

A Journey Unwanted

#Chapter 91 - 89: Hope - Read A Journey Unwanted

Chapter 91 - 89: Hope

Chapter 91: Chapter 89: Hope

[Verdantis]

[Emberreach]

"That Lyra chick is way too weird," Mikoto murmured to no one but himself. Though the city of Emberreach was semi-repaired, no one was repopulating. That made sense, seeing as there was a chance for more demons and Vel'ryr troops to be walking around. But Mikoto really did not care for any of that; the boy was much too focused on the aged parchments in his hand.

("All of this could really help. You're a weird woman, Lyra, but thank you,") Mikoto smiled genuinely beneath his mask, and for the first time in a while, the embers of hope were ignited from within him. ("Mom, Hinata, Aunt Maya, and even that idiot Akira. I might just be able to see them again.") Hope was such a beautiful thing; it drove more motivation into him.

With these parchments Lyra gave to him, going back home might be possible. It was a detailed set of instructions with theories and hypotheses. Following them to the letter would yield results. Now, with these in his possession, it might be thought that there was no point in participating in the festival anymore, but that was not the case.

After Lyra gave him the parchments and after he satiated her curiosity, he had obviously tried to implement world travel magic. He just ended up in space; this magic was far too delicate even with his superb skill in magic. Teleportation magic and Healing magic, those were some of the most difficult magics to learn, yet he mastered them in a heartbeat. Of course, it was thanks to him being a spawn of Octavia and his unique way of approaching magic by using science as a medium.

"If I want to use world travel magic, then my skill as I am now won't be enough." Even so, that did not diminish the hope he had. ("So I'll learn Arcane Ascendance. In the festival, all the Inheritors will be there. Before I kill Selwyn, I'll push them all to the brink so they use it. Then I'll analyze it and do it myself. I just hope it is that simple.") That seemed like the plan for now. With these parchments, there was no need to get into that forbidden section in that library. Mikoto folded the parchments and placed them inside his uniform. Pocketing his hands, he enjoyed the silence for a short while.

"As soon as I learn Arcane Ascendance, I'm outta here," he murmured. There was really no point in staying in this world any longer than he needed to. Though even so, he

had made some friends here, but he would not feel sad at leaving them all. He had family which he valued more than anything else. That was right, but even if the core issue of how he would return home was resolved, there was still the problem of why he was dragged to this world. ("I've been holding off on it, but I need to get my hands on Asaun's ring. Rhea still wants it, no doubt, seeing as it's her object. She could inform me more of my situation and if Octavia was really responsible for dragging me here.") With his mind made up, he walked on, only to take note of two familiar heads of hair: blue and white, Mirabella and Lucinda.

There were also two unfamiliar faces, a woman with a resting bitch face and some drunk hobo-looking woman. And said drunk hobo-looking woman's gaze all but pierced his body, and her body blurred and disappeared. In an instant, the woman was in front of him, right leg poised high and ready to strike. Mikoto reacted swiftly, raising his right arm in defense as her leg collided with his arm.

Crack

Mikoto scowled in annoyance as he felt pain shoot through his right arm. That scowl grew more as the force of her kick seemed to generate a small wave of pressure that shattered some windows nearby. Mikoto swung his arm, and the woman was forced to retreat via flipping backward. She took a simple left leading stance. Mikoto, meanwhile, looked at his right arm with a hidden frown.

("Fractured from just a kick?") Of course, the fractured bone was immediately healed, but his annoyance was still very high. "Committing suicide this early in the morning?" Mikoto flexed his right arm as he extended his palm toward the blonde woman. "And you, damn bitch, I just got done fixing this place." Just as he prepared a spell, someone knocked the woman over her head.

"Gah!"

"Captain Ysabel, are you being an idiot on purpose right now?" The serious-looking black-haired woman stated with an annoyed glare.

"Oops, my bad," the blonde sheepishly blurted out, rubbing the back of her head.
"Come on, can ya blame me, Ingrid? It's just my instincts."

"Your instincts told you to attack someone who was clearly a student?" Ingrid asked skeptically with a degrading gaze. "Sure, though my own personal theory is that you're just an idiot who does foolish things."

"Oomph!" An invisible arrow to the heart, the knight captain froze at the disrespect. "Hey, I'm your captain, you know?" She was ignored.

"Apologies for this fool's actions," Ingrid said to a confused Mikoto with a bow. "She can't help but attack-like a dog- when she spots someone interesting."

Mikoto hid his gaze as he stared at Ysabel like she was some kind of idiot.

"Hey, I can totally tell you're staring at me like I'm some kinda crazy person!" Ysabel exclaimed, somehow taking note of his gaze.

"You are. What kind of psycho person just attacks a random guy?" Mikoto questioned.
"You're pretty unhinged."

"Hey!" She cried out.

Ingrid cursed as she rubbed her temples. ("A grinning mask and a Luminare uniform, no doubt this is the one Reylthorn spoke of. This fool reacted too brashly; she could have revealed we knew of him. And furthermore, he stopped a kick from this idiot without reinforcing himself. Idiotic as she is, Ysabel is strong. The only reason Lady Stark would beat her is the gap in experience. But at her core, Ysabel is the strongest knight, not just in Verdantis but the world.") Ingrid cleared her throat as she raised her right hand in greeting.

"At any rate, sorry once more for this idiot. I believe introductions are in order. I am the second in command of the first platoon, Ingrid. A pleasure." Mikoto hummed as he shook her gauntleted hand, only to immediately let go of it as he dodged a punch from a dainty hand.

"Damn idiot! Where the hell were you!?" Mirabella questioned, seemingly angry with a hint of worry in her eyes. Lucinda stared at him too, relieved for whatever reason.

"Oh, Mirabella, how's it going?"

"That's all you gonna say after being gone so long!?" She questioned. Mikoto tilted his head.

"I was gone for a few hours, geez. Why are you so pissed?" Mikoto asked. She just seemed angrier than usual. The princess huffed as she folded her arms.

"After fighting that damn monster, you just up and disappeared. I told you not to fight him, and you still did." She glared to the side. "You're such a damn idiot..." She mumbled afterward.

"What Mirabella is trying to say is that she was worried," Lucinda supplied with a small smile. "As was I. You're a friend, Mikoto, so of course we would be." Lucinda's smile grew brightly. How odd, she seemed to already value him as a friend. The same seemed true with Mirabella, but she did not seem as inclined to openly express that.

"Tch, I wasn't worried," Mirabella huffed.

"There's no need for the worry," Mikoto jabbed a thumb at himself. "Did you happen to forget I'm pretty strong? Selwyn was pretty tough, but well, I'm me, and so the whole fight wasn't really life-threatening." Mikoto stated, completely ignoring the fact that a gaping hole was driven through his chest or how he had lost an arm. Yep, non-life-threatening.

"Fighting the crown prince and coming out alive, that is quite commendable," Ingrid praised, keeping her inner thoughts to herself. ("And frightening. From the way the spawn of Octavia and the princess talked, him battling Selwyn holds true. He truly fought that monster and lives?")

"You're pretty strong, huh!" Not one to keep her inner monologue well inner, Ysabel spoke up. "Well, I'm pretty strong myself, not to brag." She brought up her right arm; though it was smooth, her arm was also somewhat toned. She flexed her muscles with a smirk. "As you felt from that kick, no doubt, fufuf~"

"That kick was weak sauce."

"Gah!" An invisible arrow pierced the knight captain's pride; her second in command sighed in annoyance.

"Apologies for taking your time, but we must convene with the knight captain stationed here," Ingrid gave a bow as she grabbed a hold of Ysabel's collar and dragged her away.

"Hey, my kick was strong!" Even while being dragged off, Ysabel screamed on. The three of them watched on with deadpan expressions as she was dragged off screaming about how strong her kick was.

("What a weirdo,") they all thought.

Chapter 92: Chapter 90: Debrief

[Verdantis]

[Emberreach]

The walls were constructed from massive stone blocks, expertly hewn and fitted together with mortar that has long since hardened to a dull gray. Lantern sconces protrude from the walls at regular intervals, holding flickering flames. High above, a vaulted ceiling stretches overhead, its wooden beams exposed.

In the center of the room stood a massive oak table, its surface scarred with nicks and stains from countless meetings and meals. Around it are arranged several high-backed chairs, their frames also of oak. Currently seated within the chairs were Knight Captain Asaun, Professor Eugene, Captain Ysabel, and her second-in-command Ingrid.

"Love what you've done with the place, Asaun. Very comfy," Ysabel thoughtfully murmured, nodding her head in approval.

"You're too kind, Captain Ysabel," Asaun stated with a smile. "And let me once more offer my gratitude for the knights of the first platoon coming to our aid so quickly."

"No gratitude needed, Ser Asaun," Ingrid spoke up, her face as straight and serious as ever. "It's our duty as knights to offer help where we can."

"Fufu~ Look at you all noble-like," Ysabel giggled from beside her, she got a gauntlet fist to the head for her idiocy.

"Gah!"

"Anyway, thank you, Professor Eugene, for coming to this small and brief meeting," Ingrid turned her gaze to the professor as she continued. "There is only a few things me and my captain wish to confirm."

"It is no problem," the professor briefly uttered.

"Well, it's mostly to do with your students," Ingrid admitted.

"They are quite the unique bunch, eccentric even," Asaun supplied with a smile.

"Yeah, and to think Galadriel would get its second Inheritor," Ysabel commented, resting a foot on the table much to her second-in-command's annoyance. "And the princess is one too according to the crest on her mana."

"Crest?" Professor Eugene questioned, Asaun obliged with an explanation.

"Every competent sorcerer is able to detect and see mana, however, a knight's senses dwarf that of a sorcerer," he began. "And as you know, despite losing the ability to use magic, we are far more in tune with mana as a whole, which comes with many benefits. For instance, how much easier we can weaponize it and how perceptive we are of it. The Inheritors of our country all bear the crest of their God or Goddess. It is the same with young Agatha and Mirabella. The former is already awakened while the latter lies dormant."

"I see, is that how you scout more Inheritors? But despite knights being all around the world, this information is no doubt sensitive," Professor Eugene noted.

"Well, giving some information is the least we could do, seeing as how helpful you and your students were," Asaun smiled at the professor with gratitude.

"I presume these students will be participating in the festival," Ingrid surmised.

"They will, the reason I, along with them, was sent here was for a curriculum to get them ready," Professor Eugene clarified.

"Sheesh, Galadriel's got some crazy kids," Ysabel chuckled. "They're all interesting, but one in particular caught my eye. The masked one, Makoto? Meketo?"

"Mikoto," Ingrid supplied.

"Yeah, Mikoto!" Ysabel exclaimed.

"He was a rather interesting fellow," Asaun agreed. "There is beauty in mystery."

"I heard he fought Selwyn," Ysabel stated, catching Professor Eugene's attention.

"The crown prince?" He questioned. "I was not aware he was part of this attack."

"According to the spawn of Octavia and the princess, he was," Ingrid stated as a thoughtful expression crossed her face. "Still, though, there was a large amount of destruction situated far north from here. That was where those tremors no doubt originated from, we had sent our court mage to investigate, but she is easy to distract so who knows what she is up to," Ingrid finished with a sigh.

"Chaosmaws were attacking the city too, but the only person who could cause that kind of destruction would be the dear crown prince," Ysabel deduced. "And little Mikoto was fighting him." An eerie smile grew on her face. "Tell me, how did Galadriel come across such a monster."

"And that's the last of it," Mikoto murmured as he restored a chapel back to its former glory. Mikoto heaved a breath at a good day's work.

"Seems you've been stuck repairing the city as well," Mikoto took note of the familiar voice of Agatha. He watched her approach him but immediately took note of the flying creature behind her.

"What the hell is that thing?" Mikoto questioned as he pointed at the flying creature.

"Thing!?" Despite the small size of it, its words were annoyingly loud. "Excuse you! I am not a thing! I am the great fairy Cor'nella. Guide to all Inheritors of the Goddess Isadora!" She proclaimed. "You should be respecting me, you brat!"

"This thing's pretty loud."

"I agree," Agatha stated with a deadpan expression.

"Hey!" Cor'nella whined, the two ignored the fairy as she went on a tangent.

"Anyway, you were stuck with construction too?" Mikoto asked.

"Creation Magic is useful when it comes to repairing," she folded her arms as she glanced at the chapel he repaired. "But it seems like you've been doing a better job."

"Hey, don't ignore me!"

"Well, I'm just good at anything I do," Mikoto humbly stated, the edges of Agatha's lips nearly quirked up.

"As egotistical as always, I see," Agatha stated dryly as her fairy companion pulled on her cheek to get her attention. She was ignored.

"Is it egotistical if it's true?"

"Probably," she shrugged.

"Hey, stop ignoring me!" The two finally turned to the writhing fairy.

"What is it?" Agatha asked, deadpanned as ever.

"Hmph! Never mind, you're too busy talking to your little boyfriend so you can forget getting any of my help," Cor'nella exclaimed.

"Okay."

"Okay!? You should be sad, devastated even!" Cor'nella said with a pout and an angry glare that looked more cute than anything.

("This fairy is easy to piss off.") Mikoto chuckled to himself. ("Just like Hinata.")

"And what are you laughing about!?" Cor'nella angrily blurted out.

"I think this thing might grow on me," Mikoto mused.

"It's Cor'nella! Not 'thing'!" She flew to him and through a flurry of 'extremely' 'devastating' punches at his cheek. Mikoto merely pushed her away with his index finger.

"So I heard you're an Inheritor," Mikoto stated as he continued keeping the fairy at bay. "Moving up in the world, huh? Imagine the look on your old man's face when he finds out you're way stronger than his grumpy ass."

"Hm, it will be... satisfying," she admitted with a small smile. "But maybe I am stronger than you now too."

"What? No way," Mikoto just waved her off. "You've got a long way to go, kid."

"We're the same age," she dully stated.

"Meh," Mikoto finally let go of Cor'nella who had quickly grown exhausted from throwing rapid punches, hence the fairy flew back and took a seat on Agatha's shoulder, catching her breath. Mikoto just stifled a laugh at the exhausted fairy who swore revenge.

"You seem as though you're in a good mood," Agatha noted. "It's more genuine than usual, your happiness always seemed so dull, but it's different now."

"More genuine, huh?" Mikoto murmured, it was true. He had hope after all, with so many dead ends there was actually a light at the end of the tunnel. A chance to return home, how could he not be happy? "I guess so, but you seem different yourself."

"I do?" Agatha asked with a tilt of her head.

"You're less emo."

"Emo?"

"Less edgy."

"Edgy?"

"You aren't as dull as you used to be," Mikoto clarified. "More light in your eyes, it's a good look for you, Agatha." Agatha stared at him for a few seconds.

"Thank you, Mikoto, your words mean a lot," Agatha mumbled. "I haven't changed much, but it won't be long now. I'll shed this sad, pathetic girl I used to be, I'll become someone new... with Cor'nella's help."

"Hahaha!" The fairy gave a triumphant laugh.

"Well, I look forward to seeing the kind of person you'll become," Mikoto mused. "No more boring old Agatha, huh?"

"You really have no tact, huh?" Agatha said with a small snort. "But that is fine, I suppose, it does fit you, Mikoto." A small tranquil smile decorated her features.

"You really think so?" Mikoto hummed as he looked at the bright skies. "Well, thanks, Agatha."

And thus their stay at Verdantis came to a close. After this, it was back to Galadriel, and then it was going to be the festival. He would learn Arcane Ascendance, and then he would get back home, he would finally get to see them after all this time.

("Just wait a while longer, mom, Hinata. I'll be back soon.")

Chapter 93: Interlude

The landscape of the dead planet stretched endlessly under a sky devoid of any trace of life. It was a desolate expanse where the echoes of a once vibrant world lingered in something akin to ghostly whispers. Here, every speck of the planet has long lost its battle against time and nature.

The ground beneath was cracked and parched, resembling the wrinkled skin of an ancient being. Fine dust, the color of ash, coated everything, forming a thin veil over the rocky terrain. Jagged rocks protruded sporadically from the earth, their surfaces weathered smooth by eons of mythical erosion. Some were sharp and angular, as if frozen in a moment of violent upheaval, while others were rounded and worn down, softened by the relentless passage of time.

Across this desolation, there were occasional formations that hinted at the planet's geological history. Massive boulders, once part of towering mountains or ancient cliffs, now lay scattered like forgotten monuments. Their surfaces were marked with patterns of erosion, resembling abstract art carved by the whims of wind and sand.

The absence of water was starkly evident. No rivers flowed here, no lakes reflected the sky above. The only moisture in the air was a faint, lifeless mist that occasionally drifted across the landscape, carrying with it the scent of minerals and decay.

Above, the sky was a canopy of perpetual gloom. Thick layers of clouds, tinged with hues of sickly gray and muted ochre, hung low like a shroud over the planet. Rarely did sunlight penetrate this veil, casting the landscape in a perpetual twilight that knew no dawn or dusk.

Occasionally, the silence was broken by the eerie howl of the wind as it swept across the barren plains, carrying with it dust and debris. The air itself felt heavy with emptiness, devoid of the bustling sounds of life that once animated this now desolate world.

Here and there, hardy plants clung to existence against all odds. These were not lush forests or verdant fields, but rather sparse clusters of resilient vegetation, their leaves gray and leathery, adapted to survive on the faintest traces of moisture and nutrients.

The two figures stood facing each other. One wore heavy, ethereal white armor adorned with gold. The figure was centrally positioned in front of a large circular golden halo, hovering behind him. The armor had sculpted pieces and gilded embellishments. It was

was a complete suit, encompassing the entire body from head to toe. The figure had a large helmet with a prominent golden decorative element at the brow plate that is ornamented, complemented by flowing white, almost ethereal, fabric that drapes dramatically from the armor.

They had winged extensions, and a long flowing mane of white hair that seems to frame their head and shoulders.

The other figure was less ethereal, more monstrous. Heavy obsidian black armor decorated their body, pulsating as if the armor was their own flesh, adorned in a dull gold that seemed dulled by the monster's aura. Their helmet resembled a grotesque face with jagged gold horns and gleaming red eyes that pierced their adversary.

"Hahahaha!" A deep laugh resonated from the dark fiend. **"You did it, my friend! It should have been impossible, but you did it! You've ascended to the next level of power! How!?"**

"There was no room for doubt," the white figure stated, their voice muffled yet soothing in an odd way. **"I merely existed and observed, I would not deny myself."** They spread their arms wide as if embracing the dead planet. **"It was simple. I merely took what was mine!"**

"You do not cease to amaze me!" the black figure laughed deeply, the sound echoing. **"But the time for talk is over."**

"Yes, you are right." Power radiated from the two monsters. **"Let me keep my promise and end you."**

Chapter 94: Auxiliary Chapter: Inheritor forms

A/N: Just all the would be Inheritors forms, I'll add pictures later so you can keep track. I'll move this Chapter to the top of this volume so keep that in mind if you ever want to familiarize yourself with the characters new forms, further more all festival participants and most prominent characters have profiles on the front.

Lyraeth Scrivener

Lilith Gwynek

Reylthorn Gwynek

Isabella Trune

Reynard Foxgrove

Vulcan Morton

Agatha Gregory

Princess Mirabella

Maerwynn D'arce

Rowena Isadore

Aerinon Lacroix

Dante

Mikoto Yukio

Lucinda

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Chapter 96: Auxiliary Chapter 3

A/N: The third Auxiliary Chapter, like the others I'll be moving this to the top of this volume and I'll add pictures later.

Name: Britha

Age: ???

Bio: The Ancestor of Might and her companion Naga. Britha puts honour before all else, she believes in equality but all these things serve to chain her down.

Height: 200cm

Name: Gisèle

Age: ???

Bio: The Ancestor of Malice, chaos is within her nature. All she seeks is to spread her malevolent intent. Though as the youngest of the Ancestors she is by proxy the weakest, though that is the only thing that holds her back.

Height: 167cm

Name: Aurélie

Age: ???

Bio: The Ancestor of Pestilence, she is aloof and sometimes almost uncaring. It is difficult to discern just what is going on within her head.

Height: 170cm

Name: Aithne

Age: ???

Bio: The Ancestor of ???

Height: 169cm

Name: Aelfric

Age: ???

Bio: The Ancestor of Wisdom, the path of wisdom varies. He walks not a set path but that which he chooses. He walks a path of peace. He walks a path of violence. He walks the path of victory. Such is his wisdom that guides him at every waking moment.

Height: 187cm

Name: Invincible Titan of Celestial Armies, Unrelenting Harbinger of Divine Fate, Supreme Executioner of the Heavens, and Indefatigable Champion of Order, General Magnus

Age: ???

Bio: The supreme General of the Goddess of wars armies. He is a mighty combatant with even mightier magic and martial arts at his disposal.

Name: Emperor Aerious Von Auerswald

Age: ???

Height: 190cm

Bio: The emperor of the most technological advanced nation in the world. He rules with an iron fist and a sharp mind. Yet his power measures up to his rule, for the Great Dragon of Order has chosen him as his.

Name: Verence

Age: ???

Height: 174cm

Bio: A bad comedy.

Name: Ezerald (RE)

Age: ???

Height: 175cm

Bio: Granted unimaginable power, power that was always rightfully hers. Ezerald's goal remains unchanged, she will follow Aegraxes ever loyally.

Name: Beatrice (RE)

Age: ???

Height: 168cm

Bio: Demons are malformed Fate Walkers, that much is true. Though since then they have become their own independent race. Inherently cruel, Beatrice embodies that now more than ever as she is fully realized.

Name: Grimm

Age: 23

Height: 178cm

Bio: Power beyond measure, simple words to describe what he possessed. The Great Elemental Dragon chose him, marked him. A soldier who has seen countless bloodshed despite his age. Battle after battle, all merely end in bloodshed and his victory. He is a General, commanding vast armies and fighting the most gruesome of battles. Despite that his humanity is still very much in tact, his dull nature never fading.

Name: Mallory Verdoom

Age: 17

Height: 164cm

Bio: Lieutenant to the mighty Grimm, she is a dunderhead as dull as they come with a dirty mind. Yet even so she is a capable young woman, as a Descendant of the Great Cursed Dragon her power is immense and cruel, despite everything she is dependable.

Name: Typhon

Age: ???

Height: N/A

Bio: ???

Name: Unknown God

Age: ???

Height: 160cm

Bio: ???

Name: Lady

Age: ???

Height: 170cm

Bio: N/A

Chapter 97: Index

Main Characters:

-Mikoto Yukio

-Dante

-General Grimm

Magic: Magic is a simple concept. It comes in many forms and is used for many purposes. And it varies.

But how does it function?

Envision water. How would you create water from nothing? You couldn't. That is where mana came in; mana is everywhere. From the plants and trees to humans', animals', and demi-humans' In simple terms, every sentient being had set mana that replenishes itself. However, did that necessarily mean every person had a lot of mana? No, the amount of mana a person could draw out from that set well of quantity varied greatly.

Let us make an example.

Person A can draw out 80%.

Person B can draw out 10%.

That could go on to billions and more. It is true that when something goes on and on, there is no end to it, meaning theoretically, a person could perfectly attain unlimited mana. But that was neither here nor there. Person A obviously has 'more' mana in simpler terms because he can draw out more of said set well. But people varied; some could draw out 100%, 200%, 100 000%, 1 000 000 000%, and so on. So mana was a simple concept.

But something to add was that every single person had a unique mana signature. Only rarely are they the same.

Back to our first question: How do you create water with magic? In truth, there is no set way to conjure water; every person had a method they use to get the desired results. Some used their imagination.

Imagine the flowing and calm current of water. That serene and unique aspect. And viola water was created, not real water. A mere concept was created—the concept of water.

Main Types of Magic:

1. Elemental Magic:

-Fire magic

-Water Magic

-Air Magic

-Earth Magic

-Light Magic

-Dark Magic

-Ice Magic

-Lightning Magic

-Nature Magic

2. Healing Magic:

-Regeneration Magic

-Restoration Magic

-Purification Magic

-Herbal Magic

-Life Magic

3. Illusion Magic:

-Glamour Magic

-Phantasm Magic

-Deception Magic

-Hallucination Magic

-Shapeshifting Magic

4. Necromancy:

-Raising the Dead

- Controlling undead
- Soul Manipulation
- Spirit Communication

5. Psychic Magic:

- Telepathy
- Telekinesis
- Psychic Projection
- Mind control
- Clairvoyance

6. Enchantment Magic:

- Enchanting Objects
- Enchanting Potions
- Enchanting Weapons
- Enchanting Armor
- Enchanting Tools

7. Time magic:

- Time manipulation (to an extremely minor degree, control varies depending on the individual.)
- Precognition
- Temporal Freeze
- Time Loops

8. Divination Magic:

- Tarot Reading
- Crystal Ball Gazing

-Palm Reading

- Astrology

-Aura Reading

9. Summoning Magic:

-Summoning Elementals

-Summoning Spirits

-Summoning Familiars

-Summoning Demons or Angels

-Summoning Mythical Creatures

10. Elemental Control:

-Manipulating Fire

-Controlling water

-Creating and Bending Air

-Shaping Earth

-Harnessing Ice

-Manipulating Lightning

-Plant Manipulation

11. Celestial Magic:

-Astral Projection

-Celestial Energy Manipulation

-Star Magic

-Lunar Magic

-Solar Magic

-Cosmic Manipulation

12. Song Magic:

-Singing spells

-Enchanting with music

-Manipulating Emotions through Melodies

-Song Summoning

13. Rune Magic:

-Writing Spells with Runes

-Casting spells through inscriptions

-Rune Energies Manipulation

14. Elemental Fusion:

-Combining Element Magic for Advanced Spells

-Fire/Water Fusion

-Air/Earth Fusion

-Light/Dark Fusion

-Ice/Lightning Fusion

Subtypes can further be classified within each main type of magic, depending on their specific characteristics and applications.

Tier 1: Basic Spells: These spells are simple and easy to cast, usually used by beginner spellcasters. Examples include illusion spells, minor healing spells, and basic elemental spells.

Tier 2: Advanced Spells: These spells are more complex and require a higher level of skill and experience to cast. Examples include powerful elemental spells, advanced healing spells, and defensive spells.

Tier 3: Master Spells: These spells are extremely powerful and can only be cast by those who have dedicated their lives to studying and mastering magic. Examples include divine spells, small matter-manipulation spells, and major elemental or destructive spells.

Tier 4: Forbidden Spells: These spells are considered too dangerous to be used by any spellcaster and are often deemed illegal or outlawed. Examples include spells that manipulate minor aspects of life and death, mind-control spells, and spells that summon or control dark creatures such as demons.

Tier 5: Divine Spells: These spells are only accessible to those chosen by the gods and are extremely powerful. The Familial Arts.

Tier 6: Primordial Spells: These spells are believed to be the oldest and most powerful spells in existence, capable of causing widespread destruction or creating new realms. Examples include spells that summon the primordial forces of nature, spells that control divine energy, and spells that transcend time and space. This is a tier only the God's reside in.

Spawns: Spawns are the 'chosen', so to speak. Upon birth, they are blessed by Gods or Goddesses who favor them. Usually, a family can be comprised of spawns of a single God and any offspring that follow.

Being a spawn of a certain God or Goddess means inheriting their traits as well as appearance.

Familial Arts: The cornerstone of any spawn, unique magics easily accessible to the spawns based on the God or Goddess who chose them. Familial Arts are a branch of the Divine Magic, magic the Gods themselves used.

Safe for a few, Familial Arts are not primarily only accessible to the spawns. A capable sorcerer would be able to make use of a spawns Familial Arts as at the end of the day it is but another branch of magic.

Traits: Characteristics that the spawns Gods possess that they too have. It ranges from appearance to simple talent. A person's specialty or exceedance in a specific field. The traits vary depending on the Gods or Goddesses.

Astrothians: Magical Beast in the simplest terms. They are enhanced by the natural mana of the realm which causes mutation of the body and for it to alter. They are descendants of the Divine Beast, though few Astrothians can match their power.

Astrothians are sorted into various classes to determine their danger levels: class D, C, B, A, and S, respectively. With S being the most fierce and dangerous. Despite not being magical creatures Dragons are also considered Astrothians, at least lesser dragons.

Magitech: Advance technology fueled by mana syphoned from individuals or leylines. It can range from dangerous weaponry or magitech mechs to mere holographs or daily essentials.

Divine Mana: Divine Mana is mana refined to the max in the most simplest terms. Making it large in quantity and extreme in quality and it's reserved for Divine Beast, Arcane Ascendance transformations and Gods with a few exemptions.

Hell, the Underworld, the Netherworld, Perdition; Abaddon, the Abyss; Acheron: Its names are many but its nature simple. Home to the foulest of creatures, their malformed forms a nightmare to all and their nature unpredictable. Descendants of the once proud race of Fate Walkers, they are a mockery of them but comparing the two is useless. Demons could not be more different, more vicious. Chaosmaws, former pure Fate Walkers are classified as the strongest of demons. However that is only the case because the most vicious of demons can not escape the confines of the Abyss.

Divine Principals: A mysterious aspect, a set of rules Divine Beings and Dragons alike follow religiously. None are exempt from these rules, not the strongest of Gods or the strongest of Divine Beast. All who come into existence follow these principal's. Yet the question lingers, who created these sets of rules?

Primordial Gods: Of the Gods the few with this title stand atop the rest. The most powerful of Gods to grace the realm.

Plain of Elysium: There are different plains of reality in the realm, different layers to it. Dimensions so to speak, the first dimension, the second dimension, the third dimension and so on. Humans, demi-humans and Astrothians along with a few others reside in the third dimension. The Plain of Elysium is numbered the twelfth dimension. Here the true forms of divine, demonic, draconic and more resides. These powerful beings need vessels in order to come into being on lower dimensions without affecting them to exponential degrees.

Keepers of Order: *The Architect, the Abhorrent, the Exalted, the Unbound. These are beings that predate all, holding power beyond comprehension. It is these beings that enforce the laws of the Divine Principals, all abide by these powerful rules. Even the Keepers of Order themselves and even the Bringer of Death and the Source of Life abide by these laws.*

Age Of Gods: The prosperous age where Gods were the majority. The realm at this era was only plaque by Gods, Dragons, Divine Beast, The Ancestor and unique races in the heart of the world called Aethel.

Celestiallia: The pinnacle of Divine innovation. The grandest of cities no matter the past, present or future. Nothing could compare to the grandeur of this city, the city the Gods built in but moments. This grand and enormous city welcomed all that resided in Aethel. This was a cornerstone to the Gods, their pride resided within it as they overlooked their masterpiece of innovation and technology.

The Four Guardians of Celestiallia: The Bellum Knight, the Mortem Knight, the Fames Knight, and the Knight of Conquest. They were the peak of military might, their titles bestowed upon them by the Gods. They possessed power enough to be rival the strongest of beings, their sole purpose to uphold the peace of Celestiallia.

Divine Beast:

Telluris, Beast of Beginning.[Alive]

Adhohan, beast of the abyss.[Dead]-Killer: Rhiannon, Ancestor of Chaos.

Naga, beast of fortune.[Alive]

Altera the world plunderer.[Dead]-Killer: Dante, the Blood Starved Knight.

Celtrius the Hound of Eternity.[Dead]-Killer: Rhiannon, Ancestor of Chaos.

Theophany, Starbeast.[Alive]

Aurelius, the Beast of embers.[Alive]

Descendants: A simple yet apt name, referring to those who were chosen by the Great dragons. To be a Descendant of a Great Dragon is a rare occurrence, much like how spawns are selected the the dragons residing in the Plain of Elysium choose a mortal they favor. Said mortal is 'blessed' by their respective dragons. Inheriting their unique abilities, among that is the exponential increase of their physical prowess and senses, an innate healing factor, a passive nullification of magic and most prominent of all Draconic Resonance.

Draconic Resonance: The ability to influence reality to a minor degree. Forcing reality to follow a specific order or enforcing a law onto reality. The supernatural ability the great dragons possessed. The law forced upon reality resulted in a combustion of their unique respective abilities. Abilities the descendants of the great dragons are able to make use of.

Ancestors: Beings from another plain of existence, only seven now plaque the realm. Rhiannon the Ancestor of Chaos. Britha the Ancestor of Might. Aelfric the Ancestor of Wisdom. Aurélie the Ancestor of Pestilence. Aithne the Ancestor of ??? Lyra the Ancestor of Knowledge and Gisèle the Ancestor of Malice. Unwanted titles granted to them by the Keepers of Order, titles they revel in all the same. Each possess a physical shell that somewhat limit their potential, a self imposed burden they need follow less they suffer the wrath of disobeying the Divine Principals.

Each Ancestor possess a unique ability that predates most and each excel greatly in magic. Their power, enough to turn the heads of Gods and dragons alike, enough to earn the ire of those who oversaw the Divine Principals.

Ultra Vires: Barring their powerful magic the Ancestors make use of an entirely different ability. A power beyond magic and Draconic Resonance. It is not a singular power, but rather a deep, inherent connection to an underlying fabric of another plain of reality, a plain on the same level of Elysium. Imagine it as a unique frequency, a vibrational pattern that resonates with the very essence of their existence. Each Ancestor possesses a unique resonance, a personal symphony of foreign energies that interacts with the world in unique ways. That is how their power comes into existence within the third dimension.

Ultra Vires is not something that can be forced or controlled. It is a gift, a unique expression of the Ancestor connection to their plain of existence.

Paradigm Rebirth: The special art used by the Descendants. In essence, they become avatars and embody the dragon who chose them. It heightens their abilities to new heights, a mockery of Arcane Ascendance.

A/N: Just something I probably should have done a long time ago. I'll move this to the top of this volume some time later. I'll keep on updating here and if there is something you're confused about feel free to ask and I'll clarify here.

Chapter 98: Chapter 91: Clarification

[???

He found himself adrift in an ocean of inky blackness. It's not the absence of light, but rather a profound depth of it. The kind of black that swallowed any stray photon and left behind an overwhelming sense of vastness. Here and there, pinpricks of brilliance pierced the darkness – stars. Not just a scattering, but a multitude, a seemingly infinite field of them. Some, close enough to appear as vibrant points, white hot or tinged with the cool blue of a giant, the others just specks, their colors lost in the distance, fading to a warm yellow or a deep, mysterious red.

Gazing across this supposed celestial canvas, he noticed a shift in the density of the stars. No longer randomly scattered, they began to coalesce, forming swirling rivers of light. These were the distant reaches of galaxies, each a swirling mass of billions upon billions of stars, their collective light blending into a hazy glow. Some galaxies appeared as majestic spirals, their arms stretching outward.

Dominating his foreground, however, was a sight that grounded in the grandeur of it all – a colossal moon.

"This place is as weird as ever," Mikoto mused, staring at the single other person in this vast space of cosmic wonder.

"Thou hast mine thanks, Mikoto," Rheyia expressed as she studied the silver ring on her palm with the patterns decorating it.

"Yeah, yeah. Just so you know I feel like shit for stealing that from Asaun," Mikoto murmured, a sigh escaping his small lips. "Anyway, mind getting rid of this now?" He gestured to the patterns of black decorating a section of his eyes. "My mom hates tattoos; once I get back, it'll already be a problem because I look like a goddamn twink. Throwing a tattoo in the mix would be a pain." He said, his rosy lips curling.

She nodded, and he felt an odd sensation on his face as the marking on his face disappeared. He rubbed his face as he placed his mask back on; the form the mask gave him was just more comfortable. It reminded him of his original height and weight. But he did not dwell on that feeling; he continued. "Now then, it's your turn. Why exactly was I brought to this world, and was Octavia responsible for dragging me here?"

"Thou had been correct in the assumption that mine brethren was responsible," her soothing voice confirmed, a frown tugging at Mikoto's lips as he awaited her to continue. "Yet there was a good reason for that," Mikoto scowled at her words.

"A 'good reason'?" Mikoto gave a humorless chuckle. "That fucking bitch brought me to this world against my will. She took me away from the few people I still cared about. What justification could there be to classify that as a good reason!?"

"Calamity seems to wrack this star; none is safe. Mine brethren Arcturus foresaw it," she explained. "His vision saw our vast universe die; both God and mortal would forebode to be." She turned her eyes to stare at the vast space around her.

"Huh?" Mikoto blurted out; the name Arcturus was familiar. The God of time and space, if he recalled correctly. "You mean an apocalypse?" She nodded. "So what's that got to do with me?"

"This was not information freely shared amongst new Gods such as myself. And yet Octavia had privy me that in the countless visions Arcturus had experienced, salvation for our star and universe was only assured by thy existence along with the Knight and Defier," she supplied. "Thou art meant to be the hope." Mikoto moved his hand to rub his temples but remembered he had his mask on, so he settled for a deep sigh.

"Right, it wouldn't be an isekai journey without the 'chosen one' crap," Mikoto shook his head, suppressing a chuckle at how stupid it all was. "So basically, me, a random fifteen-year-old, is supposed to save everything. I don't know, there's over seven billion people back on earth. Anyone of them has the potential to be better than I am," Mikoto snorted. "I know I got this blessing to be stronger, but you must know that I'm under no obligation to save this world. As soon as I can, I'm returning back to my world."

"True, however, I hope that opinion changes. However, once more, thou hast mine thanks for retrieving mine artifact."

"What are you even planning to do with that ring?" Mikoto questioned curiously; it was something that had been nagging him.

"Within this ring lies a portion of mine power; I hast want of a consort to prepare for the coming calamites," she clarified as she cast a glance at the ring.

"Well, I don't know how getting married would help, but good luck, I guess," Mikoto stated with a shrug. "This is goodbye then; thanks for the clarification."

"We shall meet again, dearest Mikoto," she cryptically spoke. "Mayhap in this lifetime or another, dear navigator." Before Mikoto could inquire, his vision went black.

[Sea]

Mikoto opened his eyes to see the familiar interior of his cabin room; he also felt the gentle rocking the ship experienced due to the sea. He was back on his bed, seated on it as if he never left.

Their job was done; now that the cultists weren't a threat anymore. Sure, there was Vel'ryr, but with their involvement meant it was Verdantis' problem. Being from Galadriel, they were already pushing it by constantly thwarting Vel'ryr. The latter may see it as Galadriel seeking war as well, meaning Vel'ryr would have leverage to alter and fabricate Galadriel's involvement.

Twisting the story that Verdantis attacked them first was most likely what Vel'ryr would do. With that said, that meant smaller nations would side with it. And the other smaller nations under Vel'ryr would no doubt participate in any war.

But Mikoto did not care about any of that; he rested his chin on his knee.

"Saving this universe, huh?" Mikoto snorted at the prospect. ("Maybe if that Octavia bitch asked nicely, I would've done it, but no. Who knows how mom and Hinata are holding out; mom will stop at nothing to find me. Even now, she's probably posting my missing posters.") Mikoto sighed, a sinking feeling in his stomach. She probably thought he ran away; she would blame herself like always.

When his old man beat him, she would blame herself. When he used to do poorly in school, she would blame herself. When he was reclusive, she would blame herself. She wanted to shoulder the blame at any moment. And now, who knows what state she was in. Mikoto shot up from his bed, his feet tapping against the wooden floor as he exited his cabin. Stepping onto the cabin area, he moved down the hallway, stopping in front of

the last wooden door. Raising a hand, he knocked on the cabin door. A silent few seconds passed before he heard the creak of a bed and footsteps approaching from the other side.

("I don't want to be in this world any longer.") Mikoto thought, his blank look clashed with the happy face on his mask. ("Playing sorcerer? God, how stupid; mom and Hinata are suffering, and all I'm doing is wasting time. Forget the festival; there are two Inheritors on this ship. With these eyes, I'll dissect Arcane Ascendance and get back home. There's no need to stick around.")

The door opened, revealing a tired-looking Lucinda, tired eyes and wild bed hair while dressed in a black nightgown; it would no doubt be a cute sight for most. Not to mention most would kill for this side of Lucinda; Mikoto did not really care. It took her eyes a moment to register him.

"Mikoto?" She blurted out, and once more it took a moment to register what she was wearing and how out of it she must have looked. Her face burned bright red in embarrassment, and before he could get a word out, the door was slammed in front of his face. He heard some shuffling on the other end and felt the use of magic being used before the door opened back up. There stood Lucinda, neat hair and back in her academy uniform, though her cheeks were still red. She cleared her throat as if to get rid of the last remnants of embarrassment.

"M-Mikoto, what brings you here?" She managed to say.

"I need a favor," he started. "Could you show me Arcane Ascendance?"

Chapter 99: Chapter 92: Thoughts

[??? Years ago]

The air vibrated with a thrumming energy. A vast area of trampled earth stretched out, brown and dusty in the unforgiving midday sun. In the distance, the imposing silhouette of a castle loomed.

Closer at hand, the training ground bustled with controlled chaos.

Around the perimeter, a menagerie of training structures stood. Several stout wooden posts, as thick as a man's thigh, were sunk into the ground. Some were bare, awaiting the next batch of eager trainees. Others were adorned with straw dummies, their bodies wrapped in worn leather jerkins and dented metal helms. They bore the brunt of countless sword blows, their stuffing spilling from rents and tears like entrails from a fallen foe. Further along, a series of low hurdles, constructed from rough-hewn logs, lay scattered about. Young squires, clad in padded leather doublets and breeches, practiced leaping over them with an awkward grace, their faces flushed with exertion.

Off to one side, a makeshift jousting course was set up. Two parallel lanes, marked with low walls of packed earth, converged at a central point. A quintain, a rotating post topped with a sandbag-filled head on a swivel, stood at the far end. Young knights, their faces hidden behind visors etched with crests, charged down the lanes, lances leveled, aiming to strike the head with enough force to send it spinning wildly. The occasional clang of metal on wood echoed across the grounds, punctuated by shouts of encouragement and the frustrated curses of those who missed their mark.

Everywhere, the sounds of exertion mingled in the air. The rhythmic clang of steel on steel as swords clashed in practice bouts. The grunts and shouts of men pushing their bodies to the limit. The rhythmic clop of hooves as horses were ridden in circles, their riders honing their horsemanship. Smoke rose from a nearby fire pit, where blacksmiths tended to the blades used in training, the clang of their hammers adding another layer to the activity.

The clang of steel on wood shattered the training ground's rhythm. All eyes turned towards the central sparring ground, where a contrast unfolded.

Sir Gregor, a knight captain at the time, towered over his opponent. His plate armor, scratched and dented from battle, a practice broadsword, thicker than most men's arms, swung with a terrifying force.

Facing him was a stark counterpoint – Lucinda, currently a wisp of a girl with her hair the color of freshly fallen snow and eyes that burned an unnatural crimson. Her small frame, barely reaching Sir Gregor's waist, was barely visible beneath a worn tunic several sizes too large. A wooden sword, as tall as she was, mimicked the knight's weapon in her grasp, but it looked more like a toy in her small hands.

Brutal wouldn't even begin to describe the scene. The late afternoon sun beat down on the dusty training grounds. A hush fell over the gathered crowd – trainees and soldiers alike – Lucinda stood tense, her grip tight on her practice sword.

"Ready to be humbled, child?" Sir Gregor rumbled, his voice a tremor in the earth. A cruel smile stretched across his inhuman face. Lucinda, her white hair plastered to her forehead with sweat, met his gaze with nervousness. Though dwarfed by the knight, her chin held high. This wasn't about winning; it was about surviving. With a burst of surprising speed, Lucinda darted forward. Her wooden sword, a pale imitation of Sir Gregor's massive oak beam, whistled through the air aimed for his chest. But the knight, with reflexes that defied his bulk, twisted his torso with inhuman agility. The blow struck nothing but air, sending a tremor through Lucinda's arm.

Sir Gregor's cruel smile widened.

"Is that all you've got, child? A gnat buzzing at a mountain?" He swung his practice sword – more akin to a battering ram in his grasp. The air crackled with an immense force as the weapon descended. Lucinda, fueled by a surge of adrenaline, launched

herself sideways in a desperate dodge. The ground erupted where she had stood a split second earlier, a crater gouged by the force of Sir Gregor's blow. A gasp rippled through the crowd.

Pain flared in Lucinda's ankle as she landed, a sickening twist suggesting a sprain. But she ignored it, fueled by a primal urge to just survive. Ignoring the throbbing pain, she lunged forward again, her movements that of desperation. Sir Gregor, toying with her, batted aside her blows with ease. Each clang of wood on wood sent shockwaves through Lucinda's body, her arms screaming in protest. A bead of sweat traced a glistening path down her temple, landing with a tiny plop on the cracked earth.

Suddenly, a sickening crack echoed through the training ground. Sir Gregor's next blow, aimed at her shoulder, connected with a sickening thud. Lucinda's scream, a shriek of pain, ripped through the air. The force of the blow sent her sprawling, the wooden practice sword clattering uselessly away. A choked gasp escaped the crowd. A crimson bloom blossomed across Lucinda's tunic, spreading with alarming speed. Tears welled in her eyes, blurring her vision. But even as she crumpled to the ground, a flicker of something remained in her gaze locked on Sir Gregor.

The knight loomed over her, his inhuman features unreadable. A tense silence hung in the air, broken only by Lucinda's ragged breaths and the pounding of her heart. Finally, Sir Gregor spoke, his voice a low rumble.

"You have a spark, child," he conceded, a hint of grudging respect in his tone. "But still despite your destiny you remain pathetic." With that, he turned and strode away, leaving Lucinda crumpled on the dusty ground.

How she wished for it all to end, this torture. But she had nothing but the will to prove herself. She heard and saw it all, how useless of a spawn of Octavia she was. How she did not measure up to her past brethren. She was not Lucinda to anyone, no, the spawn of Octavia was all she was known as. It would always be that way. If she did not show her worth, they would just find suitors in hope of breeding a suitable spawn of Octavia. Even if such a thing was impossible, they did not care; her body would be used regardless.

Lucinda sluggishly rose from the ground, pain enveloping her body still. She did not want this life, but this was simply the way of things.

[Present]

[Sea]

Her eyes opened slowly as she registered the knocking on her cabin door. She sluggishly rose from her bed, trying to suppress the terrible dream she had. Stepping out of her bed, her dainty bare feet touched the wooden floor.

("How late is it?") She could not help but question with a deep yawn as she approached the door. Opening it, she had to suppress the scream as she saw an eerie grinning face, but luckily she quickly registered it as Mikoto.

"Mikoto?" She blurted out, and once more it took a moment to register what she was wearing and how out of it she must have looked. Her face burned bright red in embarrassment, and before he could get a word out, the door was slammed in front of his face. Instantly two magic glyphs engulfed her body, moving up and down as if scanning her body; her nightgown turned into her uniform, and her hair became neat. Opening the door once more, now there stood Lucinda, neat hair and back in her academy uniform, though her cheeks were still red. She cleared her throat as if to get rid of the last remnants of embarrassment.

"M-Mikoto, what brings you here?" She managed to say.

"I need a favor," he started. "Could you show me Arcane Ascendance?"

"Huh?" Lucinda blinked in confusion at the sudden request. "Arcane Ascendance? Why?"

"I wanna use it, obviously." He stated dryly, eliciting her eyes to grow wide.

"You're a spawn?" She blurted out, her mouth slightly agape.

"Sure am, I keep it private cause it's a hassle if I get discovered as one." He stated, that much was the truth. "Though I'm just a spawn of a relatively minor God. So don't ask who I'm a spawn of."

"I...I see." She still seemed taken aback but quickly regained her composure. "But Arcane Ascendance...." She frowned before shaking her head, stepping back she opened the door wide enough for him to come in. "Could we talk in my room? I fear Arcane Ascendance is not a simple thing." Mikoto nodded as he stepped inside, Lucinda gestured for him to sit on a wooden chair near a desk. Taking a seat, Lucinda did the same on her own bed not that far away from him.

"I must say it comes to me as a surprise that you are a spawn." Lucinda murmured thoughtfully. "But it's understandable you would want to pose as someone normal. Truth be told, I wish I could masquerade as someone other than the spawn of Octavia." She said with a small chuckle.

"Being a spawn of Octavia must be a pain in the ass." Lucinda heaved a small sigh at his words, her smile slightly dropping.

"I wouldn't use such crude wording, but that is the gist of it." She mumbled, she shook her head. "But enough about that, you are interested in Arcane Ascendance, right? But for what purpose?"

"For the festival, of course." He answered innocently. "Want to do my part and all that."

"Why does that sound so insincere?"

"You're imagining things."

"I see...." Lucinda stared down at her hands in contemplation. "Mikoto, Arcane Ascendance isn't something simplistic to learn. It's near impossible for someone who is not chosen to learn Arcane Ascendance." Mikoto just waved her off.

"Don't worry 'bout it." Mikoto stated with a hidden lopsided smile. "I'm different, I can learn it with a glance if we're being honest." He stated 'humbly'.

"I-I see." Lucinda chuckled sheepishly, but just as quickly as the smile appeared on her face, it disappeared. "But if anyone could pull off such a feat, then it is most likely you, Mikoto." Mikoto nodded his head with a smug smile. "But then I must implore you to never learn Arcane Ascendance."

"Huh?"

"You're strong enough as it is, Mikoto." Her eyes turned somber. "When the festival concludes, whether we win or lose, billions across the world will have witnessed your strength." A deep frown tugged at her lips. "You would not have a moment of peace; kingdoms and empires would try to court your favor. Many would seek to use you, to trick you. It will happen to poor Agatha too, no doubt, her being awakened as an Inheritor will do more harm than good."

"I get what you're saying, but-" She interrupted before he could continue.

"I do not think you do." Her gaze was uncharacteristically steely, and her voice firm. "You will suffer, Mikoto, suffer from your own success and strength. It will be naught but torture to your very being."

("Speaking from personal experience, huh?") Mikoto looked at her face, her frowning lips, her furrowed brows, and her blank gaze. ("There's a reason Fiona told me to never reveal myself as a spawn of Octavia. The attention I'd get would be a pain, not to mention I'm a male spawn of Octavia. All previous spawns were women, so I'd be more sought after.") Mikoto shuddered at the thought of what most would have him do. ("But Lucinda definitely suffered, that much is easy to see. Who knows what it is she was put through.")

"Lucinda..." Lucinda perked up as her name was uttered; she stared at Mikoto as she awaited for him to continue. A few seconds passed, and she could not help but feel tense in the silence.

"Don't be such a square." Confusion graced her features before she finally registered his words.

"S-square?" She questioned; he nodded his head. "I-I am no shape!"

"Relax, it's a figure of speech." He clarified. "What I meant was, don't be such a worrywart."

"But Mikoto-" Now it was his turn to interrupt her.

"Hush, hush." He held up a hand to silence her before promptly continued. "You see, Lucinda, I am no weak-kneed puss!"

"Mikoto!"

"Right, right, sorry." He cleared his throat as he continued. "What I meant was I'm no pushover. Sure, some plebes are out there that would want to use me, court my favor, or use my strength. But see, none of that is gonna happen. And do you know why that is?" She stayed silent and awaited for him to continue. "Cause I'm me. I won't let some losers boss me around or use me; that won't ever happen. Not in a million years." Lucinda wanted to refute, to hold Mikoto back from that kind of life. But judging from his tone, that much would not be easy; if he could not learn from her, he would simply learn elsewhere. It seems that was the kind of person Mikoto was; Lucinda relented with a sigh.

"Very well, Mikoto, I shall help you." She imagined he was smiling beneath his mask; it must have been a sweet smile. "But in exchange for a favor."

"A favor?" He questioned. "Sure, but just make sure it isn't anything lewd."

"I am no pervert!" She exclaimed, her face bright red.

"I'm just kidding, relax." He snorted out; Lucinda had no more sighs left to give.

Mikoto was an odd person.

("With that Arcane Ascendance will be easily learned.")

Chapter 100: Chapter 93: Useless

[Sea]

"What the fuck?" Mikoto couldn't help but blurt out.

"Language, Mikoto," Lucinda breathed out, looking slightly exhausted while floating in the air next to Mikoto. Currently, the two were beside each other, lingering in the air above the vast sea. Mikoto, as if seated on an invisible piece of ground, sat cross-legged mid-air. Of course, for Lucinda to use something as flashy as Arcane Ascendance, they could not be on the ship, so they traveled out into the open sea.

"Alas, my mana is all but expended. As long as I do not stay in that form too long, I can Ascend about four times before my mana decreases to its limit," she said with a regretful sigh. "I apologize I could not be of more help." She seemed disappointed that she could not be of more help. But if she were being honest with herself, she was relieved that this was the case. She had not seen Mikoto fight a lot, but matching someone like Selwyn already spoke volumes of his strength. If Arcane Ascendance was something he gained, he would reach new heights of strength. He would be at the top, and being the strongest is hardly what it is chalked up to be.

"It ain't you, it's me," Mikoto scowled. ("What the fuck is going on here? I've seen it four times now, so why!?") To most others, it would not seem like that big a deal. No one on this star would be able to merely analyze and use something as complex and delicate as Arcane Ascendance. However, it was different for Mikoto. Until recently, there was nothing his eyes could not understand. Magic was easily dissected, no matter how complex. Hell, even a foreign ability like Selwyn's was analyzed eventually. ("So why aren't I getting anything here!?") He rubbed the face of his mask. It should have been a simple thing, so why?

"It's alright, Mikoto." He felt a hand on his shoulder. Lucinda looked at him with a worried expression. "Like I said, Arcane Ascendance is a complex thing. It would be extremely unlikely to learn it with a single gaze." Mikoto just remained silent in his contemplation. "Come, Mikoto, let us return to the ship," she said as she held out a hand. "There is always next time." She finished with a smile.

"..." Mikoto just shook his head as he grabbed her hand, and in the next instance, their bodies were warped back into the ship in her cabin room.

"Thanks, Lucinda. Just let me know when you want to cash in that favor," Mikoto turned to exit her room, but he was stopped when Lucinda spoke.

"No, I was of no help to you, so you owe me nothing," Lucinda stated with a sincere smile.

"Nah, you went out of your way to use something as exhausting as Arcane Ascendance, so a little favor is the least I owe you," Mikoto muttered as he threw her a wave. "See you later." Exiting the room, he left behind a contemplating Lucinda as he stepped into the cabin hallway. Mikoto walked down the silent hallway and reached his cabin door. Pushing past the door, he closed it behind him and locked it. Mikoto took off his mask,

already too used to the feeling of his form shrinking as he blankly stared at his cabin's wall.

His lashes fell over his eyes, his rosy lips curling into a scowl.

"God damn it!" He threw the mask hard enough that it embedded itself into the wooden wall, splinters shot about as Mikoto scowled at seemingly nothing. "This shouldn't be this way," he growled out, pacing around in his room. His delicate hand rubbed his head furiously as he tried to come up with a method to use this vague power. But nothing, he could not begin to think of a way to use Arcane Ascendance. His eyes did not dissect this power like most other things; he was at a loss.

"Damn it, why isn't it simple?" Mikoto stopped his pacing. Others would see his reaction as over the top. He was complaining about why something like Arcane Ascendance was not simple after all. But to him, it was more severe. Since coming to this world, everything came naturally to him, any arts of war, magic, or just studying. But now, this feeling of helplessness engulfed him once more.

"No, not yet." If he could not learn Arcane Ascendance, then his own magical prowess would just have to suffice. "No, last time I tried following that manual, I ended up in space," Mikoto felt like pulling out his hair. But then it hit him, the core of Arcane Ascendance. "More often than not, the Gods choose who the Inheritors will be. Seeing as Octavia dragged me here, she must have chosen me to be an Inheritor. Is she actively hindering my progress?" It was not that far-fetched a theory. "Damn it!"

("Is this her way of getting back at me for not wanting to save this world? Fuck!") Mikoto eyed a nearby mirror in his room. He looked at his own appearance, his large eyes and prominent lashes, his rosy lips and button nose. That oh so beautiful face, carved to perfection. That wild head of snow-white hair framing his delicate face.

He looked more like a doll than human.

Maybe that was what he was.

Trapped in this unsightly shell.

("Some nerve she has, first she drags me here, turns me into **this**, and now she's hindering my progress.") Mikoto bit the nail of his thumb in annoyance. "Who does she think she is?" Mikoto finally heaved a deep sigh before collapsing on a chair. He rubbed his face, feeling the sweat on his pale palm. He was sweating. Nervousness? Stress? How foreign those two had seemed until now. Mikoto mulled over some thoughts.

("Octavia, Rheyia could talk to her. Maybe convince her not to be such a sore loser.") It sounded like an easy thing to do, and that further cemented itself because it would be a simple thing to reach Rheyia's domain. But there was a problem. ("She won't just give me Arcane Ascendance. I won't be saving the universe after all. So there's no reason to

support me. Like I'd risk my life for this.") Was Arcane Ascendance truly his best bet? Narrowing down all of his choices, Arcane Ascendance seemed to have the most chance of success. But he was having zero success with that. Was there a solution? He pondered and pondered, what was the solution?

("It seemed like it was instinctual to Lucinda, much the same for Agatha too, most likely.") Mikoto rubbed his delicate chin in thought. ("I need advice from someone smarter than myself. And I know just the person.") Mikoto held out a hand, and his mask that embedded itself into the wall flew into his grasp. Placing it on his face, he stood up. A pop of displacement rang through his room as he disappeared from his room, appearing elsewhere in an instant.

Constructed with rough-hewn stone, the walls were uneven and cold. Perhaps a faded tapestry depicting constellations or anatomical diagrams hung on one side, held up by iron hooks hammered directly into the stone. In a corner, a pile of swept-up dust revealed flecks of metal, evidence of past experiments. Light streamed weakly through a single, high-set window with small, diamond-shaped panes of leaded glass. The glass was tinted a pale green or amber, casting an uneven glow across the room.

There was also a sturdy workbench that dominated the center. Its surface was scarred with knife marks and heat stains, evidence of countless experiments. Vials of colored liquids, some bubbling gently, rested in mismatched wooden racks along the back. A smaller table for writing and studying sat near the window. It held a jumble of items: stacks of parchment covered in cryptic symbols and diagrams, a heavy inkwell with a quill pen stuck upright.

In the corner, a large, pot-bellied furnace glowed with a faint orange light, fueled by smoldering coals. A network of twisted iron pipes snaked around it, leading to a strange contraption resembling a bird's head with a long beak. An alembic, a pear-shaped glass flask with a long, curved neck, sat precariously on a stand near the furnace, filled with a swirling, emerald-green liquid. Tucked away in a shadowed corner was a locked wooden chest. Finally, there was a clean wooden desk near the wall, papers and quills adorning it. Seated at said desk was a familiar face. Lyra occupied the seat and scribbled down some notes. Her crimson eyes rose to meet his own.

"Mikoto," she noted, unsurprised. "After tricking me, I did not think you would show back up so soon."

"Tricking?" Mikoto gave a chuckle. "You're the one who didn't specify which secret you wanted me to disclose. And I mean, it's your fault for being so gullible."

"Hmm, I suppose so," Lyra relented easily as she placed down her quill. "Alas, hearing that you hail from another realm was worthy to satiate my curiosity," she mumbled, but she still seemed unsatisfied. "I am still curious as to what that mask hides."

"Then how about another deal? This time, I'll satiate your curiosity up front," Mikoto offered. Lyra's face turned surprised with a hint of intrigue.

"What would you want in return?" She seemed to already accept the deal; curiosity was a wonderful thing, really.

"I'll tell you after," Mikoto raised a hand. Lyra tilted her head as she saw glyphs expand throughout the space of her office. "This is just a precaution; don't mind it. Oh, and I don't think I need to tell you this, but if word gets out, I'll kill you," he casually stated as he raised a hand to his mask.

It was a desperate gamble, alright, but for now, desperate was where he was at.