

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 11: Findings

A big pile of trash was in the backyard garden. It took Lucien a couple of rounds to throw it away.

To keep the city clean, there were people collecting trash every morning. But, the fancy association just could not tolerate the trash piling up in their garden for a whole day.

After finishing the work, Lucien sneaked into the hall and moved around the margins of the round hall towards the gate.

“Damn it! Wolf! Can you just leave me alone for one second and let me focus on my music?” He heard a deep and rich voice which turned sharp in the end. At the same time, a man wearing a red coat rushed down from the stairs.

Then, he ran right into Lucien.

“Bang!” Something heavy fell down on the carpet, making a dull sound.

Victor nearly lost his footing.

Taking a deep breath, Victor bent down and picked up a broken lamp which had fallen down from Lucien’s pile of trash.

“Sorry.” He gave the lamp he picked up from the carpet back to Lucien.

Another brown-haired man wearing dark blue long coat walked down from the stairs. There was an noticeable arch on his chin.

“Victor, you’re not the only musician here. I can do whatever I want. If you have a problem with it, then go back home.”

The smile on his face became even bigger, “I know, I know. There are only three months left before your concert. And I understand, I’m so looking forward to it. I’ll write an article for you on Music Criticism, especially for you...”

“Bastard! Let’s see when you can have your own concert.” Swearing in a low voice, Victor turned around and left the hall quickly.

The moment Victor turned his back, the smile disappeared from Wolf’s face. He walked back while murmuring, “It should be mine...”

After seeing their argument, Lucien continued carrying the trash to the gate. Then, he saw the broken lamp decorated with fancy patterns and the bottom of the lamp was made of metal.

Dumping the trash into the cart, Lucien picked up the lamp. It felt like copper but more flexible. It would probably sell for several Fells at a smith's shop. For a poor guy like Lucien, everything he saw would be related to money.

“Wait... maybe I can find more useful items like paper or quills in this pile.”

Now, this pile of trash was a treasure for Lucien. His heart was full of surprise and excitement. Although the rich people would not even bother looking at it, for Lucien this was his first chance of changing his life.

Five silver Nars was sufficient for one month's educational cost. Besides, He got an entire library inside his mind which could be constantly expanded. If he was able to learn how to read, he trusted that he would discover better ways for making a fortune.

Lucien felt energized just thinking about his future. Feeling excited, he pulled his cart out of the city. But, he was also worried: No one liked old things from trash.

“I just gotta be careful. If Aaron's gang caught wind of this, they're gonna demand more from me.” After Lucien's fight in the sewers, his fear for this world and towards gangsters diminished. He knew more about how to fight than they did.

After leaving the hall, Lucien saw a silver-haired man walking leisurely towards the association.

“Rhine? What's he doing here?”

Lucien did not think much about it. It was not strange for a bard visiting such a reputable place.

Andre was at the gate. He recognized Lucien and saw his fully loaded cart. He just waved his hand and let him leave out of the city.

Although excited, Lucien did not easily lower his guard. After a twenty-minute walk from the gate, Lucien finally stopped at a quiet place along the Belem River.

Rummaging through the trash, Lucien got some useful stuff: A broken lamp, several rusty pieces of metal, eight worn out quills, and some bundles of paper, etc.

Finally, Lucien pulled out a nice smelling damaged black lace. It looked like a veil, which might once belong to a female musician.

Without any erotic imagination, all Lucien thought was just about money.

“It got a fine craft. Maybe... maybe I can sell it to a tailor, who can probably use this as a decoration.”

Wrapping that stuff with some paper, Lucien hid them in the grass. Then, he continued pulling his cart downstream to the place where the trash was piled up.

He was surprised that the dump site was much smaller than he thought. The river beside it was very clean. No one was there except for Lucien. While smelling the awful stench emitted from trash, Lucien started his rummaging again.

“In this world, nobody picks up trash for a living?” Lucien wondered, “Maybe they’re afraid of catching any disease.”

However, Lucien’s empty purse was clearly more of a threat to him than getting sick, which might or might not happen. Wrapping his hand with waste papers, he found something which was probably worth a few Fells.

It was his first time, so Lucien was extremely cautious. He hid some of the stuff and went back for his paper parcel. Hiding his findings under a dirty old bag in his cart, Lucien tried to flatten the bag as much as he could to make it look like the cart’s cover.

Lucien stuffed the small things into his pocket.

It was much easier than he thought. The guards just waved their hands and let him in after shooting a glance at him.

When Lucien was pulling his cart towards Andre and Mag, he realized why the guards just let him pass easily. Covering their noses, Andre and Mag’s eyebrows were twisted together when they saw him.

Lucien was happy to see this. He pulled his smelling cart even closer to them and asked. “I’m Lucien. I come for my pay.”

Mag immediately stepped back and took out the money while swearing.

“Damn you! Fuck off with your stinking cart.”

Andre, with his consistent smile, was standing even further, “Your first time going to the river, isn’t it? If you stay there until dark, you may get lucky. Just watch the ghosts there... haha... ”

Without asking about ghosts, Lucien quickly left with his pay to return the cart. He did not want any more trouble.

Lucien made five Fells in total for cleaning up the garbage. However, his findings were more important than them, with them he could easily earn five Nars.

After returning home, Lucien hurriedly hid the rest of the stuff and then rushed to the market.

Lucien took it directly to a tailor without even cleaning the veil. He was rushing with quite a bit of excitement.

However, when Lucien was standing in front of a tailor shop, he became hesitant. He would probably get scolded or turned out of the door before he could open his mouth. Lucien’s face was flushed, like when he tried to do sales at the university.

“Don’t be a coward, Lucien. Don’t feel it’s shameful.” Lucien started encouraging himself, “What can your dignity do for you now? Can your dignity turn your dark bread into white one? Or can it offer you steak, codfish, and wine? Can dignity teach you reading?”

Lucien had experienced quite a bit after coming to this world. He had even wobbled on the borderline of death. He quickly made up his mind and walked into the shop with firm footsteps.

An old man wearing glasses was sitting in the shop. Noticing Lucien entering, he asked with confusion.

“Yes?”

Lucien’s dressing obviously showed that he was too poor to even visit an expensive tailor.

Smiling with great enthusiasm, Lucien rubbed his hands.

“Hello, sir! I got a nice black lace... and I was wondering if you’re interested in it...”

Before Lucien could finish his words, he was cut in by the old man fiercely.

“A fine black lace, from you? Get lost, you damned thief!” He walked out of the counter and pushed Lucien out, “I, Old Forau, am a decent tailor! I only buy clothes from the Lautsi!”

Being driven out of the first shop, Lucien had no choice but to find the next one. And he would try a different approach this time.