky. Their limbs, resembling those of a bird of prey, were equipped with deadly energy pistols and shorter blades to suit their less muscular limbs.

With impeccable aerial maneuverability, they darted between crumbling structures, raining down fiery destruction upon their adversaries.

The Aviarans showcased their agility and speed, swooping and diving with a grace that defied gravity. They utilized their projectile weapons to unleash devastating beams of energy, obliterating Gatorian forces from above.

Explosions erupted, shaking the remnants of buildings and causing debris to rain down like deadly hail.

The battlefield itself became a deadly symphony of destruction, filled with the cacophony of gunfire, explosions, and the screams of the dying.

The ground trembled as Gatorian troops advanced, their reptilian features contorted in a mix of fury and determination. Their thick, scaly hides provided a measure of protection, but the Aviarans' precise shots found vulnerable points and exploited them ruthlessly.

In response, the Gatorians formed tight defensive formations, using their energy rifles to unleash sustained barrages of concentrated fire.

The air crackled with beams of energy as the Aviarans maneuvered and weaved through the onslaught, narrowly evading obliteration with each precise wingbeat.

Not content with long-range warfare alone, the combatants engaged in close-quarters combat as well. Energy blades emerged from hidden compartments in their limbs, glinting with deadly intent.

The Gatorians wielded their blades with the savage strength of a predator, their razor-sharp edges capable of slicing through armor and flesh alike. The Aviarans, though primarily adapted for aerial combat, possessed formidable agility even on the ground. They utilized their spiked limbs to deliver devastating strikes, impaling their opponents with a lethal precision.

Bombs and explosives littered the battlefield, further adding to the chaos and devastation. The combatants hurled explosive projectiles and triggered traps, seeking to gain any advantage they could in the relentless struggle for dominance.

The landscape, already ruined by the ravages of time, was further torn asunder by the violence of their conflict.

As the battle raged on, neither side appeared to gain a decisive advantage. Casualties mounted on both sides, each species refusing to yield ground or relinquish their claim to victory.

The alien landscape, once home to a thriving civilization, was now witness to the brutal dance of death between these two formidable species.

With every fallen warrior, the determination to prevail only grew stronger, fueling their resolve to fight on. The sky was ablaze with energy beams, the ground churned with the clash of weapons, and the air was thick with the stench of ozone and burning debris.

In this nightmarish symphony of destruction, the Gatorians and Aviarans battled relentlessly, locked in an eternal struggle that seemed destined to consume them both.

And then...

>VWUUUUUUUSSSSHHHHH<

... A portal formed right at the center of the conflict.

Three strange-looking beings, compared to the two warring parties, emerged from the golden pool of energy, completely oblivious of what was happening around them; the war that would determine the fates of each side as a species.

They simply stepped out of their spatial rift, and it closed instantly, leaving them open to the immense violence of war.

"Eh?"

"What the heck is going on?"

"Where are we?"

As they stared at each other in both surprise and unexpected shock, the booming voices of the commanders of both sides echoed in a ferocious roar.

"THE ENEMY HAS BROUGHT REINFORCEMENTS! KILL THOSE THREE FOOLS WHO JUST APPEARED!!!"

Hearing the unintelligible alien tongue of the two warring parties, further confusion spread among the three sojourners, and their faces twisted in utter perplexity. None of them could speak Gatorian or Avarian.

In such a situation, there was only one thing they could say. And that was...

"... Eh?!"

As I stood there amidst the chaotic battlefield, my mind was reeling with confusion and disbelief.

How had my allies, Kuzon and Aloe, and I ended up in this nightmarish war zone? The sight before us was both awe-inspiring and terrifying—a clash between two alien races, both locked in a brutal struggle for supremacy.

'Why do I always end up in these kind of situations?' I cried internally.

Was it bad luck? Or perhaps fate was just messing with me.

But what troubled me the most was our utter lack of comprehension. We couldn't understand the language being spoken, rendering us clueless about the intentions and motivations of the warring factions.

Were they fighting for a just cause or merely driven by blind aggression? Who was right, and who was wrong? We had no answers, only an overwhelming sense of being caught in a storm we couldn't comprehend.

"So loud!"

"Damn it! That crazy old man must have known this would happen!"

"This is..."

As we exchanged bewildered glances, I noticed that the attention of the combatants had shifted toward us. It seemed as though time itself had slowed down, emphasizing the imminent danger we faced.

The projectiles and energy beams that had been intended for their adversaries were now hurtling in our direction, closing in with alarming speed. Panic gripped my heart, and a surge of adrenaline coursed through my veins.

'This is just...!' In that fleeting moment, I made a decision.

Taking a deep breath, I closed my eyes and focused all my energy on a single thought.

"[The Hermit]."

And then, with a sigh that carried both resignation and determination, time itself froze.

The projectiles hung motionless in mid-air, the energy beams halted their deadly trajectory, and the battlefield fell silent. Everything was frozen, suspended in a surreal tableau of destruction.

I gazed around, taking in the frozen chaos and the bewildered expressions etched on the faces of Kuzon and Aloe.

They seemed to grasp the gravity of the situation, their eyes filled with a mixture of gratitude and curiosity.

"Alright, you guys... let's figure out exactly what's going on here."

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

Chapter 989: An InterPlanetary Crisis

Alien soldiers froze mid-clash.

Both sides had clashed in a chaotic ballet of destruction, their strange appearances etched into my mind. Kuzon and Aloe stood beside me, their eyes also taking in the scene before us.

'With time frozen still, it's definitely easier to see what's happening.'

The air hung heavy with the stench of burnt metal and ozone, and an eerie silence enveloped the battlefield. I decided to walk around the area while critically examining the frozen figures before me.

'It seems two distinct alien species are locked in combat. And its a serious one for that matter.'

One resembled a humanoid bird with vibrant plumage, while the other possessed the menacing features of a fish fused with an alligator.

'I've used Magic to spread my senses throughout this entire area. None of them seem to have any habitat around here.'

Only destruction spread as far as I could tell.

'Maybe they live on other planets? Did they decide to use this place as some sort of battleground? That would definitely make more sense...'

Not only was this planet pretty much infertile, it wasn't particularly suitable for any of them in terms of a suitable environment.

"What are you thinking about? This should be simple, really. We just use our Magic to control them to stop fighting, extract the information we want, and then leave. It's that simple." Kuzon's voice echoed beside me.

He had a good point. With the aid of [The Emperor], as well as the other Arcanas at my disposal, the both of us didn't need to do too much to secure our safety and the cooperation of these people.

However...

"Have you learned nothing from our adventure in the previous world?" I smiled, shaking my head slowly.

"Don't worry. I don't plan on interfering too much in this place. We'll be in and out in no time."

Still, I had to admit... I was curious.

Time stood still, allowing me to contemplate my next move. It was clear that extracting information from the soldiers would be the key to understanding their motivations and potentially brokering a peace.

I approached the bird-like alien first, marveling at the intricate patterns adorning its feathers. Carefully, I placed my hand on its icy shoulder, feeling the coldness seep into my palm.

"Let's get their memories first." I glanced at both Aloe and Kuzon, and while the latter nodded, the former appeared a little puzzled.

'Ah, Aloe can't absorb memories.' My thoughts echoed. "Don't worry about it, Aloe."

Using Magic on the target, my mind melded with the frozen soldier, his memories unfolding before me like a surreal tapestry.

Visions of a dying homeworld, scarce resources, and the desperation that drove them to this war flooded my consciousness.

The bird-like alien had been one of the protectors of his people, forced into battle to secure their survival. It was a poignant glimpse into their struggle, and empathy surged within me.

"I see now. So that's how they see it..."

Apparently, the bird-like creature belonged to a race known as Avarians, and just as I suspected, their planet was a short distance from this one.

The Avarians lacked resources, and they needed after scouring beyond their homeworld for resources, they finally found a place. Unfortunately for them, the Gatorians, the opposing race, already claimed the territory for themselves, and they wouldn't share resources with the Avarians.

'The Avarians believe the Gatorians have no legal claim to the Oasis, as they call it, and that it's a Free Domain, as established by the Grand Federation; as such, they are simply fighting for their right.'

Still, that was only one side of the story.

With a gentle sigh, I released my grip from the still Avarian and turned my attention to the fish-alligator hybrid not too far from me.

Its scales shimmered in the frozen light, as if mocking the devastation surrounding us. "Let's see what you have to say."

I placed my hand on its arm, absorbing its memories with a newfound solemnity.

The memories revealed a history of territorial disputes and a cycle of vengeance that perpetuated the conflict. They, too, fought to secure a future for their species, driven by a desperate need to protect their home and kin.

The weight of their struggles pressed upon me, deepening my resolve to find a peaceful resolution.

"It seems the Avarians tried to take the land by force, rather than agreeing to the terms set by the Gatorians. I see..."

Even though they could have been diplomatic about it and found common ground to settle on, the Avarians believed the Gatorians had no right to claim the land, to begin with.

As for the excuse of the Gatorians, apparently the Grand Federation hadn't conscribed The Oasis, since it had naturally formed as a planet only recently, and without any proper inhabitants, and lots of natural resources, it hadn't been reported yet.

The Gatorians claimed the land as theirs, even though the Grand Federation had yet to decree it so, and the Avarians declared that the land was a Free Domain, even though the Grand Federation never decreed such a thing.

'In the end, it all boils down to the issue of the Grand Federation, eh?'

In this world, it seemed the inhabitants of the known Universe had become aware of the existence of one another, and they ventured on to create intricate networks among themselves.

Communication. Commerce. Warfare. The list of interactions between planets and civilizations had advanced to a very complex point.

'The Grand Federation is the body that supervises the known Universe, it seems.'

Without them, a lot of things would have been thrown out of whack, and the galaxies would have been destabilized. They divided solar systems and galaxies into Zones, further dividing them into Regions.

They also established a common calendar for every Zone to follow, and the time ratio was adjusted to suit the functions of every Zone.

'Time is relative when it comes to the Universe, since it has to do with gravity and space. It's a huge feat that they were able to create a calendar that works.'

Still, even though the knowledge I had of the Grand Federation painted the body to be very capable in their field of competence, they weren't without flaws.

'The very fact that these two races are fighting as a result of their oversight is proof of that.'

It didn't help that neither the Avarians nor Gatorians wanted to report the existence of 'The Oasis' to the Grand Federation. They most likely wanted to keep the planet to themselves, and it was highly probable that the Grand Federation wouldn't allocate the land to either of them.

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

Chapter 990: Perfect Compromise

'If The Oasis is made a Free Domain, other neighboring races will come for the resources, bringing in more competition.'

Neither faction desired this outcome, so they would rather resort to war than allow it.

"Thinking about it objectively, it was due to their negligence and lack of proper management that led them to this situation. They couldn't properly take care of their respective homeworlds and were irresponsible in their use of its free resources."

If only they had thought of the future before it was too late, things wouldn't have gotten this extreme.

'To solve this, I would have to go through a very complex process of resolving the problem on both sides, while also brokering peace between them.'

Ensuring there was sufficient resources for both parties wasn't the issue, but the fact that they would eventually return to this same state after some time was what discouraged me the most.

'I don't like doing things halfheartedly. I would rather not help them at all.' Rubbing my chin, I considered my options carefully.

Kuzon would kill me if I decided to waste time in this place. He also made very good points regarding our need to return home. I had to concede to him this time.

'There's just no time. Unless...'

Using [The Hermit] for too long would literally drain me of every ounce of energy I had, especially since this was a strange world, and the dynamics here were far more complex than what I was used to.

Using Time Magic excessively was out of it.

"The only other viable option I can think of is 'that'." A smile formed on my face and my heart raced with excitement.

Considering how I had been meaning to try it out for some time now, this proved to be a perfect opportunity to do so.

"Yeah. Let's do that instead then."

That way, I wouldn't have to worry about delaying my allies and also abandoning these people. It was literally killing two birds with one stone.

Well... technically, the stones would be two too.

'I finally get to use [The Moon].'

Once I canceled the effects of [The Hermit], time unfroze, and the battle resumed its chaotic symphony.

But I stood there, looking into the eyes of the soldiers, their fierce expressions now softened by the understanding I had gained. I was utilizing [Unknowable], so they couldn't see me, but I watched everything keenly.

At that moment, a smile tugged at the corners of my lips.

I had seen their memories, felt their pain, and understood their motivations. Armed with this knowledge, I knew that I could bridge the divide between these warring species. It would be a daunting task, but the flicker of hope ignited within me.

As the battle raged on around me, I resolved to unite these aliens through empathy and diplomacy, to forge a path toward peace in this war-ravaged universe.

It would be a long and arduous journey, but I was determined to see it through. With renewed purpose, I stepped forward, my smile unwavering, ready to face the challenges ahead and bring an end to the senseless bloodshed that stained the cosmos.

The hum of the spacecraft's engines resonated through the cabin as we soared through the vast expanse of space.

Kuzon, Aloe, and I sat side by side, the weight of our recent experience hanging heavy in the air. None of us said a word to one another as the spacecraft cruised on autopilot, taking us to a preset destination.

"You know, Jared," Kuzon began, breaking the silence, "leaving those warring aliens behind was the best thing we could have done. We can't afford to get caught up in their conflict."

His words struck a chord within me, affirming the difficult decision we had made. We had chosen to abandon the chaos and strife, seizing an opportunity for escape after understanding all we could from them.

The stolen spacecraft we now piloted held valuable resources that would aid us on our journey—a Translator and a map of the known Solar System.

I nodded in agreement, grateful for Kuzon's understanding. "You're right, Kuzon. We need to gather more information about this world, its factions, and most importantly, find clues about who we're looking for."

Aloe chimed in, her voice laced with a mix of curiosity and concern. "Do you think the nearest station of the Grand Federation will have information on the next person we're looking for?"

I leaned back in my seat, contemplating her question. The Grand Federation was renowned for its knowledge and resources, serving as a hub of information for countless civilizations. It was our best chance to uncover the truth about our predicament and locate the person we sought.

"I believe so, Aloe," I replied, my voice filled with a newfound determination. "The Grand Federation will have archives, experts, and a vast network that can guide us. We need to understand the world we find ourselves in to find whoever is stranded here."

Based on the experiences each of us had thus far, I had a feeling our friend in this world was definitely going to stand out like a sore thumb.

"It's a vast universe... but it shouldn't be too difficult."

With our shared purpose in mind, we sat in silence once more. As we traveled, I couldn't help but feel a tinge of excitement.

'I wonder what this new world will have to offer.'

And, well... I hoped the other 'Me' was fitting in well.