

## **SPELLCRAFT 1101**

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

#### **Chapter 1101: Peace and War**

"WOOOHOOOOOOOO!!!"

The village was a bastion of joy and relief, alive with the sounds of celebration.

Goblins, once enslaved by the madman's Arcana, now freely danced around crackling bonfires, their laughter echoing in the cool night air.

The glow of the flames reflected in their eyes, replacing the eerie malice that once lived there.

From one corner, a group of goblins strummed on makeshift instruments, creating a lively rhythm that seemed to pulse through the entire village.

The rest clapped and stomped their feet, joining the melody with their own enthusiastic contributions. Their joy was infectious, their spirit indomitable, despite the recent horrors they had endured.

"Haha... isn't this fun, buddy?"

I stood on the periphery, watching the merriment unfold. The spectral form of the Kraken, my new Familiar, flickered at my side, casting an ethereal glow on the surrounding area.

The goblins, in their joyous state, gave it curious glances, but its presence did not dampen their spirits.

Seeing a break in the crowd, I moved to join the festivities.

A cheer went up as I entered the circle of goblins. They patted my back and offered wide grins, their happiness apparent. Despite their small stature, their hearts were immense, filled with gratitude and camaraderie.

I spotted Gobtia with the ladies, preparing delicious meals, and I was already salivating as I remembered how incredible these goblins were with their dishes.

The Goblin Chief was wasted on alcohol at this point. I saw him dancing like a crazed man, and it was too hilarious to pass up.

A hefty goblin, whose name I learned was Grubb, thrust a wooden mug into my hand. It was filled with a frothy concoction that smelled of earthy roots and potent berries.

As I took a sip, the taste exploded on my tongue, tart and bitter, but somehow fitting for the moment.

"Drink up, Lewis!" Grubb yelled over the music, his voice booming despite his size. "We celebrate life tonight!"

"Haha... true that."

Around the roaring fires, tales of bravery were shared, songs of freedom were sung, and as the night deepened, the sense of unity grew stronger.

We were not just a man and goblins, but a community brought together by the trials of life, now sharing a moment of peace.

'I was really worried for you guys... honestly.'

If I had lost that battle, all of this would have been history. Just one loss would mean I could never taste the delicious meals of Gobtia, or watch the Chief act like an idiot... or see the happy faces of all these Goblins.

'One day, Karlia... I'll bring you here to witness this.'

This joy.

This beauty.

This peace.

I wanted to share it with my special someone too.

[The Emperor], as well as all the others I had already gathered, were in my satchel. It remained just a couple more Arcanas to find, and I could finally do it...

'Find and free Karlia.'

With that thought, I raised my mug, joining the goblins in their revelry one last time before my departure.

Tomorrow would bring new challenges, new battles.

But for tonight, we celebrated.

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[One Week Later]

In the heart of the mystical realm, nestled amidst the whimsical hues of the eternal twilight, the Luminis Fairy Forest stirred with a sudden urgency.

Each iridescent leaf shivered with tension, each blooming flower stood guard like a silent sentinel.

The tranquil haven, renowned for its serene beauty and timeless enchantment, was now preparing for an impending storm, a war of an unprecedented scale.

The foe was no common adversary.

It was the Triumvirate, the shadowy sovereigns who dictated the world from their clandestine enclaves.

Their power was immense, their grasp insidious.

They had ruled unchallenged for centuries, their reign woven into the fabric of the world's existence.

Now, they had set their eyes on the Fairy Kingdom, their sinister intentions clear.

They sought to erase the Luminis Fairy Forest, to transform the ethereal sanctuary into a horrifying epitaph, a stark warning to all other territories under their iron fist.

Arrayed against the fairy kingdom were legions amassed by the Triumvirate.

Beastfolk, fierce and feral, howled their war cries into the wind.

Elves, elegant yet deadly, stood with cold precision, their longbows shimmering with mystic energy.

Dwarves, stocky and sturdy, fortified the ranks, their technological marvels a testament to their ingenious craftsmanship.

An overwhelming tide of power and resolve, eager to obey the ruthless command of their masters.

In response, the Fairy Kingdom roused its magical forces.

Each fairy, ordinarily a creature of peace, now bore a determined countenance.

Their wings pulsed with radiant energy, their tiny hands clasped around weapons crafted from nature itself.

Strategists huddled around illuminated maps of the forest, their voices a low murmur amidst the war preparations.

Glimmering towers of light sprung up around the kingdom's perimeter, casting a protective shield around their cherished homeland.

Archers took to the skies, their arrows dipped in starlight, ready to rain down celestial fury.

And at the heart of the kingdom, in the grand throne room, stood the Fairy King Oberon. His bright eyes were alight with a fierce resolve, his diaphanous gown rippling with powerful enchantments.

He was the beacon, the rallying force for his people, embodying their hope and courage.

As the Triumvirate's forces marched inexorably closer, an ominous cloud hanging heavy in the air, the Luminis Fairy Forest held its breath.

Each fairy stood ready, their hearts beating in unison, echoing through the enchanted glades and sparkling waterways.

The moment was near. A conflict, threatening to shatter the tranquility of their world, was fast approaching.

Yet, in the face of overwhelming odds, the Fairy Kingdom held strong.

For they were not just defending their home, they were standing against tyranny, against oppression.

The air was electric, charged with the severity of the situation. The quiet before the storm was deafening.

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"Look at this... they really decided to go all-out, huh?"

Now in the highest tower of the shimmering palace, away from the organized chaos of the war preparations, stood the Fairy King.

He peered out of the crystalline window, his gaze sweeping across his threatened kingdom.

The usually vibrant eyes were clouded with worry, the weight of his crown heavier than ever before.

Beside him stood Ursula, the fairy-like Automaton.

Her gleaming metal wings reflected the soft glow of the magical lamps, her eyes, twin sapphire orbs, flickering with intricate calculations.

Despite her metallic construct, she seemed as much a part of the magical realm as any fairy, her presence a comforting constant to the Fairy King.

"How are we looking, Ursula?" he asked, his voice steady despite the tension that hung in the air.

His eyes never left the encroaching enemy forces, their daunting formations dotting the horizon.

The Automaton paused, the light in her eyes pulsing as she processed the various data points. "Optimal victory conditions will take more time than we currently have, Your Majesty," she stated, her voice as composed as ever.

"However, given the stakes, I can assure you that I will strive to bring us as close to victory as possible."

The Fairy King turned to look at Ursula, a small smile forming on his lips despite the dire situation.

"That's all I can ask for, Ursula."

His thoughts drifted to Lewis. The human had provided them with something invaluable - a fighting chance.

'Those Mecha Warriors of yours, Lewis... if only you could see them.'

It was Lewis's efforts that had made all of this possible.

From freeing Oberon from his curse, to giving him this amazing Automaton, and finally the means to make the perfect soldiers.

He had sparked a beacon of hope amidst the impending darkness.

"Once again, I find myself indebted to that human," the King mused aloud, a soft chuckle escaping him.

Ursula's eyes shimmered, an approximation of a smile crossing her face.

"Lewis has indeed proved to be an unexpected variable in this battle. It should work to our advantage since the Triumvirate would not have included his interference in their calculations," she agreed.

As the Fairy King cast his gaze back out onto the battlefield, his smile faded, replaced by a grim determination.

His knuckles whitened around his scepter, the magical jewel set atop it pulsating in response to his emotions.

War was coming.

The Triumvirate and their forces were mere moments from reaching the Fairy Kingdom's defenses. Yet, even in the face of the imminent storm, the Fairy King stood tall, his resolve unyielding.

For his people, for their freedom, for the hope gifted by a human named Lewis, Oberon steeled himself. Victory might be uncertain, the odds might be overwhelming, but they would fight. They would stand their ground.

And perhaps, in the echoes of their defiance, they would find their victory.

"No... we must have win."

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

#### **Chapter 1102: The Nether Root**

"It's finally time..."

As I held the last of the Arcanas in my hands, a rush of conflicting emotions welled up within me.

Elation, fear, anticipation – they all swirled together, creating a tempest within my heart.

I stared at the ancient artifacts in my hands, their intricate designs glowing softly under the light of the setting sun.

'All that's left is to make [The World]. Heh, quite a fitting name...'

It had the power to traverse the boundaries of the Nether Realm, to reach the Nether Root, the origin of all worlds within this plane of existence.

And now, with all 21 of the Arcanas in my possession, all I had to do was to make it appear.

'Karlia... I'm almost there.'

The thought of her sparked a rush of longing and determination.

Her smile, her laughter, the gentle touch of her hand - I could remember it all as if it were yesterday.

She was waiting for me, trapped in the Nether Root, and it was up to me to rescue her.

'You're suffering so much, right? Even now...'

A warm smile spread across my face as I thought about our reunion.

It felt like a lifetime since I had last seen her, held her, but now I was so close. Just one more step, one final leap into the unknown.

'I'm coming to save you!'

I could feel the spectral form of the Kraken, my familiar, by my side. Its presence was a comforting anchor, a constant reminder of the bond we shared, and the promise I had made.

We were in this together, and we would face whatever awaited us in the Nether Root.

The weight of the Arcanas in my hand felt reassuring. They were my tools, my keys to the unknown, and they had led me to this point.

I took a deep breath, feeling a sense of peace wash over me. I was ready.

With a smile and a newfound determination, I looked towards the horizon, the setting sun painting the sky with hues of orange and purple.

"It's finally time," I whispered, my voice barely audible over the gentle rustling of the leaves.

The world around me seemed to hold its breath, as if acknowledging the gravity of my declaration.

"Let's begin."

As I stood amidst the scattered Arcanas, a sense of understanding washed over me.

I knew what I had to do, and for once, it wasn't about control.

I didn't have to command them; I needed to guide them, to nudge them into alignment, and let their inherent energies do the rest.

'Since I didn't learn how to use them individually, that would be a waste of time. Instead, I'll use Spellcraft to activate and resonate them with one another.'

Underneath my hands, the symbols and Spells of the Arcanas pulsed, each a separate song of power, waiting to harmonize into one resonating melody.

I reached out with my mind, my own energy intertwining with theirs, a conductor poised before an ethereal orchestra.

I closed my eyes, letting the flow of their individual songs envelop me.

I began to weave them together, guiding them gently with the delicate threads of Spellcraft. With each touch, the Arcanas hummed in response, their energy rising and falling, flowing into each other.

The very air around me vibrated as their energies built, the power rising like a swelling tide. I could feel the ground beneath me tremble, the wind dance around me, the very world itself holding its breath as the symphony of power reached its crescendo.

Then, with a final, resonating surge... [The World] was born.

I opened my eyes, and before me hovered [The World], a radiant card of pulsating energy.

The Arcanas had combined, their once separate melodies now a harmonious chorus resonating within the massive card.

"Haha... there you are."

The creation of [The World] felt like witnessing the birth of a star, an explosive, yet eerily beautiful sight.

'It's beautiful...'

With [The World] now in my grasp, I retrieved [The Compass].

It was the second piece of this puzzle; my ticket to navigating the route to the destination I sought.

'I don't know who he is, but I really owe this Crazy Neron for this. His message had indicated the properties of [The Compass], and using that as a base, Jared and I worked tirelessly to perfect it.'

Holding it aloft, I could sense it reacting to [The World], the delicate needles vibrating in eager anticipation.

The air crackled around me as I poured energy into [The World] and [The Compass], activating them. The world seemed to twist and distort around me, a kaleidoscope of realities merging and parting before my eyes.

Then, it happened.

A doorway, shimmering and wavering, appeared before me.

It swirled with multiple colors, but mostly a dark hue of purple and black, with flashes of light and tiny sparks of energy dancing around it.

This was it, the gateway to the Root of the Nether Realm, the path to Karlia.

"Beyond this is... hell."

I didn't hesitate.

There was no room for doubt, no time for second thoughts.

With a deep breath, I stepped forward, crossing the threshold into the unknown.

As I left my world behind, I clung to the hope that nestled within my heart, the unwavering belief that I would return, and I wouldn't be alone.

'Wait for me. It won't be long now!'

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As I crossed the portal, reality itself seemed to stretch, distort, and dissolve.

It felt as if I were being pulled into a vortex, my very essence drawn into the depths of the Nether Realm. I was traversing the boundaries of existence, leaving the familiar behind and stepping into an unfathomable unknown.

When the journey ended, an overwhelming darkness engulfed me.

I had reached the Nether Root, the primordial birthplace of all the worlds in this realm, and it was a realm of endless nothingness.

'T-this is...?!'

A void that swallowed light, that silenced sound, that stilled time.

It was a darkness unlike any I had ever experienced.

A darkness so profound, so absolute, that it felt tangible, as if I could reach out and touch the void itself. It stretched out in all directions, an infinite canvas of obsidian void, devoid of any semblance of life, of color, of form.

'Where am I? I... I don't know.'

But within that void, I could sense...something.

An ancient power, a primordial energy that thrummed in the stillness. It was as if the darkness itself were alive, aware of my presence, observing me as I tried to comprehend the incomprehensible.

'Is that you, Karlia?'

The silence of the void was deafening.

There were no sounds, no echoes, no whispers of wind or rustle of leaves.

Yet, in that silence, I could hear the heartbeat of the Nether Root. A slow, rhythmic pulse that reverberated in the void, resonating in sync with my own heartbeat.

My feet made no sound as they stepped on... what exactly?

There was no floor, no solid ground beneath me, yet I could stand.

I was in a place that defied all laws of physics, that discarded the rules of reality, that existed outside the parameters of space and time.

As I moved forward, the void around me responded. It shifted, it swirled, it rippled, creating pathways where there was nothing.

It was guiding me, leading me deeper into the heart of the Nether Root.

There was no light to guide my way, no stars to serve as my compass.

Yet, I wasn't lost.

'I'll continue moving forward... no matter how long it takes!'

If it was for Karlia, I was willing to do anything!

'No matter what it takes.'

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

#### **Chapter 1103: The Land Of Nothingness**

The Nether Root was an expanse of nothingness, an infinite darkness that I ventured into with little more than a sliver of hope.

Magic, the very essence of my strength, had no dominion here. The Arcanas, once pulsating with power, were now lifeless stones, void of the energy they once held.



I was alone, save for the spectral presence of my Familiar, the Kraken, whose ethereal form somehow persisted in this place beyond the grasp of any magic.

I walked through the darkness, my every step echoing into the void.

I had no concept of time here; it could've been days, years, or even centuries. I walked endlessly, tirelessly, fuelled by a single, desperate need - to find Karlia.

The solitude was almost maddening.

In this immeasurable silence, the sound of my own heartbeat became my sole companion. I had no voice to speak, no words to utter, my every thought reverberating silently within my mind.

If not for my Familiar, if not for the spectral presence of the Kraken by my side, I would have undoubtedly succumbed to the suffocating darkness.

Its formless entity seemed to echo my determination, a steady, silent vow that we were in this together.

In this timeless void, introspection became my only solace.

I found myself traversing the corridors of my own mind as I journeyed through the darkness, revisiting old memories, the victories and failures of my past.

Each step, each breath, each heartbeat was an affirmation of my existence, a silent rebellion against the oppressive nothingness of the Nether Root.

In those countless moments of solitude, I found strength in my desire for Karlia.

Her laughter, her spirit, the touch of her hand – they became my anchor, my lighthouse in the heart of this impenetrable darkness.

I clung to her memory, her essence, with every fiber of my being for the fear that I would go insane otherwise.

Every thought of her ignited a spark of hope within me, casting a faint glow in the shroud of darkness.

I held onto that hope, nourishing it, cherishing it, letting it fill me with determination, with resolve.

No matter the darkness, no matter the solitude, I would not falter.

I would traverse this void, face this maddening solitude, defy this timeless expanse.

I would find Karlia. I would bring her back.

This, I promised to the darkness, to the void, to the Nether Root, and to myself.

This was my vow, my singular purpose as I journeyed through the darkness, one step at a time.

Karlia. My guiding star in the void of the Nether Root.

'No matter how long it takes, no matter the distance, no matter the darkness, I will find you.'

That though alone put a smile on my face despite the eternity I suffered.

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Time, if it existed in this endless void, had lost all meaning to me.

I was a lone wanderer in a realm devoid of light, direction, or hope.

Until... out of the silence, out of the nothingness, I heard it - a voice.

A voice that I'd longed to hear, a voice that I'd clung onto, a voice that I'd promised to find.

Karlia!

"L-Lewis..."

The sound of my name on her lips echoed through the void, a beacon in the darkness, a lifeline thrown to a drowning man.

My heart pounded in my chest, a frenzied rhythm that matched the cadence of her voice.

'W-where is it coming from... where... a-ah!'

Above me, amidst the obsidian void, there it was.

A cube, colossal and enigmatic, pulsating with an ethereal light, sending waves of sound into the silent abyss.

Her voice, Karlia's voice, was emanating from it, an endless chorus of my name.

As if she had been calling me, waiting for me, guiding me through the darkness.

Tears welled up in my eyes, a liquid testament of relief, of triumph, of love.

They spilled down my cheeks, droplets lost in the cosmic ocean. I had found her.

Against the odds, against the despair, against the infinity of the void, I had found her.

"Karlia...!"

The laws of this realm had long since become familiar to me, a second nature born out of necessity, survival.

I no longer could see in the darkness now, perceive the unseen.

I could defy gravity, defy logic.

And so, I ascended.

I floated towards the cube, drawn towards it as a moth is drawn towards a flame.

"Karlia!" I screamed into the void.

My voice, unused for what seemed like eons, cracked with the intensity of my emotion.

I reached out towards the cube, my hand outstretched, reaching for her.

Reaching for the light, for the hope, for the love that I had been denied for so long.

As I got closer, the cube seemed to pulsate with more intensity, her voice ringing louder in my ears.

It was as if it responded to my presence, to my desperation, to my love.

And I, lost in the depths of the Nether Root, was answering its call.

"Karlia!" I screamed again, my voice echoing through the void. I was close, so close now. I could almost touch it, almost reach her.

I was on the precipice of reunion, on the brink of salvation.

And I knew then, with a certainty that resonated in every fibre of my being, that no matter what, no matter the odds, no matter the cost, I would never let her go.

There, in the deafening silence of the Nether Root, I connected with the cube, reached out with [Connection].

I felt an instant ethereal link forged by sheer will and hope, rushing with the ominous box before me.

I let my consciousness seep into it, to become one with the world within the cube.

What followed was an onslaught of raw, unfiltered pain.

'GAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

What should have been a single moment of pain—in the shortest of moments, the briefest point of time—felt like an eternity of pure, indescribable pain.

It was an eternity of agony condensed into a singular moment, a fleeting instance that stretched on endlessly, painfully.

It felt like I was dying, over and over again.

I could feel my life force draining, my spirit crumbling under the unbearable weight of the torment.

My breath hitched in my chest, my heart pounded erratically, my vision blurred at the edges.

However, just as the pain ended, I could see the cracks already forming. And then...

... The cube shattered.

A cataclysmic explosion that rocked the very fabric of the Nether Root.

The release of my energy offset the balance of the cube, causing it to implode, to shatter, to free Karlia.

As the world spun around me, as my consciousness threatened to slip away, I saw her.

A silhouette in the darkness, a form amidst the chaos.

I felt the warmth of her touch, the familiarity of her embrace as she caught me, held me, saved me.

A smile tugged at the corners of my lips, my voice nothing more than a whisper as I uttered her name.

"Karlia..." It echoed in the void, a declaration of love, of hope, of victory. The world around me faded, my vision dimmed, and my consciousness slipped away.

I was only able to feel the briefest moment of her pain, and it was a torture unlike any other.

How much Karlia would have suffered... how much she had endured in my absence.

It made me nearly bleed out tears.

But, tugging my heart even more was the satisfaction I felt that she was out now.

I was happy.

For in the face of despair, of darkness, of death, I had found her. I had saved her.

And she had saved me.

"... Thanks for coming back to me."

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

#### **Chapter 1104: Light In The Dark**

"Urghh..."

My head throbbed as consciousness slowly returned to me. My eyes, heavy and sore, struggled to adjust to the surroundings.

Darkness, an unfathomable void. But even in that pitch-black world, one thing was unmistakably clear – her presence.

"Karlia?" My voice was rough, weak.

My gaze rested on the crimson-skinned succubus whose lap currently served as my pillow. I watched the violet gleam in her eyes, and found solace in her divine smile.

"Lewis..." Her voice trembled with emotion, barely above a whisper, as if speaking any louder might shatter the fragile moment.

Silhouetted in the darkness, while trying to acclimate to consciousness, I could barely make out her figure. But, there was no mistaking that voice, the gentle warmth that had once been the very sun in my world.

"I've missed you so much," I admitted, my heart aching with the weight of the eternity we spent apart.

The regret, the loneliness, the countless nights of yearning for her embrace.

"I... I..." Tears began to well up in my eyes as I looked up to her.

She drew closer, and I could feel the heat of her body. Her fingertips brushed against my cheek, sending shivers down my spine.

"Lewis," she whispered, her voice choked with tears, "I thought I'd never see you again."

My eyes welled up, remembering the countless dreams where I reached out to her only to wake up to a cold, empty void.

"I'm sorry I made you doubt me."

Karlia let out a soft sob, the sound both heartbreaking and heartwarming. "I was so scared you wouldn't come back this time," she murmured, her fingers tangling in my hair.

Rising to my knees and pulling her close, I could feel her heartbeat against my chest.

"I'll always come back for you, Karlia," I whispered into her ear. "Always."

She pulled away slightly, just enough to look into my eyes. Even in the darkness, I could see the glimmer of her tears. "I've missed you, Lewis," she confessed, her voice breaking with emotion.

"Every day, every moment, it was like a piece of me was missing. The hell, it didn't hurt as much as being without you."

I could barely even understand how much she suffered all alone. I could only imagine how much my delay had caused her so much agony.

If only I had been faster, I could have saved her one less second from that torture.

"You're so strong, Karlia..."

Cupping her face, I brushed away her tears with my thumbs. "So amazing."

We sat there, lost in each other's gaze, the weight of the world and the past forgotten.

All that mattered was this moment, this connection.

She leaned in, her lips brushing against mine.

It was a soft, tender kiss – a reaffirmation of our love and the promises we made to each other.

Pulling apart, we rested our foreheads against each other, basking in the warmth of our shared affection.

"I love you, Lewis," Karlia murmured.

I pulled her into a deep hug, her body molding against mine. "I love you too, Karlia. Always and forever."

In the comforting cocoon of our embrace, the darkness faded away, replaced by the brilliant light of our love.

"I'll never let you go this time."

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Feeling a little lighter, Karlia and I settled side by side, the darkness fading to a mere background to our shared existence. Even in this gloomy environment, I could feel her radiant energy, almost tangible in its intensity.

"I still can't believe you're here," I started, looking over at her with a broad grin. Her eyes sparkled with a mixture of amusement and relief.

She laughed softly, the sound melodious and filled with warmth. "Believe it, Lewis."

"I'm surprised you're here... and in your original body for that matter. It almost feels like a dream."

"Well, if it's a dream, then it's going to last forever.

We both laughed heartily, enjoying the nonexistence of the place we were nestled in. We made sure to laugh a lot, and I briefly told her bits and pieces of how I found the Arcanas to reach the Nether Root and free her.

It all felt worth it, seeing the excited smile on her face.

Seeing her so happy made me happy in turn.

"You had a lot of fun. I'm so jealous. Unlike you, it was just a gloomy hell in here." She said it with such nonchalance, but I knew the pain she went through wasn't anything to scoff at.

Perhaps I had to ask and understand her perspective too, rather than just telling her mine.

"What exactly was that cube?"

Karlia took a deep breath, her eyes distant for a moment as she recollected. "Well, it's a prison, but not just any prison. You know I'm... special, right?"

"You mean the immortality?" I inquired.

She nodded. "Yes, that. But with my immortality comes an ability to acclimate to any pain or damage. Over time, I become resistant to it."

"That sounds powerful," I mused, thinking of how incredibly powerful she would be if that process was repeated over and over again.

She tilted her head. "It is, in a way. But the cube... it's sinister. Every time I acclimated to the torture, it would adjust, escalating the pain to levels beyond comprehension."

I felt a sharp pain in my heart, imagining what she had gone through.

'It would reach a point where... damn...' I shuddered in my imagination.

"Karlia... I'm so sorry I wasn't there to save you sooner."

She took my hand and squeezed it. "It's not your fault, Lewis. What mattered most was that you came for me. You have no idea how happy that makes me."

This woman right here, Karlia, she was way more than I deserved.

I looked deep into her eyes, overwhelmed by my emotions. "I promise, I'll never leave your side again."

She smiled warmly, her eyes glistening with tears of happiness. "I've missed you, Lewis. And no matter what, we'll face everything together from now on."

Nodding, I pulled her into a tender embrace. Right then, surrounded by nothing but the comforting presence of Karlia, everything felt perfect.

'It's time...' I thought with a gentle smile.

The moment was right, and there was an electrifying charge in the air.

I knew what I had to do. Every second apart had cemented the realization that I couldn't be without her.

Taking a deep breath, I stared deeply into her eyes.

"What is it, Lewis?" She chuckled, her eyes a mix of curiosity and so much beauty.

If I didn't do it now... I feared I would lose the moment!

Reaching into my pocket, I pulled out a small velvet box.

"Karlia," I began, my voice a little shaky, "from the moment we met, my world changed. Through all the battles, the heartaches, and the moments of joy, you've always been the one constant, my guiding star."

Her eyes widened in surprise, and her lips parted slightly as she tried to grasp what was happening.

"Even after I betrayed you, you never betrayed me. You've suffered so much pain... so much loneliness... all for me. Words can't express how much your love has touched me, and how much I love you. You... you are the epitome of perfection in my eyes."

I really didn't deserve her. But, if being with her was going to make her as happy as it was going to make me, then...

Kneeling down, I opened the box to reveal a delicate ring with a shimmering gemstone. "Karlia, will you marry me?"

Tears filled her eyes, reflecting the brilliance of the sun and the depth of her emotions.

"Lewis!" she whispered, choked up, "Yes! Yes, I will."

'Yesss! It took Jared and I a while to make a ring this perfect, but... it was all worth it!'

This ring was the most important item I had to make before coming to the Nether Realm.

It was... the symbol of a new bond I wanted to form with Karlia.

An eternal one.

As I slid the ring onto her finger, our lips met in a passionate kiss, sealing our promise to each other.

The world around us seemed to fade away, the darkness enveloping us once again, but this time it wasn't oppressive or daunting.

It was warm, comforting, and filled with the promise of a lifetime of love and happiness.

"Lewis..." I heard her whisper into my ear, her warm hands touching my bare skin. "I've missed you. All of you..."

I understood instantly.

"You read my mind, Karlia." My grin was so wide that I thought my lips would slack.

"I've missed you too..."

Spending an eternity in torture and spending an eternity in darkness; the both of us had grown quite lonely.

This was the perfect moment to relieve ourselves.

"It's been so long. Think you can still handle it?" I whispered.

"Pfft. I should be asking you that. Think you can last long enough?" She responded.

Oh, that was it!

The last strand of my reasoning snapped as I pulled Karlia to me and readied myself for my biggest battle yet.

"I'll show you what I can do!"

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

#### **Chapter 1105: The Great War Begins**

Karlia felt the warmth of Lewis's body next to hers, their limbs entwined as they lay in the vast darkness. It was a sensation she'd longed for, dreamt of, and despaired of ever feeling again. The soothing rhythm of his heartbeat against her ear reminded her of a melody she had once feared was lost forever.

She nestled her head onto his chest, her voice soft, carrying the weight of a thousand emotions. "I've missed you. All of you."

Lewis's fingers brushed through her hair, sending a shiver down her spine. "I've missed you too, Karlia. More than words can express."

She shifted slightly to gaze up at him, her eyes searching his familiar features. "How... How do you look like your past self again? The last I knew, you were... Jared."

A rueful smile graced his lips. "Jared... He's me, or rather, I'm him. He reached a point where he realized he needed to make a choice, a decision that he found too daunting. So, he split himself into two."

Karlia blinked, trying to process the information. "Split? So, you're..."

"I'm a version of myself," Lewis interrupted, understanding her unspoken question. "A version that will never leave you, never abandon you. I promise."

Tears glistened in Karlia's eyes, threatening to spill. Her voice barely more than a whisper, she said, "I was so afraid this was all just another dream. That I'd wake up and you'd be gone."

Lewis tightened his embrace, pulling her closer. "This is real, Karlia. I'm here, with you. And I'm not going anywhere."

A genuine smile, one filled with pure joy and relief, spread across her face. "Being with you, living our lives side by side... That's all I've ever wanted."

He kissed her forehead, his voice soft, "And it's all I've ever wanted too."



In the comforting darkness, they held onto each other, two souls finally reunited, bound by an unbreakable love.

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[Moments Later]

Karlia and I lay side by side, the vast darkness around us feeling oddly intimate.

Her fingers traced patterns on my palm, a familiar gesture that sent warmth coursing through my veins. For so long, I'd been driven by a single goal - rescuing her.

And now, with her beside me, a tidal wave of emotion threatened to spill forth.

"I've missed this," I admitted, entwining our fingers.

She looked up, her eyes shimmering like the first light of dawn. "So have I, Lewis. So have I."

I took a deep breath, knowing there was more I needed to share. "Karlia, rescuing you was just the beginning. There's still so much I have to do, so much I need to show you."

Her eyes sparkled with intrigue. "Like what?"

I grinned, thinking of the adventures that awaited us. "There are places beyond this darkness, worlds of incredible beauty and danger, mysteries that I've uncovered and ones I've yet to unravel."

I couldn't wait to show her all the people I had met, and all the things I had been up to in her absence. Just thinking about all of them made my heart race.

"Plus, I made a promise to some people... I have to see it through to the end."

My friends in this new world, they were all counting on me.

Karlia raised an eyebrow playfully. "And you're telling me all of this now?"

"I wanted to give you a choice," I grinned. "While I have many battles to fight, and there remain many issues to resolve, I want you to be there by my side. But only if you choose to."

It seemed pointless to even ask, but I was a gentleman. I had to do this for courtesy's sake.

Karlia's smile grew brighter, her enthusiasm palpable. "Lewis, wherever you go, I want to be there with you. Every step of the way."

Happiness surged through me, and before I could think, I leaned in, capturing her lips with mine. The world seemed to fade away as we lost ourselves in that passionate kiss.

'I mean, we're engaged now. We're pretty much inseparable!'

Pulling back, I saw determination in her gaze. "So, what's our next move?"

I grinned, feeling invigorated by her spirit.

"First, we need to prepare. A war is brewing in the world beyond. I just hope we're not too late. Once we resolve that, then we can embark on the adventure of a lifetime."

"Another war, huh? Looks like everywhere you go, there's trouble." Karlia retorted in a grin.

Now that she mentioned it... she wasn't quite wrong.

"Well, I can't wait, Lewis. I'm sure you'll show me a good time."

Lost in her warm gaze and magical smile, I nodded playfully.

Of course, I planned on doing all that. A man had to do everything in his power to impress his woman, after all.

Karlia squeezed my hand in response, and together, we faced the future, ready for whatever challenges lay ahead.

'I won't let you down!'

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[MEANWHILE...]

~RUMBLE!~

The ground shook with a terrible rhythm as the Giants, their colossal forms looming menacingly against the horizon, made their advance.

Each footstep was a mini-quake, each growl from their throats akin to thunder.

~RUMBLE!~

Their massive hands wielded gargantuan weapons, from crude clubs to sharpened spears, each capable of causing unprecedented destruction. Enslaved by the Triumvirate's Magic, the Giants were a force of raw power and terror.

In a war where power was everything, the Triumvirate was wise to employ these savage creatures, taming them for the destruction they were birthed to wreak.

"ROOOOOOAAAAARRRR!!!"

Their terror-inducing roars caused the entire air to vibrate, and the ground to tremble in their presence.

However, just as they were intimidating, so also were their adversaries.

Facing off against these behemoths were the Fairy Kingdom's most elite creations: the Mecha Knights.

Crafted from the rarest metals and infused with the most potent fairy magic, these towering mechanical defenders glinted under the sun, ready for battle.

Their sleek bodies bristled with weaponry, from glistening blades that could slice through the toughest armor to ranged armaments designed to shower their enemies with powerful projectiles.

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!~

The clash began with an explosive roar.

Giants charged, their sheer numbers seeming to blot out the sun. But the Mecha Knights were no pushovers.

With practiced synchronization, they let loose a barrage of energy beams, their luminescent arcs of magic cutting through the ranks of the Giants.

~VWUUUUUMMMMM!!!~

"GROOOAAHHH!!!" Many of the towering behemoths fell, their mighty roars echoing in agony as they tumbled.

Yet, the Mecha Knights, for all their firepower, were significantly outnumbered. As the Giants neared, the mechanical warriors switched tactics.

Blades sprang to life, gleaming with deadly intent. Energy shields materialized, deflecting the devastating blows dealt by the Giants.

~FWISH!~

~SWOOOOSHHH!!!~

~WHOOOOOUMMMMM!!!~

It was a dance of chaos and precision.

A Giant would raise its weapon, aiming to crush a Mecha Knight beneath its heft, only for the nimble machine to sidestep at the last second, counterattacking with a swift and devastating blow.

But for every Giant that fell, another two seemed to take its place. Their swarm-like assault was relentless, putting the Mecha Knights on the defensive.

One particular Mecha Knight, its armor a brilliant shade of emerald, leapt into the fray, its twin blades spinning.

It carved a path through the Giants, its every movement precise, efficient.

A nearby Giant, its eyes glowing an unnatural shade of red, swung its massive club. The Mecha Knight narrowly evaded, using its boosters to launch into the air before letting loose a torrent of energy missiles.

~BOOOOOOOUMMMMM!!!~

The Giant roared in pain, the missiles' impact leaving craters across its rugged hide.

But even as the emerald knight engaged its foe, more Giants converged on it. Two, then four, then six. The Mecha Knight found itself surrounded, its once fluid movements restricted.

Just then, a squad of Mecha Knights rushed to its aid, their combined firepower forcing the Giants to retreat.

It was a pattern that played out across the battlefield—swarms of Giants attempting to overpower individual Mecha Knights, only for reinforcements to arrive, tipping the balance.

Neither side could gain the upper hand.

The superior firepower and agility of the Mecha Knights were offset by the sheer numbers and raw strength of the Giants. The battlefield was littered with the fallen from both sides—mechanical parts strewn amidst giant footprints.

It was a stalemate, a grinding battle of attrition, with neither the Fairy Kingdom's technological marvels nor the Triumvirate's enslaved behemoths able to claim a decisive victory.

The war raged on, the outcome still hanging in the balance.

Watching all of this from the Fairy Headquarters was Oberon, the Fairy King.

A grim frown played on his face, depicting his dissatisfaction with the current sight that he witnessed.

"This... isn't good."

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

#### **Chapter 1106: The Game Changers Arrive**

Fairy King Oberon's eyes narrowed as he watched the chaotic dance of battle from his vantage point.

The Giants' earth-shaking advance clashed with the disciplined maneuvering of the Mecha Knights, while the rest of his Fairies were engaged on multiple fronts against Elves, Beastfolk, and Dwarves.

The very essence of the Luminis Forest vibrated with the intensity of the conflict, its innate magic responding to Oberon's will to protect.

Beside him, Ursula, the fairy-shaped automaton, observed the fray with an unblinking analytical gaze.

Oberon's voice was tense as he turned to her. "Ursula, I need an assessment. How do we fare?"

Ursula's eyes glowed momentarily as she processed the real-time data from the battlefield.

"Your Majesty, thus far, we have not had a single casualty. Many Fairies have sustained injuries, and numerous Mecha Knights are in need of repair. Our defensive lines are holding, but our manpower is stretched thin compared to the overwhelming numbers of the Triumvirate's forces."

Oberon's jaw clenched at the news, a flicker of relief quickly overshadowed by concern. "And the long-term prospects?"

Ursula hesitated for a fraction of a second, a hint of emotion in her mechanical voice. "While our current strategies will eventually lead us to victory, it is my estimation that sacrifices will be made. I anticipate at least a few hundred Fairies will fall before the battle is won."

A sharp intake of breath was Oberon's immediate response, his heart aching at the prospect. Hundreds of his people, each one cherished, each one irreplaceable.

His hands gripped the balcony railing, knuckles whitening.

He turned his gaze back to the battlefield, wishing he could do more. But he knew his limits.

The very environment of the Luminis Forest had been shaped and controlled by his magic, providing vital support and defense to his forces while healing those in need.

It had drained a significant portion of his energy, leaving him unable to intervene further.

The battle raged on, the Fairies' brilliant wings dancing amidst the flashes of swords and the roars of Beastfolk. Oberon could see the Mecha Knights battling the Giants, their elegant mechanical movements contrasted with the brute force of their adversaries.

As he watched, one of the Mecha Knights took a devastating blow from a Giant's club, staggering and nearly falling. Oberon's heart pounded in his chest as he willed the Mecha Knight to recover, to continue the fight.

It did, rejoining the battle with renewed vigor, but the near miss was a stark reminder of how precarious their situation was.

"Prepare our reserves," Oberon ordered, his voice firm. "I want all available resources dedicated to repairs and healing. We will endure this, Ursula. We must."

Ursula bowed slightly, her mechanical voice resonating with a sense of determination. "We will, Your Majesty. The Fairy Kingdom will prevail."

Oberon's gaze remained fixed on the battle, his mind racing with strategies and concerns. His people were fighting with courage and resilience, but the cost weighed heavily on him.

He knew that victory was within reach, but the path to it was fraught with danger and potential loss.

He gritted his teeth, vowing that he would do everything in his power to minimize the sacrifices. The Fairy Kingdom would stand strong, and he would lead them through this storm, no matter what it took.

"I could really use the assistance, though. Where the hell are you, Lewis?"

As if some force in the world heard his words, Oberon's senses picked something strange going on... an interference that instantly caught his gaze.

'T-this is—!'

Fairy King Oberon's eyes widened as a sudden bright light erupted on the battlefield, momentarily illuminating the clash of arms and magic like a flare in the night.

His breath caught as three figures emerged from the brilliance, their very presence compelling both sides to halt their conflict.

He recognized them instantly: the Great Sage Larry Damien, Greatest Magic Swordsman Aria, and Heretic Doctor Drake.

Legends in their own right, their sudden appearance was like a shockwave, leaving both the Fairy Kingdom's defenders and the Triumvirate's aggressors in stunned silence.

Larry Damien, his wise eyes gleaming with an inner light, stepped forward.

His staff was adorned with mystic runes, and his robes billowed as if touched by an unseen wind. His voice carried across the battlefield, imbued with an authority that commanded attention.

"People of the Fairy Kingdom, warriors of the Triumvirate, hear me! We come here for one reason and one reason alone: to end this war once and for all."

Oberon's heart pounded at the proclamation.

The battlefield was eerily silent, every eye fixed on Larry and his companions. Aria, her hand resting on the hilt of her legendary sword, stood tall and resolute. Drake, his face a grim mask of silence, exuded an air of mystery and power.

'They're the ones the Triumvirate is after, right? It seems Lewis finally brought them back, after all.'

Oberon could feel the tension in the air, a palpable force that seemed to grip everyone present. He knew that Larry's words were more than mere rhetoric.

The Great Sage's wisdom was renowned, and if he deemed this conflict a threat to the world's balance, it was no idle claim.

'But... can only three people turn the tide of this battle?' Oberon questioned as he squinted his gaze on the battlefield.

"You dare defy the Triumvirate?" the General spat, his anger barely contained.

Aria stepped forward, her voice calm yet firm. "Silence, Azel. It seems your leaders do not wish to show themselves in the war they initiated. How utterly disgraceful."

Drake's voice, quiet and measured, added to the chorus. "You'd expect those three to at least appear in the war. As expected of cowards who are used to ruling in the shadows."

"Y-you... how dare you!" The General, whose name was Azel, growled.

He and his two closest commanders—each from the Beastfolk and Dwarf Race respectively—closed in on the three in no time.

Oberon's mind raced as he watched the exchange in both silence and anticipation. There was no way these three could stop an entire war themselves, was there?

'What in the world are you thinking, Lewis?'

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

#### **Chapter 1107: The Challenge**

The tension in the air was palpable as General Azel's eyes narrowed, his face etched with defiance and contempt.

He looked to his two closest commanders, one from the Beastfolk and the other from the Dwarf Race, a wordless agreement passing between them.

The challenge thrown down by the Great Sage and his companions could not go unanswered.

"We will not be lectured by criminals!" Azel's voice was a sharp snarl, his hand gripping the hilt of his sword. "Destroy them!"

"I'll handle this." Aria smiled, glancing at her two friends. Larry and Drake nodded in unison, clearly not suited at all for battle.

Her silver danced behind her as she stepped forward, not even letting the General complete his words.

~ZZZZTTTTTZZZZ!!!~

Aria's body became enveloped in intense lightning magic, the air around her crackling with energy.

"This shouldn't take too long."

~WHOOOOSSSHHHHH!!!~

Her movement was a blur, faster than the eye could follow, and in the blink of an eye, Azel and his commanders were subdued, their weapons sent flying, their bodies rendered unconscious by a touch infused with just the right amount of force.

"G-GUAAAAARRKKKK!!!"

Aria's face was calm, her eyes cool as she looked down at the fallen warriors.

"I don't want to kill you for the sins of your superiors," she retorted, her voice filled with both resolve and a trace of sadness.

The battlefield was in stunned silence, the gathered forces on both sides witnessing the swift and decisive action.

It was as if time itself was still, as both warring sides stared at the swift defeat of the strongest within the Triumvirate forces.

However, this decorum didn't last for very long.

~VWUUUUUSSSHHHHH!!!~

A brilliant light spread throughout the battlefield, a radiance that seemed to pierce the very soul, and the three leaders of the Triumvirate appeared.

The Elf Queen, regal and aloof, her eyes filled with condescending pride.

The Beast King, powerful and imposing, a presence that commanded respect.

The Dwarf Chief, solid and unyielding, his gaze steady and unwavering.

They stood together, the very embodiment of the Triumvirate's authority, and their voices rang out in unison, a harmony that resonated with power.

"You have trespassed on a path not meant for you," the Elf Queen intoned, her voice cold. "Foolish daughter of mine."

Aria's eyes instantly narrowed as she looked her mother in the eye. She remembered the time when she wouldn't even dare to gaze upon her mother's face.

However, she wasn't that scared little girl any longer.

"Haha! I like those eyes of yours, Magic Swordsman! You have no idea how long I've waited to meet you," the Beast King laughed, his eyes fixed only on Aria.

Larry Damien stepped forward, his face calm, his eyes meeting theirs without fear. "You should all stop this. At the very least, retreat your forces to prevent needless casualties. If you want a fight, then come at us yourself—"

The Elf Queen's eyes flashed. "Your arrogance is astounding. You think you can dictate our course? A weak human like you?"

Larry was instantly silenced by the Elf Queen's words, and he could feel a light 'sorry' tap from Drake's hands.

"She didn't have to say it like that..." Larry murmured in defeat.

However, that didn't change the current situation, or their objective here.

'Lewis told us to do our best. That's precisely what we're going to do.'

Aria stepped forward, her voice was firm, and her body still crackling with the energy of her magic.

"You're selfish as usual. Hear me, everyone! You do not have to fight any longer. There's no need to kill yourselves needlessly. This very day, the Triumvirate will fall. Do not fight a losing war."

For a moment, no one said anything.

All eyes were focused on the countenance of the ones who held all the control—the Triumvirate.

However...

"Pfft! How idiotic."

"Hahahaha! That's such a stupid thing to say."

"Have you no sense?"

The members of the Triumvirate looked down at Larry, Aria, and Drake, their faces twisted into mocking smiles.

The Elf Queen's eyes gleamed with cruel amusement as she addressed them, her voice dripping with disdain.

"You think you can challenge us? You think you can defy the will of the Triumvirate? How amusing." Her laughter was like ice, her gaze fixed on Aria.

"We've been around before anyone here was even conceived. Except perhaps Oberon. You really think you can say a few words and that will be the end of it?"

Tense silence filled the air as the Elf Queen's face morphed into a twisted frown. "I will make sure you suffer well before you die, child."



Aria's face remained impassive, her eyes meeting the Elf Queen's without flinching. But it was the Beast King who stepped forward, his massive frame imposing, his eyes filled with a feral curiosity.

"Hahaha! You are interesting," he rumbled, his voice resonating with power.

He looked at Aria, his eyes narrowing. "I started this war to draw you out, Greatest Magic Swordsman. I have heard of your prowess, and I wish to test it myself."

Aria's eyes widened slightly, her body tensed, ready to react. The Beast King's challenge was clear, and the stakes were high.

"I challenge you to a duel," the Beast King declared, his voice echoing across the battlefield. "If I lose, I will withdraw my force. But if you lose..." He grinned, a savage smile that sent a chill down the spines of those who witnessed it.

"You must become my bride and birth my children."

The battlefield was in stunned silence, the audacity of the challenge leaving everyone speechless. Aria's face was pale, but her eyes were filled with a steely resolve. She looked at the Beast King, her voice calm and clear.

"You wish to duel me? Very well. I accept your challenge."

The Dwarf Chief's eyes narrowed, a hint of disapproval in his gaze. The Elf Queen's smile widened, her eyes filled with anticipation.

Larry and Drake exchanged glances, their faces etched with concern, but they knew that Aria's decision was final.

The Beast King's laughter boomed across the field, his excitement palpable. "Excellent! We shall fight here and now, and let everyone, including your mother, bear witness to our battle. "

"Hmph! I no longer consider her my daughter. Rather than just wasting away as a corpse, perhaps she could prove more useful as a breeding device."

"Pfft! Puahahaha! Hardcore as always! You really are too cold!" The Beast King laughed, taking steps forward.

Aria's hand tightened around the hilt of her sword, her body crackling with the energy of her magic.

She looked at the Beast King, her voice filled with determination.

"I will not lose to you. And I will not become your bride."

The Beast King's eyes gleamed with savage delight. "We shall see, Magic Swordsman. We shall see."

With those words, the two of them stepped forward, the battlefield clearing to make way for the duel.

Fairy King Oberon, watching from a distance, closed his eyes for a moment, a silent prayer on his lips.

He knew that this duel could change everything, and he hoped with all his heart that Aria would prevail.

'Did you foresee this as well, Lewis?'

He could only hope so. Because even he, the Fairy King, could not decide who was superior.

The Greatest Magic Swordsman... or the Strongest Beast King.

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

#### **Chapter 1108: The Beast King Vs Aria**

The Beast King stood across from Aria, his massive frame pulsing with anticipation.

His eyes were fixed on her, assessing her strength, her prowess. In her, he saw a challenge, a test of his own power. And as he readied himself for the duel, his mind drifted back to the past, to the days that had shaped him, forged him into the fearsome warrior he had become.

He had been born different, a mutant, his body a marvel of strength and adaptability. From the very beginning, he had known that he was special, that he was destined for greatness. Strength was everything to him, the measure of a being's worth, the essence of life itself.

He remembered the battles of his youth, the thrill of victory, the joy of crushing his foes. He had honed his body, trained his mind, mastered the most powerful Martial Arts that had decimated his opponents. His very being had become a weapon, a force of nature that knew no equal.

He had wandered the lands, seeking out challenges, testing his might against the strongest foes he could find. Every victory had fueled his obsession, every defeat had only strengthened his resolve. His body had adapted, evolved, grown stronger with every battle.

And then he had discovered the Triumvirate, an alliance of power and ambition that had resonated with his own desires. He had joined them, become their muscle, their enforcer, a symbol of their strength. With them, he had found purpose, a cause that matched his own hunger for power.

He had fought wars, conquered lands, broken armies. He had become a legend, a name that struck fear into the hearts of those who heard it. He was the Beast King, a warrior without equal, a force of nature that could not be tamed.

And now, here he was, facing a new challenge, a new test of his strength. Aria, the Greatest Magic Swordsman, a woman who had captured his curiosity, who had drawn him into this war. He looked at her, his eyes filled with a savage hunger, a need to prove himself once more.

He could see her strength, her determination, her skill. She was worthy, a fitting opponent, a chance to show the world once more why he was the Beast King.

His muscles tensed, his heart pounding with excitement. The duel was about to begin, a clash of legends, a battle for supremacy. He knew that this was what he lived for, what he had been born for.

Strength was everything, and he would prove it once more. He would show the world that he was the strongest, that he was the Beast King.

And as the first blows were exchanged, as the duel began in earnest, the memories of his past fueled his resolve, his hunger for victory, his need to prove that he was, indeed, the strongest of all.

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The Beast King's heart roared in his chest as he faced Aria, his entire being focused on the battle. This was what he lived for, the thrill of combat, the dance of power and skill. He could see the lightning crackling around her, the energy of her magic, the grace of her martial arts. She was a worthy opponent, a true challenge, and he relished the chance to prove himself against her.

Aria struck first, a flash of lightning magic sending a bolt of electricity hurtling towards him. The Beast King reacted instinctively, his body moving with a speed that belied his size, dodging the attack. His own martial arts were pure power, a symphony of destruction honed by years of training and battle.

He lunged at her, his fist a sledgehammer of force aimed at her chest. Aria moved with grace, her body flowing like water as she dodged his strike, her sword slashing in a counterattack that he barely managed to avoid.

The fight was a dance, a whirlwind of motion and power, lightning clashing with raw strength. Aria's magic was a thing of beauty, her control and precision a marvel to behold. But the Beast King's strength was a force of nature, his blows like thunder, his movements like an unstoppable storm.

He struck at her, his fists and feet a blur of power, each blow a testament to his might. Aria matched him, her lightning magic weaving around his attacks, her martial arts a perfect balance of offense and defense. Their battle was a clash of titans, a contest of wills that neither would yield.

The Beast King felt a thrill of excitement, a joy that he had not felt in a long time. Aria was pushing him, challenging him, forcing him to reach deeper into his reserves of strength. He could feel his body responding, his muscles surging with power, his instincts sharpening.

He landed a blow, his fist connecting with her shoulder, sending a shockwave through her body. Aria staggered, pain flashing in her eyes, but she recovered quickly, her magic flaring as she launched a counterattack. The Beast King roared, his body moving with a primal ferocity as he met her strike, his own power erupting in a clash that sent shockwaves rippling through the air.

The battle raged on, neither giving an inch, both fighting with everything they had. The Beast King could feel his blood singing, his soul alight with the joy of combat. Aria was everything he had hoped for, a true warrior, a worthy opponent.

He knew that this fight would be remembered, a battle of legends that would echo through the ages. He knew that he had found a challenge that matched his own strength, a duel that would push him to his limits.

And he knew, with a certainty that resonated in the very core of his being, that he would not lose.

For he was the Beast King, a master of martial arts, a warrior without equal. And he would prove it, here and now, in this battle that had become the very essence of his existence.

With a roar, he charged forward, his body a weapon, his spirit unbreakable, his determination absolute. The fight was far from over, and he would not rest until victory was his.

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

### **Chapter 1109: Aria Vs The Beast King**

Aria's body felt alive with energy, the lightning magic coursing through her veins like a torrent of power.

Facing the Beast King, she knew that she was stronger, more capable than she had ever been before.

Was it Lewis's doing? Ever since she was resurrected, she couldn't help but feel like she had grown far more powerful compared to before.

She couldn't be certain, but something had changed within her, and she was determined to use it.

The Beast King was relentless, his martial arts a display of pure, unbridled strength. Every strike was a thunderous blow, every movement a dance of power.

But Aria was not to be outdone.

Her body moved with precision, her magic guided by a will of iron. She felt an inner strength, a resilience that she had never known before.

She struck at the Beast King, her sword slashing through the air, her magic weaving a tapestry of lightning.

He was fast, incredibly so, and his strength was overwhelming.

But Aria was faster, her body moving with a grace that defied belief.

She knew that she could not have beaten him in the past, but now was different.

Now she was more.

~BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!!!~

The Beast King roared, his attacks a fury of force, but Aria met him head-on. Her sword cut through his defenses, her magic a storm of destruction.

The battle was fierce, a clash of titans that shook the very earth.

Aria's heart pounded in her chest, her mind focused on the fight. She knew that she could not falter, could not waver.

The Beast King was a formidable foe, but she was a warrior, a magic swordsman, and she would not be defeated.

She pressed her attack, her body a whirlwind of motion, her lightning magic a symphony of destruction. The Beast King matched her, his own power a testament to his skill.

But Aria felt a fire within her, a determination that would not be quenched.

She struck at him, her sword a blade of lightning, her magic a torrent of energy. The Beast King roared, his body a weapon of destruction, but Aria would not be denied. She was more than she had ever been, stronger, faster, more capable.

And she knew that she would win.

With a cry, she launched a final attack, her magic a storm of lightning, her body a weapon of precision. The Beast King met her, his own power a force to be reckoned with, but Aria's will was unbreakable.

The battle raged on, neither yielding, neither giving an inch.

Aria's heart sang with the thrill of combat, her soul alight with the joy of battle. She knew that she was meant for this, that this was her destiny.

And she knew, with a certainty that resonated in her very core, that she would not lose.

With a roar, she charged forward, her sword a blade of lightning, her spirit unbreakable, her determination absolute.

The fight was far from over, and she would not rest until victory was hers.

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The Beast King's muscles screamed with exertion as he clashed with Aria, his whole being focused on the fight.

Every blow from her sword sent shockwaves through his body, and her lightning magic danced around him like a tempest. He had never faced an opponent like her before.

He attacked with all his might, his martial arts honed to perfection, his body a weapon of pure destruction. But Aria was relentless, her movements fluid, her strikes precise. The Beast King could feel the power behind her attacks, a strength that was more than physical, something that resonated within her very soul.

They fought with a fury that shook the earth, their battle a dance of power and skill. The Beast King roared, his attacks a storm of force, but Aria met him at every turn. Her sword was a blade of lightning, her magic a symphony of destruction. And though he fought with everything he had, he could feel her pulling ahead.

The area around them was obliterated, the ground torn apart, trees uprooted, rocks shattered. Their battle was a cataclysm, a clash of titans that would be remembered for generations.

The Beast King's heart pounded in his chest, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He knew that he was losing, could feel it in the way Aria moved, in the way her attacks landed with ever-increasing force.

But he would not give up, would not yield. He was the Beast King, a warrior who had never known defeat. He would fight to the end, would give everything he had.

With a roar, he launched a final attack, his body a whirlwind of motion, his power a force of nature. Aria met him, her sword a blade of lightning, her body a weapon of grace. They clashed, their battle reaching a fever pitch, neither willing to give an inch.

But Aria was more, her strength undeniable, her will unbreakable. She struck at him, her sword cutting through his defenses, her magic a storm of destruction. The Beast King felt his strength waning, felt the battle slipping away.

With a final, desperate attack, he tried to turn the tide, tried to seize victory from the jaws of defeat. But Aria was unstoppable, her body a weapon of precision, her spirit indomitable.

With a cry, she struck him down, her sword a blade of lightning, her victory absolute.

The Beast King fell, his body aching, his spirit defeated. He looked up at Aria, his eyes filled with respect, with acknowledgment of her strength.

"You have won," he said, his voice a rumble of defeat. "I will keep my word. I will withdraw my forces."

He had lost, but he had been bested by a warrior unlike any other. Aria had proven her strength, had proven her worth. And the Beast King could do nothing but accept it.

With a final look at her, he turned and walked away, his body a testament to the battle, his spirit humbled by defeat. The war was over, and the Beast King had lost.

But he had lost to a warrior who was more, a warrior who had earned his respect. And in that, he found a strange kind of victory.

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

#### **Chapter 1110: The War Must Go On**

With the dust of battle still settling, the Beast King, Dwarven Chief, and Elf Queen gathered to discuss the sudden turn of events.

The frustration and tension were palpable, and the Elf Queen's eyes were ablaze with indignation.

"How could you surrender so easily, Beast King?" she spat, her voice dripping with contempt.

"We had them on the ropes! Your foolish pride has cost us everything!"

The Beast King's eyes were steady as he met her gaze. "I made a vow," he said, his voice calm but firm. "I lost the duel, and I will keep my word. I won't force you to do the same, but I will command my forces to withdraw."

"You and your ridiculous honor!" the Elf Queen snapped. "What good is honor if we lose here?"

The reason for the war was to exert the Triumvirate's influence and absolutely crush their enemies.

If the Beast King decided to be a weakling now, then...

"You're a fool! Just forget about the promise and crush them. History is written by the victors anyway."

"No," the Beast King replied, his voice unyielding. "I will not go back on my word. My decision is final."

The Dwarven Chief sighed, his shoulders slumping.

He had seen the determination in the Beast King's eyes and knew there was no changing his mind.

"I don't agree with this, but I can not see any profit in continuing without the Beast King," he said, his voice weary.

"Even with our numbers, the Fairy's army managed to hold us in a stalemate. If we lose a third of our forces, then it's all over. The war is already lost at this point. We have already suffered too many losses, and to continue would be madness."

"You would abandon our cause as well?" the Elf Queen demanded, her eyes narrowing.

"I am only driven by profit. From what I'm seeing, I'd be at a loss if we proceed even further. It's not rational." the Dwarven Chief replied, his voice filled with regret.

"It is time to accept that and retreat."

"You are both cowards!" the Elf Queen hissed. "You would give up so easily, abandon everything we have fought for?"

"It is not cowardice to recognize the truth," the Beast King said, his voice firm. "We have lost, and to continue would only lead to more death and destruction."

"I will not yield!" the Elf Queen declared, her eyes flashing. "I will fight to the last, even if I must do so alone!"

"Then you will die alone," the Beast King said, his voice filled with sorrow. His eyes showed he was dead serious in his decision.

"Kamilia, let's just stop this no—"

"Shut up, both of you!" The Elf Queen roared. "Don't you dare say my name."

At this point, the Elf Queen felt betrayed.

Her two closest allies; the ones who had been by her side for so long... now defied her.

"It's pointless discussing any further..." A sinister tone laced her words. "I'm done."

~VWUUUUUUUMMMM!!!~

The sky suddenly darkened as a palpable chill filled the air, the battlefield falling into an eerie silence.

The Beast King and Dwarven Chief stared in horror as the Elf Queen manifested an object in the palm of her hand.

"T-that is—!" The Beast King's eyes widened in shock.

"Why do you have that?!" The Dwarven Chief blurted out.

Their eyes could not believe that the one they had called ally and friend was in possession of such a sinister tool.

How long had this been the case?

"Why do you have a Grand Blood Stone?!" Joint roars of terror filled the air.

"Fools..."

Elf Queen Kamilia raised the Grand Blood Stone high, its surface gleaming with a malevolent crimson light.

The twisted artifact pulsed with a terrifying energy, born from the sacrifice of countless souls, its power magnifying the dread emanating from the Elf Queen's very being.

"You thought you could defy me?" she said, her voice dripping with venom and contempt. Her eyes gleamed with madness as the dark magic swirled around her.

"You were always under the palm of my hand, mere puppets dancing to my whims."

The Beast King growled, his body tensing as he sensed the dark power emanating from the stone. "What have you done?"

"What I have always intended to do," the Elf Queen replied, her voice cold and merciless. "Win this war at any cost."

She waved the Grand Blood Stone, and a dark wave of energy swept across the battlefield.

"Soul Magic: Absolute Binding Curse!"

The eyes of the soldiers, elves, beastfolk, and dwarves glazed over, their bodies stiffening as the dark magic took hold.

"You see?" the Elf Queen said, her voice filled with cruel satisfaction.

"They are mine to command. They will fight and die for me, and continue fighting for me even after death. There will be no retreat, no surrender. The war will continue."

The Beast King's face twisted in horror as he realized the full extent of her madness. "You would turn your own people into mindless slaves? Sacrifice them all for your own ambition?"

"Of course," she replied, her voice dripping with scorn. "They are but tools to be used, means to an end. And the end is victory."

She raised her hand, and the soldiers moved as one, turning to face the Fairy Kingdom's forces, their faces devoid of emotion, their bodies mere shells controlled by the dark magic.

"The war is not over," the Elf Queen said, her voice filled with cold triumph. "It has only just begun. You will all bow before me, or you will die."

The Beast King and Dwarven Chief could only watch in horror as they too succumbed to the overwhelming power of the Grand Blood Stone.

None could resist.

Not if they were allies fighting under the banner of the Triumvirate.

The Elf Queen's dark plan unfolded, her twisted magic turning friends and allies into mindless puppets, the battlefield transformed into a nightmarish landscape of dread and despair.

"Now then... let us continue."



The war had become a nightmare, and there was no waking from it.

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