

## SPELLCRAFT 501

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

#### Chapter 501: Arrival [Pt 2]

Serah's heart raced uncontrollably.

Her expression must have looked incredibly silly at this point, but she could no longer control herself.

With flushed cheeks and increased desire, she simply locked gaze with Neron, drawn to him more than ever before.

'H-he feels the same...'

Both of them, alone in the frozen world, finally touched ground, descending from the sky while still in each other's embrace.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner. I'll make no excuse. But, now... I guess I've decided not to worry any longer."

Serah felt like she was in a dream. Perhaps this was an illusion?

She hadn't expected those words from Neron, at least not until Jared fulfilled his end of the deal.

'Or has he done so already? Did he have something to do with this? But how? It's so soon!'

Serah decided to shake the thoughts away from her head.

Neron finally confessed his feelings. That was enough for her.

Once again, Serah drew him closer and kissed him one final time. Once their lips detached, she fell on his shoulders and adorably used it as a cushion.

Neron didn't resist.

He simply stroked her hair while giving a gentle smile.

Serah couldn't see his current expression, but Neron's eyes appeared a bit distant while embracing her.

His smile was genuine, though.

'As agreed, I have fulfilled my end, Jared. Hope you're happy about this...' Neron's mind trailed.

His eyes fell on Serah, especially her adorable long hair. The woman kept snuggling her face all over his shoulder as if trying to leave her scent on him.

'I indeed have feelings of love for you, Serah, but...' His smile grew a bit grim.

A sudden memory played in Neron's head. It was dark and gory, but there was no way he could mistake what he saw there.

In the little flash of fragmented memories, Serah was covered in her blood, and Neron was at the center of so much destruction.

He could see himself roaring in pain as the loss of the one he loved was etched in his soul.

'... Haaa...'

Neron awoke from this trance and gave another glance at the healthy Serah in front of him.

Perhaps he was wrong, after all.

'I listened to Jared's conversation with Serah. No, more like he made me listen. After their talk... we spoke...'

That was when Jared told him to make a choice, and then become transparent with Serah about it.

Perhaps it was due to the bond he had with Jared, or his ever-increasing boredom, Neron divulged his true feelings for Serah to the young boy.

'I truly love Serah...'

Although he did not make mention of the dark memory he had, and the awfully tragic image of Serah's demise, Neron told him how he was hesitant to start something with the Crimson Grand Mage.

That was when their bet came into play.

Using Ana's encounter with Lydia of Blanc as a base, Jared offered another secret of Magic to Neron as bait if the latter won.

On the flip side, if Neron lost, he would have to confess his true feelings to Serah... and in a grand way, for that matter.

'You won, Jared. So, I guess this is how we'll be doing things.'

Maybe a life like this wouldn't be so bad, after all.

"Serah, I think that's enough. You've been at this for too long." Neron could already feel his body growing numb as a result of Serah's tight embrace and snuggling.

"A-ah, sorry about that." Jumping a little, Serah stepped back and gave an awkward laugh.

'Isn't she the cutest, just looking at her this way.'

Neron couldn't deny his feelings, but he couldn't let go of his fears. However, the die had been cast.

'... Let's see where this leads.'

"It's fine. Don't worry about it. We have all the time in the world, after all." Neron laughed.

"But, stopping time at this scale, isn't it burning through your Mana too much?"

"Well, I have a little something for that." Neron winked, maintaining his aura of mystery.

"I could never succeed in freezing the whole world in time with my Original Magic. Even now, that prospect is pretty dim. So, another solution came to mind."

Jared had told Neron that he could tell her about [The Hermit] Arcana, so he went on to explain.

"I simply isolated myself from the bounds of time. I call it the [Timeless Zone]. Everything around me stops, and only I can move."

It wasn't exactly stopping the whole world, but rather transcending time itself.

Neron's Original Magic initially functioned when he interacted with his environment through his Mana. Whatever his Mana touched came under the influence of his Time Magic.

As a result of that, there were limits to what he could and couldn't do.

However, thanks to the Hermit, he could basically perceive the flow of time in the world, and not just the artificial one he constructed through Magic.

He was capable of resonating his Time Magic with the World's Time, allowing him to create this result.

"Of course, anyone or anything I interact with will also become unfrozen in time—or rather, they will join me in the Timeless Zone." Neron went on.

That was why Serah was able to remain unfrozen despite everyone being stuck in time.

"So, you're saying we're in a place that transcends time. The world is operating normally, but we're just in a realm beyond that?"

Neron smiled once Serah tried simplifying his explanation.

"You're getting it. It's a bit complicated, but I can't interfere with anyone while in the Timeless Zone. If I do, they also become a part of it."

He now stared passionately at Serah, drawing her close with one hand.

"I want to make this a place for just you and me. No one else should be allowed to interfere."

With his face once again close to Serah's, her body throbbed a bit, and she found herself nodding.

"I-I'd like that a lot."

"Glad to hear that." He released his grip, and then looked away—staring at someone else in a distance.

The one who met Neron's gaze was frozen in time, just like everyone else. It was the Demon King, Abellion himself.

"Well, it's time to take care of business. There's something else I want to try out."

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#### **Chapter 502: Neron Versus Abellion [Pt 1]**

"We'll continue this, later. For now, I better earn my keep." Neron said to the redhead.

She pouted upon hearing his words, making her look even cuter than normal.

It was bad for Neron's cold, cold heart, so he winced at the cuteness displayed by the usually stern and wild Serah Crimson.

"Don't be jealous. Haha, it won't take too long." Patting her head, as though she was a pet, Neron smiled.

"Yeah? Okay then. I'll just watch, then."

"What of the Demon Lord you were messing around with?"

"I killed him the moment I saw you. What of it?"

"A-ah, I see. Nothing, then. Okay, you can watch."

Though Neron was certain of his feelings for the woman before him, and he knew she felt the same, he couldn't help but get a bit anxious when it came to Serah... and what their future together would turn out to be like.

"Hehehehe." The red-haired woman just kept giggling, overwhelmed by the giddy emotions swarming her.

And so, both of them decided to cut their little romance short so Neron could handle business.

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"Alright. I'm ready now."

Abellion was confused for the umpteenth time.

The man before him—the one called Neron by the strange red-haired woman—had asked for a bit of time because of the earlier situation.

Of course, Abellion didn't intend to accept it. However, before he could even do anything, Neron appeared to be ready for their fight.

Not only had Serah stopped her sharp dash toward Neron, but she was also in a different location from earlier.

The woman simply watched what was going on, and the Automaton that was previously engaged with Abellion also backed off.

"Now that you're here, I'll be returning to my master." It had said.

"Will you be telling Jared of my lateness?" Neron answered with a question that seemed to stem from a playful point.

"There's no need. He already knows." With that, the Platinum Armored Automaton flew off in a flash—even faster than Abellion could keep up with.

It made the Demon King wonder why it hadn't moved that way during their fight.

'Maybe...?!'

"There's no need to be concerned about your fight with that guy. He was just meant to buy time until I arrived." Abellion's inner conflict was sharply interrupted by Neron's voice.

"You're Neron... right? The Head of Ainzlark Academy, and one stated to be on par with the Eastern Kingdom's Grand Mages." Abellion spoke in a low tone.

The black-haired man shrugged and said nothing.

"Then, I ask you... were you the one who killed one of my Demon Lords, Lydia of Blanc?"

For a moment, there was silence. Tense and unsettling, the empty void of words pervaded their vicinity.

Until—

"I wish. Na, it wasn't me. One of my students did. She's a smart girl. Your Demon Lord didn't stand a chance."

"I see..." Abellion controlled the rage swirling within him.

There was the possibility that Neron was lying, but he didn't see any reason why the man would do that.

"Then, where is this girl now?"

Neron raised a brow once this question was asked.

"Why? You want to bypass me and—?"

"No. I want to know where I need to go after killing you. Your student, whoever she is... must die!"

"O-Oh, I see. Jeez... what's got you so worked up? Well, yeah, she's still in Ainzlark. But, I have to say—"

>WHOOOOOOSSSHHH<

Before Neron could conclude his speech, a deafening rupture filled the air.

Several twisted blades were instantly launched from Abellion's blackish-purple portal, all aimed at killing Neron.

However, just about five inches from Neron's body, all the weapons were paused in time. They simply remained suspended, just like the previous one Abellion launched.

"At least let me finish." Neron sighed, scratching his head a bit.

"H-How are you doing that?" The Demon King found himself at a loss for words.

"Didn't your minions tell you anything? Or wait, they didn't know? Man, this is confusing. I don't like explaining my abilities every time." Upon saying this, a burst of power erupted from Neron—causing his hair to change color as white sparks of light danced around him.

"If this is all you've got, you won't be able to touch me, you know?" The transformed man spoke with undiluted confidence.

"Tch. I've had enough of this. First that Automaton, and now you... pesky pests just getting in my way!"

The white-haired human rolled his eyes slightly upon hearing this.

He knew Gawain could have beaten Abellion, but the reason he held back was so Neron could fight with the Demon King.

'He's a bit of a disappointment, but he should still be useful as an experimental subject.'

"Die!" Abellion growled, now summoning one massive purple hole above him.

Emerging from within it was a very long, thin blade.

It looked more like a javelin than a sword, and the demonic energy it packed was something else.

"Look here, I control time. That won't wor—"

Before Neron could finish, the javelin blade was launched, tearing through space as it did its best to deal a fatal hit to the target.

>VWOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHHH<

"This guy just likes interrupting me..." Neron watched the javelin reach his time barrier... and then...

'Uh?'

The javelin didn't stop moving.

It passed the five-inch limit and kept approaching Neron—though it was moving much slower than normal.

"This is..." A look of intrigue was all over Neron's face as he stretched his hand toward the immensely powerful Javelin-Blade.

>SQUISH<

Blood spurted out of Neron's outstretched palm, caused by the weapon impaling him.

"Ah, I see. So it defies time causality. The desire to hit your target really birthed something like this? Interesting..."

Even though Neron realized that a weapon like this made his Time Barrier obsolete, he didn't even flinch or show any fear.

"Y-you caught that?!" The Demon King looked shocked.

He had expected that to be the end of his opponent, yet Neron looked very much alive.

"Hmm, this is a bit unexpected," Neron smirked, the injury on his hand completely gone—as though nothing ever happened.

"Maybe this could be worthwhile."

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#### **Chapter 503: Neron Versus Abellion [Pt 2]**

'I mean, I suppose my Time Barrier was too lax. Maybe if I had poured more Mana into it, then it could probably stop it completely...' The white-haired man thought to himself.

Abellion was stunned beyond speech. He was certain that would kill his opponent, yet... YET!

"Oh, well. It's been a while since I even received an injury. I'll have to change my assessment of you. Turns out you're not that disappointing."

Other chuckles, other than Neron's, could be heard from all around.

'This...?!' The Demon King finally noticed when he looked around him.

Every single member of the Demon Army was dead.

The victorious army had now surrounded the Demon King in a very wide circle—all observing the showdown going on between him and Neron.

From all they had seen, it was enough for a few to laugh.

'They're laughing... at ME?! Those inferior drivels?!' His eyes twitched as they widened in rage—bloodshot with fury and sheer determination.

"Hey, don't mind them. You actually did very—"

"S-SHUT UP AND DIE!!!" Abellion roared, creating even more of the Javelin-Blades that affected Neron.

Surely, if he bombarded him with more of them, Neron would suffer fatal damage.

>WHOOOOSHHHH<

The environment trembled as the air undulated.

This was caused by the sheer pressure brought about by the immensely powerful blades that lunged at their human target.

The surrounding soldiers and Magic Beasts, though a good distance away, could feel their bodies shaking as a result of the magnitude of Demonic energy that the blades emanated.

"Nice move." Neron smiled, watching the Javelin-Blades slow down once they got close enough.

'I increased my Mana output, and the weapons have also slowed down more than before. But, is it because of the numbers? If it was just that one from earlier, then it would have completely stopped.'

Neron enjoyed thrills like this. It allowed him to enjoy the battle more.

>SQUISH<

>SPLURGE!<

Blood flowed from Neron's body as both his shoulders, legs, his chest, and even stomach were pierced by the weapons.

"Hmmm..."

Within a moment, none of those injuries existed. Thanks to the time loop function of his body, he was restored to his optimal state in a flash.

"W-WHAT?!" At this point, Abellion was exasperated.

Even though his weapons dealt sufficient damage, they simply vanished and Neron was back to normal.

It was as though he never suffered any damage at all!

'How? Why?!' The Demon King could only think of one thing.

Original Magic! It had to do with Original Magic!

'If I create blades that can cancel out Original Magic, then that should solve it! It'll take too much Miasma, but I can do it! I should be able to!'

Abellion was certain that this next volley would be the end of Neron Kaelid.

"As much as I would like to continue this match with you, I promised someone it wouldn't take long." Neron's nonchalant voice interrupted Abellion's scheme.

"So, I'll just try out what I want. You can continue doing whatever."

>CLICK<

Neron snapped his fingers, causing a low, reverberating hum to spread across the area. He smiled, staring at the Demon King with expectation.

'He's looking down on me! He thinks he'll win? Just watch, human. This will end you!'

Dozens of purplish-black portals appeared all around Neron, trapping him in a dome of malevolent energy.

"You can't escape this one!" Abellion grinned manically.

Flashes of purple light emanated from the portals as they whirred into action.

The Demon King's eyes bulged, even more, expecting his blades to fly out, impale the target, and kill him.

However—

>ZZZZZZRRRRRZZZZ<

All the Portals vanished after making a reverse-whirring sound. It was as though they died out.

"U-uh?!"

What had just happened? Abellion was caught in even more confusion.

He wasn't the only one, though.

The large audience also looked at the scene in puzzlement. No explanation could be given for the occurrence that just occurred.

One possibility came to mind, and it was—

"It's not Anti-Magic. It's Magic."

Interference Magic could indeed affect Spells and forcibly disable them through analysis and usurping control, but it was useless when Original Magic was concerned.

Interfering with a Spell meant a person understood its very structure, down to the tiniest detail.

Such a thing was not possible against Original Magic.

And so, questions sparked.



If it wasn't Anti-Magic, or Interference Magic, then what the heck just happened?

"It's just a fluke! There's no way he canceled my Spell!" Abellion shouted, burning through more of his Miasma to create at least a hundred portals with the same intent of decimating Neron.

"It's no use." Neron smiled.

And, he was right!

Just as before, the Portals dissipated as suddenly as they appeared.

"None of your Spells will work." The white-haired man emphasized, now walking closer to the Demon King.

While he didn't feel like explaining why, what Neron did was quite simple.

'I used Time Magic to return his Spells to the point before they were cast. As a result, even if he casts a Spell, they'll return to a state before they can exist.'

Of course, he couldn't affect Magic which had more energy than he poured, but Neron's Mana quality and quantity far surpassed Abellion's.

As a result, directly reversing his Spells before they could manifest wasn't too difficult.

"Y-you—!!!" Abellion roared in both shame and anger, summoning a blade to grasp.

'I'll allow that.' Neron smiled, causing the Demon King to wield an obsidian black sword.

"I'll kill you with this!" Fuming, the Demon King took his stance, ready to strike Neron down with his most powerful blade yet.

Not only could it interfere with Neron's Time Magic, but it could prevent him from reversing his injuries.

A fatal hit from that would kill the human, no doubt!

With these thoughts running through Abellion's mind, he readied himself to strike.

"You took too long." Neron's voice suddenly pierced Abellion's ears.

"W-wha—?!"

The voice came behind the Demon King. His opponent was no longer standing in front of him.

As if that wasn't enough, Abellion felt a stinging sensation on his neck. He couldn't speak, and he couldn't feel his body.

It was almost as if...

>THUD<

... His head was no longer attached to the rest of his body.

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[A/N]

I guess we all saw this coming. Lol.

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

### **Chapter 504: The Big Bang**

Before Abellion could react, he felt his head helplessly plop to the ground.

Blood gushed out of his body, and he watched as the fountain blasted from his decapitated neck.

"U-uh?!"

Abellion was in more shock than pain. The hand gripping his blade loosened, and his body soon collapsed.

"I... how...?"

His eyes couldn't stop bulging as his head was drowning in his pool of blood.

"Looks like decapitating you doesn't do the trick. That's cool."

Abellion shivered the moment the voice rang in his ears.

It was a cool, calm tone, yet the Demon King could not stop shivering.

'M-monster!' His mind echoed.

There were many who would consider Abellion to be a monster—and a darn scary one at that. However, upon meeting Neron, he was certain.

'He's a true monster!'

Suddenly, the panicking Demon King felt a strong grip on his head, and he was slowly raised by the very monster he feared.

"If you're wondering why you're not regenerating, I'm placing that on hold. Hope you don't mind."

At this point, Abellion could only dumbfoundedly watch Neron. He no longer had it in him to argue or struggle.

"Of course, that means you won't be dying yet, but still..."

Neron's voice was drowned with the cheers ringing from everyone. He watched them clap and throw cheers.

The white-haired human returned to his usual state, and then raised the Demon King's head as some form of a trophy as he smiled.

"Here is the Demon King!"

Laughs and more cheers rang from the people as they watched Neron swing the head like a pendulum.

Abellion felt humiliation like never before, being mocked by the Race he looked down on—no, by literally everyone.

The Elves, Humans, Dwarves, Therianthropes, Fairies, and even Magic Beasts.

They were all mocking him.

Even death would have been preferable, but Neron had specifically mentioned how he couldn't regenerate or die.

He was currently stuck as a head—a disgraced one.

>BZZZZTTTTTZZZZZ<

Suddenly, a loud buzzing sound appeared in the sky, and then something like a large panel appeared for everyone on the battlefield to see.

There was static for a few seconds, but the image and sound stabilized, revealing the one responsible for the large panel laid out the sky.

~Hey, everyone. It's Jared. I certainly hope you had fun killing all those Demons. Oh, hey! Isn't that the Demon King? Why is he just a head? Hahahaha!~

As his voice echoed throughout the battlefield, everyone once again burst out laughing.

Abellion could only lower his eyes and squeeze his face in frustration.

"Just kill me..." He whispered, feeling shame like never before.

~Oh, this should be good. It's a shame we don't have many Demons who will serve as an audience for what I'm about to do. Well, this much should suffice. And we even have our decapitated Demon King to serve as a special guest for the show~

More shots of laughter erupted.

"I could resurrect them if you want an audience." Jane Ursula chimed in, smiling smugly at the screen.

Jared was utilizing the Special Magic he learned from the Fairy Sanctuary—their display technique.

"I could reverse their deaths as well," Neron added.

~There's no need for that. Haha! That would be overkill. Abellion alone would be enough.~

Both Neron and Jane appeared disappointed that Jared was refusing their assistance, but they decided to let it go.

Everyone was more curious about what the surprise was.

~Alright, everyone. I'd like you to look in the direction of the Demon Territory.~

Everyone followed the trail that the Demon Army left in their wake when they marched into the plains. It was easy to get their bearings right, so every single person was now looking in that direction.

~Get ready to see some fireworks. Ah, by the way, Abellion, your father sends his regards.~

The Demon King's eyes widened in surprise upon hearing the mention of his father.

However, before he could even give much thought to it, he witnessed the most peculiar sight.

Not only him—everyone standing on the plains—saw the bizarre occurrence that etched itself in the sky.



Its amber essence dwarfed the sun, as it was even brighter than the ball of light that usually gave its free rays during the day.

It was so bright, so powerful, so destructive.

They all witnessed its Majesty, as it painted the skies in a distance.

Even though they could not witness the destruction itself, the scale of the blast could be deduced by everyone.

They all understood.

"The Demons... have been extinguished."

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

#### **Chapter 505: Conclusion Of The War**

Though some found it to be an extreme measure, it was the most appropriate course of action.

No one could blame Jared Leonard for his actions—considering he had enough power to do it.

Still, even though their eyes displayed wonder, they couldn't get rid of the fear that was creeping into their hearts.

After all...

... Not only was the blast of destruction a beacon of hope, but it was also a warning.

If anyone dared to cross humanity—no, Jared Leonard—they would be next.

That was enough for everyone to maintain a somber silence and watch the demise of the only Race that was foolish enough to defy the young boy.

"H-he... no... n-no way..." Abellion began to mutter, his head shivering in disbelief... and an indescribable feeling of loss.

His people, his land, his pride.

Everything he loved.

Everyone he cherished.

They were all gone in a flash of amber-yellow light.

"You don't get to sound pitiful, man. You brought this on yourself." Abellion heard a prickly tone coming from the man who held him up to see what happened.

"Y-you... how dare you? How dare you say that? There were innocents there! Children! Innocent Demons! You killed them all!" Abellion roared in pain as tears burst from his eyes.

"I was right all along! Father never believed me! I was right! You all are threats! You all would bring an end to our Race! I knew it! Look what happened! If only we took action sooner! You lot are the true monsters! My people... YOU KILLED THEM ALL!!!"

After a moment of silence, Neron's voice finally shattered the Demon King's self-serving rant.

"Weren't you going to the same to everyone else? Hypocrite."

Hearing those words, Abellion could do nothing but keep his widened eyes open as more tears streamed down.

"This is all your fault. The least you could do as a leader is to admit that."

It was clear to everyone at this point. The way they all looked at him with disgust.

The Demon King had simply been in denial all along.

He refused to accept that he was the architect of his people's destruction. Because of his blind belief, he led his people into war, hoping to eradicate every other Race.

But, when the tables were turned and it was his people that got the short end of the stick, he could do nothing but wail like a baby.

"You disgust me." With those words permeating his head, Abellion's cracked voice leaked out as his eyes became too heavy.

'Was I wrong? Me? How could I have been?'

The people who followed him—those who believed in his philosophy—would that make them fools for trusting in his erroneous judgment?

He had instigated a coup, killed his brethren, rose to power, and forged connections with his only Allies, just to achieve his goal.

All he wanted to do was protect his people.

'The humans are a threat... '

Was it so wrong for a leader to desire fully assured peace for his people?

'Everyone else is a threat...'

It couldn't have been erroneous to desire an expansion of his species beyond the continent they were confined to—forced to live out their lives under a cloud of Miasma.

No, they deserved better!

"I wasn't wrong..." Abellion muttered as his life flashed before his eyes.

He did everything for his people. He did everything for the glory of the Demon Race. There was no way he would turn back on his ideals now.

Too many had died believing in him. Innocents were slaughtered, and those who fought by his side had all been extinguished.

As the last person carrying the ember of his ambition, Abellion refused to give in.



"Welp. What can I say? I vividly remember you watching as I got stabbed, though. Couldn't you have helped... or even shown concern? It hurt, you know?" Neron quickly changed the topic once Serah began drawing too close to him.

A bead of sweat formed on his face and he gulped a little. Even fighting the big bad never made him so anxious.

'This could get a bit dangerous...'

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

#### **Chapter 506: Aftermath [Pt 1]**

"W-well, I figured you had some masochistic tendencies since you decided not to avoid any of the blades."

At this point, Serah's massive breasts were pressing on his chest, and she was wrapping her arm around him.

Neron felt so many eyes on him—it felt extremely awkward.

"H-hold on, Sera—"

Before he could speak, or even activate his [Timeless World], the woman gave him a deep kiss, and he lost himself in the act.

Gasps of surprise and epic cheers resounded in the air as the two made a public declaration of their love.

Neron was blushing heavily—maybe because of how embarrassing everything was— and Serah's wicked grin made it obvious she planned this.

"You little..."

"Well, now that everyone knows... you can't back out anymore." She placed her finger on his lips and winked.

Neron had to admit, it was hot the way she was acting—so forward and seductive.

"It's hard..." Neron suddenly Serah on her shoulders.

"You better take responsibility for this." He whispered, now smiling wickedly.

"A-ah, sure... maybe late—"

"Come on, don't be shy..."

"Kyaaa! You brute. Let go of me!" Serah successfully broke free from his grasp and took to the sky.

"You can't escape. Take responsibility!!!" He chased her with determination.

And, once again, both of them began their dance in the amber sky, one pursuing the other as they laughed and shouted.

The audience didn't know what to think at this point.



"The war... is over, I guess?" Jane was the first to speak.

"Yeah, I guess so." Aurora seconded.

"Shouldn't we do like a victory shout or something?" Gerard murmured

"Eh? Is that really necessary?" Albion voiced his thoughts.

"I just want to go home..." Jane sighed

"What a couple. I'm jealous." Maria whispered, happy that her mentor finally succeeded at love.

"What now?" Ivan was exhausted, but he still wanted to know what would come next.

"Let's wait for Jared. He should be coming back soon. In the meantime, though..." Court Mage Elrich smiled.

"Yep. We have to painfully watch those two lovebirds." Freya murmured, now outside the Golem, with Lemi trailing behind her.

And so, everyone relaxed their bodies and enjoyed the two dancing lights in the sky, as they awaited the appearance of the young boy who made all of this possible.

'I wonder where he is now...'

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I was currently looking at the Demon Realm, watching everything on it reduce to nothing but rubble and smoke.

It was like a permanent scar on the land, and the Miasma Clouds that once covered the area had completely dispersed.

Of course, I made sure not to damage the land itself, since it was still useful, but everyone living there was most likely dead.

'This is the result of that machine... it's just as powerful as I envisioned.'

Before I left Ainzlark, I gave Maro, Ana, Aloe, and Neron the task of building something important for me.

The machine was ready in time, and that was what made this whole thing possible.

Of course, no machine could function without fuel, so the device I wanted built also needed a strong core to carry out its purpose.

I was initially thinking of making an artificial core that gathered Mana from the surroundings, but even that wouldn't be enough for the level of destruction I wanted to achieve.

That was why I could only rely on yet another one of my Arcanas.

'[The Sun]'

In terms of raw power, it was probably the most dangerous.

The Sun was basically an endless pool of self-sustaining energy.

It had nigh limitless power within, and the best part was that the energy within it reproduced at an abnormal rate, so it never ran out.

Even I didn't completely understand it, but the power within [The Sun] was not Mana. It also wasn't Miasma. It was... just energy.

A great amount of it.

In terms of destruction, The Sun dealt extensive damage—burning everything down to the very atoms.

'It can burn through Magic too... and maybe even concepts.'

I was yet to try that last part out, and that was because of the dangers that came from using it.

[The Sun] was an uncontrollable, volatile source of power.

Only those with the highest degree of Mana Control could even dream of siphoning its power without suffering the repercussions.

One mistake in the absorption ratio could lead to an explosion that could decimate the area.

In essence, it wasn't safe.

'Energy that can burn through Magic, or any form of resistance... scary stuff.'

But, it was this very thing that I needed to destroy the Demons.

I essentially designed my machine to take account of every little detail, so the energy absorption rate would be moderate.

Neron hid it in a special space by using a Spell Card I gave him, so—by using a similar Spell Card, I could access the device.

I made sure to activate it deep in the mountains—in an uninhabited place—just to be safe.

As expected, it worked perfectly.

Once I infused the Arcana within the device, it whirred to life, and then I imputed the appropriate coordinates.

I could have blown the whole continent to smithereens, but I was looking for my Miasma Generator—plus, I also had plans for the continent itself.

So, I let the explosion occur a little higher.

Of course, that still meant the death of everyone in the place.

Adults and children—every single member of the Demon Race died, most likely screaming in unimaginable pain as they burned.

'Well, the amount of energy would be enough to kill most of them in a second. I'm sure they didn't feel much pain.'

Using that to comfort myself, I decided to move on to the next phase.

"I better hurry..." I looked around the devastated area and spotted the location of the Miasma Generator.

Since that was the only place where Miasma flowed from, it had to be my target.

'Bingo! I'll just wrap up here.'

Using a Spell Card to access my special space, I summoned an Automaton.

Unlike the others, this one was extremely bulky—like a stout metal container with arms and legs.

Rather than functioning on Mana, this one used Miasma.

"You know what to do."

The Automaton nodded with its cubby head in subservience.

"Well, I'm off."

Flying off to my destination, I left 'The Collector' to carry out its task.

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

#### **Chapter 507: Aftermath [Pt 2]**

>VWUUUUSSSHHH<

In moments, I arrived at my target location, watching the ruined landscape even more.

Fortunately, there were no bodies left behind, or else it would have been quite creepy. I wasn't feeling very ecstatic about murdering hundreds of thousands of people, but I would do it again if given the same stakes.

'Let's just focus on the job and get out of here. Everyone must be waiting for me...'

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I found the Miasma Chamber pretty easily. It was buried underground--as I suspected.

Usually, it would have been buried under piles of rubble, but thanks to the disintegrating effects of my device, the stuff was out in the open for me to see.

The Miasma Generator itself was within a large metal-like chamber.

It was as large as a mansion--or an extremely large hall--with lots of space within.

Of course, the metal used to make the walls, and even the gears that turned in all the sections of the building were materials thY were immune to the effects of Miasma--even Miasma of the highest quality.

I found some samples when I was with Karlia back then, and advised the Demons to use the metal to construct their chamber.

I was not privy to the location of the Generator or the chamber, though. This was because of security reasons, and I was also in agreement.

Who would have known that it would become such a pain in the ass now?

Looking at the gleaming dark metal that made up the surrounding area, I desired every single ounce.

'I need this stuff too... for reasons.' With a somewhat sly smile, I kept walking within the chamber.

Gears turned around me, and I observed various capacitors and structures actively playing their role in ensuring Miasma was dispersed efficiently.

They were all connected to the main Generator through pipes and wires, and their functions were just as important as the pumping machine itself.

The several auxiliary parts, and even the main Generator seemed to be in overdrive thanks to the current state of the Demon Realm.

'The Miasma around has been cleared u

out, so the Generator is trying to restore the negative energy as quickly as possible. I see...'

It was a function I added at the last minute, considering unforeseen circumstances could arise where the Demon Realm had their Miasma thinned out.

'Well, I better shut this thing down now.' My thoughts trailed as I moved close to the main machine.

However--

>WHIIRRRrrrrrrrrrrr<

Before I reached it, the device shut down by itself.

'No, this isn't how it should shut down. This almost seems like... someone pulled the plug?'

Usually, the Miasma Generator would make a different sound when it powered down, and something akin to hissing would be heard--alongside vibration.

But, now, it just seemed like someone removed the power supply of the whole thing, causing it to forcefully stop working.

'The turbines have stopped spinning, and everything has slowly halted. This can only be caused by--!' My eyes bulged as the only possible scenario came to mind.

The Arcana responsible had been disconnected from the Generator's Power supply!

'T-that means--!!!'

>SHIIIIIIIIIIII<

Before I could conclude my statement, I heard a lock suddenly open up, and then a hissing sound escaping from the Generator itself.

The door leading to its engine, where the Arcana was located--it was moving.

The very rigid door opened slowly, and I could see someone coming out of it.

It was just as I feared.

'Someone else is here?!'

>CREAK<

And so, the silhouette of the culprit manifested.

His movements were slow, but all my senses were on high alert as he came out of the generator and closed the door at the same moment.

My eyes widened further as his appearance registered in my head. It was too familiar that I couldn't forget it even if I wanted to.

'He is.... how is this even...?'

The person in front of me was supposed to be dead. I knew that because I killed him, and I was sure the deed was complete.

'How the hell are you still alive, Legris Damien?!'

"Oh? It's Jared. You're here already? Oof, I was really hoping I could get away before you arrived." The man before me gave a silly smile as he raised his hand to show something locked in his fingertips.

"[The Devil]. You took it, after all." I spoke, controlling myself as I tried to process the situation as calmly as possible.

"Yeah. Orders from the higher-ups. You know how it is."

Everything was slowly making sense.

'I was tricked! They wanted me to obliterate the Demons so they could get their hands on this Arcana!'

"It seems you've figured it out. As expected of you, Jared. You've grown, by the way. You're looking like a man already."

"Well, you haven't changed at all. Though I expected you to look a little... dead?"

"Haha! Feisty! Well played. I knew this would surprise you." He chuckled.

I wasn't amused in the slightest, so I kept my deadpan expression--trying my hardest not to seem panicky as I looked for the best solution to the current situation.

"You know, I'm even more amazed that you don't seem very surprised that I'm alive. I expected a better reaction."

"Magic makes the impossible possible. There's no need to be surprised when that is involved." My response was sharp and cold, my eyes narrowing on the target.

"Well, fair point."

After he said this, silence pervaded the area for a moment. As I put my brain to work, Legris simply smiled at me. I couldn't see past his mask.

"I should get going now. I've already delayed long enough." He finally spoke, heaving slightly as he began walking in my direction.

The dark-cloaked man walked past me, humming jovially as he walked. It was almost as if he was baiting me.

At this point, I had no choice but to respond.

"Do you really think I'll let you leave?" I turned my head, glaring obviously at him.

Once I said this, Legris stopped in his tracks. He didn't bother looking at me, though. The man simply spoke from where he stood.

"You know, I like you, Jared. You're smart, powerful, and very unpredictable. That's why I've been very accommodating to you..." His voice slowly began to carry a very dangerous vibe.

It made me shiver a little.

"... But, there's a limit to everything." At this point, he looked at me.

A dark smile was planted on his face, and all I could see was pure malevolence.

Unbelievable pressure came upon me, causing perspiration to spread all over my skin.

However, this only lasted a moment. Legris once again assumed his cheerful persona and smiled.

"Don't be a sore loser, Jared. I win this round."

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

#### **Chapter 508: Losing The Game**

I thought I had prepared for every contingency.

I made sure everything went according to plan, and even made sure to manipulate several ends to achieve the results I desired. But...

... I didn't expect Legris Damien to still be alive.

Even though Magic made the impossible possible, I wasn't counting on it this time.

At his time of death, Legris couldn't use Magic. I made sure of that.

Though, with Jane's Soul Project being known to me, I realized that there could have been other ways he could have used to cheat death. Still, wouldn't that still require the soul?

I was sure that his soul died alongside his body.

It made no sense that he was currently standing behind me, smiling cheerily.

"Don't be a sore loser, Jared. You lost this round." His words pierced my heart.

Why?

Because he was right.

I didn't want to accept it, but the fact that he was standing right here—holding [The Devil] Arcana—meant my plan was already in shambles.

I could try to forcefully retrieve it, but there was no way Legris wouldn't see that coming. Unlike the one I knew and killed, this Legris seemed leagues different.

He had an unexplainable aura around him that I found utterly repulsive... and scary.

I had no prep time, neither did I know the full extent of his capabilities. I was the one with the short end of the stick this time.

I was cornered!

"You impressed me, though. I've been watching from the sidelines, and this elaborate scheme of yours is simply superb. If not for my interference, you would have pulled an outstanding victory."

He said that, but it didn't change the fact that he could have interfered sooner. If he did so, I would have lost the war too.

'Legris is very intelligent. Surely, he saw through a great deal of my plans. If he had helped the Demons, things could have gone differently...'

The question was why?

Perhaps it was because I would have noticed something was wrong and changed my plans to a new, subtler one.

He predicted that and decided to stay out of it until it was time to reap the rewards.

He was truly the winner this time around.

"Can you at least tell me one thing? Why does your organization want to get rid of the Demons?"

Legris scratched his head once my question reached him. He looked harmless, truly, but I knew everything was an act.

"Well, my mission is simply to obtain this Arcana. The best way to do that, while also covering our tracks is to create a conflict between the Demon Faction and everyone else."

I was slowly grasping the situation, but there was still so much I didn't know.

"Of course, we didn't expect you to have gone as far as forming an Alliance. I'll admit, that was genius. We also didn't expect you to involve the Magic Beasts and achieve such an overwhelming victory. Finally, we didn't expect you to completely wipe out the Demons... that was overkill."

I exceeded their expectations, but Legris didn't seem affected by that at all. In fact, it was like he relished everything I had accomplished.

"Still, we achieved our goals. You see, we would have had to subdue the Demons ourselves if we wanted to obtain the Arcana. Not only would that be a waste of time, but it would also alert everyone else of our existence." Legris continued.

So, the most efficient way to handle the situation was to make someone else do the work while they reaped the benefit.

I had no idea why Legris was so comfortable sharing so much information with me. Perhaps he was simply trying to misdirect me. There had to be more to everything than what he was telling me.

'No way! Could it be—!' I struggled to keep my expression intact, staring at Legris with more caution than earlier.

Even though all that Legris mentioned were valid reasons for pitting the Demons against us, that couldn't be all there was to it.

If I was correct, then...

'... Just how many Arcanas do they have in their possession now?'

I wanted to ask Legris, but he would catch on to the fact that I already knew their other objective.

'They used the War as a distraction. His Organization probably moved more freely during this period and got their hands on more Arcanas.'

It pissed me off that I had ignored that possibility and simply focused on what was in front of me.

I had been short-sighted this whole time—occupied with a game they designed to keep me busy.

The worst part was that I ultimately lost the game.

Sure, our side won the war, but these guys were one step ahead. Once again, I failed to grasp the full extent of their capabilities... as well as the scope of their plans.

'Asking Legris any more questions will be disadvantageous for me. I should stop now.'

"It seems you've gotten what you wanted. You should also realize by now that your Magic or Anti-Magic won't work on me. I'm fully prepared, so you can't stop me this time. You're welcome to try, though." My opponent goaded me more, but I refused to be moved.

"I see. That's a shame. By the way..." He raised his index finger and pointed at himself.

"... You put a Tracking Automaton on me, didn't you? No, not just one... three? That's impressive!"

'He noticed!' My eyes widened as I stared at the smiling man.

"And here I thought you had given up. Jared, you sly boy."

He figured it out. Legris Damien was a truly frightening individual. I had done the same for Damien Lawcroft, but he didn't notice anything in the slightest.

It just went to show the difference in their abilities.

"You plan on tracking me back to the Organization... probably listen in to get more Intel as well. Wow, color me impressed."

No, I was more impressed.

'Those Automatons are too small to be noticed naturally, and they have the [Unknowable] effect on them. It's more surprising that he saw through them.'



Compared to me—compared to all I had done so far...

... Legris Damien was the true monster.

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

#### **Chapter 509: Ground Zero**

"Well, nice try. But, as I said... don't be a sore loser."

A slight surge of power emanated from Legris, frying my Automatons until they popped like little fireworks.

"That should do it." He dusted his body to get rid of the microscopic particles on his body.

I couldn't do anything but watch as he exited through the entrance.

"I'm going to get promoted for this achievement, by the way. I guess we'll meet sooner or later. Until then, Jared."

Once Legris' words were complete, he vanished from sight--most likely returning to whoever sent him to retrieve the Arcana.

Clenching my fist as I was left alone in the powerless Miasma Chamber, I gritted my teeth and looked at the hard ground.

Disappointment coursed through my body and I could feel the heat within me rise at a terrifying rate.

'I failed! He got me! Shit!'

With Legris gone, the negative emotions I locked away had full reign.

I was deluded into thinking I had full control, but I was playing someone else's game.

Just as I outwitted Legris back at Ainzlark, he paid me back in full--this time at a much larger scale.

"Damnit..." I whispered.

There was no second-guessing it.

"... I lost."

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[One Week Later]

Within the fairly large seminar hall, there was a round table.

It appeared more oval shaped than circular, and seated around it were the most important people among the newly-established Alliance.

There was;

The Elf Queen--Aurora.

The Fairy Representative--Jane

The Beast King--Gerard

The Dwarf Chief--Dulum

The Human King--Albion

The Head Of The Newly Established Magic Beast Council--The Mighty Dragon King Z'ark

Behind the seated ones stood one of their most trusted representatives.

They all looked at each other, discussing the path to the future.

For example, Jane began making conversation with Albion concerning what value the Eastern Kingdom could give her in exchange for fair relations.

The one who seemed the most out of his Element was the Dragon King. He simply observed everyone in his miniaturized form, looking more like a puppy than a ferocious creature.

Everyone kept conversing, some making light humor or references, keeping the room lively as they expected one more person to join them.

While they were nearly complete, there was still a seat that was yet to be taken--the one at the front of the round table.

The seat left for the person truly in charge.

>CREAK<

Finally, the doors leading to the room opened, and the man of the hour arrived.

His face was bright as always, and he had an unperturbed expression as he walked across the room.

Everyone's eyes were on him, and they ceased their talks in an instant.

"Sorry I'm late. I had to handle the conclusion of a certain matter."

The blond boy glanced in the direction of Jane, the Fairy Representative, who gave him an inquisitive eyebrow raise.

It seemed they were passing a signal to each other.

The boy nodded, and the Fairy smiled with satisfaction.

"Alright, then. Since we're all here, let's begin the meeting."

His name was none other than Jared Leonard--the savior of everyone present in the room, as well as their people.

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'Alright. This is it...' I steeled myself as I had my seat.

There were lots of matters to discuss, so I had to get to the main point as quickly as possible.

"First of all, I would like to appreciate the Fairy Leader for granting us the use of her facility to organize this meeting.

As we all know, this is our very first proper meeting as an Alliance, after the Demonic Incursion."

My words were met with nods, and since salutations were out of the way, it was time for business.

"Firstly, as per my deal with the Magic Beasts when I employed their help, they will be moving into the Northern Continent--previously known as the Demon Realm."

One of the major issues the Magic Beasts had was the lack of a definite territory.

This caused them to be fragmented--living in tribes of a few dozen at most. As a result, they often clashed with each other for food and other essential resources.

This also made their strength dwindle.

But, with the Magic Beasts now united under a single banner, and also the Alliance, they required a definite territory.

Since I had decided to eradicate the Demons, it was in everyone's best interest to grant their territory to the Magic Beasts.

"The repairs are already done, so your people will be transported very soon. Have you done what I asked?" I looked at the small Dragon King.

Z'ark was an expert on Matter Manipulation, so he could shrink his body. It was a convenient ability to have.

"Yes. We've conducted a continent-wide survey of the new land. It suits our needs. We've also conducted a census and brokered territorial rights amongst ourselves."

I nodded in satisfaction, glad we could proceed with the next matter on our list.

"As we all know, the Demon threat has vanished." I paused, looking at everyone to gauge their reaction.

Of course, it was nothing short of pleasant. After all, the battle had zero casualties on our end.

Everyone who died on our side was completely revived--though they weren't many, to begin with.

Injuries were treated mid-battle too, so there wasn't any loss on our end.

The only ones who suffered a one-sided crushing defeat were the Demons.

'And, speaking of Demons...' I smiled.

I had 'The Collector', one of my highly specialized Automatons, gather all their Souls before they dissipated.

In consideration for Kahn, and also for personal reasons, I absorbed all the Demon Souls and made every single one my Familiar.

Of course, that included the other Demon Lords--even Abellion.

The only Demon I spared was Aries. It was about time he rested in peace, so I left his soul to dissipate.

Everyone else was currently within me, in their Sub Miasma Cores.

'They're not exactly alive, but they're not completely dead either.'

At least, using this method, they wouldn't be manipulated... and they could prove useful to me.

Of course, that simply made my body a hive of an entire species, but the results were worth it.

'I've gotten stronger, after all.'

### **SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar**

#### **Chapter 510: Silver Lining [Pt 1]**

"There's no need to worry about them being revived and organizing a counterattack. They're gone for good now." I smiled.

"Pfft." Jane Ursula suddenly burst out laughing, but quickly controlled herself.

Since she was connected to me through the Soul Brand, she knew everything concerning the Demons.

It was probably hilarious to her.

"Okay... moving on."

There was an elephant in the room that everyone wasn't willing to address, so I decided to take the reins on that one.

"As for the weapon of mass destruction that I used to destroy the Demons, it remains in my possession."

Everyone's face stiffened at my mention of the device.

There was no doubt that there would be controversies on whether a single individual could wield so much power.

However, I couldn't let go of potential leverage.

"We will all sign an agreement that will make me unable to use the device on you. I will also be giving you all the blueprints, so you can build yours if you wish."

Everyone here was currently bound by a Magic Agreement that made us unable to betray the other.

It wasn't like the Agreement restricted our action, but if any of us was to break the pact, that person would suffer serious damage to their Soul, and everyone else would be alerted of their actions.

A single subversive thought wouldn't hurt the host, but it would still alert us of their animosity.

That way, we could maintain certain levels of trust, transparency, and accountability among one another.

"Is that acceptable?"

Everyone nodded, but Jane still raised her hand for an objection.

"What of the power source you used for your Machine? Is it possible to replicate that? Considering the Device's power is only as good as the Core it is infused with, wouldn't the agreement be redundant if our Machines are not as effective as yours?"

My face was calm, but within me, I was grinning.

Why?

It was a pre-planned question.

What sort of gathering among leaders wouldn't have controversy? I had prepared some counters beforehand, so I wouldn't be the only one taking the lead in the meeting.

"You're right. The Core is what defines the output the Machine can deliver. However, there can only be one of such an item."

I explained how rare the core I used was, so everyone could understand that I wasn't hoarding it.

"Besides, this leads me to my next point. If we all work together, we'll be able to get items similar to that Core. By distributing them amongst ourselves, it should even out the balance."

Even in times of peace, it was better to have all parties satisfied with their personal security and resources.

I didn't want anyone to feel like they were missing out on anything.

That way, we would have a more sustainable monolith, rather than a group of disgruntled leaders.

'Now, shall we move on to the main matter...'

"There's something you should all know."

This would be the first time I was telling this to anyone other than Jane and Neron, but I was currently pressed for time—and I needed all hands on deck.

"The War we had with the Demons was invited by a third party. They are an Organization shrouded in mystery, and they are certainly very smart and powerful—capable of being hidden for so long, yet affecting the world in many ways..."

I had gained the trust of everyone here, so they didn't doubt my words when I explained more about the Organization.

"Damien Lawcroft. Legris Damien. The Eastern Kingdom Spies. Their members are widely spread. It's a good thing we've thinned out their connections to the Eastern Kingdom. We'll be doing thorough sweeps on the other Nations, just to be sure their influence doesn't sink too deep into our new era."

Fortunately, my audience agreed.

"You're probably wondering how this relates to the subject of the Core I mentioned earlier. Well, that is tied to the objectives of the Organization."

Though it was most likely a means to an end, they were still gathering Arcanas. I couldn't allow them to succeed.

"Their objective during the war was to obtain the treasure of the Demons, an Arcana known as [The Devil]."

Once I observed the expressions of everyone present, I realized they were finding it hard to grasp the whole logic behind transcendental power being in form of Cards.

"May I ask a question? These Arcanas, what is the proof of their existence?" Jane, once again, took her queue and asked the question I needed to prompt my next move.

"That's because I have a few in my possession. The Core used for the Device is one of them. I lent three out to certain people I trust—one of which is in this room." I looked in the direction of Elrich Lendertwale, who nodded.

He brought out his Arcana, showing everyone the patterned Card.

'I gave [The Sun] to Serah as per my promise to make her stronger. She was also whining about how it was unfair that Neron already got one... that woman...' I smiled, shaking my head slightly.

I planned on giving Jane [The Hanged Man] since it was connected to the project we were currently working on.

I just concluded Phase 1, which was why I was a bit late to the meeting.

If everything went well—as soon as possible—we would have countermeasures for the impending tragedy to come.

"So, that's how it is." After explaining for a bit, everyone understood and finally accepted the concept of Arcanas.

"There are 22 Arcanas in total, and we only have four in our possession."

If I counted the ones I knew of, the number would rise by two—considering my interactions with [The Fool] and [The Devil].

Still, those were currently abstract.

"I have no idea how many Arcanas the enemies have been able to gather, but I can surmise they haven't completed the whole set."

And I was certain of that because of one reason.

'If they have retrieved everything... we would be their next targets.'