

## SPELLCRAFT 111

### SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

#### Chapter 111: The Start Of Despair (Pt 2)

"Huu..."

The Shadow Demon let out a short breath the moment he landed. The shock from his descent was so infinitesimal that this monster hadn't felt it one bit—unlike the rest of the town.

The villagers were now rushing in his direction, some out of fear, some out of curiosity... well, it didn't matter to Kahn.

Whatever their reasons were, the end results remained the same.

Still, he was a bit relieved that they were charging toward him. It saved him the trouble of having to look for them himself. Though it wouldn't pose that much of an issue for him, he still preferred it when the small fry gathered so he could cull them off all at once.

"Hmm?" Kahn made a slight grumble and furrowed his non-existent brow a little.

His body was shrouded in darkness, so only his eyes gleamed white. No expression could be seen on his face as a result of his nature, but the glare he gave told of a slight displeasure that had gathered within him.

'So, they're placing all the children in a shelter while the grown-ups come to investigate, uh?' Having enhanced vision, he could see through the thatched huts and other facilities blocking his path, to notice what was happening a distance from him.

He had wanted to kill all the villagers at once, but he reasoned that things didn't always go according to plan. It would be a bit bothersome going after the children after finishing up here, but it wasn't too much to handle.

"... Let's hurry!"

"I wonder what it is!"

"It could be dangerous!"

"Get weapons!"

Kahn could hear the voices of the villagers from where he stood. Though he was certain they spoke in hushed tones, it didn't matter to his heightened hearing. His ears stretched upright like that of a cat, after all. Though it wasn't anything fluffy.

The sharp ears poked upwards like spikes, same as the broad shoulders he had. They had spikes on both ends, sharpened sideways, giving him a more majestic and intimidating figure.

"So, they chose to gather before coming here, uh? Wise choice..."

He could have ruined all their preparations, but why would he bother? They were going to come to him sooner or later.

Kahn watched as the villagers armed themselves, preparing for the worst possible situation. Bringing out rakes and Rusty metal plates to serve as shields, some of the men also carried bows and a bunch of wooden arrows. Clubs and blunt weapons were also brought out, and a few axes showed themselves as well.

Now fully prepared for whatever incursion might be upon them, the adult villagers moved in an orderly march and went towards the area where the loud rumble was generated.

"They're here!"

Kahn's eyes narrowed as he spotted a total of two hundred villagers, yes, exactly that amount, coming toward him.

'The others are with the children, ah, there was one other person among them...' Kahn thought to himself.

His senses indicated that he wasn't far away, so there was no way the man could escape. In any case, he just had to deal with the pesky people that were approaching him.

The villagers who neared Kahn grew more worried as they drew closer.

Initially, they couldn't see much from their distance. The first thing they noticed was the gaping pothole on the ground, as though something massive and heavy had landed there.

Their eyes darted to the fence erected there and found it to still be upheld. No signs of forceful entry too. What could have caused such a gaping scar on the earth, then?

As they slowly approached with caution, the malefactor began to take form in their sight. They hadn't seen it before because of the Shadow Demon's passive stealth ability that prevented detection. It was a racial trait that all Shadow Demons possessed, and Kahn was no exception.

They drew closer yet again and saw it even more clearly... a dark blot amid the rubble.

Closer, they began to notice the figure, like an illusion clearing up in their eyes. They saw its menacing gait, like a slightly slumping beast—its sharp ears and tall body. Its sharpened claws and naked shadowy figure.

They remained undaunted, thinking maybe their eyes were playing tricks as a result of the fear.

However, the moment they reached exactly thirty meters from the monster, they halted instantly.

The villagers finally realized that what they saw was no illusion. It was as real as anything—their crops, their families... anything!

"You're finally here..." The Shadow Demon growled, but the villagers didn't understand it.

The only thing they could do was tremble at the intense pressure of its voice.

Their eyes grew wide and their hardened bodies became paralyzed. In face of such a creature, their weapons meant nothing.

Even though all the monster said was gibberish, the pressure it emitted was enough to make them lose heart.

"T-that is..."

"N-no way..."

"How can... how can this be...?!"

The people had lived lives of peace and tranquility, founded upon hard labor. While they had never seen such a creature of darkness like this, they slowly began recollecting things they had forgotten as adults.

They remembered the stories of such creatures of darkness. Malevolent creatures who would plunge the world to doom and chaos. Demons!

But, the stories told of how these monsters were defeated and cast out centuries ago... by the great heroes of legend. Demons hadn't been heard of or seen ever since. It had been so long ago that these tales were now brandished into fairy tales and epics sung by the bards.

No one thought them to be real since all those who could have experienced such calamity had died. The actual thing all happened so long ago... which was why no one could believe their sights.

The Demon before them was the real deal. It spoke, it stared, and then...

Kahn's nonexistent lips parted ways, and it appeared as though its lower face cracked. Sharp lines were drawn and it formed a malevolent smile. With both sides stretching to the ends of his face, and the shadowy creature's eyes narrowing even more... it seems like it was enjoying something—no, this was anticipation.

"Now that you're all here... you should die!"

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

#### **Chapter 112: The Start Of Despair (Pt 3)**

Kahn initiated the bloodshed.

The villagers were still petrified, not wanting to believe that the very being that inspired fear and chaos was standing before them. They made perfect prey for a vengeful predator.

The Shadow Demon raised its hand toward them, causing the villagers to shrink back in fear. Their lips quivered, trying to force out the words that rang in all their hearts. But, the people were scared.

If they said the word, it just might come true... the fact that before them stood a Demon!

>WHOOOOOOSH!!!<

In a flash, no, faster than that, the dark hand of the Shadow Demon stretched forth and retracted.

Like rubber, stretching and returning to shape, the creature's limbs moved in like manner. It was swifter than the eyes of mere humans could follow, and the scared group fell silent, unaware of what the Demon had just done...

Until...

>SPURT!!!<

The head of one of the villagers cleanly fell off and blood poured out of the gaping neck remained.

Everyone's eyes caught the sight at once. The villager was one of the men who bravely led the group. He held a pitchfork and stood at the vanguard... a trusty man who boasted one of the greatest physical force in the village of Urich.

Just like that, this man lost his life and his finely toned muscular body crashed to the ground, littering it in blood.

>THUD!<

In response to this unbecoming sight of carnage, the one hundred and ninety-nine villagers could only think of one course of action.

"UARGHHHHHHH!!!"

Pained screams. Scared screams. Disbelieving screams.

All kinds of screams sharply peaked as the villagers let out their surging emotions of panic, fear, and sorrow.

"Hmn, I see... so how they die hasn't changed..." Kahn muttered in a bit of self-note.

The man who had just fallen, now dead, was merely a scapegoat meant to test Kahn's outdated knowledge of the humans. Last he remembered, the surefire way to kill humans was to cut off their heads or go for the heart.

Death was instant and guaranteed using such methods.

Of the two, he chose his favorite, and boy was he glad that it turned out well.

"This much should do it." Another mutter escaped his cracked smile.

The villagers, crippled with fear, said nothing. Their bodies shook and they could only take steps back, slowly... hoping to retreat without being noticed.

"Eeeek..."

"Hicc... hicc..."

They were not people of violence. No monster ever came to such a remote area, and they had peaceful dealings with everyone. The Lord was kind to them too, well, he was rather loose with their way of life as long as they gave him his due percentage every harvest season.

Since everyone had grown up in peace, experiencing only the hardship of farming and working the field, none of them could withstand the incredible mental strain of seeing someone's head loped off and fresh blood pouring out.

It was too overwhelming.

"Where do you guys think you're going?" Kahn asked, seeing how the villagers began taking retreating steps backward.

The hands they used to hold their weapons were weary.

'Hm? They're trying to escape, uh? At least insects know their place...'

Kahn wasn't allowing any prey he set his sight on escape, though.

"You aren't going anywhere!" The sharp, evil grin on this face spread out even more.

The people couldn't understand a single word he said, but upon seeing Kahn's face morphing into a more sadistic grin, they abandoned any form of discreet retreat and simply took to their heels.

"UARGHHHHHHH!!!"

"I don't want to die!"

"My children!"

"There's no way we can win against a Demon!"

"S-save me!"

"Arghhhh!!!"

Their voices all cried out, creating unsavory noise. The Shadow Demon, Kahn, watched as they all ran, like fleeing cattle, and once again mused to himself how the mere insects he knew in his world were better than the pathetic worms called humans.

"Just die already."

Joining all the fingers on his right hand together, Kahn's limp morphed into a black blade, thick and sharp.

>SWOOOOOSH!!<

In one swing, the fleeing mob of nearly two hundred... lost their heads!

>SPLURGEE!!<

Splatters of blood rained down the empty, slightly grassy, field as it became dyed in a red hue.

The heads of all the villagers landed at once, bouncing off the area where they landed. Not long after that, the bodies followed.

It was like choreographed action, almost a work of art. Just like that, over half of the village population was extinguished.

"Next, I should go to that house and kill the children and whatever is left of the adults..."

Kahn transversed the bloodied field, stepping on flesh and crunching bone without even the slightest of regard. None of the red liquid stained his body, though. It was like how mercury slid off of a glass surface.

Kahn's eyes were only focused on the thatched hut that was located the furthest away from him.

Considering how he arrived at the village from the rear, the place he was headed to was most likely close to its entrance.

"Hmn... I may see more human settlements around. If I kill them all and relieve myself of this burning rage inside me, I can think of the next step forward from there..."

Deciding on the next path to take, Kahn moved toward the entrance of the village.

It didn't take him very long to reach it, and from the corner of his eye, Kahn saw the house that occupied the children and remaining adults in the village, save one, who ran off.

There was no need to worry about that one, though. the Shadow Demon had never lost sight of him. In fact, his running out of the village was meant to be a way for Kahn to spot the nearest point of civilization other than the village he was currently in.

"Hm, I see... so, it's there uh?" He muttered, noticing the probe had arrived somewhere. It was bigger and more refined than the village, so Kahn knew it was the better option.

'My time here is over...'

Kahn ignored the house where the kids and elderly were. They didn't matter anymore... his steps now trailed for the next place to wreak havoc on.

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#### **Chapter 113: Shadows Rising (Pt 1)**

Jake couldn't stop trembling.

His body violently spasmed as his teeth were clenched and his eyes shut tight. He tried breathing as well as he could, but something choked him so much that he began finding it harder and harder to take in air.

Jake knew what it was very well... it was fear. He, just like everyone in the room, was frightened.

While he and the other kids were having fun, as usual, enjoying the evening ambiance that radiated pure delight, a loud sound shook everywhere. The adults quickly gathered and sent the young ones, him being no exception, to the largest hut in their entire community.

It was usually used for welcoming visitors or discussing town matters. It was large enough for the whole village to fit in since group discussions were usually held there.

The weak and elderly also stayed with them, since they would be liabilities to the strong adults. Jake knew this quite well since he was very clever for his young age of eleven.

"Please be back safe and sound, mom... dad..." He had told his parents tearfully.

They only looked at him as though he was silly and patted his head.

"It's probably nothing. Maybe a fallen sky rock." They said casually.

If it was no big deal, why were so many adults gathered? Why were the children hidden in a place to hide, why did the ground tremble so hard?

Whatever this disturbance was... Jake knew it wasn't anything ordinary.

Still, he chose to trust in the words of his parents. His father was one of the strongest men in the village, having the ideal body any man would kill for. His mother was hardworking as well, almost as dexterous as most men.

In such an equalitarian society, both men and women worked and respected each other in whatever they did. That was why the adults who were going to investigate the source of the quake and rising smoke consisted of both genders.

Jake let them go, withdrawing into the house where everyone who couldn't fight was. He had hoped to see his parents soon. He hopefully looked at the door, patiently awaiting the moment they would show up once more.

But, who could have expected the next sound that he and everyone else heard?

"ARGHHHHH!!!"

Screams of pain and fear!

Panic spread to everyone in the room and the children nearly flipped and gave in to their childish inclinations. The grown-ups controlled the young ones and ensured order, but even their faces showed uncertainty.

Jake hears noises of countless footsteps. It felt like the charge of a group of people no less than the group that went out before his eyes.

Jake wondered what was going on. Were they running because they missed the children already and simply wanted to assure them that everything was fine?

No, this sound was different. Jake didn't know why he felt that way, he just knew it. The footsteps were so incoherent and rushed, a trait unknown to the village. It was almost as though... the people were running away from something.

Suddenly, the sounds ceased. It was amazing!

After a brief 'WHOOSH' that echoed to where the kids were, nothing else could be heard. Silence enveloped the area.

At this point, Jake was curious and impatient. What was going on outside? Why were his parents taking so long? He had no idea about the slaughter that had just happened.

After waiting a few moments for some glad tidings, nothing came. Jake moved close to the door of the thatched hut, expecting to be among the first to greet his parents as soon as the door was flung open.

He couldn't hear anything that sounded like footsteps though.

Finally, after waiting for what seemed like forever to the child, even though it was only a few seconds, Jake decided to peek through one of the thin lines that exposed fresh air and light into the room everyone was in.

If he could place his head on the dry wooden wall and strain his eyes, he could see the happenings of the outside world.

Satisfied with this logic, the young eleven-year-old, flattened his face on the wooden layer and placed his eyes closer to the slit on the wooden structure.

Jake certainly wasn't expecting what he saw next!

He had seen their pictures in the few storybooks he was privileged to have read. He had also heard of their description from the music sung by a couple of bards who visited their village once in a while.

There was no way Jake wouldn't know it, the creature that came into view and seemed to eye the village.

'A Demon!'

For a child, this was plenty overwhelming.

Not only did he see the Demon, Jake felt an instant chill on his body that caused him to remain petrified by the monster that stood a few meters from him. With nothing but a wooden construction and a short distance separating the two of them, of course, Jake felt like he couldn't breathe.

Everyone else in the room felt that way, though. The Demon's pressure gave them all the chills.

Jake quickly removed his eyes as the scared boy felt he saw the monster look in his direction.

However, to his surprise... no, to everyone's surprise, the enormous pressure that seemed to crush them was lowly lifted, as though whatever angel of death passing by had completely walked away from them, taking the fear with it.

Jake slowly began to revert to his original self. He found the courage to look through the hole again and found out there was no Demon there anymore. The monster he saw may have been real, but it was no longer there.

His parents were also most likely safe, same as the other villagers.

With the fear of Seth completely gone, everyone in the room relaxed.

The eldest in the room, an old man of about eighty-five years, made a wry smile with his bony body.

"It's fine, kids. Everything is fine."

Jake nodded his head, same as the others in the room. The worst was over. All that was calm. Relief permeated the room.

Giving a short smile, the youngster, Jake, made a thought of encouragement, reassurance, and confidence to himself.

"It's going to be o—"

He never got to finish it, though.



## SPELLCRAFT: Reincarnation Of A Magic Scholar

### Chapter 114: Shadows Rising (Pt 2)

>SHIIINNNKKKK<

>SWOOOOOOOSHSHHHH<

>WHOOOOSSSSHHHH<

>BOOOOOOMMMMM<

In a flash, faster than the young boy's thoughts could process, numerous spikes came from underneath the room's flooring and rose at remarkable speeds.

Like blades, they easily pierced the wooden platform, tore through the ceiling, and shattered the whole thing entirely.

Now having an awkward look, the massive wooden house—more like a hall—hung on the several dark spikes that poked out of it.

A few seconds elapsed, and soon after, the black spikes retracted, seeming to shrink in an instant, and returned to what could only be a shadow on the ground.

The Shadow zoomed and raced in the direction of one who had already exited the village and now moved to another location—Kahn!

He didn't even bother taking a look back at the sight of carnage he had left in his wake and the house which he just decimated with his shadow spikes.

As for those within the house, who had a brief moment of hope that they were saved... their mangled bodies, riddled with holes from countless spikes, filled the room. Blood splattered all across the wooden structure.

Jack, and everyone else... were most certainly dead!

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Kahn's eyes were fixated on a particular house, a considerable distance from the settlement he had just left.

Compared to the thatched huts and rural environment, the area he looked at belonged to a completely different world. From his distance, the Shadow Demon observed the terrain well, even as he trod upon the grassy plains to get there.

His destination had well-advanced fences that encircled the glorious area that was within. A large mansion, tall and beautiful, stood erect within the vast compound that was lush with life and beauty.

The village he had just left looked nothing like this.

Still, Kahn was unfettered. It didn't change what he had to do. He moved his shadowy body that hadn't experienced rest ever since he left his homeworld. How could he stop now?

He was on a journey, a path to redemption... searching for what could restore his honor to him. However, all he was doing had nothing to do with his quest. Being frank with himself, Kahn knew he was only acting out in a fit of rage.

Still, he pressed on.

Before long, he reached the entrance of the large and lovely area he had sighted from afar. Welcomed by a massive gate, tall walls that stretched so high he had to raise his head to see the top, as well as soldiers stationed atop the walls and in front of the gates—Kahn knew he would be met by more resistance.

Still, this only meant there were more humans to kill.

"What a chore..." He grumbled.

The guards, who were engaging in discourse, did not even notice Kahn's presence. He blended perfectly with the evening ambiance around. The armed men were busy talking amongst themselves.

The owner of the mansion, as well as their boss, usually had no visitors during this time in the evening. Plus, no one would dare to attempt attacking the mansion of the Lord of this domain, a noble of the Kingdom.

Sure, the lord in question didn't have as much territory as the higher-ranked nobles, and his status was at the lower level. That was why his land was at the edge of the kingdom. However, that didn't remove the authority he possessed.

The village of Urich, as well as several other bordering settlements, all paid their dues to him as the Lord in charge of the land. The man in question was not hard on his subjects, and they also gave him his dues at the appropriate time. Needless to say, the entire region was peaceful and without incident.

This made the guards stationed around his mansion nothing but mere decorations. No harm had ever come to them, and no harm ever would.

Or so they had thought.

>SHIIINNNKKKK<

>SWOOOOOSH HH<

Kahn wasted no time in his execution. Several spikes appeared from beneath, as an extension of his body, and surged forth. They cut through the guards who surrounded the mansion from atop the walls, and the few who were stationed by the gate.

In a flash, the blades of darkness cut through flesh and sent blood scattering across the walls of the noble, sullyng it. The bodies fell to the ground, now nothing more than corpses.

"They're all dead. Next... let's go in..."

Kahn went into the compound, not minding the closed gate that stood before him. He simply passed through the gates by turning into a shadow. By bending his body, he could enter any location as long as openings existed.

>WHUUUSH<

Kahn returned to his original state, now inside the beautiful compound of the lord's home. He could spot lovely flowers in gardens on both sides. The walkway was nearly paved with luxurious tiles, a surprise to the Shadow Demon.

To think such luxury could exist in the boonies.

Kahn decided to keep walking, though. The one he had followed—the surviving villager he had intentionally let go— was inside the mansion standing a distance from him, and that was where he wanted to go.

He saw a fountain standing before him, gushing out clear water that reflected the orange light of the evening skies. Kahn ignored it.

As it took one more step forward, he sensed a presence he hadn't perceived ever since he saw the humans.

"This...!!!"

Quickly, Kahn leaped backward in response to the 'thing' that was coming.

>BOOOOOMMMM!!!<

Lightning struck the area had just been standing on. A split second wasted and he would have been struck by it.

"Hm... is that... Magic..." Kahn mumbled to himself, seeing the residual sparks of the blue lightning that fizzled on the ground.

Raising his head, he looked at the elevated platform where three people stood.

One was clad in a luxurious outfit, casual and expensive—the Lord of the manor

One was a sharp contrast to the noble and had very poor shod cloth trembling as he laid eyes on the monster—the runaway villager.

Finally, the last one was dressed in a robe, having a dark purple hue decorate it. This man was the one responsible for the lightning magic from earlier.

And he... was a Mage!

"You... I'll kill you next!"

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**Chapter 115: Grim News**

[A Few Moments Earlier]

Duruk was a denizen of the small settlement of Urich, and a lanky man.

He ran as fast as his legs could carry him the moment he spotted the quake that caused their village to tremble, and the smoke that ascended to the sky.

While the others still deliberated on what it could be, this man was already suspicious of the entire thing and labeled it a threat. He was often known to be superstitious and overreacting in the village, but this time his gut feeling wouldn't let him rest.

"Duruk, go to the Lord and report this incident to him. There's a possibility this is no small matter. Besides, whatever has descended upon us must be made known to him." The village representative told him.

Those were the words that spurred Duruk into action and gave him the strength to race straight for the noble's abode.

"Please be safe, everyone! I'll bring backup!" The man prayed.

Initially, the guards were skeptical to let him in, but after seeing his desperate eyes and the exhausted breath he gave, they were convinced of the validity of the man's words.

They allowed him into the noble's house despite the terribly wretched appearance he had. His outfit was like an ugly stain on the beauty and sanctity of the compound's interior, Duruk himself was aware of that.

Out of all the villagers, he was one of the few who had visited the lord's mansion more than once. As one of the delegates who usually brought the tax of the village to the lord's manor, he had seen the interior many times before. Still, it never ceased to amaze him.

Compared to the dirty and ugly village he grew up in, this was heaven. How Duruk envied the guards and servants who lived in such a residence. If only he could too...

Quickly shaking those thoughts from his head, the man focused on the mission entrusted to him, and, for the first time in his life... he was granted access to the inside of the Lord's mansion itself.

It was the greatest honor!

It was beautiful... too beautiful to be described!

The walls, the furniture, the chandeliers, the floors, everything was perfect. As he entered, the guards within directed him to the place where he would meet the noble, and they ascended a flight of stairs to get there.

Duruk had never climbed stairs all his life. How could he have? The village houses were all bungalows, after all.

He marveled at the frighteningly new experience.

Finally, they took him to what could be called a longer area, where a bunch of sofas was neatly placed, and the Lord was speaking to another person, an individual garbed in a robe.

"My Lord. Someone is here to see you concerning an important matter." One of the escort guards introduced Duruk.

He felt honored to be in the presence of such a magnificent figure that he didn't even know when his body crumbled to the ground to greet the noble who sat before him.

"Hm?" A short sound came from the magnanimously dressed man.

He was of average build, having neither plump nor lean stature. His face spoke of elegance, a sharp contrast to the hardened one of the villager.

The moment he felt all eyes on him, Duruk realized he had failed to introduce himself to the most important man in the room.

"M-my name is Duruk. I come bearing grim news from our village!" His unrefined voice echoed throughout the room.

The noble sighed a little and spoke.

"What village?"

Glad to have heard the voice of the man he so respected, Duruk instantly replied without a moment of hesitation.

"It is the settlement of Urich. From the far northern border."

That last part was unnecessary, he knew. As Lord, there was no way the noble before him didn't know of the details of the settlements in his own territory. Duruk knew that, yet he overspoke.

"Hm, I see..." The noble mumbled.

Duruk's head was still bowed, but he could feel the attention of the Lord shift from him to the other important person in the room... the man garbed in a robe.

"Is this what you were referring to? That some sort of calamity will befall my domain and a messenger would come to deliver the grim news?" The Lord, Karl Edward Zerund, asked.

The man in the hooded robe, though the hood was currently having behind him as a result of courtesy toward the noble, smiled in response to the words he heard.

"Maybe. I didn't expect it to happen so soon, though..."

The Mage, Zakiel Laquis, was a man of renown, famous for the visions he had and how they always came true. Of course, these visions sometimes came in parables and riddles, but they were most certainly always fulfilled.

He had seen a vision of chaos befalling the domain of Lord Karl, and had come to warn him if it—for a fee, of course. He had also told the guards that if any bearer of grim news appeared, they were to bring them up instantly.

That was the reason why Duruk was granted access to the Lord's mansion which would usually be off-limits to plebians.

Now that all the cards had gathered and it appeared the mage's vision was upon them, there was only one thing left to do.

"Let's first hear the young man out."

The Lord sent the guards away and ensured only he, the mage, and the villager were in the room. The guards didn't hesitate to leave their Lord's side, since they knew no evil would befall him as long as the famed Magic-User was by his side.

Duruk was told to raise his head, stand to his feet, and explain the grim news he brought. The man gulped when he saw the eyes of important people on him.

From the way the Lord and Mage spoke, the issue seemed to be less than trivial, no, of utmost importance. Just as his gut feeling had told him, that was no mere quake.

Though Duruk felt like the current information he had was inadequate, he was determined to embellish his story so well that he would not be ignored. If he did well, there was the possibility of a reward.

If he could be rewarded, and become a servant to the Lord himself... his longtime dream would be achieved!

And so, Duruk spoke, exaggerating the story to the point of awe and fear. However, as he still spoke, a sharp sound was heard from outside, and what seemed like a splatter of blood stained one of the glass windows in the lounge.

Fear and anxiety gripped everyone in the room as they realized that the calamity that was befalling the land had already advanced so far!

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#### **Chapter 116: 'Shock'**

Thanks to the Basic Spell's short cast time, Zakiel made it. He carried everyone on his mana platform and as soon as they were placed at a safe distance away from the Shadow Demon who merely watched, the mage boosted himself using Basic Wind Magic and flung his body into battle.

>WHOOOOSHH<

In an instant, he made a soft landing directly behind Kahn, dinnig a disgusted glare at the Demon.

"[Intermediate Lightning Barrier]"

As soon as Zakiel finished his spell, the Lord and villager were surrounded by a beaming blue dome that crackled and sparked with electricity.

This was to protect them from any more of the spike attacks from earlier. Zakiel was strong, but everyone became weaker if they had to be distracted while protecting someone else. To be in top form, especially against an unpredictable Demon, he needed to have his absolute focus on the prize... the enemy!

The Shadow Demon—Kahn— turned sluggishly and looked behind him. The Mage was glaring at him, ready to fight. He twisted his body inhumanly, and in an instant, his back became his front.

The perks of being a Shadow Demon.

"I'll be your opponent!" The man's shout filled the air.

He now donned a brown wooden-like staff that appeared out of nowhere, same with a glimmering necklace and a charmed bracelet. His robe also seemed to give off some kind of aura. These were all magic items that Zakiel equipped just now.

There was no way he could go in blind against an unknown opponent, even if the said opponent was weak.

"Hm... Magic Items... humans still use those things..." Kahn made a mental assessment as he analyzed his foe.

There wasn't much to say about him. He had Mana and used Magic, something no other human he had seen since he arrived had done.

"Hm... should I use it too? Magic?"

No, that was probably not the best idea. The only way to recover his Demonic mana was to take in the miasma found in the Demon Realm. There was another way, but that could only happen after he killed the Mage in front of him.

"I better make it quick then..." Kahn watched as the mage, Zakiel Laquis brandished his staff and caused all the ornaments around him to shine.

'Ideally, I would love to capture it, but... it's best to just destroy it now and investigate the source later. There's bound to be more of them. A top-tier intermediate Spell should do it!'

Amped by the Magic tools he wore, all having different effects, Zakiel was confident. Ranging from mana boosting properties, shortening of cast time, to even additional buffs on lightning-based spells—his specialty, Zakiel's spell was going to pack a punch.

"[Double Lightning Descent]"

>CRRRAAACKKKLLEEE!!!<

Electricity filled the sky as sparks of blue light danced around it. The sparks were much larger than previously, and they appeared on two spots at once.

One look could tell anyone that this would be extremely dangerous.

With a single command, the spell was completed and the dual lightning attacks fell. Not even a Shadow Demon could evade two amped lightning attacks, one of the fastest elements available to a Mage.

>BOOOOMMMMM!!!<

The compound was filled with the rumblings caused by the lightning explosion. Like fireworks, except on the ground, the blue lightning sent glows dancing around as the destruction was wreaked.

A portion of the mansion was scarred and eaten away, but it was all worth it. Zakiel himself had confirmed it... the Shadow Demon could not evade the attack. It was as good as dead!

Or so everyone thought.

They were mistaken, of course.

Their error lay in the assumption that the foe they faced was too slow to evade two lightning strikes, no, it was beyond that. It all stemmed from the fact that these humans assumed this was a simple Shadow Demon.

They weren't aware of the dark and sinister truth of its existence...

"Hm... I thought that would hurt more, but... it doesn't hurt at all..." The Shadow Demon murmured as he stepped out of the thick smoke that enveloped the area.

The smell of burnt earth and plants filled the air, but Kahn didn't care. He simply appeared unscathed in front of those who thought he was dead.

"N-no way! H-How is that possible?!" Zakiel shouted in shock.

He was extremely surprised. Of course, he had every right to be. The attack he used was enough to kill a Shadow Demon since they especially had a vulnerability to Magic Attacks. Considering the debuff, a top-tier intermediate spell like that should have been more than enough.

Yet...

"I thought your pain would make me forget the pain within me, so I decided to be patient and let you try. It appears I was wrong. Hm... time to kill you now."

The Mage looked in horror, trying to calculate his next course of action. It would seem that Advanced Spells would be his only option. But, even he would need time to chant one. And time was something he didn't have at the moment!

He only knew two Advanced Spells... both of which boasted incredible power, but also took a long time to cast. Even with his magic tools, it was hopeless to imagine he could make the cut. The Demon was already brandishing its arm, turning it into a sharp claw.

"Damnit! If only... I could use my 'Familiar Magic' to fight! If only I could use 'Bond Magic!'" Whimpers escaped from the mage's mouth.

This was his first time seeing a Demon. The only reason he hadn't freaked out was that he thought he could win. Once that illusion escaped him, only fear and despondency remained.

If he could access his Familiar for Magic attacks, his abilities would skyrocket, that was for sure. 'Bond' Magic was also a very powerful game-changer.

However, Zakiel knew the reason he couldn't resort to any of those things.

And now that would be what cost him his life!

"Shit! I need to... I need to..."

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

### **Chapter 117: Tragedy**

Zakiel's Familiar, The Truth-Seeking Seer, was not an offensive one.



It was this Familiar's magic that allowed him to see the future through visions. In essence, despite its non-aggressive nature, it was still an extremely useful Familiar to have.

This was what gave him the name and prestige he had now. In exchange for offensive capabilities, he got the invincible power to peer into the future of others... except himself!

But now, he didn't need such power. What he needed was a brute force to decimate his target. Unfortunately, none of the said options existed.

"Die... now..." The Demon muttered in its language and launched its sharpened blade toward Zakiel.

"[I-intermediate Lightning Barrier]" Zakiel chanted in reflex.

Thanks to the special effects of his Magic Tools, this Spell's ability was enhanced. Not only did the Spell go into effect, but the automatic defensive charm he wore on his ring finger also activated, creating an extra barrier.

It was weaker than the Intermediate Spell he had just cast, but the shield was still useful since it required no Mana to use and the cast time was zero!

With both barriers, Zakiel was confident he could block the incoming assault. He just needed to think of a solution to the crisis befalling him.

'Should I just attempt an Advanced Spell?'

With the barrier shielding him, perhaps he had a shot. His mana wasn't infinite, and frankly, he only had enough mana for one Advanced Spell.

If he stopped midway through the chant, he would blow it and lose lots of mana. That was why he had to be sure. But, what other choice did he have?

'I have to try!' Zakiel resolved internally as he glared at the incoming monster's hand and prepared to begin chanting.

However...

>KRAACKKKK!!!<

The double-layered barriers of varying types shattered like fragile glass the moment Kahn's bladed hands made contact. Two defensive magic fields... devastated, just like that!

Zakiel didn't even have any time to voice out a word before the hands lunged at him, entering the hole in his mouth and exiting through the end of his skull.

Blood and what seemed to be some portion of his brains splattered out as the Mage met instant death.

"Finally dead, uh?" Kahn mumbled as he flung the dead body without paying any heed to the Magic-User again.

The battle was over, if it could even be called that.

Kahn's eyes darted over to the other two humans around. Lord Karl and the villager Duruk. The barrier covering them had vanished as a result of Zakiel's death.

"Eeeek!"

"Y-you monster!"

The plebian and noble shrieked at the same time. Death was only a distance from them.

Kahn's face turned back to Zakiel and narrowed his eyes. What he had been waiting for finally manifested. Out of the corpse of Zakiel came forth something divine.

It took the form of a golden-like orb that glowed. It was called many names, but one was the most famed of all. Even the Demons were aware of this.

"The Soul..." Kahn mumbled as he stretched out his hands to touch it.

The moment his sharpened claws drew closer to the golden light, it slowly began to flicker. Suddenly, the color started transforming. From the bright hue it had, the 'soul' got corrupted and turned into a more sinister black. Purple energy oozed out of it and it became ugly and distorted.

Most would be appalled by the transformation, but not Kahn. Rather, he was pleased by the desired outcome.

The Shadow Demon grabbed the corrupted orb that radiated darkness and did the unthinkable. It swallowed it!

Yes!

Opening his cracked up mouth that split like crackers, his sharpened teeth, which seemed to be one with the black skin he had, showed. In a single gulp, Kahn took in the 'soul' of the dead Mage, therefore absorbing his essence.

Of course, no one else could see what had just transpired, except Kahn's dramatic display. The soul was invisible to the eye. Kahn could only perceive it due to his special constitution.

Now that he had absorbed the corrupted form of a soul, he had now gained greater sustenance. Not only was his magic power restored to an extent, he felt much better physically.

"Now, then, dealing with those two..." Kahn's eyes once again returned to the humans who couldn't dare leave their current positions.

But, before he could do anything, Kahn heard sounds coming from all around him. They were sounds of humans, lots of them.

The moment Lord Karl heard these sounds too, relief poured into his face.

'We're saved now!' His mind rang.

He had initially thought Kahn killed all his soldiers, but for there to be so many, they could stand a chance!

No, how foolish that idea was! In the depths of his desperation, Karl had forgotten how Kahn easily killed a powerful mage that none of the current soldiers could match up to.

It was crazy to expect victory!

"Bothersome. Let's kill them all."

Before the soldiers who encircled Kahn took a single step forward, he activated a Spell to test out its effects on humans.

"[Dark Magic: Shadow Disks]"

Shadow-like fog rose from beneath him, and just like spinning disks, bigger than the head of a human, many dark disks appeared. They were at least a hundred!

"Kill them all..."

In a flash, the disks went to do their job, slaughtering any soldier that drew closer to Kahn's location.

This gave Kahn the right amount of time to devote to the humans who had hoped for salvation.

In a whoosh, Kahn closed the distance between him and then like it was nothing.

The men shrieked, their eyes begged for mercy. Kahn looked at them kneel, watching them from grovel didn't bring him any satisfaction. He was not like one of his former colleagues, who enjoyed inflicting despair upon others and took great pride in it.

He was no sadist.

If he felt no need to spare a person, he would just dispose of them.

In that line of reasoning, he pointed a sharpened claw at Duruk and killed him instantly by drilling the elongated sharpened hole into his skull.

Blood spurted out and the poor plebian died instantly, body twitching for a few seconds.

"N-no... N-no..." The Noble was the only one left.

He knew the date that awaited him as well... Death!

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

#### **Chapter 118: The Mage Of Renown**

The Mage, the Lord, the Villager—all three persons in the room looked at the blood-stained window and realized that something had already begun in the garden... something dark.

Immediately, the Lord was escorted by the Mage and the villager trailed behind them. They moved to a door in the room that led to a terrace. The terrace, more like a verandah was an elevated structure that allowed those within the house to enjoy the outside air while gazing upon their compound.

However, this time there was no relaxation or enjoyment on any of their faces. Only plain curiosity and a dark foreboding.

Usually, a noble would shrink back in fear and retreat to his room if he saw such a bloody sight on his window. However, Lord Karl was different.

He was a veteran in sword arts and was quite capable in combat. Besides, he didn't have the ideology most pampered nobles had. This was one of the reasons why the people in his territory looked at him in awe and respect.

He was a decent man.

Decent enough to know that now was the time to face the problem that plagued his territory. Besides, he had nothing to fear since a renowned mage was with him.

As they stepped out of the lounge and came to the verandah, the eyes of the mage bulged, and he didn't waste any time before he began chanting.

The Lord and villager were petrified at the sight of blood and carnage that had smeared the once-beautiful compound. Dead bodies of guards were everywhere and blood stained the marvelous grounds and flowers.

The malefactor of this all was seen to be casually approaching the mansion. The being could be described as nothing more than a shadow, a demon of death. While the noble and villager were still pondering on the matter, utterly confused and shocked by the sudden development, the mage—Zakiel Laquis—had already finished chanting an intermediate spell directed at the Demon beneath them.

Fortunately, it hadn't noticed their presence yet. Or perhaps it didn't just care?

>KRIIIKKKKK!!!<

Sparks of electricity appeared and the bolt instantly descended upon the Demon in a flash.

>BOOOOMMMM!!!<

The shockwave resounded and the explosion caused those inexperienced in magic to be pushed back by the pressure.

This was the intermediate spell, [Lightning Descent].

Unfortunately, the Shadow Demon evaded it, to the surprise of everyone. Lightening was one of the fastest elements there was, and an intermediate spell was no mean feat.

For a being, who hadn't even noticed their presence earlier, to dodge such a quick spell... it was impressive!

The Mage gave a wry smile and awkwardly stared at the Demon who muttered in its unintelligible language.

"So this is the calamity, eh? Truly... it is a being of chaos."

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Kahn's white eyes glared at the new humans who showed up. They stood on the platform of the verandah, causing them to look down on his figure. This annoyed him greatly.

He turned to the one who was responsible for the lightning spell he had evaded moments ago and narrowed his eyes.

"I'll kill you first."

The three humans, from their heights, sensed the bloodlust coming from the strange monster, a Demon no one had seen for hundreds of years.

"It looks like a Shadow Demon... I read about them in texts..." The more enlightened man among them retorted as he eyed the black being.

As a Magic-User, one who finished his course in the most prestigious academy in the Kingdom, as well as studied the arts of the arcane, it was only natural that he would be aware of a Demon's description.

"But how can this be? They were all defeated and banished to the Demon Realm? Why is one of them here?"

Even though his voice rang out, Zakiel Laquis spoke only to himself.

None of the other two humans knew much of what he referred to, but they had certainly heard of Demons before, and they couldn't believe their eyes.

"Can you... defeat it?" Lord Karl finally blurted out, sweat covering his forehead.

From the moment the monster dodged that lightning strike from earlier, the swordsman noble had realized he wasn't its match.

"Of course." Mage Zakiel responded.

What he was more concerned about was the source of the Demon's appearance, not the Shadow itself.

'From the research texts and books I've read of them, Intermediate Spells should be enough to kill a Demon. Shadows are also not very durable, so they can be killed easily.' The Mage reasoned.

Of course, he knew this wasn't the case for all of them. For higher-ranked Demons or the Supreme Demon Lords, even Advanced Spells would not be able to take them down in a single shot.

Still, those cadre of monsters were never alone. As commanders, they showed up with their troops. Compared to the descriptions on them, this Shadow Demon was by its lonesome. Plus, since it had avoided the lightning strike from earlier, that meant Intermediate Spells could seriously injure, if not kill, it.

Once again, the Shadow Demon muttered some unintelligible words, but the humans didn't hear. If they did, they would have known to be more prepared.

Kahn had said;

"Come down!"

As it always happened, dark spikes ascended from the ground, cutting through the mansion's concrete verandah like tofu. The sturdy bricks fell apart and the whole structure collapsed instantly.

The men who stood atop the verandah would have met the same fate—being torn to shreds by the multiple dark blades, but were saved by the Mage's defensive magic.

It was a force field made of lightning!

The cackles sparked, repelling the shadows. However, even though the men were protected, the platform they stood on wasn't. In no time, it was going to collapse.

"Hang on!" Zakiel Laquis cried.

Quickly using Basic Magic to create a platform using mana, he spread it like a carpet and caused it to levitate, carrying all three people away from the crumbling structure and toward a safe location on the ground.

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

#### **Chapter 119: Foreboding**

Judging from how the cries of the humans had stopped, it meant the disks were finished with their job.

Evident to that was their return to Kahn, all of them, still spinning—like saws that could rend anything.

"I won't kill you... hmmn..." Kahn mumbled, making his decision after considering some things.

The Lord's face nearly broke into gratitude, but was suddenly stopped once it noticed the demented and malevolent smile Kahn gave.

"You seem important. I'll torture you for information... I may be able to achieve my goal faster if I use you..."

Lord Karl Edward Zerund gasped, realizing the fate that awaited him. It was no pleasant one.

"... Plus, it'll be a good way to while away time. We shall get started shortly."

And so, with the final shriek of a condemned noble, the bloodshed and carnage caused by Kahn faded from sight.

Tragedy was wrought that very evening. However, unknown to those in the Kingdom, the true dance of despondency was just getting started!

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The weekend went exactly as I expected. Fortunately, no disturbance whatsoever visited me.

I stayed in my room all day, except for when I would go to buy food.

Oh yes, there was also the laundry. All the students had to do was leave their laundry in front of their doors and the staff responsible for picking them up would do so. I followed the rules and did the same on Saturday morning.

The laundry arrived the next day, in the evening, all tidied up.

It was a relief that I didn't have to resort to cleaning them myself. At least, Ainzlark hadn't lost all sense of prestige.

"Well, I could have done a good job if I cleaned it on my own..." I smiled to myself.

The clothes that arrived were sparkling clean, though—more than what I could currently handle. Not a minuscule amount of dirt was on them, plus, I sensed preservation magic on the pile of clothes.

The cleaners were really thorough.

After placing my clothes neatly in the wardrobe and preparing for classes happening the next day, I resumed my experiments and brought them to a close.

On Friday, after my chat with Anabelle, I went to the library to borrow some books on Martial Arts and also some on herbs and spices. I was seeing far more similarities than I had thought in the plants, so I needed to compare and contrast them with more commonplace goods.

The results I obtained from studying the Martial Arts materials tallied with what I learned from observing the students studying the craft.

Martial Arts and the techniques encompassing it were phenomenally weaker than at the time of my first life.

The texts I took each addressed the five fundamental schools the Martial Arts Department would be learning in the first year. I was able to easily get access to them since most Martial Artists would rather prefer tempering their bodies rather than exercising their brains.

Not many who practiced martial arts had an interest in books. They only read them to get a grasp on the forms and descriptions written within—nothing more.

Plus, since Neron Kaelid would be teaching them the arts and forms, there was really no need to search for it in a book. It was their mistake, though. Self Study was extremely important, even for a Martial Artist to grow!

The first text I studied was about 'The Martial School of Fundamental Sword Arts'. It was the one I was most interested in since Edward showed it to me in our clash.

I read and understood the forms that existed in this school; Footwork, Mental Resilience, Muscle Alignment, Motion Control, Sensory Perception, and Sword Techniques. It was not a big problem since I was used to more advanced techniques, and upon seeing the inferior one I read, I was easily able to understand the concept.

"Hmmn... I see, it's definitely easier for Martial Artists to practice this as fundamentals rather than the ones I know of... but they're just too weak by my standards."

I understood what had happened the moment I was done reading on the first of the five fundamental schools.

The new Martial techniques were made for ease of learning. They allowed practitioners to easily grasp the concept and movements, giving them faster growth, compared to more difficult ones.

However, the backlash was the erosion of power in the techniques themselves. Not just power, but style and variations. These new moves had an air of predictability to them. Still, I wasn't so certain all were like that, so I decided to read on the rest. I spent a whole day grasping the techniques embedded in the books and even moving my body to mimic the illustrations and descriptions.

They were all basically the same!

In fact, the most difficult to learn was actually the first one I picked up to read—The Martial School Of Fundamental Sword Arts.

How messed up was that?

"Huu, in any case... I now know what to do."

With Martial Arts out of the way, I focused on my potion-making. The combination of certain chemicals gave a brand new one, so the variations were nearly endless.

I was working with only about 20 vials initially, but the end result led me to over a hundred more!

And I wasn't even done yet!

"This should be enough for now... I should soon start the next phase, but I better focus on other things..."

Alchemy was good and all, but there were more pressing concerns. So far, I had neglected my Magic Training. It couldn't be helped.

"The Familiar Selection is in merely three more weeks. I need to be at a particular level for me to get what I want!"

Obtaining a fourth core... was it possible in my current condition? There was only one way to find out!

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Everyone moved excitedly to class, and I was no exception.

Despite popular belief about school, it was actually fun. Well, maybe Neron Kaelid made it fun with his teaching methods.

I was a little later than usual since I sort of overslept and woke up ten minutes later than usual. By the time I got to the hall, it was nearly time for Homeroom and everyone was in class already.

'Here goes!'

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

#### **Chapter 120: Solution**

The moment I entered the Lecture Hall, my eyes darted to my seat area and I saw something I was already expecting.

Located where I usually sat, two people occupied the seats closest to mine.

A smile formed on my face as I saw them both wave at me. I raise my hand and returned the gesture while drawing closer. It was a relief that things worked out so well.

'Looks like I've got them, after all.'

Edward and Anabelle were seated, their eyes expectant and set ablaze in excitement the moment they saw me.

"Good morning, Jared." They both said, almost in unison.



"Good morning," I replied with a bright smile while having my seat.

Since I was seated to the far right at the last spot available, Edward was directly beside me and Anabelle took the seat beside him.

I was grateful that it was Edward whom I was stuck with, not the talkative girl. Hopefully, she had reflected on all I told her.

I looked at the expression on her face, and it was the same as always. There didn't appear to be any apparent change, but—

"Hey, Jared... do you mind if I talk to you about something after class?" Anabelle said, changing her brightly colored eyes to a more determined one.

I expected some sort of reaction from her, so this was good.

"Me too, Jared. There's something I have to ask!" Edward quickly butted in.

'Pfft, I figured.'

I nodded at both of them, still donning my usual calm look.

"I also have some things to discuss with you. Then, let's talk after classes."

The two were surprised by my words. They weren't aware of my plans with them, so it was only natural. I spotted a spark of curiosity in both their eyes and Anabelle made to ask me a question.

Fortunately, at that exact moment, our Lecturer arrived, causing everyone to rise to their feet. I did the same, and so did Anabelle and Edward, rescuing me from her inquisition.

'You'll find out later. Just wait!'

Neron Kaelid permitted us to seat and began homeroom. Other than taking attendance, he told us vital information, one of which was the deadline and closing period for Electives registration.

According to the information given to us, students had two weeks to choose their Electives or even change them. This gave us the leeway to jump ship to any Electives we found to be more attractive.

Plus, since some students could have filled in more Electives than they could handle, it was possible to remove some from one's list. It was a good school system, and I was happy it existed. Why?

'Main Courses end by 3:00 PM, Electives stretch on to 5:00 PM... I can't keep wasting my time while waiting for Anabelle and Edward since they have their respective Electives at that time.'

There were many things to do, and I sure wasn't keen on wasting my time as well as theirs. The time spent on Electives could be better used to better them. I wasn't going to let them throw away such valuable time.

'They have to quit their Electives!'

With this resolute thought in mind, I started my day, looking forward to the chat I would be having with the duo.

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After the Main Classes were over, Anabelle and Edward left for their business, leaving me behind. I took advantage of the silence in the Lecture Hall, since no one else was present, and began concentrating my Mana on the new Core I was forming.

It was faster than normal, that much I knew. But... at this pace, making a Mana Core within three weeks was impossible.

I needed more circulation, more richness of mana!

If only I could receive a boost like back then with the priest during my Naming ceremony... but, expecting such a thing was unrealistic.

At the current level of the students around me, none of them were skilled enough to manipulate mana. They couldn't properly inject their Mana into another without hurting them.

The Priest, on the other hand, was skilled at mana control, able to probe my body properly with his energy. Expecting such expertise and finesse from these youngsters was too much!

The only one who could achieve such a feat around here would be Neron Kaelid, but he wasn't going to help me until I became his apprentice. That wouldn't happen unless I passed the Inter-Class Exchange in three months.

I was looking forward to his help, but he just had to postpone it. There was no use dwelling on what couldn't be changed, though. I just had to focus on what I could do at the moment.

"Hmnm..." I unconsciously made a sound as soon as a thought flashed in my head while I was still engaged in meditation.

I was so swamped with many thoughts that my cloudy mind hadn't thought of something so obvious and basic.

"I just need to find somewhere with rich mana density... it should suffice for quickening the process!"

My eyes flashed open and I jumped to my feet. It would still take a little over an hour before Anabelle and Edward would be done, so I had plenty of time to search for the right spot.

Leaving the Lecture Hall, I raced across the school grounds of the Lower Class, searching for a place.

The mild evening breeze greeted my body as I kept racing through the area.

My Mana sensitivity was way higher than most since I had been familiarizing myself with Mana since I was young. SPELLCRAFT and my experience in causing the flow of Mana Particles in my body aided me greatly.

It wouldn't be too difficult finding the most saturated place in my vicinity.

As I concentrated more while moving about, my senses picked something and I moved to the location instantly.

Treading upon the grass and making a path for myself with footprints, I moved and moved. I was nearing a slightly thickened cluster of trees.

The Trees cleared as I made my way through, swatting the branches in my way as a few leaves fell in response. One look at the exotic new plants around told me I was certainly going to find many new herbs here.

But, those could wait. For now... I had to go to what called me... a gathering point for Mana.

As I got closer, my movements slowed down until I finally halted entirely.

My eyes took in the wonderful sight and I couldn't help but throb in amazement. It was a surprise... a spectacular one at that! Only one word could proceed out of my mouth the moment I registered everything around me into my head.

"WOW!"