

# A Journey Unwanted

## Chapter 16: Chapter 14: A change of perspective

"Mikoto got detention yet again." Ruby started; her words were directed to William, who sat across from her at the long wooden table within the academy's cafeteria.

"So he did. It seems he has a knack for angering my father." William spoke with a dry chuckle. His father always had a short temper, especially when things did not go his way. They were the Gregory's, the proud family blessed by the great Goddess of Prosperity and Creation, Isadora. Within the kingdom of Galadriel as a whole, they were important to the nation. The Familial Arts that came with being the spawn of the Goddess Isadora were valuable—the ability to create life with just your imagination. Think of the composition and structure of a creature, and then you create it, with only your imagination being your limit.

It is easy to see why this ability and the Gregory's are held in such high regard. Unfortunately, he himself was never held in any positive light for all his life because he lacked the blessing of the Goddess Isadora. That might not seem like a big deal, as blessings from God's were rare in themselves, but when you were part of a family that prided themselves on said blessing that followed for generations, it was more of a big deal.

(*"Failure. Why were you even born?"*) William silently mused about what he was used to hearing from his dear father and others'. He was ordinary with decent talent in magic, but that was all. His father could not even be bothered to acknowledge his existence; if not for his mother, he would have been thrown to the streets. But that was the extent to which his mother could stand up for him; his father was a cruel man. Those were simply the perfect words to describe him; the hellish training that concerned Agatha is the reason she was like she is. Cold and uncaring.

"You seem as though you have something on your mind." Ruby noted with a small frown. "And it seems to be nothing good."

"It's nothing, just thinking of something." He merely waved it off with a smile as the small girl tilted her head.

"This about your father?" She deduced as he stiffened slightly at the mention. It seems this girl was not as clueless as she liked to appear. "He is quite the ass hat." She bluntly stated: "I wish for Mikoto to teach me his ways. So that I might one day strive to annoy him without doing anything." He could only send the girl a wry grin upon hearing her goal.

"Maybe I'll join you with that." He admitted, with a chuckle, the approval of his father was something he had long since given up on. He did not care for the man, and he did not care for him; it was all very simple. But there was something he could not give up on. Williams emerald eyes' scanned the large cafeteria, passing all the bustling students', and it landed on someone in particular.

Agatha, as always, was seated in the corner of the cafeteria on her lonesome while she read a book. She received various glances from the student population, but all were much too hesitant to approach her.

"Why not go to her?" Ruby's question caused him to blink a few times before he turned back to the girl.

"What do you mean?"

"Your sister. She seems quite lonely; why not bid her to join us? It is quite boring without Mikoto here, no?" She stated those words as if it were the most simple conclusion. William could just heave a sigh.

"My sister hates me." He bluntly stated that, he might not have known Ruby for long, but it was not as if this little bit of information was really important or secretive.

"And why's that?" The girl asked. "You don't seem to be a twat. I quite enjoy your company, and I'm sure Mikoto does as well."

"Thanks?" He was quite glad he was not seen as a 'twat' by one of his only friends'. "But it's complicated between the two of us, and it's all thanks to our dear father." William heaved another sigh. They used to be close too. But with Agatha being the only child with the blessing of Goddess Isadora, naturally, more pressure was placed on her.

"I see, Professor Gregory sounds even more like a prick than usual." The girl dryly stated as he merely sheepishly chuckled.

"You know, for someone so aloof, you sure do swear a lot." The small girl had quite the vocabulary, especially when it came to Professor Gregory. But he did not blame her; he had quite a few choice words for his father.

"Swearing is fun." She said it with a small smirk. "But I merely wish your father was not such an ass. I prefer Professor Melisande to a much higher degree than said ass hat."

"Is it because she's too timid to lecture you if you slack off?" William asked with a wry smile.

"Yup."

"Yeah, I figured as much." With the faculty here, there were certainly a fair few interesting individuals, from Professor Fergus to Professor Elizabeth. But as he pondered this fact, he took note of a small commotion forming. The array of students seemed to be surrounding a crying and kneeling girl; she had fuzzy gray hair with salmon eyes. But what caught his attention were the two horns sticking out of either side of her head.

A sneering boy stared down at her, tall with dark hair and green eyes.

"Look everyone! The beast is crying!" He mocked the crying girl as a few chuckles escaped the surrounding students that encircled the supposed spawn.

"Stop crying, hell spawn!"

"Yeah, it makes you more hideous!"

"You should've stayed in the hole you crawled out of!" It seems no one had sympathy for the girl, as various insults flew from everyone around her.

"P-please stop..." The girl begged, but to no avail.

"And now it's begging." The boy from before sneered deeper. "You are a spawn of the demon God ÆGRAEXΘ\$. We are merely giving you just what you deserve, you thought could prance around here just like you wanted?"

"Yet another ass hat." Ruby mumbled as William shot up in his seat with a frown.

"No one's even doing anything about it, and just because she's 'his' spawn." It disgusted him, and that is why he would do something about it.

"His?" Ruby questioned.

"I'll fill you in later, for now..." He turned back to the scene as he took note of someone being way ahead of him. He could not help but look on in surprise at who it was.

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[Earlier]

As she stood in the heart of the forest, she merely focused. Her body full with mana as the air around her seemed to bend with her expanding mana. She opened her eyes, and the pupils glowed with a bright blue light. Concentrating, she raised both her hands in the air, and her palms began to emit electric sparks.

Suddenly, the clouds above began to swirl, and a bolt of lightning struck the ground a few meters from where the girl was standing. As her spell began to take effect, the skies

opened up once again, and the clouds enshrouded the forest, blocking out any other kind of light.

In a split second, the sky roared, and several bolts of lightning erupted from the clouds and slammed down into the earth all around the girl. With a flourish, she summoned all the bolts of lightning into one charge, and it entered her body. A sudden jolt of mana rippled through every fiber of her being, yet she did not even wince.

Gritting her teeth more so to minor annoyance at the minor inconvenience, the girl directed her will towards the most massive tree in the forest's center. With a gesture of her hand and a single word of power, she commanded the lightning to surge out of her in a concentrated beam. It hit the base of the tree and traveled up the trunk, burning everything in its path as if the entire tree were drenched in gasoline and set alight.

The impact of the lightning bolt was so strong that the ground shook, and the air trembled from the power of the spell. With a deafening sound, the trunk of the tree split in two, causing a massive explosion with flames and debris flying everywhere. A wave of force emanated from the tree, shredding every piece of foliage and uprooting every shrub in the vicinity.

The sound of the destruction was incredible, and the girl's spell seemed to sound through the forest for miles around. The trees for hundreds of yards around the spot where the girl stood were torn asunder, and the air was filled with the smell of burning wood. The force of the lightning bolt had shredded leaves and branches into minuscule pieces, scattered by the wind.

The girl looked around her, surveying the aftermath of her spell. The trees burned and crackled around her, and the forest floor smoldered with ashes and embers.

"Tch, this ain't what I was hoping for." Mirabella clicked her tongue in annoyance as she stared at the destruction surrounding her. "I was hoping to just take out that huge tree." She heaved a sigh. Being the spawn of a God of destruction, she had attributes such as the ability to excel in anything related to destruction. Be that merely using spells or merely utilizing physical prowess. She excelled in those things; when she was eleven, she could already vaporize entire towns if she wanted to.

But that came at an apparent cost: lacking perfect control over any of her spells, she had to use glyphs for most. Hence the training she had to do far away from the academy due to the destruction of her spells. Even a weaker one like this nearly completely evaporated an entire section of the forest; she could not even use the academy's personal training area due to her less than satisfactory output control.

("Damn it, this stupid stupid fucking trait.") She cursed; despite all her power, forming more complex spells like healing was way beyond her. She did not know if the positives of being a spawn of Aragorn outweighed the negatives. But either way, she was still

pissed; this was a problem that seemed to have no remedy. ("It's like swinging a huge ass club, all destruction and no skill.") An apt analysis.

Magic could be a complex subject or an extremely simple one. Weaving a number of elemental spells was an easy task, but depending on the user of said spells, the difference in output would be noted. For instance, a simple flame could burn as hot as the sun's core, or could be a barely flickering flame; it all depended on the output.

"That mask bastard seemed to have good control; he even did that oxygen bullshit of his. I still don't know what that is, though." She recalled the fight, though it was more of a short scuffle. When the masked boy had attacked, he weaved strikes of lighting that sailed through the air smoothly and in complete control. They did not cause much destruction, but they served their purpose well. She was trying to replicate that, but creating pure lighting via magic was way more difficult than conjuring flames or water.

So she altered the weather with the simple action of spreading her mana into the atmosphere, changing the very makeup of the world, and influencing it so a thunderstorm could begin. Then she merely harnesses said lighting, though with her absurd mana reserves, the output of the strike nearly evaporated everything.

"Ah shit, I can't do it. Fuck..." It really was something annoying to deal with; she could not help but scratch her head in frustration. "Sis would be disappointed." She murmured before shaking her head, clicking her tongue, and a large circular glyph formed beneath her feet. Though teleportation was still way too complex for her, Galadriel was practically her domain. Domains are what are owned by a person via a transparent and invisible contract, the contact that gives various advantages. Such as easy teleportation, among a few.

So her whole form was engulfed in a bright blue light as, in the next instance, her view changed from the destroyed forest to the hallways of Luminare Academy, her sudden arrival frightening a few students passing by.

"Holy shit!"

"T-the princess!?"

Mirabella merely ignored the plebes as she made her way to the cafeteria. She was looking to gorge herself on some good food. Training all day left her quite famished; the food here truly was something else. She would have to steal away whoever the chef was. She mused over those thoughts as she entered the cafeteria, but she quirked up an eyebrow as she took note of a commotion.

"You should've stayed in the hole you crawled out of!" She heard a quite annoying voice announce, and with her interest peaked, she moved on to the commotion. Merely pushing those in the way to the side, they tried to protest, but upon noticing who she was, they wisely kept their mouths shut.

"P-please stop..." She heard a girl beg, but to no avail.

"And now it's begging." A boy sneered at the timid girl. "You are a spawn of the demon God ÆGŘÆXΘ\$. We are merely giving you just what you deserve, you thought could prance around here just like you wanted?"

("Oh? A spawn of his? I always wanted to meet one.") She mused those thoughts as she stepped to the center, the crowd now dead silent as the boy who was Isaac was yet to take note of the presence of Mirabella.

"So...you like picking on little girls'?" She mocked as she glanced at the girl on her knees, the latter's eye puffy and red from crying.

"Who the!!-" Isaac snapped his head back to look at the cur who would dare to call him out, only to immediately pale as he took note of who it was.

"P-princess." He immediately got down on one knee and bowed. "Forgive me; I did not notice you there."

"I asked you a question." She dully stated.

"Pardon?" He uttered , and Mirabella merely sighed.

"Have you gone senile, *boy*?" She mocked as a few snickers escaped the surrounding students. "I asked if you like picking on little girls'."

"N-no, princess. This cur is a demons spawn!" He quickly defended, as Mirabella merely sent him an annoyed glare.

"You there, girl." She turned her attention away from Isaac and toward the still-kneeling girl. "You're the spawn of ÆGŘÆXΘ\$, correct?"

"Y-yes, your majesty." She answered timidly and with some hesitation as her eyes fell to the ground in shame.

"What is your name?" Mirabella asked.

" J-Juliana." The horned girl quickly answered.

"All right, you lowly dogs, listen up!" Suddenly directing her attention away from Juliana, she turned to the student's gawking at the scene. "I see anyone so much as looking at Juliana the wrong way, then I'll beat the ever-living shit out of you! Understood!?" Juliana blinked in confusion at the wild-haired princess.

"That includes you, beansprout." Mirabella spoke, throwing a cold glare Isaac's way.

"U-understood Princess!" He quickly shouted out, fear quickly overcoming him.

From afar, William and Ruby watched the scene.

"I'm surprised the princess of all people stepped in." William murmured thoughtfully.

"Yes, I expected her to be another ass hat." Ruby, as ever, bluntly stated her thoughts.

"Good thing she isn't, huh?" William spoke with a chuckle.

### **Chapter 17: Chapter 15: A change of perspective II**

"That foolish boy." Fiona sighed as she leaned back in her office chair. It seems that Mikoto has once again landed himself in detention, courtesy of Professor Gregory. Though there was no surprise there, Professor Gregory seemed to have it out for Mikoto and just for him. The other professors had no problems with the boy, even in alchemy class, where she assisted; he was very well behaved. He even gave quite a few answers, and he was diligent.

"And he went ahead and got the other spawn of Octavia in detention too." Professor Gregory really was not lenient on anyone; he would give detention to the princess herself even. But for the three years, Lucinda attended the academy; she had always been on her best behavior, so she never faced something like detention. But still, she wondered if Mikoto had planned for this; perhaps he wanted to use this as an opportunity to get closer to Lucinda in order to uncover the Familial Arts of Octavia. It did not seem to be a priority of the boy, but she rarely knew what ever went on within his head.

Mikoto Yukio was quite the peculiar boy, a new spawn of the Goddess Octavia showing up from nowhere and seemingly originating from the East. Yet his knowledge of magic and the kingdom's was scarce. For the remainder of his stay within the mansion, he had mostly been hauled up within the library or experimenting with magic. Yet even so, she did at least consider him a friend. She just wondered if he saw her in the same way, at least.

Though that said, she barely knew anything about him. He was not the open type, but it was easy to see that something was gnawing away at him, while within the mansion he would just often stare into space as if he were not all there or as if he just realized something disturbing. Then he would force out a smile that did not reach his eyes'; there was something he did not like talking about, but she did not pry.

She knew that doing so would do more harm than good. She had first-hand experience; when her mother had died, she had never before felt such devastation and despair. She hated that she got pity from those who could not even understand her pain, so she could understand if Mikoto would have liked to keep his issues to himself. But that could not have been healthy.

Fiona heaved another silent sigh as she stood up from her chair.

"I could use a coffee." She murmured as she circled her desk and exited the office, closing the door behind her. Moving through the hallways that were as vast as always, she greeted the students who walked past with a smile as she moved on. Being an assistant within the alchemy class was fine enough; she mostly just helped with correcting formulas and ingredients. Sometimes she would gain opportunities to give lessons, which in itself was quite easy.

It helped her gain some measure of experience. Pretty soon she might even become an official professor at the academy; all she had to do was do her best, and things would naturally fall into place. Though it was no major goal of hers, if she was being completely honest with herself, she had no aspirations. Her mother used to be a professor at this academy.

She was just following in her footsteps; maybe it was a way of coping, or maybe she just wanted to remember her mother. Though she did find her short stay in the academy quite enjoyable, it may be a career in which she is interested. Of course, the universe seemed content with her enjoyment being short-lived as a rather familiar and annoying voice reached her ears.

"Oh my, if it isn't Fiona." Fiona heaved a silent sigh as she turned around to meet the deep blue eyes of the smirking Victoria. How she wished the girl did not attend Luminare Academy, but unfortunately she was still in her fifth and final year. "Why do you look rather unhappy to see me?" She noted it with a forced-out sad look that crossed her features. "Oh, but I suppose I should call you Miss Fiona, or maybe Professor Achenbach." Victoria spoke with a pondering look adorning her face.

"What is it you want, Victoria?" Fiona bluntly asked with a blank look directed at the blonde girl.

"Why, I merely want to converse with a dear old friend?" Victoria answered innocently with the same annoying smug smirk. Fiona's eyes' narrowed at the girl, for lack of better words', that was utter bullshit. Victoria was a scheming little snot who liked to hide her true self, a true self Fiona had witnessed once upon a time. She said one thing, then meant something completely different; she put on the façade of a prim and proper girl, though she was anything but. Victoria was not someone you would want to associate with. Especially considering she is the spawn of the God Almeric, cursed with knowledge beyond comprehension.

"Well, you're conversing now, so you're done." Fiona did not bother to use proper etiquette with her words; she really did not like dealing with Victoria.

"Well, I wanted to speak to you, of dear Mikoto." Fiona frowned at the mention of the boy as Victoria continued. "We had quite a nice talk earlier; he is just great company, I

must admit." The girl's smile seemed to widen as the word left her mouth. "He's modest too, quite the gentleman you've found for yourself."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Fiona asked with a small glare as Victoria tilted her head as if she were the one confused.

"Why, you are the one who recommended him to the academy, no?" She asked as Fiona found herself questioning just how Victoria knew that bit of information. "And I even hear he stayed at your manor for quite a while. You two must be quite close." Fiona immediately knew what Victoria was getting at as her frown deepened.

"This conversation is over." Fiona bluntly stated this as she turned her heel and merely walked off.

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Victoria smiled to herself as Fiona all but stormed off. Did she like annoying the pink-haired Solkari? Yes, very much so. Her reactions were just so much fun, especially when she always tries and fails to keep her cool. Victoria really had no grudge against the girl or anything quite like that; she just liked teasing. Though she might have to postpone annoying the girl as she had shifted her attention elsewhere.

Specifically to Mikoto. At first glance, barring his eerie mask, not much else stood out about him; expect his clear talent for magic. Though mayhap it was not so clear for others', others' were not spawns of a God of knowledge. The boy's mana signature was pure and limitless, though others' most likely could not sense or even perceive it. That could be due to more than a few reasons; he may have a magical object other than the mask on his person that kept his mana hidden. But she would have taken note of it; the other reason could be that he is merely concealing his own mana.

Normally, that is rather simple to do, but Mikoto's was so hidden that it was as if there were layers that needed to be peeled down. Normally, someone with more potency and relatively more mana could force their way through the layers that kept it hidden. Though she used another method unique to her, Victoria reached into the pocket of her uniform and pulled out a golden-rimmed monocle.

A magical object of her creation; it was used to make the unseen visible. It did a number of things, from altering your very perception of reality to boosting it overall, to revealing things that were hidden. Such as a mana signature.

A deep red that seemed everlasting and as brilliant as a million rubies. And it was limitless, stretching seemingly endlessly; it was limitless and intimidating. Almost the same as Lucinda's. She knew to trust her intuition when she first landed her eye's on the masked boy, Mikoto. If his mana was so absurd and pure, then maybe he could...

"Oi! Quite lagging behind!" Victoria's train of thought ended as she heard a rather annoyed-sounding voice.

"S-sorry princess!" A rather meek voice replied as Victoria witnessed a rather odd duo walking through the hallway. Were there any students present, they would have no doubt received a lot of stares.

("Quite the ominous mana signature for such a little thing.") Victoria noted as she stared at the fuzzy gray-haired girl with horns that trailed slightly behind none other than Princess Mirabella. ("Ah, I see, I had heard rumors that the spawn of 'that' was to attend Luminare Academy this year.") A smile adorned the noble girl's face as she approached the odd duo.

Mirabella frowned upon noticing the blonde with the over-the-top hairstyle approaching.

"Whaddya want Blondie?" She spat out as Victoria came to a stop before the two, and the timid Juliana actually hid behind Mirabella.

"Good evening, Princess." Victoria spoke as she did a small curtsy before sending a smile Juliana's way, though the latter merely glanced away.

"I asked what you wanted." Mirabella repeated her question with narrowed eyes; nothing good ever came with talking to nobles.

"Well, I merely wish to be friends." Victoria answered innocently.

"F-friends? With me?" Juliana finally spoke up; her words sounded as if she did not believe Victoria's.

"Don't be tricked by the noble snakes." Mirabella warned as Victoria merely smiled on. "The fuckers say one thing but then mean something completely different. They're pest." She spat.

"But aren't you also one?" Juliana questioned.

"I'm royalty." Mirabella quite smugly claimed

"Oh, I assure you, princess, I have honest intentions." Victoria claimed smoothly, a smile still adorning her face.

"She seems nice, Princess." Juliana meekly claimed as Mirabella sent her a side glance, which she looked away from.

"Oh I very much am, dear. Though I will not be bothering you any longer, ta-ta." Victoria waved the two goodbye as she moved on past the duo.

("A spawn of the demon God , huh? This Academy year is shaping up to be quite interesting.") Victoria mused. But still, as interesting as Juliana is, Victoria found herself more interested in Mikoto. With such potent and pure mana, he might be able to help her; she hoped he could.

But even Lucinda could not; was she merely getting her hopes up yet again?

Victoria heaved a sigh as the smile on her face slipped off, replaced with a blank look and distant eyes.

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### **SLAP**

Agatha barely flinched as her father's hand struck her face, and as ever, her face remained impassive. Her father stared at her with disappointment in the now empty classroom. It was a look she became increasingly familiar with.

"You disappoint me, Agatha." The man started with the same cold voice she was so used to. "Fallen behind the princess in the entire grade."

"I shall do better." She almost robotically responded. When it came to dealing with her father, it was not a matter of saying words he would like to hear. No, it was a matter of keeping true to said words. Anything less would result in punishment; her father wanted perfection. Nothing less.

"Your words are naught but air." He bluntly stated: "I care not if she is the spawn of Aragorn; whether it is combat or academics, I expect you to do better."

"Yes, father." She doubted he would be satisfied with her best. He would just want to keep pushing her further and further, to have her prosper and develop into what he wants her to be. And not because he cared for her and wanted her to be something in life; his reasons were not nearly as noble as that. She was his daughter, and if she failed, he would be shamed, so he made sure that would never happen. At least with her.

"You better. I shall not be responsible for yet another failure; you are free to leave." The man coldly dismissed her; well, she was not exactly expecting a warm goodbye. As she turned to leave, she was promptly stopped by her father's next words. "And you shall no longer be conversing with that masked buffoon. Is that clear?" It was like he was ordering around a soldier, but given the circumstances, she might as well have been one.

"Yes, father." She responded monotonously before promptly exiting the classroom and stepping onto the empty hallways. It was late in the evening, and most other students

were likely hauled up within their dorms. But that did not concern her; she merely walked with her footsteps echoing throughout the building.

She needed to be better. No, she needed to be the best. Anything less was unsatisfactory; her magic must be more potent and her brain sharper. She needed to excel in everything there was; she needed to evolve. She had to, but did she really?

Her footsteps came to a halt as she came to a stop. Raising her arm slowly and letting it hover in the air, she swung her arm down, and the impact of her fist colliding with the wall was like thunder in the air. A loud crack echoed through the space as the concrete shook under the force of her blow. A web of cracks spread out from the point of impact, the concrete groaning under the strain of her fist.

Agatha gritted her teeth as she glared at seemingly nothing.

"Why...why me?" A simple question with simple words.

Yet she did not know the answer. Why was she pushed so hard? Tortured so? Put through hell, so? All because she was born with what others call a blessing—a blessing she did not want. Yet she was cursed with it while her brother got off free, and then she got all the attention of her father. His lessons were beaten into her, and his knowledge was drilled into her skull. She had to be perfect, for she was the spawn of the Goddess Isadora.

She wanted none of this; she truly did not. But what was it that she really wanted?

A normal life, maybe. Have friends, laugh, cry, love, and just have fun. Were such simple things really that difficult to grant? Was she asking for too much?

Agatha stepped away from the broken wall and moved down the hallway. Life was unfair. She learned as much when she was made to suffer, so she would just have to suck it up and move on. She would train and train until that bastard was finally satisfied, but what came after that? More training, more trying to improve herself for a father that did not even love her? No, she wanted to change it all.

But how?

## **Chapter 18: Chapter 16: Memories**

[??? Years Ago]

"Tch, fucking cocksuckers." Mikoto cursed, wiping blood from his nose as he strolled home. Yet again, he was in another fight in school, one he had not instigated. Yet he would probably receive a beating anyway. Was it unfair? Yes, very much so, but who was he to complain? All he could do was take it like a man; otherwise, there would just be consequences.

Mikoto sighed as he moved through the bustling streets of Tokyo before entering a building. Greeting the ground attendant, he moved to the elevator and pressed the number four. He leaned against the wall as the elevator lifted upwards. He frowned as he tapped his foot on the ground impatiently. Maybe he would get lucky; maybe that bastard was not home.

Hell, better yet, maybe he died, Mikoto chuckled. If only life were that easy, unfortunately it is not. Life goes on the same way; it's up to you to change if you want it to. Then maybe he should kill the bastard. No one would miss him, not Grandma, not Aunt Maya, and not Akira; in fact, everyone would probably celebrate his death. Then again, how would one go about doing that? Such a morally questionable and insane thing. Hmm, he was a doctor, a fact widely known. Maybe he could stage a robbery and kill the bastard?

He remembered coming across an odd woman who encouraged his ideas when he spilled his dark secrets.

Mikoto actually felt there was something to that idea; did it bother him that he was casually thinking of killing his own father? No, not in the least. He blamed that man for screwing up his mind so much. To such a point that killing would not even leave a bad taste in his mouth, he knew he was not mentally right. But he did not care; he could not care. He just wanted that bastard dead and gone, and then maybe he could experience the semblance of a normal life. Seeing as the police did not want to do anything about it; they were useless pigs that you can pay off unfortunately.

A 'ding' in the elevator signaled he had reached his desired floor as the doors slid apart, revealing a long hallway with a red carpet draped upon the ground, while doors to apartments stood opposite each other with numbers etched onto their frames. His father was a doctor, so he could easily afford an extravagant place like this.

Walking through the hallway, Mikoto could not help but raise an eyebrow as he came near his apartment door.

"Hinata?" She was sitting in front of the door on the ground with her knees brought up to her chest. She slightly jumped in surprise upon him addressing her, glancing his way. Mikoto immediately took note of the bruise on her right cheek. And her long, jet black hair was in slight disarray; it was easy to conclude just what had happened.

"It's not as bad as it looks, so don't get pissed again." She spoke upon noticing his reaction. "You'll get your ass beat again." She bluntly stated that as Mikoto just sighed.

"I'll be getting my ass beat either way." He murmured with a sigh as he took a seat on the ground next to her. "So what did you do to piss him off?"

"Found my porn mags." She admitted it with a blunt tone.

"I told you to get rid of that junk." Mikoto said with a dry gaze. His sister's response was to merely stick her tongue out at him.

"A girl has her needs."

"Hinata, you're thirteen." He dryly stated as she shrugged.

"So? Puberty and all that, I have to get myself of-." She started, and Mikoto wisely decided to cut her off right then and there.

"Let's just change the subject." He said whilst clearing his throat.

"Ooh~ Getting embarrassed, are we?" A smug smile adorned her face as Mikoto just rolled his eyes. "C'mon, it's just po-"

"Wanna kill the old man?" He suddenly asked, causing her to stop and blink in surprise.

"You serious?" She asked in bemusement; it seems she was into the idea, however absurd and morally questionable it was. Though it was not exactly the first time they would be doing something like this. But that was neither here nor there.

"I am. I'm sure you don't like living like this; neither do I nor does mom." It was merely a fact; this was hell, and there was simply no better word to describe it.

"How do you want to go about it?" Yes, that was right. This hell was so bad that two siblings were planning on killing their own father. Was this normal? No, they were both not mentally there. But no one could blame them; this was simply the result of their father.

"Dunno," he admitted. "What I do is that I refuse to let mom continue to suffer like this." Hinata merely frowned.

"Just mom? And not me?" Mikoto sighed as he dryly stared at the girl.

"Mom isn't as tough as you are, so she's the priority." He bluntly stated.

"Dick."

"Bitch."

The two siblings merely stared at each other with a glare of their own. A staring contest was held before Mikoto sighed as he broke eye contact.

"Stop being difficult; not everything's about you, Hinata." He stated.

"So what? Only mom's important?" Her brows furrowed further as Mikoto once again sighed for what seemed like the thousandth time.

"No, you idiot, she's the priority." He clarified. "You have ears, so try and listen. I know you really don't give two shits about dad beating you and all, but mom's at her breaking point. She won't last much longer."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it. You can quit being a dick now." She murmured with a pout.

"Stop pouting; now are you in?" He asked as a pondering look adorned Hinata's face.

"Hmm, ah, why the hell not? Let's kill ourselves a da-." Mikoto immediately threw a hand over her mouth as he shushed her.

"You fucking idiot! Don't say that so loud." He started, but immediately he retracted his hand with a disgusted look. "Why the hell did you just lick me!?"

"To get your hand off, idiot. Don't get me wrong, I'd enjoy the fore-"

"Hinata, please just shut the fuck up. Or I'll add you to the list." He scooted a bit away from her as he uttered those words.

"C'mon, it isn't 'that' weird."

"It is that weird."

"You still love me, though. Right?" She asked, fluttering her eyes.

"Don't do that; it's creepy. And yes, I do." He confirmed.

"You do what?" He sighed deeply.

"I do love you, sis. Even if you are a fucking weirdo." He said he while raising his hand and patting her head, an action she seemed to enjoy.

She was quit the character, as obnoxious and as weird as she was he still loved her. She was still his little sister after all, and for her as well as his mom, there is nothing he would not do to protect the two. It was simply how he was, so he wished the best for the two. But simply wishing for something was not going to make it true, hence he chose to take the initiative.

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[Present]

"Mister Yukio!" Mikoto woke up from his nap with a jolt as he shot up from his chair.

"Wha? Huh?" He glanced around the room in confusion.

Rows of sturdy wooden joint tables occupy the room, each table had a worn, leather-bound ledger filled with yellowing pages. Rows of inkwells and quills were neatly arranged on the tables.

The classroom has large windows, embellished with heavy curtains. Towards the front of the classroom, a wooden podium stood tall. The teacher's desk, situated adjacent to the podium, was cluttered with ink bottles, parchment papers, and elaborate quill pens. A blackboard dominated the space behind the podium, covered in chalky scribbles, notes, and equations from lessons.

Mikoto blinked in confusion before everything finally settled into his memory.

("That was a dream? I could've sworn it were real. But damn, crazy how I still remember that day like it was yesterday. Heh, guess it isn't easily forgotten.") He thought, getting seated in his chair, as he glanced to his side at the woman who addressed him. She had a head of flowing violet locks that framed her face perfectly. Under her plush lips sat a beauty mark that only added more charm to her, which was further amplified by her flowing black robes decorated with purple that complimented her features. She also had a boob window where various eyes were drawn to her ample bosom, not his though; he was respectable like that.

"Was my introduction such a bore that you deemed it prudent to sleep?" The woman questioned as Mikoto just sheepishly chuckled. Everyone in the class was glancing his way now, all waiting for some more drama that could satisfy their need for entertainment. Or their eyes were just drawn to the professor.

"Course, not professor; I, uh, uh...just stayed up too late yesterday." Not technically a lie; he did, in fact, stay up late yesterday night. Professor Eudora merely narrowed her eyes at the boy.

"Hmph. Do make sure that this does not become a habit, Mister Yukio." The woman stated this as she moved back to the front of the class. "On with the lesson."

"Are you looking to anger more professors?" William, who was seated to his left, was bemused.

"If that is the case, I must try harder to be a nuisance." The dull statement came from Ruby, who sat to his right. It seems she was trying to make it a competition to see who could annoy the most teacher's.

"C'mon, I'm not some Yanki." He defended himself as the two looked at him, confused by the term he used. "I mean, I'm not some delinquent."

"With your track record of detention, I doubt others would agree." Ruby bluntly stated:

"Oof. Such hurtful words."

"She does have a point, though." William murmured with a smile.

"Why are you bullying me?" Mikoto questioned.

"I am quite certain you'd be the one doing the bullying." Ruby started. "With you being a delinquent and all." She muttered lowly after.

"Let's just focus on the lesson, yeah?" Mikoto said, turning to Professor Eudora, he did not quite enjoy being called a delinquent.

Professor Eudora now stood at the front of the large classroom.

"Welcome to the enchanting world of charms and enchantments; this is the first time that I have this class, I believe." Professor Eudora began, even her voice was soothing. "Today, we shall embark on a journey to understand the beauty of this wondrous branch of magic."

She gracefully waved her hand, and a large, translucent screen appeared at the front of the classroom. It displayed a diagram illustrating the flow of magical energy through various sigils and symbols.

"Charms and enchantments," she continued, her voice echoing through the room, "are the delicate art of imbuing inanimate objects with magical properties. It requires a deep understanding of the essence of magic and the innate connection between the ethereal realm and the physical world."

Professor Eudora then walked towards a long, polished oak table that stood in the center of the room, covered in an array of odd objects. She began sorting through the items, describing them one by one.

"Behold, the enchanted mirror," she said, lifting a small, triangular mirror with gold etchings. "By imbuing this mirror with a reflection charm, it can unveil hidden truths and reveal the illusions created by foreign forces."

She placed the mirror back gently, retrieving a small glass sphere filled with swirling silver mist. Holding it up to the light, she added, "This is a Seer's Orb, designed to show glimpses into the future. Its enchanted properties allow us to peer beyond the veil of time and gain insight into what lies ahead."

As Professor Eudora continued unveiling the magical objects, she recounted their origins, the secrets behind their creation, and the intentions of the enchanters who crafted them. Each story she shared transported the students to faraway lands, sparking their imaginations and fueling their desire. It was an interesting subject after all.

With a smile, Professor Eudora moved towards a towering bookshelf, her fingers gliding delicately across the leather-bound spines. The shelves creaked as she eventually plucked a large, dusty tome from among the others. She placed it gently on the table, its pages filled with faded illustrations and handwritten notes.

"This," she declared, her voice reverent, "is the Encyclopedia of Enchantments. It holds the accumulated wisdom of generations of enchanters, offering a comprehensive guide to crafting and understanding charms of all kinds."

The classroom buzzed with interest as the students leaned forward in their seats, eager for every word and every revelation that Professor Eudora would say. Or maybe they were just entranced by her beauty.

"We will explore the basic principles of charms and enchantments, from the correct pronunciation of incantations to the threads of mana that bind them," she proclaimed.

("Charms are interesting, as is enchanting.") Mikoto mused as he leaned back in his seat. He recalled that Lucinda herself had a magical object in the form of a sword. It was interesting to see the properties you could give an object. Professor Eudora went on with the lesson as he actually paid attention. She certainly knew how to catch the attention of her class; there was no doubt about that.

Or maybe the boys were simply charmed by her. He recalled that her full name was Elizabeth Eudora; apparently, she was hailed as the most beautiful. And he heard her herself was a spawn, but of which God or Goddess he did not know. But he might be able to figure it out; she had a certain charm about her, and it was not just her beauty. There was something else, though he doubted that was all that important.

He was more interested in this class. Enchanting was not really his forte, but it was still easy enough to manage. He was more focused on flashy spells, if he was being honest. Watching a lot of anime back home gave him a bunch of ideas he wanted to put to the test. Yes, he did do a kamehameha once upon a time.

Who could blame him?

### **Chapter 19: Chapter 17: Demons**

[Luminare Academy]

"Why isn't this working!?" Mikoto cursed to himself as a grimace morphed onto his face beneath his mask. "Is there something missing?" He questioned, but said question was not directed towards anyone in particular. He stared at those large, dark, imposing oak doors within the dark confines of the large Academy library.

Mikoto walked back and forth before the door, glaring at it as if it had done him wrong. He had been here for the past two hours, trying and failing to break the wards of the

forbidden section. He had underestimated just how much these wards would retaliate; there were at least a dozen that blocked his path. It already took a considerable amount of time just to break one, only for said one to repair itself.

("Ward's are defensive-type magic; they can have different properties. Some can even act as traps or just extremely hard shields, but these...") They were constantly stacking up on each other and strengthening. Whoever made them must have created them with considerable effort; they were not normal. Continuously pacing back and forth, Mikoto's mind raced.

("Let see until now I've been using hexes. Imploring magic that's meant to harm, this one in particular breaks its target down by eating away at its life force, its mana.") But as stated, that did not work as the ward's repaired themselves almost instantly. The only way to get through these wards was with a destructive spell on a scale that could continuously destroy them, faster than they could regenerate. But such a spell would be way too flashy, not to mention large; it could not be small due to the sheer mana needed to output such a spell.

Teleporting was his next guess, naturally, but these wards were more complex. Teleportation involved interacting with another dimension other than the 3rd dimension, yet still not much study was done about it. Yet this ward's blocked teleportation somehow. It was absurd, since coming to this world, everything was almost a breeze. Learning to read and write in a new language? Easy. Learning and creating spells? Easy. Learning more about the world? Easy.

Yet there was always an obstacle. A question with no answer. How was he going to get back home? He had been in this new world for awhile now, yet he had found nothing. And this 'forbidden section' was maybe what he needed. Just beyond those doors could lie knowledge that could be of help.

Mikoto finally stopped his pacing. His heel tapped impatiently on the creaking wooden floor of the large library. A solution could be beyond those doors. Yet he could not reach it. An obstacle was in his way, and he had no way of reaching it; even when he created new spells to combat the ward's, his right fist clenched tightly. What was the solution here? The one who created it could easily dispel it, but who was that? Considering that one needed the permission of the headmaster to enter and considering he was hailed as all-powerful, it could be likely that he was the one responsible for these wards.

"Tch." Mikoto just clicked his tongue as his form suddenly vanished from the library. His view was replaced by a rather spacious room with wooden floors and a red carpet atop them. There was a large wardrobe on the right side of the room and a large bed in the near center; there were a few other things, such as a few lamps and a door to the bathroom. And finally, a comfortable red arm chair.

Mikoto took off his mask, his form reverting back to its original body as he threw the mask on the nearby chair before all but jumping into his bed. Not even worrying about

removing his uniform. Shifting his body, he stared at the wooden ceiling of his dorm room blankly.

His rosy lips curled into a dissatisfied scowl.

"A new goal for now; no matter what I try, I can't seem to break those ward's. So the next thing I can do is get permission from the headmaster." But how was he going to be doing that? He wondered. The headmaster was barely in the academy to begin with; he is always off doing who knows what. He was an important person after all, and barring his duties as headmaster, he had a number of things he needed to do. He was an increasingly busy man.

He pondered over it, but no clear answer would show itself. But suddenly Mikoto shot up from his bed with a frown.

("One, five...six, seven....ten....fifteen....twenty....more than a hundred. These mana signatures just popped out of nowhere.") Mikoto's frown deepened as he got out of bed. Holding out his right hand, his mask flew into his grasp. Placing it on his face, he disappeared from his dorm room, appearing in the air outside. He floated as he overlooked the vast and now dark courtyard.

[ "Attention all students." ] He heard the voice of Professor Eudora, but it resounded within his head—some telepathy-type magic, he noted as the mental message continued. [ "I apologize for disturbing your rest, but it is important that you stay within the confines of your room. This is not a drill; demons have invaded the academy." ]

Mikoto hummed with interest.

("Demons invading?") Those were simple words, but anyone with just a little knowledge knew just how absurd that was. Luminare Academy was one of the most prestigious and well-known academies in the world. It's a magic academy, after all, naturally it has the best security in the form of various wards. Powerful ward's that seemed to have been broken.

Mikoto watched from on high as the malformed creatures, known as demons, walked and crawled through the academy grounds. The grotesque forms trampling and molesting the grass and trees'. He had never seen demons before; they ranged from wingless, imp-looking creatures to serpent-like creatures to more demi-human creatures.

("I wonder how they broke the wards; I haven't really had the time to examine the wards protecting the academy, but they must be on par with the wards shielding the forbidden section, right?") Mikoto grinned; it seems he needed to have a little talk with these demons.

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[“Attention all students.”] Ruby heard the voice of Professional Eudora resound within her head as she strolled through the dark hallways of the academy. [“I apologize for disturbing your rest, but it is important that you stay within the confines of your room. This is not a drill; demons have invaded the academy.”]

“Well, that sucks. They’re much earlier, huh?” The aqua-haired girl muttered that, she was just going to the bathroom because her own rooms’ was unusable due to reasons she was not comfortable disclosing. And now demons were somehow invading the academy? That was all kinds of annoying. But the girl could just shrug as she continued moving through the dead, silent hallways.

Demons hail from another world, apparently. Hell, the Underworld, the netherworld, Perdition; Abaddon, the Abyss; Acheron. It had quite a few names, but not much was honestly known about it. But demons are able to cross into their world’s through what are called rifts; just as in the demon world, not much is known about these rifts. But sorcerers are able to open said rifts to bring forth these demons; some demons are more intelligent than most, so magic vows or contracts are formed.

Though Ruby cared for none of this. So as she strolled through the hallways, she suddenly leaped backwards as something crashed through the windows of the building. It was a tall figure that easily dwarfed her in size multiple times over; its skin was tar-black, and its body was surprisingly humane-looking, with muscles bulging with every movement. There were jagged spikes coming from its arms, shoulders, and legs where its clawed feet sat. Its face was long, narrow, and crooked, with elongated bat-like ears and horns sitting on its head.

A Zephyrim. A demon that relied on physical combat.

“More mana than the rest.” It actually spoke, its voice thundering and grating to the ears as its elongated tongue peaked out of its mouth. He licked his own jagged teeth as if he were looking at an appalling piece of meat.

“You speak.” Ruby noted, her face still blank even while staring at the intimidating demon. “And what do you mean by ‘the rest’?” She could not help but ask, and in response, the Zephyrim merely darkly chuckled.

“You need not know, little girl.” It merely said that as its jagged tendrils suddenly shot forward and towards her with frightening speeds. Ruby leaped back as she extended her right palm; a circular blue glyph came into existence in front of her small palm.

(“I really don’t like using chants, but oh well I may be watched...”)

“Ignite the flames, with power untamed, Inferno’s fury, forever unchained. From earth to sky, let fire ascend. A fiery tempest that shall know no end.” She spoke the incantation in quick succession as the tendrils drew near.

Her palm began glowing with an intense light. As her palm ignited, the flames flickered with a bright hue. The brilliance of the fire extended from her glyph and consumed her hand, yet she showed no signs of pain.

In one swift motion, Ruby unleashed her magic upon the demon. The resulting wave of blue fire surged forward, crashing into the tendrils of the creature. Sparks flew as the fire collided with the demon appendages, illuminating the hallway.

The tendrils recoiled, charred, and smoking. The demon loomed above her, its towering presence momentarily diminished by her display. Yet, even in its weakened state, its hunger did not dwindle.

("Tsk, must I really hold back this much? I really wish Mikoto was here at least, I could show off.")

"Ahaha." It gave a raspy laugh as the intense blue flame died down. Its body was slightly charred, with its skin peeling off in certain sections of its crooked body. "You're quite the lively little fish." And now, as if infused with renewed vigor, the Zephyrim lunged at the girl with a terrifying speed. Its tendrils, now writhing and thrashing wildly, reaching towards her within a instance.

"Bhjøld." She quietly muttered the incomprehensible word beneath her breath.

Ruby had reacted with quick reflexes. Concentrating her mana, she summoned a powerful shield of light, encasing her in a translucent barrier. This force field materialized before her, with a bone-shaking impact, the creature collided with her barrier. The collision reverberated through the hallway, sending tremors rippling through the architecture of the academy. The creature's tendrils flailed and thrashed against the resilient shield; their futile assaults met with resounding echoes of reverberating mana.

"How tedious, I'm a fool not a clown."

Ruby prepared another counterattack, one that would put the demon down for good, but the palpable tension was shattered by the swift arrival of a white-haired girl with piercing red eyes. With an absurd display of agility, she swiftly lunged forward, wielding a gleaming weapon identified as a katana with.

As the creature continued its relentless assault on her barrier, its attention was suddenly diverted to the newcomer. With a deft flourish of her blade, the white-haired girl leaped through the air. The katana, sliced through the air, leaving behind a trail of crimson sparks.

In one fluid motion, the katana cleaved through the creature's writhing tendrils and body, each strike. The creature, deceived by the sudden intrusion, writhed and convulsed spasmodically as its bisected form collapsed to the ground, oozing inky

darkness. Its shadowy essence dissipated, slowly fading into nothingness, leaving behind an eerie silence in its wake.

Ruby blinked; the Zephyrim was dead. She had wanted to kill it.

"Are you unharmed?" Her attention was grabbed by the white-haired girl who sheathed her blade.

"Mikoto?" It looked an awful lot like him, though she recalled that his hair was not as long when she saw him first in the capital. Nor did he have breasts, and now it was the girl's turn to look at her confused. ("Hmm, this girl's memories are clashing with mine. Not the best vessel.")

"The masked boy?" Lucinda questioned; she had no clue as to why Ruby blurted out his name of all people.

"Oh, pardon me, you just happen to look like someone I know." Lucinda could just frown at that; that was highly unlikely given she was a spawn of Octavia. "But I gather you must know Mikoto as well." Lucinda could just give a wry smile.

"Yes, I do; he is quite the character." From the week she spent in detention with him all he did was sleep or ask her about her Familial Arts strangely enough. Other than that, conversations were a rarity. He did not seem to care much about her presence at all, which in itself was quite strange considering who she was. But suddenly her attention whipped back as her head did as well, an action Ruby mimicked as demons crashed through widows and ran up stairs. "It seems we have more company." She mused, she came out to help any students that might be wandering around. But it would be most prudent to shorten the demons ranks.

"I shall assist." Ruby stated, slightly backing away and extending her palms. Lucinda wanted to tell her to retreat, but she was confined to the blade as she did not want to unleash flashy or large spells.

"Very well, I am counting on you." Lucinda stated with a smile as she unsheathed her blade once more.

## **Chapter 20: Chapter 18: Fight Demons**

[Forest]

"Annoying shit bags!" Mirabella cursed as she raised her palm towards the horde of demons of all shapes and sizes. She focused her magic, her hand pulsating with mana. With a burst of light, she summoned an array of large swords, each crafted with silver blades and ornate golden hilts. The air shattered with mana as she unleashed the swords, their trajectory slicing through the demonic horde.

The cleaved-through corpses of the demons fell to the grassy ground as they disappeared into nothingness. Her sharp blue eyes scanned the large courtyard for any more that might show, and then she clicked her tongue in apparent annoyance.

Juliana, she was on her way to the girl, but someone had evoked teleportation magic. And before she knew it, she found herself in the academy courtyard with demons surrounding her. The only things that surrounded her were grass, trees, and the old ruins of the academy that were no longer in use. But still, her worry about Juliana must have seemed a bit excessive, considering she had just recently met the girl. Still, all of this was annoying, and she could not help but click her tongue in annoyance once more.

But it just annoyed her how weak the girl was and how she just took the punishment thrown her way. But that meek attitude reminded her of how her little sister used to be before she took on a haughty attitude.

"The demon fuckers must've planned for this. This random teleportation attests to that much. They must have some pretty high-ranking demons then." She mused thoughtfully.

There were many different types of demons. Some are mindless, some lackluster, and some are weak. And then there were the 'special demon threats' classified as Chaosmaw's. They were the type of demons rarely seen, smarter than the rest, and way more powerful.

One could very well be behind this. Considering the wards of the academy were broken and so many demons were invading, it could very well be possible.

But suddenly, the ground began to tremble, halting her thoughts. A low rumble rose from the earth, growing in intensity until it shook the very foundations of the land. The earth split apart, cracks snaking through the ground like fissures in glass, revealing a dark void beneath.

From the depths of this abyss, a colossal figure emerged, a creature of pure malevolence. It ascended slowly, rising to its full height, as if the very act of manifesting in the mortal realm required great effort. Finally, with a resounding crash, the demon completed its otherworldly ascent, standing before Mirabella, who dared to witness its emergence.

The demon stood at least twenty feet tall, its monstrous frame towering over all. Its skin was a palette of deep black and charred ebony, as if forged in the fiery depths of Hell itself. Every inch of its form seemed to ripple with muscle and power.

With a roar that rattled the skied, the demon extended its immense, clawed hand, its fingers terminating in wickedly sharp talons. It reached out towards the sky, as the

ground shuddered beneath its presence, yet Mirabella merely stared at the creature with a grin.

"Well, aren't you a big one?" She mused as the gigantic demon turned. "Maybe this'll be fun after all." She mused.

Without hesitation, the demon lunged forward, its massive frame hurtling towards Mirabella with surprising speed. The ground trembled beneath its weight as it swung its colossal fist, aiming to shatter her fragile form. But she moved, her petite figure evading the strike easily.

As the demon's fist crashed into the earth with a thunderous impact, sending shockwaves through the air, Mirabella moved away unscathed. Her nimble steps carried her beyond the reach of the demon.

Undeterred, the demon unleashed a torrent of fire from its gaping mouth, with streams of searing fire surging towards the girl. The intense heat washed over her, flames licking at her surroundings, yet she remained untouched. It was a simple thing to slip through the gaps.

The demon used its powerful tail as a weapon, lashing it toward her. The tail, tipped with razor-sharp spikes, sliced through the air. Yet, her reflexes defied it as she dove under it.

Infuriated by its inability to strike the princess, the demon unleashed a array of clawed swipes, the force behind each attack enough to rend stone and steel. But with a supernatural agility, Mirabella weaved through the onslaught of talons.

The ground beneath her cracked and splintered with the force of the demon's rage, adding to the chaos, yet the girl remained untouched.

With each evasion, the girl's boredom grew, pushing her to her ultimate feat. The large demon let out a furious roar, its voice shaking the very foundations of the earth.

"Familial Arts: Aetheric Oblivion." She murmured those words almost in boredom as her destruction began.

In one fluid motion, she unleashed her own power—a surge of light and mana emanating from her being. It swirled around her, coalescing into a orb of purity.

The mana collided with the demon's monstrous form, an explosion of blinding light tearing through the air. The world trembled, crumbling ruins disintegrating under the force of the onslaught. The malevolent entity, writhing in agony, let out a final, desperate shriek before succumbing to oblivion.

The explosion carved through the ground, disintegrating all in its path. Trees, stone, ruins, everything ceased to be in that moment.

And as the dust settled the destruction hung in the air. The demon that once stood tall was reduced to nothing but shards of darkness, scattered by the winds.

She really had no need for such a destructive spell, but she did want to bother prolonging the fight any longer than needed.

"Well done, well done." She suddenly heard clapping from on high, followed by a classy-sounding voice. "As expected from a daughter of Aragorn, just look at all of this destruction. And that was some impressive agility." The voice spoke with an impressed whistle. Mirabella turned her gaze upward as she studied the one who addressed her. Though it surprised her that this individual somehow survived her attack.

It was a demon; that much was clear to see, yet he seemed somehow different. His skin was a sky blue with elongated bat-like ears and white horns atop his head, and his eyes were a pool of blood red. His overall form was humanoid, and he actually wore clothing.

A red button shirt under a black vest with detailed patterns, along with black slacks and dress shoes. Thrown over his form was a black robe adorned with gold.

"Well, you're quite the creepy-looking fucker." Mirabella commented as the floating creature came down, his feet soon touching the ground.

"My, what crude language for a young lady." It shot back. Not really sounding all that annoyed by her comment'.

"Well, are you going to do something about it then?" She challenged, her mana flaring.

"Mayhap." The demon spoke as its blood-red eyes gleamed beneath the moonlight.

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In the heart of the dense forest, Agatha stood in the amidst of an array of demons, their grotesque forms unique.

The first demon, with crimson eyes and razor-sharp claws, lunged towards her with something akin to anger. Its fangs glistened with a venomous drool, its intentions clear. As the creature closed in, Agatha's eyes flared.

Summoning her magic, she extended her arms, and from her palm surged a torrent of raw mana. The mana fell to the forest floor, weaving symbols and runes upon the earth. The ground trembled beneath her as her spell took hold.

Suddenly, the forest floor erupted as colossal tree roots sprung forth with an explosive force, shattering the tranquility of the forest. Knotted and gnarled, the roots surged upward, their surfaces ridged with rough bark and adorned with sharp thorns. They twisted and coiled, reaching menacingly towards the demons that encircled the girl.

With a thunderous crash, the roots speared through the air, their unrestrained strength crushing and splintering any demon that dared to stand in their path. As she willed them forward, the roots entwined around the demons like vices, constricting their distorted forms until bones shattered and hideous shrieks filled the air.

Another demon, a wraith-like specter glided towards her, seeking to envelop her in its grasp. She raised her hands towards it, fingers splayed, and the forest responded to her commanding presence.

Trunks of towering oaks trembled as they awakened, their massive forms bursting forth from the soil with an explosive force. The trees' broad branches unfolded as it pierced the demon

More demons were ensnared, crushed mercilessly, and impaled upon the jagged spikes that protruded from her magic. Their forms were rendered asunder, their cries of pain echoing.

She turned away from the scene of destruction as she walked through the dense forest. Like most, she too was teleported to a random location against her will.

"But this is highly unusual." This was mostly the thought process of the majority. The staff of the academy was most likely handling demons; they were most likely too preoccupied to even take note of all the people that were warped away.

She herself found herself within the confines of a forest far away from the academy grounds. She would teleport back, but there were wards that stretched out endlessly that prevented her from doing so. Correction: there were wards that prevented the invoking of teleportation magic.

("The one responsible for the wards must be preoccupied with something else if they cannot even keep these wards in place.") She deduced easily enough, so as she prepared to teleport away, her head suddenly snapped to the side as she frowned.

"Show yourself!" She yelled, her gaze directed towards a large tree. In response, she heard a small 'eep' before the hidden individual made themselves visible. She frowned as she spotted those horns with the long, gray, fuzzy hair.

("This mana... is she truly a demon?") Agatha could not help but wonder as she stared at the meek-looking girl.

"W-wait! I'm not a demon!" The girl quickly clarified, having gathered what Agatha was thinking about based on how her eyes linger on her horns.

"Your eerie and evil mana says otherwise." The blonde bluntly stated:

"W-well, that uhm...is because I..." The girl seemed hesitant to follow up on her sentence but Agatha quickly deduced just what she was.

"I see. You are a spawn of 'his', correct?" Agatha deduced, and Juliana just hesitantly nodded her head at the girl's words. "That would explain your mana, I suppose." Agatha murmured thoughtfully. "Then come; it would be wise not to linger here."

"You'll help me?" She questioned seemingly in disbelief. Agatha quirked up an eyebrow on her impassive face at the reaction before she spoke.

"Of-" Suddenly, however, she quickly cut herself off as she twisted her body to the side just in time for something to fling past her, mowing down a few trees in its path.

"Mine apologies." She heard a voice uttered out as her eyes landed on a levitating blue-skinned demon. "But she was getting quite rowdy."