

## **Magic Era 2**

### **Chapter 2: Creditor**

But soon, Lin Yun threw these things to the back of his mind and shifted his attention to the state of his body. This was what Lin Yun was truly concerned about.

Surviving 20 years at the end of Noscent's gradual deterioration made Lin Yun have a near fanatical thirst for mana. If he ran out of mana, the Lin Yun of that time wouldn't have been able to survive for even an hour. The fierce sand beasts, the constant high temperature, the Netherstorm with its mortal radiation, all of those could easily kill Lin Yun.

What Lin Yun used to survive in that era wasn't something like a powerful family, nor some promising future, but rather, his fine control of the mana he possessed.

Lin Yun didn't care how physically weak this body was, or how much debt he owed. A 9th Rank Magic Apprentice wasn't strong enough. If Mafa had been an Archmage, then let alone eight thousand, who would dare to ask him to return eighty thousand gold? Even if he was willing to pay them back, they would have to be bold enough to accept it...

After some careful inspection, Lin Yun discovered that this young man called Mafa Merlin was actually not too bad. Although the status of a 9th Rank Magic Apprentice wasn't worth mentioning, his foundations were very firm, and because he had been very hard-working, his mana had already formed the mana whirlpool boundary. The only reason he had still yet to advance was his insufficient control over his mana.

This was definitely a lot simpler...

During those twenty years, Lin Yun had always been focused on trying to extract the all of the additional mana that was possible, always calculating how to use every bit of mana to the highest levels of efficiency. Over twenty years, Lin Yun's mana control had reached an outrageous level.

To be fair, it wasn't just Lin Yun. Every mage in that mana-deficient era was like that. They could survive the deadly radiation of the Netherstorm and the scalding hot deserts for a few days only to extract a bit more mana from the void.

Growing up in such an environment, Lin Yun's mana control far surpassed that of the current casters, to the point that Mafa Merlin couldn't even enter his eyes.

Lin Yun spent about ten minutes analyzing the body's potential for magic.

Ten minutes later, Lin Yun was convinced that his understanding of this body was no less than that of Mafa Merlin himself, and thus, he started gathering mana. Guided by his precise control, the sturdy mana seemed like a flowing river...

At first, this flow seemed gentle and relaxing, like a whispering brook, but with his continuous prompting, the mana began to stir and turned into a surging river. With a whistle, the swirling waves kept crashing against his new body.

This was the most critical period for a Magic Apprentice. If the Magic Apprentice lost control of the surging mana, they would fail the absorption and would have no choice but to start accumulating mana from scratch. The setback could even cause some to lose hope of ever forming a mana whirlpool.

This was why there were many Magic Apprentices, but very few Archmages. It was also why Mafa Merlin was unable to progress past being a 9th Rank Magic Apprentice for three years. He had actually yet to give it a try, worried that he might not succeed.

But Lin Yun didn't have such a problem...

Lin Yun had an amazing level of control. He didn't even need to focus in particular, and in an instant, the mana surged ever stronger. Regardless of the rough flooding of the mana, Lin Yun easily controlled all of it, and the seemingly berserk mana flowed through the path that Lin Yun guided it through.

It took an instant for the mana whirlpool to form in Lin Yun's body.

When Magic Apprentices reached this step, they gained the qualification to finally put on that black gown. After some time, the mana whirlpool would completely stabilize and it would be considered true completion of the achievement, becoming a mage.

But Lin Yun didn't plan on stopping here. As if he didn't know that the mana whirlpool had already taken shape, he forcibly pushed the mana further, despite the fact that it had already seemed close to its limits. The weak and recently formed mana whirlpool suddenly let out a popping sound, like that of a bubble, and collapsed from the pressure of the eruption.

Lin Yun wasn't worried in the least. He only kept gathering mana once more and proceeded to roughly form a mana whirlpool before collapsing it in a surge of mana yet again...

That loop, which would have been enough to shock any contemporary mage, went on for no less than ten cycles before the weak mana whirlpool finally stabilized.

Once the mana whirlpool didn't collapse regardless of how much mana he forced inside, Lin Yun was satisfied and gathered some mana at the center of the whirlpool.

The mana whirlpool slowly started rotating around and around, never stopping. Lin Yun raised his hand and several magic runes appeared on it, followed by a fierce magical fluctuation filling the room. A small buzzing sound could even be heard in the air...

Even if a picky mage saw this scene, they would have no choice but to admit that this was a near-perfect mana whirlpool, with astonishing endurance and frightening burst power that could compare with that of a first-rate mage. What was unbelievable was that the formation of this mana whirlpool only took a few minutes.

No one of this era could have accomplished such a feat.

This was because many years later, when the mana control of the mages reached a completely new level, they developed this improved method of forming a mana whirlpool. They had found that this seemingly rough and precarious method would not only create a mana whirlpool very quickly, but also give it sturdiness and explosive power that would have been hard to imagine in the past. And after going

through hundreds of years of refining, this technique that would be considered unimaginable in this era was learnt by Lin Yun.

As he waved away the scattered magic runes, Lin Yun was about to fortify his mana whirlpool further when he suddenly heard a voice outside.

“This is all written very clearly! Before my dear cousin went out to sea, he took eight thousand gold coins from me as an investment. But his business ended up as a failure, so shouldn’t I get my eight thousand gold back? Naturally, I am not an unreasonable person, and I know you have no money at the moment. How about this? This house is still worth some money, so I’ll take a loss and buy the house for ten thousand gold. This way, you can pay back your debt and still have two thousand left to spend.”

The voice in the distance was hoarse and broken, sounding sort of like a loud duck. There was no doubt as to what sort of reaction Lin Yun, who was currently trying to consider the best way to further enhance his mana whirlpool, would have after hearing such an annoying sound...

“There is no need to be so excited about settling a debt,” Lin Yun muttered under his breath while grinding his teeth. He was already thinking of going to break that duck’s neck.

But unexpectedly, before Lin Yun even got up, that duck actually came to his own door and opened it with a loud “bang”. A corpulent man that certainly weighed more than 150kg staggered in, followed by an old man that seemed to be perhaps 60 years of age. The two were pulling at each other, apparently disagreeing over something.

“Let go of me, I told you to let go, didn’t you hear? Pavey, you old geezer, don’t think that you can act recklessly because I’m being nice for now! You should be clear of one thing, you are just a butler. This isn’t a matter you can deal with!”

“Fario, you should be well aware of what the eight thousand gold was! That was a gift that the Master generously offered you that would come from the profits of the voyage! Did you even put in one copper? Now that the Master is gone, you want to take over the estate he left behind? Do you feel no shame?” The old man pulled at Fario’s sleeve, and due to excessive exertion, or perhaps his great anger, his wrinkled old face had turned red. He jabbed at Fario’s face and declared, “Fario, unless this old body of mine dies, don’t think of trying to lay claim to this house!”

“You old geezer, is this a threat?” The fat man suddenly became enraged when he heard the housekeeper’s words. “You best learn your place and stop acting up in front of me, or I will-”

“Or you will?” Lin Yun interrupted, as the two of them kept fighting.

“Or I will...” Fario was just halfway through making his threat before he had to stop, feeling a bit confused, due to realizing that the one repeating his words wasn’t the old butler, but rather his own nephew, who some believed had the potential to become a mage.

Fario had always been disdainful about all that boasting. How could that kid become a mage? And that was without even mentioning all the gold wasted on him over the past few years. And after all that, had he become a mage yet?

There was no need to even consider it now. After the death of his father, Locke Merlin, that kid had even written him a letter begging him to extend the deadline by a few days. If he really had any chance of becoming a mage, would he go that far?