

SPELLCRAFT: REINCARNATION OF A MAGIC SCHOLAR

Chapter 7

“On this day, I hereby name thee Jared of the house of Leonard Alphonse Sereth.”

Yep, you heard that right!

At this moment, I'm currently at the cathedral within my family's estate. The pews are well arranged, and my dearest mother, being the only parent around to witness this historic day is standing on the altar, holding me in her bosom.

The priest was facing me directly, wearing his blindingly white robe and golden scarf. Two of his assistants, who bore an uncanny resemblance with each other stood a couple of distance behind him, while staring at the clergyman with hope and adoration in their eyes.

As for the audience, many strangers were currently piercing me with their gaze. One would think that I would be used to attention, given the nature of my past life. However, as a baby who was just two weeks old, it was a little nerve-wracking.

Why? Because... in the presence of so many witnesses, this priest was about to perform something known as the 'Quickening' ceremony, where he would inject his mana into me and activate my latent mana.

Yes, it's a method I developed in the past to help form a mana core early. It has received a lot of popularity, and even in this age, it appeared that they still used this method, though it has now become an elaborate event.

Still, the reason I'm so nervous is because of one crucial fact...

I have already 'Quickened' myself!

[Let's rewind a bit]

I began forming my mana core 10 days after I was born, some days after the whole attempted assassination issue.

Of course, since I was stuck and constantly watched, I had to pass the time.

Usually, after a child receives a 'Quickening', it takes them a few years for their mana core to develop. This is because, though the latent mana has become active, they automatically begin to converge in a single spot to become a core within a magic user's body.

Babies, and even little children, who have no experience in sensing their mana or directing the flow have to wait for years while things take their natural course, and after this occurs, they Awaken.

The usual time for a core to fully form is five years, though I have heard cases of geniuses who formed theirs at four, even three years old.

How scary... I envied those lucky chumps!

'Hehehehe, but now... it's my turn to shine!' I grinned internally.

You see, I had already Awakened mere days after my birth, way faster than most children, and I also possessed the ability to sense my mana and direct the flow since I had my awareness intact.

Plus, I am crazy smart!

Though my mana capacity seemed to barely qualify, there didn't seem to be too much of a problem. If I began guiding my mana particles to form a core myself, without waiting for them to gather on their own, that meant my speed would be way more than others.

'I might not have talent, but by using this method, I won't be left behind!'

So, at 10 days old, I began my first trial.

Ah, it was difficult. It was hard enough sensing the little fragments of mana that dwelled within my body, but gathering them in a single spot was another thing entirely.

For a child, whose mental strength was incomparable to an adult's, it took quite a monstrous amount of concentration to gather 10 particles in an hour.

When considering the fact that there are nearly infinite number of particles within a person's body, and it takes a minimum of a hundred thousand to form a stable core, 10 particles an hour was a far cry from what I had in mind.

Even in this new life, it appeared that life would not be easy for me.

Still, I persevered!

On my first day, I managed to gather 50 particles before losing strength and drifting to sleep.

My second day was better since I had somewhat gotten the hang of things.

'70, uh? Not bad, not bad!' I thought to myself, smiling excitedly.

It seemed the more I practiced gathering daily, the more I improved.

By the third day, I was already able to gather 120 particles, nearly two times the amount of the previous day.

'At this rate... maybe...'

However, my hopeful thoughts were dashed by the sudden realization I had after hearing the conversation my mother had with her handmaidens.

"Is everything set for tomorrow?"

Tomorrow? I had no idea there was anything special going on during that time.

"Yes milady. The guests will be arriving very early, as stated in their letters, but we are nearly done with all the preparations." One of the maids answered her.

Guests? Now I was even more confused.

'What in the blazes is going on? Why doesn't anyone tell me anything? Oh, wait... ' I grumbled internally, hoping someone would shed more light on the commotion.

"Tomorrow is my baby's naming ceremony. Ah, I can't wait till I hear my sweet child's name for the first time." My mother finally said, beaming with pride and excitement.

"... E-eh?" I let out with my baby voice.

Apparently, a baby was supposed to undergo a naming ceremony two weeks after birth. I didn't know anything of the sort prior to my mother mentioning it.

Perhaps it was because of my commoner heritage in my past life, where no such practices were held. Noble culture differed from that of the masses, after all.

But, if that was the case, wouldn't I have noticed it at later points in my life?

I had many noble friends, after all. And a lot of them had children, yet I never saw anything of the sort.

'Welp, it could have been as a result of my fixation on magic that I failed to notice such details...' I laughed in embarrassment.

Or, the more reasonable option would be that it was a new trend in whatever era I was reincarnated into.

Of course, based on the slight difference in the language everyone spoke, plus the dates I saw around, as well as the books my mother read to me, I already deduced that quite a few hundred years had passed since my death. 528 years to be exact.

During that time, quite a lot had changed, such as the Magic Detecting tool I saw in my parent's room. It looked more advanced than what I knew of in the past.

Since many things weren't the same as what I knew, the naming ceremony was no exception.

'Now that I think of it... I don't even have a name yet. Everyone just calls me the young master, and my mom calls me her baby... it won't be bad getting a proper name...' I had thought to myself with a bit of anticipation.

How could I have known things would turn out this way?

A 'Quickening' Ceremony after hearing my name... how was I to get out of this predicament?

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