

SPELLCRAFT: REINCARNATION OF A MAGIC SCHOLAR

Chapter 10

Magic is a very complicated concept. Not only is it highly volatile, but it is also progressive.

Having been gone for over five hundred years, this concept has taken leaps and bounds from where I left off, making me stranded with only old information.

But, this would all change in a few days. As a seven-year-old child, I wasn't granted access to the main household Library, since I was always watched.

Since my mother realized I loved books, she made a separate library for me, filling it with easy-to-understand books that were deemed fit for my age. Of course, I easily exhausted these and demanded more tasking materials, but my stubborn mother insisted on sticking to the childish pieces of paper she called books.

It was thanks to this that I couldn't progress much in my study of modern-day magic. Still, I wasn't too frustrated since I had still not formed my Mana Core. However, that time is over. The deal I made with my mother was finally going to take effect.

Books were important, however, this deal was something that would be even better than literature. A Magic-User who had experience in both practice and education, capable of imparting their knowledge into others... A Magic Tutor!

Finally, I was going to have one!

CLACK

CLACK

CLACK

I heard the sounds of horse hooves marching on the hard ground in my family's compound.

This sound distracted my reading, but awakened the curiosity I had.

'Are they finally here?' I thought to myself.

I looked down from my study, which I intentionally requested to be close to the window, and saw a carriage making a turn at the flower garden, close to the main gate.

A broad smile formed on my face, and I closed the book I was engrossed in just seconds ago.

"I should go welcome them, no?"

Jumping from my seat, I hurriedly dashed from the room and charged straight for the main door downstairs.

I didn't need to change the attire I wore, since it was already a perfectly decent one.

'Since a few days ago, after Anabelle sent a letter, requesting for my tutor, I have been wearing presentable attires in anticipation for when they would come!'

I saw a few maids rushing to inform my mother of the presence of whoever descended from the carriage, but I totally ignored them. In a flash, even before my Anabelle could be told of my tutor's arrival, I was already behind the door.

"Let's see who it'll be!"

A grin formed on my face as I clasped the doorknob.

"Welcome to the Leonar-" I spoke while opening the door to see our dear guest.

Suddenly, a sharp surge coursed through my body, causing it to nearly go numb.

'W-wha-...?! This is...'

My eyes bulged and every hair of my skin stood as I felt the intense pressure emanating from a single location. With all of my strength, I raised my head and looked in the direction of the person who stood before me, directly in front of the main entrance.

“Y-you are...?!” I managed to whisper, staring at the overwhelming figure.

The man, appearing to be in his late fifties, stared at me blankly. His body was limp, and he had a somewhat skinny outlook, yet the presence he emitted was that of a well-seasoned expert.

The pressure felt enough to crush me.

‘Incredible... what a dense mana signature!’ I thought to myself while sweating profusely.

“Are you... Jared Leonard?” The man suddenly spoke, causing me to stiffen in response.

His eyes were fixated on me, narrowing them as though he was intrigued by something I wasn’t aware of.

“Y-yes...” I stuttered.

However, I wasn’t done. No matter how incredible this person was, what he was currently doing was wrong. For him to carelessly release his magic pressure, what was he hoping to achieve?

“I-if you don’t mind... could you retract your magic pressure?”

His eyes narrowed even more as I asked this, causing me to gulp. The man suddenly moved closer, one foot already past the door, and drew his face closer to me.

“Interesting...” He mumbled, stroking his short, white beard.

“Eeek...” I squeaked, feeling like an ant before him.

“Are you sure you’re Jared Leonard?” He asked me once again.

I could smell his breath from our distance. It wasn’t terrible, just very musty, like a combination of spicy herbs and alcohol.

This time, I didn’t answer. I had had enough of this man’s insolence. Perhaps I had forgotten earlier, but as the son of a Duke, and his employer, he had no right to treat me in such a manner.

Magic Pressure was something Magic-Users used to greet each other, displaying their level of power. For him to do such a thing before a seven-year-old like me, who just awakened... was extremely inappropriate.

Still, I was done with words. If his language was going to be Magic Pressure, I was just going to give him the response he wanted.

SHUUUUUUUU

I instantly opened my magic veins, causing my mana to leak out and generated my own magic pressure.

BOOOMMMMMMM

Our distinct energies clashed with each other, causing a quake across the room.

I winced a little, noticing that my Pressure was nothing compared to his. Still, I wasn't about to give up due to this little setback.

I pushed more of my mana out to compensate, gritting my teeth as I glared at him. The man didn't even seem fazed by my Pressure. From his demeanor, he wasn't even serious from what he emitted.

'Tch, don't look down on me!'

Even if I was weaker in terms of the quality of mana, it wasn't everything. The room was currently brimming with mana thanks to both of our pressures, and mine was directly clashing with his, as well as touching the surrounding mana.

The conditions were perfect for SPELLCRAFT.

"Hold it right there!" A voice suddenly interrupted my thoughts.

My eyes bulged as I recognized who it was. I looked back and saw an annoyed glare on her face.

'Anabelle?!'

The man standing before me quickly withdrew his Magic pressure for some reason, leaving mine the only one evident.

I turned to look at him, only to be shocked by what I saw. His intimidating aura had gone, instead, his eyes were exhibiting an emotion that I had not long ago... FEAR.

What the hell was happening here?!

“You’ve crossed the line this time, Alphonse!” Anabelle, my mother growled, moving closer.

“A-Ana, hold on, I can explain-”

Before the man could finish speaking, my mother vanished from her location, appearing behind the man she called Alphonse.

‘A-amazing... I couldn’t even see her move!’ My thoughts rang as I witnessed her standing in front of me, but behind the man in our midst.

“W-wait!” He pleaded.

However, before he could struggle or move, my mother interlocked her arms around his, dragging him up with her might and bent backward, crashing him into the ground.

A mighty SUPLEX!

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