

SPELLCRAFT: REINCARNATION OF A MAGIC SCHOLAR

Chapter 16

“Why don’t we make a bet?” I asked, grinning at the flustered mage.

‘He must be thinking that I’m making a desperate attempt here, but let’s see if he’ll bite!’

“What kind of bet?” He asked.

Perfect! He took the bait.

“Set a standard. You said I’m way behind my peers, correct?”

“Y-yeah. Your magic capacity and growth are too-”

“Then, set a standard. In two years, I should conclude my training with you. Tell me a spell that anyone by that age will be able to cast, and if I don’t meet up to that standard when I turn 12, I’ll become a Scholar!”

My declaration stunned Alphonse. The expression he made actually hurt me a little.

‘I’m not crazy, old fart!’ My mind rang.

“Come on, there’s nothing to lose. I’ll keep practicing magic, you’ll keep teaching me, and I’ll keep learning as much as I can. Even as a Scholar, it’s good to have deep roots in the knowledge of magic, as well as basic magic usage. Don’t you think so?” I smiled, trying to convince him.

‘Welp, I didn’t have magic usage in the past, but I managed to reach the top. Let’s hope he doesn’t bring that up...’

“But, didn’t the Great Sage not have any-”

‘Ahhh! He did!’

“I’m not the great Sage, okay? I have mana, at least! It’ll be a waste if I don’t train it to an extent. Plus, we’ve already started my magic training. It’s been three years now. What’s two more years?”

Alphonse seemed to see some reason in my words, which was a good thing. If he had proved to be thick-skulled, I don't know what else I could have said in order to convince him to keep teaching a hopeless case like myself.

"Okay, so if you don't produce the result I want in two years... you'll become a Scholar?"

"Yep! And a badass one at that!" I grinned confidently in response.

'That won't happen though. But, let's give him hope...'

Alphonse smiled at my confidence, a little relieved that I hadn't broken down from having my dream shattered before me.

"Alright then. Fair enough-"

"Buuuut, if I win... if I do manage to reach the target in two years... you'll teach me a rare spell!" I declared, pointing at him with seriousness written all over my face.

'There's no way I'm missing out on some extra goodness!'

Alphonse burst out in laughter the moment I said this. Was it perhaps the amusement gained from watching an immature boy speak? This old man was looking down on me again.

"Fine, then. Deal." He smiled, stretching his hand toward me.

"Heh, deal!" I grinned, I stretched mine too, and we shook our hands.

A moment of silence enveloped the area, as master and pupil looked into each other's eyes, determined to win. Knowing Alphonse, he would raise the standard pretty high, but that didn't matter... no matter what he threw at me, I was going to succeed!

"Well, then... what do I tell your mother?" Alphonse sighed, suddenly breaking the silence.

'I knew it! So Anabelle was an accomplice too. It all made sense now!'

This traitorous tutor! So he sided with my doting mother in the end.

‘No one really thinks I can pull it off, uh?’

Well, they were in for a surprise. After all, tonight... I would finally form my second mana core!

Everywhere finally got darkened as night crept in, the perfect moment for a peaceful meditation.

I remembered Alphonse’s words, how concerned he was about my aptitude. What everyone around me failed to grasp was that no one was more concerned about my growth than I was.

I already realized that no matter how many innovative combinations I made to a basic spell, even if it ended up mimicking the effects of a more powerful spell, it was still not powerful enough to rival advanced spells.

To become truly powerful, I not only needed great combinations, but also great power and skills to go along with it.

Not counting my SPELLCRAFT technique, which I was saving as a Trump Card, my magic usage was really on the poor side. My mana pool was below average, and just as my tutor said, there appeared to be no growth within my core.

However... these effects weren’t unforeseen, nope, they were caused by me!

“Huu, it’s a lovely night. I should begin!”

I took a deep breath, carefully inhaling and exhaling fresh, cool air.

I activated the mana core within me, causing my body to faintly glow.

‘Many people think that a white Mana Core is only the beginning of a magic-user’s journey, and one should progress as fast as possible to the next stage.’

However... they’re wrong!

The white Core stage is a foundation. As such, others are built from it. The mistake everyone makes is assuming they need to advance to the yellow stage as soon as possible.

'I thought this perception would change, but even now in the future, it remained the same.'

There was one thing everyone overlooked, and now it would be the basis for another card that I will exclusively have under my sleeve. And that is, possessing multiple Mana Cores!

"It's almost done... just a few more particles... and I'll be done with my second Mana Core!"

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