

# ***Throne of Magical Arcana***

## Chapter 14: Resolution

The guy who burst the door found the shack empty and reported this to the ordinary-looking man, Jackson.

“We did waste some time, but we shouldn’t be late.” Jackson smiled, “Although Mag and Andre are useless, they still provided us with some good information.”

The others knew what happened to the big guy. When Jackson mentioned Mag, they somehow felt a chilly wind pass through their legs. Andre squeezed out an embarrassing giggling. But, he was still glad that he did not have to lie in bed for at least a week.

“Andre, you go. See if there’s anything in this pigsty.”

Several minutes later, Andre came out with a handful of small things.

“Just some rubbish, Jackson.”

Sigh... Lucien regretted not hiding this stuff elsewhere. It was very easy to tell where he found them. If the Aaron gang took control of the dump site, then it would be the end of his dream to become a rich man.

“Rubbish...” Jackson curled his lips, “A pretty smart young lad. He found the Orichalcum in the dump site. Trash from the palace, nobles areas, Musicians’ Association, Mercenaries Union... all go to the dump site beside the river. They’re useless for rich people, but not for us...”

His guess was right.

“Thanks to the boy, we found a new way to make money!” Fiddling with a piece of metal, Jackson commanded with his iconic smile, “Smash all of his stuff. Keep the money to yourselves. The one who finds the guy will be rewarded!”

Jackson did not bother sending his men searching for Lucien. They also got many things to do. Time was too precious to be wasted on a nobody like Lucien.

Cheering loudly, they squeezed in Lucien’s little shack started smashing his stuff.

Clenching his fists and gnashing his teeth, Lucien could tell from the sound that his table, followed by his clay pot, were shattered to pieces. But he knew that he could do nothing against the gangsters with his current power. They would beat him to death and he did not want to die like that.

Law would not help him, since people above it would not care.

“If the witch had not gone to the cemetery, no one would have found her.” Lucien’s mind started wondering as the noise in the background faded, “If I become a sorcerer, I can protect myself... I don’t want much. After learning magic, I just need to find a place to live.”

“I need to... yes, I have no choice. Learning magic is dangerous, but being weak is no better.”

His locked up thoughts all started resurfacing, like being summoned by the evil actions around him.

Alisa’s shout cut off his wondering.

“You damned bastards! What the hell are you doing!”

While doing her housework, Alisa heard the mess coming from Lucien’s place.

Trying to stop them, she yelled and approached the gangsters while waving her long spoon.

“Get her away.” said Jackson.

Two ferocious men rolled up their sleeves and walked towards Alisa. But, they underestimated the housewife standing in front of them. Aunty Alisa directly hit one of them on the forehead with her wooden spoon.

“Ouch!” Facing the unexpected attack, the guy screamed in pain.

But soon more guys joined in. Although Alisa was tall and sturdy, she was after all still a woman. A hard punch hit her shoulder and her spoon fell onto the ground. Alisa groaned in pain, but still did not flinch.

“You wretches! Stop! The inspectors are coming!”

Hiding behind a wall and watching all of this, Lucien’s mind was filled with torment and suffering.

“Lucien, are you a man?!”

Although he met Aunty Alisa many days ago, he did not have a very strong bond with her and her husband Joel. But now, when he saw Alisa get hurt because of him, he knew it was totally unacceptable for him to be hiding behind a woman and letting her fight for him.

“Fuck!” Clenching his fist, Lucien took a quick glimpse at his shack and jumped out.

His target was Jackson, who was standing there alone.

Lucien threw himself at Jackson with all his might. Feeling extremely surprised, Jackson was suddenly knocked down by Lucien. They wrestled on the ground, and Lucien tried to hold Jackson’s hands tightly with his left hand, in case the thug was carrying a dagger. Meanwhile, his right hand

was trying to reach Jackson's throat. Lucien needed to capture their leader to control the whole situation.

However, Jackson was not inexperienced at all. He also had his share of fighting. Rolling on the ground, Jackson did not give Lucien any chance to grab his neck. At the same time, he continuously slammed his elbow at Lucien's rib.

Due to the lack of space, Jackson's hits were not very strong. But still, for Lucien they were still unbearable. Wincing in pain, he still did not retrieve. He was almost there. He touched Jackson's throat.

Suddenly, Lucien got a hard punch in his stomach. He was smashed hard on the ground by Jackson's men.

Before he could stand up, fists and kicks started falling down on Lucien's body like rain drops. Lucien started rolling on the ground from unbearable pain, like a stray dog. He could barely cover his vital parts.

Lucien's mind started wandering again. Everything seemed unreal and was fading away like in a movie. Aunty Alisa's crying voice came from another world, "Stop! Stop..."

At that moment, Lucien made up his mind.

Whatever it took, he must become strong.

Jackson was standing on the other side, looking at Lucien rolling back and forth on the ground. He trampled him hard and stopped his men.

"His friend is a knight squire. Let's not bring ourselves trouble."

Although it was rumored that Rosan Aaron had some connections with a high noble, a gang still had to be relatively "disciplined", or it would be eliminated by the church or nobles in no time.

Lucien was lying on the ground with blood coming out of his nose and mouth. Jackson smiled to him, "Actually I respect your courage and intelligence. I really do. But, my boy, don't be too greedy. I hope you understand what's yours and what's not."

"Yes," Lucien answered simply in a hoarse voice.

Lucien's answer was a little bit weird for him, but Jackson did not bother too much. Jackson and his men left in triumph, together with Lucien's collections and forty-five Fells.