

SPELLCRAFT 881

SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

Chapter 881: The Jared Dilemma

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

"Guh!" Kahn flew backward after one final hit stopping short only a small distance from me.

He appeared disgruntled by the fact that the enemy had gotten the better of him, but this was only to be expected.

'Even when he split himself to attack from multiple directions, Jared simply uses Spellcraft to control the surplus Miasma around to create a solid defense and multi-layered Spells.

In that regard, I had to admit that this world's Jared was overpowered.

'Unfortunately for him, his overpowered status ends is limited to the confines of this world.'

I didn't know how many branches were out there, but I knew this world—and even mine—was just one of the several that existed.

'If this world's Magic is so unadvanced than mine, then I can only expect that there are worlds that have higher possibilities of Magic than mine.'

If that was the case, would I really call myself strong as well?

That was another thought for another day, though. For now, I had to take care of the menace in front of me.

"Kahn, that's enough." I told the Shadow Demon, seeing as he was about to rise and return to battle.

"I... apologize, Master."

"It's no problem." Perhaps if I allowed him to use the Magic Suit that I made for him, he would have stood more of a chance, but at this point, he was too weak.

"Return."

Kahn nodded gently, turning into darkness as he merged with me once more.

'Well, that was educating...'

"It seems your summon is no match for me, just as mine wasn't a match for you." Evil Jared said in a distance, a smug expression on his face.

'Would you look at this guy? Is he shamelessly comparing the two of us?'

Unlike me, who just effortlessly let my Magic Item nullify everything he threw at me, he actively engaged in battle with Kahn.

'He has replenishable Miasma, and he uses Spellcraft too. Of course, he would win! Yet he's feeling so proud about his victory? Isn't that laughable?'

During my first battle with Kahn, I was severely disadvantaged, but I used my wits and resources to gain a slight edge.

'I still lost that fight, but it just goes to show how a real high-stake battle is.'

"So, are you going to fight me now? Or are you just going to watch in a distance? If it's the latter, then I'll be coming for you."

Right now, I actually wanted to fight him myself. I wouldn't be satisfied otherwise.

However, there was something that kept causing a tightening knot within my heart.

I couldn't ignore it anymore.

"May I ask you a question?"

"Hm? I'll allow it." He responded dismissively.

I nearly leaked out an annoyed expression, but controlled myself at the last minute.

'I'll decide my next course of action based on his answer to my question.'

With that in mind, I heaved a heavy sigh and looked at him honestly.

"Why are you doing this?"

Silence.

For a moment, silence took over completely.

Both of us looked at each other. I maintained my serious, curious gaze, while he gave me a slightly surprised reaction.

"Why am I doing this? Well... I guess there are lots of reasons. It could be to prove a point to everyone who has ever doubted me. Also obtaining ultimate power and ruling everything in sight... there's that too."

But, was that really all there was to it? I didn't think so.

"If I was to give a real reason, though. I would say it's because I love Magic. I guess I've always loved it." Jared paused mid statement and stared at me.

I could see the sincerity in his eyes.

"I love it more than anything else. That's why I want to pursue it and see how deep it goes—where it leads—and I don't care how far I have to go in order to obtain it."

In essence, all of this—his grand conquest for power, and all the destruction he had wrought... it was all to satisfy his lust for Magic.

"I will explore the vastness of this universe, and I will encounter other realities. I will attain more power and develop new Magic—Jane and I will see this through to the end."

'So that's why they got together. They both have an obsession for Magic.' My thoughts trailed, though thinking about their relationship still disgusted me.

"And no one is going to get in my way. Not Merlin. Not Neron. And definitely not you."

I listened in silence, and after hearing him conclude, the heavy weight in my heart slowly lifted.

'It looks like Aether was right.' A sad smile formed on my face.

If I had been given Magic in my first life, there was indeed a high chance that I would have wrought an imbalance to the world due to my obsession for it.

Perhaps not.

'Looking at this twisted version of myself, I can't help but be grateful to everyone I got to meet—both in this life and in my first one.'

The experiences I had must have shaped me into who I was, allowing me to pursue a different path compared to this world's Jared—or rather, Lewis Griffith.

'I could have easily become this monster...'

"How about you, Outer? Why are you standing in my way? Why are you risking it all to stop me and help those losers?"

Why indeed? It wasn't like this was my original world, and using more power meant having less for myself.

However, this guy was wrong about one specific detail.

'I'm not exactly risking it all. It's just like a minor inconvenience.'

As for why I would even choose to make the effort, well...

Slowly, my hair changed color, reverting to my original blond type.

My face also returned to its usual state, and I donned my flowing white coat, with the black inner shirt and trousers.

My outfit was coated with golden designs, and a couple of Magic Items served as accessories on it.

In no time at all, I was back to my original state—as Jared, of course.

I could see Jane and Jared's eyes widen in shock as they watched me unveil my true identity to them.

It seemed I had gotten my answer, thanks to Jared's answer, and his follow-up question.

Why was I going so far for a place as inconsequential as this, compared to my own world and the grand scheme of things?

The answer was quite simple.

"I guess I've taken quite a liking to this world."

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Chapter 882: Jared's Epiphany

"Y-you're... me?" I heard Evil Jared say, a little rattled from the way his tone was.

His face also displayed shock, which was a reaction I expected. Jane had the same look as well.

They were both dumbstruck by my sudden revelation.

"I am not exactly you. This is as strange to me as it is for you, but I can clearly say we're different people."

Our hair color were different, sure. But we looked completely alike—especially taking his past form into account.

"My true identity is Lewis Griffith. I was also reincarnated into Jared Leonard's body. I attended Ainzlark Academy. I made acquaintances. Got stronger. I grew... just like you. Still, were different."

And that distinction made all of the difference.

"Haa... so Merlin's theory was true, after all? The bubble theory."

'Bubble?'

"Our entire universe exists in a bubble, but there are other bubbles that reflect the same contents of our universe, but in a more distorted form. The side bubbles..."

Merlin came up with a theory similar to the reality of the Branches and Roots by himself? That was surprising.

Then again, he was able to discover the use of Miasma in a world that didn't use or even have it, so I didn't have to be so surprised.

There was one problem with the bubble theory, though.

'It tries to place this world at the center of the grand scheme things. But every supposed bubble, in reality, is a side bubble. The original reality traces back to the root.'

It wasn't my world, or this world.

Different actions and inactions caused the reality they were in to branch off and form a world where such action existed or didn't exist.

This loop of action and reaction caused the cosmic tree to be stretch on nearly infinitely, and even I couldn't calculate how far it extended, or how many branches existed in it.

'Limiting it to bubbles and calling other words side bubbles is a little...'

"So, you come from one of those side bubbles, don't you? It all makes sense now. That strong anomaly that we experienced over a month ago. That was when you arrived, correct? We couldn't pinpoint the location, but you must have landed somewhere close to the Outgroup."

His postulation was spot on. As expected of this world's version of me, I guess.

"I can imagine them giving you a hard time due to that face of yours. How did you become allies?"

So this guy understood the kind of trouble he caused me, didn't he? What an annoying bastard!

'I almost died, you know?'

Yes, this world's standard of Magic was poor, but I would have seriously died back then if things had devolved any further.

I still got shivers anytime I remembered that very intense moment.

"I come from a world different from this one, Jared. Or should I call you Lewi—"

"Don't call me that!" He snapped, his expression turning immensely dark in an instant.

'I see. So he really wants to let go of his last that badly?'

It must have been a really terrible first round he had.

"Alright then. I come from a different reality; one where I am praised as a Hero. I stopped a war, and I put my life on the line over and over again to save my people. I helped bring peace to the world."

I told him about how my world's version of Neron and me were very close friends. I told him of how the Nether Cult consisted of members of the Outers.

I told him about how Jane and I were best friends instead of lovers.

I felt my heart ache every time I spoke and looked at his face. I could see something gleaming deep inside him.

Something that told me he wanted it—what I had.

I didn't think his desire was to be purely evil and despised. All of that was only a means to an end.

All of these tragedies, though unforgivable, only served as a path to achieve his grand desire.

MAGIC!

And thanks to his love for Magic, Merlin was able to manipulate him and use him to achieve his ends.

In the end, this world's Jared was just a victim.

'it doesn't make his actions excusable, and he'll definitely pay for them. However, I can empathize with him...' I gave a soft smile while looking at his dazed face.

"I'll be getting married soon. I think... I may have found something worth pursuing other than Magic..."

Looking at myself in the mirror now, seeing how far my desires would push me, and how it would warp those dear to me, I discovered the truth that had taken me this long to find.

"I get to choose what to pursue. I have always had the choice."

Whether it was between Karlia and Emilia. Or Magic and Love.

I had the choice ultimately.

"I don't have to keep going down this lonely path. And I certainly don't have to do it by hurting those around me."

I could tell that this world's Jared and Neron had some form of relationship—most likely something similar to mine—before their friendship devolved.

Stefan's frustration with Jared for killing his cousin, Maria, stemmed far deeper than a mere student's action.

'They were most likely close. The way Ed and Ana were to me.'

Kuzon's vengeance spree wasn't simply directed at an unknown enemy. He and Jared must have had a relationship prior to his actions causing such a catastrophe.

In the end...

"You made the choice to pick Magic over your friends."

And I could see where all of that would lead to.

"In the end, you'd also abandon Jane for the sake of Magic."

It had taken me centuries to arrive at this conclusion, but right here and now, I had taken one step closer to the truth I wanted to set for myself.

"I love Magic. But... love my friends and family more."

That was the true difference between me and this person before me.

"We're not the same."

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Chapter 883: Jared's Final Round [Pt 1]

Silence.

Once I made my declaration, silence consumed everything.

I saw my doppelganger close his eyes as he inhaled deeply. The fact that he heard me out, and was currently not speaking, showed my words somewhat had an impression on him.

Perhaps he—

"Are you done?"

"What do you mean?" I responded, not expecting a response so soon.

"I mean, are you done spewing all that idealistic bullshit?"

"Ahh..." It seemed I raised my hopes a little too high.

This was someone who would wipe out an entire race in his pursuit for his desires—someone who had spent over a hundred years down this path.

'He's not going to change that easily.'

"What you're essentially saying is 'be nice to people, and treat people well, instead of looking out for yourself.' That's stupid!"

It seemed he was deflecting my ideals, rather than critically analyzing what I just told him. There seemed to be a cognitive dissonance somewhere within him, but he preferred to ignore it rather than face it head on.

I knew deep down this version of me didn't want to be evil.

'He wants to be recognized too, doesn't he? Recognized for his achievements.'

"Unlike you, I actually have no room for distractions. I will keep pursuing Magic to it's utmost limits. I will abandon anyone who stops me or stands in my way, that's true, but only fools would even try that."

Seeing this person this way ached my heart in more ways than I could say. Perhaps it was because these could have so easily been my words.

'No, Jared. Stop trying to immerse yourself too deeply. You're different people.' I cautioned myself, maintaining my cool.

"Do you know what that makes me? It makes me superior! I'm not like everyone else. I'm smarter, I'm stronger... I'm better! I am better than them!"

His gaze went to the Outers, and then to me. He seemed to be enjoying every moment of it. At this point, I couldn't really tell which one he'd rather be.

A hero or a villain.

"I don't care about useless people. If you don't have what it takes, then beat it. I worked tooth and nails to reach where I am. I gave it my all, suffering and enduring for my sweet reward. You think I'm going to let everything go now? You think I'd leave everything I've toiled for just because you told me to?"

Yes... I was too optimistic. These sort of things took time.

'And with time...' I smiled a little, glancing at Jane, whose face depicted how touched she was by my words.

'... You'll understand.'

I just had to give the seeds enough time to germinate.

"I suppose it's time we ended this now." I said, calmly ending the conversation there.

"Indeed. Considering how I know you're me, I'll be going all-out. Since you're a Hero who has saved your world countless times, this should be the best approach."

I nodded gently.

"You're right. You should hold back."

I wasn't going to hold back too much either. To make this fight as meaningful as I wanted it to be, I had to show this Jared the truth.

"Kindness is not the same as weakness. You can be strong, and at the same time... you can love others."

"Shut up!" Jared snapped, his face now twisted in rage and disgust.

It seemed he had gotten enough of my supposed 'bullshit.'

"[Elemental Chamber]!"

The moment he said this, all the major elements converged on him, swirling around to form the same model I used.

"[Dark Mage Mode]."

His body became more engulfed in darkness, and a dark mage cloak covered his body, with a twisted staff held in his hand.

Several dark orbs appeared around him, and his power swelled considerably.

"[Original Magic: Ultimate Power]."

It seemed his power skyrocketed even more the moment he activated this Magic.

It just kept rising indefinitely.

'Is this like Serah's [Invincible]?' No, there seemed to be a difference.

His power seemed fluid and malleable. Almost as if it was constantly adapting and shifting.

It took me a few seconds of analysis, thanks to my Magic Items and my immense sensory abilities—as well as Spellcraft, to finally comprehend what his Magic was all about.

'I see. [Ultimate Power] allows his power to keep increasing, while also maintaining a constant state of flux. This gives him the power to use any Magic he understands, with no restrictions and requirements.'

His energy would easily switch to the attribute, eliminating all forms of casting time or requirements.

He could probably use Original Magic if it was simple enough for him to understand and easy for his power to mimic.

"This is the very pinnacle of power. No, it's beyond it. This power far transcends Nine-Star Magic." He declared to me. "This is the result of my dedication and unyielding determination!"

He was right. This right here was 'Peak Level' Magic.

Even my Magic Item wouldn't protect me from his Spells anymore.

According to this world's standards, he could be considered a deity.

'He's very strong...'

In a world like this, his powers had transcended what anyone could hope to achieve.

However... this was simply the case of a frog in a well.

'I'm at the Transcendent Level. This isn't even a challenge for me.'

And perhaps it was time for him to know the simple truth.

"[Grand Elemental Chamber]. [Grand Fusion State]. [Mage Mode]. [Martial State]."

And finally...

"[Original Magic: Great Sage's Memoir]"

My body radiated immense light, and my transformation was concluded in an instant.

Emerging from the brightness that surrounded me, contrasting the darkness before me, I kept my gaze constant and resolved my heart.

'I just have to show you... how wrong you really are.'

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Chapter 884: Jared's Final Round [Pt 2]

My hair turned white, and my eyes shone with golden light.

A sphere of energy surrounded me, and layers upon layers of different elements—not only restricted to the basic five surrounded me. The numerous offers surrounded me—or rather, the sphere.

My entire body was glowing brightly too, and the multicolored energy of all the many Familiars in my possession began coating my skin and outfit in dense energy.

My cost became longer, and something akin to a crown of jewels sat on my head. Bright energy kept condensing on me, making me extremely more powerful in every second that passed.

'I would have used [Midas Touch] too, but I'm not used to it yet.'

Besides, having just this was more than enough to teach this person a lesson.

I didn't need to use my Arcanas. I just had to show him—no, show them—the error of their ways.

"You can't win, Jared." I smiled amid the torrents of energy I was releasing.

His face showed shock—or should I call it extreme intimidation.

He most likely couldn't believe how powerful J was.

He could already see how much stronger I was, compared to him. However, blinded by rage and power—perhaps even an inferiority complex—he would not back down.

"SHUT UP!" He yelled at me, causing me to grow silent.

'I'll let you attack first...' My thoughts trailed as he clapped his hands together to activate some sort of Spell.

And, as expected... he made his first assault Spell.

"[Final Flash]"

My eyes widened when I heard that Spell. It was something I used a bit too, and it was a Peak-level Magic Spell.

Definitely, it was going to have more power than all of Jared's other Spells.

'Hr also has Spellcraft, so he's definitely going to increase the strength and ensure I get hit.'

The problem with that arrangement was that it was simply useless.

>BZZZZTTTTTTT...<

"DIE!"

The lightning descended from above, sending currents coursing through my body while also putting me into a constant state of shock and pain... or so it should have gone.

However, not even a spark of the lightning touched me.

'Anti Magic nullifies every Spell. To be honest, nothing much has really changed.'

The raging storm of lightning that aimed to descend upon me disappeared after a few seconds.

All on an instant.

"Since you've given an attack, I suppose it's my turn."

"[Sword From Heaven]" I raised my hand, and suddenly, something miraculous began to occur among the thick dark clouds

>ZJUUUUUUUUUUUU<

The clouds began to part, revealing something giant and golden descending from. it.

What was it? It was a blade! An extremely massive blade.

"A-ahh..."

It fell from the sky at a currently slow pace, but thanks to its mass, and the rate of descent, it was bound to cause harm upon it's target and everything around him.

"I'll just do—"

Before Kuzon could judge, I used Spellcraft to bind him, holding him that fixed position where the sword would descend upon him.

"Feel the pain." After all, he had many other suffer the same, no, even worse.

"Y-YOU—!"

>VWUUUUUUUUUMMMMMM!!!<

The blade dropped at a massive rate, and while Jared erected an incredibly dense shield for himself, the thing easily broke, causing the blade to impale Jared and sending him crashing to the ground.

>BOOOOOOOOUMMMMMM!!!<

The ground shattered, sending dark debris flying everywhere as the area fell into plumes of smoke.

"Any second now..." I muttered.

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

Jared's body, coated in even more darkness than earlier, rose from the massive crater that had formed on the ground, and once again ascended to the sky.

"Grr..."

I felt it unnatural that an alternate version of me wouldn't be using strategies in a fight when his opponent was obviously stronger.

'Is the Miasma affecting his intelligence, or has he been so superior for so long that he can't develop any tactic to fight me?'

I still had to watch out for any surprises, but so far I didn't think he would be able to do anything that would cause me substantial harm.

It would still be nice for him to try, though.

After glaring for very long, he began throwing many Spells at me, nevermind their effects.

"[Dark Flow]!"

An acid bath filled with nothing but Miasma.

Did it work? No.

"[Dark Fall]"

A strong gravitational attack that would send me flying to the ground, crushing me instantly.

Did that work? Nope!

"[Mist Of Corruption]!"

A deep dark cloud that would rot me down to my bones.

Did this one work? Of course not!

It didn't matter what Spell he used, I could either use Anti Magic or block it.

And his Original Magic only served to improve the rate, speed, efficiency, and power at which he was able to dispense the Spells. So far, I hadn't really performed a Spell his energy could imitate.

"I should respond in kind now, right?" A smile formed on my face.

Stretching my hand at him, and then focusing my energy to the top of my finger, I used a pretty simple Spell.

"[Bang]!"

>PSHU!<

A very thin concentration of golden energy left my body, diving straight toward my target.

It easily traversed the distance and reached him before he could say anything.

I watched how the bullet I released pierced Jared, and then created the next effect the Spell was known for.

>BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

Jared was consumed by a golden blast, causing him scream like a man bordering the very edge of insanity.

"It hurts, doesn't it? It feels like your entire cells are boiling, right?"

"S-sh-shut uuuuup!"

In an instant, he used a massive wave of Miasma to douse the burning energy. Now feed from the agony I put him true, I expected him to still be in his hateful state, but it seemed Jared had now gotten a change of heart.

His eyes were still bulging, but a smile was now plastered on his face.

"I've had enough of this. I'll just end this now..." He stretched his hands towards me, almost as if he wanted to grab something.

'Hm?' I wondered to myself.

What exactly was this guy up to now?

"[Just Die]."

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Chapter 885: End Of The War

Despite how ridiculous it sounded, [Just Die], was an extremely difficult Spell.

It targeted the internal organs of the target by using Spellcraft to invade their body and affect them as he pleased.

If he wanted the target to suffer prolonged pain, he could first destroy a lung, and then watch as the person struggled to breathe, before eventually seeing them die.

For the case of his current enemy, though, as much as he wanted him to suffer, Jared understood how dangerous he was.

'He might figure out the trick to my Spell before I'm done.'

It was highly unlikely, but it was still within the realm of reason. He was a different version of 'Jared', after all.

As a result, Jared decided to go for the heart, using his most ridiculously OP Spell.

A Spell worthy of being the Trump Card Jared wielded; a surefire way to win against any of his opponents.

So why...?

'Why isn't he dying?!'

Jared's jaw tightened automatically, and his eyes kept twitching as he watched his enemy look completely normal.

"What are you looking at? Is there something that's supposed to be happening?" He asked.

'H-how...? It has always worked before! Why is nothing working!'

Frustration began to set in. Deep frustration that made him feel anger and yet fear beyond description.

He felt powerless even though he had reached his most powerful state.

Could it be that dark energy wasn't ultimate power?

'I... I...'

At that moment, something broke within Jared. And once it did, there was finally nothing holding him back.

... So he gave in to his desperation.

"UWAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

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A deafening roar resonated from Evil Jared's location, but to me it seemed more like the whining of a child.

After his earlier Spell, which I didn't quite understand, didn't work for some reason, it seemed he had finally reached a breaking point.

'What will he do now?'

The answer I got was something so straightforward and simple that I didn't expect it from my alternate self.

>WHOOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!<

That's right! He was coming for a head-on attack.

'I'm literally in Martial State. That's like the equivalent of Mage Mode for Martial Artists.' Well, something like that didn't exist here until I taught Edward, so he probably didn't understand it.

However, what that meant was...

>CLANG<

... I wasn't ever going to lose a one-on-one close range fight with this guy.

Deactivating my Elemental Chamber, I used a blade of light to parry his sword of darkness, causing sparks to dance around us.

He instantly summoned a second one, deciding to wield it on his second hand, but I swiftly projected an energy blade that shattered his second sword before it could fully manifest.

>SWOOOSH<

Twisting my body in mid-air, I gave him a roundhouse kick, sending him flying a great distance from me.

'Might as well engage in this...'

>VWUUUUSSSHHH<

I swiftly launched myself from my position and dashed at him, feeling the wind whipping my face.

It didn't take a second before I caught up to the recoiling Jared, but I was just getting started with him.

He saw me appear from behind him, and he sharply moved his body in order to close at me with his Miasma-coated hands, but I vanished from my position and appeared behind him.

A little slap on his back sent him flying another great distance, but I closed in on him once more and sent him back to the position he was coming from.

Eventually, I began to treat him like a ball, and our fight became a game.

Anytime I sent him flying, I would appear right where he was headed and push him to a different location.

After going on and on like this, I realized I was besting Jared to a pulp already, so I decided to end things in a much more preferable way.

"Last hit..." I whispered, tightening my fist and costing it with a little more energy than usual.

>BOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!!!<

His body crashed to the ground, reacting a massive quake while forming the largest crater on the battlefield.

I floated in the air above him, watching the smoke clear up and everything slowly come back into perspective.

Waiting, I watched Jared's defeated, bloodied state.

Miasma still poured out of him, but it seemed way less than before, and to obtain more supply, he would need to tap into the portal above.

Not like I was going to let him do so, though.

"So, you're not going to fight again?" I asked calmly.

His Dark Mage Mode vanished, and practically all the other transformations.

All he was left with was the slithering Miasma around him and his slowly healing body.

"Do you see it now? You're not going to rule an entire world. You're not going to conquer your universe. You're not superior to anyone. You're human, just like the rest of us."

His hunger for power must have driven him to commit atrocities in his first life, but why did he not learn from his past mistakes and live a different life after reincarnating?

'Why didn't he decide to live a more fulfilling life?'

Instead, he continued spiralling down that path—killing innocents, including his new parents.

"I can't save you, Jared. I have no say what your punishment will be. However, I will say this..." My eyes narrowed on the shuddering figure beneath me.

"... You shouldn't let your past define you."

As I said that, I reflected on all my choices and regrets of the past. It was finally time to let them go too.

I was Jared Leonard now. While I had my memories, and friends, and regrets from the past, I was living a completely different life now.

And that meant I needed to have a completely different ending.

"I told you... to SHUT UP! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ME, HUH?! DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I WORKED HARD TO GET HERE? YOU KNOW NOTHING! YOU DONT KNOW HOW IT FEELS FOR YOUR PARENTS TO LOOK AT YOU LIKE A PIECE OF DIRT! FOR EVERYTHING YOU LOVE TURN THEIR BACKS ON YOU! FOR EVERYTHING TO LOSE MEANING!" The pain and bitterness heavy in his voice was heartbreaking.

"ALL OF THAT WAS DUE TO MY LACK OF POWER! WITH POWER, EVERYTHING GETS SOLVED EASILY! I JUST NEED TO HAVE IT! MORE AND MORE!"

I really couldn't say any more to him at this point.

"Jane, where the hell are you? Don't just stand there and be useless! Stop that bastard! Do something! Help me, damnit! Move and do something now!"

I glanced at the Fairy he was referring to, and she looked completely somber.

Tears fell from her eyes as she just stood still, completely paralyzed in her position.

'I see...' I nodded as our eyes met when she looked at me.

If not for anything, I was glad that one of the two could at least understand the message.

'I don't think she'll be fighting anymore.'

As I stood above the ruined landscape, watching the chaos that shrouded everywhere, I could finally say it with confidence.

"This war is over."

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'Haha... it's just as I thought!' Neron laughed internally, though his face contained a smile that rang with disbelief.

After watching the fight between the two Jareds, he was glad he had chosen to be more careful.

'You're too strong, Jared. I really am no match for you.'

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Chapter 886: Collapse Of Darkness [Pt 1]

A devastated Landscape—one that stretched for miles.

That was the sight that would greet anyone who witnessed the current state of the Eastern Kingdom's Royal Capital.

The fallen soldiers and golems littered the ground like dirt, and smoke and exhaust still filled everywhere.

Hovering right above all of this chaos and destruction was a blonde who donned his white coat and and coolly observed everything.

Yeah, that blonde was me.

I looked in the direction of the Outers, who kept gawking at me in reverence and relief. Neron particularly had a good expression of surprise on his face that I personally enjoyed, but too much of that look wasn't very good for me.

I looked in the direction of the enemies—Jared and Jane—who were now currently unable to do anything.

Jane had gone over to Jared's side, and it seemed she was trying to comfort him or something, but Jared was most likely having an emotional/mental breakdown at this point.

I took my attention from them and looked at everything, taking in all the information they possessed.

'The war is pretty much over. All I have to do is stop the portal. I was thinking of a way to bring diversification to this world by letting Miasma have some space here, but there's really no need...'

If I let Miasma stay here, then new developments like Anti-Magic, and eventually perhaps pure Aether production, could be discovered.

What made me hesitate, however, was the harm that Miasma could cause.

It was extremely dangerous, especially to the people of this world, who were more attuned to Mana than anything else.

'It's regrettable, but I'll be stopping the portal. The device seems interesting, though. I think I'll keep it for further research.'

With that concluded, I ascended to the sky in order to stop it all.

'This shouldn't take too long.'

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"Tell me, Jane..." A low, hoarse voice emerged from Jared as he stiffly looked above him.

His long white hair was plastered on the dirty ground, with dirt and grime littering his face and body.

His body ached beyond words, but something inside him hurt even more. It felt like he was being torn apart anytime he considered the swirling emotions that raged within him.

"... What have we been doing all this time?"

As he whispered these words, his body shook. It seemed he wanted to say more, even do more, but he was limited by his actions.

Bloodshot eyes and gritting teeth could hardly explain the level of frustration that was rising within him.

"After everything, how did we still lose? I... after all this time, why am I still weak? Why isn't anything good enough?!"

It made no sense to him.

Even with his thorough preparations. Even though victory should have been assured and gotten undisputed, this had to happen.

Why?

What was his error? Why were things always like this?

It felt like the very world was against him.

"Jared, I..." Jane's words weakly answered.

Her eyes were a little swollen thanks to the tears, and it broke her heart to watch her lover this way.

Clearly, she empathized with him. They had come so far together, and this was a dream that they both decided to undertake.

However... somewhere along the way—during the final battle that cost them victory—she had mulled over the words of her enemies.

She had listened, and something within her shifted.

"I love you, Jared. Do you... love me too?"

"What?" He responded, completely surprised by the sudden switch in topic.

Couldn't something like that wait for now? They were currently facing a crisis, and it certainly wasn't time for romance.

"Jane. You know how deep my feelings run for you..." Jared muttered.

"Then—"

"But there's a place for romance. And there's a place for Magic. You and I both place Magic at the forefront. That's why we're so perfect for each other. It's why I love you so much. Do not let that change."

Jane bit her lip as she heard those words. She tightened her hands to form a fist, and it seemed that even more tears were about to fall.

However, she fought the hot liquids back, and she took light breaths. Closing her eyes and stabilizing her breathing, Jane made a very sad smile.

"It's a little too late for that, Jared." She answered, sniffing a little.

"What do you... mean?"

Jane wasn't so sure how her lover would react to this. No, perhaps she already did. However, after listening to the otherworldly, she couldn't deny herself any longer.

The sole motivation for all she had done—all the atrocities she had wrought so far, and even more that she would do—all centered on one person.

"Jared, I love you more than Magic."

There remained no doubt on her mind about it.

"And I want to know right now, Jared.... if you could feel the sa—"

"Don't fuck with me! Don't say that to me! I don't want to hear any of that!" Jared's response was a loud roar that seemed so full of despair and bitterness.

"This isn't how it was meant to go! Why did things have to turn out this way?!" He yelled, rage evident in his eyes.

"All I wanted... why is it being denied now? And even you... you're leaving the path too? Why can't you all see what I see? Why can't you all understand? I thought you understood, but—"

"I understand, Jared. I under—"

"No, you don't! You fucking don't! No one does!"

His voice echoed sadness and despond, breaking the heart of Jane who watched and tried to comfort him.

"I... I am all alone."

Hearing those words from Jared, the Fairy finally realized the truth.

That Jared just couldn't care and love her the same way he did for Magic.

"I-I see..."

And that was enough to break her.

"S-sorry for ever loving you."

She collapsed on the ground too, now losing all the strength in her body to move.

She no longer had the strength to tell him about their child that she carried... or the future she had envisioned for their girl.

All she could do was lie there, not knowing what to expect next.

That was Jane's punishment.

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

Chapter 887: Collapse Of Darkness [Pt 2]

>BZZZZTTTTTTTT<

I touched the darkness of the spatial expanse above me and felt an electric charge sizzle on my hand.

It did no damage, but I could feel the resonance and equal dissonance I had with the gateway.

'Interesting...' I smiled.

I had to admit, even though the Magic in this world wasn't very advanced, the inventions often astounded me.

'To think they built a device that could pierce through dimensions. How amazing.'

This portal led to another world—one that was rife with Miasma.

'They actually crossed from one branch to another without an Arcana. That's amazing. Just how many variables did they have to consider to get this sort of result? And the energy output too...'

Before the portal became self-sustaining, a substantial amount of energy had to be used to pry the doors open.

It was beyond fascinating.

However, there was one more factor that made it all the more spectacular.

It was the wavelength.

'When I first arrived in this place, my energy wavelength differed. As a result, I wasn't properly able to harness my Mana and Miasma.'

Other than trying to resort to Aether, I was stuck since my Mana would rapidly evaporate into the air as a result of its lack of sync with the frequency of this world.

'It's also why I thought Dark Energy was Nether. How else would they be able to harness an energy that didn't belong in this world, to begin with?'

However, it turned out I was wrong on all ends.

The Miasma that proceeded out of this portal was in perfect sync with this world's frequency. It was amazing, just looking at the thing.

Whoever invented this thing was a genius comparable to people like Ana and even me. And that was even more amazing when considering the kind of reality this was.

'They managed to stabilize an unstable event-horizon without the use of an Arcana. They also tweaked the frequency of Miasma so it could freely operate in this reality. This device, while clunky and in need of a lot of upgrades, works too well.'

If I applied this to my world, wouldn't it be possible for us to harness the energy of other realities? To create diversity and special effects?

Not everyone could use Aether, but wasn't it possible that there existed other kinds of energy out there that would end up being just right for them?

Besides, the very fact that it would advance Magic made things very exciting for me.

'They're most likely going to ask how they can repay me for my kindness. I'll ask for this device.

'I want to study it more.' A smile formed on my face. 'But just in case they don't...'

I looked beneath me and saw all my fallen Golems and Automatons.

"You guys can stop acting now. I need you to do something for me, Gawain."

The moment I said this, the multitude of constructs who were supposedly taken down by Merlin's wave of Miasma, whirred back to life.

'I made them pretend to make things go more smoothly...'

I could feel my Familiars complain within me, telling how they would have liked a piece of the action too, but what could I do?

'Kahn was the only one I used in the final fight. Sucks for them...' I nearly gave a wry smile.

After learning of the wavelength of this world, I applied it to Kahn as a test. It was also one of the reasons why I let him fight.

It turned out he was able to use Miasma without any real restriction, thus replicating the effect this device had on the otherworldly Miasma that currently poured into this world.

'Alright, Jared. Enough talking. Let's shut this thing down.' I smiled, using my Original Magic to summon the right Arcana Spells for his.

"[The Tower]. [The Chariot]."

I used the former on the portal, while utilizing the latter on the device.

>WHUUUUUSSSSSHHHHHHH<

Bright bursts of energy erupted from me as I utilized my Aether to affect the swirling pool on the sky, shutting it down within moments.

As for the device, I was able to easily disassemble it with [The Chariot].

Thanks to that, I was able to get its fine blueprint, so I suppose everything worked out perfectly well.

In very little time at all, the plan that must have taken them so long to execute, was taken apart.

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After I was done with the portal, I descended from my high estate and made my way to the crater where Jared and Jane helplessly lay.

Both of them seemed as lifeless and hopeless as one would expect after a loss.

They also looked broken.

'Guess they suit each other more than I thought. Argh, what am I thinking!'

I approached Jared, my gaze as calm as it could possibly get.

"What are you going to do now?" He asked, barely even staring at me.

His eyes were on the bright and clear sky above him.

With the darkness evaporated, there were barely any more vestiges of Miasma around.

The only one left... was him.

"After ridding you of your Miasma, I'll hand you over to Neron and the Outers. You'll face justice and pay for your crimes."

"Is that... so...?" His voice trailed.

It seemed he already knew what was coming to him. Still, he didn't seem to care.

Was he that much broken?

'It's out of my hands now.' I thought to myself.

"H-how...? How did you become so strong?" He suddenly asked me.

One could only imagine the kind of surprised expression I leaked out when I heard his question.

'Oh?'

His face completely stoic, but his eyes... they still showed that yearning from earlier.

Even with no hope in sight, it seemed Magic was all he could think about.

"I had help. My friends, my family, my teacher... and even my enemies. Everyone made me this strong. The most recent is the Outgroup, and even you. You've all made me far stronger than I was before arriving here."

Thanks to the nature of my Original Magic, I was pretty much always learning.

"I-I see..." Jared whispered. "Must be nice."

I nodded, looking up at the sky too.

"You're right. It is."

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

Chapter 888: A New Idea

"NOOOOOOO!!!" I heard someone scream.

I sharply looked in the direction of the noise and found it to be coming from a short distance to my right.

It belonged to a golden-haired man who picked up the bloodied corpse of another golden-haired boy.

"K-Kuzon, please. Not you. Please... don't be... n-not you... I can't lose you too... hicc..."

The man who cried and sobbed endlessly was Kido Midas, Kuzon's uncle, though you'd think he was his father or something just based on how he was acting.

Kuzon was so harsh and cold towards him, yet the man was so warm and kind.

'His death must take a heavy emotional toll on him. I can't bear to see Kido in anguish.'

It was best to revive Kuzon, and pretty much any other person who died on the battlefield.

I owed them that much.

"[The Hanged Man]. [The Magician]. [Spellcraft]."

Combining these three, I was going to have enough energy to undertake the task.

'Reviving people with their bodies alone.'

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"Uwaaaaahhhhhh!!! Jared, thank you so muuuccchhhh!!!" Kido was now hugging me at this point.

His arms were wrapped specifically around my butt as he knelt and placed his head on my crotch while crying.

It felt completely weird.

"Yeah, I got it. Just go spend time with your nephew!" I cried out, detaching myself from his strong hold.

I understood how emotional he was. It would be more illogical if he wasn't, considering he had just seen an actual miracle.

Kuzon, and pretty much every living being in this battlefield were now revived.

As I had these thoughts, the rest of the Outers—those who had been stationed in the other nations included—approached me.

Judging from the smiles on their faces, and my immense sensory prowess, I knew things had gone over smoothly over there.

The war really was over.

"You amaze me every time, Jared. To think you can even raise the dead." Neron smiled at me.

It felt very strange hearing someone like Neron tell me that.

'Didn't he revive almost everyone who died in Ainzlark back then? I'm pretty sure he has done even more crazy things.'

I knew this world's Neron couldn't compete with mine, but it still felt weird.

"I can do a lot of things with the Arcana Spells. I could teach you, but there's no time. I should be returning to my world soon."

"Surely, you could make time for this one Arcana Spell, right?" Karlia burst out, looking a little too enthusiastic.

'Ah... I get it now.' A sad smile formed on my face.

I should have realized it sooner. How dense could I be? The Demon Race Massacre, the lost companions of the Outgroup, the many who had perished before now.

With such a godlike power at their beck and call, it would have been stranger if they didn't desire it.

Unfortunately...

"[The Hanged Man] can only be used on either the Body or Soul. And by body, I mean a healthy, living body."

I could see Karlia's face darken. She must have felt extremely sad—no, that would be an understatement.

After experiencing hope, it was a very brutal thing to be thrust back into despair.

"I'm sorry." I sighed. "Even I have my limits."

The mood was sinking slowly. Even though we won, why did it seem like some of us had lost.

'I would have considered leaving the Demons within me in this world, but it's too risky.'

Not only did they have their whole constitution centered around Miasma, but they weren't particularly a peaceful race. The fact that they could be a major threat to this world dissuaded me.

Alternatively looking at it, due to the difference in frequency, they probably wouldn't be able to thrive properly here.

I could probably make the whole arrangement work, but would that really solve the problem?

Karlia had people she lost, and bringing a couple of strangers to live with her wouldn't cut it.

'Besides, with Legris up to something, I can't let go of a majority of my Familiars. They're still useful, after all.'

After considering these factors, I arrived at a dead end.

It began to bring even my mood down.

'Neron, why don't you help out here?' I looked in his direction, but he seemed to be deep in thought.

'What are you thinking about? Your woman is in such a mood, and you're busy in thought?' I wanted to scream at him, but I chose to say nothing.

'Nah, screw it!'

"Neron, you—"

"Jared, I've been thinking..."

Our voices overlapped, causing me to halt in my tracks and consider the words he had to say.

"Based on my understanding of the Arcana Spells; [The Hermit] manipulates time, and [The Hanged Man] can revive the dead. Is it not possible that those two aren't mutually exclusive for our purposes?"

My eyes twitched a little once he said this.

"You could turn back time in a given area or on a given target, and then revert them to their desired state."

"I can't interfere with the Soul, though. It's beyond the scope of [The Hermit]."

"I'm not saying it is. That's where [The Hanged Man] comes in. Revert a body to its optimal state, and then use [The Hanged Man] to revive them."

My eyes slowly widened the more I heard Neron speak.

"Doing this on a wide scale would drain a lot of energy, but if you use [The Magician], it shouldn't be a problem."

'To use the Arcana Spells myself, it's better I use Aether. By condensing the Mana provided by [The Magician], turning it to Aether, I should still be able to use it.'

It was brilliant!

"What do you think, Jared? It's a rough idea, but—"

"It could work!" I beamed, looking at all of them with excitement.

"The Demons. The Elves. Stefan's cousin. The Ainzlark Students. Kuzon's parents. Vaizer's family. And so much more."

It could all work. I could bring them all back!

My heart raced as I made this realization, and my eyes widened more and more with indescribable exhilaration.

"I can't wait to try this out."

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

Chapter 889: Epic Resolution

"Haaa..." I exhaled as I closed my eyes.

Locked in my heightened state, using all forms of Magic enhancements and supplements, I was brimming with power.

I rose above the the ground, ascended beyond the sky, and finally left the planet.

I feasted my eyes on the beauty of the world beyond the lonely world everyone I had grown to love lived in.

All of what I was about to do was for their sake.

The sake of a lone planet and its inhabitants.

"This place is perfect." I said to myself.

It was rich in untapped energy, an excellent place to use Spellcraft in addition to [The Magician], in order to fuel [The Hermit] and [The Hanged Man]

The plan was to use Neron's Spell, [Time Immersion], to observe certain parts of the world in the past, and then use [The Hermit] Arcana to reverse the state of the particular person in that area so I could get their ideal form to revive.

It was a long, complicated process—especially now that I thought of it more clearly.

However, I wanted to do this.

I wanted to see if it was indeed possible to raise the dead without resorting to either the Body or the soul at the very start.

Thinking about it alone gave me goosebumps that simply wouldn't go away.

"Let us begin..."

My bright body brimmed even more as I initiated the spark of Magic.

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It worked! It all worked out perfectly well.

I revived all of them.

It was exhausting for me—using so much energy and concentration for each task—but I pulled it off.

Never before had I done something as extraordinary as this.

But I did so anyway!

"Haaa... haaa..." My breath was heavy as I watched the new planet before me.

"It seems I've once again grown in Magic."

The excitement hadn't faded. My heart felt like bursting with his new accomplishment echoing in my heart.

"I can't wait to let the others know about this!"

And by 'others', I meant those at home.

'I could use [The Fool] to erase, or even alter their memories, so that they can forget all of this ever happened. I could make Jared and Jane good people—or think they're good people. I could do so many things...'

But I decided to leave this world as it was.

People died, and people also made mistakes. Society learned and progressed as a result of this.

'I've made an exception by reviving the dead ones that mattered to those that matter to me in this place. That should be enough.'

After all, even the dead didn't feel agony or anything.

I wasn't doing them a disservice.

"Let's return. There's still a lot I need to do."

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[A Few Days Later]

"It's still amazing, now that I think about it." Neron smiled, walking beside me as we talked.

It hadn't been long since the end of the conflict, but a lot of things had already changed.

Jared and Jane, as well as their allies and subordinates were currently imprisoned while going through trial.

I decided not to interfere with the legal system of this world, so I left it all to Neron.

The Outgroup also disbanded, and the members were going on doing whatever was fit for them.

Kido was back in the Midas Empire, serving as Kuzon's adviser. The latter's parents, though revived, were on vacation.

Apparently, they thought they could entrust their entire Empire to their kid. How irresponsible.

Stefan and Maria moved back into their family home, and the both of them were currently thinking of attending Ainzlark as staff—aiming to be teachers.

Karlia was with her Demon family, helping them settle into this new world that was now presented before all of them.

Neron said he went to visit her often, and they had an intense love session every time.

I didn't need to know that last part, but he told me anyway.

'I have to admit, I'm a little salty...'

Seeing Neron and Karlia together never stopped being weird for me.

Beruel was back to leading his people, though Vaizer didn't return to his position as Beast King.

Instead, he chose to explore the world with Reed as an Adventurer.

His family remained in the Beast Kingdom though. He planned on seeing them before and after every adventure he went through.

As for Edward, he set off on his journey to grow stronger. Once he was powerful enough, he was going to confront Lilith and confess to her.

'That's a tough pill to swallow. Perhaps Lilith in this world is different, but...'

The Lilith I remembered didn't do so well with romance.

"Ciel is thinking of exploring the planets outside this one." I smiled.

"Interesting, isn't it?" Neron answered with a smile.

There could be allies or enemies out there. It was only rational that she would explore the stars to search for them.

"Is she going alone?"

"Na. Ana is thinking of joining her." Neron answered.

Ana? But I thought she and Stefan were already getting pretty close.

Did something happen?

"Apparently they decided to give each other some time to figure things out. I'm not sure of the details, but they both want to explore their passions. It's best we respect their decisions." Neron elaborated.

Since that was the case, I suppose it was alright.

The other revived Outers were busy with one thing or the other, and while Ciel planned on visiting the world outside this planet, she was currently dealing with the Elves and helping them settle in.

There was bound to be some remnant enmity between the Elves and Demons, particularly on the side of the victims of the massacre, so she was currently working hard to resolve it.

Ciel was pretty much this world's guardian at this point.

"What about you? What do you plan on doing?" I asked Neron.

"Researching, mostly. Your arrival here has opened my eyes to a lot of things. We're currently not as advanced as your world, right? That means I'll have to work on researching and making sure we make new developments in Magic."

I smiled when I heard this. "That's nice."

"I was hoping Ana would be interested, but it seems she wants to know more about this vast world we live in..Thanks for giving her Hugo, though. She constantly gushes over that Golem."

We both laughed at Neron's statement, especially because we had experienced it firsthand

After piloting it during the mission, she didn't want to let Hugo go. I decided to give it to her and simply make a better, upgraded version when I left this place.

"Well, you guys also gave me that Generator, so I suppose it's fair."

"We gave you that as thanks. This is different." Neron argued.

"There's no need for such 'thanks' among friends." I stretched my hands toward Neron, and after a bit of surprise written on his face, he took my hand.

We both shook hands, giving each other warm smiles that calmed my heart.

"When are you leaving?"

"Oh? In a hurry to see me go, huh?"

"No. I was thinking of having one final get-together for all the Outers before you go."

As expected of Neron. He always thought of the right thing to say.

"That'll be grea—"

>BZZZZTTTTTTTTZZZZZZZZ<

A buzz echoed a short distance from the both of us, and a sudden rupture in space manifested, bringing forth a golden portal.

Golden electricity charged from the portals edges, and almost as soon as it appeared, someone proceeded out of the spatial gate.

He had golden hair, golden eyes, and an extremely handsome face.

He was wearing a bizarre outfit, but I definitely recognized him—even based on the resonance we shared alone.

"No..." My eyes widened.

"Ahh... I'm finally here!" The young boy sighed, stretching a little as the portal behind him vanished.

I was nearly dumbstruck seeing him in front of me, but almost instantly a smile formed on my face.

After all.....this person was my friend.

"Long time no see, Jared." He smiled, returning the same twinkle I had in my eyes.

Words could not explain the thrill I felt from his presence alone.

"Kuzon!"

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

Chapter 890: Reuniting Friends

"Haaa! That crazy old man was right all along!"

Kuzon instantly crumbled to the ground the moment he heard call his name.

He sat on the bare ground, not minding the dirt, and his face depicted pure relief.

"Kuzon...?"

I was still very surprised to see him just pop out of nowhere, and I had plenty questions, but there was one thing that bugged me above all else.

"What in the world are you putting on?" I asked, twisting my face in surprise as I stared at his bizarre outfit.

At the moment, Kuzon was putting on a Mage outfit—having the whole cloak and wizard cap on.

The whole getup.

The problem was the way the outfit was designed.

"Blue and green, with white stars? And why is it oversized?" Words could not explain how ridiculous I thought he looked in the thing.

"W-well, it wasn't my fault. He forced me to put it on."

"Hahaha! Is that so? Someone forced you to put something like this one? I wonder what Ana would think if she saw you?"

I was a bit curious about who could make Kuzon subject himself to such shame, but I had to make fun of him first.

"Ha ha, real mature of you, Jared. Won't you stop him, Neron Alter?"

"Alter?" Neron muttered, rubbing his chin a little in confusion.

"Ah, don't mind me. That's what the crazy old man called you..."

"Well..." Neron stared at me for a moment, but then shrugged not long after.

It was hilarious seeing Kuzon's shocked face turn to disappointment.

"Pfft." After going through all the crazy things for months in this world, it was finally time to have some comic relief.

No one could blame me for that.

"In any case... who are these people that are closing in on me? Friends of yours?"

Just as Kuzon said that, the Outers gathered with flashes of light bustling around them. They took their respective positions, surrounding him, while maintaining a safe distance.

I saw caution written on their faces, but it only lasted for a moment.

"Guys, relax. He's a friend of Jared." Neron raised his hand and calmed them down.

'Phew! Tough crowd.' I thought to myself with a smile.

To think they would all leave their respective locations and rush to this place at the slightest hint of danger.

It was a good thing I taught them teleportation and all. This way, they would be alert if their world was ever to be in danger of any external threats.

"H-hold on... Kuzon?! Ah, so it's like that..." The Outers quickly adjusted to the logic of my Midas friend being a doppelganger

After all, after encountering me and hearing me out, they had become more open to the idea.

But what about Kuzon?

"Oh? Aren't these members of the Nether Cult? Looks like you've had an interesting adventure, Jared."

"Haha, well... I guess. I even fought an evil version of myself." I grinned.

"Oh, wow. Lucky you." It seemed like Kuzon was nearly in tears when he said that.

Just what did he have to experience? How did he even know where I was?

He seemed awfully calm about everything—even seeing the uncle he despised so much as a doppelganger.

"You're not even going to react to an alternate Ana?" I asked him teasingly.

"H-hey, what's that supposed to mean, Jared?" Ana yelled, her cheeks flushed with pink.

She was most likely embarrassed for no reason at all.

"Meh. Mine is prettier."

"What in the—?! I don't understand!"

Seeing Ana in so much confusion brought a couple of chuckles from both me and Kuzon. It seemed, no matter what, we both enjoyed watching our favorite Loli in a state of panic.

"As much as I would like to stay here and hear your story, as well as regale you with the tales of my adventure, there's no time." His chuckles slowly died down, revealing a serious expression on his face.

It seemed Kuzon knew something I didn't know. I was honestly extremely curious about all he had been through, but there was something more important on his mind.

"Legris separated us by transporting a bunch of us to separate worlds. We still need to find the others."

'Wait... really?' My face twisted a little in confusion.

"I heard Neron's voice in my head, though. He told me it would all be fine. That's what made me less worried and hurried about returning home."

Kuzon sighed, placing one of his hands on my shoulder.

"I figured he would tell you something like that. His message to me was different, though."

"Oh? What did he—"

"Try your hardest. Win 'his' approval. Everyone is counting on you!" Kuzon repeated the words Neron must have told him. "It seems Neron knew I'd be the one to reach out to you first."

My eyes widened a little. Just how far did Neron see? Was he playing a grand game again?

I was totally confused.

"In any case, you need to come with me so we can get the others. I'll tell you what happened to me on the way. I also want to hear all about your side."

I nodded slowly, still trying my best to digest all I had just heard.

Still, something couldn't leave my mind.

"What of our home world? How is it? Do you have an idea?"

Everyone who was left... I was immensely worried for them.

Just how many of us got sent in the alternate worlds? What about Maria? What about my parents? My family? My comrades?

I was beginning to get worried that it started to drive me crazy.

"Relax, Jared. It's going to be alright... hopefully. That's why we need to hurry."

Upon hearing Kuzon's words, I steadied my breathing and calmed my heart.

He was right. No good would come out of getting too worked up.

"Alright then. I understand. You have a way to track them down, right?"

"Yeah. The crazy old man gave the coordinates and the tools to me."

Who was this crazy old man Neron kept referring to? I wanted to ask him, but since he said he would tell me everything eventually, it was more pertinent to leave now.

"Looks like this is goodbye, Neron. Everyone." I looked behind me and saw all of them giving me warm smiles.

Neron Kaelid.

Ciel

Edward

Karlia

Stefan

Vaizer

Reed

Beruel

Ana

The other Outgroup members were also present.

I felt my chest tighten a little. I wanted to spend a little longer with them—at the very least to see this world thrive.

However, my own world and people needed me too.

"Looks like we're going to have to postpone that party." Neron smiled at me, a twinkle in his eyes.

I wasn't even sure I would ever see him, or anyone here, ever again. However, my lips curled up to form a smile regardless.

"Yeah. Definitely."

>BZZZZTTTTTTTTZZZZZZZZ!!!<

A blinding light shone, revealing the same portal that Kuzon came out of. I saw him holding an orb, which glowed ever so brightly.

It seemed to be connected to the golden portal in front of us.

"Alright, Jared. Let's go." With that, he entered the golden pool in front of us, and I trailed after him.

With one final look at this alternate world, a smile formed on my face and I remembered all I had experienced.

'I'm going to miss you all...'

And with that, I completely vanished from the alternate reality... making it lost to me.

Maybe forever.

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