

# SPELLCRAFT: REINCARNATION OF A MAGIC SCHOLAR

## Chapter 15

[3 Years Later]

“Jared, there are things you need to understand.” My tutor, Alphonse said at the start of one of our lessons.

Based on his tone, I knew it was serious, so I paid rapt attention. It was rare to see him so resolved.

‘Maybe he wants to teach me a more advanced spell!’ I beamed.

Who wouldn’t like the sound of that?

“Jared. You have a lot of potential. Truly! I’ve never seen anyone advance through this amount of knowledge and practice of magic throughout my years.”

‘Oh, don’t flatter me. Let’s just be done with the formalities and fork over the special magic you want to teach me.’ I grinned internally, eyeing my tutor greedily.

“You’re smart too. So far, in the three years since I’ve been your tutor, you’ve surpassed my expectations. Every time, you end up using unconventional means to combine low-level spells and use them in creative ways... Truly, you are exceptional!”

‘Hehe, of course! I’m a Great Sage with countless Magic Theories in my head. With the opportunity to practice Magic, of course, I would end up creating many combinations. So, old man... hand ’em over, my special magic! I’ve earned it!’

“So, Jeremy... what do you think about...” Alphonse’s voice trailed.

He appeared hesitant on whether or not to tell me what was on his mind.

‘Come on, old man. You can trust me!’

“... What do you think about becoming a scholar, instead of a mage?”

As soon as he asked the question, it took a while before I was able to comprehend his words. The bombshell was certainly unexpected.

“A... Scholar...?” I asked, a little shaken.

Alphonse appeared flustered upon seeing my disappointed face. As one who had overseen my training for so long and knew of my passion for practicing magic, asking me to be a scholar now was a difficult task for him.

“Jared, this is the-”

“Why...? Why do you think I should be a Scholar?” I cut his words short with my whisper.

After showing him so much of what I could do, training like hell, and even eating up knowledge faster than anyone my age. This old man still thought such a path suited me more than my goal?

“Jared, the thing is... it’s because I’m your tutor that I know... you have no talent in Magic.” Alphonse sighed.

“E-eh... Ehhhhhh?!”

My heart ached the moment he said that. For some reason, those words hit a core within me that I had long thought was numb.

Why, oh why did this feel familiar to the first time I was told that I was inept?

“You managed to form a mana core at seven when others succeeded at age five. However, even though you finally have a mana core, advancing beyond this stage is difficult. In a few years after training with magic, your core should have started experiencing some changes...” Alphonse explained.

I knew what he was talking about.

Mana Cores have various colors depending on Grade, and as a magic-user, it is one of your duties to advance your core to the highest possible grade. There are limits to how far one can go based on Talent.

‘So, that’s what this is all about...’

“Jared, you’re already ten years old. Even though you got a late Awakening, by now a yellow color should have begun to form in your mana core. Yet...” Alphonse stated, looking worried.

‘Ah, I understand now.’

It appeared I was too entrapped in magic that I failed to notice the worries of my tutor. Truly, my case was something anyone would be worried about.

Normally, at five I would have had a white Mana Core, then by my current age, I should have partially developed a Yellow core. For geniuses, it wasn’t impossible to have fully advanced to the Yellow Core stage.

Yet, I hadn’t even shown the slightest sign of improvement.

“I know you’ve always wanted to be a mage, utilizing magic actively, but... that journey will be cut short due to the unfairness of the situation. You should have realized it yourself... your mana core, your mana capacity, they’re below normal standards.” Alphonse clenched his fist as he spoke.

I could tell that it was hard for him to tell me these things. The expression on his face and the way his voice quivered all showed that he was truly sorry for doing this.

‘To him, he’s bashing the dreams and hopes of a child...’

I understood all his points perfectly. But...

“I know you might be skeptical, but the Scholar profession is highly revered. It used to be discriminated against but, after Lewis Griffith, the Great Sage emerged with his countless theories that revolutionized Magic, they have become more revered and influential.”

‘This guy... he doesn’t know that he’s using myself as an example.’

“Jared, I somehow see the Great Sage in you. It appears that both of you think alike. Do you know what you told me one time? I can’t forget it, since it was exactly the line I read from one of the Great Sage’s Treatises.”

‘Crap! This guy is catching on!’

“He said, ‘Magic is more than just a set of strict Laws. It can be tweaked and altered to suit any purpose. That is the very meaning of evolution.’..”

GULP

I messed up! Why did I have to say the exact words I wrote down? I was just speaking normally at that time.

“To be honest, I have always admired that great man, Jared. And for me to see him in you is something you can take as an achievement. That’s why I know you can do it... you’ll succeed greatly as a Scholar!”

” ‘He’ is me, dumbass! I know I can succeed as a Scholar. I already did so in my past life!”

Still, Alphonse made a lot of sense. If I were to pursue the Scholar path, there would be little need to practice Magic, but more emphasis on study, research, and discovery.

With just my SPELLCRAFT, I would be able to change the world once again. My success was already pretty much guaranteed. However...

“So, what do you say, Jared? Don’t you want to-”

“Nope!” I sharply responded.

“Just think about it a little-”

“Noooopeeee!” I repeated.

What this man was asking of me... even though it was the logical thing to do, I was never going to choose that path.

Why? Because I was already one in my past life. I had even reached the summit, the pinnacle of any Scholar, and achieved the Great Sage title. Still, at the end of my life, I felt empty.

It was the regret that made me wish for magic, and miraculously I ended up being given a second chance at it.

There was no way I would choose to relive my past!

“Thank you, tutor, for your counsel. However, I know what I want. So, instead of trying to look for an alternative...”

Alphonse was looking flustered, trying to decipher what I, the usually logical one, was thinking.

A wide grin formed on my face as I stared at him with my own resolve.

“... Why don't we make a bet?”

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