

# SPELLCRAFT: REINCARNATION OF A MAGIC SCHOLAR

Chapter 11  
BAM!

Were my eyes deceiving me? Absolutely not!

I had no idea how my prim and proper mother was able to achieve such a feat, even with the long gown she wore and her seemingly slender arms. She had never displayed such monstrous strength and agility the whole time I have known her.

Dragging the stranger she called Alphonse, she bent backward and flung him to the ground in a mighty suplex, causing a loud noise to reverberate in my ears.

“W-wha-?!” I could only mutter, seeing as my eyes barely followed her movements.

The man’s head was planted to the ground, and his eyes had turned white while his mouth foamed. It appeared that her sudden action had sent him into a state of unconsciousness instantly.

My mother... sure is scary!

“Ah, it still hurts... did you really have to go that far, Ana?” Alphonse grumbled while cracking his sore neck.

After the incident, mother ordered the maids to carry the unconscious man to the guest lounge, where she told me to come as well.

Of course, she had paused to ask how I was doing and if it hurt anywhere, but I was more concerned about her proximity to me than any other thing.

‘Don’t try feigning affection to me now, you brute!’ My mind rang, unable to separate the current image I had of my mother at the moment.

Still, as a master of acting, an art I had cultivated for the seven years of my life, I reverted to my childish nature and gave her a sweet and warm smile.

“I’m okay, mum.”

Of course, this did the trick as she tightly embraced me, suffocating me with her enormous chest.

‘Just break all my bones, will you!’

After the maids began taking Alphonse up, mother followed behind them, while I followed behind her.

I swear, I was gulping the whole time. It wasn’t a pleasant experience.

After we settled in the Lounge, a verandah-like area, with an open view of the garden, which was filled with lush breeze and a pleasant aura, I was unable to enjoy any of these thanks to the woman I called my mother.

“Alphonse, you can wake up now.” My mother spoke calmly, lightly tapping the unconscious man who was already placed on the chair.

For a man appearing to be in his fifties, he sure looked miserable now. He should have known who he was messing with.

‘Hehehe, I guess he has learned his lesson now.’

Alphonse did not budge, most likely due to being immersed in the unconscious state my mother had put him in. It hadn’t been very long since her assault, so patience was a given in situations like this... or so I thought.

“Oi, Alphonse! Don’t keep me waiting!” My mother yelled, using her elbow to hit his stomach.

“Guarkkkk!!!” The man sprung back to life in recoil to that attack.

‘A-ah!’ Even though I wasn’t the one that was hit, I tightly gripped my guts in reaction to the display of violence exhibited by my mother.

‘Anabelle, take it easy!’

The man groaned, mumbling some curses to himself.

“Oh, what was that?”

He instantly froze the instant my mother asked, drawing her face near his. Her scary smile and chilly aura made even me tremble.

'What happened to the warm and kind mother I know and love?!'

"A kid is here, Alphonse. No swearing." She stared firmly.

"Alright, alright. Jeez..." He mumbled, rubbing his neck which appeared to be sore from the suplex he received.

"Sorry about that..."

It appeared that he had just made an apology, but I was confused about who it was directed to. Me, or my mother?

"Ahem!" She coughed, sending him into another state of shock.

It was amazing how my mother, who was barely even 25 years old, was able to command the actions of a man over twice her age.

"I mean, Jared... I would like to apologize for my earlier behavior... that was uncalled for." He smiled, finally looking in my direction.

A small smile formed on my face since he was paying attention to me at long last.

"It's fine... I'm just curious as to why you did that. Magic Pressure is dangerous, sir."

I made sure to speak in a respectful tone, showing the etiquettes I had grown to learn.

It appeared learning it in my past life as well as my new one would not be a waste, after all.

"Oh? You're a fine young lad, aren't you? Polite as well... are you sure you're Ana's son-?!"

Before he could complete his sentence, my mother jerked him in the gut once again, causing him to bowl over and groan while holding his stomach.

"A-ah, you never change, do you?"

"Shut it, Alphonse!"

At this point, I was getting curious. Just what was the relationship between my mother and this weirdo?!

“Answer the kid! I’m also curious...” My mother gave a menacing smile.

A bead of sweat fell from his forehead as he slightly coughed, pretending to clear his throat.

“W-well... simply put, it was a test.”

A test? Now that was somewhat unexpected, but at the same time, it started to make sense to me.

“So that’s what it was. Sigh, why did I even call for you?” Ana groaned, shaking her head.

It appeared my mother knew what this man’s test was all about. Even I was already having a faint guess.

“Haha. Well, I had to make sure. After getting a letter from you, requesting me to be his tutor, I still had to confirm if he was worth teaching.” Alphonse answered.

‘Ouch, that hurt...’

“You mean, my words weren’t enough for you?” My mother responded almost immediately.

“I am bound to my personal code, you know? Besides, he’s your son. Of course, there would be bias in your words.” He spoke back, maintaining a gentle smile throughout.

I could understand his perspective. I only awakened at the age of seven, way behind by normal standards. Plus, it wasn’t as though I had a high aptitude, to begin with.

‘I don’t know what the content of Anabelle’s letter stated, but she being my mother, might have somewhat embellished my capabilities...’

“And? After your test, what do you think now?” My mother’s voice suddenly cut into my thoughts.

I looked at the man, Alphonse, and at my mother, who gave a somewhat knowing smile.

“Not only was he able to withstand my Magic Pressure, but he also made his own to counter it. I have never seen such an exceptional Magic-User at such a young age. I have no doubt about it now. Your letter was spot on!”

Oh? I was somewhat happy to hear him say that. It appeared I wasn't as bad as I thought.

Plus, rationally speaking, an immature Awakened couldn't learn how to create Magic Pressure instantly. But I had my years of experience and practice in mana manipulation to thank for that.

Alphonse looked at me, nodding his head in approval.

“Jared is definitely worth teaching!”

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