

SPELLCRAFT 1282

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

Chapter 1282: The Lights Of Beruel

[Meanwhile]

"I should resolve this as quickly as possible, so I can assist the others."

Beruel loftily floated while examining the opponent.

Pale face, long hair, and blackened eyes, with darkness shrouding the woman that had was his opponent—Beruel's observation ran deeper than that.

'Her Constellation was Taurus. In essence... she has immense destructive capabilities.'

Beruel felt a short sigh escape his nostrils and lips.

'My forte doesn't lie in heavy-hitting attacks. It seems she has the advantage here.'

As his fairy wings flapped, and his heightened senses took in more information, his thoughts processed more about the situation.

~Do you have a plan on how to win?~

Upon hearing the voice of his Constellation—Pisces—Beruel leaked out a sly grin and nodded gently.

'Of course.'

Even though immensely destructive combat wasn't his forte, it didn't change too much of the expected outcome.

'It's the opposite actually. This makes things much easier, doesn't it?'

In a battle of brute strength, the strongest was always going to emerge victorious.

But such conditions did not exist where the conflicting parties had various and diverse skill sets.

'Oh well, let us begin.'

With a soft smile on his face, Beruel initiated things on his end.

"[True Original Magic: Orion Illumina]"

Several balls of light—like little fireflies—began to manifest all around Beruel.

They seemed to have a mind of their own, and they multiplied so rapidly that they soon became innumerable dots of golden radiation.

This was a simple, yet perfect representation of Beruel's Original Magic—Light.

Unlike Aloe Vida, who took Light from everything around in order to make herself stronger, Beruel forcefully transformed particles around him into Light.

Once the properties of those particles—no matter how small or insignificant they were—turned into light, he could control them as he wished.

They were all a part of him, and he was a part of them.

For example...

"Go."

~WHOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!~

Like unstoppable bullets, the light fragments rushed towards his opponent, donning on the speed of what they were made out of.

In very little time, they arrived at their target.

~PEW!~

~PEW!~

~PEW!~

Several of them drilled holes into the flesh of the rendering, decimating their bones, organs, and everything within them.

Black blood radiated fourth as more brilliant lights pierced the woman.

'Light isn't merely Magic. My Original Magic created and condenses actual light, so it should have the same effect as Martial Arts.'

His target needed to physically interact with things, which was why Martial Arts was so effective. It was the same way they needed their sight, as well as their implementation of power, which gave room for the weakness to light.

So long as the opponent had to rely on a particular function, said function could be weaponized against them.

Since Beruel understood this foundational principle, he already knew his volley of light would affect her.

'It seems she couldn't react fast enough. She's not as fast as light, huh?'

As Beruel witnessed the barely passable remnant of his opponent's body, he was tempted to call the fight his victory.

But... a lingering feeling told him he could be wrong.

Thankfully, he listened.

"Hm...?"

Right before Beruel's eyes, he witnessed the woman heal herself, almost in a flash.

Her bones were restructured and her flesh returned, returning her to her previous state.

Well, almost.

The woman's muscle mass had increased drastically, and the amount of power that Beruel sensed from her was incomparably stronger than in the past.

'She completely regenerated, and now she's even more powerful? What's going o—?'

~WHOOOSSHAAA!!!~

Before Beruel could conclude his thoughts, she vanished from her position and closed the distance between them.

'She's much faster now! Almost as fast as—!'

Her body burst into darkened red flames, showing the unholy mix of her inverse energy and Taurus' Representation.

The amount of power within her blow was not to be trifled with, and Beruel knew that if he got caught in it, it would mean his demise.

However...

~PEW!~

~PEW!~

~PEW!~

... His Light Bullets were still faster, and they riddled holes within her in no time.

This time, he ensured he sent such a barrage of highly concentrated light that it fried her entire body and rendered it to nothing.

Not even a trade remained.

'Will that be enough? Or...?'

Just as Beruel feared, it still wasn't over.

The woman's body was reconstructed, and in a moment she was back to her previous state.

And just like before, she grew remarkably stronger than before.

'I see now. That's probably her Original Magic.'

A power that allowed her to possess such an unreal rate of regeneration, as well as evolving to be more powerful with every strike obtained...

'That's very impressive.'

Beruel could only imagine what kind of nuisance the woman would become if he kept up his current pace.

'A decisive blow to end things... I can manage that.'

As he had this thought, he noticed the woman had powered up even more and was getting ready to charge at him.

'Her speed should be at my level, if not faster. I can't afford to dawdle.'

~WHOOOOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!~

The woman's advancement caused immense shockwaves to travel so far away from her as she charged towards Beruel.

Her wild eyes demanded chaos, and her salivating mouth craved destruction.

Her long hair was now wavy, completely dyed red—just like the rest of her body.

It was brimming with unstoppable energy of destruction.

'There's only one thing that can stop destruction...' Beruel smiled as he watched the woman approach him.

She was indeed faster than he currently was.

But that was no problem.

She easily destroyed all the light bullets that lunged at her with only the energy around her, and closed the distance between them in a blur.

Then...

~SQUELCH!!~

Her blow instantly cut through all Beruel's defenses, her palm reaching for his heart—with the energy she released going after his soul.

This was the end.

For her.

"... Death."

With those final words, Beruel raised his hand and touched the woman's chest.

A small smile spread over his face as he activated his Constellation's Representation.

Pisces had two aspects to their Representation—like two sides of a coin.

Life and Death.

And for this round, he chose the latter.

"Goodbye."

In an instant, he rendered the highest concept of death onto his target.

A death that not even she could heal from despite her Original Magic.

Absolute Death.

The result was her fading away, turning into dust and then into nothing as the final embers of her flames danced in the void.

Unfortunately for Beruel, he had also suffered irreversible injuries to his Soul and body.

... Or so it seemed.

"Well, that ended well."

The injured body of Beruel also faded away like dust, and one of the light fragments around him slowly began to transform into Beruel himself.

Just like that, he had returned.

"This Representation of Life really is useful. I would be toast without it." He heaved a sigh of relief.

~Your Original Magic is impressive too. Thanks to being one with your Lights, you could transfer your 'Life' to an extension of yourself.~

In essence, 'Beruel' never really died.

"Since it's over now, I think I'll go and support the rest." He said, half to himself.

~Why? You don't think they can handle the challenge on their own?~

"No. That's not it at all. It's just..."

Beruel smiled, realizing just how far he had come from the way he was in the past.

His current philosophy made him a different person entirely.

"... It's the responsible thing to do."

He was the oldest in the group, after all.