

Magic Era 7

Chapter 7: Screwed

Such a miscalculation! If he had thought about it earlier, he definitely wouldn't have used Frost. After all, it was only a control spell with limited power. It would have been better to use a spell with burst power like Flame Burst! Even if that fellow had a magic tool that could resist magic, he definitely would not have had such an easy time stopping it. Just the shockwave from Flame Burst would be enough to leave him cutting a sorry figure on all fours. The stress had apparently gotten to Raymond, making him forget the reason for casting Frost in the first place.

'Okay, this was a bit unexpected, but using Flame Burst will fix it!'

Raymond used a few words to comfort himself before chanting the incantation for Flame Burst, full of confidence. Raymond appeared very calm this time. He shortened neither the incantation nor the spell gestures this time and just resolutely chanted his spell. Even the arrangement of the elements spinning in his mana whirlpool was textbook, to the point that if a strict teacher saw his spell, they wouldn't find any faults.

'There won't be anything unexpected this time,' Raymond thought complacently.

But the result was...

Before Raymond even finished casting, a sharp whistling sound suddenly passed by his ear.

That "whistle" felt like something was ripping through the air. It was followed by Raymond feeling his shoulder tingle before his whole body was sent flying like a cannonball...

Raymond landed on the ground a few meters away.

At that time, Raymond felt a painful heat on his shoulder and connected it to that sharp sound he'd heard a second ago. Raymond realized that this was the 2nd Rank spell, Tornado Whip!

But recognizing it didn't mean that he understood. In fact, after he noticed that it was Tornado Whip, Raymond was even more confused. 'Wh-what... What happened? How could a Tornado Whip appear here?' For a moment, Raymond even thought that he had chanted the wrong spell, mistaking Flame Burst's chant for that of Tornado Whip, causing him to receive backlash from the misfire.

If that wasn't the reason, the only possibility was that it had been cast by this apprentice.

But the situation quickly changed...

Raymond didn't have time to get up before a sharp whistle echoed once again. He felt his other shoulder go numb this time before he went sailing through the air.

'That's not it...'

Raymond lay on the ground once again, in a state of complete bewilderment. He didn't cast anything this time, so how could another Tornado Whip appear?

'No way, is it...'

As he gradually gathered his thoughts, Raymond raised his face and slowly paled. Even a lousy mage couldn't cast two completely wrong spells in a row like that, let alone having the same backlash twice. The only reasonable explanation was that those two spells truly came from that 9th Rank Magic Apprentice.

No, not a 9th Rank Magic Apprentice...

The two spells that came from that guy were clearly both silent and quickened. 'Damn, that scoundrel is an actual mage, a mage who has mastered at least two types of metamagic!'

At this time, Raymond really wanted to find a hole to hide in. 'You could have just said that you were a mage, why did you have to pretend to be a magic apprentice? And did you even need to use Tornado Whip on me twice? Are you a psycho?'

Raymond really couldn't understand at all... When did Lin Yun breakthrough to become a mage? He was clearly a 9th Rank Magic Apprentice just a month ago, so how could he suddenly become a mage? And a mage that could easily use two metamagic abilities, how heaven-defying was that?

"How could you have become a mage!"

"Why not?" Lin Yun looked at Raymond strangely, not explaining anything. He only casually continued, "Oh right, don't forget to thank your father once we return."

"What do you mean?" Raymond froze when he heard that.

But Lin Yun didn't plan to answer.

In fact, if not for Lin Yun thinking of that old man who was quite worthy of respect, Raymond would have already turned into a corpse the instant he cast that Frost spell. With the vigilance and alertness he cultivated for twenty years at the end of the magic era, how could he even let Raymond cast his shortened cast spell that still needed spell gestures?

The moment that the mana fluctuation had appeared, Lin Yun had instantly formed an Icicle spell in his hand. If it went as he predicted, once the Frost spell was released and the mana whirlpool shrank, Lin Yun would cast his Icicle and pierce Raymond's head with it.

It was as Lin Yun had said. Raymond really should thank his old man. Just as the Icicle was about to be cast, Lin Yun suddenly realized that this wasn't the dog-eat-dog era that he had lived in for so long. The other side's attack wasn't aiming at killing him. Moreover, that young mage's father was a worthy man.

Thus, Lin Yun held back the Icicle spell and used a rough mana shield to block the Frost.

"Oh right, come help me."

It was the same commanding tone, but this time, Raymond didn't dare to disregard his words. It wasn't a good idea to refuse a mage that could casually cast two Tornado Whips. If they fought, Raymond would definitely be the one that would suffer a loss.

Thus, Raymond had no choice but to keep it in. "What do I need to do?"

“Enchant those.” Lin Yun was busily refining with one hand while using his other hand to point at a few glass bottles.

“Eh...”

Enchanting was the easiest task in alchemy. It wasn't hard at all for a mage like Raymond. In fact, every mage had studied alchemy to some extent, some more than others. There were many high ranked mages who were peak alchemists.

Since the birth of alchemy, it had been linked in countless ways to magic. They complemented each other. If one wanted to walk far in the world of magic, it would be impossible without the help of alchemy. Alchemy equipment could bring about direct improvements in power. Refined potions could replenish strength in times of need. Puppets created through alchemy had even greater strategic uses. If a mage didn't have the support of alchemy, even if he was a unique genius, his accomplishments would be limited.

It was the same for alchemy, which was also linked inevitably to magic. A good mage wasn't necessarily a good alchemist, but a good alchemist was bound to be a good mage. This might sound a bit strange, but it was a well known fact. Some complicated alchemy formulas needed a deep and wide understanding of magic. Some people might rely on talent and hard work to have some achievements in alchemy, but only a mage could keep researching deeper and deeper.

Without enough knowledge of magic, one wouldn't be able to understand those complex alchemy formulas. Without enough skill with metamagic, one would never be able to make their own magic tool.

Raymond's achievements in alchemy couldn't be considered very high, and he was still very far from being able to make his own magic tool, but there was no problem with enchanting a few glass bottles. Raymond started enchanting the bottle, skillfully and casually while still wondering how this scoundrel had become a mage.

'Eh? What's that smell?'

While Raymond was lost in his thoughts, a strongly irritating smell assaulted his nostrils. Raymond first frowned with annoyance before suddenly paling.

Raymond realized that the person at the alchemy table next to him had put a flame rock into that test tube...

“Shit...” Raymond held his breath. If a flame rock was stimulated with magic power, it would instantly reach a high temperature. Throwing that thing in a red coral solution was like throwing fire on a pile of fireworks.

'Doomed! This scoundrel really will kill us this time!' As the flame rock fell into the test tube, a red light burst out, and Raymond could already feel the high temperature from his location.

Raymond wanted to curse, but it was too late. Under the high temperature, the red coral solution was already out of control. The berserk mana was wreaking havoc as the red light soared, dyeing the entire laboratory in a bloody crimson light. A surge of red bubbles was striving to rush out of the test tube.

Feeling the horrible mana fluctuations, Raymond closed his eyes, resigned to his fate.

“We are screwed...”