



"I will kill youuuuuu!!!"

In a flash, it traveled the distance that separated him and the opponent. A bright burst of whitish-blue Mana coursed through his body, enhancing it to the utmost limit.

At this point, both his offensive and defensive were at maximum power. He had sacrificed most of his Spell Usage, and Magic Versatility just for more efficiency and power.

And it was paying off.

Gawain had honestly not felt this strong before.

'I-if it's like this, then I should be able to...!'

>SWOOOOOSSSHHHH<

In one sweep, much faster than anyone could possibly perceive, he brought down his blade of justice, coursing the densest Mana through it.

This was it!

This was the end.

His victory was assured!

"Pathetic. Even after everything, is this the best you can do?"

... Eh?

Gawain's eyes would have bulged if it could. He, who should have sliced through his target, felt some form of resistance that prevented his blade from passing all the way through.

It was stuck to something, unable to move past it.

"Something as petty as this can't penetrate my defenses." The opponent said, almost dismissively.

Petty? How was the energy he poured petty? Was this person joking? Was he bluffing? He was bluffing, right?

Yes, he had to be bluffing!

"SHUUUTTTT UUUUPPPPP!!!"

>WHOOOSSSHHH<

>VWUUUUUSSSHHHH<

>FWUUUUUSSSHHH<

Gawain used multiple attacks with his blade, slicing up his targets as fast as he could while improving the tempo of his attacks.

All he could hear was clangs, but he was certain he was chipping away at the enemy's defenses, and even his body.

'He's just bluffing! He's acting! He's actually scared! Yes, he's... he's frightened of my power!'

After making the same frantic efforts for a few more seconds, Gawain finally heard the sound of metal breaking, and then shattering.

'Hehehe... hehehhehehe... hahahaha! I knew it! He was actually—!'

Perhaps he missed the little detail thanks to his excitement, but it wasn't his opponent's body that shattered.

It was his own blade.

"A-ah... ahh..."

His blade was as good as useless at this point, already broken and chipped away in its remaining parts. Even though his weapon was in such a miserable state, the opponent looked as beautiful as ever.

'H-how...?!' His mind could not comprehend it.

"Master told me to be patient and withstand your attacks, but... I really don't see how I can learn anything from you. Perhaps he gave you too much credit? Hmm, maybe I'm the one being overly conceited."

The more Gawain heard these layered insults, the more the thoughts he tried to avoid surfaced.

"I'm not weak! I'm not inferior! I'm better! I'm better than all of you! I'm the best, you hear me! The best Automaton! I am the perfect creation of my master! The Ultimate Automaton!"

It was a rant at this point, but Gawain did not care.

"I am the Platinum Knight of Carnage!" He rushed toward his opponent, ready to use his own body to fight if that was what was necessary.

He threw punches, each blow packing enough of a punch to create heavy noises and bright sparks around.

He utilized all the power at his disposal, not minding the effects his actions would have on his body.

Punches! More punches. He kept going, ignoring how badly damaged his hands were becoming.

Just a little more, he must have thought. If he just did a little more, then it would be enough to disprove the gnawing fear that ate at him.

The fear that maybe...

"I could honestly stay here and take your attacks all day, you know? You'd just wear your body out and destroy yourself without me having to do anything. But, that's no fun, is it?"

... Just maybe....

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

... He was actually not that strong.

"G-gah...." Gawain's hollow voice echoed as his body shattered into complete pieces thanks to a single hit from his opponent.

He didn't even have the chance to activate his Self-Destruct function. Everything in him was already messed up beyond repair.

And all it took was one hit.

"You seem to misunderstand something. I don't know or care who you are, but... there's only one Automaton that's allowed to be called the best." His opponent said, still maintaining his position.

"That's me. I am the Ultimate Automaton."

Gawain's eyes ceased to function at that moment, and slowly every other part followed.

'Master... you lied to me...' His thoughts echoed as he sank into the cold pit of death. '... I wasn't the strongest.'

Compared to that man he faced in the factory, and then this Automaton just now, he now knew the truth.

'... I'm weak.'

That constituted the final thoughts of the Platinum Knight of Carnage.

It ceased function immediately after.

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"Well, that was underwhelming." Gawain thought to himself, holding onto something that belonged to his opponent.

It was something akin to an orb—the core of the fallen Automaton.

"Since Master wanted me to learn more from it, I decided to take its core. Its information should be stored here. We'll be able to learn all we want. Maybe give it a stronger body if it has enough potential."

In a flash, the orb vanished from Gawain's hand, safely stored somewhere, and the Ultimate Automaton's eyes scoured the battlefield to see how it was going.

Most of what he was seeing brought a smile to his face.

"So far so good."

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

**Chapter 862: Chaotic Battlefield**

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

A very chaotic clash occurred between two large figures—at least, compared to the rest on the massive battlefield.

Z'ark, the Dragon King, against Hugo, the Ultimate Golem.

They exchanged blows, clashing with pure power, and also defending with their sturdy bodies. Z'ark was in his mighty dragon form, doing his best to withstand and strike the Golem's taller frame. Before long, the fight entered into a stalemate.

Or so one would think.

'Tch... it's tougher than I thought.'

So far, he had barely done any damage to the Golem, and while he too hadn't sustained a serious injury, there was something more important to consider.

'Stamina... and Magic Power!'

Unlike a Golem, he had limited stamina. He got tired, and he also ran out of energy. Sure, Golems experienced the latter, but the former was foreign to them.

Plus, Golems had ways to restore their powers faster, considering they had charged batteries and all. Plus, with what he had heard—and even the little he had seen of Hugo—he didn't expect it to go down anytime soon.

'Damn. Why did I end up biting more than I can chew?'

Everyone was engaged in one fight or the other, and even if they weren't, it would be shameful to call for help at this point.

'As long as it meant survival, I never really cared about Pride, but...' Somehow, this battle had him resurrecting the feelings he had in his youth.

The determination to be better. To be stronger.

'I can do this! Even if I have to risk my life... I will do this!' He glared at the stoic Golem, watching as it prepared its next attack.

'I'll pour all I have into defense now, and once this attack is done, I'll go all-out with offense.'

There was no need to drag the fight out. Hugo was going to outlast him, that was for sure. The only thing he could do now was to give it his all.

"RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH! Bring it o—!"

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHH!!!<

Speeding past Z'ark, much faster than he or even the Golem could perceive, was a beam of light that went straight for Hugo's bulky frame.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!!!<

In one strong, firm hit, the light tore through the giant, destroying it completely.

"A-ah...? What in the world?" Z'ark lost his composure, his eyes widening in disbelief as the opponent he struggled so much against was defeated with a single hit.

His motivation to get stronger. His deep-seated desire to surpass his limits, and his rising urge to risk his life—all of them fizzled out in no time as he witnessed something that humbled him once more.

Hugo's pilots were able to land to the ground safely, though the chaotic battle they met knocked them out almost instantly. Even with that, Z'ark was more focused on the beam of light.

Who was that?

"I see. So, even this cheap knockoff feels the same. And here I thought it resembled Hugo..." The voice from the light echoed, and soon the brightness dimmed, revealing the entity within.

It was the Automaton on their side—the one Jared placed in charge of his mechanical support that would be serving as their soldiers.

"Well, you did well holding it off for some time." The Automaton spoke to him with a casual attitude, but Z'ark instantly felt uncomfortable with that.

Someone of this being's power was more than fit enough to be his master. His people would jump at the opportunity to have a strong leader like him.

There was no way he could simply address him this way.

"I'm off then. Good job."

"P-please wait! What is your name?" Z'ark asked.

They were allies, so it was a bit strange to ask at this juncture. Still, he had to know who his benefactor was.

"Gawain. In any case, keep it up."

Before Z'ark could say any more, the Automaton vanished.

All alone, the Dragon King chuckled at himself, realizing he was far more tired than he earlier thought. Looking at how the battle was turning out, he doubted he was needed to ensure their side's victory.

'I think... I'll just rest a little...'

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Amid the destructive tension of the battlefield, two people stared at each other.

Surprisingly, despite being surrounded by chaos, their immediate vicinity was left completely untouched. No soldier or interference—just the two of them.

On one end was an auburn-haired Martial Artist. He held his blade with conviction, and a cool ambiance surrounded his frame.

On the end was a well-built man. He had a menacing grin, and his bulky frame was a pure representation of power that the Beast King was supposed to be.

Edward and Gerard.

Both of them stared at each other, engaged in silent assessment for a moment, and then one of them finally broke the silence.

"You won't attack? I thought you wanted revenge for that fool, Vaizer." Gerard chuckled, though a hint of impatience lurked in his tone.

Silence.

"Come on. Won't you say something? I don't have all day, you know? I still have to kill more of you and win this battle already!"

Still, silence.

"Hahahaha! Scared? Don't tell me you're scared! Hahahaha! Maybe I should have just—"

"Shut up." The silence was finally broken.

"Huh? So you can actually speak? I thought you were dumb or somethi—"

"I said... shut up."

The instant Edward repeated himself, a strong pressure circulated the area, forcing Vaizer to swallow any further words he had to say.

"I have the [Death] Arcana Spell. I could easily render 'death' to you at any moment, and this will be done with. But..."

Edward's hair slowly turned white, and his body glowed with pale light. His right eye turned blue, like the sky, and his left eye became amber like scorching flames.

"... Where's the fun in that?"

His blade took on an azure glow, and sparks of energy consumed it. He was in a state that transcended anything his opponent had ever seen or known before.

"No, I think I'm going to use this as an opportunity. A chance to make you wish for death."

Gerard, who had been so cocky earlier, found himself trembling now. Was it because of the energy Edward was leaking? Was it because of his newly transformed state? Was it due to his words?

Yes, it was all of the above.

Edward was simply frightening.

"Gerard. You killed the family of my dear friend. You took his kingdom. You've committed far too many atrocities for me to ignore." As Edward said these words, he took a step closer to his opponent.

"E-eeek!"

"An eye for an eye. Tooth for tooth. Bruise for bruise."

Just as Edward was about to take another step closer, he stopped. He heaved a sigh, and a mist-like breath proceeded from his lips.

"I will give you a chance to live. Show me your best attack. Do your best to kill me." Edward's smile was already widened to the point of insanity.

"If you fail... you will die."

Gerard was still trembling, but it seemed his freedom had been returned to him. Thanks to the reduction in pressure, he could finally utter the words he had been longing to spit out.

"W-who... just what are you?"

In response, Edward could only render one explanation.

"The Martial Blade God."

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

#### **Chapter 863: The Punishment**

Stale air greeted the two opponents as they stared at each other.

Gerard had a very conflicted, and mixed, expression written on his face. On one end, he was annoyed at Edward for his arrogance, but he also couldn't help feeling extremely intimidated.

'Tch... this bastard! Why do I need to fear?'

Since he was given a chance to freely attack his opponent once, he just needed to pummel him with the strongest technique at his disposal.

'What a big mistake this foolish one has made! Kekekeke!'

>VWUUUUUUUUUUU\$SSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHH!!!<

A burst of dark blue light drowned Gerard in its torrents, causing only a silhouette of himself to show. Slowly, his form began to change. His body grew bulkier, and bigger, donning multiple characteristics.

Wings grew from behind him, and claws replaced his hands. He grew one extra pair of arms, granting him a total of four firm and powerful arms. A tail emerged as well, with spikes rising from them.

Horns manifested, and three more eyes formed on his face. His hair grew longer, and it began to gleam like metal. No, his entire body seemed to gleam like metal. He took on more animal characteristics, making himself more powerful as the process continued.

"HAHAHAHAHAHA! I usually don't have time to activate my full transformation in battle, so thank you for standing around like an idiot and allowing me to do this. PUAHAHAHA!!!"

The burst of energy finally converged on Gerard's changed body, showing how immensely large and powerful he had become.



His bulky frame, taking on multiple animal characteristics at once, was terrifying. He stood at about five meters tall, gleaming evilly at Edward's unmoving body.

"KEKEKEKEKE! DIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"

Beast King Gerard opened his massive jaws, revealing his sharp teeth. An immense concentration of Mana began to form at the center of his mouth, getting stronger and stronger with each passing second.

"My ultimate..." He grinned while still forming the blast. "... Blast of Destruction!"

At this point, Gerard released the immense power trapped in the orb, creating a highly volatile breath that devastated everything around.

The rain of pure energy decimated the area, disintegrating all things with its high density and temperature. In no time, the surrounding area became a pile of ash and smoke.

"Fuuu... now that was a good warm-up." He smirked.

As expected, the swordsman was unable to keep up with the speed of the attack. He had seen how the Blast of Destruction consumed him, and how it consumed everything else. Since everything around had been destroyed, it also meant the same for the annoying swordsman, didn't it?

"I should go cause more damage while I can still maintain this form..." He murmured, already feeling a slight strain on his body.

Rapidly transforming to his most powerful state, while also using his ultimate attack, took a lot out of him. The results were worth it, though.

With this in mind, Gerard began looking around to decide which battle he ought to join.

'Jane is already after Ciel. My attention should be more on these small fries that are more troublesome than expected. We're really losing a lot of our soldiers. It seems their constructs are more powerful than ours. Well, it doesn't matter. As long as we're here, they shouldn't be able to—'

>WHOOOOOOOSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!<

Interrupting his thoughts was the sudden gust of wind that blew away all the dust and smoke that had stagnated around him. In one moment, everything vanished, revealing something that stunned Gerard.

He wasn't alone!

"W-what...?!"

Edward was still right in front of him, completely unmoved from his position. Not only did he appear unfazed by the series of events that had just occurred, but he seemed to be completely unscathed by his earlier attack.

"W-whoah! You gotta be kidding me, right? You're fine after all that? What form of defense did you—?!"

"It seems your chance has been consummated. Time is up." Edward took a step forward, and suddenly the ground quaked.

Gerard found kneeling on the ground before he knew it. Did he accidentally slip due to the quake, or was Edward's pressure simply too heavy for him?

As he mulled over the question, sweat began to form on his face as he watched Edward close in on him.

"After thinking about it properly, I've decided on what will be the best punishment for you." Edward took yet another step closer, almost in the position of the struggling Beast King.

"Y-you b-bastard!" Gerard growled. "I've done nothing wrong! You hear me? The path of the Beastfolk is the strong rules over the weak. I was simply stronger! I did nothing wro—"

>SQUELCH!<

Edward's blade pierced the Beast King's chest, though it didn't come out of the other end. No blood came out, and it seemed like it hardly even hurt the person who was struck.

"What are you doi—"

"[Martial Blade God Technique #21: Overflow]"

>WHUUUUUUUUUMMMMM!!!!<

In a loud hum, Mana suddenly began flowing from Edward to his blade, and finally.... To Gerard.

"W-what is... what are you... this is... ahhh... no...."

The Mana constantly flowed, unceasing and unstoppable. Everything was pumped into Gerard with no sign of moderation.

"Guuuhh... nooo.... P-pleasee.... Noo.... not that. PLEASE! NOT THAAAATT!!!"

Edward watched the Beast King's plea with cold, unfeeling eyes. He simply stood motionless, dispensing his definition of justice to the man beneath him.

"What are you afraid of? Just a little Mana? Ah, it must be what happens when you have too much Mana, right? I'm pumping all of this Mana directly to your Core, after all..."

Merely a decade ago, or so, the Beastfolk were afflicted with a serious problem. It gave them a high mortality rate, and they suffered because of it. They had long been cured by Jared, thanks to Gerard swearing all of their allegiance to him, and they hadn't experienced the pain ever since.

The agony of Mana Overload!

"Right now, I'll make sure to prolong the process to elongate your suffering."

In essence... Gerard would experience hell for as long as Edward wanted.

"Death is overrated."

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

#### **Chapter 864: The Last Demons**

"He only lasted thirty minutes, eh? That's disappointing." Edward muttered as he looked at the ashen Beast King.

His body was already fading with the wind—nothing more than burnt ash.

"I suppose I'm done here. The others should be done by now too." He smiled, unsheathing his blade. While the revenge he enacted wasn't for himself, Edward still felt good about it.

His white hair turned back to its normal color, and his eyes also reverted. He shut them and smiled, allowing himself a brief moment of peace and silence in the raging battlefield.

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[Moments Earlier]

"Bitch, surrender now and I'll consider sparing you. I haven't done 'it' with a fellow Demon in so long now. Become mine and I'll spare your life."

The one who uttered these crass words was none other than Abellion, the Demon Prince that sold off his people to Jared in exchange for power and recognition. He had zero loyalty towards his people, and was rather content being one of Jared's Generals as they conquered the known world.

Watching him utter these words, Karlia felt sick to her stomach. She wanted to vomit in disgust, but she controlled herself, limiting her expression to a mere glare.

'All my family... my friends... our kind ruler... they were all killed by him.'

Yet, the bastard called Abellion kept flapping his gums as if his actions were too flippant to be bothered with. It enraged Karlia the more she thought about it.

"So, what do you say, bitch? Become my whore!"

Karlia had no response for this man. To be honest, she would prefer it if he suffered for all of eternity, what would that solve in the end?

The past was in the past.

She had managed to survive the carnage, and she was able to find love and peace with Neron. She had a new family thanks to the Outgroup, and her purpose had never been clearer.

There was no way an imbecile like this was going to take any of those away from her.

"Time to use my Arcana Spell..." She whispered, her right palm glowing with something akin to a tattoo.

"Oh? So you want to fight, eh? Very well, bitch! Taste this! [Hellfire of—]"

"[Spellcraft]"

The Magic Circle that was already forming in front of Abellion instantly evaporated, producing nothing but tiny sparks that could hardly light up anything.

"W-what—?!"

"I'll end this quickly..."

In a flash, something that caused Abellion's eyes to pop wide open in shock occurred. It manifested as a very bright core that traveled high into the sky.

Suddenly, every scrap and metal part on the battlefield began to gather to the white light. The process was scary fast, and it attracted everything in moments.

"Add a little bit of fire, and then lightning, wind too, and water..."

The sky above her produced torrents of lightning that struck the convergence of so much matter, and it burst into flames. Water suddenly appeared around the bulky mix of weird elements, and a swirling wind gathered around it.

The power was akin to a freakish storm that remained suspended in the sky.

"W-what is... what is that?!"

"It's nothing. Just an unstable mix of multiple elements, some conflicting. They need a makeover." She raised her hand to the sky, causing the bright tattoo on her palm to glow even brighter.

"[Arcana Spell: The Lovers]"

In response to her words, the massive bulk in the sky glowed. The elements began to merge with one another, fusing to form something new. Something better.

Within a moment, a new object now hung in the sky. It was a perfectly smooth and round mass the size of a small mountain.

The huge sphere had a rainbow-colored light shrouding it, and it menacingly stood high in the sky.

"What are you doing?" Abellion growled, trying once more to kill Karlia with his Spell.

Unfortunately, it kept dissipating before he could complete it. Was this the result of a Spell of hers? In that case...

Abellion rushed towards Karlia, most likely intending to defeat her in a melee before she could complete what she had going for her in the sky.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Karlia advised, however, Abellion quickened his pace instead, hands stretched out to kill her.

>SQUELCH!<

In one swift strike, Abellion's whole body was pierced from the top of his head, through his torso, and out through his nether region.

"G-guughhhh...." Blood gushed out of Abellion, creating a pool underneath him.

His body throbbed slightly, as the little embers of life within him were being snuffed out.

In that brief moment, he was able to experience an incomprehensible amount of pain. The sharp, energy-filled spike completely crushed his brain, heart, and vital organs in its assault, leaving a completely mangled corpse in its wake.

"I told you not to move..." Karlia smiled as she looked at her toy that hung above.

It was from the orb that that massive spike came from. Like judgment from heaven, it sent an extension of itself to pierce Abellion in the most surefire way to kill him.

'By mixing multiple elements, I can account for the elemental resistances the targets might have. Plus, with its sturdy body made of condensed metal, it should be dense enough to pierce anything.'

Abellion was only one of her many targets, so she completely ignored his lifeless body as it plopped into his own bloody pool.

"B-bitch...." She heard his passing statement as he lost his life, but didn't bother about it.

Those were idiotic words coming from an idiotic man.

"Alright. Let's see the limits of this new creation." Karlia looked at her malleable, yet immensely dense orb.

"Eliminate as many registered enemies as you can." Since the construct was linked to Karlia, it would be able to determine the enemy forces, and separate them from their allies.

Plus, with its swift attack pattern, most enemies wouldn't even see the attack coming.

"Initiate assault." Her lips curled upward, forming a near-evil grin.

Killing the bad guys was always fun!

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

#### **Chapter 865: Darkness Seeks Light [Pt 1]**

>SPLOOOOOSSSHHHHH!!!<

A loud echo of carnage pervaded the battlefield as the massive orb locked in the sky unleashed its many spiky tentacles upon the field.

In an instant, the Golems were pulverized, and destruction reigned supreme. The mission involved sparing living beings—of course, with the exception of the Generals—so no one technically died.

However, the injuries and destruction that spread around were a testament to Karlia's new creation.

"Ah, I see. So, it destroyed three thousand in a single go. It also injured its fair share of people..."

She could keep this up and try to whittle down the forces of the enemies. Yes, that would be the best way to spend her time.

'I don't think anyone requires my help or anything...'

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"I see. So this is your plan." Jane Ursula narrowed her eyes as she looked at Ciel with a hint of carefulness as well as admiration.

The two of them were currently in the sky, separated from most of the conflict that seemed to drown the landscape.

"Your team really came prepared. You're even overwhelming our forces. Your Golems and Automatons are superior to ours as well. It really is surprising. I'll need to know how you pulled it off."

Jane had always been a curious person. If she wanted to learn something, she always found a way to obtain that knowledge. Even if that meant having to pry it from corpses or screaming victims.

Ultimately, it was the end that justified the means.

"You give us too much credit, Jane. Our side isn't particularly strong. You're just too weak on your end." Ciel answered, her gaze containing absolute caution and seriousness.

One might think she was being condescending in her statement, but she really wasn't.

"Oh, please. No need to be so modest. When measuring strength, don't you consider the power of both sides and grant the title of the 'strong' to the more powerful one? Your group obviously has that advantage. Congratulations."

Jane was mostly right in her line of thinking, but she was missing one important variable.

'Jared Leonard... the man that came from another world.'

Compared to the power he had displayed to them, this world's Magic was nothing. How could the Outgroup boast of being strong when they knew someone like him existed?

'The strength we are able to display is all thanks to him. Our troops also belong to him. He established this plan as well...'

So, no. Ciel wasn't being modest at all. She was simply giving honor to whom it was due.

"It doesn't matter, though. Jared and I have already considered every possibility. It won't stop what's about to happen—"

"You're stalling for time, aren't you? Waiting until the generator stabilizes and the event horizon gets a constant reading and not a complexly endless state of flux." Ciel narrowed her eyes as she interrupted Jane.

"Haha. As expected of you, I suppose. You are indeed right, Lady Ciel. We are stalling. But what of it? You won't be able to do anything about it."

Ciel sighed and closed her eyes for a brief moment.

"Is that really what you think?"

"What are you talking about?" Jane, once again curious, asked.

"You don't need to know. Let's simply end this." A bright beam of light covered Ciel, transforming her into an angel-like being.

Wings formed behind her, and she became wrapped in a pure-white apparel. A crown made of olives rested on her long flowing hair, and her entire form screamed of beauty.

"Oh? How flashy! Is that the combination of Mage Mode and Original Magic? I haven't seen anyone except Jared use the both of them consecutively."

Ciel didn't respond, but simply opened her eyes slowly as she looked at Jane.

"I don't have anything that flashy, but..." A snap of her finger brought something immensely huge descending from the sky above.

It was a beam of light.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

The energy burst bathed Ciel, and her immediate surrounding, with its power, creating a massive crater into the ground.

However, Ciel managed to proceed out of it with no injuries of any kind. The white barrier that surrounded her seemed to be the reason behind her safety.

>BEEP<

>BEEP<

>BEEP<

An alarm emanated from a device Jane wore on her wrist. It resembled a simple bracelet, with a red gem affixed on top.

"Wow. This thing is detecting excessive Mana just oozing out of you. How long do you think you can maintain that form?"

"As long as I want." Ciel replied nearly casually.

"What?"

"I said as long as I want."

Ciel didn't want to explain her position, but her statement was genuine. Thanks to the Arcana Spell: The Magician, she could create an indefinite loop that converted the surrounding energy around her to Mana, giving her an unlimited supply. With Spellcraft, she could also attract more Mana for her purposes, allowing her access to even more Mana than she would otherwise possess.

"That beam of light from beyond the sky... it's from a satellite, no? Incredible. So you managed to build one." Ciel smiled.

"Y-you... how did you know?"

Ciel still didn't want to explain how her senses had spread so far that even she was amazed by it. Besides, she was able to spot the light as it rained down on her. It came in a straight path, directly from the sky.

'I can't sense the Satellite itself, since its out of range, but I have already determined its position.'

It didn't matter much, though.

"Hehe. You're right. My Satellite can track your movements in real time and shoot you down at any given moment!"

"Really? Then why haven't you gotten rid of us yet? If your satellite is that powerful, you would have used it earlier."

Jane's strained smile was already beginning to fall as Ciel uncovered more of her grandiose statements and exposed them for what they really were.

Lies.

"I'd like to assume that was a one-shot beam that can't be used again. You were probably saving it for something very urgent and important. Is that how badly you want to kill me?"

At this point, veins began appearing on Jane's face, and her pretty demeanor slowly morphed into something else.

Something repulsive.

"You think you know everything, huh?"

"Hm? No. I don't think that at all—"

"Shut up! I'll show you... you don't know a single damn thing!"

An immense energy gathered around Jane as she glared at Ciel. The atmosphere was thick with bloodlust, and her aura completely morphed to form a dark silhouette.

Slowly, she became cloaked in darkness, and what appeared to be shadows rose from her dark cloak.

Darkened mist surrounded her, and a malevolent grin formed on her pale-looking face.

"This is..." Ciel whispered.

"That's right! Pseudo-Dark Magic. I invented my own form of it. It's not as effective as actual dark energy, but it mimics its effects."

Ciel narrowed her gaze and clenched her fist. It seemed things had gotten far more serious than she hoped.

"I'll make sure to consume you in this darkness, Ciel. If nothing else, you're going to die here!"

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

**Chapter 866: Darkness Seeks Light [Pt 2]**

Dark Magic.



It was a disgusting power gotten from an otherworldly source known as Dark Energy. In this world, it was a deadly force to be reckoned with, and even the mightiest of champions feared its effects.

That was because the effects of Dark Magic were absolute.

>WHOOOOOOOOSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!<

Jane Ursula lunged at Ciel, donning a murderous gleam in her eyes. Her intention was plain as day, and the brutal grin plastered on her face further drove home the point.

"YOU'RE DEAD!"

Cackles of purple and black electricity surged from Jane, and they were thrown at Ciel, who swiftly teleported a distance away in safety.

"Tch! Stay in one place, why don't you?" Jane muttered, glancing in Ciel's new direction. "I'll make it quick."

In another burst of evil energy, Jane dashed over to Ciel's location, this time brimming with dark flames that even corrupted the very air around her.

Fortunately, Ciel managed to evade once more, barely escaping the immense furnace that would have consumed her otherwise.

"Looks like... I'll have to get a bit more serious!"

Jane clapped both hands together, and suddenly, the dark mist that centered around her began to shroud the entire area. It's immense appearance became thinner, until only dark spots could be seen around, but she was able to successfully expand her influence.

"You won't be able to teleport now."

Dark Magic interfered with Spells, after all. Even if this was a pseudo kind, and she had spread it so thin, Jane was confident in its ability to at least slow down the Spells of her target.

Delay it long enough for her to strike!

>BZZZZZZTTTTTTZZZZZZZZ!!!<

Black and purple flashes of lightning cracked once more, and they lunged at Ciel with unstoppable fervour.

"Haa..." A light breath escaped from Ciel's lips as she witnessed the terrifying surges of electricity draw nearer. "... Let's end this."

Despite the heavy restrictions, blueish energy surrounded her. The space around her got distorted, and she was able to instantly teleport.

"W-wha—?!" Before Jane could completely utter her shocked response, Ciel appeared behind her, a ball of energy already prepared atop her palm.

"[Purify]." She whispered, pointing her palm at Jane, who was still barely recoiling from the series of unbelievable events that had just played out.

"Y-you..." Jane tried to gather as much Pseudo Dark Energy to defend herself from Ciel's imminent attack.

Unfortunately, she was too late.

>WHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Consumed by a massive beam of light, Jane felt herself drowning in the unbelievably immense power that struck her.

She became lost in the white sea of energy, and she felt the current pull her down. Every single speck of her Pseudo Dark Energy evaporated, and all the defensive artifacts she had equipped were instantly overwhelmed by the power.

>BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Inevitably, she crashed upon the earth, creating a massive crater upon impact.

"U-urghhh... ahhh...."

As her back was buried deep into the dark soil, and her face forcefully pointed at the sky, Jane felt her injured body grow stiff and heavy. She could hardly move, and lacked even the most basic energy to cast a Spell.

She was stuck in every sense of the word, and her heart tightened upon that realization. Having no other choice, her eyes had to witness Ciel floating above her, coated in beauty and splendor—what could be described as Jane's opposite at the moment.

"It seems you're the one who lost." The young-looking woman in white said with a smile. "That Pseudo Dark Magic of yours... its scary, but incomplete."

Frankly, if it hadn't been for the influence of the Arcana Spells in her arsenal, she couldn't have been certain of her victory. Once more, she had to thank Jared for bestowing upon her this knowledge, and the ability to harness enough power to use them.

"So, what are you going to do now? Why aren't you destroying the generator?" Jane asked, coughing as she chuckled bitterly.

"You think I'm stupid? Doing that would cause the event-horizon to collapse. It could lead to spacial imbalance, and that could potentially break apart this world."

"Well, if we succeed in our plans, its not like you'd be better off. So why allow us to win?" Jane probed, almost as if she wanted Ciel to take the action itself.

Even with her wounds, she leaked the fiercest grin.

"I'm not in a hurry. While it is scary to imagine the return of Dark Energy, I have decided to have trust in my allies. Especially 'him.' Since 'he' said I should leave this to him... I will comply."

Jane appeared a little confused by Ciel's statement. It was most likely because she didn't know who Ciel was referring to. Was it Neron? No, she wouldn't have sounded this way if it was him.

'Then... is it that new member that Jared told me about? Come to think of it, he's not here is he?' Jane didn't like how peaceful the smile of Ciel appeared, and she could feel her chest tightening in annoyance as she watched.

>BEEP<

>BEEP<

>BEEP<

A device suddenly rang from Jane's device, projecting a large screen in front of her. A couple of images, numbers, and a few other statistical values were etched on the bright translucent window.

"N-no... what is this? What's going on here?" Jane's eyes widened in shock.

"Oh? It seems you've finally realized it. We're attacking all the regions you control. Judging by the expression you're making, the plan must be proceeding nicely."

"H-how?! How do you have so many resources to spare? Attacking all those many places at once, and even this place! How? Just how possible is this? It can't be!"

It defied explanation how the Outgroup—even if they teamed up with the Midas Race—could secure so many soldiers and resources.

How could an army of that scale even have moved to the respective nations without being detected by surveillance.

'Don't tell me... it's teleportation?!'

But who could have been able to use such advanced teleportation? She and Jared had concluded—even if they still found it unbelievable—that it was Ciel's doing.

However, with the same thing occurring all over the world, in multiple regions, it seemed they would have to throw aside their theories.

There was someone else!

'T-the strange man, then? He's the only reasonable explanation! But is that even possible?' No, it wasn't possible.

Someone like that—that could do all of these things—was far more powerful than her lover. That was something she could not tolerate.

'Is that why they're so confident about their plan? Do they really have a countermeasure against the generator?' The more her thoughts flowed, the faster her heart pounded.

Was she overreacting? No, this was the only natural response she could give upon being exposed to this shocking revelation.

"Your plan was doomed to fail from the very start, Jane." Ciel's voice echoed in her head. "It was only a matter of how."

With Jane Ursula defeated, and most of the battle won, Ciel glanced in the direction of the conflict that was yet to subside.

'Should I help?' She thought to herself. However, upon remembering the words of the Outer's Jared on non-interference, she decided not to.

'I'll trust you, Jared!'

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

#### **Chapter 867: Neron Alter [Pt 1]**

[A Few Moments Earlier]

Two people stood opposite each other—enemies in their own right. One had short pitch-black hair, while the other donned one with a contrasting color and length.

"Are you really sure you want to fight me? It's a little lopsided, in my opinion." The one who spoke was the man with white hair, Elrich Lendertwale.

Also known as the strongest Grand Mage.

"I'm not really into bullying. It's a waste of time and energy." He added, staring at the one who was supposed to be his opponent.

'Lord Jared praises him a lot, especially his intelligence. However, when it comes to a Magic Battle, he'll still come out inferior.' Elrich thought, narrowing his gaze on Neron.

In contrast to the talkative Elrich, Neron simply stood still and listened to all that was being spouted. His deadpan face showed no emotion, and it even appeared he was bored of the whole thing.

"Not going to say anything, huh? Alright then. Let's get starte—"

"Tell me something..." Neron's calm voice suddenly pierced the tense environment. "... What's so great about Magic?"

For a moment, the question was recieved without a response. It was only greeted with a confused stare from Elrich.

"What the hell are you talking about?" He asked.

"I mean, what is so great about this thing you call Magic? You sold your basic rights and became a subordinate to Jared because you wanted to expand your reach in Magic. You partook in many atrocities, also for that goal. Magic is a driving force that propels you to do the unthinkable. But, I ask you... what is so great about it?"

Elrich still expressed bewilderment at Neron's question. No one had ever asked him that question, neither did they need to.

What kind of person would ask such a foolish question? To him, it was like someone asking "What's so great about water?"

Wasn't that just ridiculous?

"To be honest, I think I would prefer a world without Magic."

"Hahaha! Now you're just spouting nonsense! What kind of person talks like this? Aren't you even a Magic Engineer? A Scholar?" Elrich laughed, almost in mockery of what Neron said.

"Is that so? Yeah, maybe you're right. Maybe I'm being a hypocrite..." A smile slowly formed on Neron's face as he stared at Elrich. "Maybe, maybe not."

"Should you really be wasting time like this? Don't you want to stop the generator?" Elrich asked.

"I don't need to. It'll be fine." Neron added, his smile growing wider. "It seems I asked you a useless question. In that case, just ignore what I just said."

"Seems like you're well aware. It was a stupid question. What's so great about Magic? Coming from an Inept like you? I suppose you wouldn't be able to understand the thrill of doing something like thissssss!"

In an instant, twin flashes of lightning appeared on both Elrich's hands, and he pointed them at Neron. The bursts of whitish blue energy charged toward him, cackling loudly in their wake.

>BZZZTTTTTZZZZZZzzzzzzzzz<

Almost as soon as the bright sparks got to Neron, they stopped, spreading around an invisible surface, before finally fizzling out.

"H-huh?" Elrich muttered.

"Don't look so surprised. You said it yourself. I'm an inventor. Even right now, my body is coated with a lot of Items I made." Neron responded with a shrug.

"Primulus Ores have a special property that repels electrical currents. By fusing them with other Prismatic Ores, and gemstones, I can create a natural elemental resistance barrier. Of course, improving concentration and creating multiple resonating reactions make the repulsion fields much more intense. You could try another Spell and see how it goes."

"W-what?!"

"It'll be the same result, though. Ah, unless you use a Spell that's about 7, but something tells me you can't."

"H-how did you...?"

"By the way, you're yet to prove my question foolish, you know? I mean... what's so great about Magic, Elrich?"

The Grand Mage began gritting his teeth at this point. He had spent so much time studying and improving his Magic, but his specialty was Elemental Magic.

Did Neron account for this before deciding to face him?

"I will give credit where it is due. Your intelligence was not exaggerated." Elrich muttered. "However, this proves nothing."

With a snap of his fingers, Elrich caused a dark red orb to appear. It gleamed brightly, but something murky seemed to dwell within.

Something detestably dirty.

"Did you sacrifice living beings to make that Blood Stone? Looking at how large it is, you must have consumed a lot."

"Oh, this isn't mine. It was a goft from Lord Jared. It's the result of the Elven Massacre all those years ago.

Neron's eyes twitched the moment he heard that.

"Oh, don't look at me like that. Do you think I would refuse such a gift? You know how immensely powerful Blood Stones are, don't you? The condensed Mana Particles of those who died, all converging to form a huge Mana Amplifier. It's the ultimate tool for a Mage! Even those who can't properly use Magic, should be able to use it with this. Of course, it does nothing to help Inepts like you."

A Blood Stone could only serve as a Supplementary Mana Core, but not an actual one. If used right, even the least adept human could be able to use the power of Magic to its full potential, but those who didn't have any ability at all remained helpless.

"It's the greatest Magic Item in the wor—"

"It's disgusting." Neron spoke, his voice thick with something else this time.

No longer did it contain a lackluster energy, and no longer was his expression deadpan. His tone had gone through a drastic change, and the current look in his eyes expressed something that made Elrich shiver down to his bones.

Rage.

"So this is your answer, Elrich?"

"Keuk!"

Neron's hair began to turn white, and sparks of energy danced around him. The intensity of the power forced Elrich to kneel, trembling fervently as the energy kept rising.

"This is how great Magic is?"

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

#### **Chapter 868: Neron Alter [Pt 2]**

"Haa... haaa..."

Elrich Lendertwale could feel himself hyperventilating.

His heart wouldn't stop racing, and sweat filled his face—no, his entire body. All his pores leaked out the sticky, salty liquid as his bulging eyes turned bloodshot.

'W-what is... this power?' Elrich's thoughts screamed as he felt his body completely lacking strength.

'Wasn't he inept?!'

Just as Elrich felt the immensely bountiful power was about to crush him... it suddenly ceased.

"I don't think so. Perhaps Magic is indeed relevant to live a better, more peaceful life. Perhaps there could exist a world where Magic isn't used to cause more harm than good, and a greater justification for atrocities isn't wrought because of this supernatural force. However... that kind of reality doesn't exist here."

Neron's white hair returned to its usual black color, but his eyes were frosty cold. Elrich looked at his face with trembling as he remained on his knees.

"Even an Inept like me can wield Magic with an Artificial Core and some body modification surgeries. By enlisting 'his' assistance, I was able to complete the project and use Magic. However, do you know what I felt after personally experiencing it for the first time in my life?"

Neron's gaze grew darker.

"Disappointment. Magic is underwhelming."

"E-eh...?" Elrich's face turned pale.

"You all increased my expectations, so I had my doubts about my view on the subject. I had thought it was because I never knew how amazing it felt that I couldn't understand why it was so relevant—why, despite the horrors it causes, we still place it at the apex of our desires."

His body trembled the more he listened to Neron. A man who wielded such power... yet called it insufficient justification? Yet demeaned it to be disappointing.

How could someone like this exist?

"Now that I have experienced it firsthand, I can clearly draw my conclusions. This world does not require Magic to function. Magic isn't so great. In as much as it can bring good and happiness, the risks outweigh the benefits."

Elrich could not understand. He had spent his entire life chasing after Magic. So had his father, and his father, and the father before that. His mother's lineage was no different.

In the end, everyone could agree that the pursuit of Magic was what drove their civilization forward. How could this man say otherwise.

"Evil will always exist in the world, in one form or another. However, the power of Magic amplifies that which already is. Those who desire to do good are further strengthened, able to save more lives and help more people..."

"T-then—!"

"But what about the evil ones? Of what use is saving the lives of a hundred more people when a thousand could perish as a result of the very same power?"

Elrich couldn't accept this line of logic. After building himself up this long... after making so many sacrifices to arrive at this point... there was no way he could subscribe to Neron's words.

"I don't know why I'm telling you this. Honestly. It's a waste of time, I know. Perhaps I just wanted to let it out of my chest this once. Perhaps I wanted to see the reaction another person would make once they heard my true thoughts. Perhaps..." He closed his eyes and took in a deep breath.

"... I want you to understand the reason behind what I'm about to do."

"S-shut up and die!" Elrich swiftly raised his Blood Stone, causing a massive eruption of energy that seemed to blow everything in the area away.

"With this power, I can transcend my limits and use 8 Star Magic. I'll destroy you with my Ultimate Spell!"

Neron remained rooted in his position as Elrich heard this. The distorted space, caused by the intensity of Mana in the air, made it nearly impossible for anyone to see the kind of expression he was making.

"[Five Elements Scream]!"

>VWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

An unbelievable eruption of all five major elemental attributes instantly appeared.

Fire. Water. Earth. Wind. Lightning.

They all gathered, like a massive storm that converged to create an even larger epitome of destruction. The multicolored blast was on standby, covering a large expanse as Elrich stood behind it, grinning with delight.

"This is what's great about Magic! To hell with your logic! You deserve to die! You and your dangerous philosophy!"

The Blood Stone gleamed, and the raging storm grew even larger, before it was released toward Neron.

>WHOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHH!!!<

It began to flow.

Everything in its path got destroyed as it surged and danced and roared, tearing through the distance to consume the single target it desired.

"HAHAHAHAHA! DIEEEEEEEEE!!!" Elrich cackled maniacally, waiting and hoping to see Neron eviscerated.

But...

>FSHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU...<

The erupting blast suddenly began to deflate as it got closer to Neron. The flames flickered, becoming smaller, and the water evaporated. All the elements began to lose their luster, and by the time they reached one or two meters from Neron, the Spell had become nothing but a squishy mesh of elements that could fit into a person's palm.

And, of course, it self-destructed.



>POOF!<

Just like that, the Spell vanished.

"H-how? You said it wouldn't stop anything more or equal to a 7 Star! That was an 8 Star Spell!" Elrich screamed, tears and snot falling all over his distorted face.

"Are you retarded?" Neron asked, a wide grin etched on his face. "Have you never heard a lie before?"

"A-ah... ahh..."

"I could have easily lied about the capacity of my Items. Why would you rely on any statement I make? As your enemy, shouldn't I be unreliable?"

So, that was it? Neron tricked him? Neron lied to him? He was deceived?

"Neron, you bastaaaarrrrrddd!"

"I didn't lie, by the way. That device of mine only had that capacity. Your Spell was enough to overwhelm it."

This only made Elrich all the more confused. "T-then..."

"I didn't need to lie to win. I was planning on doing this from the start anyway. I just needed to give you enough of an incentive to use your full power. Just as expected, it holds up."

Elrich's face had now become ugly, turned wretched by Neron's brilliance and clear dominance. He could do nothing but stutter like a bumbling idiot.

"W-what holds up?"

With narrowed eyes, and a wide smile, Neron uttered the words that Elrich never expected to hear.

"Anti Magic."

"W-what?"

"How long has it been now? When I happened to stumble upon the vestiges of Dark Energy in the Dungeon I visited with Edward? I studied its components and realized its incompatibility with this world's Mana..."

Suddenly, Neron started moving.

"However, within that incompatibility, I found something very interesting in their interaction."

Step by step, he got closer to Elrich.

"Anti Magic. The ability to eradicate Magic by nullifying Mana components with Dark components, creating a resonating null.

"A-ahh..."

Before Elrich knew it, Neron was right in front of him. His shivering body was unable to do anything, not even as Neron placed his palm on his head.

"What do you think would happen if I used it on a person, accounting for all the variables and necessary frequencies?"

"N-no... please...n-n-noo..."

Elrich could feel something course through him. It was an odd feeling, but it felt like he was being probed—down to his innermost region.

"Analysis complete. Commencing Nullification." Neron's voice rang in his head.

The Grand Mage began to feel dizzy, completely absorbed into whatever Neron was doing to his body. He couldn't resist, nor could he even sense anything around him anymore.

Rather, he could feel himself becoming more and more aware of his body—specifically the occurrence that was taking place within it.

Elrich saw a multitude of lights inside him, and one by one they darkened.

It finally remained a few hundred. Then a few dozen.

Ten.

Five.

Two.

One.... and then none.

The final ember was snuffed out, and he felt himself in perpetual darkness.

Before Elrich knew it, he crumbled to the floor, unconscious. He seemed to be breathing just fine, and while he appeared exhausted, there didn't seem to be any sign of injury or death.

As for the bloodstone in his grasp, its color darkened until it turned completely black, before shattering like glass.

"First experiment is a success. Permanent nullification complete." Neron's words echoed on as his deep black eyes stared at the body of his adversary.

"Congratulations, Elrich..." Neron whispered, a smile forming on his face. "... You're now Inept."

With that, Neron left the old man's body, watching as it reverted to its miserable elderly state before rotting away. Without Magic supporting his long life, there was no longer any reason for him to be alive.

"This is just the beginning, though..." Neron muttered, looking at the battlefield around him.

All the chaos and destruction.

They repulsed him to no end.

"Soon, all of this will be nothing but ancient history." His eyes trailed to the stabilizing wormhole above him.

"I just need a little more Dark Energy."

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

### **Chapter 869: Disgraced Midas**

"DIEEEEEEEEEEE, YOU BASTAAAAAARRRRRRD!!!" A bright streak lunged at its target.

Kuzon Midas, covered in golden light, was currently engaged in a fierce battle with Jared Leonard—or so he thought to himself.

However, all he was really doing was chasing his opponent with all his might, trying his best to land even one solid hit.

"S-stay in one place, you slimy bastard!" Kuzon yelled.

The only response he received was a light chuckle from his opponent. Jared Leonard's white hair fluttered as he dodged yet another one of Kuzon's attack, and a cold gaze of condescension beamed from his eyes.

'D-damn it!' Kuzon growled internally. 'Why can't I hit him?!'

When they first began the battle, he was glad that he was indeed pitted against his archnemesis. He was finally going to be able to carry out his revenge. Everything had gone according to plan.

Even during the start of the fight, he had an immense level of confidence in his abilities. Sure, he had just lost against the Outer's newest member, but that was merely an exception.

He had been studying Jared for very long. He knew he had what it took to defeat him... especially if he went ultra serious in the fight.

However...

'Why can't I hit him?!'

... Nothing seemed to work!

'I'm using both [Mage Mode] and [Midas Touch]. I'm also adorned with my enhancing artifacts, and my powers have risen to unimaginable bounds. Why am I... still behind?!'

Kuzon gritted his teeth as he created several hundred constructs of light with his Magic, lunging the golden blades toward Jared.

"For real...?" He heard a whisper from the target, assuming he said that because he was cornered.

'I finally got you bastar—'

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM!!!<

Seemingly effortlessly, Jared repelled all the golden blades, causing them to shatter like cheap glass.

"N-no way!"

Kuzon knew how much Mana he had expended in that venture. He had ensured each blade was compressed enough to penetrate the thickest hide, yet Jared pushed everything with zero efforts at all.

'How is he doing that?!' It made no sense to him, which enraged the Midas Emperor even more.

"BASTAAAAR—"

"Alright, that's enough." Jared's voice suddenly echoed, and Kuzon felt his body grow heavy.

"K-keuk!"

Before he knew it, Kuzon fell to his kneed, causing massive cracks on the already devastated ground. His body ached as he could feel every part grow heavier and heavier by the minute.

No, that wasn't quite right.

It seemed like there was a heavy burden on top of him. It was invisible, but Kuzon could feel its immense weight, unable to shake it off.

"B-bastard! W-what did you d-do...?" He gasped, struggling to rise from his knees, but failing every time.

"[Forced Homage]" Jared's voice echoed in his ears, forcing him to cease his pointless struggle. "I made the air around you heavier than normal. It's a simple Spell, and it gets the job done."

As a result, Kuzon found himself in the most humiliating situation—him kneeling before the man he hated the most, Jared Leonard.

"Y-you..."

"Bastard? Yeah, you keep saying that. I've heard that word so many times that it's gotten stale. Don't you have something better? Not that it matters, though..." A twisted smile formed on his face.

Kuzon felt a blazing inferno rage within him. Frustration and unquelled fury threatened to swallow him whole, and his whole body convulsed amid this weight of emotions.

"I decided to spend my time with you, yet you ended up wasting it. And here I thought you would have gotten stronger after our last encounter..." Jared's words stung Kuzon's heart.

"I-I have..."

"Really? I couldn't tell. Then again, it's probably not you but me. When you reach a certain point in strength, it becomes pretty irrelevant what the worms do beneath you."

"I-I'm not a w-worm..."

"Sure, you are."

Before Kuzon could respond, Jared planted his heel on head, forcing it to clash with the ground. He then rubbed his boots on Kuzon's suppressed face.

"See? I stamp worms with this very boot. There's no difference between you and them." Jared, the clear dominator, grinned.

"Kuek... y-you... I'll kill y-you..."

"Urgh. You keep saying that. Grow up already." Jared rolled his eyes, now displaying disgust.

"W-what are y-you—"

"I mean, sure I killed your parents. I stabbed them in the back and made you an orphan. So what? You don't need to bitch on about it."

"Y-you monster..."

"Exactly! I'm a monster. That's what I am. It's what I do. Do you know how many people I betray and kill in a day? Do you know how many orphans I've made already? Stop whining about your situation as if you're some sort of special case."

"Hicc... hicc..." At this point, Kuzon began to choke on his sobs. Tears fell from his eyes, overflowing due to his increasing frustration and unquelled rage.

"Yeah, yeah. Keep crying like the little baby you are. I can't believe this. You mean, you allied with the Outers, went through all this elaborate plan, and even challenged me, all because of some childish reason? What a snowflake."

"M-mom... d-dad..." Kuzon cried even more, miserable and pathetic as his face hugged the dirty floor.

"Pfft. What a retard."

Kuzon's golden light vanished, and his Mage Mode expired. He was now nothing but a pathetic loser, fallen and completely helpless.

"I find it hard to believe you are the Emperor of the Midas Empire. It's a good thing you allied with the Outgroup. Pretty sure they helped you with most of your administrative affairs. Even this plan... I doubt you got to have any say in it. Why? Because you're an idiot."

Broken. Weak. Sunken to the lowest point of despair, Kuzon's empty eyes saw nothing but hopeless darkness.

'A-ah... am I... such a loser...?'

He had been shown just how weak and incompetent he was.

He was a terrible ruler, a bad nephew, a hopeless Mage, a dishonorable son. All in all... wasn't he a failure? That's right. Kuzon Midas was an absolute disgrace to the Midas Race.

W-wouldn't everyone be better off if he just died?

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

#### **Chapter 870: The Ripening**

"...kill me..." A whisper escaped from Kuzon Midas's lips.

He was as helpless as a rat caught in a trap. No, perhaps he was even worse off. Not only had he completely lost the will to struggle, but now...

"Huh? What did you say?"

"Just... kill me."

... Kuzon had completely lost the will to live.

"So you finally want to die, eh? About time. I was thinking of doing the same, considering how much of an eyesore you've become."

There was no response from the young Midas.

"I thought it would be a bit thrilling to have some sort of powerful figure who was out for revenge and doing their best to oppose me. I thought you could at least be useful for entertainment, but you fail at even that, huh?"

Kuzon could not utter a word in his defense.

"Worthless child. You're a worthless child." Suddenly, he began to stomp Kuzon, kicking and crushing him with his boots with every word he gave.

A dissonance existed in Jared's tone at this point. A form of anger was displayed in his eyes as he gave a frown of disapproval.

"You're not useful for anything. How dare you be this useless? You idiot! Retard! Inept bastard... ah..."

He slowly stopped pummeling him, looking at the bloody mess he had made on the floor. He watched the disfigured face of the fallen Midas, and how disheveled he looked.

"Allow me to put you out of your misery." He whispered coldly, pointing his hand toward Kuzon.

"[Just Die]"

In that moment, at that very spot, a heart stopped beating, and death was inflicted upon the target. The cold corpse clung closely to the dirt, drenched in its darkened blood.

"... What an eyesore." Jared stared at the darkened blood, watching the reflective surface of the stale liquid.

"Looks like that's one issue taken care of. What of the rest?"

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After a brief moment of investigation, using his sensory abilities and ultimate technique, Jared opened his eyes and gave a light sigh.

"Looks like most of our forces have been defeated. That's unfortunate." It seemed, even though he thought he had planned well enough for the climax, his preparations were still lacking.

Looking at the current state of the battlefield, it was clear that the opposition had the upper hand. If something wasn't done quickly, their side would lose.

Not that Jared was really worried.

"Three of the Generals are also dead." He muttered, continuously observing the battlefield.

He could see that Abellion and Gerard were dead. He could only see a rotten corpse in place of Elrich. The corpse seemed to be undergoing a rapid process of decay.

'Even after I gave him that Blood Stone, he still lost? What a useless fool.'

Well, it couldn't be helped that he perished. Considering the fact that his opponent was Neron, that much was to be expected. Besides...

'I only gave him a portion of the complete Blood Stone harvested from the Elven Massacre. Most of the power went to powering the device.' Jared looked at the generator, and at the bright purple light that pierced the sky.

The event-horizon was stabilizing. He could see that it wasn't going to be long before he achieved his desires. However, something felt missing. Even as he saw the gateway to his grand goal, his thoughts were elsewhere.

'Jane...'

She wasn't dead. Not yet.

Since they were linked—bound by their Soul Contract—he could tell. However, he was finding it very difficult to find her location. He didn't think he would have this much trouble, but apparently he did.

'Where are you, Jane?' His thoughts began to get erratic as he searched around even more, ignoring the multiple enemies that began closing in on him.

~Jared, what are you doing? Now isn't the time to get distracted?~ Merlin's ghost appeared that very moment, touching his shoulder with its cold hand.

'I'm searching for Jane.' He gave a simple response.

~Right now? The time is at hand. We'll finally be able to achieve our desires and—~

"All of that is meaningless without Jane!" The moment he said this, a powerful force erupted, sending all the enemies that surrounded him flying.

Once more, he was all alone on the battlefield, eyes widening in desperation. Until..

"Ahh... I've finally found you!"

In a flash, Jared flew from his position, causing the ground around him to erupt. He ignored the catastrophe he caused and darted straight toward the signature he sensed.

Navigating his way through the multitude of energies, crushing any obstacle that stood in his way—mostly Automatons and Golems—he finally arrived at the location.

"J-Jane?!"

He saw her within a massive crater, lying on the ground unconscious.

"JAAANEEEEEE!!!"

Launching himself toward her, he cleared the entire area of any interference and landed gently beside her. Grabbing her softly, he drew her close to his chest and hugged her tightly.

'She's cold.' His thoughts echoed. 'Mana deprivation!'

Quickly, he coursed Mana from his body into hers, gently filling her up so she wouldn't get too much or too little at once.

"Jane... wake up." He whispered into her ears. In response, she stirred, mostly likely drifting in the real of her subconsciousness at this point.

Unfortunately for him, before he could utter another word, he felt a cluster of presences closing in on him. They felt extremely familiar—but not in a good way.

"Who would have thought... Jared Leonard actually has a heart." Neron's voice echoed, and he revealed himself, along with the other Outers around.

Edward, Karlia, Ciel, Z'ark as well. All of them surrounded Jared Leonard as he clutched Jane Ursula.

"Thanks for hiding her presence until we were all done." Neron smiled at Ciel, who nodded gently.

It seemed everything was just a plan to lure him in.

"Do you really think you can stop me, even if you band together?" Cornered and growling, Jared glared at the members of the Outgroup.

For a moment, silence pervaded their ranks. However, Neron broke it by taking a step forward and providing the answer the he least expected.

"Yes. We can stop you."