

Chapter 151: The Prelude to the Feast

Chapter 151: The Prelude to the Feast

On the main street of Korsor, Lucien, together with Joanna, Betty and Simon, walked slowly toward the city gate. In the sky, an eagle flew high above them with a parcel on its back and a large basket of fresh meat hanging in front of its chest.

"Mr. Evans, are you really going to leave Korsor today?" Betty looked quite sad. When she listened to the musicians of the association trying to play the two movements composed by Mr. Evans after the music had been registered, she was completely convinced that this handsome and elegant young man was her favorite musician, Lucien Evans, who she had been dating with in her dreams.

The great variety of complex piano playing skills, the unpredictably wonderful melody, the thrilling passion, as well as the high-spirited will were all major representatives of Mr. Lucien Evans' unique style. Moonlight Sonata was undoubtedly another outstanding and impressive masterpiece from Lucien Evans.

Earlier, when Lucien was wandering the streets in Korsor, he paid great attention to the possible secret messages left by the organizer of the gathering, and within Lucien's expectation, the gathering was delayed: due to Hunt's death, the gathering was postponed to three days later but still at the same place. However, Lucien still did not plan to stay in Korsor any longer, in order to avoid any unnecessary trouble.

So, he smiled to Betty and said, "Sorry, I still have some other important things to do. If you stick to your knight training, maybe we'll meet again in Aalto when you become a real knight. If that happens, I will compose a song and play it especially for you."

"Really?" Betty was very surprised that her idol actually promised her that. Full of motivation, Betty nodded with great determination, "I will become a real knight."

"Thank you, Mr. Evans, for encouraging Betty. That's very important to her." Joanna and Simon really appreciated Lucien's kindness.

"It's just a little gift." Lucien turned around, "And also because our journey is memorable. Well... I have to go now."

"Wait... Mr. Evans. You don't need guards anymore? It's already late afternoon now..." Betty still did not want to let him go.

Lucien tilted his head slightly and smiled, "You really think I need bodyguards, Betty?"

"Humm... Then why did you hire us, may I ask?" asked Joanna curiously.

"It's nice having my guards to take care of all the trifles for me during the trip. But now, because of what happened to the baron, I got some emergent stuff here and need to hurry to deal with them. I'm way faster cutting corners by myself than sitting in a coach." Lucien's answer was blurry but also reasonable, which did not make his guards feel suspicious at all.

"I see..." Betty muttered, "Then you take care, Mr. Evans."

"I will." Lucien waved his hand, "You three, too. Hope we can see each other again."

Watching Lucien's figure gradually disappear under the afternoon sunshine, Betty, Joanna and Simon almost felt that the journey was like a dream.

After checking their purses again, which were full of Thales, they knew that the great experience was not a dream. What they should do now was to pay a noble to receive formal knight training.

...

The Musicians' Association, Korsor.

Standing beside the counter in the hall, Caspar stared at the place where Lucien had been writing his letter, "Christie, how about we build an iron and steel statue of Mr. Lucien Evans, you know... a statue like he was writing down his music here. And we tell other people that the young genius musician Lucien Evans once produced one of his famous piano sonatas here. I mean, right here!" Caspar pointed at the counter, "I bet lots of big nobles would like to visit the association because of the statue."

After Lucien refused his proposal for hosting a concert, Caspar was now working on some new ideas.

"Yes... I guess..." Christie murmured as if she was still in a dream. She actually did not pay any attention to Caspar's words.

Caspar touched his chin thoughtfully, frowning and talking to Christie randomly. Both of them were right now immersed in their own world related to the famous musician, Lucien Evans.

At this time, an employee of the association returned, "Mr. Caspar, I have led Mr. Wise to the villa to have a rest first. Any other orders?"

"Nothing, but just do not bother me." Caspar waved his hand impatiently, "What do you think of putting Mr. Evans' portrayal in the hall?"

...

IN the third week of July, there was a shining silver moon hanging high in the night sky, pouring its bright and clear light from above.

Bathed in the moonlight, Lucien swiftly cross the mountains and forests. Soon, he was already able to see the beautiful, mirror-like lake close to the castle.

The castle was still the same as what Lucien saw the last time. The pointy, tall and thin towers surrounding the main building looked like horrible demon paws in the night sky, stretching and scratching the sky. However, this time, there were already many in black hooded robes waiting outside the castle. Lucien took a quick glance and found that there were at least three or four hundred of them.

Among the crowd, there were a few people, some male and some female, who looked very special. Their robes were of different colors and there was no hood covering their faces, as if they were not afraid of being recognized at all. These people shaped a loose small circle with some other ones wearing hoods and were chatting casually together, while the rest of the invitees stayed away from them as if they were afraid of those who were not wearing a hood.

Lucien quickly thought to himself that those people should be real sorcerers instead of apprentices and their true appearances were changed by the first circle magic, Disguise Self. Because the spell would not work when someone was facing another person whose spiritual power or willpower was more than two levels higher than himself or herself, Lucien's guessing was that those people who were not wearing hoods should be middle-ranked mages.

After a quick counting, Lucien surprisingly found out that there were only twenty three real sorcerers in Djibouti, and he wondered if there were only twenty three across the whole territory. After all, this piece of land, which originally belonged to the great necromancer, Wilfred, consisted of two duchies and one independent county, and the area it covered was way broader than the Duchy of Orvarit.

Lucien slowly walked out from the shadow and headed toward the gate. Some of the black-robed people turned around and took a glance at him, but after that, no one took the initiative to talk to him. So, he stopped beside the four sorcerer apprentices and quietly listened to their conversation which was full of words such as "body", "eyeball", "hatred" and "revenant".

"H... Hey... I'm from the south mountain range of Djibouti. Where are you from?" A round-figured apprentice greeted Lucien. His black robe bulged from his obvious beer belly.

"I'm from Kazan. Nice to meet you. And you can call me by my pseudonym, Professor." Lucien answered politely.

Kazan was a small independent county close beside Dragon Tooth town.

"I see... Kazan. Welcome to Djibouti. Just call me Fatty." Apparently, Fatty had never heard of the name Professor before. "This are Garrupa, Bread and Wine."

Lucien took a glance at Fatty's belly, feeling a bit suspicious whether his big belly was real, "It's my first time joining a gathering like this. Never expected that there would be so many people here. Are there more coming?"

"Almost all of the sorcerers and apprentices from the nearby three nations are here, except those people who only work on their own." Bread, a stout apprentice answered in a low voice, "I heard that from the distinguished sorcerer who led us here."

"Distinguished sorcerer..." Lucien murmured.

"There they are." Fatty carefully pointed at the twenty three sorcerers gathering on the other side and introduced with a mixed feeling of respect, fear and admiration.

Even in today's Aalto, a sorcerer apprentice hardly received any recognition, not to mention respect within the circle of magic. Although there they were called as "sorcerer apprentice", there was a huge gap between an apprentice and a real sorcerer, and often the gap was insurmountable for many people, even though they spent their whole life working on it. Furthermore, for some lunatic ancient sorcerers, apprentices often stood for experimental materials.

In this gathering, there was only one sorcerer for each twenty apprentices.

At that time, all of a sudden, Fatty got scared and his voice trembled, "What... what's going on here?"

The sorcerers just secretly surrounded Lucien and the other four apprentices.

"Who're you?" The leading old man, who was almost as skinny as a mummy, asked Lucien harshly, "You'd better confess. None of us know you."

The questioning was totally out of Lucien's expectation. How did the sorcerers differentiate him from the other people?

However, soon Lucien realized that it was because of the organization form of the Feast of Death: After the viscount found the several sorcerers who he felt were trustworthy, these sorcerers produced their own lists for inviting the other sorcerers and the apprentices. Therefore, since there was nobody knowing Lucien here, he became rather suspicious in the eyes of the sorcerers.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 152: The Dangerous Felipe

Everyone present remained quiet, staring at the stranger with great alertness, and some of them even started to check their surroundings, worrying that they might had been ambushed by the church.

In the cold stare of the sorcerers and apprentices, under the gaze of some bloodthirsty eyes, with the sound of Fatty's teeth rattling out of fear, Lucien calmly took out his invitation and explained, "I am a guest invited by Viscount Carendia".

Seeing that Lucien stayed rather calm, the mummy-like old man's face eased a little bit. Another apprentice took Lucien's invitation and unfolded it for him.

The symbol of a tall black hat on the invitation was a bit tilted with some sense of humor. The old man who took the leading role glanced at the other sorcerers around, "This invitation was not sent by me."

The other sorcerers looked at the invitation held by the apprentice and also denied.

The muscles of the old man's face pulled when he was speaking, "Although your invitation is not from somebody else, but we still can not make sure that it was sent by the viscount. To ensure the safety of everyone here, I think we should wait until Viscount Carendia and his steward, Nied, show up. You agree?"

"Sounds fair enough." Lucien remained polite.

"You can call me Cessy, by the way. I'm 4th circle sorcerer," said the old man. He did not want to offend this mysterious attendee imprudently before figuring out his true identity, just in case that he was even more powerful than him.

"Mr. Cessy. I understand your concern and I don't mind waiting here at all." Lucien nodded, "You can call me Professor."

"Good." The old man, a necromancer, asked, "Then, Mr. Professor, are you a sorcerer... or an apprentice?"

Through their conversation and Lucien's attitude, Cessy started to become a little bit convinced that Lucien was really a guest of the viscount.

"A sorcerer," Lucien answered shortly.

The apprentices whom Lucien was talking to were pretty surprised to know that Professor was actually a real sorcerer, since his attitude was way nicer than most of the other arrogant and cold sorcerers who were gathering together on their own on the other side.

"Hope we can exchange some ideas over the meeting." Cessy's attitude toward Lucien eased a little further.

"In fact, I'm not a necromancer," said Lucien honestly.

Although Lucien indeed had roughly read the Book of Necromancy, and had some ideas about the structure of human body, he knew that he could not rely on his own understanding and his previous knowledge of this branch of magic.

And by the way, according to the Book of Necromancy, regardless of practicing meditation or studying necromancer spells, long-time staying with rotten corpses was often required, and it was easy for the person practicing it to be infected with some terrible toxins or something filthy. Apart from making breakthroughs to move to higher circles in order to resist to the possible infection, only a few kinds of potions could be used to tackle the problem. So, with Astrology and Elements in his hand, Lucien right now did not want to take the risk to focus on necromantic spells but just copied the structures of a couple of the not-that-disgusting ones, intending to analyze them.

Cessy's mummy-like face looked surprised, "Then why are you here? The Feast of Death... is for necromancers."

The other attendees also found it strange.

Before Lucien answered Cessy's question, the heavy gate of the old castle slowly opened, and the steward of the castle, Nied, showed up, still dressing decently and behaving in an elegant manner.

"Mr. Professor's indeed a special guest invited by the lord," explained Nied seriously.

"Then we're assured now." Representing the other sorcerers and apprentices, Cessy responded.

Nied slightly nodded and continued, "Mr. Professor also came from the headquarter of the Congress of Magic, and he's a powerful sorcerer."

"The congress... powerful..." Often being dull and cold, although the steward's words were pretty surprising, the necromancers and apprentices were only whispering to each other, peeking at Lucien carefully.

"Why there's another sorcerer here from the headquarter of the Congress of Magic tonight?" Cessy immediately noticed the word Nied used—"also".

"Mr. Professor's attendance was out of expectation, and he's just dropping by." Although the steward's words were quite hard to believe, what Nied was saying was true, "And Mr. Professor's power is widely recognized. He ranks no. 359 on the Church's Cleansing List."

"What? Cleansing List?!" Even the gloomy necromancers could not stay calm anymore. Even though not all of them knew who were all the people on the list, everyone present was aware of the fact that anyone who was on the list, without exception, had the same power as a senior-rank and was capable of affecting or even destroying a whole nation.

With regards to tracking the powerful sorcerers, the Church had been enjoying quite a good reputation all throughout history.

The necromancers and apprentices started to be awed by Lucien, and some of the necromancers felt concerned that they just surrounded the powerful sorcerer in a rude manner. They were guessing that, as a sorcerer on the list, Professor should at least be a senior-rank mage.

Cessy paused a bit and took Nied's words, "Mr. Professor, please forgive us for being rude to you earlier. We have been yearning for the headquarter of the Congress of Magic."

Cessy believe that Professor and Felipe, the one who initiated the Feast of Death, didn't get along very well, and their conflict was very likely to involve the internal struggle between different factions of the congress. So, he mindfully mentioned the congress as a whole instead of taking a standpoint supporting either side.

"Don't worry about it. In fact, if you couldn't identify a stranger among the attendees, I'd be very disappointed." Seeing that all the people present started to respect him a lot since they misunderstood that he was a powerful, senior-rank sorcerer, Lucien instantly took the opportunity and started to pretend that he was really someone important by maintaining the big man's tone.

"Mr. Professor, my lord wants to meet you in the study first, and Mr. Felipe's there as well." said Nied. Then he turned to Cessy and the other sorcerers, "Soon there'll be waiters guiding you into the hall, Mr. Cessy."

Although Lucien really did not want to have a close talk with Mr. Felipe, he had no way to refuse the offer. So, he had no choice but to follow Nied through the terrifying darkness of the castle all the way to the study.

Watching Professor's figure gradually disappearing in the darkness, Fatty burst out an exclamation, "Wow... Cool! Cleansing List."

"I wish one day I'd be on the list, too," said Wine out of great admiration.

Somehow, being on the Church's Cleansing List, in many necromancers' and even apprentices' eyes, was a great goal to brag their achievement and power.

...

In the study, the viscount in red shirt and black coat and another man witnessed everything that happened on the lawn downstairs from the window.

"Not very aggressive... Mr. Professor." Seeing that Lucien was not aggravated by the necromancers, the viscount commented with a glass of wine in his hand, looking rather relaxed.

The man standing beside the viscount had black hair and pupils. His nose was straight and high and his lips were thin. He was definitely handsome, but his face looked rather pale, as if he was sick. Wearing a black shirt with gigot sleeves, the man was covered with a long, black coat, which was not common to see in inland countries. The man responded to the viscount's comment in a gloomy and serious tone, "The church's comment on Professor is 'extremely cunning and very dangerous', you cannot easily judge him based on his one single reaction."

"I know. The fact that the Will of Elements or Holm Royal Magic Academy sent Professor here obviously means that they're confident that Professor is capable enough of confronting you, Mr. Felipe." Viscount Carendia took an outsider's standpoint and said casually, "I suggest you be careful first before you want to take any action, or you'll be in great risk. It's not easy, for sure."

Felipe looked back at his entourage, and then sipped his red wine, "the Will of Elements is certainly not clear about my current power, but I also have no idea how powerful the mysterious Professor is. I wonder who's this Professor? Larry, Timothy or Ulysses? "

These names were of people he knew and were of the same level as him, but belonged to the Will of Elements or Holm Royal Magic Academy. However, none of them conformed to the identity information they had on Professor. So, he shook his head slightly and continued, "Professor... Professor... It seems he was pretty proud of his arcana level... So his magic level is possibly not much higher than that of his arcana... might even be the same."

Felipe stopped here, but two shivering clusters of pale flame appeared in his eyes.

Sipping his wine, the viscount changed the topic, "I heard that the musician, Lucien Evans, is in Djibouti right now. Ha... the princess must be very concerned about her sweet little lover traveling along this far, or she would not send Professor to Djibouti to secretly protect her toy boy. And your Feast of Death happens to be held during the same time. What a coincidence!"

"It's not a surprise, and I'm sure it's not a coincidence. Firstly, based on the relationship that Natasha has with that one, asking Professor to do her a favor is not difficult. Professor must have somehow directed Lucien Evans to take this way toward Djibouti, so he could take care of both his tasks at the same time. Otherwise, how would the great musician want to visit this remote and poor place? Kidding..."

...

Lucien had no idea which floor the study was on. The darkness of the castle devoured everything.

There were three people in the familiar study. Apart from the viscount, there was a pale-looking young man, and a tall and strong middle-aged man.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Professor. I'm Felipe." Felipe's smile was gloomy and sophisticated. His eyes had pale flames inside and stared straight at Lucien.

All of a sudden, Lucien was terrified by Felipe's aggressive aura. He felt cold and greatly threatened. The last time he had the same feeling was when Camil was looking at him after activating her Blessing.

Lucien quickly concluded that, even if Felipe was not of senior rank yet, he was definitely very close to that level. However, Lucien was not sure why Felipe would be this hostile toward him.

The only possible answer was that the Will of Elements or Holm Royal Magic Academy did not get along well with the faction that he represented in the congress.

At that point Lucien finally realized that the ring given by Natasha, the one he was wearing when he first met the viscount, did him a great favor, but and also dragged him into a very difficult situation.

Lucien tried his best to stay calm. After all, it was not the first time that he pretended to be someone important and powerful. He was also aware that the only possible reason that Felipe did not directly attack him was that he was also hesitant and felt uncertain about his power because of the rumors about Professor!

With his brain remaining cool and after catching this key point, Lucien smiled politely, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Felipe. I have long heard of your name."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 153: The Hand of Paleness

Lucien's attitude was not out of Felipe's expectation, so he put on an elegant smile, "It's my great pleasure that Professor actually heard my name before."

However, although he was saying that, in Felipe's mind, as a talent who had already published his first article on the influential journal Magic, he felt that of course Professor should have heard his name.

Then, Felipe changed his tone, "But it seems that you don't really value this gathering, Professor. We are all from the congress, and you're still wearing that ugly black hood? That doesn't match your status."

Lucien knew that now every word he said might put him at great risk, but remaining silent all the time would definitely make him more suspicious. So, he carefully kept his answer short and answered with a husky tone, "Honestly, I don't want you, Mr. Felipe, to stir any trouble for me when we get back to Allyn."

At first, when Lucien was trying to use the identity Professor to pretend that he was a member from the Will of Elements, Lucien did not expect to have such a big trouble, and even his crystal ball did not suggest anything specific. After all, it was totally unexpected that even within the

congress there was such great conflict between different factions. Although Lucien's only intention—as well as his major goal—was to find out who was the liaison in Sturk, this Mr. Felipe would definitely give him a hard time, and Lucien was almost regretful that he decided to use the identity of Professor without a second thought.

Lucien knew that he was in a dilemma. It was impossible for him to just admit everything right now in front of this guy.

"Well... You're pretty straightforward, Professor," said Felipe. Then he pointed at the long couch on the other side of the study, "We still got some time before the gathering. I'd like to have a conversation with you... you know, to exchange some ideas."

Then Felipe turned to the viscount, "Do you mind?"

"Of course not. Go ahead." The viscount did not care. He raised his glass of wine a bit and nodded casually.

Although Lucien didn't want to talk to him at all, he forced himself to stay calm and sat down on the couch, "What do you want to talk about, Mr. Felipe?"

Inside Lucien's mind, he was praying that Felipe would not mention anything about the congress or the Kingdom of Holm. He knew nothing about them!

"No... No... No..." Lucien said to himself in his mind, and his heart was beating so fast that it almost jumped out of his throat.

The pale flame in Felipe's eyes disappeared and his dark pupils came back. With a gloomy smile on his face, Felipe pointed at the man standing close by, "This is my student, Cleveland, and he's also a second circle sorcerer studying necromantic magic after me."

Lucien simply nodded to the middle-aged man.

Then Felipe continued, "Besides that, Cleveland's also interested in Element magic. After Mr. Donald won the twenty-fifth ring from Holm Crown prize recently with his groundbreaking research analyzing new elements by introducing the knowledge of spectral analysis, Cleveland is planning to write an arcana essay on spectral analysis as well. However, he definitely needs some help there and that's why I started to gain some interest in the field of Element as well. If you don't mind, Mr. Professor, maybe we can exchange some ideas over this topic." When he was talking with great confidence, Felipe crossed his fingers and Lucien noticed that his left hand was missing the little finger.

Although Lucien could tell that Felipe must be very confident when talking about the Element school, he felt very lucky that Felipe did not go to the directions where he knew nothing about.

Feeling a bit more relaxed, Lucien quickly started to analyze Felipe's intention. Now that Felipe did not ask him anything about the congress and the Kingdom of Holm, Lucien was certain that Felipe was not doubting his identity right now. Instead, he was talking about arcana, and that meant this topic was more important than anything else.

However, what Lucien wanted to figure out was that why a necromancer wanted to talk about elements and arcana? What could this do for him?

Lucien was guessing that Felipe was probably trying to test his knowledge or his arcana level.

Based on Lucien's past experience in the small circle of magic in Aalto, it was not difficult for Lucien to link knowledge to power in this world, which was also true in his original world. He was not almost certain that Felipe was trying to test his arcana level to figure out how powerful he actually was and then, based on that, to decide whether he should directly attack him, since the best way to figure out one's arcana level was to talk about the cutting-edged knowledge in the person's professional field.

Thinking of that, Lucien really learned his lesson this time. He knew that he was becoming more and more careless from many times of being lucky and getting abundant rewards. Fortunately, Felipe was only talking about the fundamental principles of Element arcana, and Lucien, being the opposite of the most common cases, had more profound knowledge of the scientific facts, which was understood as arcana knowledge here, behind the magic phenomena. In other words, Lucien's arcana level should be higher than that of his magic power.

"Mr. Professor?" Seeing that Lucien remaining silent, Felipe pushed him in a threatening tone, and the pale flame appeared in Felipe's eyes again. He was waiting for the mysterious Professor to reveal his knowledge and power.

Lucien smiled, "I happen to have some understanding in spectral analysis. However, I prefer that we do not dig into this field too much, since there's nothing else more valuable than knowledge, right? I can't just say everything to you straightforwardly without getting any compensation."

Spectrum was a topic that was relatively familiar to Lucien since he had read a couple of related books in his spirit library, and he also to some degree understood the principle of the atomic knowledge involved. Furthermore, according to Lucien, the researches in the field of Element, which was actually Chemistry in his original world, still remained at the macro level. In other words, sorcerers here acknowledged a bunch of chemical phenomena but without knowing why, and that was the key point limiting them from finding more new elements.

Speaking about this, after Lucien became a real sorcerer, some of the books in his spirit library were unlocked, and the knowledge in those unlocked books was all relatively basic.

Lucien did not realize the change in his spirit library until he first tried to do his astrology meditation during his trip. This also confirmed Lucien's guess that the seals of the books should come from the suppression of the power of the world's origin. Lucien could only contend with and unlock the seals by strengthening his soul and spiritual power.

"Fair enough. Although, to be honest, as a sorcerer from the Hand of Paleness, I quite dislike people from the Will of Element. I think we can be straightforward with this, ha. I do respect others' research results and I won't steal them," said Felipe. Seeing that Professor still remained quite calm, Felipe had a bad feeling that Professor might really have an insight into this field, which meant he was a sorcerer of high arcana level. And, in most cases, one's magic level should still be lower than the person's magic level.

Leaning against the couch, Lucien started his speech, "The theoretical basis of spectral analysis is that the combustion of different elements produces different flame colors and lights. While the flame colors can be overlapped and covered by each other, the spectrum cannot. Through the analysis called spectrophotometry, the ranges and colors of bright spectral lines are independent and they do not affect each other. And that's why spectral analysis can be used to identify different elements and discover new elements."

During Lucien's short speech, he also used a couple of elements for example, whose principles worked basically the same with some elements in his original world.

Felipe listened to Lucien's explanation carefully and raised a few questions from time to time. When Lucien finished his words, Felipe applauded gently and commented, "Impressive explanation. Even clearer and easier to understand than Mr. Donald's arcana paper."

Although he was saying so, Felipe started to keep an even stricter vigilance over the man sitting across him on the couch.

Seizing the chance, Lucien continued, "In fact, spectral analysis is more on the application side. In order to find new elements, we don't need to go too far more than just mechanically doing experiments. However, what we need to think about is why the spectrum of each element is

different? Why don't they overlap? Why there are bright and dark spectral lines? As far as I'm concerned, these are the directions that we shall pursue in order to deepen our arcana knowledge, and I believe that is Mr. Douglas' true intention of defining Arcana."

Felipe was very surprised with Professor's insight into the field, and even the viscount who was listening to their conversation casually on the other side of the study was touched by Professor's questions. When the arcanists in the Congress of Magic were still wild with joy with finding new elements, the man sitting on the couch was seeking for the nature of these findings.

"If we can explore more about the world itself..." Felipe murmured. He could not help but think of the shocking comment that master Douglas, the Emperor of Arcana, once addressed, and the young man sitting in front of him at that moment shocked him again.

"Professor's arcana level might be even higher than mine!" Felipe thought to himself.

...

It was almost the time for the Feast of Death.

All of a sudden, the huge castle started to move in the darkness of the night. The tall towers became its strong stone arms. When the arms pressed against the ground, the lower part of the castle was pulled out from the ground.

Keeping the balance, the castle secretly "walked" toward the mountains and gradually became invisible.

No wonder the location of the Feast of Death never changed...

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 154: The Feast of Death

Then there was a sophisticated smile on Felipe's pale face, "Professor, surely in the field of Element you really have an extraordinary insight and unique perspective. Someone like you should definitely enjoy great reputation and high status in the academic community. So, forgive my curiosity, I really wonder whether you're one of the people I know?"

Hearing Felipe's comment, Lucien knew that he got lucky again and barely passed Felipe's test this time. So Lucien laughed in a fake voice, "Maybe when I become a high-rank mage, and if we meet in Allyn again, I'll tell you, Felipe."

Facing Lucien's attitude of being confident and straightforward, Felipe was a bit pissed off. Lucien also sensed the change of Felipe's aura. Hearing many times that necromancers were even crazier than sorcerers from other schools, Lucien's heart was beating very fast, although no one could tell his great nervousness from the way he looked.

Even the viscount slowly put down his wine glass and became alert. Although he did not want to be involved in the conflict within the congress, Carendia of course would not want to see his castle being ruined.

At this very moment, Lucien calmly picked up the tea cup on the table and took a sip, "Felipe, if you have no other questions regarding my research field, I would like to exchange some ideas with you about some unique ancient necromantic spells."

As a guest that hadn't been invited by Felipe himself, the major host of the Feast of Death, Lucien felt that he should take his revenge and retaliate after being tested, and also, a question like this should be proper to distract Felipe for a moment.

Although Felipe felt challenged, exactly as Lucien expected, for a second he forgot about the fact that he was going to lose his temper. Apparently, this cunning and mysterious Professor wanted to see how powerful and profound Felipe was.

Felipe's eyes gradually narrowed.

Seizing the chance, the viscount interposed between them, "I think we're running out of time now, Mr. Felipe and Mr. Professor. The Feast of Death is about to start. What about exchanging more ideas afterwards?"

"Sure," Lucien responded instantly.

Felipe also felt relieved that his conversation with Professor was ended by the viscount. So he stood up and apologized, "Sorry, I forgot about the time."

"No worries." Carendia waved his hand casually, and then he said to his steward, "Nied, can you lead Mr. Professor to the hall first? I still need to borrow a couple of minutes from Mr. Felipe."

Waiting until Lucien and Nied left the study, the viscount said to him, "Mr. Felipe, maybe you do not care, but this castle was left by my grandfather, and I cherish it a lot. So, if you really want a fight, please pick somewhere else."

Felipe lowered his head and smiled, "Although I often feel out of control, I still know how to respect the owner of a place. My viscount, you can rest assured. The only possibility that I would choose to have a fight with Professor is either if I could kill him within thirty seconds, or if he stepped on my toes."

In this crazy necromancer's dictionary, the premise of "respect the owner of a place" was that the owner should be powerful enough to be respected. Felipe remained respectful to the viscount since the latter's power was no inferior his, even though Carendia was not a senior-rank vampire yet.

"That'll be great." The viscount raised his glass again, "And I'll inform Mr. Professor as well."

Then, Carendia left the study for the gathering, and Felipe and Cleveland slowly followed him.

"Master, why didn't you attack Professor directly to test him? Anyone could tell that he's afraid of you from his way of dressing." Although Cleveland, the middle-aged man, was twice Felipe's size, he respected his master a lot, "He'll definitely bring trouble to us later during the feast."

Felipe slowly shook his head and answered, "I'm glad that I tested him in a different way. I think his power has increased a lot since the time when he was first registered on the Church's Cleansing List."

Pausing his steps, Felipe took a glance at his student, Cleveland, and was about to tell his student something. After opening his mouth, Felipe changed his mind and said nothing but followed the viscount in silence.

...

Following the steward, Lucien felt that he was exhausted. Facing this crazy Felipe was a great test to Lucien's will and soul.

At the same time, Lucien also gained some information from their conversation. He could sort of figure it out that the faction which held hostility toward the Will of Element and Holm Royal Magic Academy seemed to be an organization called the Hand of Paleness. From its name, Lucien guessed that it was a necromancer group, and based on that, Lucien suspected that the intention of Felipe hosting this feast was to enroll more necromancers to expand the faction that he belonged to.

It was impossible for Lucien to directly ask Felipe who was the liaison in Sturk, since a middle-rank mage should be capable of just flying over Storm Strait. The last thing that Lucien could let Felipe know was that he was actually only a first circle sorcerer.

There were many thoughts flashing across Lucien's mind, but he remained silent all the way to the hall.

When Lucien stepped into the hall, he noticed the smell of death.

Although the hall was bright and grand, and the long tables were loaded with delicious cuisines and wine, Lucien had no appetite at all. While some of those gloomy necromancers and apprentices were holding glasses of wine and food dishes, others were eagerly exchanging brain tissues, eyeballs, skulls, rotten hearts and infant bodies for other materials and reagents that they needed or for money, all of that right beside the tables.

Despite the fact that Lucien was not afraid of a corpse and he was not completely unfamiliar with the organs, he still felt very nauseous. However, many of the necromancers and apprentices were still casually enjoying their drink and wine.

"No wonder the whole continent regards sorcerer as a symbol of evilness..." Lucien thought to himself, "It must be because of those necromancers, at least to a large degree."

"Good evening, Mr. Professor."

"Mr. Professor."

Seeing Lucien walking by, many apprentices lowered their heads and greeted him out of the admiration for his great power.

Lucien nodded to them and took over a glass of water from the waiter. As he was walking around the hall, Lucien was thinking how to deal with Felipe later.

"Mr. Professor..." someone greeted Lucien in a voice which sounded a bit familiar.

It was Fatty. Fatty and another couple of apprentices were squatting in a circle in a corner of the hall, exchanging some ideas.

"What's going on here?" Lucien asked casually with a bit of curiosity.

"Mr. Professor... We're studying the human body." The other apprentices hurriedly stood up and answered Lucien's question.

The fourth-circle necromancer, Cessy, was also there.

"Mr. Professor, the apprentices are not only studying the organs of human body, but also trying to identify the changes of organs and bones brought by different diseases using magic," explained Cessy.

"Interesting. Are they your students?" asked Lucien.

"No." Cessy shook his head, "I just led them here. Mr. Professor, is there any similar study in the congress?"

"..." Lucien did not know what to say. After a few seconds, he answered in an ambiguous way, "... at a higher level."

The other apprentices tried to get a bit closer to Professor, hoping that he could share more information from the congress.

"As what Professor just mentioned, the Congress of Magic is working on very in-depth study in human body, and the Hand of Paleness, which is the organization that I belong to, specializes in this area. And we've also developed many new spells based on our knowledge, such as Pneumonia Curse." Felipe's voice came from behind.

"Mr. Felipe." The necromancers and the apprentices greeted.

Felipe looked at Lucien with a sophisticated glance and then turned to the rest of them, "I have something to declare."

Stepping onto the stage in the front of the hall, Felipe cleared his throat a bit,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Felipe from the Hand of Paleness, the Congress of Magic. We're gathering here tonight because of one thing," announced Felipe.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 155: Recruiting

As Felipe was talking on the stage, the necromancers and apprentices began to pay attention to him and started to whisper to each other.

Viscount Carendia also showed holding his glass of wine, and he stood behind Lucien, "Mr. Professor, I can probably guess your intention of coming to the Feast of Death, but let me remind you that, if you want a fight, finish it as soon as possible, or I'd have to ask you two to leave. Although I would like to see a fight between two top fifth circle sorcerers, the last thing I want to see is my castle being destroyed."

Lucien took a quick glance at the viscount. Inside his mind, he responded to the viscount's words in a sarcastic way, "You know my intention? Come on... Even I don't know why I'm here and what I'm doing right now!"

The whole thing was now totally out of Lucien's expectation, and now he was tasting the bitterness caused by his boldness.

"What if I'm only here to take a look around?" Lucien's face was covered by his hood, and he answered politely, "Sometimes, fighting is the most useless thing."

"Interesting." The viscount shortly commented and then turned to look at the people standing on the stage.

Besides Felipe, now there were another four necromancers who were the chosen representatives of the crowd: the old necromancer, Cessy; a plain-looking female necromancer, Tess; a young necromancer named Quentin; and a horrible-looking necromancer named Sidney whose face and hands were covered with big scars sewed by threads. They were also the only four middle-rank sorcerers from the land which originally belonged to Wilfred, who inherited the tradition of the ancient magic empire. Two of them were of fourth circle, and two of them were of third circle.

"You don't want to get on the stage?" asked the viscount in a joking way.

Lucien rolled his eyes under his hood and answered ironically again in his mind, "Sure I'll get on the stage and find a perfect way to get myself killed... Why not?"

Of course, Lucien could not say something like that to the viscount. Therefore, pretending that he was profound and mysterious, Lucien said to Carendia, "Sometimes standing away from the stage can make you see more."

The viscount clinked his glass with that of Lucien and commented, "No wonder your pseudonym is Professor."

On the wood stage, Cessy kept his usual expressionless face when he asked, "Mr. Felipe, thank you for inviting us here and offering us a chance to gather together and exchange our knowledge and magic materials. The gathering is already a feast for us who were hiding all the time in the darkness like mice living in caves. I wonder what else do you want to discuss with us?"

Felipe's eyes were staring at Lucien. Seeing that Professor was not planning to disturb his speech for now, he turned to all the sorcerers and apprentices present and started to talk again in his deep but loud voice, "I'm sure that all of you have suffered and are still suffering lots of difficulties here, the land which once belonged to the greatest necromancer, Wilfred. You folks are worrying that one day the Church might come for you. You folks are worried every single day, even during your meditation, that one day you'd be killed by some random adventurers, knights, priests. And you folks are so disturbed that you cannot fall asleep at night..."

In the nations controlled by the church, every sorcerer and apprentice shared more or less similar experiences. After hearing the Felipe's words, they could not help but nod, even including Lucien.

"Wow... Mr. Professor, are you agreeing with Mr. Felipe?" Viscount Carendia was a bit surprised to see that Lucien was nodding as well.

"Of course. What he just said is true," said Lucien in a tolerant manner.

"You cannot tell your relatives and friends who you are," Felipe continued. "You have no one to share the outcome of your research and experiment. You have no one to share your happiness and sadness. And you know that you can never achieve what you want in your life, even though you deserve it!"

The crowd was oppressed by the silence. They all had their bitterness that they could only handle on their own because of their status.

"So, tell me, do you want to continue to live in this miserable life?" Felipe asked aloud.

An apprentice was touched, and he burst out a cry, "No! Not at all!"

And his answer called upon more responses. More and more of the necromancers and apprentices present started to cry out, "No!"

"We can't take it anymore!"

"We don't!"

The crowd in the hall became irritated and the people were shouting out of their long-repressed anger.

Lucien did not say anything but stared at Felipe quietly. He was waiting to see if there would be any useful information for him in Felipe's speech.

Until the crowd slowly calmed down, the four representatives exchanged a look between each other and then Cessy took the initiative, "We never wanted a life like this, Mr. Felipe. We're living this life because we've got no choice. Can we get rid of all that? Can the Continental Congress of Magic help us?"

Finally, a relatively gentle smile appeared on Felipe's pale face. He nodded and answered determinedly, "Yes. And I'm here to help you all."

There was a stir in the crowd again.

"In the a few countries where magic study is protected by the Continental Congress of Magic, we don't have to hide at all. We can feel totally safe when we meditate at home, conduct experiments in a lab without having to worry about the Church. Not only that, these kingdoms also allow sorcerers to become their city councilors, which is the equivalent of the status of a noble. And if you have enough power and prestige to become a member of a Royal Magic Academy, you'd be a councilor from the House of Lords..."

Felipe's words totally shocked the necromancers and apprentices. Although some of them did actually hear the name of the congress before, they never thought that the kingdoms that were protected by the congress could be such a paradise for them.

"Please let me finish, ladies and gentlemen." Felipe pressed his hand down in order to let the crowd quiet down, "More importantly, in the Continental Congress of Magic, as long as you're capable enough, you can learn different levels of meditation, get all kinds of magic materials and items, and even have the access to learn arcana and the most cutting-edge researches in your field. Ladies and gentlemen, do you want to join us?"

"Of course!" Some of the apprentices answered directly out of great excitement, while some felt that what Felipe just described was almost too good to be true.

Some of them started to feel suspicious. After all, nothing is truly free in this world.

"Mr. Felipe," Cessy coughed a bit and said to him, "I'm sure that many of us are willing to join the congress for sure. However, what I want you to be clear here is... what do you need us to do?"

Seeing that they were heading toward the right direction, Felipe nodded with satisfaction, "Since the church has blocked the path toward the headquarter of the Congress of Magic, it is not easy for us to lead all of you to break the blockade."

Then Felipe stopped himself and shifted to another topic, "Back in the days when the ancient magic empire still existed, the conflict among the eight major factions was already there. And it is the same with the Congress of Magic today as well. Facing the competition and conflict, the best solution for individuals to survive is unity."

Then Felipe cleared his throat and addressed the crowd in an even louder voice, "I'm a member of the Hand of Paleness, which is jointly established by the grand arcanist, Vicente Miranda, known as 'Thanatos', and the legendary archmage, Congus, known as Demigod-lich. The Hand of Paleness is an influential organization that is still fast growing for the sake of the unity of necromancers, and that's why it is also the most ideal choice for all of you to join."

Lucien was listening to Felipe's speech with interest. Now he felt what Felipe was conveying was almost like multi-level marketing.

Although many of them had no idea what did the title of grand arcanist stood for, they knew how powerful a legendary archmage should be. At this time, Tess took a step forward and asked, "If the Hand of Paleness is really like what you just described, I personally would like to join you without doubt. But what I want to ask you is what do we have to do after we join the organization."

Tess still remained relatively calm. She knew that there was always a price to pay for everything.

"Good question." Felipe nodded, "Let's tap about what benefit you can have after joining us first. First of all, you can get a magic item according to your current power level. Secondly, you'll have powerful and profound sorcerers to be your supervisors to introduce you to the contemporary magic system. Thirdly, we'll never take away your own research outcome and your own property. That is to say, what is yours will always be yours."

"However," Felipe paused a bit, "we do have one requirement for our members. When you receive a task from the organization, you cannot turn it down. If the task was completed, you'd be awarded, but if you fail, you'd be punished as well."

"More and more like multi-level marketing..." Lucien thought to himself. He was still waiting for the possible information from Felipe about the liaison in Sturk.

Alluring as Felipe's description was, the requirement woke the necromancers and apprentices up immediately.

For sure, there was nothing truly free in the world.

"What if someone turns down the task?" asked Cessy carefully.

"Two situations. For senior-rank mages, penalty or alternative task. Below that level, penalty, physical punishment, mental punishment, or death... depends on the given task," answered Felipe directly. "According to the latest finding of arcana, energy is conserved. You pay for what you get. Everyone should make their own choice. And due to the restrictions, we can only bring sorcerers to

the headquarter of the Congress of Magic. For apprentices, as long as you sign the magic contract, I will leave you some books and materials to help you grow to become a sorcerer as soon as possible. Every year there will be a liaison bringing new sorcerers to the congress." Felipe further explained.

Due to his words, some of the senior apprentices present started to feel excited again since they had been struggling with their next-level breakthrough for a long time. Now they finally found a possible way out. Besides, some tasks from the organization might now be that dangerous, they thought.

After Felipe finished his speech, he stared at Lucien with his cold eyes, because that moment was the perfect time for Professor to ruin his recruiting.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 156: Felipe's Tyranny

When Lucien was under Felipe's gaze, all of a sudden, he thought of something.

Since both the viscount and Felipe thought that the reason why Professor was here was to disturb the gathering, if Lucien decided to just wait there and watch until the end of the feast, that would be very suspicious of him.

Lucien felt that he had to bring some trouble to the feast in order to make his presence reasonable. However, he needed to be very careful about keeping the balance and the degree to which he would piss Felipe off. Ideally, the problem caused by Professor should be troublesome but still within Felipe's capability to be solved.

Lucien had to carefully think about how to do it.

While Lucien was occupied by his own thoughts, on the stage, Cessy, the most powerful necromancer on the territory once belonging to Wilfred, asked, "Mr. Felipe, since the rules of the organization you represent are very strict, I don't think that the four of us can make the decision for everyone present. It is really an individual thing."

As he was speaking, Tess, Sidney and Quentin were also nodding. Seeing that there was a cold smile on Felipe's face, Cessy hurriedly added, "Of course, I personally would like to follow you to the congress and join the Hand of Paleness, but before that, what I want to ask is whether I can collect bodies in the nations controlled by the congress without needing to hide all the time?"

Felipe smiled to Cessy, who was the first one willing to join the organization, "Mr. Cessy, according to the agreement reached by the congress and the several kingdoms, you can't destroy cemeteries or kill ordinary people to get the bodies you want, you need to have an agreement with a person who's willing to let you dispose of his or her body after the person's death. But, of course, if you kill your enemy, any magic creature or beasts, they're all yours."

"Well... I'm afraid it won't be enough," Cessy frowned, "unless your organization can provide us with enough bodies for our research."

The rest of the necromancers and apprentices felt the same way. For these sorcerers who were the inheritors of the ancient magic system, without bodies, they could not see any possible progress in their magic researches.

Seeing that all the necromancers and apprentices present were hesitating, and Professor still remained mysterious and calm, Felipe became irritated, and he started to rise his tone, "You guys can never imagine the great progress made by arcana and magic within the past hundreds of years,

just as you can never imagine, without your filthy bodies, how you can grow stronger and more powerful!"

The people present in the hall got a bit confused with Felipe's emotional thing all of a sudden.

However, Felipe continued furiously and regardlessly, "What's more, through the collision of the two theories — 'Waves of Spiritual Power' and 'Particles of Spiritual Power', a series of highly efficient, high-level meditation have been broadly applied with lower requirements. Most of the meditating methods on your books are out of date!"

Lucien was listening to Felipe's speech carefully, while other people were now shocked.

Felipe was almost yelling now, "Can you believe that the meditation which was only available for senior-rank mages is now accessible to any sorcerer?"

"Can you believe that there are new spells coming out every month?"

"Can you imagine a middle-rank mage who's only twenty years old?"

"Can you imagine a senior-rank mage who's only thirty years old?"

"Can you imagine an archmage who's fifty years old, or a legendary archmage who's eighty?"

"Only in the headquarter of the Congress of Magic you can know how advanced arcana and magic are right now!"

Lucien did not know what other people were thinking right now, but he was certain that he would go to the congress one day. Although he was very profound with his spirit library, the biggest challenge facing him was the channel to turn his knowledge into real power. In this new era of magic, Lucien knew that he needed to make progress all the time in order to be strong!

Then, after taking a glance at Lucien in contempt, Felipe said to them, "There's no worry that you might be discriminated by other sorcerers in the congress, my necromancers. The School of Necromancy is right now one of the most popular fields following Force and Electromagnetics, since it specializes in studying the secret of life and prolonging people's life-span. And as for the School of Element, it is not even close to us. Although a human body is composed of all different kinds of elements, without the power of life, the elements cannot turn themselves into any part of a human body, neither blood, or muscle, or organs... anything! The attempts trying to prolong people's life-span based on the theories of the School of Element all failed!

"The secret of the origin of life and the key of prolonging life-span can only be revealed and showed by the School of Necromancy. No other schools can compete with us!" declared Felipe.

All the necromancers and apprentices were nodding out of pride and yearning feelings for the congress.

Meanwhile, Felipe's words reminded Lucien that, in this world, it seemed that the School of Element was still not advanced enough to synthesize organic materials.

Because of the School of Necromancy, the theory of Life Force was more dominant than the other theories in Element. Based on Lucien's current knowledge, human body, soul and life force were not the same thing, but these three were integrated together in a way that Lucien could not figure it out right now. Despite all of that, Lucien believed that it was still possible to synthesize different parts of a human body.

"Maybe I can start from here..." Lucien thought to himself.

When Lucien's brain was working fast, Felipe raised his hands up and said loudly, "In the new era of magic, joining the Hand of Paleness can bring you the great fortune of knowledge that you can't even imagine, and the Hand of Paleness can thrive because of all of you joining! So, I propose here: sign the magic contract with me, all of you."

Felipe took a step forward and started to act crazily, "That's my proposal. Who agrees? Who opposes?"

After a while of silence, Quentin, the young necromancer, said to Felipe politely, "Mr. Felipe, thank you. But I think I still prefer my free life, instead of being constrained by an organization."

After all, there was still another gentleman from the congress, there might be other ways with lower cost to get to the congress.

Felipe turned around and stared at Quentin with his cold eyes, "You sure, Mr. Quentin?"

"...Yes," answered Quentin with some kind of alertness.

"All right." Felipe nodded. Then, the pale fire appeared in his eyes and he pointed at Quentin with his right hand. Immediately, the black smoke surrounding Quentin, which should protect him from the great danger, was driven away, and Quentin's body was totally drained, as if all the water in his body had evaporated.

Felipe killed him within a second. Felipe killed a third circle sorcerer within a second!

Countless faces of revenants appeared surrounding Felipe and built up a transparent wall around him. Then, he asked again, "My proposal. Who agrees? Who opposes?"

The protection Felipe was wearing was a standard fifth circle spell, Revenant Wall. And the spell he had just used to kill Quentin looked like the single target, lower-level version of the eighth circle spell, Wilting, which should be something new that was developed by the congress.

People were afraid of him. They were afraid of that crazy man, and they would rather die later, instead of right now.

"One more time. I will ask again. My proposal. Who agrees? Who opposes?"

No one dared look at Felipe's eyes.

"I oppose," said a calm voice from among the crowd.

This was not a surprise to Felipe. Professor walked onto the stage in his black hood.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 157: Theory of Life Force

"Professor?!" exclaimed some of the apprentices.

Step by step, Lucien walked to the stage, under the gaze of several hundreds of people.

The necromancers and apprentices who did not want to join the Hand of Paleness were encouraged, but soon they started to feel concerned, since they did not know if Professor was powerful enough to face this crazy man, even though his name was on the Cleansing List.

"Is Mr. Professor gonna be okay?" Fatty asked one of his companions carefully in a low voice, with his teeth clattering.

"Of course..." answered the stout apprentice, Bread. He was trying to comfort Fatty and also himself, "You think anyone can be on the church's list?"

"How do you know Mr. Felipe is not on the list as well?" interjected Wine. Both Wine and Garrupa were still feeling very unsure.

Interesting enough, when Lucien was walking toward the stage, his mind was divided in two opposite thoughts: part of him felt extremely nervous and afraid, however, the other part of him somehow felt the whole thing a bit funny, out of the great pressure.

Felipe's eyes were freezing cold, "Mr. Professor, what do you want to say? I already did what I didn't want to do, and it's impossible for me to back away. If you can't give me a reasonable explanation, I think either you or me will die on this stage."

The corner of Lucien's lips twitched a bit. He really wanted to suggest Felipe to sit down and have a cup of tea first to calm down a little bit before their conversation.

Despite all these thoughts, Lucien answered calmly, "I'm from the Will of Elements, and I don't really mind the fact that the Hand of Paleness is trying to grow by recruiting more people." The last thing Lucien wanted to do was piss off Felipe right away.

Felipe was confused, "What do you mean? Why are you here, then?"

The rest of the necromancers and apprentices were surprised to know that Professor also belonged to an organization from the congress.

"I'm here because I don't like your way of recruiting people." Then Lucien changed his tone, "No one should be forced to join anything, and correspondingly, no one should blame anyone else for the following consequence."

"Very good." Felipe applauded, "But, what if forcing people is exactly my style?"

Felipe was pushing Professor to his limit, and he was ready for a bitter fight.

At this time, Lucien switched the topic without directly answering Felipe's question, "Also, I don't agree with you on what you just commented on the School of Element. I'd like to further discuss it with you."

"What comment?" Felipe felt even more confused now.

What did Professor want to do?

"According to what you just said, you think that the foundation of the human body is life force, and without the integration of life force, only the elements can't be synthesized to build any part of the human body, such as blood, muscle, or all kinds of impurities, right?" asked Lucien with patience.

Felipe did not expect that Professor actually wanted to argue with him about this topic right now on the stage, and he laughed, "That's the case. And the secret of human body is not what you, a bunch of people who play with elements all the time, can understand."

"What your statement is based on?" asked Lucien.

"Mr. Professor, from all the researches conducted back in the time of the ancient magic empire until today's mainstream belief in the congress, I can't find anything that made me doubt the theory of Life Force. Even the church admits that life force is the essence of human body. When there is no life force, a lost limb can't grow back. The only difference between the Church and us in understanding life force is that while they believe that life force is given by God, we're still seeking for the answer from the origin of the world." Felipe confidently elaborated his belief, "A couple of decades ago, several senior-rank mages attempted to synthesize human muscle only with elements but failed, and at that time, even you Element sorcerers admitted that this was not going to work. Now you want to totally overthrow the research foundation built by all the previous arcanists and sorcerers? Are you kidding me?"

For sure, Felipe's words were both aggressive and persuasive. In his world, since the theory of Life Force was the foundation of the School of Necromancy, it could not be shaken and would not be shaken for eternity.

The rest of the necromancers and apprentices felt the same way as Felipe. Since they never experienced the time in which arcana knowledge exploded, they still respected and highly praise the Book of Necromancy just like pious followers worshipped Canons. Although they knew that Professor was helping them, the necromancers and apprentices still felt that what Professor was trying to say was ridiculous.

Even the viscount, who was only watching everything going on the stage with his glass of wine, started to get a bit more excited, since basically Professor was trying to challenge the foundation of arcana.

That was exactly what Lucien wanted to do to distract Felipe.

Lucien looked around the hall and noticed that Sidney was the only one who still looked serious.

"It looks like only Mr. Sidney is on my side?" asked Professor, "Mr. Sidney's the only one who is not laughing at me right now."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Professor. My face, because of the transformation ritual, cannot make any facial expression," answered Sidney with the same face.

A bunch of people chuckled.

"What if I say, Mr. Felipe," Lucien turned around regardlessly and said to him calmly, "that I can synthesize parts of human body only with elements or non-life force materials, do you believe that?"

On Earth, the field studying organic matter had also been dominated by the theory of Life Force for a long time in history. However, in the 19th century, when acetic acid, carbamide and other organic matters were artificially synthesized successively, this secret of the theory was completely revealed.

Everyone quieted down in the hall.

"It's impossible. Who do you think you are... a Holm Crown prize winner?" Felipe laughed, "Stop saying nonsense! Speak your true intention!"

"I think Mr. Professor's just trying... trying to play a joke," mediated Cessy.

"Only a real experiment can speak for me." Professor continued, "If you don't believe my words, do you want to make a bet with me?"

"What the hell do you want?" Felipe asked furiously.

"If I can synthesize something contained in the human body without using anything that carries life force, you will tell everyone here who is the liaison from the Congress of Magic in Sturk, and let them decide on their own whether they should join the Hand of Paleness or not. If I fail, I will apologize to you, and then leave the feast immediately. What do you think?" asked Lucien.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 158: Synthesizing

Felipe put his hands back into the pockets of his black coat. Although he still looked calm, there were countless thoughts in his heart. Either Professor was a real madman, or he must be very confident that his experiment would be successful.

Felipe started to feel hesitant. He was not sure whether he should make the bet with Professor, or just fight with him. After all, the Church commented Professor as "extremely cunning and dangerous".

In the end, Felipe could not resist his curiosity and, at the same time, his confidence in the theory of Life Force pushed him to make the decision. He had to admit that he also wanted to see if the fundamental theory of Necromancy would be overthrown just like the previous ancient theories.

Felipe was also an arcanist, and Lucien was exactly betting on his desire toward more advanced knowledge and also his curiosity.

"Except for apologizing... if you lost the bet, you would lose nothing, Professor." Felipe responded slowly.

The rest of the necromancers and apprentices were very surprised. It seemed that Felipe was really going to make the bet with Professor.

Although Lucien was very excited in his mind, he answered shortly and calmly, "My mission would fail, at least."

Felipe took out his left hand and clenched it into a fist. His tone became firm, "All right, Mr. Professor. I'll make this bet with you. Let's make the devil pact."

According to Astrology and Elements, magic pact is something seeking notarization from different great powers in this world. According to the levels of the covenanters, the notarization powers varied: from common magic power to the devil or even to the original power of the world. For middle-ranked mages, the devil pact was the most suitable. If a covenanter did not keep his or her promise, the person would be punished by the power of the pact.

"I trust Mr. Felipe, and I also trust myself. We don't need a pact," answered Lucien calmly. In fact, he was not capable of summoning the devil, and even if the devil was summoned by Felipe, his true level of power would be recognized by the devil immediately, "If I was not reliable, I don't think the viscount would even invite me to the gathering." Lucien looked at Viscount Carendia.

The viscount was a bit surprised that, all of a sudden, his name was mentioned. His guess was that Professor did not want to leave his real name on the pact, so he nodded and said, "I can be the witness, and all the people here are the witnesses as well."

Felipe nodded, "I agree. Then, start your experiment, Mr. Professor."

Lucien waved his hands, "In order to be fair. I tell you what to do, and Mr. Felipe, you conduct the experiment."

"Fair enough." Felipe nodded, "Give me a second to build the lab."

The reason that Lucien asked Felipe to do the experiment was because he was not capable of doing it himself.

Felipe took out a fist-sized golden cabin from his pocket and took out a bunch of mini-sized alchemy equipment.

As soon as this pieces of equipment left the cabin, under Felipe's control, they grew back to their original size. Soon, a small but fully equipped lab was built.

Lucien hoped that he would have something like this as well in the future, but he had no idea how to get it.

When Felipe was building the lab, the necromancers and apprentices facing the stage started to whisper to each other again.

"Do you think Professor can really synthesize any ingredient for life?" asked Fatty with a mixed feeling.

"No way." Wine shook his head immediately, "The theory of Life Force is the eternal truth, which is built by many legendary archmages in the past."

"Yes. It is the eternal truth for us." A necromancer looked back at them and nodded seriously, "Or how could we successfully synthesize human body parts in the past?"

"But if Professor failed..." Fatty said in a low voice, "If he failed, we must join the Hand of Paleness. Honestly, I'd rather find the Church and be a night watcher if that's the case."

"Maybe Mr. Professor is planning to attack Felipe when he's conducting the experiment... to strike him when Felipe is unprepared." Bread also lowered his voice. He hated Felipe a lot.

"Contemptible..." Garrupa took a glance at Bread, "but I like it!"

"Naive..." The necromancer put on a cold smile, "You think Felipe would be that stupid? You think the viscount would be just an onlooker?"

On the stage, Sidney also whispered, "What does Mr. Professor want to do?" He was confused since he never thought the experiment would be successful.

"No idea. I'd rather put more thoughts into how to survive in the Hand of Paleness," Tess answered.

Cessy also shook his head, "I've made up my mind. I'm going to join the Hand of Paleness, no matter if his experiment works or not."

Sidney remained silent for a while and then nodded, "You guys are right. Joining the Hand of Paleness seems to be the best choice for us right now."

"Mr. Professor, let's start." Felipe's eyes looked a bit crazy.

Lucien quickly browsed through the journal Arcana that he once read and copied in his spirit library to make sure that the chemical elements he remembered were right, and then he said to Felipe, "Gather nitrogen and hydrogen and store them separately."

Lucien was trying to use the industrial way to synthesize carbamide, which was the first artificial synthesis of organic matter on Earth. The reason why Lucien did not go for the laboratory method was that some of the chemical symbols involved in this process were not familiar to him, and he did not want to give Felipe any reason to doubt his true power.

Also, at the same time, the industrial way was simple, and the several experimental substances were very common. Their chemical symbols were familiar to Lucien because he once read about them in the journal. As for the required environment of high temperature and pressure, in this magic world, it was not something hard to achieve.

Gas Separation was just a common magic for sorcerers. Felipe thought that the beginning of the experiment would be different.

"A piece of magnet..." Lucien made Felipe put the catalyst into the reactor, "Mix the gas according to the proper percentage, and then heat it to about five hundred degrees, and the pressure is..."

Following Lucien's instruction, Felipe tried his best to turn on all the alchemy magic circles and meet the requirement of temperature and pressure.

After the reaction finished, Felipe sensed the container, "Nothing, Mr. Professor."

"Not yet," Lucien answered with patience. "Separate nitrogen and hydrogen, and keep the remaining gas."

"Ah... ammonia gas." Felipe shrugged, "You could've told me earlier. I have some previously made ammonia gas in my lab."

Lucien, in fact, did not know how to say ammonia in this world. He did not respond, but continued his instruction, "Cool it down and let it liquefy. Then, separate it to get carbon dioxide."

Felipe could already tell what Professor wanted to do here. He did not believe that this simple experiment could produce carbamide.

Following Lucien's requirement, Felipe put the liquid ammonia and carbon dioxide into reactor again.

Again, high temperature and high pressure. But this time, the temperature was only about two hundred or so, and the pressure was lower than the last time.

"Keep the temperature and pressure, and let's wait for a while." Lucien nodded.

Felipe, the viscount, the necromancers and apprentices were all waiting. They believed that this was still one step of the experiment. The theory of Life Force would not be overthrown by a simple experiment.

They were waiting.

Chapter 159: The Product from the Experiment

Chapter 159: The Product from the Experiment

The whole hall was silent. No one spoke a word, since they were all waiting for the outcome of the experiment.

A while later, when people started to whisper to each other again, Lucien said, "Mr. Felipe, you can open the reactor now."

Strictly following the procedures of doing a magic experiment, Felipe turned on a series of magic circles for safety protection one by one.

When the reactor was opened, and when the temperature was back to normal, Felipe collected the small amount of white particles lying at the bottom of the container and then turned to Lucien, "What's the next step, Professor?"

"You don't want to check these particles, Mr. Felipe?" Lucien answered with a mysterious smile underneath his hood.

"What do you mean... These particles are...?" Felipe was confused for a second, and so were the rest of the people.

"Yes, Mr. Felipe." Lucien nodded calmly, "This is the end of the experiment. These particles are things contained within a human body."

"What?!" The crowd was shocked, "These white particles are... an ingredient for life?!"

A great stir started to gather its momentum in the hall. The necromancers and apprentices could not believe what they saw.

Felipe stared at Professor with his great, mixed feelings. He could not accept the fact that an experiment synthesizing an ingredient for life would be this simple.

"You'd better not be kidding me, Professor." After quite a while, Felipe finally responded.

Lucien was also nervous. He knew that Felipe might lose his temper at anytime. However, he still answered in a calm tone, "You can check it yourself, Mr. Felipe. Those particles is carbamide... the organic matter you were talking about."

As soon as Lucien uttered the word, people in the hall stopped whispering and talking and went back to silence.

"Mr... Mr. Felipe, please check the particles," asked the necromancers on the stage. They were afraid, excited and thrilled. They were staring at the particles with great concern, as if it was not something ordinary that could be simply produced by human body, but something so powerful like a taboo that could destroy their world.

Felipe looked rather gloomy and serious. Slowly, he walked back to the reactor again and opened it. Then, he used the first circle magic, Identification, to check the particles.

As the white light flashed past, Felipe stood there, staring at these particles without saying anything, like a statue.

After more than a minute, Cessy could not wait anymore. Carefully, he asked, "Mr. Felipe, is it... carbamide?"

The rest of the necromancers and apprentices were also looking at Felipe, waiting for his confirmation.

As if Felipe was in a different world, he did not answer Cessy's question. After another minute again, finally, he slowly answered, "Yes, it is carbamide."

No one made a sound after Felipe responded. All of a sudden, they felt that all the experiments that they had done and all the theories that they had learned were just like a dream. The experiment showed that their effort was worth nothing.

Felipe suddenly turned around and said to Lucien in a higher pitch, "Mr. Professor, Identification is not accurate from time to time. I need to use other experiments to make sure what is these particles."

Felipe was not finding excuses. Indeed, Identification was a spell built on the caster's own knowledge level. So if the caster did not have a profound knowledge in the corresponding field, the magic would go wrong sometimes.

Hearing Felipe's words, Cessy and the other necromancers and apprentices regained their hope again. They could not admit that their belief was wrong, and no one would easily admit that something he or she had been pursuing for the whole life was fundamentally not correct.

People often tended to make all kinds of excuses to deceive themselves.

"Go ahead." Lucien did not care how many times Felipe needed to verify the outcome of the experiment.

The bottles, glass tubes and weights were making low sounds on the stage when Felipe was doing the verification experiment with his trembling hands.

One experiment after another, Felipe looked more and more frustrated.

"Bang!" A metal container was thrown into the sink. Felipe lowered his head, with his back toward Lucien, and said with depression, "Yes, it is carbamide."

"It's not possible!"

Some necromancers burst out bitter cries.

Their world collapsed.

Sidney slowly raised up his hands, which were covered with stitches and scars. He could not believe what he just witnessed: if the theory of Life Force was not correct, how came he could use this body?

Comparatively speaking, the apprentices felt the outcome less shocking, and some of them were right now blaming the origin of necromancy for making them fail at becoming a real sorcerer, instead of their own lack of intelligence.

When Lucien was about to lead the topic into another direction, in case Felipe would completely lose his temper on him, Felipe turned around. "Mr. Professor, this is not your victory," said Felipe stubbornly. "I don't think carbamide is an ingredient for life, instead, carbamide is just some filthy excreta from the human body. It exists between life ingredients and non-life ingredients. In fact, your experiment cannot explain anything."

Like a beast guarding its territory, Felipe sought for any possible reason to dispute. If it were not for the fact that he had no idea how powerful Professor was, he might have already resolved this academic dispute with violence.

"Yes, carbamide is not an ingredient for life!" A couple of necromancers started to follow Felipe's viewpoint.

Although Lucien was quite happy to see what was going on here right now, he still pretended that he was angry, "Mr. Felipe, you're not playing fair!"

There was a reason why Lucien chose carbamide to be the organic compound produced by this experiment. Although Lucien wanted to win, he needed to make sure that, after the experiment, Felipe would have some space to do his sophistry. Because, again, Lucien could not destroy Felipe's belief completely, otherwise, he would probably go completely mad.

There was a cunning smile on Felipe's face, and he said to the viscount, "We don't regard carbamide as an ingredient for life, but something existing in human body. I believe that the viscount and the rest of the necromancers and apprentices would definitely agree with me."

Viscount Carendia nodded, "Mr. Professor, your experiment is so simple that it is out of the expectation of all of us. And I admit that no one ever did this—producing carbamide by using non-life ingredients only. Your experiment is surely a milestone, and I believe that the experiment is meaningful enough to put your name on the candidate list for Holm Crown prize and to win you lots of arcana points. However, I also agree with Mr. Felipe that carbamide can't be regarded as a life ingredient. After all, it's very hard to imagine that something filthy like human body excreta could contain any life ingredient. If you want to win, you gotta show us more."

"Yes, a life ingredient from urine? That's a humiliation to life!" someone in the crowd cried.

And more and more people joined the voice of opposition, with their joy from the fact that the theory of Life Force had not been completely overthrown.

"Exactly, Mr. Professor." Felipe shrugged his shoulders with a smile, "Most of us don't see carbamide as a life ingredient. You gotta show us more if you want to persuade us..."

"I said an ingredient contained in the human body," answered Lucien in a sounded angry voice, "And I'm still working on other further experiments. They're not ready yet."

"I remember what you said..." Felipe was about to say something aggressive, but he stopped himself.

Felipe also did not want to piss off Professor completely. The way he viewed Professor was exactly the same as the way Lucien viewed him.

"Your sophistry made you lose your manner, and their ignorance made them miss the greatest chance to witness the revolution in both the school of element and necromancy." Lucien still pretended that he was angry, "I don't have anything more solid than this to prove that you people are wrong right now, but I will in the future."

"Then how do you want to end our bet, Mr. Professor?" asked Felipe.

"It's a draw. I'm leaving right now. I'll not interfere you with what you're doing here. And I'll not affect the choices made by the necromancers and apprentices." Lucien turned to Felipe, "And you, Mr. Felipe, you need to tell them who's the liaison from the congress in Sturk. At least you should give some hope to the apprentices who cannot go to the congress right now, before they can really become sorcerers."

Chapter 16o: Get Rid of the Danger

Chapter 16o: Get Rid of the Danger

In Felipe's eyes, Professor was still struggling to save his last dignity. After all, his request could not really do harm to him. Felipe could just add one article in the pact that the necromancers and apprentices present were not allowed to inform their students or friend of the liaison's identity in Sturk.

As Felipe had already obtained his victory, he would rather keep the current balance between Professor and him, instead of initiating an unnecessary fight.

"All right." Felipe nodded, "Upon your request, Professor."

Then, he turned around and said to all the necromancers and apprentices present, "In sturk, known as the Bright Pearl of the Sea, there is a bank called ShinyGold. Its owner, Mr. Granneuve, is one of the responsible for maintaining the secret order of the city, and also the liaison of the Congress of Magic. He's the person responsible for sending sorcerers and some of the lucky apprentices to Allyn through the Church's blockade line."

After that, Felipe looked at Professor and shrugged, "I kept my words. It's your turn now, Mr. Professor."

Lucien was still pretending that he was pissed off by the necromancers and apprentices in the hall, "You all will eventually taste the bitterness of your own ignorance. Your misery comes from your own incapability of telling who is your enemy and who is your friend. Your misery will last forever."

Those people who were feeling excited about the fact that Professor's experiment did not overthrow the theory of Life Force suddenly got discouraged. They realized that it was seemingly impossible from them to get rid of the Hand of Paleness right now.

Although many of the necromancers and apprentices started to feel extremely concerned about what they were going to face later, ecstasy seized Lucien's mind for he would be soon out of this dangerous place and then he could stay far away from this crazy necromancer, Felipe.

With his fake anger, Lucien strode to come down from the stage without giving the necromancers and apprentices any extra look when he was walking through the crowd.

"Mr. Viscount Carendia, please allow me to make an early leave." Lucien slightly bowed to the owner of the place.

Carendia slightly raised his glass, "Thank you, Mr. Professor, for showing me the cutting-edge research outcome in the School of Element. I'm sure that, with your talent, you'll become one of the greatest arcanists sooner or later."

Lucien nodded in his hood but did not say anything.

"Nied, please show Mr. Professor the way," said the viscount.

When Lucien was about to leave, the viscount called him again.

"Mr. Professor, I have a question for you," said the viscount.

Lucien's heart missed a beat — did the viscount sense anything wrong there?

"Yes?" answered Lucien as calm as possible.

"I noticed that there's a faint but familiar smell on you, Mr. Professor," asked Carendia in a hopeful tone, "I wonder if you know a man whose surname is also Carendia?"

"Carendia is not a rare surname," answered Lucien in confusion. "I know about a duke in Gusta whose surname is Carendia, but I never met him. Talking about a Mr. Carendia that I personally know... Yes, there is one. His name is Rhine Carendia."

Since Carendia was a very common surname, Lucien never thought about connecting the viscount to the musician he knew.

"Silver hair and silver eyes?" asked Nied, who usually remained quite silent.

Lucien nodded, "You know Mr. Rhine?" He wondered if Rhine was not a human being and was a relative to the viscount.

"Yes, of course." The viscount sighed with his hand touching his forehead, "He's... if using human beings way to say... He's my grandfather. As you can see... he's pretty irresponsible, isn't he?"

"..." Lucien's guess was right. Suddenly, he felt that the viscount standing in front of him was like his grandson. After all, Lucien and Rhine were friends.

Seeing that Professor knew the viscount's grandfather, Felipe was even more certain about Professor's high power and arcana level. According to the power level of the viscount, his grandfather, Mr. Rhine, should be at least a high grade vampire. Thus, to be a high grade vampire's friend, one should be basically of the same level.

"Can you tell me where my grandfather is right now?" asked the viscount.

"Last time I saw him, he was in Aalto." Lucien paused a bit, "And right now... no idea."

"Many thanks, Mr. Professor. As you know my grandfather, it'd be my great honour having you as my guest to stay in the castle for a couple of days more," invited the viscount enthusiastically.

For sure the last thing that Lucien wanted to do was to stay here. After knowing who was the liaison in Sturk, Lucien really could not ask for more.

"Thank you, Mr. Carendia, but I don't really feel like staying. Also, I have other matters to attend to."

"All right, then." Carendia smiled, "I hope we can see each other again. May the silver moon be with you, Mr. Professor."

Lucien nodded, and then followed the steward out of the hall. All the muscles in his back were super intense from his great nervousness. Lucien felt extremely exhausted, and he could not handle any more than this.

Watching Professor leaving, Fatty sighed, "If we had pretended to support Mr. Professor's experiment, we probably would not have to be forced to join the Hand of Paleness now..."

"I think this's the best result." The necromancer in front of him said, "If Mr. Professor had insisted, what we would be facing now might be a bitter magic fight, and this gathering would be a true Feast of Death."

The necromancers on the stage quickly exchanged looks and nodded. They were planning to negotiate with Felipe about some of the articles in the magic pact to better protect their own interest while Felipe was still in his good mood from beating Professor.

With a winning smile on his face, Felipe watched Professor leaving the castle.

However, when Professor completely disappeared in the darkness of the castle, Felipe's facial expression became extremely gloomy and bitter. Both of his hands in the pockets of his jacket clenched into fists.

Although he, as well as all the necromancers and apprentices present, were not willing to admit that carbamide was a life ingredient, Professor's research was undoubtedly cutting-edge. It was not hard to imagine the reputation Professor would gain soon from his experiments, and even a trend of synthesizing life matter or life ingredient with pure elements would be initiated very soon.

Felipe felt that a great storm was going to strike the theory of Life Force.

And in this great competition, compared to Professor who was also a young sorcerer, he was now falling behind.

He must keep up with Professor, and then crash him.

...

After leaving the castle, Lucien found himself in a totally strange mountain. He could see no silver moon or lake, but only big and tall trees around.

"The castle is alive and its name's Amores, Mr. Professor," explained Nied with respect because Lucien knew the count he served before. "Amores' life came from alchemy."

"I see." Lucien nodded, "When I was using Oscillating Hand, I definitely bothered Amores."

An alchemy life was made from some specific souls, revenants and other materials, and it was introduced in Book of Necromancy. Although Lucien had the concept, it was still pretty surprising to him that the whole castle was actually alive.

"No worries, Mr. Professor," said a muffled voice from the castle. "A bit itchy. That's all."

Lucien did not know how to properly respond to Amores' words, but just twisted the corner of his lips to make an awkward smile under his hood.

And then he nodded to the steward and walked into the woods in calm big steps.

When Lucien felt that he was far enough away from the castle, and after he used a couple of spells from Astrology and Magic Elements to check the surroundings, Lucien turned himself into a streak of moonlight and started to run as fast as he could.

He kept running and running. He had no idea how far he had ran and how many turns he had taken.

Until the sun was going to rise, Lucien finally came back to the place where he hid his other belongings before attending the gathering.

Putting on his suit and burning down his robe, Lucien suddenly became limp and fell over under the tree. His hands and feet felt weak and his heart was still racing. He knew that he just survived from one of the most dangerous situations he had ever experienced.

Lucien was grateful to his own calmness and knowledge, also he blamed himself for being too careless and impertinent.

After getting Sun's Corona from the magic lock and becoming a real sorcerer, after getting lucky with destroying Habearo's plot, Lucien knew that he became more and more like an impetuous adventure, which was very dangerous in this world.

He really learned his lesson this time.

However, he also had his more important gain: now he knew who was the liaison in Sturk.

After getting a short rest, Lucien stood up and headed eastward.

This time his destination was Sturk, the Bright Pearl of the Sea!

Chapter 161: The Bright Pearl of the Sea

Chapter 161: The Bright Pearl of the Sea

Natasha was sitting in the complete darkness of an underground room in an abbey in Aalto, reading a long letter from her friend with her Dark Vision.

It seemed that she was already used to the dark environment, and the blue veins on her hands and face were already hard to see.

From time to time, she gently hummed the melody written in the letter with joy.

When she came to the last page of the letter, Natasha grinned, "Lucien, you're exactly copying what I did. I'm looking forward to the next issue of Music Criticism to see how you will wish me a happy birthday."

Then she sighed a bit and talked to herself, "It's really nice to have a friend, or I would definitely go crazy at this place."

...

The ocean-smelling breeze blew away the sultry feeling in October. The waves were, from time to time, flapping the embankment and splashed the white foam everywhere. The ocean was boundless and the sky was clear. The birds were flying free in the sky and shifting to different formations all the time, and below there were boats moving through under arched bridges.

Sturk, the bright pearl of the sea, was similar to the city, Venice, that Lucien knew from a movie that he watched in his original world. Sturk consisted of more than 100 small islands which were connected to each other by numerous canals just like a complicated spider web, around which there was a long embankment protecting the city.

Sitting in an unique, point-headed boat, Lucien saw the buildings along both sides of the canal slowly moving back. He felt very peaceful, just like a real traveler.

"In Sturk, every canal is just like a street in other cities," introduced the boatman enthusiastically. "This is St. Mayo Church... That building... That building belongs to Monastery of the Holy Spirit, and that one... We call the bell tower Truth Tower, and that one Pray Spire..."

"I see..." Lucien listened to the boatman's introduction with interest, "So this area is Sturk's Religion District, I take it?"

No matter if it was a city, a town, or a village, there was always a church. The area where the religious buildings gathered together was called Religion District, for example, the eastern area in Aalto close to Golden Cathedral.

"Yes, that's why this area is not crowded." The boatman grinned while paddling. "When we get into the Commerce District, you'll see the real Sturk."

Lucien's boat went across several bridges and then entered Sturk's Commerce District. All of a sudden, the surrounding environment became very busy. Lucien saw many pointy-headed boats tied to the wood stakes along the canal, and many were moving through the bottom of the buildings through the bridge openings.

Lots of different accents speaking common tongue could be heard in the air. Words like "Fell", "Nar", "Bank", "Mortgage", "ten grams", "Sturgeon", "Sea Bream", "Orange", "Iron", "Wood", "Slaves", "Trade" and others immediately brought Lucien from the world of necromancy to a world full of common people's daily life.

The whole Commerce District here was even busier than that of Aalto.

The whole city was full of vitality. And even the ocean wind smelled like money for trading.

"The market is even more prosperous than I thought..." Lucien praised what he saw sincerely. He really enjoyed the atmosphere here in Sturk.

"For sure," said the boatman in pride. "Sturk is located right beside Storm Strait and owns a natural deepwater port. The city connects the south and north, the east and west, and here's the best transit place for seaborne trade. Because of this, we people from Sturk are born with the talent of doing business. The first Goldsmiths' Association and the first bank were all founded here."

"Connecting the east and the west?" murmured Lucien. When someone talked about the country to the east of Sturk, obviously, it was Holm and the rest of the countries across the strait that the

person was referring to. However, Lucien did not know that Sturk could connect directly to the eastern countries.

"Yes, of course. That's why you can see lots of precious goods being traded here in Sturk." answered the boatman with fervour, "The fine fabric named Black Nightingale from Holm, the porcelain from Colette, the spices from Calais, the best tobacco from Brianne..."

"Only nobles can have access to them," agreed Lucien.

The boatman got even more excited, "These four countries are right across the strait. However, due to the great profit, the Church owns the monopoly in those trades. Only the noble businessmen from the nine big families here can send their boats there for trading. Umm... Can't believe how wealthy the nine families are..."

"Which nine families?" asked Lucien with curiosity. He guessed that maybe Granneuve was one of them.

"The family of Viscount Wright, Baron Kap, Baron Moncache..." listed the boatman. However, Lucien did not hear the name that he was seeking for.

"What about switching our topic to the buildings again?" said Lucien as his interest in listening to the names of the families faded.

"Sure." The boatman nodded, pointing at the several buildings on the right side, "Over there... That's the bank owned by Viscount Wright, and that's Moncache Hawthorne Bank..."

"I see. What about that one... the shining building?" asked Lucien.

"Oh, that's Epic Gallery. Next to it is Michelle Sculpture Gallery... And that one, the ShinyGold Bank," explained the boatman.

Although Lucien was already this close to his destination, ShinyGold Bank, he did not ask anything more about this place.

After all, since he already knew who was the liaison in Sturk, there was no need for him to take the risk of asking about Granneuve's information around. Lucien decided to trace Granneuve's daily route and what was going on right now in his bank first to make sure that Granneuve was still serving the Congress of Magic, not the Church.

Betrayers were not rare to see nowadays.

In addition, Lucien's power further progressed within the past three months. With the help of sorcerer meditation, Lucien felt that his soul and the spiritual power had been obviously strengthened. Inside his soul, Lucien built a series of new spells: Cause Fear, Silent Image, Burning Hands, Mage Armor, Iron Organ, Element Endurance and Chaos Circle. And right now he was working on structuring the spell for escaping called Expeditious Retreat. Therefore, Lucien was pretty confident in himself, and there was nothing to hurry.

However, during his practicing, Lucien found that, even with his advantage in the talent of his spiritual power, he needed at least a whole year to move forward to the 2nd circle, even if he could already analyze a 2nd circle spell. And if that was the case, it would cost him at least ten years to become a middle-rank mage, which made the Congress of Magic even more desirable to Lucien.

The boat was still paddling forward, and it slowly left Commerce District.

...

Half month later. In a very famous seafood restaurant in Sturk named "Shark".

Under the guidance of a waiter, Lucien sat down beside a table covered with white tablecloth. While Lucien was ordering, he peeked at the fat man who was protected by a few safeguards and was slowly walking up the stairs to the second floor, reserved for the restaurant's important guests.

This fat man was exactly Lucien's target, Granneuve.

After this half-month secret observation, Lucien was basically certain that his identity was not founded by the Church, and Granneuve was still serving the congress. And right now the only question was how to get into contact with him.

There were always safeguards surrounding Granneuve, and Lucien guessed that some of them might even be dark knights. Lucien was almost certain that Granneuve himself was also not just kind of random guy, instead, he must be very powerful himself as well. Obviously, important as Granneuve was, he must be very careful with those possible night watchers from the Church who tried to approach and test him pretending that they were sorcerers who needed help. And for sure, Lucien was full of secret, and he could not use his identity of being Professor here anymore. That was too risky.

When Lucien knew by accident that Granneuve was about to meet his guest in Shark tonight, he sensed something a bit suspicious. In most cases, people who were as important as Granneuve would not often show up in person in a public restaurant. If they wanted the food there to treat their guests, they would just ask the chefs to go to their places to cook for them right there.

Listening to the cracking noise made by the ceiling above from Granneuve's weight, Lucien saw the same waiter coming back to him again.

"My guest, this is today's Sturk News and the recent several issues of Music Criticism. And tonight, our pianist will play Moonlight Sonata and Canon in D major from the famous musician Lucien Evans. Wish you a great dinner tonight," said the waiter with respect.

Lucien nodded with a polite smile. After all, Shark was one of the best restaurants in Sturk, the service here was definitely great, and even the newspapers they provided here was relatively hard to buy.

In the beautiful melody, Lucien started to read Music Criticism. He missed the days when he was a music student studying after Mr. Victor in Aalto.

As expected, he found a couple of familiar names in the newspaper. Victor was having his world tour concert right now in Holy Heilz Empire, and Felicia also produced her first piano bagatelle.

However, Lucien did not see Natasha's name again since she commented on Moonlight at the beginning of August, which made him feel a bit concerned.

"Her sequelae from taking the vampire blood should be gone already now..." Lucien thought to himself. He needed to send Natasha a letter to see if she was doing all right as soon as he arrived in Allyn.

After reading all the Music Criticism, the dinner was still not ready, and Granneuve's guests had not arrived yet either.

So, Lucien started to read Sturk News casually. Most of what he found there was just some local news, anecdotes, and random news like "Wood from Djibouti for sale."

At this time, Lucien saw his own name again, and this piece of news caught his attention immediately.

The title of the news was: "Our new music star, Ms. Grace, the student of Lucien Evans, is having a concert in Sturk's Crystal Hall with her friends!"

"My student?" Lucien was confused. And then he realized that they were promoting this concert using his name. To some degree, Lucien did discuss with them about his understanding in music and gave them some suggestions for one of their fantasy music works.

Lucien could imagine how quickly they gained their popularity among the nobles and business tycoons when they came back from Aalto to Sturk with their music work directed by him.

Although Lucien felt a bit amused by the fact that the band members took advantage of his name, he was not planning to expose what they were doing.

However, at this time, Lucien saw a voluptuous young lady in a fine black dress coming into the restaurant.

"Grace... What a small world..." murmured Lucien. Immediately, he held up the newspaper to hide his face.

As Grace walked upstairs, Lucien realized that she might just be the Granneuve's guest.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 162: Grace's Nightmare

On the second floor of Shark.

On both ends of a long dining table, there was a fancy candelabrum, of which the swaying candlelight made the whole place feel romantic in an ambiguous way, together with the gentle melody played by a small band.

Elegantly scooping a small amount of stew, Grace wished that the man sitting across the table tonight was not Granneuve, who, in Grace's eyes, was ugly and rude. She raised her head and took a glance at Granneuve, and his swollen face and bald head made her feel gross.

Pinching the fine goblet, Granneuve, in contrast, was quite confident in his own charm, "Grace, I have to say that your artistic temperament is even more impressive than your beauty, especially when you're playing piano... It's really gorgeous."

Although Grace did not like him very much, she had to admitted that she enjoyed the feeling of being flattered. In his forties, Granneuve was among the top twenty super-rich people in Sturk, and he was very close to the most important nobles in the city such as Viscount Wright. Despite the fact

that she did not like Granneuve at all, being pursued by a man like him was definitely something to feel proud of.

Ever since Grace started to promote herself as Mr. Evans' student and thus started to be respected as a musician, lots of man who had had no interest in her at all were now pursuing her. In her eyes, all men liked conquering.

"Thank you, Mr. Granneuve," responded Grace with a polite smile.

Then, she picked the white napkin and gently tapped her mouth, "Excuse me, I need to use the washroom."

When she stood up, one of Granneuve's guards took a step forward and said, "I'm sorry, Miss Grace, the washroom on the second floor is not in use right now. You might want to go to the one on the first floor."

"What the heck are they doing in this restaurant?!" asked Granneuve with a big anger. In fact, he owned this restaurant.

"It's all right, Mr. Granneuve. It's just an accident," said Grace in an artist manner. "I can just go downstairs."

Granneuve nodded with satisfaction, "I think you're even more charming now, Grace."

Grace forced a smile on her face and nodded. Following the guidance of the waiter, she walked into the lavatory on the first floor.

Outside of the ladies and men washroom, there was a big mirror, in front of which there were two nice and clean basins.

Getting out of the ladies washroom, Grace checked her make up in front of the mirror. Staring at her beautiful face, she could not help humming a piece of cheerful melody.

The melody was just like her cheerful mood right now. After the long, bitter traveling from Sturk to Aalto, her life was totally changed. Money, reputation, and praise were, all of a sudden, coming to her like a dream.

"Last year you were still an ordinary, poor girl, who needed to rely on your parents' and your elder brother's saving to get to Aalto to fulfill your dream." Looking at the mirror, Grace murmured to herself, "Now look at you... You're the Tulip of Sturk. You're one of the most famous musicians in Sturk. You bought a three-storey house for your family. You're being pursued by so many nobles and wealthy businessmen. You're living in a luxury life that you even dare not dream before.

"You have to remember, Grace." She continued, "All of these is because you're the only pianist in your band, not Piola, not Sharon, not Green and Leslie. You gotta remember how you came all the way through the hardship to where you are right now. Never forget your music and your piano.

"And also..." Grace's voice was even lower, almost impossible to hear, "Don't forget the fact that your reputation comes from that talented musician in Aalto." Although she did not really think that Lucien Evans would come from Aalto all the way to Sturk for visiting, she often felt very concerned. She felt very insecure, as if her dream-like life was going to crash at any time.

She took a deep breath and was ready to leave the washroom. However, when she looked up, Grace saw a black-haired and black-eyed young man walking in.

Although the young man was pretty good-looking, Grace looked very scared, and her purse dropped on the ground.

"Mr... Mr. Evans..." Grace's voice trembled.

Lucien politely picked her purse up from the floor and handed it to her. He smiled, "Hi Grace, nice to see you again. When you just walked into the restaurant, I almost could not recognize you. You look great."

"Mr. Evans... why... why are you here in Sturk?" Grace put on a nervous smile, "I mean... If you were coming, the newspaper should..."

"Should tell everyone in Sturk?" Lucien looked at her, "Speaking of newspaper... I just read the latest issue of Sturk News, your band is going to hold the...."

Grace was praying to God that Lucien Evans did not know anything about what they were doing right now. As soon as she heard that Lucien was talking about her band, she felt a sudden dizziness and almost fell onto the ground.

A strong hand held her arm and helped her stand still.

Looking up, Grace started at Lucien Evans and burst out crying, "Mr. Evans, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry that I'm stealing your name and reputation and claiming that I'm your student. Please forgive me... I will tell everyone the truth tomorrow."

After saying this, Grace felt that she was too weak to barely stand, as her hand was supporting her body on the basin. Grace knew that, as soon as she issued this apology on Sturk News, all of her money, reputation and her status would be totally gone, or even worse. She would suffer the great contempt from people. She would be called a liar.

However, she also understood that only sincere apology could help her avoid even more bitter consequence, such as being thrown into the city prison for the crime of fraud.

Lucien listened to her words, and then smiled, "Grace, you have been claiming yourself as my piano student and so far no one ever doubted you, which means you're a pretty talented pianist. I just wonder why you don't rely on yourself but want to lie to people? You know lies never last long."

Hearing Lucien's gentle words, Grace burst into tears again, "I come from an ordinary family. In order to support me to learn music, in order to send me to Aalto, my family ran out of all our savings.

"When we came back from Aalto, our original plan was to use the piece of fantasy directed by you to promote us. However, ever since we had our first great success, we got greedy. At that time, my family's small business got into trouble, and I needed money, or my parents would be thrown into the jail. In the end, I pretended to be your student, Mr. Evans, since I'm the only pianist in the band. And even since then, I sink deeper and deeper." Grace continued sobbing.

"I see..." Lucien's attitude remained unclear.

"Mr. Evans..." Grace paused a bit and said with great determination, "I'm willing to do whatever you want as long as you forgive me! Even... even..."

Grace did not want her dream life to turn into bubbles just like this. She did not want to go back again!

Seeing that his plan was going well, Lucien felt his effort of damaging the sink of the washroom on the second floor was worthwhile. He nodded, "I understand the hardship you suffered, but telling lies is never a good thing."

When Grace felt desperate, Lucien switched the topic, "Grace, you know Mr. Granneuve?"

"Yes, it is Mr. Granneuve who is inviting me for dinner tonight," answered Grace with confusion. However, she wanted to be as cooperative as possible right now to make the very effort to win Mr. Evans' pardon, so she explained, "Mr. Granneuve is pursuing me."

"I have a friend who wants me to send a message to Mr. Granneuve, Grace." Lucien smiled, "It's written on this small piece of paper. Can you do me the favor?"

"Sure." Grace hurriedly nodded.

"But you cannot tell Mr. Granneuve that it is me who gave you the paper. Just tell him you encountered someone in the washroom that you don't know," added Lucien.

Although Grace wanted to ask why, she decided to just take whatever Mr. Evans asked.

"Don't open it. Don't read it." Lucien handed her a tightly folded piece of paper, "If the result turns out to be good, I may consider sharing some of my piano playing skills with you."

"Really?!" Grace was very surprised. She hurriedly nodded her head in a serious manner.

When Grace left the washroom after she calmed down, Lucien payed his bill and left the restaurant in a good mood.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 163: The Requirement of Ferryman

In the separate dining room on the second floor, Granneuve was smoking a thick, black cigar, and he commented in a rude way, "A lady musician is surely way better than those chicks who wanted to directly jump on my lap after receiving a couple of gifts from me."

"But... my lord, I don't think Miss Grace really likes you very much." His closest safeguard whispered to him.

Granneuve was not pissed off, instead, he laughed, "What do you know? This is all about a sense of achievement! You see... conquering a reserved-mannered lady with my own charm, haha!"

"Charm..." The safeguard was speechless. However, as Granneuve's closest safeguard, he knew that all of Granneuve's rude behaviors were just his disguise. If he was really good at nothing, how came he became one of the maintainers of the secret order in Sturk.

At that time, Grace came in.

Granneuve hurriedly stubbed his cigarette in the ashtray and asked, "Grace, why do your eyes look a bit red? What happened?"

"Nothing serious. Just feel quite dry in my eyes." Grace easily found a random excuse.

"I'll let my family doctor send you some potions tonight, then, for your eyes." Granneuve looked quite concerned.

"Thank you, Mr. Granneuve." Grace nodded. Then, she handed him the tightly-folded small piece of paper and at the same time she picked up a glass of wine with her left hand.

Granneuve thought that his effort paid off. As this beauty was just too shy to express her affection toward him directly, he thought that what Grace just gave him was a short love message.

Grace took a sip of the wine, and when Granneuve was opening the folded paper, she slowly explained, "Mr. Granneuve, this is a message to you from a gentleman that I met downstairs."

"Humm..." Granneuve was a bit surprised. And when he actually saw what was written on the small piece of paper, his brows frowned a bit but soon his facial expression returned back to normal, "Ha... one of my previous acquaintances... always thinking about things in the past." Granneuve casually waved his hand and burned down the piece of paper with a match, then he asked with a smile, "Grace, what does that gentleman look like?"

"Black hair... black eyes, decent looks. Sorry, I didn't know that the message would bother you, Mr. Granneuve. I thought I was just doing that man a favor, since he looked quite polite," apologized Grace.

Her description about Lucien was very blurry. Black hair, black eyes, decent looking... That was all Granneuve could get from her words.

"No worries, no worries, Miss Grace! Nothing really important." Granneuve waved his hand again, "Don't let him disturb our romantic dinner."

Grace nodded. Inside of her mind, she was a bit relieved, since she fulfilled the task given by Mr. Evans, and maybe she could still maintain her dream life hopefully.

...

In a dark corner beside Shark, Lucien, who had changed part of his look by using the first circle spell, Disguise, was watching as Granneuve sent Grace back home with a fancy pointy-headed boat.

"Get out, my friend. I know you're there," said Lucien to the darkness all of a sudden.

A black figure showed up in the wall and walked out, "It was you who was tracing all the time."

The person who said this was a middle-aged man. His face was thin, and he had light brown hair hanging down to his shoulders. His brown eyes were sharp and clod. And Lucien knew that he was not one of Granneuve's safeguards.

"Are you a sorcerer?" asked the middle-aged man, staring at this black-haired and black-eyed young man.

"Of course. If I was not a sorcerer, why would I bother trying to get into contact with Mr. Granneuve to get to Allyn?"

At the same time, when he was speaking, Lucien did not disguise his power waves preparing for casting spells.

"I see, but..." The middle-aged man smiled, "but you might get something wrong here, my friend. Granneuve's not the liaison from the congress, but I am. Please call me Ferryman."

Because of the magic, Lucien's facial expression looked a bit stiff. Although he was a bit surprised, there was not much showing on his face.

"You're not the only one who got the wrong information. Actually, lots of people thought Granneuve was the liaison." Ferryman added, "That makes sense since he is very influential in maintaining the secret underground order of Sturk. So we also keep tracing and monitoring him all the time as well, in order to find you folks."

Lucien was not really nervous toward the fact that he might have sent the message to the wrong person, since the message he left on the paper was of nothing special but just a common sorcerer seeking for help from the liaison of the Congress of Magic. Lucien directly called Granneuve the liaison of the Congress of Magic in the letter, instead of using his name, and left the place and time for their meeting.

However, Lucien never really expected that Granneuve would actually send someone to meet him according to the message left by him, after all, it was obviously too risky for him. His real purpose was that he wanted to inform Granneuve that someone was tracing him, so he would secretly send his people to find out who was this person.

And then Lucien would let them find himself on purpose to get into contact with Granneuve's people in a less risky way.

Facing this middle-aged man, Lucien did not really believe his words. After all, Lucien did not really think that Felipe would lie to the apprentices and necromancers right in front of Professor, who also came from the Congress of Magic.

"How do you prove your words?" asked Lucien calmly.

"Well... I don't need to prove myself." Ferryman grinned, "If you don't trust me, I can leave right now. But think about it, if I was really a night watcher, when you're already exposed, why I'd bother talking to you, a first circle sorcerer? I would just show up with other pastors and cardinals in Sturk and kill you in a second."

From Lucien's power waves, he could roughly tell Lucien's strength.

"All right... That's true." Lucien shrugged.

"But shall I trust you?" Ferryman shook his head, "There are a few night watchers who were sorcerers themselves before, but they betrayed us. Also, two months ago, when Mr. Felipe was leading the other twenty-two sorcerers to cross the blockage of the Church, they got exposed. However, he broke the blockage by force and made the leaders of the Church more than furious. The Church did a throughout check and we suffered a great loss because of the betrayers, and they also ranked Felipe no. 359 on the Cleansing list."

Lucien first thought when he heard Ferryman's words was that his ranking now fell to no. 360, after Felipe, which for sure did not make him feel good.

"Then how do you want me to prove myself?" asked Lucien. He still did not trust the man who just showed up tonight in front of him.

"Our traditional practice... you find someone from the congress to prove your identity, for example, the person who told you where the congress is and who is the liaison in Sturk."

"He left already. I don't even know his name." Of course Lucien would not say that it was Felipe.

"Well... that's common, too." Ferryman nodded, "Then you have to do something to prove yourself."

"Like what?" wondered Lucien.

"Last month, a man betrayed us. Although his Blessing was awakened by the potion given by the congress, this man deserted to the Church and offered them lots of our secret information. Many of

our people died, including more than thirty very promising apprentices. They died in Storm Strait," said Ferryman. The muscles in his face looked more conspicuous as he was speaking.

Lucien did not respond but waited for Ferryman's further explanation.

"Now this traitor is living a wonderful life and was rewarded a Knight's Cross by the city council. If you can kill him, you can definitely prove that you have nothing to do with the Church."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 164: Testing

Lucien never thought that Sturk had been in such a chaos for the past two months. Obviously, there was another unexpected obstacle sitting right in front of him, preventing him from moving forward and heading for his dream world. However, Lucien had never been one to give up easily. Now, he was only a strait away from the congress, and nothing could stop him.

"How did you know that he was the one who betrayed you people?" asked Lucien calmly, "What's his name?"

If he had no choice but to be used as a tool by the liaison, he needed to get everything clear first.

"Harrison Brown. That's his name," said the Ferryman very seriously. "He has already awakened his Blessing as I said, and he's a knight. Two weeks ago, he was rewarded with a Knight Cross for the reason that 'he defended the glory of God in darkness by cleansing close to fifty lambs astray'... That was how the newspaper commented. You can find the report on Sturk News if you don't trust me."

Then, the Ferryman paused a bit, as if what he was going to say was very hard for him, "In his speech on the ceremony, he felt no guilt. Those apprentices who died because of him... they were still kids... Most of them were just twelve or thirteen, and they were just exposed to the wonderful world of arcana. They died together with their hope and faith in magic."

Seeing Ferryman's facial expression, Lucien nodded, "Surely I'll check whether you just said is true, but I still have one more question."

"Go ahead." Ferryman stared at Lucien's slightly stiff face.

"According to my experience, in order to protect the traitors, the Church would only reward them secretly, or directly let them join Night Watch. I never heard that a traitor would be rewarded on an open ceremony by the city council... Maybe... this is a trap?" guessed Lucien.

"Very good." Ferryman slightly clapped, "But did I ever tell you this was not a trap?"

"..." Lucien was speechless.

"We need to kill him, and we have to kill him." Ferryman's tone became bitter, "For deterrence. If you weren't here, we'd still try to kill him anyway," continued Ferryman. "It is better to have someone who's not from our organization to get this job done."

"So, if i failed, you guys would not be affected." Lucien pointed it out directly.

"That's true, or however you want to take it." Ferryman shrugged, "You can turn down the task, for sure. If that's the case, you leave me a way to contact you, and when anyone who can prove that you're clean comes to Sturk, you just tell me. But if you want to go to Allyn as soon as possible, I'd say that accepting the task is your best choice."

"What support can I get from you?" asked Lucien, "You know how dangerous the task is."

"When it's necessary, we have our own way to distract the night watchers to let you focus on killing Harrison Brown," responded Ferryman, and then he added, "As long as you can kill him, we'll welcome you, our new friend, to join us with our greatest enthusiasm."

"What is Harrison's Blessing? Does he have any extraordinary weapon or magic item? What's his daily routine?" asked Lucien, "I'm sure you have a lot of information on him already."

Commonly speaking, a sorcerer should be able to kill a knight who was of the same level without much difficulty, so Lucien was pretty confident that he could handle the task. In this case, an enemy's equipment such as weapon and any extra item would be the biggest uncontrollable factor in a fight.

"Very good," commented Ferryman, as he liked talking to a smart sorcerer. "Regeneration, that's the power of Brown's Blessing, originating from power existing in the blood of trolls. Strong, fast... and as long as he is not beheaded, his body can keep regenerating until his body energy is exhausted. Weakness should be acid and fire. They can prevent his organs from growing back."

Lucien nodded as he was listening very carefully.

"In terms of his weapon, yes, he has a level one short spear of extraordinary quality called Wither, with collateral poison damage, given by the city council. Then he was rewarded by the Church with a level two, extraordinary quality shield called Demon Hunter, which improves his power of defence to match that of a level two knight. The shield can also absorb a certain amount of element damage. As for other magic or divine item, we have no idea. And his daily routine is..." elaborated Ferryman.

From his words, Lucien analyzed all the information he got and tried to identify his possible chances of killing this guy: Brown rarely let anyone visit him unless the visitor was from the Church or was an important noble; he rarely went out; he liked arts like painting and wax statue; he was going to move to Lance, the Holy City, five months later...

When Ferryman told him all the information, Lucien asked, "So let me confirm here... Brown is going to attend the opening ceremony of Saugus Wax Museum the day after tomorrow, right?"

"Yes, in the morning. He's going because his own statue will be displayed there as well." Ferryman nodded, "If you need us to distract the night watchers when you take action, please inform us in advance."

"I will," said Lucien with his stiff facial expression.

After agreeing on how they would secretly get into contact with each other, Lucien got on a boat and used both the methods of sorcerer and knight to get rid of any possible tracers.

...

On the second day, at midnight, Lucien, who showed up beside a stone arched bridge wearing a long black robe. That bridge was one of the two bridges that needed to be crossed to go from Brown's place to the Saugus Wax Museum. Comparatively speaking, that one was way better than the other one, because the path that used the other one was way longer.

In addition, according to Lucien's information, the wax museum opening tomorrow was very popular in Sturk, so lots of nobles and wealthy businessmen were attending the ceremony as well. At that time, all the nearby waters would be occupied by their boats. Therefore, even if Brown also decided to come there by boat, he needed to get off the boat close to the bridge and cross it to get to the museum.

The sky was starry. The glistening light reflecting on the waves looked like a dream.

Lucien pressed his hands against the bridge, then opened his mouth and screamed silently.

Waves were produced from Lucien's hands toward the stone bridge, and then the waves came back to him. According to the vibration frequency, Lucien adjusted the pace of the waves bit by bit, and soon, the stone bridge started to shake fiercely.

The Professor's Oscillation Hand.

When the bridge was almost about to crash, Lucien suddenly stopped. After the bridge gradually calmed down, it looked exactly the same as what it looked like before.

In fact, the inner structure of this stone bridge was already severely damaged. Although it was not going to crash right now, when there was a certain amount of weight on it, Lucien expected that something different would definitely happen.

...

Harrison Brown's black pointy-headed boat slowed down and was tied to the stake on the street along the canal, and then, Harrison Brown stepped out of the boat while being protected by his bodyguards. Taking a peek at another luxury boat docked on the other side of the street, he could not help feeling jealous. He wished that he could have the same social status as the owner of that boat.

Then, he started to head for the stone bridge around a hundred meters away from him.

Everything was normal as usual.

However, Brown was still extremely alert. Although he knew that there were a few night watchers secretly protecting him in this area, he was still very sensitive and cautious.

He hated the fact that the Church required him to show up in public from time to time, but he had no other choice but to obey. He only wished that he could make it for the following several months, and then he would be moving to Lance and enjoying his life there.

As Brown was thinking, he and his guards stepped onto the bridge.

Near the bridge, Lucien, dressing in a black suit, nodded to the man sitting on a coach, "Please send these irons to the trading house, and this is your pay."

The young coachman's smile was simple and honest, "No problem, sir."

As the coach slowly moved, Lucien quickly entered a boat beside him.

When the coachman drove the heavy, iron-loaded coach through the stone bridge, Brown was still halfway from the other end of the bridge.

Harrison was thinking about his trip to Lance five months later. He was worrying that the people from the congress might try to kill him at that time.

Suddenly, the stone below them started to shake fiercely.

"Ambush!" That was Brown's first thought.

White light burst out of his body as Brown instantly covered himself with many white feathers.

Angel Feather, a level three divine spell.

At the same time, a green short spear appeared in his right hand, and in his left hand there was a solid shield.

All of this was done within a couple of seconds. Obviously, Harrison Brown was very experienced with fighting.

However, the quake of the stone bridge gradually disappeared, and nothing happened.

"Is the bridge too old?" Brown thought to himself.

As he looked around, the stone bridge still looked normal as usual, as if the shake never occurred. Under the bridge, there were several boats rowing past through the archway.

Among these boats, there was a good-looking young man standing on one of them who was looking at him.

Harrison was a bit embarrassed. Only he knew that how much he actually suffered from the fear and worry since he betrayed the Congress of Magic. Right now, he felt that he must look like an idiot in the young guy's eyes.

...

Lucien's boat rowed through the bridge.

Staring at the water, Lucien thought to himself with his calm and cool mind, "When the bridge started to shake, there were close to ten people who reacted totally different from ordinary people. Excluding some of the knights who were protecting their lords, there should be... five night watchers around to protect Brown: The adventurer walking beside him on the bridge, the businessman on the street, the couple, and the boatman who was right behind me."

Lucien never planned to completely destroy the bridge. He needed more information about Brown and the night watchers secretly protecting him before seriously taking action.

"Brow has the short spear, the shield... and a level three divine item." Lucien slightly rubbed his chin.

All of that was just a test.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 165: Support for Lucien

When Harrison Brown calmed down, he felt amused by his own sensitivity, as if he was an extremely frightened bird.

The night watcher who pretended to be an adventurer approached Harrison a little and said to him in a low voice, "Just an accident. Keep going to the museum."

"All right. Someone has to fix this bridge." Brown nodded, walking with the adventurer in the same pace but keeping a short distance from him.

On the other end of the bridge, there was the city's Art District. Brown could already see a couple of fancy buildings over the other side.

"I'll report to the Church, in case someone damaged the bridge on purpose." The night watcher's eyes looked to the right, but said to Brown on his left side, "We can never be too careful."

Although the night watcher did not detect any magic wave, he was still very cautious.

In fact, the power of the Professor's Oscillation Hand came from a consistent frequency of vibration, so nothing related to magic could be found even if the night watcher sent someone to check the bridge.

The only way the Church might find something suspicious here was referring to the annual check record of the bridge to possibly notice that this damage was caused overnight. However, in fact, this city did not have any regular annual checks.

"You're certainly very cautious." Brown nodded out of satisfaction, "I feel safe with you guys."

After getting off the bridge and walking for about seven or eight minute, Brown and his guards came in front of the museum. The museum was a two-storey black building designed in ancient style, looking rather grand.

"Nice to see you, Viscount Wright. Nice to see you, Baron Cape..." Hurriedly, Brown bowed to the important nobles and greeted. Although he was going to move to Lance soon, Brown still wished to have a good relationship with them, since they controlled the economy of the west and the east coast, as well as the south and north continent.

Viscount Wright was a middle-aged man. His hair was dark green, which was quite rare to see. He nodded with a slight sense of self-pride, "Welcome, our heroic knight."

Brown hurriedly bowed again and responded, "I'm not even close to you, my lord."

There was always a gap between someone who relied on a magic potion to awaken their Blessing and a well-trained knight who gained the power on their own. Viscount Wright was a real level four grand knight.

The viscount did not say anything else, but turned away to talk to Granneuve, who was also present and was one of the viscount's business partners. Brown also started to talk to his acquaintances around.

At ten o'clock in the morning, the owner of the museum, Saugus, who was standing with the nobles and the important businessmen, announced the opening of the wax museum to all the guests present.

The band started to play a cheerful melody.

However, at this time, there was a stir in the crowd, seeming like something strange happened a distance away from the museum. The night watchers in the crowd quickly exchanged a glance, looking serious. Then, several of them left to check what was going on there, on the other side.

Lucien, who already changed his outfit, was now wearing a tall black hat and a piece of monocle on his left eye while standing among the people. He did not use the spell, Disguise, since his magic would be revealed easily by the grand knights present, and he only needed to make sure that Brown would not be able to immediately recognize him as the young man on the boat. He saw the night watchers pretending to be a couple and the one that looked like a businessman leaving the crowd, and only the adventurer and the boatman were still around.

It was the support from Ferryman. They were distracting the night watchers.

"It seems Ferryman and his people also know well about these night watchers to some degree..." Lucien thought to himself.

Last night, Lucien carefully analyzed whether Ferryman was worthy of his trust, and he realized the secret relationship between Ferryman and Granneuve. Based on the fact that it was almost impossible that Felipe was lying right in front of Professor, there was only one reasonable explanation, according to Lucien's understanding.

Lucien believed that Granneuve was indeed the liaison of the congress in Sturk, and so was Ferryman. However, while Granneuve's identity was known by most sorcerers as the liaison in Sturk, there was another liaison working with Granneuve, Ferryman. Every time when a sorcerer or an apprentice asked for Granneuve's help, Ferryman would go and check the person's reliability. In this case, even the person seeking for help was actually a sneaky night watcher, Ferryman could relatively escape easily, and there would be no direct evidence against Granneuve as well.

As long as Lucien could make sure that Ferryman was also from the congress, he was willing to complete the task for the organization to get to Allyn as soon as possible.

Lucien could definitely tell that Ferryman and his people were quite well-trained from the fact that half of the night watchers were drawn away now.

"Everything all right?" asked Brown nervously. The adventurer-looking night watcher just secretly moved close to him and looked like his guard.

"No worries. Some of us just left to check," answered the night watcher calmly. "We got around three or four grand knights here, and more than ten other knights here." As the night watcher said, even though some of Brown's guards were gone, the security was still reliable.

Brown took a glance at Viscount Wright and the other knights, feeling a bit relieved.

However, at this time, an arrow covered with blue light flew directly toward Brown fiercely.

Without doubt, the power of the arrow was at least from a knight-level archer!

Within a blink, the arrow was already right in front of Brown.

Viscount Wright waved his left hand and summoned a strong gust of wind. Although the wind slowed down the arrow a bit, it did not really deter the momentum.

The archer was at least of a grand knight level, or maybe the bow this archer used was a level three weapon!

However, with the viscount's help, Brown got enough time to activate his divine item again. The white feathers covered him again, and at the same time, the night watcher quickly grabbed Brown's shield and swiftly held it right in front of Brown.

The arrow with great power instantly pierced through the shield and stabbed the feather cover.

As the feathers fell and turned into dust, there were more growing back quickly. Finally, the arrow dropped to the ground. Brown escaped this elaborately planned attack!

The person shooting the arrow from the tower already retreated immediately, followed by the night watcher who was in the disguise of a boatman, who was good at tracking.

Viscount Wright looked quite pissed off. Slightly raising his right hand, Wright sent a couple of his knights to assist the night watchers.

Casually, Lucien lifted his monocle a bit in the crowd. There went another night watcher and quite a few knights.

Lucien was confident that, after this attack, Brown would be less on the alert to a certain degree. After all, in Brown's mind, the attack was already over.

When Lucien got closer to Brown, he could see the amulet hanging on his neck now looked quite dim. Brown supposedly only had one more chance to activate it.

The tactic was put forward by Lucien. No matter what method the people from the congress would use, Lucien asked for two rounds of diversions.

"The shield is damaged, and the Angel Feather can only be activated one more time. Shall we leave right now?" asked Brown nervously.

"Calm down, Mr. Brown," responded the night watcher. "Their attack did not get you, and our people are everywhere right now. No one would dare come at you. Besides, if there was only me protecting you to go back home, it would be even more dangerous. Perhaps that cunning sorcerers are just waiting for you to go back home. Stay here, and you're with a lot of knights present. It's safer."

Brown took a glance at Viscount Wright. If it were not because of his help, he might be dead already. So, he nodded, "All right."

Although many of the nobles were frightened by the arrow, the fact that many knights and even grand knights were around today soon set them at ease. Besides, they also did not want to offend Saugus, the owner of the museum.

Although many wax art enthusiasts were also gathering in front of the museum, most of the common people here could not afford the entry fee—twenty Nars.

Carrying a black leather suitcase, Lucien walked toward the gate in a decent manner.

Seeing Lucien's elegant bearing and his fine suit, the two guards standing there said to him politely, "Twenty Nars, please, sir. And we needed to check your suitcase."

"Sure," answered Lucien in a Djibouti accent, "I've just arrived here to attend the opening ceremony. And this is my luggage."

As he opened his suitcase, a couple dozens of shining Thales mixed with some decent clothes immediately caught the guards' eyes.

After receiving fifty Nars from Lucien, the two guards bowed to him and let him in very politely.

Together with his black suitcase, Lucien walked into the museum.

It was a special suitcase. At the bottom of it, there was a very secret layer underneath.

Chapter 166: The Darkness underneath the Explosion

Chapter 166: The Darkness underneath the Explosion

It was dark inside the museum. As the wax statues standing along both sides of the aisles were very vivid in the glass covers, many of the visitors were both impressed and a bit scared.

"Great work! The only difference is that the statue has a skin slightly darker than mine!" Viscount Wright laughed. "Great art skill, Mr. Saugus! If I stand together with him here at night, I bet no one could tell who is real."

Because of the attack earlier, Saugus' face looked quite gloomy. Hearing the viscount's praise, Saugus cheered up a bit, "My lord, the statue was customized for you when you just came back from Holm. At that time, your skin did look a bit darker."

"Haha... Saugus, you just won't give me any chance to say that your work is not perfect, will you?" Viscount Wright laughed again, even louder, "You reminded me, and that's true. When I came back in July, my skin was quite tanned."

"Yes, yes... I almost could not recognize you at that time." Granneuve followed the words of the viscount in a flattering smile. Then, he took a glance at Harrison Brown and said to Wright, "My lord, it was Harrison Brown who was the target of these attackers. I wonder if I should stay away from him. After all, I'm not a knight."

Wright tidied his clothes a bit and answered, "No worries. Although those sorcerers want to kill Brown, they cannot afford losing more of their people, especially their important members, or they would just directly send a middle-rank sorcerer here and easily kill Brown. However, if that was the case, the sorcerer would be caught later for sure. So, even if there are still more attacks, they would not get close to us."

"I see... That definitely makes sense, my lord," answered Granneuve, although still feeling concerned.

"Just appreciate Mr. Saugus's artworks. If anything really happens, you'll have my protection." Viscount Wright added.

"Thank you... thank you, my lord!" Granneuve, who always claimed to be the most loyal servant of the viscount, hurriedly showed his gratitude.

Hearing the viscount's words, the rest of the nobles also felt a bit more relieved.

On the other side of the museum, with the black suitcase in his hand, Lucien calmly walked toward the end of the corridor.

After a couple of turns, Lucien found a corner where there was no one, except only a few empty glass covers that were waiting for the upcoming wax statues.

Quickly calculating the distance between Brown and himself, Lucien carefully hid the suitcase after taking away the Thales inside and opening the secret layer.

Underneath the layer, there were ten tubes of Flame Gel and a pack of gunpowder, as well as a very long rope piling in circles.

Furthermore, these tubes of Flame Gel were way more powerful with regards to the explosive compared with their original version. Lucien had got sulphur, nitric acid and some other equipment and made nitroglycerin out of them. Then he added it into the pre-made Flame Gel.

The reason why Lucien did not directly use nitroglycerin only was that he would need the power waves produced by the Flame Gel later on.

On the previous night, Lucien had calculated the speed of the rope being burned. After placing the rope and the extra pack of gunpowder properly, Lucien lit the rope on fire with a flintstone.

Even the rope was specially treated by Lucien. He soaked the rope in a chemical liquid in advance to make sure the burning was steady and stable.

After finishing all the work, Lucien lowered his black top hat and walked back to the crowd in a swift but calm pace.

The tiny sound of a rope burning in a secret corner was almost impossible to hear.

The process was slow, but it was steadily going on.

Two minutes later, Lucien came back to the crowd. He saw the nobles were still chatting, walking around and appreciating the artworks.

"One minute to go," Lucien thought to himself.

...

Brown was hoping that one day his own wax statue could be made by the city museum.

Close to him, Mr. Saugus was busy with talking to a couple of nobles, discussing the issue of making more new wax statues for them.

Brown also wanted to talk to Saugus. When Brown was walking to him, he saw a black-haired and black-eyed young man who was observing a wax statue very carefully. The young man was wearing a black top hat and an elegant-looking monocle, which was a typical popular dressing style from Holm.

"The fashion of Holm is now influencing Sturk," thought Brown to himself, "Indeed, many young nobles in Sturk are following this trend."

Brown felt that probably he should try this style some day as well.

As he was thinking, Brown was already beside Saugus.

The adventurer-looking night watcher closely followed Brown on his left side to protect him from any sudden attack.

Fifteen seconds, fourteen seconds ...

Lucien left the showcase and walked toward Brown.

Six, five...

Lucien brushed past Brown.

As Lucien was walking, he counted silently in his mind, "Four, three..."

"Mr. Saugus, I wonder if..." Brown talked to the owner of the museum.

"Two, one..."

Bang! There came a thunderous sound of explosion!

The great explosion brought a fierce blast, and the whole museum was shaken by it!

The horrible sound actually consisted of a few waves of explosion, and together with it, the power of magic waves were also very powerful.

The explosion happened one second later than Lucien's expectation, probably because the change of wind or something else, but since Lucien was on high alert, as soon as the explosion happened, he quickly took action.

The first circle spell: Charm Person.

The target of the spell was Brown.

After obtaining the Book of Necromancy and analyzing the necromantic way of meditating, Lucien found that the shared principle of most necromantic spells was to affect human being's hormone secretion and sensorial judgement by using some kind of special brain waves.

Based on this, Lucien developed two new versions of Charm Person. One put more emphasis on the influence of the magic on the individual's soul, which in exchange would reduce the power from the intervention of brain waves. Thus, it worked better on sorcerers, but would also produce stronger magic waves and was hence easier to be noticed or identified. Meanwhile, the other one was the opposite version, which was more for common people.

As the latter was very hard to be noticed, it worked perfectly right now. And also because Brown's power was awakened by the potion, his willpower was not as strong as those knights who made this achievement on their own.

At that moment, the tiny magic waves produced by Lucien's spell were impossible to be noticed, specially because the explosion blast was totally overwhelming!

No one present noticed Lucien's casting.

The white light burst out again from Brown's amulet for the third time, only one second slower than Lucien's movement. However, Brown suddenly looked very confused for a second before he was covered by the feathers.

The great explosion made the whole museum shake fiercely, and the strong magic waves indicated that it was likely that a middle-rank mage was launching that attack. At the same time, the night watcher, Viscount Wright and other knights immediately took action: some of them took a defensive stance, while others rushed to the place where the explosion originally happened.

Noble ladies were screaming. Most people present terribly panicked. Everything here was a great chaos.

And they started to flood out of the museum, pushing and shoving.

Seeing that Brown protected himself well with the feathers, the night watcher alertly looked around when most of the grand knights were away to check the place which got exploded.

Anyone dare set a step close to Brown would be killed by the night watcher right on the spot.

As the night watcher was checking around, he saw the young man wearing the black top hat was also pushing other people to hurriedly get closer to the gate to escape. His elegant monocle was now hanging on his ear awkwardly.

"Useless..." thought the night watcher out of contempt.

And then the young man got out of the museum hall together with the crowd.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 167: The End of Brown

Although the sound of the explosion faded and the museum stopped shaking, the ears of many were still tingling badly, as if thousands of flies were buzzing around, and they could hear nothing clear.

"One wall and several pillars are completely destroyed... One fourth of the museum is severely affected," reported a knight to the night watcher. "Fortunately, no one is hurt. And the viscount sent me to tell you to not lower your guard. According to lord Wright, the attacker might be a fourth circle sorcerer who could use Fire Ball or something of equivalent explosive power."

Although the level of a magic spell was fixed according to the different levels of power of the casters, the effects varied greatly, even if the difference was only one level.

"I won't." The night watcher nodded. "I'll call up more night watchers to come here to assist the viscount as well, and to protect Mr. Brown."

The night watcher also felt quite pissed off by the fact that the attacker hasn't been found yet.

"Good. The viscount is furious right now." The knight nodded and walked toward Saugus to send him the comforting words from the viscount.

"Haulies, I want to leave this place, right now." Brown's voice trembled.

"I'll send you back home when more night watchers arrive." Haulies, the adventurer-looking night watcher nodded. He of course understood Brown's nervousness.

After all, nothing was more horrible than this kind of unknown danger, when the attacker could actually still be anywhere in this place.

"Why? How long do I still have to wait here?" Brown urged the night watcher out of anger and fear, "Just let the pastors and cardinals nearby come here!"

Haulies shrugged, "These holy pastors and cardinals won't show up right now, and they will only arrive when we actually besiege the attackers."

"I don't want to stay here anymore. Haulies! Let me go!" cried Brown, "I don't want to be the bait anymore! I'm leaving Sturk as soon as possible!"

"Calm down, Mr. Brown... Please calm down." Haulies tried to comfort him, "More night watchers are on their way."

"Please hurry!" Brown started to walk back and forth within a small area, and his great fear was torturing him.

"You gotta leave... You gotta leave right now... You gotta go..." Brown murmured to himself. He was going crazy.

As he was moving around, most of the feathers fell on the ground and disappeared.

"You gotta go... Leave here... Leave forever..." The voice in Brown's mind grew louder and louder. The voice was like Brown's own voice, but also like someone else's.

Finally, brown broke down mentally. He suddenly turned around and rushed to the gate as fast as he could. He was fast, and his speed came from his great fear.

As soon as Haulies noticed that Brown ran away, his heart sank. He had a bad foreboding.

"Wait! Don't go!" shouted Haulies.

When Brown was almost at the gate, he suddenly sensed great danger, and he quickly woke up from this fear and panic.

However, it was too late. A fireball with the size of a head directly hit the upper part of Brown's body!

In the last second of Brown's life, in the corner of his eye, Brown saw a young man wearing a black top hat hidden beside the gate. The young man pushed up his monocle with his left hand while, at the same time, the light of fire was still lingering on his left wrist.

Bang!

Together with another explosion from the fireball, the upper part of Brown's body exploded, and the fierce fire stopped his body from regenerating.

Brown was killed.

...

"!!" Haulies was shocked when he heard the other explosion.

That was the end of Brown, Haulies realized desperately, although he could not believe the fact that Brown was still killed despite the close protection from the night watchers and knights.

When he rushed to the gate of the museum, what Haulies saw were only pieces of Brown's body, and only the lower parts of the body could still be recognized.

Haulies' heart suddenly sank, and in the next second he yelled at the other knights and guards out of great anger, "The attacker is there! That way!"

He could tell the direction where the attacker launched his attack based on the position of Brown's remains. Haulies' eyes were bloodshot.

A bunch of people rushed to the corner of the museum.

However, there was no one there.

Even the whole street was empty since all the passersby were frightened away by the explosions.

The attacker, the bastard, also erased all his traces using magic, which showed that he was not even in too much of a hurry.

"Go get him!" shouted Haulies. He would not give up. He must catch this guy!

However, as the canals and the streets on the island waved together like a complicated spider web, it was very hard for them to trace based on the slight trace of magic wave left by the attacker.

After a while, when Haulies led the rest of the people to the other side of the island, even that slight trace of magic wave disappeared.

Countless pointy-headed boats were moving on the water. Haulies lost the attacker.

"F**k!!" swore Haulies.

Although he was only of level two, because of Haulies's special Blessing, he could shortly burst out the power equivalent to a level three grand knight. However, despite that, the attacker still managed to escape.

Haulies would not let the attacker just flee away like this. He started to contact the leader of the group of the night watchers as well as the cardinals, and also was ready for a thorough searching.

...

Alongside the canal behind Haulies, there was a fancy restaurant, and Lucien was in one of the booths of the restaurant's washroom.

A small cluster of fire appeared above Lucien's fingertips, and then he burnt down the clothes and hat that he was just wearing.

Now he was wearing a dark-red shirt, black trousers and leather shoes.

This was how Lucien dressed when he first went out from his hotel room in the morning. Last night, he hid all his outfit in this washroom.

After the burning smell was gone, Lucien quickly threw the broken monocular and the shoes that he was wearing into the canal through the washroom window.

Then, he tidied himself up a little bit, walked out of the washroom and entered a balcony of the restaurant.

In the balcony, Grace was walking back and forth nervously. Seeing that Lucien finally came back, she hurriedly asked, "Mr. Evans, did you hear the explosion?"

Grace was too nervous to notice that it took Lucien more than fifteen minutes to come back from the washroom. And, of course, it was not a big deal either that one spent fifteen minutes in washroom.

"I heard it as well. It was horrible." Lucien closed the balcony door from behind, "I tried to look out from the washroom window but did not see anything. We can ask the waiter later what happened over there. Don't be nervous. We're fine, Grace."

Grace nodded and took a couple of deep breaths, "You're right, Mr. Evans. Let's continue. You just mentioned that my fingerings were..."

Lucien already switched himself back into his music mood, after he did all these things to fulfill his mission within fifteen minutes.

"Yes, that's right... You're still sticking to your previous practice to some degree," explained Lucien, "But this is not necessarily a bad thing. As a pianist, you gotta find your own style..."

Lucien was definitely an authority in piano playing, and he had a very profound understanding of it. Grace frequently nodded as she was listening to him very carefully.

About more than half an hour later, a waiter knocked at the door gently.

"Yes?" Grace was not happy that her lesson was interrupted.

"Ms. Grace, two knight squires from the Church need to search the place," answered the waiter politely.

The balcony was booked under Grace's name.

"Well... let them in, then," said Grace. Although she was already quite well-known in Sturk, she still needed to respect the Church.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 168: Mission Complete

When the two squires from the Church walked into the balcony, they did not feel suspicious at all. After all, this restaurant was a place only for people of high social status in the city, and searching this place was just a routine part of their work.

"When did you arrive at this restaurant, and did you temporarily leave this place just now?" asked the two squires.

Although a boatman passing by reported to the Church that he witnessed a young man wearing a black top hat and monocular summoning a big fireball, the boatman could not describe the attacker's physical appearance in detail.

As soon as the witness mentioned the black top hat, Haulies realized who was the attacker. However, the information these squires had was still too limited for them to realize that the noble young man standing right in front of them was the very attacker wanted.

"Nine forty. I arrived this restaurant at nine forty," Lucien answered calmly, "I have an appointment with Ms. Grace today, and I never left this restaurant."

Lucien said the word "restaurant", instead of "balcony", in order to mislead Grace.

"Mr. E... Emm... This gentleman is my friend, and we were discussing piano playing just now." Grace was for sure on Lucien's side, and she also had no idea that Lucien actually did so many things within the fifteen minutes during which he was away in the washroom.

"Your words is for sure trustworthy." One of the squires nodded. "I really like your piano playing, Miss Grace."

And after a casual searching in the balcony, the two squires left.

When the balcony door was gently closed from outside, Lucien smiled, "Shall we continue now?"

In fact, killing Brown was never a super challenging task. However, how to kill Brown but also manage to escape from the besiege of the night watchers and knights was the toughest part of the whole mission.

And letting Brown himself run out of his own protection was the best way!

"Of course," answered Grace eagerly. She never imagined that she could have a precious chance like this to be taught by Lucien Evans in person.

Lucien taught Grace very patiently until it was about noon. When they were waiting for the lunch, he said to Grace, "Any plans for your future?"

Grace lowered her head but did not answer immediately. Although Grace kept telling herself that it was the difficult situation that forced her to steal Lucien Evans' name and live in a big lie, she knew that, despite all these reasons, what she was doing was because of her own greed.

"I'll do whatever you want me to do, Mr. Evans," Grace opened her mouth with great effort.

"You did me a favor. You helped me solve the problem between my friend and Mr. Granneuve, and I really appreciate it," said Lucien sincerely. "If you really want to be a good musician, go to Aalto, together with your family. I can write a letter for you to the president of the Musicians' Association there, as your instructor."

"Oh... Really?" Grace was very surprised.

Lucien nodded and continued, "Or, if you want to keep stealing my name and stay in Sturk to enjoy your reputation, I will not admit neither deny it. Up to you."

Grace stared at the clean white tablecloth and remained silent. She had lots of thoughts going on at the same time in her mind. She knew that, without a real solid foundation in music knowledge and hard practice, her fake reputation of being Lucien Evans' student would turn into a heavy burden for her sooner or later.

However, thinking of the luxury lifestyle she was living right now in Sturk, it was very hard for her to say goodbye to it.

Lucien did not urge Grace. No matter what option she chose, her choice did not really have anything to do with him anyway.

A couple of gentle knocks at the door dragged Grace's thoughts back.

She sat a bit more straight, and when the waiter left the balcony, she said to Lucien with determination, "I'll go to Aalto, Mr. Evans."

Lucien spread the napkin on his lap and started to cut his steak, "I'll write letters for you to Mr. Victor and Mr. Christopher."

When Lucien and Grace were chatting about the Musicians' Association in Aalto, someone knocked at the door again.

"Yes?" asked Grace in a cheerful tone. After making this hard decision, Grace felt way more relaxed now.

"It's us, Grace." It was Green, the violist of the band.

"Why are you guys here?" asked Grace again, confused.

"We need to practice this afternoon together, don't you remember? Let's go together!" It was Piola.

Grace did not respond immediately.

"Grace, open the door," said Green. "You agreed with us. You agreed on doing this. And we gotta do it."

"Yes, we have no choice," agreed the other band members.

Hearing their words, Grace forced a smile on her face and whispered to Lucien, "After the night when I met you in the restaurant, I was very nervous and anxious, so I did not attend our regular practice. They thought that I wanted to quit."

Lucien did not really care. He put a piece of meat in his mouth and then said, "Deal with it however you want."

Grace nodded and then walked toward the door, partially opening it.

"No worries. I won't give this concert up," Grace said to the other band members. "But after that, I'm going to Aalto to learn music."

"Are you kidding?" Green looked a bit pissed off, "Now you got money and reputation, and you want to keep away from us."

Although the other band members were quite famous in the city as well, they were not even close to Grace, because she was the only one in the band who played piano. Of course, they did not feel that it was fair.

Therefore, gradually, these young people who got together because of the same music dream started to lose their focus and even themselves.

"Grace," said Sharon, who was not looking at her but staring at the floor, "You know we can tell the newspaper what you are doing right now."

Although Grace was still feeling guilty, after hearing Sharon's words, she released a long sigh and responded, "Go ahead, Sharon. No one will believe you."

"Does this one-month-role-playing really make you feel you're a student of Mr. Lucien Evans?" said Green sarcastically.

Grace opened the door completely, "I got someone who supports me here."

"Mr. Evans?!" The band members were all shocked.

They had no idea when Lucien Evans arrived in Sturk or when did Grace developed such a good relationship with him.

Lucien put down the knife and fork, wiped his mouth slowly, and walked to Grace, "I'll send the letters to you later. When you're in Aalto, bring the letters to Mr. Christopher."

"Thank you, Mr. Evans... No, thank you... my teacher," said Grace excitedly.

Lucien nodded, and when he walked past the other group members, he said to them, "Hope you folks never forget your music dream. You cannot rely on someone else's fame for the rest of your life."

That was also what Lucien wanted to say to himself.

When Lucien's figure disappeared in the corridor, some of the band members lowered their heads out of shame.

...

It was sunny and hot the second day.

Lucien and Ferryman were standing side by side in the back of a small boat, moving along the canal.

Lucien puzzledly looked at Ferryman. He could not believe that Ferryman would just show up in public like this in the city.

"No worries, my friend. My blood power came from a special creature, and I'm very good at disguising myself, That's why I'm here." Ferryman grinned. "Thank you, Mr. Evans. You're fantastic. Did you make the explosive yourself? Out of the materials I gave you?"

Ferryman did not link the stone bridge thing to Lucien. He thought it was only an accident, after all, Lucien was on the boat at that time.

Lucien realized that the current physical appearance of Ferryman might not be real, but he did not want to bother himself with this topic too much right now.

"Yes, I made it. It's a unique, ancient formula," answered Lucien casually.

"I see." Ferryman looked ahead. "Given that you successively fulfilled the mission, now it is my turn to fulfill my promise. I'll take you to the place of a scholar later. And before you leave Sturk, I suggest you do not go outside."

"Scholar?" Lucien was a bit confused.

Chapter 168: Mission Complete

When the two squires from the Church walked into the balcony, they did not feel suspicious at all. After all, this restaurant was a place only for people of high social status in the city, and searching this place was just a routine part of their work.

"When did you arrive at this restaurant, and did you temporarily leave this place just now?" asked the two squires.

Although a boatman passing by reported to the Church that he witnessed a young man wearing a black top hat and monocular summoning a big fireball, the boatman could not describe the attacker's physical appearance in detail.

As soon as the witness mentioned the black top hat, Haulies realized who was the attacker. However, the information these squires had was still too limited for them to realize that the noble young man standing right in front of them was the very attacker wanted.

"Nine forty. I arrived this restaurant at nine forty," Lucien answered calmly, "I have an appointment with Ms. Grace today, and I never left this restaurant."

Lucien said the word "restaurant", instead of "balcony", in order to mislead Grace.

"Mr. E... Emm... This gentleman is my friend, and we were discussing piano playing just now." Grace was for sure on Lucien's side, and she also had no idea that Lucien actually did so many things within the fifteen minutes during which he was away in the washroom.

"Your words is for sure trustworthy." One of the squires nodded. "I really like your piano playing, Miss Grace."

And after a casual searching in the balcony, the two squires left.

When the balcony door was gently closed from outside, Lucien smiled, "Shall we continue now?"

In fact, killing Brown was never a super challenging task. However, how to kill Brown but also manage to escape from the besiege of the night watchers and knights was the toughest part of the whole mission.

And letting Brown himself run out of his own protection was the best way!

"Of course," answered Grace eagerly. She never imagined that she could have a precious chance like this to be taught by Lucien Evans in person.

Lucien taught Grace very patiently until it was about noon. When they were waiting for the lunch, he said to Grace, "Any plans for your future?"

Grace lowered her head but did not answer immediately. Although Grace kept telling herself that it was the difficult situation that forced her to steal Lucien Evans' name and live in a big lie, she knew that, despite all these reasons, what she was doing was because of her own greed.

"I'll do whatever you want me to do, Mr. Evans," Grace opened her mouth with great effort.

"You did me a favor. You helped me solve the problem between my friend and Mr. Granneuve, and I really appreciate it," said Lucien sincerely. "If you really want to be a good musician, go to Aalto, together with your family. I can write a letter for you to the president of the Musicians' Association there, as your instructor."

"Oh... Really?" Grace was very surprised.

Lucien nodded and continued, "Or, if you want to keep stealing my name and stay in Sturk to enjoy your reputation, I will not admit neither deny it. Up to you."

Grace stared at the clean white tablecloth and remained silent. She had lots of thoughts going on at the same time in her mind. She knew that, without a real solid foundation in music knowledge and hard practice, her fake reputation of being Lucien Evans' student would turn into a heavy burden for her sooner or later.

However, thinking of the luxury lifestyle she was living right now in Sturk, it was very hard for her to say goodbye to it.

Lucien did not urge Grace. No matter what option she chose, her choice did not really have anything to do with him anyway.

A couple of gentle knocks at the door dragged Grace's thoughts back.

She sat a bit more straight, and when the waiter left the balcony, she said to Lucien with determination, "I'll go to Aalto, Mr. Evans."

Lucien spread the napkin on his lap and started to cut his steak, "I'll write letters for you to Mr. Victor and Mr. Christopher."

When Lucien and Grace were chatting about the Musicians' Association in Aalto, someone knocked at the door again.

"Yes?" asked Grace in a cheerful tone. After making this hard decision, Grace felt way more relaxed now.

"It's us, Grace." It was Green, the violist of the band.

"Why are you guys here?" asked Grace again, confused.

"We need to practice this afternoon together, don't you remember? Let's go together!" It was Piola.

Grace did not respond immediately.

"Grace, open the door," said Green. "You agreed with us. You agreed on doing this. And we gotta do it."

"Yes, we have no choice," agreed the other band members.

Hearing their words, Grace forced a smile on her face and whispered to Lucien, "After the night when I met you in the restaurant, I was very nervous and anxious, so I did not attend our regular practice. They thought that I wanted to quit."

Lucien did not really care. He put a piece of meat in his mouth and then said, "Deal with it however you want."

Grace nodded and then walked toward the door, partially opening it.

"No worries. I won't give this concert up," Grace said to the other band members. "But after that, I'm going to Aalto to learn music."

"Are you kidding?" Green looked a bit pissed off, "Now you got money and reputation, and you want to keep away from us."

Although the other band members were quite famous in the city as well, they were not even close to Grace, because she was the only one in the band who played piano. Of course, they did not feel that it was fair.

Therefore, gradually, these young people who got together because of the same music dream started to lose their focus and even themselves.

"Grace," said Sharon, who was not looking at her but staring at the floor, "You know we can tell the newspaper what you are doing right now."

Although Grace was still feeling guilty, after hearing Sharon's words, she released a long sigh and responded, "Go ahead, Sharon. No one will believe you."

"Does this one-month-role-playing really make you feel you're a student of Mr. Lucien Evans?" said Green sarcastically.

Grace opened the door completely, "I got someone who supports me here."

"Mr. Evans?!" The band members were all shocked.

They had no idea when Lucien Evans arrived in Sturk or when did Grace developed such a good relationship with him.

Lucien put down the knife and fork, wiped his mouth slowly, and walked to Grace, "I'll send the letters to you later. When you're in Aalto, bring the letters to Mr. Christopher."

"Thank you, Mr. Evans... No, thank you... my teacher," said Grace excitedly.

Lucien nodded, and when he walked past the other group members, he said to them, "Hope you folks never forget your music dream. You cannot rely on someone else's fame for the rest of your life."

That was also what Lucien wanted to say to himself.

When Lucien's figure disappeared in the corridor, some of the band members lowered their heads out of shame.

...

It was sunny and hot the second day.

Lucien and Ferryman were standing side by side in the back of a small boat, moving along the canal.

Lucien puzzledly looked at Ferryman. He could not believe that Ferryman would just show up in public like this in the city.

"No worries, my friend. My blood power came from a special creature, and I'm very good at disguising myself, That's why I'm here." Ferryman grinned. "Thank you, Mr. Evans. You're fantastic. Did you make the explosive yourself? Out of the materials I gave you?"

Ferryman did not link the stone bridge thing to Lucien. He thought it was only an accident, after all, Lucien was on the boat at that time.

Lucien realized that the current physical appearance of Ferryman might not be real, but he did not want to bother himself with this topic too much right now.

"Yes, I made it. It's a unique, ancient formula," answered Lucien casually.

"I see." Ferryman looked ahead. "Given that you successively fulfilled the mission, now it is my turn to fulfill my promise. I'll take you to the place of a scholar later. And before you leave Sturk, I suggest you do not go outside."

"Scholar?" Lucien was a bit confused.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 169: Astar

Ferryman grinned. "Xellos Astar, the famous playwright who have already produced six popular operas in Sturk."

He did not avoid the boatman paddling in the front, since the boatman was also one of the core members of the Congress of Magic in Sturk.

"He's a sorcerer as well?" asked Lucien. Astar's identity for disguise was basically the same as his own.

"Yes, he is." Ferryman nodded and said in respect, "He is a Shadow Mentor."

"Mentor?" Lucien was surprised.

In the ancient magic empire, anyone who could be respected as a mentor would be at least a senior-rank mage.

"Of course. Although I'm not sure about Mr. Astar's specific level, without doubt, he's of senior rank. Actually, we have a couple of senior-rank mages in Sturk, but some of them are out of town right now, and they would rarely carry out tasks themselves," explained Ferryman.

"The more powerful the congress is, the more secure I feel," answered Lucien honestly. Ferryman's words also verified Rhine's comment on the Congress of Magic that it was growing strong very fast.

Moving along the canal, the pointy-headed boat turned at the corner and came to a beautiful and quiet residential area in the city.

...

The boat stopped in front of a big, luxury three-storey house with a spacious garden. Lucien and Ferryman stepped on the stone stairs in front of the property after getting off the boat and came to the gate of the house.

"Tom." The guard standing behind simply greeted Ferryman and opened the iron gate. Obviously, they were acquaintances.

Lucien was somehow expecting a different name for Ferryman, at least more unique than "Tom".

As Tom and Lucien slowly walked through the garden and the lawn, Tom said to Lucien casually, "Tom is a very common name, I know, but my job also does not draw much attention anyway."

"That's right, but sometimes people take the opposite way, for example, Mr. Astar." Lucien nodded and looked around this place curiously. He saw nothing special yet with this place.

"Mew!" An orange tabby cat suddenly appeared in front of them and spoke to them in a husky voice, "Astar wants you guys to go to the second floor. He's studying arcana right now and got no time to welcome our new friend."

"Yes... Ms. Mercedes," responded Tom with awe.

Then he introduced the cat to Lucien, "This is Mr. Astar's familiar... no, partner, Ms. Mercedes."

"Very nice to meet you, Ms. Mercedes," greeted Lucien to the cat politely.

The cat made a short "hum" from her throat to respond, and then elegantly walked into the garden nearby.

Before Tom and Lucien walked into the hall, Lucien looked back and saw that the arrogant cat was jumping around to catch a butterfly. Obviously, she was having fun by herself over there.

"Sometimes animals know better how to enjoy life," said Tom gently and opened the wooden gate.

Lucien turned around and smiled, "But happiness is not everything that a person can enjoy in one's life."

...

The sunlight made the second floor pretty bright. However, when Lucien was following Tom walking through the corridor, he always somehow felt that this place was covered by shadows, and he had a feeling that this was because of Sun's Corona he was wearing.

"It's us, Mr. Astar," said Tom in a low voice as he gently knocked at a black wooden door.

"Come in. The door is unlocked." A husky voice came from behind the door.

Tom pushed the door open carefully and asked Lucien to go in with him.

The first thing that jumped into Lucien's eyes was the messy wads of paper on the thick gray carpet. And, amazingly, there was a quill writing fast on a piece of white paper on its own, without anyone holding it, and, from time to time, the quill was dipping itself in the ink bottle cheerfully.

But Lucien did not see Mr. Astar.

Seeing that Tom was bending to the ground and picking up the paper wads from the floor to throw them at a trash bin, Lucien hurriedly joined him.

Out of curiosity, Lucien took a quick glance at a paper wad as he picked it up and saw messy formulas and numbers on it.

In order to show his respect, Lucien did not carefully read the paper neither tried to steal it, and, of course, he dare not as well, but he could be certain about was the foundational role of math in arcana study.

"Give me a moment," said the same husky voice coming from every dark corner of the room. Taking a closer look, Lucien saw a silhouette between the curtain and the desk, and, gradually, an elegant black-haired man appeared. At first glance, Lucien thought that the man was only in his early twenties, but later, he thought that the man might be over forty.

The black-haired man was sitting in his armchair and reading a black hard-covered book very carefully. Around him, in the shadow, it seemed like there were countless quills writing and calculating busily. Lucien could not see them clearly.

About ten minutes later, when Tom and Lucien still remained silent, the quill on the desk finished its work and jumped into the quill pot itself, and the shadow quills in the darkness also disappeared completely.

Closing the book, the black-haired man turned to look at them and greeted, "Welcome, our new friend. I'm Astar."

"Great pleasure to meet you, Mr. Astar." Lucien slightly bowed to him. As he was bowing, he saw the name of the book, which was printed in silver ink, Arcana.

Lucien saw the font before, and he got excited and murmured, "Arcana..."

Astar lifted the book a bit and asked, "Have you ever read this before?"

"Yes... but a very old one." Lucien was very curious, "Mr. Astar, is this the latest issue of Arcana? Can I take a look?"

Astar stood up from his armchair and smiled, "What you've been studying is the ancient magic system, and hence this might be a bit too much for you. And if you can't read Arcana, you cannot understand all kinds of new magic structures published in the journal called Magic." Astar pointed at another book on his desk with a Hexagram on it, "However, you're the only sorcerer in the past ten years who wanted to borrow Arcana from me, and I'm impressed by your thirst for knowledge. So feel free to read it, but don't feel depressed when you cannot get it."

As he was saying, Astar handed Lucien the book.

And then he turned to Ferryman, "How shall I call our new friend, Tom?"

"Evans... Mr. Evans. A first circle sorcerer," answered Tom, feeling a bit nervous still.

Lucien opened Arcana and glanced at the content page. Immediately, he was shocked, since the title of the first article in this journal was:

"A Special Complex Function that Describes and Calculates Spiritual Power Field".

Lucien never expected that the congress's study of Complex Functions was this advanced. Although some of the books unlocked in Lucien's spirit library were about the knowledge of Complex Function, it was too complicated for Lucien to understand since he came from neither math nor physics academic background. Also, Lucien thought that the study progress of the congress might still remain close to that of Earth in the late 18th century or the early 19th century, which mainly focused on calculus, hence he never put too much thought into this field. Lucien realized that he was falling behind and he needed to catch up with the congress as soon as possible.

A complex function was one in which the independent variable and the dependent variable were both complex numbers. Based on the theory of Complex Analysis, many study achievements were made, for example, the measurement of planar field and Riemann Surface. And then, Riemann's looking into the space curved surface based on Non-Euclidean geometry Theory provided the tool of developing the General Theory of Relativity from Einstein.

Seeing that Lucien was totally shocked, Astar grinned, "Aren't these articles edge-cutting? Since Mr. Brook, the grand arcanist, found the relation between electricity and magnetism and put forward the concept, Electromagnetic Field, the studies looking into all kinds of 'fields' are thriving. And thus many complex functions came out as a tool for us to calculate the intensity of a specific spot in a spiritual power field. And my research interest, Shadow Field, requires a thorough understanding of it."

Lucien nodded. In this world, the need in arcana research accelerated the birth of complex functions, which was different from that of Earth.

"Anyway, talking about those theories to you right now does nothing but greatly confuses you. When you get to Allyn, Evans, the congress will provide you with lots of basic books and materials for learning arcana. And if you have an open mind, you can switch yourself into a sorcerer who believes in the contemporary magic system in about two to three years... It depends on your own effort," continued Astar.

"They just... give the books and materials... for free?" Lucien was concerned that the congress would have extra demanding requests for him just like the Hand of Paleness.

"Just some little requirements... not anything dangerous." Astar assured Lucien, "We hope that sorcerers under middle rank can focus on their own study and grow stronger, and that's the best pay from you folks to the congress."

Then Astar turned to Ferryman, "Tom, could you show Evans his room on the third floor?"

"Sure." Tom nodded.

"On the third floor, there are a few apprentices with quite good potential living here and learning after me right now. And they'll be sent to Holm together with you. If you feel not ashamed to learn from apprentices, you can start studying arcana learning from them," said Astar.

Leaving Astar's study, Lucien and Tom walked to the third floor.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 170: The Apprentices

The arrangement of the third floor was very different from that of the second. Lucien saw a spacious blue and white living room. On each side of the living room, there was a row of big windows, through which the sunlight came in and brightly lit up the whole place.

Although the living room was still quite smaller than the hall on the first floor, everything there looked rather lively and energetic - couches that could move around; small-sized tea tables everywhere; small black writing boards hanging on the wall; green plants, etc.

There were some teenagers in that place. The oldest might be around fourteen or fifteen, and the youngest might be only twelve. Some of them were sitting in the couches, calculating and writing something down in a very dedicated way, while others were standing in front of the small blackboards, discussing something seriously. In a second, Lucien thought that he was visiting a study hall or something.

Because of the unique design of the place and the thick carpet on the floor, Lucien and Tom's arriving did not attract the teenagers' attention at all.

"Annick, I found this book, Math Principles in the Philosophy of Magic, very interesting. Although the three fundamental laws of force field look quite simple, when you think about it, all of them are very close to our daily life when we cast a spell," said a young girl in a low voice to her friend sitting in the couch beside her.

Another teenager boy with blond curly hair looked up and said, "Layria, I agree with you. You know once Mr. Astar mentioned that Math Principles in the Philosophy of Magic is one of the two major theories supporting the contemporary magic system, and if you can have a thorough understanding of it, probably you can become a real sorcerer soon!"

The girl with linen-colored hair sitting beside them joined the conversation, "Annick, Layria, are you two still reading the first chapter? The other day I took a quick glance at the book and found the third chapter was beyond imagination. The third chapter tries to explain all kinds of movements happening in this world, including stars and tides, by introducing the concept of gravity, a force that exists between the stars and the land. And that is why star trails can actually be predicted. I believe that it's very important to our further study in Astrology."

Layria's lovely ponytail slightly jumped up and down as she was nodding, "Yes, yes... but I cannot understand the derivation here, and I also don't understand the mathematical method called...calculus. What about you two, Heidi and Annick?"

"No idea... I cannot get it at all," answered Heidi casually. "But just like what Mr. Astar told us, before we become real sorcerers, we only need to remember a few principles and formulas, instead of understanding why."

"Still... We need to read a lot of books according to Mr. Astar..." Layria sighed. "Basic Geometry of Magic, The Mapping of Magic Principles and Model Building and... and..."

"And The Significance of Modelling, Element Equation behind Magic Formula, Basic Element, Common Algebra, Classification of Low-rank Meditations, Simple Analysis of the Essence of the Cold and the Heat, Motion and Force in Magic." Heidi took over the words and listed all the books they needed to read.

"You see, I cannot even remember the books." Layria shrugged. "Although Mr. Astar said that if we could fully understand Math Principles in the Philosophy of Magic and then spend a year on studying calculus, when we got enough spiritual power, we could work on becoming a middle-rank

sorcerer, I don't know how long this whole process would take me without a teacher... maybe fifteen years..."

As Astar said, all these apprentices in this living room were more talented than the average, and for sure, they had their own targets.

Annick scratched his hair a bit and said, "We're not gonna be on our own for long, right? Mr. Astar said that we would have mentors teaching us in Allyn. Maybe four or five years later, we can become real sorcerers, and at that time..."

"At that time, we'll be councillors of the city council. We'll have servants," said Heidi full of hope.

"At that time, we can meet our families as well," added Layria.

The three apprentices remained silent for a bit and then sighed at the same time.

There was a rare smile on Ferryman's face while he looked at the three teenagers, "Those three, together with Sprint, Oimos and Katrina, they were the most gifted kids in the last test. Especially Sprint and Katrina, they both have quite potential spiritual power and talent in arcana."

As Tom was saying, he pointed at the the teenager boy with dark red hair, the other teenager who was sitting in the couch calculating, and the blonde girl who was discussing seriously with her peers.

"All promising young people," responded Lucien in a real sorcerer's tone.

Their conversation seized the apprentices' attention. They turned around and bowed politely, "Mr. Tom."

Tom apparently looked way less gloomy than usual when he was in front of the teenagers. He nodded and smiled, "I'm very glad to see that all of you're working so hard, but at the same time, I want you ladies and gentlemen to understand that the author of Math Principles in the Philosophy of Magic, and also the inventor of calculus, Mr. Douglas, is the president of the congress, and the greatest arcanist ever, hence there is still a long way for you folks to go. Work hard and be patient."

"Thank you, Mr. Tom. We will." Sprint took a step forward and said with pride, "Becoming an arcanist has always been my target, and I finally became a junior apprentice yesterday."

Some of the teenagers were very surprised. It did not take Sprint long to make this breakthrough.

"You're gifted, Sprint." Tom nodded, feeling quite surprised as well, "And I saw you were helping your peers as well."

"Of course, we're all friends," answered Sprint cheerfully like a kid. Then, he took a glance at Lucien, "Is this our new friend, Mr. Tom? He looks a bit older than us."

Then Sprint turned to Lucien, "Do you know anything about arcana? I can provide you with some help if you want."

"Yes, you can ask me as well," said Katrina. This fourteen-year-old girl was wearing a white dress and already looked like a beautiful young lady. "And I'll also become an apprentice very soon."

Both Sprint and Katrina arrived here recently, and when they were chosen, neither of them was an apprentice but just talented kids. Now Sprint already made his breakthrough, and it seemed that Katrina was on her way as well. Without doubt, Sprint and Katrina were the most potential two among all the apprentices and the other young kids who were working on becoming one.

And just like all the smart people, Sprint and Katrina were competing with each other all the time.

In Katrina's mind, this young man, who was probably only twenty or something, should be no more than a senior apprentice who knew nothing about arcana.

Tom was a bit amused, "This is Mr. Evans. He is a real sorcerer."

"A real sorcerer?!"

"But he looks so young?!"

The teenagers were very surprised.

Although they heard that from time to time there were very talented teenagers who could become real sorcerers after turning eighteen when their souls became more stable, they never met a sorcerer who was this young as Lucien. They suspected that probably this Mr. Evans was using some kind of magic to maintain his young appearance.

"When you arrive at the congress, you'll see sorcerers who're only fifteen or even fourteen." Tom slightly shook his head and smiled, "In my eyes, Mr. Evans is rather smart, and I'm actually not surprised with his achievement."

"Mr. Evans." All the apprentices bowed politely with their right hands on their foreheads.

This was the tradition that an apprentice should show great respect to a sorcerer.

Lucien smiled, "We're peers now."

"You want to study arcana with them?" whispered Tom to Lucien.

"I want to start from reading the books they just mentioned," answered Lucien, "We can discuss if it's necessary." Lucien believed that his arcana knowledge was no inferior than most middle-rank mages.

"Then you have to fulfil a task from the congress in advance," Tom grinned, "since the books are only for the apprentices. Sorcerers can only get them when they arrive the congress."

"What task?" asked Lucien.

"You gotta be the teacher of an apprentice," explained Tom patiently. "In order to get the books and all kinds of support from the congress, a sorcerer needs to help an apprentice to reach his or her senior level. Due to the limit of the environment here, the hope that they can leap forward to

reach this level is slim to none, but you can try helping an apprentice in training to become a junior one. How does this sound? Fulfilling half of the congress's task in advance right here?"

"Then what will happen after we arrive in Allyn?" asked Lucien, "Will I still be the teacher?"

"No worries." Tom waved his hands, "All the apprentices will be sent to the secret schools to study at that time. They won't bother you."

"I see. Sounds very reasonable." Lucien nodded. He agreed on the emphasis that the congress put on training apprentices.

Tom clapped his hands to draw the teenagers' attention. "Ladies and gentlemen, I've got an opportunity for you. Because Mr. Evans needs to study arcana, he wants to work with some of you. Who wants to volunteer? You folks gotta know that the chance of working together with a real sorcerer is precious!"

The reaction of the apprentices varied. Some got quite excited and started to whisper to each other, while others remained quite doubtful toward a sorcerer who knew nothing about arcana.

No one knew how much this young sorcerer could help them with their arcana study.

Besides, according to the tradition of the ancient magic empire, some sorcerers were quite strict with training new apprentices. Those apprentices who had other teachers before would not be taken into their consideration at all, hence they might miss the chance of becoming the students of some more powerful sorcerers. And that was the thing that concerned them the most.

"Who volunteers?" asked Tom again.

Sprint responded first, "I'm afraid that Mr. Evans cannot provide me with enough guidance with regard to arcana. I'm sorry."

"Me neither. Sorry, Mr. Evans." Katrina lowered her head, "I want to stick to my own study schedule."

The other six or seven apprentices who were close to Sprint and Katrina were also very hesitant.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 171: Instruction

Facing the apprentices' attitude, Tom realized how rebellious these young teenagers could be in this age, so he hurriedly clarified, "I want you folks to understand that the Congress of Magic is not like the past ancient magic empire, and most of the sorcerers in the congress will still be willing to accept you as his or her apprentice even after you have studied under Mr. Evans, as long as you're not Mr. Evans registered apprentice."

Hearing Tom's words, a few apprentices raised their heads.

"I know many of you once heard from Mr. Astar that lots and lots of sorcerers, because they could not keep an open mind toward arcana, failed to make the breakthrough upward to middle or high-rank mage level. However, as you folks can see, Mr. Evans is a real sorcerer already before his twenties, and this talent is quite precious even in the congress. Compared with those old-school sorcerers, Mr. Evans might be able to provide you folks with great new insights, and maybe one day Mr. Evans will become a mentor!"

The title, mentor, was especially used to respect those high-rank mages. Across the continent, high-rank mages were very rare, even in the Duchy of Violet.

Tom's words clearly showed that he saw the great potential in Lucien, especially because of the task had Lucien perfectly fulfilled before.

As many of them were quite shy, some young apprentices started to whisper to each other again.

At this time, Sprint, who clearly viewed himself as the leader of the apprentices, responded in a quite firm attitude, "I still prefer to study arcana on my own."

"I agree. We've all got our own schedules." Katrina nodded.

Tom's face looked a bit gloomy now. He rather felt awkward for Lucien.

When Tom was about to say something else, Lucien finally started to talk to the apprentices, "Everyone needs to make their own choices, and I understand. What about the others? Anyone wants to study arcana with me?"

The six or seven teenagers standing close to Sprint and Katrina exchanged a look among each other and lowered their heads again, and the rest of the apprentices went back to silence as well.

Even the teenagers who wanted to give it a shot felt quite hesitant again.

At this time, finally, one teenager boy took a step forward and said in respect, "Mr. Evans, can you be my teacher?"

"Annick?!" The rest of the apprentices were very surprised.

"You sure, Annick?" Lucien smiled.

Annick was a plain-looking teenager boy, however, at this time, his blue eyes were shining with hope.

"Yes, Mr. Evans," answered Annick sincerely. "I come from a family of magic, and I've been infused with all kinds of exciting legends of the great sorcerers since when I was a kid. However, it has been a hundred years since our family produced the last real sorcerer. I believe in your talent in magic, Mr. Evans... You becoming a real sorcerer at such a young age makes me believe in your wisdom. I hope that I could have the pleasure to become your student, even for only a short period of time."

Annick's family had been falling in the past years. Annick's spiritual power potential was greater than his family peers, and hence he was burdened with the great hope from his parents and relatives. However, Annick's arcana talent was not as impressive as that of his spiritual power, so he understood that he needed to seize every possible opportunity that he encountered.

"Well... Welcome, Annick." Lucien nodded, "Let's work together."

Then, following Annick, another two teenager apprentices volunteered.

"Mr. Evans, I want to learn from you as well." Layria's voice was crisp, and her big eyes looked very sincere.

"Me, too. Mr. Evans." Heidi joined them as well with his slightly chubby face with few freckles on it.

As they were speaking, both of them slightly pulled Annick's shirt from behind, as if they were showing their support to him.

Lucien was a bit touched by their pure friendship. He smiled and said to Annick, Layria and Heidi, "No problem. Three students is enough. I cannot handle teaching more."

Subconsciously, Lucien used the word "teaching", since he never felt that his understanding toward arcana was inferior to most of his peers.

Hearing that, a few more apprentices who did not seize the chance fast enough started to feel a bit regretful.

"Congratulations to you three." Tom gently applauded, "The rest of you folks should keep working hard."

"We will, Mr. Tom." Sprint took a glance at the three Lucien's students, turned around and continued to do his study again, and so did Katrina.

Tom shrugged to Lucien, "Young kids... Anyway, Mr. Evans, please just pick a room on the third floor, whichever you like, to stay for the week. In seven days, we'll leave for Allyn. During the seven days, avoid going out as much as possible."

Lucien nodded, "I'm looking forward to the trip in seven days."

After Tom left, Lucien asked his three students to sit down in a half circle-shaped couch and started to do his own introduction, "I'm Evans, from the west side of the continent. I'm more into the School of Element and Astrology, but no mastery yet. Feel free to discuss any questions you have with me, please."

"Mr. Evans, nice to meet you," said the chubby-faced girl, "I'm Heidi, and I come from Syracuse. I was recommended by a sorcerer in my country to Mr. Astar and then arrived at Sturk. Within a couple of weeks' study, I'm already an apprentice in training. I'm currently with Element Meditation, but also studying the rest of the schools as well."

Heidi was the most outgoing one among the three apprentices, so she introduced herself first. As a young teenager, she could not help showing off a bit of her talent.

Following Heidi, Layria said to Lucien in respect, "Mr. Evans, I'm Layria from a common family in Gusta. Since my referrer is a gentleman from the congress, I'm currently practicing Magnetic Resonance Meditation. Mr. Astar told us that, no matter which school we choose to specialize in, basic arcana knowledge is always indispensable, so I'm very looking forward to your instruction."

"I'm from a small town in the Duchy of Violet, Mr. Evans," said Annick. "I study Astrology and Element, too."

Then, before Lucien asked for the arcana books, Heidi already carried all her books to him, "Mr. Evans, can you understand all of them? In most cases, I have no clue at all."

"Me neither," agreed both Layria and Annick.

Taking over the books from Heidi, Lucien started to leaf through them.

The first book was The Significance of Modelling, and its preface wrote:

"In the ancient magic empire time, the belief that prevailed is that understanding the different meanings of the corresponding parts of a magic model is unnecessary and inappropriate, instead, copying the models existing inside of the magic creatures is enough. However, as long as there is myth, there should be an answer; as long as there is an answer, there should be a way to discover it. And if we cannot find the way, it is because we are not on the correct path."

Lucien strongly agreed with the author of the book. He believed that the basic principles of science should be shared by both Earth and this world. Although there must be differences, there should always be ways to identify the differences, as long as one was willing to bravely make hypothesis and carefully verify them.

Lucien turned the book to the front page again, and he was very surprised to find the familiar name on there: the author of the book was Yaroran Hathaway, the maker of Natasha's Thunder.

Since his three students were still waiting, Lucien did not spend any extra time on exploring who was Yaroran Hathaway. In a reasonable speed, Lucien browsed through all the books and copied them in his spirit library.

"Mr. Evans, how do you think?" Seeing that Lucien put down the last book, both Heidi and Layria asked at the same time.

Lucien found that, despite the fact that all the content was about the magic world, the basic science principles and knowledge lying underneath was about junior high school or high school level, so he nodded slightly and explained, "The reason why you three could not understand is the lack of the corresponding basic knowledge, since the knowledge in these books is built upon other more basic books. And among these basic books, you three should work on Basic Geometry of Magic and Common Algebra first."

"Are these two books also hard to understand?" Layria asked a bit concernedly.

"I'll read them with you." Lucien tried to encourage them, "The two books should not be too difficult if we're willing to spend lots of time on the exercises."

"Lots of time on... the exercises...?" murmured Layria confusedly. Clearly, she did not really get the idea "exercise", and neither did Annick and Heidi.

As a university student who had experienced the nightmarish college entrance examination in the country in his original world, Lucien started to pray for the three teenagers out of sympathy.

Obviously, they still had no idea of how much work they would be asked to do soon.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 172: Study Helps One Progress

Seeing that Mr. Evans was being pretty serious, Annick, Layria and Heidi all nodded, although unsure of what exactly they were going to do. However, they definitely sensed something not that good.

"Mr. Evans, since this is the first time you are reading those arcana books, we will just leave you alone right now to let you stay focused. When you have a better understanding of them, please provide us with some direction." Annick stood up and said to Lucien politely, "We can practice meditating right now."

Although Lucien was actually capable of teaching them something about science, or, using this world's expression, arcana, right now, he decided to make the whole thing more reasonable, since it would be very queer if his instruction started immediately after he just leafed through the pages.

"Good suggestion." Lucien smiled and nodded, "Probably tomorrow around this time, I should be able to start teaching."

"Tomorrow? Wow... That's so fast." Layria was very surprised.

"I will teach you folks tomorrow what I will have figured out by then," Lucien answered. "That's my way of teaching. I study and then I teach the knowledge to you three, which's also a good way of giving myself some pressure."

"That's so nice of you, Mr. Evans," answered Heidi cheerfully.

When the three apprentices went back to their own rooms to practice meditating, Lucien picked a quiet corner to focus on his own learning.

The book Lucien was reading now was Math Principles in the Philosophy of Magic, which read quite similar to one of the most well-known works of Newton. According to its content page, the book also focused on discussing all kinds of forces in this world by using calculus, while the major different feature of the book was that, within expectation, the researches mentioned all served for the purpose of developing magic, such as solving some questions in the school of Astrology.

Then, Lucien turned the book to the preface page and started to read the words left by the author:

"... We make all the effort of conducting all kinds of researches in order to seek the ultimate answers for some abstract questions, such as: What is 'I'? What is the essence of the world? Where does the world come from? How all the things in this world developed and integrated themselves into a beautiful system? What do 'I' have anything to do with the world? And that is why I decided to use the word 'philosophy' to name the book.

We explore the word, trying to summarize and conclude laws from common phenomena, and based on the laws, we explain, construct, and create magic.

Your friend,

Douglas"

Lucien was not at all surprised that calculus was invented in this world, since all the complicated magic structures required accurate ways of calculation.

When Lucien started to read the book carefully, a quill on the desk jumped up on its own and started writing down something on a piece of paper automatically following Lucien's thoughts.

Lucien found that, compared with those similar books written in his original world, this book was even more systematic and clearer, and hence it was easier for Lucien to understand.

Time flew past, and when the sunlight started getting dimmer and dimmer, Lucien realized that he already skipped his lunch. He found the book very fascinating since what this masterpiece was attempting to do was connecting magic and the laws of the world together.

If it had not been because of the inadequacy of the strength of Lucien's soul, Lucien would have been able to start analyzing some second or even third circle spells already after reading a few more of these books. Lucien really wished that he could learn the better meditation way mentioned by Felipe that was only accessible to high-rank mages sooner rather than later.

As he stretched his body a bit in the couch, Lucien stood up and looked around.

"Good evening, Mr. Evans," greeted some of the apprentices in awe. After all, Mr. Evans was a real sorcerer who they were supposed to show respect toward.

Lucien casually burned down the draft of his calculation and nodded, "Where I can have dinner please?"

"The dining hall, on the first floor," answered Katrina respectfully. She already saw how hard Mr. Evans worked, and she always respected people who worked hard. She wished herself would become a sorcerer soon, so she could help her parents who had been in trouble for quite a long time.

...

The dining hall on the first floor.

"Evans, I've heard your diligence. No wonder you are a real sorcerer already before twenty," commented Astar. "After you become a middle-rank mage, and if you have a quite good understanding in shadow and light, I will definitely consider you to become one of my research assistants."

Although Astar was saying this, he was not very serious, since even throughout the whole congress, only very few arcanists could meet his requirements right now.

Beside Astar, Mercedes was working hard on her pan-fried fish in the plate with a piece of white napkin surrounding her fluffy neck. From time to time, Mercedes would mew and brushed Astar's arm with her tail.

Lucien smiled and nodded, "Thank you, Mr. Astar. Arcana is still very new to me, and all I can do right now is work hard."

"Although your attitude is surely great," Astar changed his tone, "hard work doesn't solve all the problems. You gotta make progress gradually, Evans. What I mean is... Math Principles in the

Philosophy of Magic and calculus might be too much for you right now. I'd suggest you to start with some basic arcana books, plus The Encyclopedia of Magic Creatures."

"Actually... I've finished reading most of the content in Math Principles in the Philosophy of Magic, and, of course, like what you just mentioned, I will start reading Basic Geometry of Magic and Common Algebra to better direct my three apprentices tomorrow," answered Lucien in a polite tone.

In Lucien's mind, he still had lots of questions unsolved, but he also had this feeling that these questions actually involved the ultimate secrets of the world.

When Lucien compared the two books, Basic Geometry of Magic and Common Algebra, in his spirit library earlier today, he was certain that both of them were books introducing Euclidean geometry, analytic geometry and equations, and the principles of the concepts were basically the same with that of the knowledge on Earth, except the fact that Euclidean geometry was called Tower geometry in this world.

However, at the same time, Lucien still found many unexplainable things if he tried to understand this world based on his knowledge, for example, soul, spiritual power, those missing stars, and the unique element named Tai. Lucien was guessing that something micro or macro in this world was quite different from his understanding.

The latest issue of Arcana, of course, had been copied and saved in Lucien's spirit library. The thirty articles in this issue were mostly about the assorted application of complex function in different "fields", for example, how to divide the sphere of spiritual power into multiple plane fields, while a small percentage of them were about finding new elements by spectrum analysis. Obviously, these topics had been gaining great interest of arcanists.

Lucien was well aware of the fact that the ultimate secrets of the world were still very far from them, so he asked Astar one of his most practical questions, "Mr. Astar, I wonder if I can learn the meditation promoted by the congress in advance?"

Lucien wanted to upgrade himself, for sure.

"I think I have the right to do so, yes, as a high-rank mage." Astar smiled, "But you gotta show me your potential, so I know it's worth breaking the rules for you."

"What do you want to see specifically, Mr. Astar?" Lucien was not surprised. He was already used to trading and bargaining.

"I know you have pretty good spiritual power potential." Astar put down his knife and fork elegantly, "If you can do a good job on directing the apprentices, or make good progress on studying arcana yourself, I can consider teaching you Brook Meditation in advance before you arrive at the congress."

"I'm quite sure I can do it." Lucien smiled confidently.

"Show me, then." Astar nodded.

...

Ten o'clock in the morning, the second day.

In his own room, Lucien said to the three apprentices with a smile on his face,

"Are you three all following me?"

Annick nodded out of excitement, "Yes! Yes, Mr. Evans! It's much better now!"

"I feel the same way, too, Mr. Evans!" said Layria in an admiring tone, "You're a genius, Mr. Evans!"

"It's hard to believe that you just started studying arcana yesterday!" agreed Heidi aloud.

"Okay... Okay, I'm flattered, and thank you all." Lucien nodded with his gentle smile, "These are some exercises for enhancing understanding."

As he was saying, Lucien took out a stack test sheet and handed them to the apprentices.

Then Lucien took out Math Principles in the Philosophy of Magic and continued to read the rest of it.

As time went, Annick, Layria and Heidi looked more and more serious as they were working hard on their exercises.

When it was close to noon, Annick first stood up and said to Lucien with a relieved face, "Mr. Evans, I finished all of the questions."

"How do you feel, Annick?" asked Lucien.

"These questions are surely tough, but now I feel like my understanding of the knowledge that I learned earlier has been enhanced like you said," answered Annick, quite excitedly.

Then, both Layria and Heidi put down their quills almost at the same time and handed their works to Lucien.

And they both agreed with Annick's feedback.

Lucien put down the book he was reading and checked the apprentices' work. He pointed out some details that they should have put more thoughts into.

After that, the three apprentices exchanged a look between each other and then asked together, "Mr. Evans, lunch time?"

"Sure. Time to eat." Lucien smiled.

Hearing that, the three apprentices released a long sigh at the same time.

"And I got more for you three after lunch." Lucien took out another stack of work sheet, "Study helps one progress."

The three apprentices, for a second, thought that they saw an evil smile on Mr. Evans' face.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 173: The Grand Arcanists

Seven days later, in the evening.

When Astar was listening to Lucien's explanation of his understanding of the books that he read in the past week, Astar casually patted the cat, Mercedes, who looked rather relaxed and was making a low gentle grunt in her throat.

After Lucien finished his words, Astar elegantly applauded and nodded, "Good, very good, Evans. Within only seven days, you can already apply the principles to real life and draw the connections between the laws and some magic models. That's impressive. I'll give Brook Meditation to you, as I promised."

After dinner, since Lucien and the rest of the apprentices were about to leave later tonight, Astar asked Lucien a couple of arcana questions, and Lucien's perfect answers really impressed him.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Astar." Lucien smiled.

He never tried to hide his talent, since once he arrived in Allyn he knew he would try his very best to improve.

A piece of paper and a quill jumped out in front of Astar and the quill started writing on its own. Astar was just sitting there with his fingers crossed. Very soon, the piece of paper was fully written and it moved on its own toward Lucien.

While Lucien was reading the paper, Astar explained, "Brook Meditation is developed based on the Theory of Psychic Wave, by the grand arcanist Mr. Brook, and is widely applied. Brook Meditation fits into the two meditation environments that you're familiar with—Starry Sky of Destiny, which belongs to the school of Astrology, and the Four Elements, belonging to the school of Element. Currently, Brook Meditation can help you a lot with strengthening your soul and improving your spiritual power during your junior-rank period, but after that, you will have to switch again."

The core idea of Brook Meditation was closely related to the concept of Psychic Wave. If it worked for Lucien, as how Astar and Felipe promoted it, he should be able to improve to a higher level within one or two months by starting to analyze and construct some second circle spells.

Lucien burned down the piece of paper and asked Astar sincerely, "Mr. Astar, since we're leaving for Allyn tonight, I have some questions for you."

"You want to know more about the congress, Evans?" Astar smiled.

"Yes, Mr. Astar. The unknown is always terrifying. As a sorcerer who's going to become a new member of the congress, I'd like to know what's the difference between an arcanist and a sorcerer, how many organizations are there in the congress, how many legendary sorcerers and grand arcanists are there in the congress?" asked Lucien eagerly.

He had been thinking about these questions for a long time.

Astar looked a bit surprised, "The sorcerer who introduced you here didn't tell you anything?"

"Not really..." Lucien wondering whether Felipe could be viewed as his referrer.

"All right, since the president of the congress put forward the concept of arcana, the levels of arcana gradually took shape... from level one to nine. In order to move to a higher level, one needs to publish researches and get cited, create or improve spells, or create new potions to gain arcana credits."

Lucien nodded to show that he was following.

"The congress is very strict about giving out the credits, and doing research is definitely not easy. Therefore, in most cases, a sorcerer's magic level is often higher than his or her arcana level. Although it seems like arcana level doesn't mean much, in the long run, a sorcerer's arcana level determines how far he or she can go. For example, my current arcana level is five, which means my knowledge is not enough for me to move on to the archmage level, so I'm still a senior-rank mage."

"I see." Lucien listened carefully.

"Therefore, in the congress, one's arcana level is more respected than his or her magic level." Astar leaned backward on his chair, "But also, no one would respect those sorcerers who have high magic level but low arcana level there."

"So... If one's arcana level is over nine, he or she is respected as a grand arcanist?" asked Lucien out of great curiosity, "How many grand arcanists are there in the congress then?"

"Grand arcanist is a title of honor, and only those who make great contribution to magic research could be dubbed as grand arcanists. Most of the grand arcanists, before they got the title, were already legendary archmages, or at least very close to becoming legendary archmages, especially with the full support of the congress after they won the title. So we can basically equate the title, grand arcanist, with the great level of legendary archmage. Even though some grand arcanists are still not legendary archmages yet, they will be soon in the future."

Lucien's eyes were full of respect and curiosity.

"And currently, there are only seven sorcerers in the whole congress who could afford the title, and be respected as grand arcanists." Astar grinned.

"Who are they?" Lucien got a bit excited.

Astar bent his fingers and started counting, "Mr. Derrick Douglas, the founder and the promoter of Arcana and contemporary magic system, co-founder of calculus, the president of the congress, the Emperor of Arcana, the Selected.

"Mr. Edwyn Brook, the founder and the promoter of the School of Electromagnetics, the definer of 'Field', the Poem of the Goddess"

The ancient magic empire respect the essence of magic as a goddess.

"Both Mr. Douglas and Mr. Brook are the most powerful men in the world. Their power can control the direction of which the world will go toward, and they're second only to the pope, who can borrow the power of 'God'... although only by a bit," explained Astar.

He took a sip of his tea and continued, "The Hand of Annihilation, the person who re-defined the four major elements and linked them to Force Field magic and Electromagnetic magic, Oliver Constantine.

"Ms. Yaroran Hathaway Hoffenberg, one of the co-founders of calculus, the Lord of Elements, the person who redefined and categorized elements, explained most of the Element magics, and also found another seventeen rare elements. Although the title of her legendary class never changed since the ancient magic empire, the meaning the title contains is totally different now because of arcana.

"Mr. Fernando Hudson, the founder of the school of Thermodynamics, Lord of Storm.

"Ms. Hellen Price, the discoverer of the law of energy conservation, the promoter of calculus, the Witch of Iceland.

"Mr. Vicente Miranda, Thanatos, the grand arcanist who has revealed part of the secret of soul, whose human body research is moving toward a micro-level world."

These were the seven grand arcanists in the congress.

"Also, at the same time, these people are the most powerful seven among all the eighteen legendary archmages in the congress right now," concluded Astar. "It seems that becoming a legendary archmage has already become a premise for becoming a grand arcanist."

"There are only eighteen legendary archmages in the congress?" murmured Lucien.

Astar burst out a laughter, "Only eighteen? Even in the South Church, there are only nineteen legendary casters, not including the legendary knights, and the South Church is already the most powerful organization in this world and even in other dimensions? Of course... There are several legendary archmages who refused to join us because of their belief in their inherited ancient tradition."

"I'm surely very ignorant." Lucien smiled a bit awkwardly, "I take that it is the eighteen legendary archmages who lead the whole congress?"

"Not exactly," Astar shook his head. "Seven grand arcanists, eleven legendary archmages, six ninth circle archmages who have high arcana level... They form the highest council of the congress and make all the final decisions."

"I see. What about the different schools there?" Lucien asked eagerly.

"I'm getting there." Astar smiled and gently waved his hand, "The eight traditional schools, which I believe that you already know, are the school of Force Field, Element, Necromancy, Summoning, Alchemy, Astrology, Illusion and Transformation. And now we have a few more: the school of Electromagnetics, Thermodynamics and Light-darkenss. Before one reaches the senior rank, it's fine if he or she wants to pursue all of the schools, but after this stage, due to the explosion of the knowledge one has to master, most sorcerers would choose to focus on a couple of them. My suggestion is that, Evans, if you are really uncertain, you'd better choose your focuses before entering the senior-rank level."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Astar," answered Lucien politely. Although he wanted to become an all-school master, Lucien knew that listening to a senior-rank mage's advice was important.

Astar's introduction of the congress kept going on until it was late in the night. When Astar noticed the time, he started wrapping up, "There are many different groups in the congress, as what you heard, big and small, formal or informal... There are a few big groups: The Royal Magic Academies from each of the four major countries, Family of Sorcerer, Tower, the Will of Elements, the Hand of Paleness, the Cabin of Palmeira and Moonsong League. Each of them, more or less, owns the rites for upgrading toward different legendary classes, and some of the rites are secret, which means even the congress does not know much about them. However, keep that in mind, Evans, follow the congress and focus on your own study and research."

It seemed Astar was completely on the congress' side.

"I will." Lucien grinned, "I don't like trouble, either."

"Very good." Astar nodded, "Now it's time for you to prepare for your trip tonight. Later, Tom will be leading you and the other apprentices to set off for the congress. When you get there, Evans, you can buy most of the journals, common materials and even spells with money, but if you want to get more special and valuable stuff, you have to use arcana points, which is gained together with arcana credits, or from selling information or magic item to the congress and fulfilling the congress's tasks."

The corner of Lucien's lips twisted a bit.

"Virtual currency..." Lucien thought to himself.

Then he bowed to Astar politely, "Thank you for your throughout explanation, Mr. Astar. I have to go and check how my three apprentices are doing now before we leave."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 174: Boarding

The candle light shining through the magic silver lampshade brightly lit the whole room, and the three apprentices were still working on their exercises regarding the apprentice spell, Acid Splash.

By enhancing the understanding of this apprentice spell, the three apprentices would gain a better knowledge of the symbols of some elements and practice the basic application of geometry.

The three teenagers, although looking a bit tired, were still working dedicatedly.

At this time, there was a knock on the door.

Annick suddenly stood up straight and started to look around confusedly.

"Is that Mr. Evans?" asked Layria, a bit worried. Both Layria and Heidi dropped their quills.

Within those seven days, Lucien had been pushing them to do exercises and to practice casting every single day. All of the three teenagers felt so exhausted that simply hearing Lucien's footstep made them feel nervous.

However, at the same time, they also saw the great progress they had made. The joy of seeing themselves successively casting a challenging spell was definitely exciting and encouraging.

"No, Mr. Evans would just directly come in." Annick shook his head, "Let me see."

When he stood up, Annick felt a bit dizzy, and he saw that it was already dark outside.

When he opened the door, he surprisedly found that it was Sprint who was knocking the door, and beside him stood Katrina.

"Hi..." Annick was not sure why both of them were there, so he greeted with a bit hesitance, "Anything that I can help you with?"

Despite the fact that Annick did not want to admit, when he saw Sprint and Katrina fluently casting spells, he admired them. Also, Annick also had to acknowledge that Sprint and Katrina were indeed smarter than him, since their fluency and mastery did not require much of their effort.

"Ha? What are you talking about, Annick?" Sprint was very surprised but also amused, "Did these exercises mess your brain up? We're leaving for the congress tonight!"

"What... Wait... Is it today that we're leaving?" Annick looked completely shocked.

"The first exercise... the second..." Heidi hurriedly counted the worksheets piling in front of her, and then she suddenly raised her head and said out loud, "Oh my... Yes, we're leaving today! I can't believe that I just totally forgot it!"

"Neither can I..." agreed Layria, who looked a bit pale from being buried by the great amount of exercises.

"Annick, Heidi, Layria... Look at yourselves right now," said Katrina out of both pride and sympathy, "Arcana is a brand new thing for Mr. Evans. If he's not on the correct path, you have to tell him. Don't let him torture you like this."

"Are you guys making any progress? Sorry, I really cannot see," said Sprint arrogantly.

"I don't agree with you, Sprint." Layria shook her head, "If I would say, seven days ago, that I had absolutely no idea what arcana was, now I feel like I'm actually taking the right path."

"That's right. Mr. Evans is a real sorcerer, and he knows what he's doing. We've progressed a lot." Annick nodded.

"Oh really?" Sprint quickly gave them a snort of contempt.

"Really? Don't tell me that you cannot see, Sprint," said Heidi seriously. "The other day, in the practice room, you saw how we cast the spells. Our progress is all because of Mr. Evans!"

Inside of the three teenagers' mind, they all agreed that, despite their great respect toward Mr. Evans, it would be perfect if their workload could be a bit less.

"Stubborn..." Sprint turned around, "Keep suffering then, guys."

"Ten o'clock sharp, in the study, we'll be meeting there and leaving together." Katrina still remembered why Sprint and she came here, "It's okay that you three are falling behind a bit. When we arrive at the congress, we'll be sent to schools for systematic arcana and magic study."

Then both Katrina and Sprint left the room.

"They just won't believe us!" complained Heidi.

"It's okay... One day they'll see." Annick encouraged his friends, "Now, no time for feeling angry or frustrated. We have to finish the rest of the exercises before we go."

Both Layria and Heidi quickly sat up straight and said at the same time, "Let's do it!"

...

When Annick was fully dedicated to his exercises, someone gently patted on his shoulder.

Before Lucien came to check the apprentices, he could not help practicing Brook Meditation in his room a bit first.

The core idea of Brook Meditation was seeking a specific frequency of vibration of spiritual power, which did not have much to do with a specific mediation environment, and thus it could be applied to other ways of meditation as well, including Lucien's Astrology Meditation and Element Meditation.

After the short period of time of practicing, Lucien found that Brook Meditation was indeed way more helpful than the ancient ways of doing meditation, at least ten times. Lucien believed that, as long as he stuck to it, he would be able to meet the requirement of spiritual power level and soul strength to become a second circle sorcerer.

"Mr... Mr. Evans." Although Lucien looked quite kind and gentle, Annick often felt very nervous in front of him, "It's... almost done."

"I still have a couple of pages..." said Layria nervously as well.

Lucien was right now in a pretty good mood since he just got Brook Meditation, so he gently waved his hand and said, "No worries. I know that you three were working hard. Since we're leaving tonight, you can hand the exercises in tomorrow night."

"Awesome!" Heidi grinned.

Both Annick and Layria also looked quite delighted.

"There's still half an hour to ten. Let's have a conversation." Lucien sat down in the couch, "Honestly speaking, do you three feel that the exercises are too demanding?"

"Although all of us feel tired, I think that's worthwhile!" Annick answered immediately. He could obviously see his own progress within the seven days.

"It's not too bad... I know that we gotta work hard to gain a solid foundation for learning arcana." Layria face blushed, "But if the workload could be reduced a little bit..."

"But if the workload could be reduced a little bit, we'd be more than happy!" continued Heidi.

"The beginning stage is the hardest. In the future, there'll be more practice and relatively less exercises." Lucien smiled, "And when you three become real sorcerers, you'll find out that the knowledge that you're learning right now is not complicated at all."

"Really?" asked Heidi worriedly. "I'm already trying my best..."

"I believe so, and knowledge is always advancing. I think that, maybe a hundred or two hundred years later, the knowledge that high-rank mages will need to grip is going to be very abstract and difficult, say... something on both micro and macro levels."

"Is... is it still possible for me to become a knight?" murmured Annick subconsciously.

And both Layria and Heidi almost felt the same way.

Lucien jokingly took a glance at Annick's slim figure and shook his head, "Not very likely to happen, I'm afraid."

The three teenagers all giggled, including Annick.

"We'd better just stick to our own magic path," said Heidi to her peers. "You know that the real sorcerers are often very wealthy and powerful in Holm?"

"All right, all right..." Lucien cut in, smiling, "It's almost ten. Let's go to the study."

...

In the darkness, two pointy boats were moving along the canal, heading for the wharf.

After arriving at the wharf, the two boats continued to go out to the ocean.

Soon, a three-mast sailboat showed itself in the darkness.

Tom turned around and said to Lucien seriously, "This trip's probably gonna be tough. Because of the traitor we had, several of our secret routes have already been found by the Church. We need to rely on the back-up plan."

"What the Church is doing now? What's our back-up plan?" asked Lucien. He needed to have a throughout understanding of what they were facing there.

"Divine airships... In the air, the Church's using precious airships to patrol above," explained Tom, quickly. "On the sea, there is a regular fleet belonging to Saint Helmet Knights. At the bottom of the sea, there are Kuo-toans who changed their belief and chose to serve the Church. We indeed bought off some Kuo-toans, but they should be on the fire gallows now."

"Basically all blocked then... Luckily, there's no radar in this world yet." Lucien murmured to himself, "What shall we do right now?"

Tom pointed at the three-mast sailboat not far away from them, "That vessel belongs to Viscount Wright, and we have a quite solid business relation with him. Thus, we are going into the cabin on that boat."

"Is that boat safe?" asked Lucien.

"No knight and pastor would really go down into the filthy cabin and carefully check all the smelly sailors and slaves gathering together there. If we're lucky and careful enough, we should be fine. And I'll be providing water and food to you all," said Tom.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 175: Departure

The three-masted vessel on the ocean was like a monster hiding in the darkness.

As soon as the two pointy-headed boats stopped beside it, two rope ladders were quietly dropped from the deck.

"Stay quiet." Tom whispered to the apprentices.

They were still teenagers. Now, suddenly, they felt very nervous. They were well aware of the fact that what was waiting for them was either their wonderland or the gallows.

Then Tom turned to Lucien, "I need to get on the ship to check first. After I make sure that the ship is safe, you arrange them to get on the ladder. Is that okay?"

"No problem." Lucien nodded, "Be careful."

Tom, who was a level two knight, patted Lucien's shoulder, gripped the ladder and swiftly got on the ship like a shadow.

No one on the small pointy-headed boats said a single word. They were quietly waiting for Tom's signal.

After a while, Tom dropped a white handkerchief over the rail on the boat that Lucien was on. That was their agreed symbol — it was safe.

"Spring, Katrina, you two go first," directed Lucien calmly.

The existence of a sorcerer calmed the apprentices down and also encouraged them. One by one, they secretly started climbing.

"Then Oimos and Heidi," Lucien turned around and said to them. He heard that the brown-haired teenager, Oimos, was a gifted in spiritual power, but Lucien never really paid much attention to him since the teenager boy was always very quiet.

While Oimos walked to the front of the boat and started to climb in a quick and stable way, Heidi was having a bit of a trouble there.

The fierce ocean wind was shaking her ladder relentlessly. She didn't dare to look either upward or downward. She felt that the ocean below her feet was roaring to devour her. She wanted to scream, but she could not.

Lucien was just watching. He wanted Heidi to experience it and get the task done on her own.

Following Tom's direction, the apprentices getting aboard quickly hid themselves.

Heidi was totally exhausted when she finally got on the deck, but thinking back to what just happened, her heart was full of pride and courage.

When all the apprentices were aboard, Lucien carried his black suitcase in his left hand and used his right hand to grasp the ladder, climbing up quickly and landing on the deck.

"Good job, Evans." Tom and a dark-skinned sailor walked to Lucien.

Lucien nodded to them and followed them into the cabins under the deck.

When walking down the stairs, an intolerable stench of sweat mixed with other smells overwhelmed Lucien. It was very dark down there, and the only light in the space came from the candle that the sailor was holding.

At this time, other two sailors came their way from the corner.

All the apprentices and even Lucien got suddenly very nervous.

Just when Lucien was about to cast Charm Person regardless of the divine power circles for detecting magic on the ship, the two sailors walked to them and nodded to Tom.

"Everything okay?" asked Tom.

"Yes, as usual." The two sailors turned sideways to let them keep going forward.

Seeing that Lucien and the other apprentices were rather confused, Tom smiled and said to them in a low voice, "I'm the boatswain here."

The teenagers were now even more surprised.

"There are many divine power circles on Viscount Wright's ship, and even pastors." Tom explained, "If the ship was totally strange to me, how could I get you guys in and get you food and water? It's a trip that will last close to one month..."

Just like its name suggested, the Storm Strait that they were going to cross was not too wide. However, the thunder and lightning, together with the outraged waves and wind, often prevented a ship from going on its full speed, and sometimes, a ship had to stop to wait for a better condition.

Although many sorcerers tried to explore why the strait was full of thunder and lightning and strong wind, no conclusion was made yet.

Hearing that, Lucien could imagine how bad Viscount Wright's merchant fleet had been permeated by Granneuve, who was predominantly in charge of the labor market in Sturk. Lucien was thinking whether the viscount, as a grand knight, was aware of this problem.

Then, following Tom, Lucien and the apprentices came to the cargo section, which was on the second lowest floor of the ship and was full of assorted stinky smells.

In a secret corner, however, there was a line of very small and narrow cabins, which did not look like they were originally built for people to live in there, but now they were relatively clean and there were hammocks in the cabins.

"Two apprentices will share one cabin. Mr. Evans will have his own cabin," arranged Tom. "You can't leave this floor during the trip. No magic, and only meditation is allowed. When you walk around on this floor, be careful, because from time to time some sailors will come down and check the cargo. When we get to Holm, the suffering will pay off."

After Tom left, the apprentices went back to their cabins with candles.

Layria and Heidi shared one cabin. As soon as they opened the cabin door, the two girls exchanged an excited look, and then they noticed that Annick was walking past, "Hey, Annick! You heard that we cannot use magic on the ship, didn't you?" asked Heidi excitedly.

"Yes, of course." Annick nodded, "We all have to bear that in mind, or we'll be in great trouble."

"I mean... we finally can take a rest from continuously practicing magic casting!" Heidi happily raised one of her brows.

"And sleep late!" celebrated Layria.

"We... we should still practice..." Although he was saying that, Annick also grinned out of joy.

"What are you three talking about?" There came a familiar, gentle voice.

"Nothing... Mr. Evans." The apprentices hurriedly bowed to Lucien, but the smile was still on their faces.

Lucien nodded, "Since we can't practice casting right now, then we shall work on some exercises. Tomorrow afternoon, arcana and magic basics."

"What..." The smile on the three apprentices' face totally disappeared in a second.

...

Although Lucien was planning on teaching the apprentices more on the ship, his schedule was completely messed up by the reality. After the sailboat went back to the wharf and then sailed toward Storm Strait together with the other ships of the fleet, both Layria and Heidi bitterly suffered seasickness and the situation got worse when they entered the strait.

Layria and Heidi were not alone on that situation, and even Sprint and Katrina were no exception. Most of the apprentices were sick, and often they threw up in the cabins.

Surprisingly, however, the skinny, always silent Oimos appeared to be fine.

Luckily, the several deaf and dumb slaves sent by Tom who were responsible for bringing them food and water and fruit were also cleaning the vomitus.

This day, Lucien and Annick were hiding among some wooden boxes and talking about building magic models.

During the break, Annick asked worriedly, "When do you think Layria and Heidi can get better, Mr. Evans?"

"Maybe in another two days." Lucien was leaning against one of the wooden boxes to keep balance as the ship was shaking fiercely again from the storm, "Spiritual power can help, and so does the herb oil sent by Tom. I feel like they're getting better already, aren't they?"

When Annick was just about to answer, his mouth was quickly covered by Lucien.

And their candle was also put out.

"Shoo... Someone's here," whispered Lucien.

Annick nodded.

Through the gap between the two wooden boxes, a young man's voice came, "My dear Chely, you're my sun! Without you, I am in endless darkness, even praying could not save me!"

"Jacques, me too!" Next came a lady's sweet and gentle voice, "But recently my father is always around, and the maids are also watching me closely..."

Lucien relaxed a bit. It was just a pair of lovers.

"I don't get it, Chely." The young man sounded sorrowful. "Why does the viscount want his daughter to go all the way to Holm to study in a convent... There're lots of them in Sturk!"

"The viscount... Viscount Wright?" Lucien was quite surprised. "The viscount is on this ship?"

Then, the terrifying thunder started to grumble again.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 176: In the Storm

"I have no idea either," said Chely. "But Jacques, I'm sure my father's doing this for my own good. You know that I got no potential to become a knight, and that's the comment from my training coach. I'm not good at running a business as well... I tried to put my hands on my family's bank and I failed... My brother was quite pissed off."

"But you're so good at other things..." Jacques tried to encourage his love, "The first time I saw you, you were sitting on the patio, reading a book... I can never forget that beautiful picture in my whole life."

"Except for my passion for reading, I haven't achieved anything. I tried music, opera, painting, sculpture... but neither of them is my thing," said Chely depressingly, but then her tone got a bit more cheerful, "But you're different, my love. You're so versatile. Piano, painting, singing, swordsmanship... everything. You're like the glorious sun."

"You, Chely, only you is all I want. You don't have to learn this and that. You just marry me, and I promise you a lovely life." Jacques kissed Chely's hand.

"But you're not a real knight yet..." answered Chely sadly, "A noble can only marry another noble. And besides that, Jacques, I want to find my own value in my life as well. I want to develop my ability to be independent. I hope you understand, Jacques."

"I heard you..." answered Jacques in his low voice, "But... but how can you find your independence in a Holm's convent? And what if when I finally awaken my Blessing, you're already married to someone else? Wait... Is it correct that the true intention of the viscount sending to you Holm is to let you marry a noble there?!"

That totally made sense to Jacques, since this alliance could bring many benefits to the viscount and even to the Church, that could build a relationship with the conservatives across the strait.

"I don't know... I really have no idea..." murmured Chely, "My father... He never mentioned this."

"Can you wait for me another three months, Chely?" Jacques' voice was full of depression, "I know that your parents love you a lot, and you love them as well. But can you give me three years? If I'm still not able to awaken my Blessing in three years, I'm not good enough for you."

"I will... I will, Jacques." Chely was deeply moved, "For three years, I'll be waiting for you. And... and if those three years end, if you don't mind... I, I can be your secret lover."

Jacques embraced Chely in his arms, "Chely..."

When Annick was listening to their conversation with great interest, his ears got covered by Lucien.

"That's too much for you..." Lucien mouthed to Annick.

After a long, cheesy conversation, Chely leaned against Jacques's shoulder, "When we get a chance, can you play For Silvia for me?"

"Sure. I'll play anything that you like for you," answered Jacques.

Lucien felt a bit awkward, since he had the impression that For Silvia was quite ominous, based on what happened between Natasha and Silvia, although no more than twenty people knew about this.

"I have to go now. My father might be looking for me," said Chely.

Then, both of them went back upstairs.

After a while, Lucien uncovered Annick's ears.

"Mr. Evans, I'm not a kid anymore..." complained Annick.

"That was... Even for me, that was almost too much," answered Lucien seriously.

"But it wasn't even close to the romantic operas..." Annick slightly slanted his head.

"That's why I don't like romantic operas," said Lucien directly.

...

In the cabin, Lucien was just standing there, listening to the roaring thunders and the splashing sound of the huge waves flapping the ship protected by many divine power circles.

Although Lucien was quite used to the noise already, the storm that day was still quite intimidating.

Somehow, as a sorcerer specializing in Astrology, although his Host Star of Destiny and his ability of fortune telling was still not impressive yet, Lucien had some kind of bad hunch.

"Is the ship gonna be destroyed by the storm?" murmured Lucien to himself, as he could not help thinking of the worst case.

Lucien could not use Astrology right now, since the storm was too bad.

He hoped his hunch was incorrect as usual, but he still stayed quite alert.

As Lucien was thinking, all of a sudden, a terrible thunder arrived, and Lucien almost lost his balance together with the ship.

"Waves? Or...?"

Lucien had no idea.

Then another bitter slam arrived, shaking the whole ship.

"The ship's under attack!" Lucien immediately realized what was going on based on his fighting experience.

The whipping and lashing sounds kept going on and on, mixing with the loud bangs caused by bolts of lightning striking the divine power circles. All the apprentices, despite feeling quite sick, gathered in front of Lucien's cabin, including Oimos, who was usually quite calm.

At this time, they trusted a real sorcerer.

Lucien opened the door and asked the apprentices to calm down, "No matter who's doing this, they're not coming for us. Let the knights and pastors handle them. We'll just stay here and wait."

If even the grand knight could not stop them, Lucien and the apprentices had no chance either.

The apprentices calmed down a bit, influenced by Lucien's attitude.

Another spell bitterly struck the ship again. Many apprentices lost their balance and fell on the floor.

Something was cracking and squeaking outside.

Lucien's brows frowned. He wondered if the divine power circles were going to be broken.

Then, a great heat was sensed by his spiritual power. The heat was so powerful that even the thunder and lightning could not overwhelm it.

Lucien once witnessed the leader of a group of night watchers fighting, so he could roughly estimate the power — this heat should come from at least a level five divine spell, which meant that there was at least a cardinal on the ship!

Together with the heat, a sudden powerful blow joined the fight, and the power felt totally different from the natural storm. Lucien was pretty sure that it was from Viscount Wright, as the viscount's Blessing, Gale, was really well-known in Sturk.

Therefore, Lucien was a bit more relieved. A pastor and a grand knight should be able to handle that situation.

Although the whipping sound disappeared, Lucien and the apprentices heard the sound of fighting on the deck together with that of thunder, lightning and the waves.

Suddenly, a great wave attacked this side of the ship where Lucien and the apprentices were on, and one of the divine power circles was finally destroyed.

Then, Lucien and the apprentices saw water fiercely flooding into the cabin, mixing with white ocean foam.

Together with the water, creepy-looking creatures who had fish heads but human bodies also came into the cabin. Their bodies were covered with silver scales, and their seemingly thin and weak arms were holding aggressive, heavy tridents.

"Kuo-toans!" Lucien was very surprised.

Although these Kuo-toans were still against the Church, Lucien did not understand why they were attacking the fleet right now.

All the apprentices' faces paled.

Even Lucien started feeling nervous.

Fight? What if the knights, pastors and sailors came down later and found them here?

Run away? But they were in the middle of the ocean right now!

"What should I do?!" Lucien asked himself in his mind.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 177: Wave Stone

On the other end of the aisle, the Kuo-toan murlocs were shouting and crying when they got in the cabin, and the water was still flooding in.

Lucien felt more difficulty to breathe when the air got very humid.

Some apprentices had already lost their footing. Now, they were sitting on the water-covered floor and crying, while others were shaking out of great fear. They were just like how Lucien felt when he first got into the sewers and faced the red-eyed mice. There was no way that they could stay calm.

There were so many plans flashing through Lucien's mind. However, no matter how much Lucien wanted to both protect himself and the other apprentices and hide from the pastors and knights on the ship, obviously, it was not likely to happen at all.

At the fork of the aisle, the Kuo-toans divided themselves into two groups: most of them followed three bigger murlocs and ran toward the main cargo cabin, while the rest of them, also following a leader, were aiming at Lucien and the apprentices.

As they were dragging their tridents and quickly coming to Lucien and the teenagers, Lucien got many thoughts in his mind:

"It looks like their target is the cargo?"

"Maybe there's something that interests the Kuo-toans? That's why they attacked the ship?"

"If that's their real purpose, most of the murlocs should be coming to this floor, or the captain's cabin or the viscount's..."

And then Lucien got more determined, "Then we still have hope!"

Lucien quickly turned around and ran into his own cabin. As he was running, Lucien bent his knees and jumped up high using the momentum, and his right fist fiercely punched through the wood ceiling.

"Bang!"

After the wooden planks fell on the floor, there was a big hole in the low ceiling.

"You all, climb up through the hole, and hide in the nearby sailor's cabin!" said Lucien to the startled apprentices.

Although his tone was serious, Lucien was not panicking.

Since Tom dared let them live here, Lucien was pretty confident that the people who lived on the floor above should be people that Tom trusted, or the noise the apprentices made could easily expose them.

If the Kuo-toans' purpose was not killing but robbing, hiding in the sailors' cabins should be a good choice, and they could also hide from the pastors and knights.

Lucien quickly took out his Alert and rushed out of the cabin to stop the murlocs to earn time for the apprentices.

"Annick, Oimos... You two take charge. No panic." In the last second, Lucien decisively commanded the apprentices without looking back.

He had to kill the Kuo-toans, or they would follow the apprentices to the above floor.

"Yes, Mr. Evans..." said the two apprentices together. Although Oimos was quite frightened, he tried his best to function properly, while Annick, who had been trained by Lucien for a while, was encouraged by Lucien's equanimity and started to think how they could get onto the floor above through the hole in the ceiling.

The two apprentices exchanged a look between each other and came up with the same strategy, "Using the hammocks... and Mage Hand. Also, spells improving agility and balance..."

Then Oimos and Annick hurriedly started to collect the hammocks, and Katrina, Sprint, Layria and Heidi were either helping them, or trying to comfort the other apprentices.

At this critical moment, the apprentices were united together under the leadership of Lucien.

Outside the cabin, when Lucien, who was holding his knight sword with his both hands, was almost right in front of the Kuo-toans, there were sudden green waves coming out of him.

The green waves quickly reached the Kuo-toans, and most of them slowed down their pace as soon as they were touched, lost their balance and fell asleep on the floor. Even the murloc leader was influenced: for a second, it felt very exhausted and sleepy.

However, the first circle spell, Sleep, was not powerful enough to get the big one to fall asleep as well, and, currently, it only worked on those ones who were not yet of a real knight's level.

The whole aisle suddenly quieted down quite a bit. There was only Lucien, the Kuo-toa leader and a bunch of mulocs who were sleeping on the floor.

When the murloc leader realized that the human being they were facing was actually a sorcerer instead of a knight although he was using a sword, it quickly cast its own magic, Water Ring.

As the murloc leader was regaining his consciousness when it was surrounded by rings of waves, Lucien sensed the great difficulty of breathing as if he was overwhelmed by water, since the air quickly got so moist that Lucien felt he was intaking water beads into his nose and lungs.

Lucien did not panic, however. He held his breath and then shot three flashing ice blades at the murloc.

Although the murloc leader was seemingly only about ordinary knight level, Lucien still activated his magic item, since he needed to finish this creature as soon as possible.

However, the power of Fire Weaver's Bracelet was too destructive for Lucien to use right now.

At the same time, Lucien dodged to the other side to avoid the trident thrown forward by the murloc.

As soon as Lucien got back on his feet, he activated the magic model in his soul.

The water in the air suddenly could not affect Lucien at all, since he was covered with a layer of an invisible barrier, which filtered the water out.

First circle magic, Element Endurance.

Although this magic did not work well when one was facing a direct elemental attack, it was quite useful when dealing with elementally imbalanced environments, such as this very floor on the ship, which was being controlled by Water Ring.

The cold air brought by Palmeira's Frost Blades froze the waves surrounding the murloc, which also trapped the murloc itself. It was severely hurt by the three blades.

However, although there was dark-blue blood coming out of its head, chest and arm, the wounds were healing in a visible speed.

The healing power of a Kuo-toan was no inferior to that of a troll, but it could not regrow its broken limbs like a troll.

At this time, a sharp light flashed on the murloc leader's neck, and then its head fell down on the floor half a second later.

It was Lucien's knight sword, Alert, and Lucien hacked it right at the wound cut by the frost blade.

As soon as it was affected by the spell, Sleep, the Kuo-toan already lost its control of this fight, especially when the sorcerer who the murloc was facing had better magic items than most of his peers.

Of course, this edge was more about the level of Lucien's magic items, instead of the completeness of his equipment. Lucien was still wearing ordinary shoes, which were always easily worn down because of his speed, and besides, he still had no magic robe neither staff, which were basic symbols of a sorcerer.

Lucien took several leaps forward and came behind the murlocs. When he was about to cast another spell, he sensed something from the main cargo cabin.

It felt like the strong waves in the ocean.

"There was no one in the main cargo cabin, so this feeling could not be from a fight. Maybe... maybe this is the thing that the Kuo-toans are looking for..." Lucien quickly thought to himself.

That feeling was strange but also familiar. Lucien felt that once he read something like this in one of the books.

"Wave... Stone..." Lucien murmured, "Wave Stone!"

Wave Stone was a kind of not rare but still precious magic material, which Lucien once encountered in the book named Common Magic Related Materials Illustration. It could be used in making magic items and weapons that were over level three to bring magic effects to them such as breathing in the water, water elemental damaging, and spells such as Storm and Ice Storm.

In addition, the best quality Wave Stone could be used to make really powerful items, and it could be used in many potions to improve the growth of many water creatures.

Lucien was guessing that, since the power he just sensed was great, there was either a great amount of Wave Stone on the ship or the stones were of top quality, which should be worth at least tens of thousands of Thales.

According to Lucien, as Wave Stone was a kind of magic material, quite possibly it was being shipped to Allyn, but he had no idea whether this was a secret shipping arranged by Granneuve, or it was actually allowed by the Church. And if it was neither way, the fleet was definitely in trouble for shipping such a great amount of magic material, and there would be greater risk facing Lucien, Tom and the apprentices as well, since the Church was for sure going to thoroughly check the ships.

Another thing Lucien was quite sure was that the people who were arriving here first should be Tom and his trusted sailors.

As he was thinking, Lucien did not stop casting. He murmured sophisticated and weird spell and then suddenly pushed his hands forward.

An invisible strong blow was summoned, and all the asleep murlocs together with the Kuo-toa leader's body were pushed by the blow back into the ocean again.

First circle magic, Force Wave.

Lucien had not built the magic model of Force Wave in his soul yet, hence he still needed to cast it.

At this time, all of the apprentices had already got onto the upper floor and hid in the nearby sailors' cabins.

After Lucien quickly cleaned up all the evidence of the fight and was about to get onto the upper floor as well, his heart suddenly sank for a second as he sensed the danger.

The bracelet that Lucien was wearing flashed a streak of red light and flames were summoned to protect Lucien.

Then a head-sized water ball hit the flames right away, and the water and fire disappeared at the same time.

At the fork of the aisle, a murloc whose scales were shining light red light was staring at Lucien with its cold eyes.

Unlike other murlocs holding tridents, this one was holding a colourful coral staff.

The thunder stopped for a moment, and Lucien heard many heavy footsteps on the deck of the ship.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 178: The Murloc Mage

The corrosive water ball and the fire disappeared at the same time. A second later, Lucien subconsciously activated the magic model in his soul and fiercely shot two black magic missiles at the murloc with the coral staff before he dodged to the other side as quick as a shadow.

As soon as the two missiles got close to the murloc, suddenly, a transparent swirl appeared surrounding it, and the swirl directly absorbed the magic missiles.

Second circle spell, Power Resistance.

This was a spell that helped the caster resist a certain amount of attacking power. The murloc standing in front of Lucien was a mage.

Fast as Lucien was, the mage still raised its coral staff and located Lucien with it.

All of a sudden, Lucien could not help but laugh. The laughing was so bad that Lucien's whole body was trembling.

The Kuo-toan mage located him using spiritual power.

Lucien's spiritual power started fading and became weaker because of his crazy laughter. He could neither cast nor activate his magic items. His feet and arms started to feel very limp and his speed dropped significantly.

Lucien, although still laughing like crazy, was for sure very nervous. He knew that if he could not react properly, the murloc mage's attack in the next round could easily kill him.

Lucien clenched his left hand into a tight fist to feel more the coldness of the ring, Ice Revenger, in order to stay as sober as he could.

Taking a deep breath, he sent the feeling of chill of the ring to his soul and spiritual power to suppress his dangerous laughter.

As soon as Lucien felt that he could move, he quickly rolled on the ground to stay further away from the murloc.

Half a second later, a lightning ball hit the place where Lucien was previously laughing and it exploded, turning some of the apprentices' cabins into total ruins.

As small lightnings were left on the path of the lightning ball, Lucien was also affected. He felt the great pain mixing with numbness, and his hair was erected.

However, the pain brought by the lighting made Lucien recover from his laughter. He seized the chance and quickly activated the bracelet, throwing a terrifying fire ball right toward the murloc mage.

Lucien had to survive first. He could not think of how to deal with the fighting trace left by the fire ball right now.

Although the power of the fire ball was surely intimidating, the murloc mage remained very calm. Raising the coral staff again, the murloc replicated itself.

The duplicate looked identical to the murloc. Both of them had a coral staff, both of them had cold, silver eyes, and both of them were covered with scales that were shining bloody red light.

When the fire ball hit the murloc which Lucien originally targeted, the reflection of the murloc mage crashed like a mirror and quickly disappeared. However, the real murloc mage stayed totally safe beside it, under the protection of Power Resistance and a big water shield.

Lucien felt desperate for a second. He could not believe that his most powerful attack spell was just handled by the murloc mage this easily!

It was only a second circle spell, Mirror, which could produce several reflections of a caster to free the caster from a targeted attack. Before the reflections were destroyed, the real caster would not be hurt.

Sometimes in a fight, it was not all about the magic level, but about the proper usage.

Lucien had no choice. Being desperate at that moment would mean death. So, he started moving around fast again, when the murloc mage was still recovering from its last casting.

As Lucien was moving, he activated another magic model in his soul.

First circle spell, Cause Fear.

A shadow was summoned, and the shadow quickly jumped on the murloc.

Lucien was hoping that this spell could bring some negative impact on the murloc, so Lucien would have a better chance to cast, or, probably somehow back away.

However, although the shadow did hit the Kuo-toan mage, the murloc seemed to be immune to the spell. Its silver eyes were still cold and calm, as if he was watching others fighting.

Lucien saw a light flashing past the mage's silver eyes, and then he saw a very complicated, blue pattern, which was so mysterious and fascinating that Lucien could not move his eyes away.

Lucien's Host Star of Destiny, at that time, suddenly started shining brightly. It was telling and urging Lucien that danger was coming.

The power of Lucien's star connected to Ice Revenger on Lucien's left hand. Lucien felt a chill creep over him, and then, as soon as he regained some consciousness, he quickly activated the bracelet and used his Flame Shield.

Lucien was just now controlled by the murloc mage's second circle spell, Hypnosis Totem!

A huge water ball, at this time, dropped on Lucien and fully covered him. Lucien felt the great pressure from the water, and the flames around him were gradually dying out.

Another second circle spell, Drowning Bubble.

When Lucien was about to pass out inside the big water bubble, the flames he summoned just now finally evaporated most of the water and broke the spell. As the flame and water bubble disappeared together, Lucien hurriedly rolled on the floor again without a chance to take a full breath, since another lightning ball was thrown toward him again!

Lucien never felt this desperate. He also realized how lucky he had been to actually be able to beat the necromancer, Hunt.

In this situation, the choice of spells was so crucial right now that any wrong option could easily end one's life.

Lucien already noticed that it seemed that the murloc mage had cast a second circle spell on itself called Mechanized Mind, hence no spells that affected one's mental state would work.

The spell Mechanized Mind could turn creatures with emotion into mechanical things such as Steel Golems, and thus one could become immune to many spells that aimed at disturbing one's mental condition.

Lucien knew that the murloc mage was good at using defensive spells, so quite possibly, his many attack spells, if without careful planning, would turn into a total waste facing the creature.

Quickly, in his mind, Lucien was thinking of a possible strategy.

When the murloc was once again about to recover from the last casting, Lucien was planning on using the explosion of the fireball as a cover for him to jump right into the water in order to seize a slight chance to survive.

Besides, Lucien felt that the reinforcement knights would arrive soon.

"Wait."

Something came to Lucien all of a sudden.

"The principle of Mechanized Mind is equipping a creature with mechanical features. In this case, there is no hormone produced, and the creature's brain wave is turned into pure electromagnetic signal, and that is why one's can be immune to the many mental spells." Lucien quickly thought to himself, "It's said that the soul of the creature is not changed, which basically equals to the controller of an alchemical life."

Lucien sensed a slight amount of hope, hence he quickly gave up the plan on fleeing to seize a better chance to survive.

Turning himself into a shadow, Lucien launched his attack at the murloc mage again.

Invisible waves spread out of Lucien's soul, and strong magic waves were produced.

The first circle spell, Charm Person, not only worked on human beings, but also on humanoid creatures!

The murloc mage had a sarcastic smile on its face.

How was it possible that Charm Person could affect itself, thought the murloc.

However, all of a sudden, it felt that Lucien, the human being standing right in front of him, was the lord of the ocean that it worshiped.

And subconsciously, the murloc's slacked its spiritual power movement and stopped casting the second Drowning Bubble.

The murloc mage immediately realized this was not right.

Although the murloc mage's strong spiritual power did prevent it from being further affected by Lucien's spell, for a moment, due to the pricking feeling in its soul caused by this magic, the murloc lost his concentration for a moment.

This version of Charm Person spell was developed by Lucien on his own: it put more emphasis on the influence of the magic on an individual's soul, but lowered the power from the intervention of brain wave, thus working better with sorcerers!

The failure of casting Charm Person on the murloc mage also made Lucien suffer the power backfire, hence he felt dizzy for a second, but that could not prevent Lucien from activating his magic item.

A head-sized fire ball appeared in the space and flew right toward the murloc mage.

The murloc right now was only under the cover of Power Resistance and a water bubble. Seeing the fire ball coming toward it, the murloc mage looked helpless and frustrated.

It was too late for it to cast any spell or activate any item though.

Bang!

The fire ball exploded.

Part of the murloc mage was exploded into pieces of flesh, and some of the pieces were burned black.

However, the pieces of the murloc's limbs were still moving on the floor, striving to go back to the main body.

Of course, Lucien would not let the murloc come back again.

Grabbing Alert with his right hand, holding Asthenia Dagger in his left hand, Lucien jumped on the remaining major piece of the murloc.

Sharp light flashed. The murloc was beheaded.

At this time, a person came downstairs. He saw the dead murloc mage, and also Lucien.

"You killed it?!" Tom could not believe his own eyes.

Tom had a short fight with this murloc mage on the deck outside just now, and he knew how powerful this second circle mage was.

When Tom hurriedly rushed downstairs, he did it not only to protect Wave Stone, but also to help Lucien and the apprentices.

However, within one minute, the mage was already killed by Lucien.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 179: The Gain

The broken pieces of wood were everywhere. The cabin was half ruined by fire and lightning. Obviously, there had been a bitter fight there.

Tom was very surprised seeing that. He wondered if Lucien had some sort of very powerful magic item, or even if Lucien was already a second circle sorcerer, which, according to what he knew, was almost impossible for sorcerers who never joined the Congress and studied arcana.

Then, when Tom quickly drew his thoughts back, he said to Lucien decisively, "Twenty seconds for you, handle the mess, check the kids. Leave the rest to me."

Two seconds later, Tom quickly turned around and ran toward the main cargo cabin, where there was noise of planks of wood being broken there. It seemed that the kuo-toans were now trying to withdrawal by directly breaking their way out of the ship.

Lucien nodded. He understood Tom's command.

As he was the one who caused the mess, he should be responsible for cleaning this place up. And within twenty seconds, he was supposed to get to the above floor and hide with the apprentices as well, to avoid being found by the incoming knights and squires.

And Tom would be handling the rest of the stuff.

The red light on the murloc mage's scales stained the scales and now they looked as red as blood. Lucien knew that this was a good ingredient for making armor or magic robes to increase the wearer's defensive ability level and his or her speed under water.

However, due to the limit of time, Lucien had no time for scaling it or collecting Murloc's Lymph from it.

Lucien quickly grabbed the coral staff and took away the small purse hidden underneath a big piece of scale of the murloc mage.

Then Lucien cast Force Wave and pushed the murloc's body out of the ship into the boundless ocean.

After that, Lucien ran back into his own cabin and calmly looked around this small space. Because of the bitter fight he had with the murloc, there was no trace of a person once living in here left. So he jumped up again, grabbed the edge of the broken ceiling with his hands, and climbed up onto the floor above.

Then Lucien started collecting some pieces of wood and iron plates to fix the floor.

Apprentice level spell, Repair.

As the dim light was shining, the gaps between the broken pieces were gradually disappearing. As a real sorcerer, Lucien was able to fix bigger gaps now. Twenty seconds were almost gone, however, the spell still needed more time.

At this time, a loud explosion came from outside of the cabin, which covered the noise made by Lucien's magic.

Together with the sudden silence coming a second later, a bunch of people came downstairs and rushed to check the main cargo cabin on the other side, without even taking a close look at the cabins where Lucien and the apprentices were living.

After all, compared to the main cargo cabin where all the Wave Stones were stored, this side of the cabin was like nothing to them.

On the floor above, the gaps were all fixed. Lucien was now ready to hide. He thought to himself that what just happened must mean a great loss to Granneuve. As he was thinking, Lucien saw the door of a sailor's cabin secretly opened a gap. There were several pairs of eyes behind the door.

"Mr. Evans, here!" Annick, Layria and Heidi said to him at the same time. Their voice was full of joy and relief.

Lucien quickly got into the small cabin and locked the door from inside.

"Good job you three, especially you, Annick." Lucien nodded to them.

Annick's face flushed a bit from Lucien's words.

"We brought your suitcase with us, too, Mr. Evans," said Heidi proudly. The young teenagers were waiting for more of Lucien's praise.

Lucien smiled, "That's very considerate of all of you. Right now we're still in danger, and all of us still have to be careful. Now I have to analyze this staff, so let me stay focused for a while."

Sitting down on the messy bed, Lucien started checking the coral staff from the murloc mage.

Having no idea whether the viscount and the pastors could beat the murlocs, and whether the ship was going to sink or not, Lucien had to seize every chance to make himself stronger. Maybe the staff would be the very thing that would save his life in the last second.

The three apprentices nodded seriously. They had this sense of responsibility that they were protecting their teacher right now.

Gradually, the sound of thunder and lightning slowly disappeared, and it seemed that the fight had come to an end.

Lucien opened his eyes.

It did not take Lucien long to analyze the staff, since he had already successfully analyzed several second circle spells. Now the staff belonged to him.

This coral staff was a level two high-rank magic item named Amboula. Its user could breathe under water and cast Lightning Ball and Acid Bubble, which were both second circle spells, three times a day. Besides, it helped its owner to concentrate on accumulating his or her spiritual power when a spell was cast, and also to locate his or her enemy, especially when one was casting metal control spells.

The staff was made of the coral growing near the altar of the Lord of Ocean, Amboula, and it was a common staff for Kuo-toans.

"One who is blessed by the Lord of Ocean has the power of water." Lucien murmured to himself when he finished analyzing the magic item. This was the message left by the maker of the staff.

Holding the staff in his hand, Lucien noticed that his spiritual power had become more concentrated. He was glad that he finally got a staff as a sorcerer.

And even if the ship sank, he would be able to breathe under the water.

At this time, a loud voice came from the deck,

"The murlocs are beaten. Knights and soldiers, don't let a single one of them escape. Pastors, repair the ship."

It was Viscount Wright's voice.

Although he was saying so to comfort the people on the ship, only he and the cardinals knew whether the murlocs were beaten or they just left by themselves after obtaining the stones.

The three apprentices released a long sigh.

Lucien was now in a pretty good mood as well. He opened the small grey purse that he got from the murloc mage.

As soon as the purse was opened, a great sense of oceanic power came out of it. Lucien saw six dark blue gems in there, and each of them was about the size of a finger tip. The six gems were all covered with ripples of light.

These were high-quality Wave Stones, ten times more valuable than common ones. They could not only be used as a main material for making medium-rank magic items but also to make high-rank ones. These stones were his own trophies. Lucien was quite delighted.

At this time, he noticed that there was a piece of note at the bottom of the purse.

"What's this..." Lucien murmured.

After telling the three apprentices to keep securing the space, Lucien secretly unfolded the note.

"Collect a large amount of Wave Stone and bring them to the tarnished ocean area. We need a great magic circle to open it."

Under this line of words, there was a simple map for directing one to get to the so-called "tarnished" area.

As this piece of note was already copied by Lucien's spirit library, he quickly destroyed the note.

Lucien never heard about anything related to a tarnished ocean area. And it seemed that even the murloc mage had no idea where it was.

According to the map, it looked like that this area was part of Storm Strait.

However, Lucien was not sure, since the note was written in the murlocs' own language, and Lucien could only understand part of it.

"Mr. Evans, the fight is over," Annick said to Lucien.

Lucien grabbed the staff and nodded, "Then we'll see what Tom wants us to do."

As soon as he closed the purse, Lucien noticed that the power of the Wave Stones disappeared at the same time.

He wondered whether the purse was a magic item as well, so Lucien secretly cast Identification to check it.

The purse turned out to be an apprentice level magic item called Kuo-toan's Pouch, which could conceal magic waves.

Lucien was a bit disappointed. He thought it was something better.

At this time, Tom's voice came, but he was not talking to Lucien and the apprentices.

"What are you guys doing here?"

Tom's voice was loud, purposefully loud.

"The cardinal asked us to check the cabins downstairs for fixing the divine power circles," someone answered in a slight arrogant tone.

The three apprentices' faces immediately turned pale, and they were all very nervous again.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 180: An Offer from Demon

When the apprentices thought everything was fine, another round of risk immediately arrived.

At this time, since the storm was almost gone, casting any spell could be very risky. Lucien and the apprentices were back in the dilemma again.

Lucien gently patted on his students' shoulders one by one to comfort them. Grabbing Amboula in his hand, Lucien listened to the conversation carefully while thinking of the possible solution fast in his mind.

"Pastor Cody, it's stinky down there." Tom was still talking loud purposefully, "There is no need for you, my lord, to do this. Please... Just enjoy the nice black tea in your own cabin and I can handle this for you, my lord."

"Well, I'm still in training... You know, according to Church Law, you can't call me lord right now yet." There was an imperceptible smile on Cody's face when he was saying this. He surely enjoyed Tom's flattery, "I appreciate your kindness, Tom, But you and your sailors can't really tell where the divine power circles are really damaged. I gotta do this myself, sorry."

Tom was the boatswain, a dark knight who served Viscount Wright. This was his identity known by the people on this ship. Although a dark knight could neither become a chief mate nor a captain, Cody still wanted to keep his basic respect toward the knight.

Hearing Cody's words, Tom did not know what to say.

"All right. You two, Lohman and Boer... You two go that way. Jacques and Summy, you two that way." Cody, a senior pastor in training, did enjoy giving commands a lot.

However, Tom knew that it would still take them some time before they found the room in the corner where Lucien and the apprentices were hiding.

Tom was sweating. He had horrible scenes flashing through his mind.

He could not let it happen. He could not let those horrible scenes really happen.

Tom was ready to take action. He was going to kill them all, and pretend that it was some murlocs hiding on the ship that killed them.

At this time, he felt someone gently touched his arm.

"...?!" Tom was beyond surprised when he saw Evans standing right beside him. Right now, Lucien was wearing a dirty sailor vest, and his face was covered with some paint marks just like the ones most sailors liked doing.

Lucien was looking down, with his head dropped.

Tom could not believe his eyes, feeling lucky that he did not burst Evans' name out.

"Down there... very bad," said Lucien in his pretended husky voice.

As he was saying, Lucien was secretly writing something down on Tom's arm.

Cody did not feel anything wrong here. In his eyes, it was just a sailor who was reporting to Tom.

And there were so many sailors that Cody did not know on this ship. After all, pastor and sailor were of two totally different levels. They were not even close.

Tom, while trying to stay as calm as he could, sensed a short single word written on his arm.

"Jacques...?" Tom thought to himself, but he did not really get Lucien's intention right away.

Lucien pulled Tom's arm a bit toward the cabin, and Tom immediately realized, "Let he go...?"

Tom asked Lucien in a very low voice. Lucien nodded seriously. He had this confidence that Tom would trust him. And Lucien's confidence was right.

"Lord Cody, the bottom floor is where the fight just happened, and also the most damaged section. How about sending some people down there first to fix the major cracks? My man just told me that it's pretty bad down there right now." There was a flattering smile on Tom's thin face.

"Umm..." Cody was a bit unsure. He did not really want to listen to a boatswain's suggestion.

"You know... Maybe some more pastors will go down there as well later. Your work can definitely impress them." Tom continued to persuade him.

And that was what Cody really cared. If Cody could get more attention from the higher-ranked pastors, he would certainly have a better chance to get promoted.

"I think you're right, Tom. Can you help assisting the other pastors in training and squires check the upper cabins?" Cody quickly made the decision.

"For sure, my lord." Tom hurriedly nodded before Cody changed his mind, and then he walked close to Jacques and said, "Mr. Jacques, maybe we can go to check the cabins down there."

Jacques was a good-looking, blond young man. His nose was straight and high, and his eyes were green.

Cody did not say anything about it. Honestly speaking, he did not like Jacques very much, since Jacques was quite popular but also arrogant in Cody's eyes. Of course, Cody did not want to leave Jacques a chance to impress the other pastors.

Asking Jacques and the other several pastors in training and squires who he disliked to check the sailors' cabins, Cody led his other people down to the bottom floor.

Although Jacques and the other people knew why they were left here, they still went downstairs and started checking carefully. After all, their own safety was connected to the security of the ship as well.

Purposefully, Tom led Jacques to the cabin at the very end of the corridor in the corner, together with Lucien.

As they were walking, Lucien secretly wrote down several words on Tom's hand again,

"Activate your power, cover me, when you see my clenched left fist."

Tom instantly understood Lucien this time, since they worked this way together before when they were trying to kill Brown. Lucien wanted to use Tom's Blood Power to cover the magic waves produced by his casting.

However, Tom felt very concerned about Lucien's plan. Since the magic waves would not be fully covered, and the storm was almost gone now, it would be quite possible for the cardinals on the ship to notice Lucien's magic power.

At this time, they came in front of this small cabin in the corner.

Seeing that the young, strange sailor politely opened the door for him, Jacques nodded with satisfaction and then stepped into the cabin.

As expected, there was no one in the cabin. Just when Jacques was about to check the wood boards close to the window, he heard a gentle voice saying,

"Mr. Jacques, if you are still a nobody three years from now, how would you deal with your relationship with Miss Chely?"

Jacques fiercely turned around and stared at this young, bold sailor, feeling shocked, "What?!"

Jacques' right hand pressed on his sword.

"I said, you and Miss Chely." Lucien looked right into Jacques' eyes, "You don't need to know where I heard this, but tell me, are you really that confident that you can awaken your Blessing in three years?"

The sailor's eyes were as dark as a shadow, and as deep as a starry sky.

After several seconds, Jacques said to Lucien in a very angry but constrained voice, "Who are you?! It's none of your business!"

Jacques knew that he was not confident at all in awakening his Blessing. Although he did promise Chely, his love, Jacques was afraid that he might never be able to do it. After all, so many squires had failed and never managed to overcome this barrier in their whole lives.

"I guess... Not really my business." Lucien had a cunning smile on his face, "Miss Chely marrying someone else is also not my business. However, I have the power that can help you awaken your Blessing."

"What do you mean? Why you're talking to me like this?" asked Jacques out of anger and fury.

When he saw that Tom was standing in the front of the door, Jacques quickly realized that the boatswain was on this strange sailor's side.

"Because I want to help you." Lucien joked in a very calm way, "Because I am a good man."

"There's no free lunch," said Jacques straightforwardly.

"Smart. I only ask for one thing." Lucien's head slightly tilted, "I want you to pretend that you saw nothing down here later."

"You're... A sorcerer?" Jacques squinted at Lucien.

"And also a knight, Mr. Jacques. As you can see," Lucien reached his right hand out in front of Jacques and showed him his Blood Power, Moonlight, "I already awakened mine. If you cannot awaken your power in three years, you can come to me. If you're willing to help, I'll sign a magic pact with you. You can always find me with the pact, and I can never break the words that I promise in the pact."

"..." Jacques did not respond immediately. Subconsciously, Jacques put his upper teeth against his lower lip when he was thinking.

"We're not doing anything bad." Lucien kept pushing, "We just want to get to Holm safe. You're not betraying your faith as a knight, Mr. Jacques."

Jacques clenched both of his hands into two tight fists. His eyebrows frowned.

"Or say, you want to see Miss Chely marry someone else, be in another man's arms, and have that man's kids?"

There were a few blue veins on Jacques' forehead, and his whole body was shaking.

Jacques felt that, instead of a human being or a sorcerer, it was a demon that was standing in front of him right now, a demon from the pit of sin.

Chapter 181: A New Start (The End of Volume II)

Chapter 181: A New Start (The End of Volume II)

Jacques' heart was beating fast. He could hear his own breathes.

Ten seconds later, Jacques finally lowered his tight shoulders like a balloon losing its air.

"How... do you want me to do this?" said Jacques in a husky voice.

He felt that he was divided into two parts: one was controlled by his great desire for his love, and the other part was feeling extremely guilty.

"It's simple. You just need to sign a magic pact with me." Lucien's smile was still on his face, "Firstly, you promise that you'll never tell anyone else who we are. Secondly, you will not tell anyone on the ship that something is not right down here. Thirdly, you will also keep this as a secret after you go back to Sturk."

Jacques listened to Lucien's words, with his eyes looking down at the floor.

"In return, I promise to offer you the magic potion that can awaken your Blessing, or we sorcerers say, Blood Power, three years from now, if your own attempt fail. Even if you cannot find me in Holm in three years, the Congress of Magic will keep the words. Tom can represent the congress."

In order to make Jacques feel better, Lucien added, "And also, as long as our own lives are not threatened, we wouldn't hurt you and your friends on this ship."

"I hear you, and I'll do as you said." Jacques looked up and stared at Lucien's eyes, "You know my weakness."

As soon as he said this, he felt more relaxed.

"Congratulations, Mr. Jacques, for making the right choice. I can already see your bright future," said Lucien. Then, he took out a roll of parchment, a quill and a small bottle of magic ink from his pockets, and started to quickly write down the articles and draw mysterious patterns on it .

Lucien did not look at the parchment when he was writing, instead, he was staring at Jacques with his left hand half clenching into a fist, in case Jacques would suddenly change his mind.

Jacques did not really mind Lucien's cautiousness. He said to Lucien, and also to himself, "My future? That'll be a dark future, for sure. After all, I have betrayed my knight faith, and I don't think it possible for me to awaken my Blessing on my own. Everyone knows that the power activated by magic potion is limited, but I will do it anyway, for Chely."

"Good for you, Mr. Jacques. What a nice lover." Lucien smiled, "According to what I know, there is no universal rule as a knight's faith, and 'faith' itself is the most important part. With a certain faith, a person can remain concentrated and focused on his or her knight practice. If your faith is to protect Miss Chely and to guard your love, what you're doing is not breaking your belief."

Hearing that, Jacques was quite surprised, "Your understanding... is very different from what my teacher told me, but your theory makes sense to me."

In fact, Lucien heard this from Natasha. He tried to make his answer blurry, "Well... I know a few grand knights... And maybe new potions can come out in the following several years which can help knights to further improve their power, right?"

Then, Lucien signed his name on the pact.

Lucien's words obviously comforted Jacques. A smile appeared on Jacques face, "I heard that the Church owns a kind of potion which is only available to the top nobles. This potion can turn a person into a level two knight. I also heard that the grand duke, Violet, used this potion. Wait... Your name is Lucien Evans? Interesting, Chely's favourite musician's name is also Lucien Evans."

"I know that guy, too." Lucien answered casually, "Clearly, although we share the same name, we are very different."

"More than different. I'd say... the opposite." Jacques shrugged his shoulders. He never tried to draw the connection between the musician and the sorcerer who was right now standing in front

of him, since, firstly, Lucien Evans was not an uncommon name, and secondly, a famous musician also being a sorcerer was something way beyond his imagination.

"I agree with you," said Lucien directly. He secretly turned around to see whether Tom was feeling suspicious about his name.

But clearly, Tom was still staring at Lucien's left hand, carefully waiting for his possible signal.

Lucien knew that if Granneuve had been here, with all the clues Granneuve had, he might be the only one who could tell the truth.

"Mr. Evans? Where shall I sign?" asked Jacques.

"Here." Lucien pointed at the corner of the pact.

After Jacques signed the pact, holding the pact in his hand, Lucien covered the parchment with his spiritual power.

Slight waves of magic power rose from it. Then, the power turned into light blue flame and burned the parchment into ashes.

As soon as the pact was gone, Lucien suddenly felt that there was something new in this soul, and Jacques also looked confused for a second - the magic pact had come into effect!

"If the pact is violated by either of us, the one who broke his promise would suffer from the fire burning his soul, and his soul would thus be destroyed." Lucien shook hands with Jacques, as if they were celebrating certain success, "As we're all set, I'll leave you alone to check the divine power circles, Mr. Jacques."

Jacques threw a meaningful look at Lucien, "Mr. Evans, I have to say that you're a real demon, a demon that is very good at tempting. When I was in my knight training, I never thought I would yield to a demon's offer."

Then he walked past Lucien to check the wood planks close to the window.

Lucien and Tom were just standing there, watching Jacques walking around.

"If Jacques still decides to break the pact somehow, what would you do? You know that some divine power spells can suppress the power of magic compact," said Tom.

Tom knew that the magic pact was not really unbreakable as it was often claimed to be. For example, if Lucien became a high rank sorcerer, his stronger soul would be able to manage the damage from the flame.

"The magic compact is only a form," answered Lucien in a very low voice. "The moment he decided to sign the pact with me, I knew that he would not easily break his words, because his heart chose to follow his desire. However, of course, there's still a risk, but I didn't really have a better choice."

"Interesting." Tom smiled and nodded, "The Congress will be providing the potion, after all, you protected many apprentices."

After a while, under Lucien and Tom's "supervision", Jacques checked the rest of the cabins on this side, and totally ignored the many apprentices hiding in some of the cabins.

An hour later after Jacques left this floor, nothing happened.

Lucien finally released a long sigh of relief.

...

The viscount's room.

A fancy porcelain cup made in Colette got fiercely thrown on the carpet. Instantly, it broke into many small pieces.

"Idiots! Useless idiots! The stones were robbed, and our people were almost found!" Viscount Wright shouted furiously.

In front of him stood Granneuve and Tom, with their heads very low.

The viscount stepped back and forth in his room, "Tell me, how these filthy murlocs knew that the stones were on our ship?! How do they know we're shipping Wave Stone? You two, Granneuve and Tom, it is your responsibility to get the answer!"

Although the viscount owned one tenth of the whole fortune of Sturk, this was still a great loss.

"Yes, my lord." Both Granneuve and Tom didn't dare to raise their heads.

Then the viscount's face turned cold and more gloomy, "Find a chance and kill the knight squire called Jacques. Let someone else do this... According to the pact, only the sorcerers and Tom are not allowed to do this."

"Yes." Granneuve bowed and nodded.

"Wait... Forget about it." The viscount fell back into his couch, looking rather exhausted, "I don't want to hurt Chely. You two get the stone thing done first."

...

A month later, although the weather was getting colder and colder, the fleet never again experienced any major setback after the murloc's attack.

Finally, the ships arrived at the harbour named Patray in Holm, across the Storm Strait.

On the second bottom floor, Lucien, Tom and the apprentices were feeling very, very excited. Experienced as Lucien, he was still not able to restrain the great joy and excitement in his heart.

Lucien regarded this day as the beginning of his real path of magic.

With regards to the note that he found in the murloc mage's pouch, Lucien had not put much thought into it. He could not allow himself to be too greedy, especially when he didn't have enough information.

"Evans, you and the apprentices hide in the crates. Stay calm when they are checking. Just hide in there and do not panic," said Tom as he was pointing at the several long, wooden crates.

Lucien nodded and took the lead to walk into a crate. When he lay down, a layer of wood board covered him.

On the wood board, Tom and his sailors put layers of goods on top of it and sealed the crate completely with another board with iron nails.

Lucien felt that he was being buried in a coffin.

In the darkness, after a long time, when Lucien was wondering whether he was forgotten, he heard that there were people prying the crate to check the goods inside.

Although he was very alert, following Tom's order, Lucien remained very calm and stayed still.

"No problem."

It was Jacques' voice.

The crate was sealed again. And Lucien felt the great bumpiness. After a while, Lucien's crate was placed on the wet and cold ground.

After a long time again, the crate was opened once more. The goods above him were removed, and so was the lower board.

The bright sunlight came in and made Lucien squint.

A young man wearing a white shirt, dark brown vest and black long jacket was standing in front of the crate. There was a big smile on this young man's face under his top hat.

"Welcome to Holm, my friend."

Lucien also grinned. He knew that a new beginning of his life had started.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 182: Lazar's Promise

The Third Volume: City in the Sky

The bright sunlight, the slightly humid environment, a faint fishy smell in the air, old but elegant buildings, a busy city—those were Lucien's first impressions of the biggest costal city named Patray, in Holm.

A couple of coaches drove through the streets of Patray, in which sat Lucien, the apprentices and the sorcerer who picked them up, Lazar.

"How do you like Holm, Mr. Evans? Not bad, right?" Lazar still got a big smile on his face.

"Just call me Evans, Lazar. Well... the ladies are surely beautiful," answered Lucien in a relaxed and humorous way, "And the dressing style here is quite different. Some of the dresses that ladies are wearing are sophisticated, and some are simple-designed; some have bright colors, and some are well decorated. The only thing that disappoints me a bit is that the ladies are all dressing in a quite conservative way, haha."

"Ha, Evans..." Lazar clapped his hands, "I see... You do not appreciate the beauty of being conservative, but to me, this is another way of being sexy, which is more mysterious and can leave us with more space for imagination."

Lucien slightly nodded, "Another thing is that... I think people here, no matter ladies or gentlemen, all like wearing hats. Is it right?"

In Aalto, only some of the clergy and senior citizens liked wearing hats.

"Good point, Evans. Good observation is very important for a sorcerer. In Holm, wearing hat is a manner, and you have to adapt to it as well. Ladies like wearing capelines with long ribbons and tassels and crape bonnets for formal settings, and simple bonnets decorated with flowers or feathers for daily life. Common guys wear round-top caps or men's capelines, and gentlemen like us wear men's bonnets or top hats," answered Lazar. "Besides hats, ties, suits or double-breasted coats are also important pieces."

After getting a bit closer with Lazar, Lucien switched the topic naturally, "I wonder if there's any limit on sorcerers using magic?"

"Technically speaking, a sorcerer using magic to hurt people is just like an ordinary person using dagger or sword to hurt someone, hence we would be punished accordingly by law. However, because the male sorcerers here in Holm have noble titles, if the case is not very serious, they would only be fined... Look, Evans." Lazar pointed at a middle-aged man in a gray suit.

Lucien saw that the man was standing beside a fountain on the square, surrounded by many kids. Holding his black top hat in his hand, the middle-aged man kept showing the kids all kinds of stuff from his hat, such as flowers, bread, stones and even a white pigeon.

"Is he an apprentice?" asked Lucien.

"Yes." Lazar smiled and nodded, "Since the congress started sending apprentices to magic schools to let them receive formal training, we have more and more apprentices in this country. However, that also means that we have more apprentices who cannot become real sorcerers. Fortunately, these apprentices know how to read and are more knowledgeable than common people, hence they can still make a good living. This guy, an apprentice, seems to like kids quite a lot."

Lucien had already got the information from Astar and Tom, so he was not very surprised. He asked casually, "Then what's the percentage? I mean... how many apprentices can actually become sorcerers?"

"Well... Comparatively speaking, the number has increased a lot compared to that of the ancient magic empire. In the ancient time, apprentices who did not have strong enough spiritual power could only rely their hope on precious magic potions or risky magic rituals. Therefore, among a thousand apprentices, maybe one could become a sorcerer, but now, due to the study of arcana, we have a lower requirement for one's spiritual power, and right now the number's around five out of a hundred." Lazar looked at Lucien with his signature smile, "You don't have to worry about it, Evans... I mean, since you're a sorcerer already, as long as you can focus on learning arcana, I'm sure you can make progress very soon. By the way, what school do you specialize in?" asked Lazar curiously.

"I'm better at Astrology and Element," answered Lucien honestly. "But I'm not sure what'll be my mastery yet."

"Ha, I happen to be a mage in the school of Element, and also a member of the Will of Elements. Did you ever hear the name of this group before?" asked Lazar.

"Mr. Astar mentioned it to me before. You want me in, Lazar?" Lucien smiled, saying in his mind that he actually knew way more about this group than just knowing its name, after all, he was even carrying the ring with himself right now.

"Come on, Evans! We're not the Hand of Paleness," said Lazar in a joking way. "The Hand of Paleness doesn't care about the quality of their members at all, which I understand to some degree, after all, what matters the most to them is body. If a member is not really qualified, his or her body can still be useful, right?"

Obviously, there was indeed great conflict between the Will of Elements and the Hand of Paleness.

"So, Lazar... I take you're also an arcanist, right?" asked Lucien carefully.

Lazar adjusted himself a bit to sit slightly more straight, and tried to make his smile look more casual, "The first circle element spell, Lazar's Burning Hand, which I improved at the beginning of this year, has been approved by Arcana Review Board, and I earned another two arcana credits from it. Together with the previous eight credits that I had, I'm a level one arcanist and a second circle sorcerer now, and that's why I'm a member of the Will of Elements."

Clearly, Lazar was very proud of his accomplishment.

"How old are you, Lazar? You look quite young." Although Lucien did not understand how hard it was for a junior-rank sorcerer to get arcana credit, he was still quite surprised with Lazar's sorcerer level.

Lazar reached for the glass of wine resting on the small wood table in the coach, "Just turned twenty-two. Two years older than you, Evans."

As Lucien often behaved in a quite mature way, most people thought that he was twenty something, hence Lucien also told other people that he was twenty to differ himself from the eighteen-year-old famous musician.

"You're indeed a genius, Lazar." Lucien nodded and praised him sincerely.

"I'm still far from being a genius, Evans." Lazar slightly waved his hand, "For example, Mr. Ulysses from the Will of Power, he is a real genius in the school of Element. He was a level two arcanist and a middle-rank mage sorcerer when he was twenty two, and a level four arcanist, fifth circle

elemental mage when he was thirty three, and there is still Mr. Larry and Mr. Timothy in our group."

Lazar did not envy these geniuses, since these people's accomplishment was beyond a common person's jealousy.

"However, the person from the school of Element that I admire the most, except the grand arcanist, Hathaway, is Mrs. Meredith from Holm, who won Holm Crown prize when she was only twenty-three, and she was one of the very few geniuses whose arcana level was higher than their sorcerer level. After she had won this prize, Mrs. Meredith even became a level four arcanist when she was only a first circle elemental sorcerer! Unfortunately..."

Lazar released a sorry sigh.

Lucien secretly touched the ring named Mo in his pocket with a mixed feeling, "I heard about her story, too, and Mrs. Meredith is really admirable."

Lazar raised his glass to show his appreciation.

"Although we haven't been planning on inviting you to join our group, Evans," said Lazar, "as a promising young man who is already a real sorcerer in his early twenties, by studying ancient magic system you should be able to gain many groups' attention in the congress very soon."

"I'm flattered." Lucien nodded politely.

Lazard took it that Lucien did not really understand what did his words mean, so he added, "Being a member of our group can bring you many benefits: the instruction of the middle and senior rank mages, countless arcana books and journals, well-equipped labs, wealth, two secret rites for improving—one is owned by the congress, the Royal Magic Academy and the group called the Lord of Elements, the other is called the Creator, which is only available for sorcerers who study both Element and Alchemy. Anyway, representing Mrs. Meredith, as long as you can get a level in arcana by thirty, Evans, you're welcome to join us!"

Lucien's smile was still on his face, although he secretly thought that he himself, the person who was holding Mrs. Meredith's ring right now, should be the best representative of that talented lady between them both.

Besides, Lucien still remembered what Astar told him. When he was still a junior rank mage, it was better for him to stay away from all those groups' conflict and competition, and to focus on his own study first.

"I'm very interested in Astrology and Element," said Lucien sincerely still. "The Will of Elements is for sure my ideal group."

Lazar nodded in a satisfied way, "If your mastery is in Astrology, you can also consider Tower."

It seemed that the relationship between Tower and the Will of Elements was not bad.

Then, Lazar looked out a bit and asked, "Do you want to stay in Patray for a few more days, or do you want to head for Allyn directly?"

"I can't wait for going to Allyn anymore," answered Lucien in a second.

Lazar put down his glass and grinned. Then, he asked the coachman to drive them into a house with a garden, which looked nothing special.

However, as soon as the coach went through the gate, the surroundings suddenly became blurry, as if there was heavy fog everywhere.

When the coach got out of the fog, what Lucien saw totally surprised him:

Four pairs of railway tracks and an eight-car black train were right now in front of him.

The apprentices in the coaches following Lucien and Lazar were also more than surprised.

"Welcome aboard the magic steam train to Allyn," said Lazar.

It was delightful for Lazar to see Lucien and the apprentices' surprised faces.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 183: Consideration

Spacious, light yellow cars, soft dark red seats, clean magic glass, and the two beautiful young girls wearing light blue dresses—this was Lucien's first impression of this magic train, and this first impression was pretty good.

"Welcome aboard Kloss. We'll be traveling past seven stations on our way today, and arrive in Allyn three hours later." The two beautiful girls from the crew bowed to Lucien politely, "If you need anything, sir, please press the button on the table."

As a guest, Lucien only smiled and nodded, letting Lazar arrange the rest of the stuff.

After taking out his pocket watch and giving it a quick glance, Lazar said to Lucien, "It's one in the afternoon right now, and we have plenty of time to arrive in Allyn before the people in the congress finish working today. Wait... I bet all of you haven't had lunch yet. No worries. This train is equipped with the best chefs from all over the continent, and all of your first trip to Allyn is paid by the congress. Of course, you gotta pay for your future trips, and it's one Thale per ticket."

"That's pricy..." Even Lucien felt a bit surprised, not to mention the apprentices. After all, a common person with middle-level earning could only make seven to eight Thales a year. This train was way more expensive than the flights that Lucien had taken in his own world.

Seeing their facial expression, Lazar grinned, "Actually, the idea of magic train was already put forward by some arcanists many years ago. They were inspired by the equipment used in mining industry. At that time, the train was fuelled by magic circles and alchemy lives, hence why the train was very expensive to run. Besides, most sorcerers above middle rank can fly. So you can see... The train was quite impractical."

"What about this one?" asked Lucien.

"Mr. Kloss later improved the train by combining magic and machine together, and started using steam as the major power for the train, which greatly reduced the cost." Lazar continued, "The train is way faster than a middle-rank sorcerer flying on his own, even faster than magic brooms, not to mention that a train can carry way more people at the same time. Therefore, the congress puts much emphasis on the planning of the railways, and now we have four routes. The one we're taking now is the first settled route, from Patray to Allyn."

As Lazar was introducing the details, he made Lucien and the apprentices order their food.

"Then why this train's still this expensive, Mr. Lazar?" asked Sprint curiously. Among all the apprentices, he was the most active one.

"Let's sit down first." Lazar and Lucien sat down on the soft seats on both sides of the table. "Because Kloss is a luxury train. That's why." After all of them sat down, Lazar continued, "For other trains, you are looking at around thirty Nars. I mean... it's still not cheap, but the cost of building new railways comes from income of the tickets and the funding of the congress. We don't trust those greedy bankers to do this."

After satisfying the apprentices' curiosity, Lazar grinned to Lucien, "I'm pretty sure that the price will drop someday, with the fast development of other transportation methods. Evans, you come to the congress in the best time, and you have to seize this moment, when all kinds of great ideas about magic are thriving. Work hard on arcana, and become a worthy sorcerer!"

Without doubt, Lazar was a very delightful and optimistic young man, or he would not be chosen to be the one greeting the newcomers.

"In fact, I already started learning basic arcana in Mr. Astar's place, and I have three apprentices studying after me." Lucien smiled and nodded, and then placed Amboula and Alert in the designated area beside his seat.

In the past more-than-one-month studying, both Annick and Layria had become real magic apprentices before they arrived in Holm, and Heidi was almost there as well.

"That's great." Lazar nodded.

Then with a loud steam whistle, the train started moving.

"Wow..." Sprint half stood up from his seat and stared at the outside of the window. Then so did Annick and Olmos.

The surprised and excited apprentices started discussing with each other.

Lucien reached forward for the water in front of him, without taking a glance at what was happening outside.

"You look pretty calm, Evans," said Lazar in a favorable way.

Of course Lucien could not tell Lazar that he had seen this countless times in his original world, so he found an excuse, "I think I'm more interested in the mechanics of this machine. Lazar, may I visit the operation room?"

Lazar laughed, "Evans, I totally understand your curiosity, but what you're interested in is confidential. If you really want to find out how it works, the only way you can do it is to use your arcana points to exchange the materials with the congress."

Surprisingly, as the train ran faster and faster, the noises produced by the train gradually disappeared. Lucien was guessing that it was because of the magic circles cast on the train.

Outside of the window, the bleak fields in November and the small villages along the railway were passing backwards very fast.

When Lucien was about to ask, two young girls came into the carriage with a dining pushcart, followed by several violin players.

In the wonderful music, the two girls put steaks, grilled fish, caviar and foie gras on their plates.

Lucien unfolded his napkin on his lap and then cut a piece of steak. The steak was very juicy and well-cooked.

Lucien nodded out of satisfaction, "Very professional."

"I know, right? I've been looking forward to the nice cuisine in the Kingdom of Syracuse for a long time. Unfortunately, I'm still not a middle-rank mage, and I cannot fly over Storm Strait to try the food there," said Lazar while cutting the fried foie gras in his plate. "I also appreciate Aalto's music a lot as well. You know, the young musician who you share the same name with, Lucien Evans... He has been gaining much popularity in a very short period of time."

Then Lucien started introducing the many cuisines in different countries to Lazar. When Lazar got very excited, he also told Lucien many things about the congress.

"Lazar, how can I obtain arcana credit?" asked Lucien, "I really want to start my arcana path."

Because Lucien knew that, in other people's eyes, he was only a beginner in arcana, he was planning on studying in the congress first for a while and then seizing a chance to compose and publish his own paper. However, from what Lazar told him, Lucien realized that having a certain level in arcana could bring him many benefits.

In addition, in the past one month, by using Brook Meditation, Lucien was ready to move forward to a higher sorcerer level, second circle.

"You know, Evans, there's an old saying, 'The more impatient a person is, the harder it is for the person to get to the destination'." Lazar wiped his mouth with the white napkin, "But I do understand, Evans, after all, gaining arcana credit is more than important to every sorcerer in the congress."

Lucien sat straight to listen carefully.

"Arcana Review Board is the organization taking charge of arcana credit awarding, belonging to the highest council in the congress, and it consists of fifty-two authorities from all of the schools. These sorcerers are at least level six arcanists."

"There are only fifty something level six arcanists?" Lucien felt quite surprised.

"Authorities, I said authorities." Lazar shook his head, "It depends on different fields. Some arcanists do have very impressive accomplishment and they... well, they live long enough to have a high level, but in the fields they specialize in, if there are sorcerers who are even more competitive than them, they still cannot be members of the board. However, for some sorcerers, although their arcana level is not that high, because they are experts in their own less popular or new fields, they can be regarded as authorities."

"I see. I also heard from Mr. Astar that if one's arcana research outcome is cited by someone else, the person can also get arcana credits?" asked Lucien.

After asking the attendants to take away the plates, Lazar answered, "That's right. One credit for one citation. However, whether it can bring you more credits also depends on how important your research outcome is, and Arcana Review Board is still responsible for the judgement."

"Then what about me coming up with a new spell or improving an existing magic?" Lucien needed to understand this as much as possible.

"You can only be awarded once for that, unless your creation or improvement inspired someone else and thus that person develops a new article based on that, and in that case, you can get extra credits. Otherwise, if someone wants to learn your magic, the person only needs to pay you arcana points. For example, so far my Lazar's Burning Hand has been learned by thirty sorcerers, and that's thirty arcana points."

"That seems to be a lot of work for the sorcerers of the board." Lucien gently grabbed his chin.

"Oh... That's really true. In fact, in most cases, since they are very busy, these sorcerers usually don't deal with reviewing most of the arcana and magic spells submitted, but let their students or other qualified arcanists working for different journals to make the judgement. Sometimes, there are mistakes and some sorcerers don't get their points immediately, but the deficiencies can always get fixed sooner or later. For you, Evans, the best way to get some arcana points is to submit some unique spells from the ancient magic system. If no one before you ever have submitted it, you can get the corresponding points."

"I see." Lucien slightly nodded, "The congress is encouraging the exchanging of knowledge among sorcerers."

Without doubt, all the sorcerers valued their own magic spells greatly. If there was no reward, no one would like to submit and publish one's own creation.

Then what about Lucien?

Should he submit his spells to get the points?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 184: Allyn

Although most of the ancient ways of doing meditation had been proven ineffective by arcana, many unique ancient magic spells were still popular among today's sorcerers. Every time a sorcerer explored an old relic, except magic items or materials, he or she would always look forward to finding unique spells or magic rites. After all, the only standard for judging whether a magic spell was good or bad was to see if it was really useful.

In this regard, ancient spells were definitely not inferior to those contemporary ones. The possible difference might be that the requirement for learning a certain spell today was way lower than

that of the ancient time. For example, a seventh or eighth circle spell in the past should probably be a fourth or fifth circle spell today.

Moreover, unique ancient spells could inspire arcanists as well. Many arcana research outcomes came from the studies of the old spells. Therefore, the congress was always quite generous in this case.

However, in the book, Astrology and Elements, only spells of third circle and above could be counted as unique spells, and Lucien was not there yet. Therefore, it was hard for him to pick out several not very important ones for submission. Currently, Lucien was planning on submitting the several spells that he created or improved on his own.

Among all these spells, Lucien saw the greatest value in the first circle spell, Charm Person, which included two versions: one targeting mages and one for knights. Before the congress came up with the theory with regards to brain wave and hormone, Lucien would not give them to the congress. Lucien felt that he might become an explorer in a new field by further studying the two spells, and then he might even become an expert in the school of Illusion or Necromancy.

As for Professor's Oscillation Hand, Lucien could not touch it right now. Since if people knew that it was Lucien who first created his magic, it would not be difficult for them to realize that Lucien was the very Professor who caused all the messes in Aalto. Lucien did not want to submit anything with regards to discussing resonance before he got to a fifth circle sorcerer level.

In order to avoid the great impact on the school of Necromancy and on the belief of the Church, Lucien needed to keep carbamide synthesis to himself for now as well. As a beginner in this field, he could not take the risk to overthrow the two great powers. If he failed to be careful enough, those crazy necromancers and the Church would definitely try their very best to kill him.

Lucien heard about more than a dozen examples from Mr. Astar about arcanists using violence to solve academic disputes. After all, arcanists were still human beings, and they still had emotions and could still be impulsive.

That was why the congress had set quite a few small anti-magic circles into the walls of many discussion rooms.

From so many of the dangerous situations Lucien had been through, he came to the conclusion—a person should never overstretch himself.

"Then what about Bat Screaming..." Lucien thought to himself, thrumming the table unconsciously.

Lazar decided to leave Lucien alone for a bit. He understood how hard it could be for a sorcerer to yield to the demands of the congress.

Here came the steam whistle again, loud and sharp. The train gradually slowed down and finally stopped in front of the last station.

Somehow the station looked more creepy and gloomy than other ones.

A few people wearing black ancient magic robes came aboard. Some of them were carrying big suitcases.

"Oh... Those necrophilia... I'd be willing to pay more if the train could skip Heidler." Lazar complained in a low voice. He seemed to be a bit nervous as well when he was complaining.

"Heidler...?" Lucien looked out confusedly, and surprisingly saw a space crack in the dust-haze.

The power of Sun's Corona enabled Lucien to see the crack connecting this world and the World of Souls!

Lucien only found five or six space cracks like this when he was traveling across the continent. To his surprise, there was one more in Holm. No wonder there were so many necromancers here.

Lazar got a bit closer to Lucien and said in a low voice, "Soon after the congress had been established, these necrophilia noticed the strong power of death in Heidler, thus they moved the headquarter of the Hand of Paleness to this city. If you travel to Heidler... Well, I mean if... you'd see more undead creatures than living men. Some of the new undead species could even help the farmers and blacksmiths."

"Wow... That's something." Lucien got a bit excited.

"..." Lazar did not know what to say.

When the necromancers got closer, both Lucien and Lazar got very surprised.

The man walking in the front was no one else but Felipe.

As usual, Felipe pocketed his hands in his black coat, and he still looked quite sick. When he was about to turn in the corner, he casually looked at the carriage where Lazar and Lucien were in.

Lazar hurriedly stood up, "Good afternoon, Mr. Felipe."

Although the congress had abandoned many bad traditions existing in the time of ancient magic empire, for example, apprentices' personal bondage to sorcerers, the tradition for respecting a really powerful sorcerer remained. Although Lazar was from the Will of Elements, facing Felipe, a sorcerer whose both magic and arcana level were way higher than his own, Lazar still had to show his respect.

Felipe, however, did not care. He nodded casually and then walked into the next door carriage.

"Mr. Lazar, who is this man? He looks quite... powerful," asked Heidi. She was sitting on a soft chair behind Lucien.

It was such a relief for Lucien to see that Felipe did not act any differently. So Lucien also looked at Lazar like these curious apprentices.

"Mr. Felipe, a necromancer from the Hand of Paleness," said Lazar, and the smile on his face had disappeared, "He's a genius, a level four arcanist and a fifth circle necromancer."

"I know him! I heard this name before! I think he's the one who forced his way through the blockade line of the Church!" said Sprint excitedly as if Felipe was his idol, "Mr. Felipe is on the Cleansing List, as a middle-ranked sorcerer! Cool!"

All the apprentices in this carriage were now looking at the carriage next door out of great excitement, although they could see nothing. However, they had never been this close to a famous person.

"Well... Actually we have someone like Mr. Felipe in our group, the Will of Elements, as well. We call him 'Professor', and he is also on the list... only one place lower than Mr. Felipe." Lazar was trying to keep a good profile of the Will of Elements.

Hearing Lazar's words, Lucien wondered how the Will of Elements could make sure that Professor was really their member.

So Lucien asked, "I've heard his name a few times, but is he from the Will of Elements?"

"That's for sure. Mr. Felipe doesn't seem to get along well with Mr. Professor. A while ago, our director Mr. Gaston found that Mr. Felipe was secretly investigating the sorcerers in our group. Mr. Gaston got pissed off and almost killed Felipe. This is probably the biggest news recently in the congress," answered Lazar.

Then Lazar took a glance at the next door carriage and even lowered his voice more, "Many arcanists who knew Mr. Felipe said that, after Mr. Felipe came back from his mission, he changed quite a bit. They said that he became calmer and less arrogant, and it seems like he's doing some secretly experiments right now."

Lucien nodded and started analyzing. According to Lazar's words, Lucien guessed that, although Felipe had told people that Professor was from the Will of Elements, he told no one else anything about carbamide synthesis, otherwise, the experiment from Professor would become the biggest news recently.

On the other hand, Lucien was quite sure that Felipe was trying to synthesize the ingredients for life himself.

Another apprentice, Catrina, seemed to be more interested in the mysterious Professor,

"Mr. Lazar, do you know Professor's real name?"

"I don't know," answered Lazar. "The grand arcanist, Hathaway, said that Mr. Professor was from the congress, but she did not mention specifically who was this mysterious Professor."

Lucien suddenly felt very embarrassed. When the directors of the Will of Elements found out that there was no such person called Professor in their group, they would definitely go to seek for the help of the higher level in the congress, which turned out to be Hathaway. Quite possibly, Hathaway had already found out who this Professor was based on the dates and the places he showed up, and Hathaway also cared for Natasha a lot.

However, for some kind of reasons, Hathaway did not expose the mysterious Professor.

At this time, Annick looked out of the window, and his mouth opened with surprise: "We're... We're flying!"

Lucien just noticed that the railway tracks were now off the ground, floating in mid-air and extending upwards, while the train was still on the tracks.

The forest, the fields, the manors and the city below grew smaller and smaller like ants.

"Anti-gravitation field. There is an anti-gravitation field on the tracks close to Allyn." Seeing Lucien turned around, Lazar answered him before Lucien asked the question, "You can only see something like this here around Allyn, or the congress would definitely go bankrupt."

The apprentices flocked to the window and watched the train speeding through the blue sky. A black spot in front of the train was getting bigger and bigger, and it turned out to be a huge city floating in the middle of the sky!

The city was built on a huge peak truncated from a mountain, with the tip floating downwards. On the very broad cross section which served as the land of this city, there were gardens, woods, streets, countless ordinary buildings, and many different kinds of magic pinnacles. The whole city was about half the size of Aalto.

This was the headquarter of the Congress of Magic, the Sky City, Allyn!

"That's magnificent..."

"Wow..."

Seeing that the apprentices almost dropped their jaws out of the stunning view, Lazar smiled and said, "You folks will have plenty of opportunities to appreciate the city, and before that, the congress has an assessment for you, so then the congress can assign you to the appropriate schools in accordance with your arcana level and interest."

"Assessment? Why you never mentioned this earlier?" exclaimed Heidi and many other apprentices. Hurriedly, they sat back on their seats and opened their books to prepare.

Both Sprint and Katrina remained quite calm. Katrina said to Heidi, "You've been studying arcana for more than a month. Why are you panicking like this?"

"I'm not ready... not ready..." murmured Heidi while reading one of the books nervously.

The train slowed down and stopped at the platform locating on the fringe of Allyn.

At this time, the two beautiful girls wearing light blue uniform dresses came into the carriage, and each was holding a hard-cover notebook. They said to Lucien and Lazar respectfully, "Dear guests, please leave your valuable suggestions here to help improving our service."

Right now the magic steam train was still on its pilot run.

Lucien took over the notebook and the quill, and quickly wrote down two words. Then he passed the notebook to Lazar.

Lazar looked at the comment left by Lucien confusedly.

On the notebook, it was written, "Five stars!"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 185: Apprentice Assessment Department

The coaches drove smoothly across the streets, and then slowly stopped in front of the huge tower in the center of the sky city.

It was not easy for the apprentices to realize how magnificent the tower was when they were looking at it from afar, however, when they came close to it, Heidi, Layria and the other apprentices' hearts were full of wonder, as they had to stretch their necks to look up to barely see the spire of the tall tower.

Unlike the mysterious and gloomy towers in the ancient magic empire time, the tower's outer layer was made of some kind of silver-gray material that sparkled with metallic gleam. The thrilling beauty of this building was something beyond the apprentices' words.

This was one of Lucien's favorite styles, hence he had a pretty good first impression of the congress.

Seeing that both Lucien and the apprentices were all so surprised, Lazar felt very satisfied. After Felipe and the other sorcerers walked through the gate, Lazar clapped his hands gently and smiled. "The name of the tower is also Allyn, the same as the name of this city, and Allyn is the ultimate dream of most sorcerers. All right, let's go. As it's already four fifteen right now, we need to talk to the staff in the congress by six. After six, there are only security people here."

"Mr. Lazar, can we come back tomorrow? We are so tired that we need to rest," asked many of the apprentices because they were afraid to take the arcana test, and even Annick was a bit hesitant.

Lazar led Lucien and the apprentices to the gray stone steps in front of the tower, "As you just arrived today, I'm sure all of you are tired, but you need to tell this to the congress staff responsible for testing you on your own, and they will arrange another time for the assessment. What I have to remind you all is that, without going through the exam, you can't get the two badges—one for magic and the other for arcana, and that can make many things quite troublesome. The earlier you start the study of arcana and magic, the sooner you can be a true wizard or witch."

Lazar was not telling the apprentices to take the test when they were tired, but to make the best use of their time.

Soon they walked in front of the gate of the congress tower. The silver-colored gate was engraved with many mysterious patterns.

When they were just about to walk in, two big black eyes suddenly appeared on the gate, blinking in a cute way, "On behalf of all the arcanists and sorcerers, I welcome you all to Allyn."

The voice was delightful. The gate was greeting them.

"Come on, Prospell, you never welcomed me like this," joked Lazar.

"Because only now I've sensed the smell of youth," answered Prospell cheerfully.

Turning around to the stunned apprentices, Lazar introduced, "Prospell is a very powerful alchemy life born together with the congress tower. It was Douglas and several other grand arcanists who brought Prospell into life and it took them quite a long time to collect the special incomplete souls required. You can see lots of alchemy lives in the headquarter of the congress of magic. In this respect, nowhere can compete with the congress."

Since Lucien first talked to an alchemy life in Viscount Carendia's castle, he found great interest in building an alchemy life, so he could not help asking, "Lazar, when we can learn about alchemy life?"

"First you gotta have an arcana tree about soul in the school of Necromancy, and, at the same time, you have to learn at least basic alchemy knowledge. Then, when you finish learning all of those things and then become a senior-rank mage, you can start making an alchemy life," said Lazar casually.

"Sir, if you're interested in making an alchemy life, please make a lady. I got fed up with all of these male alchemy lives living in the towers in this area long time ago!"

Somehow, this alchemy life looked quite a bit obscene in Lucien and the apprentices' eyes.

Seeing that Lucien did not really respond, Prospell laughed in a bit embarrassed way, "I'm just joking, haha... Apprentice Assessment Department is in zone three, first floor; Sorcerer Administrative Department, zone four, first floor; zone five, Task Zone, for accepting and releasing tasks; Conversion Department, zone six, first floor, for exchanging your money, materials, items or information for arcana points, or vice versa. Common Arcana and Magic Library is in zone one, and Magic Exchange Office, in zone two."

Lucien listened carefully to Prospell to follow the information.

"If you want to do any meditation or experiment, you can go to the second to the ninth floor, where we have meditation rooms, all kinds of labs, constraint rooms, energy rooms, magic gardens and so on. Of course, you gotta pay money or arcana points to use them. On the tenth floor, there are the headquarters of the two major journals, Arcana and Magic."

"Then what about the other journals?" asked Lucien.

"The headquarters of the rest of the journals are either somewhere else in Allyn, or other countries, hosted by the many divisions of the congress," explained Prospell.

"Thank you for explaining, and please go ahead." Lucien nodded politely, treating the alchemy life like a real person.

"The offices of the several boards and the exclusive lounges for the board members are on the eleventh to the fifteenth floor; qualified arcana and magic research groups can apply for the use of the rooms on the sixteenth to the twentieth floor for free; on the twenty-first to the twenty-fifth floor, we have the best labs designed for different fields of research; high-level Arcana and Magic Library, high-level constraint rooms and material warehouses are on the twenty-sixth to the thirtieth floor; the thirty-first floor to the thirty-fifth floor are reserved for the members of the highest council, but I heard that, recently, they're considering to separate the thirty-first and the thirty-second floor to be the academy for training junior-rank mages..." Prospell continued.

Obviously, Prospell was a very talkative alchemy life, and the lots of information totally confused the apprentices.

"Anyway... come in here now," said Prospell, and then he started singing:

"Don't touch around, cuz that's my muscle.

"Don't touch the wall, cuz that itches me.

"Don't vandalize anything, cuz organs are always vulnerable."

...

Accompanied by this strange song, when Lucien, Lazar and the apprentices walked into the silver hall, the first thing that appeared in front of them was a one-meter-diameter round disc, engraved with complicated magic circles. Around the disc, there was a yellowish green cover, extending from the first to the second floor.

Around the hall, there were signs labeling six different zones.

"The elevators are over there," introduced Lazar. "How about we go to the Apprentice Assessment Department in zone three first, and then the Sorcerer Administrative Department in zone four?"

"No problem." Lucien did not mind at all.

...

There were rows and rows of different rooms in zone three. A lanky, old man dressing in old school style was there.

The old man's name was Simeon. He said seriously to the apprentices, "All of you register first, and then you will receive arcana assessment. Based on the results, you all will be assigned to different schools."

"Mr. Simeon, all of us are very tired right now since we just arrived in Holm this afternoon, and then we spent another three hours on the train again." Katrina was not being shy. Regarding herself as one of the leaders of the apprentices, she felt that she was responsible for making this request.

Facing the reasonable request, although he was usually pretty stubborn, Simeon still nodded, "Then register first, and then do the assessment tomorrow morning at nine. All of you can stay in zone three to rest for the night, but since you don't have both badges, keep in mind that you should not leave zone three."

"We won't. Thank you, Mr. Simeon," said many of the apprentices.

When the apprentices all finished doing their registration, Simeon noticed Lucien. "You're not one of them?" asked Simeon a bit confused.

"Mr. Simeon, I'm a sorcerer." Lucien smiled.

Simeon looked quite surprised, then he took a quick glance at Lucien from head to foot, "You're not even twenty... You seem to be very gifted with your spiritual power. If you want to study Astrology or Light-darkness, or if you're interested in studying mathematics, you might want to join us, Tower."

Lazar looked at Simeon and quickly cut in, "We talked about this before, and Mr. Evans said that he wanted to focus on studying arcana first before making any decision."

"Interesting. Not many young people are thinking like this nowadays anymore." Simeon smiled, "Tower is relatively neutral compared to most of the groups in the congress, and we usually just follow the direction of the congress, suitable for sorcerers who do not want to get involved in all those conflicts. All right, all right... I'll stop, or Lazar's gonna cry in front of me now."

There were two badges on Simeon's robe: one was black inlaid with two stars, and the other was silver with two black circles on it, looking rather cold and mysterious. According to Lazar's introduction, Lucien could tell that the former was the badge for a level two arcanist, and the latter was for a second circle sorcerer.

Noticing that Heidi, Layria and many other apprentices were busy with reviewing what they had learned, Sprint frowned a bit. "It's just useless making efforts at the last moment."

Hearing what Sprint just said, Heidi hurriedly came to Lucien, "Mr. Evans, do you have any better suggestion then?"

"Having a good rest is the most important thing." Lucien nodded, "I agree with Sprint. Maybe just roughly leaf through the books a bit."

Both Annick and Layria nodded behind Heidi, they looked at Lucien, "Will you come here tomorrow, Mr. Evans? When we're taking the test?"

"I will." Lucien smiled, "I would like to know whether I'm a good teacher."

Seeing the apprentices were encouraged by his words, Lucien felt some softness in his heart. Then, he turned around and said to Lazar, "What about going to the Sorcerer Administrative Department

now? By the way, if I want to make exchanges in Common Arcana and Magic Library or in Magic Exchange Office, what shall I use? Arcana points only or I can also use Thales?"

"Either." Lazar grinned, "But Evans, you gotta activate your arcana badge before going there, or you can only have some free basic arcana and magic books given by the congress. When you reach a certain knowledge level, you can take arcana assessment in the Sorcerer Administrative Department. If you can pass the test, you can get a basic arcana point to activate your arcana badge."

Lucien frowned a bit and asked, "If I want to get this done sooner, can I just submit a new spell?"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 186: Magic Badge

"Of course. And this way is much faster compared to submitting a paper. It usually only takes about twenty minutes to get the examination done," Lazar nodded.

Simeon, who was standing beside Lazar, added, "But Evans, you have to remember that, although you can activate your badge this time by doing this, if you want to make progress in your arcana level, every time when you want to upgrade, you need to have this one basic arcana point that Lazar just mentioned, since the congress wants to see all the sorcerers and arcanists with solid foundation of knowledge, and you can only choose your research interest after becoming a real arcanist."

"I will find some time to pass the arcana examination in the Sorcerer Administrative Department," answered Lucien in a casual tone, as if he was talking about what to have for dinner tonight. Both Simeon and Lazar thought that Lucien would take the test after spending some time on studying magic and arcana first to make up the gap between his existing knowledge and what was offered by the congress.

After saying goodbye to the apprentices, led by Lazar, Lucien headed for zone four.

"Mr. Simeon has just become a level two arcanist. Hopefully, he can soon make another breakthrough." As they were walking, Lazar said to Lucien, "I don't know when I will have thirty arcana points."

"How many arcana points do you need for each upgrade?" asked Lucien confusedly, "Thirty?"

"At first, in order to get to a higher level, ten times more of one's last level arcana point was required, but it turned out to be quite impractical, since there were only ten to twenty thousand arcanists in total in this world. Later, a legendary archmage changed the rule, and now, you need ten arcana points to become a level one arcanist, thirty for level two, a hundred for level three, three hundred for level four, a thousand for level five, three thousand for level six, ten thousand for level seven, thirty thousand for level eight, and a hundred thousand for level nine," explained Lazar in detail. He enjoyed answering questions.

When they were walking across the hall, there were lights trying to approach them. The two badges that Lazar was wearing were glowing to prevent the lights from getting close to them.

...

There was an open hall in Sorcerer Administrative Department, where there were light yellow couches, coffee tables, wine cabinets and many other facilities for relaxing, making this place look more like a salon or a club than an administrative office.

There was a reception desk made of silver and gray metal beside the major corridor, behind which stood two lovely young girls. Many sorcerers, who were not as gloomy as most necromancers, liked to tease the girls a bit, and among them there were also some young men who were seriously pursuing them.

"Welcome back, Mr. Lazar," greeted the taller, flaxen-haired girl with a smile. Wearing a long yellow dress, she looked quite beautiful.

"Thank you, love." Lazar had a big smile on his face, and then he introduced, "Cindy, this is Mr. Evans, a twenty-year-old sorcerer. Evans, this are Cindy and Dona, two sweethearts in this department. Both of them are working on becoming real sorcerers as they are working here."

Knowing that Lazar was always like this, Cindy did not mind, but turned to Lucien, "Welcome, Mr. Evans. A twenty-year-old sorcerer following the ancient magic system... Wow... I have to say that you're definitely a genius. If when you become a middle-rank sorcerer, I still haven't make any breakthrough, can you have me to be your apprentice? A real apprentice?"

"Mr. Evans, can I as well?" Dona, the plump young girl, also asked while playing with her auburn-coloured hair.

The girls enthusiasm was beyond Lucien's imagination. For a moment, Lucien was too shy to say anything.

"Haha... Evans... I can tell you're quite inexperienced in talking with ladies." Lazar laughed. "It's okay. This is just their way of welcoming newcomers. Cindy and Dona are quite talented as well. As

they were already senior apprentices when they were only seventeen, many sorcerers would like to have them to be their students, besides, what they want to specialize in is different from what you're good at, Evans."

"Ha, I thought somehow I suddenly became popular." Lucien joked.

"You are, Mr. Evans. You're good-looking and you look quite reliable. Better than Mr. Lazar." Cindy looked at Lucien with her beautiful eyes.

"Oh... That hurts." Lazar made a sad look, and then tried to get a bit more serious, "Anyone's available right now?"

"Only Mr. Eric is." Dona smiled and pointed at the corridor behind the reception desk, "He's waiting for you two."

Complaining about the fact that he was becoming less attractive, Lazar led Lucien to the third office under the girls' gaze. The sign hanging on the door read "Eric, director of Sorcerer Administrative Department".

Lazar gently knocked at the door. A commanding voice came from inside of the office, "Come in please, the door is unlocked."

When Lazar opened the door, Lucien saw rows of shelves in the office. On the shelves, there were no books, but pieces of silver-colored paper like sheets of metal glowing in a mysterious way. Many silver lines grew out of these sheets and extended themselves to build their connection to the light blue wall that shone all around them.

Besides the shelves, there was a black cabinet, an iron cage with a bell, and a metal shield.

In front of the shelves, there was a desk, behind which sat a bald man wearing black suit, and there was a top hat beside his right hand.

The average-looking, forty-something man raised his head. His light gray eyes were like crystal stones that could see through a person's heart. He took a quick glance at Lucien, and then started writing something down.

"Mr. Eric. This is Evans." Lazar bowed to the man respectfully.

"Welcome, our new friend. Let's have your registration thing done and get your badges." Eric nodded, then he looked at Lazar and said, "You did your work, Lazar. Take this note with you to get your reward in Task Zone."

As he was saying, the small piece of paper Eric just wrote on flew toward Lazar.

After getting the note, Lazar said to Lucien cheerfully, "I like you, Evans. I wonder if we can have dinner later together. I think we can become friends."

Talented, reliable and easy-going, that was Lazar's impression on Lucien. He felt that Lucien was someone that he could get along very well.

"Of course." Lucien smiled, "I happen to have no idea where to eat this evening."

"Great." Lazar waved this piece of paper a bit in his hand, "I'll see you later then. Good luck with your badges."

After Lazar left the office, Lucien sat down in front of Eric. Taking a closer look, Lucien noticed that there were three silver stars and four black circles on each of his badges.

"Level three arcanist, fourth circle sorcerer..." Lucien thought to himself.

As Lucien was thinking, Eric took out a piece of silver paper and handed it to Lucien, "Complete the form, so I can activate your magic badge."

Lucien quickly read the form. Only name, age, level, and the magic schools that one was good at were required to report, and nothing related to the sorcerer's personal background was mentioned.

Seeing that Lucien did not start writing immediately, Eric said to Lucien with no emotion, "If you have more information to offer, you can ask for another piece of paper. The more information you provide, the easier for the congress to get ID for you in Holm or in other countries. By the way, if you want to get married in the future, please also register that with the Sorcerer Administrative Department."

Lucien nodded, and started filling in the form.

"Lucien Evans, twenty, interested in school of Astrology and Element, first circle sorcerer."

And then he made up some fake personal information on the paper.

Eric took up the silver sheet and read carefully, then there was a bit of a smile on his face,

"Lucien Evans... What a common name... There's a famous musician in Aalto named Lucien Evans, and several days before, the name of a junior-rank elemental sorcerer who just made his breakthrough was also Lucien Evans. Why people like this name so much?"

"Honestly speaking, I never put much thought into it..." answered Lucien surprised, despite the fact that Natasha told him more than once how common his name was.

Eric did not stick to this topic, but pointed at the the metal shield on the other side of the office,

"Cast a first circle spell. I need to verify your level."

Lucien nodded and shot two black magic missiles at the shield. As the magic cover on the shield absorbed the power, there were light ripples spreading out.

Eric nodded, "The power is not from a magic item, but from your soul. You're indeed a first circle sorcerer."

As he was saying, Eric turned around and took out two badges from the black cabinet. He put one of the badges together with the silver piece of paper into the cage, and then pulled the string of the bell.

The bell started ringing, and the cage started shining. One minute later, the light disappeared.

When Eric took the badge and the paper out, there was a black circle on the badge, and a shining silver line connecting the metal paper to the light of the wall.

"The magic badge records your name, age, level, your spiritual power mark and your arcana points. You need this badge either when you earn or pay the points. Except you, no one can use it." Eric handed two badges to Lucien, asking him to leave his spiritual power mark in them.

"All of the information, " said Eric, "is kept by both me and the document office of the highest council. Do not try to change your level and your points for any purposes on your own. With this badge, you can accept missions in Task Zone and receive the basic arcana and magic books, as well as meditation methods. Besides, as a first circle sorcerer, you can ask the congress for materials or potions worth a Thale every month, or you can use it to borrow books."

Lucien put the activated magic badge in front of his left chest, and then looked at the dim arcana badge, "Mr. Eric, what about this one? My arcana badge?"

"You write your unique magic down and give it to me, if you have any," answered Eric. "So I can send it to the Arcana Review Board. It'll take around half an hour to know the result. No worries, I won't read it."

Lucien smiled, "I see, thank you Eric. Then what about arcana papers? Besides submitting my paper to the board, shall I send it to the journals as well myself?"

"Your paper?" Eric raised his head, and looked at Lucien very surprised with his gray eyes.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 187: Developing the Paper

"Yes, I have some interesting ideas about a unique magic that I improved on my own," Lucien smiled and nodded casually, "so I'd like to develop a paper out of it."

"You know arcana?" questioned Eric directly, as he could never believe that a young man who just started learning arcana could come up with any research results, no matter how talented this person was.

Lucien totally understood why Eric was this surprised, since no one from his original world would come up with any meaningful research outcome after studying a subject for a bit more than a month. Therefore, Lucien explained politely, "I cannot really regard my ideas as part of arcana, honestly speaking, but I just feel that the mechanism that I applied in improving this spell can be interesting. Of course, I also don't know if this is something that already exists."

Although Lucien knew that he needed to show his strength and talent sooner or later to earn more opportunities with a certain group or organization, as a newcomer, with very limited knowledge of the congress, Lucien had to stay humble and careful first.

When he made clear the current knowledge level of the congress and the progress of researches in different schools, Lucien still needed to do magic experiments on his own to verify whether the knowledge that he brought from his original world still worked the same way here, but after that, it would be time for Lucien to really show his capability.

Of course, in addition, the research results that Lucien was going to publish in the future must be released following a scientific order, or many sophisticated sorcerers would possibly realize that Lucien was more than a genius, but actually a freak, and alien! Then great danger would for sure come to Lucien before he could obtain enough power to protect himself.

Hearing Lucien's explanation, Eric's facial expression relaxed a bit, "I see... but what I have to remind you is that, if your research outcome is based on some ancient magic beliefs, the outcome from the board might disappoint you, since many of these ancient beliefs have already been overthrown by arcana."

"It does no harm to give it a try, right?" Lucien grinned.

"I guess..." answered Eric with much doubt, "Then, when do you want to submit the paper?"

"I can do it today," said Lucien seriously.

"What? Do you know we're off at six? There's only eighty minutes left." Eric felt very surprised again.

"No problem, Mr. Eric." Lucien was very confident, "I already developed the draft following the format of Arcana. Eighty minutes is enough. By the way, Mr. Eric, may I ask again if I should be the one to send my paper to the journals?"

Seeing Lucien's determination, Eric handed him a roll of parchment and said, "Yes, when a paper passes the board's review, the author needs to send the paper to the journals on his or her own. Since the congress doesn't allow one to submit the same paper to multiple journals, you gotta be careful with the journal you choose. The more influential, the better. Anyway, we can talk about it after your paper passes." Eric ended the conversation, "You can go to that room. I still have more matters to deal with."

...

In the light blue meeting room, surrounded by a few magic circles, Lucien was busy with developing his first paper in this world.

"The Application of Sound Wave in Magic Sensing: An experiment investigating the flight of bats.

"Bat; Hearing; Organ; Sound Wave; Sensing.

"As Mr. Douglas once argued, there are so many seemingly common phenomena in this world that we tend to ignore in daily life, however, in fact, there are lots of great secrets hiding behind them.

"Everyone knows that bats can easily fly and hunt swiftly in the dark, but not many ever tried to investigate why they are able to avoid obstacles at night when they fly."

Lucien was very familiar with the format. Direct and clear—that was what Lucien wanted to achieve.

The reason Lucien decided to submit the paper developed out of the apprentice spell, Bat Screaming, was that the theory behind this spell was quite independent from the current arcana knowledge, and could be drawn upon the tradition of ancient magic system, which was studying assorted magic creatures' structure and power to develop and improve spells, and the only difference in Lucien's paper was that Lucien was now studying an ordinary creature.

Compared to merely submitting a spell, the benefits brought by submitting a paper were undoubtedly greater.

Although Lucien never really did this experiment, based on his knowledge, it was not difficult for him to make up the research methodology and statistics.

In his paper, Lucien set up several groups of controlled experiments to investigate how bats could "see" in the dark.

After ruling out the possible answers including bat's eyes, wings and hair by conducting these experiments, Lucien came to the final step.

In his last group of control experiment, Lucien, in his paper, set it up by disturbing the investigated bats' ears and their organs in their noses and mouths. According to Lucien, this time, the bats could not fly properly in darkness anymore.

Therefore, Lucien drew the conclusion in the end that bats used their ears to receive sound waves produced by the organs in their noses and mouths to detect objects when they flew at night, but not their eyes to see.

Following the experiment, Lucien reported how he improved Homan's Oscillation and thus created this new apprentice spell—Bat Screaming.

In the end, Lucien explained that because of the complexity of the structures of a bat's organs, he needed to use a real bat's brain tissue as the tool for casting the spell.

After carefully going through the whole paper again, Lucien analyzed the apprentice spell, Bat Screaming, on another piece of parchment and explained how to use it, as a new spell to be submitted to the congress.

When Lucien stood up after finishing all of the work, he took a glance at the clock and found that the whole thing only took him less than half an hour. He was quite confident that no similar research had been done before him in this area, since when he was teaching Annick, Heidi and Layria basic arcana, he never encountered anything similar to this.

Opening the meeting room's door, Lucien saw Lazar, who was walking back and forth in the corridor.

Hearing the door opening, Lazar turned around fiercely and asked, "Mr. Eric told me that you're writing a paper, are you?!"

"Yes, but nothing big. I'm just introducing how I improved a spell," Lucien said casually to Lazar. "When you were improving Lazar's Burning Hand, you also wrote some papers, right?"

"Yes..." Lazar answered subconsciously. "But this kind of paper, you know, following other people's ideas and making improvements... often cannot pass the board's review. In most cases, you can only earn points with the new spell submitted."

"I know. I'm just trying." Lucien smiled and shrugged.

"I see..." Lazar nodded, "But wait... As a beginner in arcana, you can already improve spells? How's this possible?"

Lucien answered, "Come on... Ancient sorcerers also need to make improvements."

Lazar made a long "hum", and nodded seriously, "Then, Evans, I suggest you do not have too much expectation on earning any points with the paper."

As Lucien was saying, he knocked at the door of Mr. Eric's office. Lucien and Lazar walked in the office together, and handed the paper to Eric.

Eric took a look at the long parchment in his hand, then nodded, "I can tell that you're very prepared, Evans. By the way, which field does the magic belong to, may I ask?"

"Sound wave," answered Lucien short and clear.

Eric put the two rolls of parchment into two folders, and then he took a quill and wrote down "sound wave" in one side of each of them.

Putting the two folders in the cage, Eric pulled the bell again.

White light instantly covered the cage, and when the light disappeared, the folders were already gone.

"About thirty minutes later, we'll know the result." Eric sat down again, "But I suggest you do not have much hope, Evans."

...

On the fifteenth floor of the tower. In a spacious office.

There were many bells ringing here. With the appearance of the complicated magic circles, many folders showed up out of nowhere.

There were no people in this office, just a pair of arms in the air picking up the folders.

"Element, to, Mr. Ravendi, Mr.Gaston."

"Necromancy, to, ..."

With some kind of machine talking, the arms put the folders back into the magic circles following different orders.

According to the rules of the congress, members of the highest council could not join Arcana Review Board, but they could be invited as special consultants when a paper was beyond the board's knowledge.

For common papers, there were usually two committee members reviewing and judging a piece of work independently and then an average score was drawn. If there was disagreement, a third committee member would be involved. And if the problem still could not be solved, a small meeting would be hosted.

"Sound wave magic... to Magic Exchange Office first to make sure this is a new spell, and then to Mr. Garfield and Mr. Jeffrey."

"The paper based on the same spell... then, to Mr. Garfield and Mr. Jeffrey directly."

The lights were flashing in the office.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 188: The Result

On the fifteenth floor of the tower, in another room.

As a bell rang, a puppet picked up the paper and quickly leafed through it.

"Sound wave? Apprentice level?" murmured the puppet, "Master said that he won't review papers below a certain level, and master's students are not here today as well. Alas, the paper can only be handed over to the several arcanists from Common Arcana then."

After identifying the paper's level, the puppet waited for around five minutes until it receiving the message that the spell itself, Bat Screaming, had been confirmed valid. Then the puppet called a red-beaked and green-feathered bird from outside of the window. The bird's responsibility today was to bring the several papers to another magic tower.

It was not easy to use magic circles to send things among different towers.

The bird flew very fast, with its feathers producing a cover to prevent the strong wind. Soon, the bird disappeared in the sky.

...

On the third floor of a blue magic tower, in a messy room filled with books.

A middle-aged man with light-yellow mustache was looking at the books in front of him, frowning and thinking.

For sorcerers of this level like this man, he needed to continuously make progress in his own specialized arcana field.

At this time, he heard something pecking at the power cover of the tower. Smiling, the man put the journal book down and pressed the button on the table.

The energy cover was retrieved, and the window opened. The same red-beaked, green-feathered birds flew in. Walking on the table proudly back and forth, the bird dropped the papers down, "Mr. Woods, these are the papers for today. Please review them as soon as possible."

When the bird was speaking, the bird's voice was as sweet as its chirping.

Woods pulled out a handful of small white particles and gently threw them to the bird, "Is any of these for new magic reviewing, Selena? If there isn't, come and pick them up tomorrow."

While eating the small white particles happily, the little bird answered, "There's one, Mr. Woods. Please review it now."

Then, the little bird picked out one of the parchment rolls.

When Woods was reading Lucien's new magic report, a surprised look gradually appeared on his face, "Bat Screaming... Apprentice level... Interesting..."

After reading the report, Woods hurriedly searched for something among all of the parchment rolls on the desk, "Not this... not this... There should be a corresponding paper... Yes! Lucien Evans... Bats..."

Pulling out the roll of paper from Lucien Evans, Woods started reading carefully.

"This young man... very curious. He has the potential to be an arcanist," murmured Woods. "Surprisingly, this young man carefully explored bat, this non-magical creature, while most ancient sorcerers are busy with examining magic creatures to discover their power... The controlled experiment was also very carefully designed. Although the experiment does not have much to do with arcana, this young man's way of thinking is still very creative and impressive. Wait... Lucien Evans is only a first circle sorcerer? That's quite surprising as well..."

Woods felt that Lucien Evans was too common a name for a talented sorcerer to be noticed in the academy, so Woods thought that he should suggest this Lucien Evans to put an extra word after his name for distinction.

After reading this paper, Woods stood up and asked his apprentice to catch two bats for him.

Woods only used a very short period of time to repeat Lucien's experiment and he confirmed the result in Lucien's paper. Woods got very excited, "Sound wave can really be used for the purpose of location! It's no longer merely a weapon for deterring or killing!"

Sound wave did not exclusively belong to a certain school. In fact, all of the schools had sound wave spells, for example, Homan's Oscillation belonged to the school of Force, and Banshee's Howling belonged to the school of Necromancy.

Although Woods almost could not wait to write a paper to respond Lucien's idea, he decided to sit back and write down his comment on the paper first, "Groundbreaking..."

The same scene was seen in another office in a magic tower, but this office turned out to be the headquarter of the journal Sound Wave.

...

In the hall of Sorcerer Administrative Department, Lucien was sitting in the couch, tasting a non-alcoholic beverage called Sky Blue recommended by Lazar. Lucien liked its sweetness.

Swirling the pure blue liquid in the transparent glass, Lucien was sipping the beverage while talking with Lazar leisurely about some common sense of the congress.

It was close to five forty in the early evening, and the magic tower was going to close soon, but the two sorcerers were still sitting in the hall chatting casually. Both Cindy and Donna were very curious, so Cindy, craning her neck, whispered, "Mr. Lazar, Mr. Evans, are you waiting for something?"

Lazar smiled, pointing to lucien, "I'm with Evans to wait for his new magic assessment result and the result of his paper... Well, maybe not result of the paper. You know that paper review usually takes three days, as all the board members are very, very cautious."

"Of course, the committee members always have their own business to deal with." Cindy agreed with Lazar first, then she turned to Lucien with great surprise, "Wait, Mr. Evans' paper?"

Lazar nodded.

Both Cindy and Dona were more than surprised, "Mr. Evans, you learned arcana before?"

"I started studying arcana about a month ago," answered Lucien. "Although I did make some progress, this paper is from my past experience."

"I see..." Cindy nodded and smiled, "Although this paper, honestly speaking, is not very likely to pass the board's review, I'm sure the new magic can help you activate your arcana badge, Mr. Evans. And you're the first one I've ever seen who submitted his paper on his first day in the congress! Your name will be on my diary, for sure!"

"My pleasure." Lucien grinned, feeling quite relaxed.

A while later, Lazar pulled out his pocket watch and took a glance, "Evans, we should visit Mr. Eric now."

"Good luck," said the two girls.

...

In Eric's office.

"The result is not here yet. It seems that the board is pretty busy today," said Eric. who also felt a bit surprised, since in most cases, the review of an apprentice-level magic should not take more than twenty minutes.

Lazar was a bit worried, "Mr. Eric, can we wait here?"

"Help yourselves." Eric nodded, and then turned around and picked up a book to start working on his own business.

Lucien remained quite calm. He was quite confident that Bat Screaming had already passed the review, or the bad news should have arrived way sooner than this, and this meant that Lucien already had at least one arcana point.

The office was very quiet.

When there were only a few more minutes before the tower closed for the day, the cage lit up with white light again.

Eric put down his quill and stood up, "Finally, here they are."

When the white light disappeared, Eric got confused, "Why there're three folders?"

Then he picked up one and read, "Bat Screaming, apprentice level magic. According to Mr. Garfield and Mr. Jeffrey, this magic is groundbreaking, but the structure of the spell is still very

problematic. From the five aspects of judgement: level, theory, effectiveness, structure and meaning, three arcana credits and four arcana points were given."

Eric was very surprised. As he looked at Lucien, he murmured, "Groundbreaking? Three arcana credits? For an apprentice level spell...?"

Eric knew clearly that a new first circle spell could win a sorcerer two credits, and he well understood what did the word "groundbreaking" meant.

Lazar also repeated, feeling unreal, "Three arcana credits and four arcana points... with Evans' new spell?"

In contrast, Lucien stayed relatively calmer. He did not really understand how generous the reward was, and he was still waiting for the comment on his paper.

Eric took a quick but meaningful glance at Lucien, and then he handed the folder to Lazar, "Yes. Unbelievable as it is, it is true."

After Lazar read the document back and forth a couple of times, he looked at Lucien as if he never knew him, "Mimicking bats?"

"Yes," Lucien confirmed his question. "Mimicking bats to detect objects."

"Well... That's... That's very creative..." Lazar rubbed his forehead a bit. "I have to say that I'm feeling jealous now."

At this time, Eric opened the other two folders, and he looked totally stunned, "Here... are the results of the review of Evans' paper."

Lazar could not believe his ears, and there was also mixed facial expressions on Eric's face, as he thought of how he was treated when he submitted his very first arcana paper.

"Yes." Eric paused a bit and answered, "According to Mr. Garfield, this paper is groundbreaking, carefully-designed, insightful and impressive, and four arcana credits and six arcana points are suggested to be given to the author. Mr. Garfield also suggested the author to add extra words after his name for distinction."

Both Mr. Eric and Lazar were now looking at Lucien, since nothing like this ever happened before!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 189: The Choice of Journals

After taking a look at Lucien, Eric continued to read the comment, "As for Mr. Jeffrey, his comment is 'fascinating experiment design, cautious exploration and construction', and he also mentioned the insufficiency of your knowledge and some shortcomings in the new magic you created. However, Mr. Jeffrey said 'the purpose of the paper is not for showing how perfect this apprentice spell is, but for revealing other methods of application of sound wave, thus the paper is groundbreaking and insightful.'"

Lazar was also listening to the comment very carefully, and his eyes were shining with curiosity and excitement.

"However, it is undeniable that this paper still lacks depth of discussion, thus the paper might not be as sustainable as it could be. Of course, we must take the fact into consideration that the author's only a sorcerer with no arcana level, and what he has accomplished is already very impressive. At the same time, this paper demonstrates to us that non-magical creatures are also worth careful investigation'." Eric read the comment from Mr. Jeffrey slowly and clear, "What I have to point out here is that the author's way of thinking perfectly accords with the precious features of a real arcanist when conducting a study, which is: keen observation, bold hypothesis, careful experiment-design, rigorous analysis, reasonable inference and application. To my surprise, this author does not have any arcana level. In all respects, four arcana credits and four arcana points are recommended to be given to the author'."

"So what's the final result then?" asked Lazar eagerly. He looked even more excited than Lucien.

"Combining the two board members' judgements together, four arcana credits and five arcana points were given," answered Mr. Eric.

Compared to Mr. Garfield, Mr. Jeffrey appeared to be more detail-oriented, or say, very throughout, despite the fact that both of them made very similar comments.

Meanwhile, his detailed description also gave Eric and Lazar a rough idea of the subject of Lucien's arcana paper and his new magic.

"By studying the organs of bats, your paper discusses the role of high-frequency acoustic waves in locating and probing? Wow... That's something... although observing creatures is your strength since you follow ancient magic system. I also often study bats as well, but I never tried to focus on anything else except their flying behaviors." As a second circle sorcerer, when Lazar was trying to analyze one of the most important third circle spells, Fly, he observed most creatures that could fly, but never found anything like this. Honestly speaking, Lazar was very regretful.

However, Lazar also knew that this way of doing research was something that ancient sorcerers specialized in, so he still felt very happy for Lucien and sincerely embraced him, "Congratulations, Evans, you are the first person I have ever met that won so many arcana credits on the first day. I'm sure you'll have an arcana level very soon."

Many grand arcanists were able to get more than a hundred of arcana credits within one day because of their previous academic works, so getting seven credits in a day was nothing too surprising.

"Do you mind introducing your research to us a bit more in detail, Evans?" asked Lazar, "How did you develop your research based on those bats?"

Even Eric also turned around, feeling quite curious.

When Lucien was about to answer, Lazar joked, "Your paper has been reviewed by the board. Don't worry that we'll copy your work, haha. Besides, if your work is cited by someone else, you can earn more credits."

"It's actually not very complicated. Lazar, did you ever see bats flying in dark caves?" grinned Lucien, "But why they can do this without hitting anything in the darkness?"

In front of the two arcanists, Lucien's short explanation was already enough. Eric touched his half-bald head subconsciously and said, "The results of some arcana studies look very simple, but without keen observation and an arcanist's inquiring mind, they can never be found. I don't know how many times I may have missed a lot of opportunities to publish great papers."

Although Eric still doubted whether the new spell was actually invented by Lucien, or it was a unique spell invented by some ancient sorcerer from the ancient magic empire, no one could prove the fact.

"Wow... Lucien, that's really, really, something! Maybe I shall raise some small creatures in my place, haha, and who knows what I can find." Lazar was very impressed. Since Lucien did not try to hide his study from him, Lazar found Lucien even more trustworthy.

"As your paper is, like the two board members commented, 'groundbreaking', I'm sure you can publish your paper on a suitable journal. When more people start citing your paper, you can get way more arcana credits than what you have now," said Lazar excitedly to Lucien.

"That's right. About two or three months later after you publish your paper, you can look forward to getting more credits from other people's work, haha." Eric also found it pretty interesting, "If three months later, Evans, you haven't passed our arcana assessment to get the one basic arcana credit, you would be the first sorcerer who has more than ten arcana credits but no arcana level."

Hearing their comments, Lucien seized the chance and asked, "Then, which journal should I choose, Mr. Eric? Lazar? Personally speaking, I think the topic of my paper, sound wave, is quite limited, and maybe not many sorcerers would cite my work."

"That's right. Besides, after a period of time in which you can get a lot of credits, more and more sorcerers would start citing other people's paper that are developed based on your paper, but not your original paper anymore. You will still have some credits coming to you from this paper, but surely it'll get slower and more steady." Eric nodded, "If you want to have your paper to be cited more often, of course, Arcana and Magic, these two journals are the most influential ones in this magic world, but in most cases, they only publish the most important studies from the greatest arcanists, so probably they're not part of your choice by now."

Lucien nodded. He knew that Mr. Eric's suggestion was very reasonable.

"Then there are another forty-two different journals, including eleven journals belonging to different schools, seven sponsored by the divisions of the congress, three index journals, eighteen in the subdivision fields, three for junior arcanists. The other small ones have not been approved by the congress, and you will not get any arcana credits with them," explained Eric.

"I see. Can you be a bit more specific, Mr. Eric?" asked Lucien.

"Both Element and Holm Journal are very influential, but they're also very strict. Personally speaking, I won't recommend you to try these two, Evans, because your paper might not be important enough yet." As the director of Sorcerer Administrative Department, Eric analyzed carefully for Lucien.

"So I shall choose those ones in the subdivision fields?" Lucien tilted his head a bit.

"Sound Wave is obviously the most authoritative one for your paper among all of them, and it's still relatively influential. Common Arcana, while being more influential than Sound Wave, is also stricter with reviewing the papers." After pausing a bit, Eric continued, "If you send the paper to Arcana Discussion or Journal of Magic Research, the two comprehensive journals specifically for low-level arcanists, I'm sure that your paper would be published, but their influence is not that good at all. So, to conclude, to take risk or to play it safe, it all depends on yourself, Evans."

Lucien nodded sincerely, "I understand. Thank you for your detailed explanation, Mr. Eric."

"No worries. This is my responsibility." Eric's stubborn face had a bit of a smile on it, "It's almost six now. Evans, take your time to think about it tonight, and try to send the paper tomorrow before the journal is published this month."

Lazar also gave his suggestion, "I'd suggest Sound Wave. After all, it's the most authoritative one in this field."

"I hear you, Lazar. And I'll definitely think about it," responded Lucien. As he was saying, Lucien handed his arcana badge to Eric to activate it.

Taking over the badge, when Eric was just about to deal with it, he noticed the third folder in the cage which was ignored by all of them just now.

Confusedly, Eric opened the folder.

"What's in there, Mr. Eric?" asked Lazar curiously.

Holding the folder in his hands, Eric's face looked even more surprised than before. Turning around, Eric first took a deep breath and then said to Lucien, "Evans, Common Arcana wants to make an arrangement with you for your paper's contribution. If you're willing to send your paper to them, they promise that your paper would be among the first fifteen most important papers this month."

As a level three arcanist, Eric never received any contribution invitations, but only many rejection letters.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 190: More Invitations

Although Lazar had already felt shocked many times today, hearing Eric's words, he still could not help but look at Lucien as if he was looking at a monster, "Lucien, you know what does this mean? I bet you do not. Most arcanists below middle rank would never receive any contribution invitations, and of course, I'm one of them. Our arcana credits usually come from the board and most of us can never have seven credits in several years."

"I think I got really lucky here." Lucien wanted to remain humble.

"Come on... Lucky?! This doesn't have anything to do with luck, my friend." Lazar excitedly waved both of his hands, "This is the fourth year since I graduated from my school. Among the papers I've written, at least ten of them, only three of them passed the review of the board, and among the three, only one is published on Arcana Discussion... the last but one paper in that month's journal! I heard that only those geniuses could receive invitations like this, say, Mr. Ulysses or Mr. Felipe."

Although Lazar felt quite sorry for himself, he was not being sarcastic to Lucien at all. Definitely, he was a very nice friend.

Eric's mouth moved a bit as he tried to say something but quickly gave it up. He spent his twenty years on earning one hundred arcana credits and becoming a level three arcanist. Finally, he released a gentle sigh, "The word 'groundbreaking'... No wonder this journal just directly sent the invitation. Although the application significance of your paper is relatively limited, Evans, it's really something that your paper can win the word 'groundbreaking' from the board members. Every year, except the papers from those grand arcanists and senior-rank arcanists, less than ten papers can enjoy this praise."

"I see..." Lucien finally realized how important this key word was.

Lazar hid his a slighty discouraged look and said to Lucien excitedly while pulling his fingers to show his points, "Groundbreaking, breakthrough, extremely important, highly pervasive, worth of great discussion, these are the key words used by the board members to speak most highly of a paper. Of course, if your paper is commented as having the ability to change the times, then congratulations, Evans, you'd be one of the grand arcanists!"

When Lucien took over the folder from Mr. Eric, the bell started ringing and the light flashed in the cage again.

A new folder just arrived.

Eric picked up the folder, and when he opened it, his face looked a bit discouraged just like Lazar's face just now.

"Evans, you've got another contribution invitation, from Sound Wave," Eric said to Lucien, trying to stay calmer, "They promise the same thing, plus that they can recommend your paper to another three index journals."

Both Eric and Lazar felt that they could not be any more surprised now, as long as no invitation from Arcana or Magic was coming.

"Which one to choose, Lucien?" grinned Lazar, "I personally still suggest Sound Wave, as it is more professional, and they gave you a better offer."

"Thanks, Lazar, but I personally prefer Common Arcana." Lucien smiled, "And my reason's simple: Common Arcana was the first to send the invitation, and that means they value my research."

Lazar didn't quite agree with Lucien, but when he was about to say something, the bell rang crisply three times.

Eric took a look at Lucien's arcana badge in his hand and said to him, "Evans, we're off today, and I'm afraid you have to come back here tomorrow to activate your badge."

"Mr. Eric... Can I somehow still do it today?" asked Lucien a bit disappointedly, "I was planning to visit Common Arcana Library and Magic Exchange Office."

Eric shook his head, "Prospell and the other alchemical lives never work one extra minute unless they're asked by their masters. Even if you had your arcana badge today, you could not visit the two places since they're also closed now. Come tomorrow morning, and no worries, the credits and points are always yours."

Lazar nodded, "Let's go for dinner, Evans. In most cases, those alchemical lives are quite lazy." As he was saying, he quickly took a glance at the shining wall and added, "Of course, they can be very productive and diligent when necessary. By the way, remember to follow the suggestion and add an extra letter behind your name for distinction, Lucien."

"I see. Good evening then, Mr. Eric." Lucien slightly bowed and put back his unactivated arcana badge on his clothes.

...

In the hall of Sorcerer Administrative Department, when Cindy and Dona were about to leave, they saw Lazar and Evans walking out of Mr. Eric's office.

"Congra... Eh? Mr. Evans, why your arcana badge hasn't been..." asked Cindy, but she quickly stopped herself since she did not want to embarrass Mr. Evans.

"No, no, no..." Lazar, as Lucien's friend, felt very proud and started showing off, "Our dear Mr. Evans is the first sorcerer ever whose arcana paper was approved by the board on the day he arrived at Allyn, the first sorcerer who got the comment 'groundbreaking' with his first arcana paper, the first sorcerer who have received two contribution invitations from two major journals with his very first arcana paper..."

There were so many "first" in Lazar's words, that Cindy and Dona almost could not believe their ears.

The girls' eyes were shining with admiration. "Mr. Evans, you'll definitely be in our diaries today!"

Cindy also added, "Mr. Evans, we're looking forward to reading your paper. And, again, please don't forget us when you become a middle-rank sorcerer, haha."

"What about we celebrate for Mr. Evans a bit tonight?" suggested Dona.

"If the ladies don't mind, I want to invite you two to have dinner with us." Lucien smiled. He would like to have more friends in Allyn.

"Of course! We're more than happy to go." Cindy nodded excitedly, "By the way, Mr. Evans, as you've already gained seven arcana credits, why hasn't your badge been activated yet?"

"Ha, Mr. Eric was so shocked by Lucien's accomplishment that he forgot to do it." Lazar laughed, "When he realized it, the other people were already gone for the day."

"Wow... It's hard to imagine Mr. Eric with a shocked face..." the two girls giggled.

When they were waiting for the ladies to go for dinner together, Lazar looked at Lucien and said,

"Lucien, among all the comments you just got, you know which one I felt most jealous of?"

"Um... Groundbreaking?" answered Lucien unsure.

"No..." Lazar shook his head slightly and looked a bit depressed, "It is the comment with regards to your arcanist way of thinking. In all the papers I've sent and got rejected, the board members kept telling me that my way of thinking is problematic and not rigorous enough as an arcanist."

"Reading more and thinking more can improve one's way of thinking, for sure." Lucien comforted Lazar, "If you don't mind, I can do proof-reading for you, you know, for peer reviewing."

"That'll be awesome! Thanks, man!" Lazar cheered up again, "But no worries, my next paper won't be there in two or even three months. Ah... by the way, when the apprentice assessment is done tomorrow, your teaching task will be half done, and you need to consider how to plan your life here. Well, think about what you're going to do tonight, and I will give you some suggestions as well tomorrow, when we go to the Task Zone together."

Lucien nodded seriously. His most important target now was to catch up with other people in arcana.

After the four people enjoyed grilled fish and fries, the traditional cuisine of Holm, Lucien spent the night in a nice hotel recommended by Lazar, where Lucien had a good night's sleep.

...

Early the next morning, Lazar met Lucien in the hotel and went to Apprentice Assessment Department with him.

"There you are, Mr. Evans!" As soon as Lucien stepped into zone three, Lucien heard Heidi and Layria's cheerful voice. With some books in their hands, they were excitedly looking at Lucien, and before Lucien came, they were still busy with reviewing the exercises.

"Good morning, Mr. Evans," greeted Annick. He scratched his yellow hair a bit with a happy smile on his face.

"Morning, and good luck to you all," said Lucien. All of a sudden he felt like playing a joke, "Just relax. If you three cannot pass the test, I can give you more exercises, so no worries."

"Well... Thanks, Mr. Evans, but we think we're fine here." The three apprentices shook their heads together, looking quite cute.

At this time, Simeon walked out of the office and clapped his hands, "All the apprentices, come in for the assessment."

Looking at Lucien and his three apprentices arrogantly, Sprint had a confident look on his face, as he was sure that he could perform way better than the three who received some special but useless training.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Katrina was also staring at Sprint. She told herself that this time she must beat Sprint in the assessment.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 191: Magic Schools

Sprint also took a glance at Katrina, and then walked into the assessment room without saying anything.

Early when they were in Sturk, and also when they were on the dangerous ship, Katrina and Sprint never stopped their competition. Often they would throw tricky questions to each other, and when they had chances to practice casting spells, they would always see who was faster. As it was Sprint who always won the games, Katrina often got quite unhappy.

Seeing Sprint's attitude, Katrina stamped her foot a bit and then got in the room with a snort.

"Relax." Lucien lifted his chin a bit to point at the room.

Annick nodded seriously, "Yes, Mr. Evans."

Then he left with Layria and Heidi together a bit nervously.

Lazar, with his hands in the pockets of his double-breasted coat, smiled, "Lucien, are they the three apprentices you taught? How's their study?"

"They just started studying arcana a bit more than a month ago, and I can't brag that they've learned a lot from me. I just let them get through a lot of repetitious exercises to help them get the most basic parts done as solid as possible, and thus they can learn arcana and magic easier in the future." Lucien replied casually, having no worries at all with the assessment, since he knew that his students were already way more prepared than their peers.

"Repetitious exercises? That doesn't sound very appealing at all." Lazar grinned, "Aren't you afraid of killing their creativity?"

"Creativity is for geniuses, and these children are not," answered Lucien directly. "Relying on something they don't really have can only bring them disappointment. The only way out for them is to work hard, and the only thing they shall rely on is their perseverance." Although Lucien was still smiling, his voice sounded serious, "They shall obtain the arcanist's way of thinking by these repetitious exercises, and these exercises can lay a solid knowledge foundation for them."

Lazar was only chatting, not debating, so he just tilted his head a bit and said, "You're also very suitable for being a teacher, Lucien."

Lucien thought to himself that this was how he learned to be a student in his original world, then, very quickly he switched the topic, "Do you have many of the same black coats like this, Lazar? Why do I feel that you never change your clothes?"

Lazar laughed, "Come on, this coat is my magic robe! Don't tell me that in your mind only that type of robes with gloomy hoods can be called magic robes! We have all kinds of styles, say, formal, casual, coats, dresses... as long as you're willing to pay."

"How much is a level two magic robe? Honestly speaking, I don't have any yet," asked Lucien a bit excitedly.

"Paeon of Night," Lazar pointed at his own coat, "Level two medium rank, two hundred Thales or arcana points, from Wasim's, good price, good quality, good reputation."

Lucien was amused by Lazar's words, and then quickly calculated the money he still had so far, "I only have sixty Thales and nine points right now... By the way, Lazar, is it right that one arcana point equals one Thale?"

When Lucien was traveling around, he treated himself pretty well.

"That's right," Lazar nodded, "but when you upgrade to a higher level, you'll know that arcana points actually have a much wider use than Thales. According to these greedy bankers, the points is guaranteed by the congress' own credit. It took me a long time to save the money for the robe, but fortunately, it is not hard for a sorcerer to find a job to make some money, and you can probably make ten Thales or arcana points a month, plus some extra income from other people learning your magic... So I'd say you can buy a robe like this within two years or so."

"I see. Definitely, two years is still a long time," said Lucien.

"I can lend you some. I still have the thirty points from submitting my new spell." said Lazar, "I know you will definitely pay me back, as you're such a talented sorcerer, and I'm sure that lots of people will want to learn your new apprentice level spell."

"Thank you for your generosity, Lazar." Lucien smiled and said sincerely, "I still have some materials that I can sell for some money."

Lucien was thinking of the precious Wave Stones that he got from the murloc.

"I really envy you, Lucien," said Lazar honestly. "Sorcerers who follow the ancient magic system more or less often have some materials or magic items."

Time went by quickly as Lucien and Lazar were chatting casually outside of the assessment room. Soon, the door of the room suddenly opened and Heidi showed up cheerfully,

"The assessment's so easy, Mr. Evans!"

Following Heidi, Layria also came out of the room and agreed, "Yes, way easier than the exercises we did!"

"Good to hear it." Lucien smiled and nodded, "What about you, Annick?"

"Not bad..." Annick was smiling shyly as he scratched his hair a bit as usual, "Many thanks to you, Mr. Evans."

"Maybe you guys ignored some traps there in the assessment, and that's why the test looked so easy to you three." One apprentice following them commented unhappily, "How do you feel, Sprint?"

Sprint looked less confident now, "Most of the questions are okay, but some are quite challenging... I'm not sure."

"I feel the same way..." Hearing Sprint's answer, Katrina was a bit more relaxed. She thought it was her own problem that she felt quite challenged during the assessment.

"It's really difficult... My head hurts..." agreed the other apprentices.

"Sprint, how did you analyze and construct the apprentice spell, Spectre Strike?" Seeing the door of the assessment room was closed again, Katrina asked after a bit of hesitation.

"I tried to..." Since Sprint was also quite uncertain with this one, he did not try to hide his own answer but to check it with Katrina.

More apprentices joined them to check the answers together, and they started discussing heatedly.

However, both Heidi and Layria felt quite confused, as they truly felt that the assessment was not hard at all.

Soon Annick, Heidi and Layria also joined the other apprentices, leaving Lucien and Lazar looking at them discussing energetically on the other side of the corridor with smiles on their faces.

When the apprentices finished checking all the answers, it was already close to ten thirty. All of them stopped talking and were waiting for the result.

It was completely quiet in the corridor.

At this time, the door of the assessment room slowly opened. Staring at the door, all the apprentices looked very nervous.

There was a folder in Simeon's hands, and he said seriously, "I'm now reading the result of the assessment."

All of the apprentices held their breath, including Annick, Layria and Heidi who thought the test was quite easy.

"The first group, for those apprentices who have a solid foundation of arcana knowledge, qualified spiritual power level and spell casting ability, we have: Annick, Layria and Heidi. The three apprentices' strength is in Astrology and Element."

"What?! That's impossible..." The other apprentices were stunned, "How come it's not Sprint and Katrina?!"

Both Sprint and Katrina's faces suddenly turned pale, as they never thought that they would be beaten by Annick, Heidi, and Layria, and they were hoping that this was just a mistake.

However, Simeon said seriously to them, "If any of you don't believe it, feel free to discuss basic arcana questions with them."

No apprentice dared doubt Simeon. Remaining silent, they reluctantly accepted the result. At the same time, many turned around and looked at Lucien, feeling rather regretful out of different reasons.

"Then the second group, for those apprentices who have a relatively good foundation of arcana knowledge, qualified spiritual power level and spell casting ability, we have: Sprint, Katrina and Olmos. Sprint and Katrina's strength is in Force, Electromagnetics and Element, and Olmos's in Summoning and Necromancy."

As Simeon was reading the results, some apprentices felt cheerful and some quite upset. In the end, Simeon announced,

"Annick, Layria, Heidi, Sprint and Katrina will be studying in Douglas, Olmos in Allyn, ..." Based on the assessment result, Simeon assigned the apprentices to different schools. All of the schools were in Allyn, and no one needed to go to schools in other counties or even countries.

When they were following Simeon to the office for the admission procedures, something suddenly came to Layria. She looked at Lucien emotionally and asked with her black eyes grew moist, "Mr. Evans, are you gonna stay in Allyn? Can we still see you again?"

There was also tears welling up in both Heidi's and Annick's eyes.

"I think I will stay in Allyn for quite a long time, as long as there's nothing else emergent." Lucien smiled, "I'll visit you three when I'm free."

"Awesome!" Heidi and Layria hugged each other and laughed, with still a bit of tears in their eyes.

Annick also grinned, but he looked aside, trying to hide his emotion.

Following Lucien and the three apprentices, Sprint remained all the way silent. After all the apprentices entered the office, Katrina suddenly bowed to Lucien, "I'm sorry."

Then she quickly ran into the office, leaving Lucien no chance to say anything.

"It's so nice to be young," Lazar sighed with emotion.

...

After getting all the remaining procedures done, Lucien got the certificate from Simeon showing that his teaching job had been finished.

Then Lucien and Lazar headed for Sorcerer Administrative Department together.

"By the way, Lucien," asked Lazar, "Any idea which word to put behind your name for your paper?"

"Lucien Evans X." Lucien smiled.

The letter "X" could be mysterious, and it was also the initial of Lucien's original name.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 192: The Task

"Umm... Sounds like a mysterious and vicious bastard, haha." As they were getting closer and closer, Lazar joked.

Lucien said with a pretended cunning smile, "Someday, when I do something big that can shock the whole magic world, I should leave a bloody X on the scene."

"That sounds cool!" Lazar waved his fist a bit, "That reminds me of the mysterious Professor who left the bloody letters when he killed the traitor."

Lucien's face hardened a bit nervously and he quickly started talking about the famous shops in Allyn.

This time, in the Sorcerer Administrative Department, Lucien successfully activated his arcana badge. There were seven silver dots shining on the black badge, looking rather mysterious.

Right now this badge did not have any magic effects, but Lucien was told that, when he became a middle-rank arcanist, his arcana badge would be enchanted with a spell, and one more when he upgraded to senior-rank, and the same would be done to his magic badge.

"So an 'X' after your name?" asked Eric, watching Lucien putting his arcana badge in front of his left chest.

Lucien nodded seriously, "Yes. Anything else, Mr. Eric?"

"Nothing but to remind you to settle down in Allyn as soon as possible and then leave me your contact information. By the way, when you respond to Common Arcana, you'd better leave your address and contact information as well for further touch," said Eric casually. Then, he turned around and said to someone who was knocking at the office door, "Come in."

Seeing Eric was rather busy, Lucien and Lazar hurriedly bowed to him and left his office.

"Mr. Eric's got so many things to do..." Lucien looked back at Eric's office and said.

As if Lazar just heard a joke, he laughed, "Of course he's got so many things to do, after all, he only works two days a week for fourteen hours."

"Only two days? Then what about the rest of his time?" asked Lucien, surprised.

"He can study magic, do experiments, or anything he wants to do," Lazar shrugged, "and the job, as the director of the department, can still bring him thirty Thales or arcana points a month. That's why we have ten directors in Sorcerer Administrative Department, but only middle-rank sorcerers can have the opportunity to get the job."

Lucien of course longed for this job, "It's for sure a perfect job that pays well with very small amount of work."

"If the job wasn't like this, no middle-ranked sorcerer would be willing to do the tedious and troublesome work. After all, the main target for every sorcerer is to learn magic and arcana to enhance their strength, instead of dealing with those office documents. Only those who don't want make any progresses would indulge themselves in wealth." At a young age, Lazar was rather ambitious, and thus he looked down upon the sorcerers who contented with things such as those.

Then Lazar looked more serious. "What's your recent plan, Lucien? Studying arcana or accepting tasks to make more money?"

"I'd like to spend some time on studying arcana and doing experiments." In the past year, Lucien was fed up with his precarious living.

"Then I suggest you choose to work for the magic schools." Lazar nodded.

"Why?" asked Lucien, as he was planning not to do any work but focus on his study before he upgraded to a second circle sorcerer.

"Well... Since your teaching task is actually only half done," Lazar grinned, leaning his back against the wall casually, "later you need to choose one task out of two: One is that you can teach two apprentices to help them become senior apprentices, and the other is that you can work for a magic school. The difference is that the former won't bring you any money, but the latter can bring you salary. Besides, as long as there are six of the students in the class who become senior apprentices, your job's done."

"I see..." Lucien nodded thoughtfully, "It seems that I don't really have a choice."

"No, you don't." Lazar crossed his arms casually, "And am I right that you only have sixty Thales and nine arcana points right now?"

"Yup, that's right," answered Lucien honestly.

"Although that's a huge amount of money for a common person, for us sorcerers," Lazar shook his index finger to Lucien, "it's nothing. Being a sorcerer basically means burning money."

"I know many materials are very expensive." Lucien agreed.

"Yes, and it's also way more than that. You know what? In Allyn, you need money to borrow books in the libraries, to rent meditation rooms, to do experiments, to analyze spells. Everything costs your money, and when you upgrade to a higher level, you gotta spend much more, say, maybe one summoning could cost you sixty Thales."

"Once I heard a saying - 'Without enough money, one cannot become a great sorcerer'." Lucien touched his forehead a bit and said, "Fortunately, we can still make money."

"That's right. So, in addition to accepting tasks, adventuring or making magic items to make money, the congress also provides us with two ways. One is earning arcana points, which you already know. The higher your level is, the cheaper you can buy or rent many things." Lazar then put on an admiring look, "The second is that several arcanists or sorcerers can together put forward a research proposal to the congress. If the idea passes the review of Magic Research Board, they could get lots of arcana points. However, those research projects are often led by senior-rank arcanists."

The corner of Lucien's lips twitched a bit and he thought to himself, "We also have research fundings here?"

Lazar continued, "So, for us junior-rank sorcerers, if you don't want to take too much of a risk, you want to either find a good mentor or find a good job. Among the jobs, working for a magic school is the best option."

"How's the salary then?" Lucien wondered why Lazar spoke so highly of this job.

"You can work only twenty hours a week in a magic school as a teacher, and that's ten classes. Although the salary is only ten points a month, you can feel free to arrange the rest of your time. Moreover, you can use the labs and the libraries of the school for free, and you can also get some free experiment materials."

"Wow..." Lucien was actually a bit of a money-grubber. Hearing Lazar's words, Lucien was a bit excited, and what made him excited the most was definitely the free use of the labs and the libraries.

"But get real... Why anyone would save such a good job for me..." said Lucien a bit hopeless.

"Come on, my friend." Lazar patted Lucien on his shoulder, "You're not a nobody. You just earned seven arcana credits the first day you came here, and you have the word 'groundbreaking' on your paper! Although every year some arcanists and sorcerers would go to some remote areas to teach the apprentices there, I don't think you want to leave Allyn this soon, do you?"

"Definitely not." Lucien shook his head, "You're right, Lazar. I gotta try my best to get myself in one of the five magic schools in Allyn. By the way, Lazar, is there any mandatory task for us from the congress?"

Lucien was thinking of what he had heard from the Hand of Paleness.

"Yes, there's one every year," answered Lazar, "but for us junior-rank sorcerers, there are only mandatory teaching tasks for us, after all, the congress wants us to grow powerful first. Even when we become middle-rank sorcerers, we can still replace the tasks that are too risky for us with some new ones as long as we're willing to pay."

Lucien felt more relieved now, "That's not bad."

...

Zone five, Task Zone.

The zone consisted of rows of silver-gray metal counters, and behind each counter there was a dark green screen, showing all kinds of tasks from the congress, sorcerers, nobles or merchants.

Looking around, there was only one counter available right now. Behind the counter sat an ordinary-looking, middle-aged lady.

Seeing Lucien and Lazar walking towards the counter, the lady asked emotionlessly, "New task or get your pay?"

"I've finished my task." Lucien handed the certificate and the magic badge to the lady.

After quickly checking the certificate, the lady wrote several words on the paper and then she put Lucien's badge on the magic circle on the right side.

After the flashing light disappeared, there was a piece of parchment on the magic circle - the parchment used in the congress had been specially processed for magic transmission.

Taking a quick look, the lady said coldly to him, "Lucien Evans, your task is only half done. For the second part, do you want to teach the apprentices chosen by the congress, or teach in the remote areas?"

As she was saying, she took out a pile of basic magic and arcana books and started reading.

"I want to work for one of the five magic schools in Allyn, Madam." Lucien remained polite.

The middle-aged lady rolled her eyes and said directly, "Don't waste my time. Please make a choice."

"Am I forbidden from applying for the job?" Although her attitude wasn't nice at all, Lucien still insisted.

"No," the lady gave Lucien a glance, "but you're a sorcerer following the ancient magic system, and you just arrived here yesterday, there's no chance for you to get this job. Please make a choice, or I'll call the security."

"Ms. Lawette, you'd better help Lucien with the application process, or I'll complain to Affairs Committee about your misconduct!" Even Lazar felt quite pissed off.

Hearing Lazar's words, Lawette twitched her mouth impatiently and said, "All right, if you want to waste your time, go ahead."

Then she took out a form and a quill and handed them to Lucien.

After Lucien wrote down all of his basic information, with a second thought, he put the specific comment of his paper on the form as well.

If he was trying, he must try his best.

When Lucien was writing, Lawette urged him quite a few times. When she got Lucien's application form, her face looked quite surprised in an unhappy way, "You'd better be honest with what you write, or you'd be severely punished."

"Feel free to check my arcana badge," answered Lucien poker-faced, and he handed his arcana badge to Lawette.

Lawette saw the seven silver dots on the badge, and she felt shocked.

Ten minutes later after she sent Lucien's application information to the office, the result was back.

After a quick glance at the document, Lawette's face turned purple with disappointment and embarrassment.

Taking over the document from Lawette, Lucien saw the result, "Based on the schools you specialize in, Mr. Evans, we are honored to have you in Douglas."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 193: The Expensive Books

In the metallic silver hall of the congress tower, Lazar had been laughing for quite a while, and he said to Lucien, "Hahaha... Did you see Ms. Lawette's face? It was purple! Purple! Haha..." Lazar's

own face was now red from laughing too hard, "It's just like... like a hundred arcana credits were given to her but, in the next minute, the credits were taken away again because it was given to the wrong person, haha... You know how many people don't like her? Haha..."

"I just don't really get it," said Lucien, smiling. "Why did she want to give us a hard time? I mean, she didn't have to."

"Ms. Lawette is one of those sorcerers that I mentioned before who did not want to make any progresses anymore in their lives. Those people hate other people who are still striving for a better life." Lazar gently patted his chest to calm himself down. "I hope I won't be like this in my sixties."

"We can try." Lucien laughed. "It's quite hard for me to imagine you with Ms. Lawette's disgruntled look on your face, Lazar."

"Try what? How?" Lazar was confused.

"You can lend me your thirty arcana points, and I'll try my best to not pay you back, haha." Lucien joked, "Let's see if you can still be this patient with me."

Lazar rolled his eyes at Lucien, "Come on, thirty points to you is nothing. By the way, you're going to meet your students again, and that's quite nice, isn't it?"

Among the five magic schools in Allyn, Douglas ranked the best magic school, whose strength was in the school of Force, Electromagnetics, Astrology, and Element. Following Douglas were the two schools named Allyn and Pesancho. The former was known for its subjects of Necromancy and Summoning, and the latter was good at teaching Transformation and Illusion. Besides these schools, Trident was the school known for their researches in the latest three magic fields: Electromagnetics, Thermodynamics, and Light-darkness, and many students who wanted to study Alchemy, Element or Thermodynamics would also go to Alborg.

Of course, the schools all provided courses covering all the fields, despite the fact that each had its own strength.

"It's surely nice, however, I need to buy a storage bag first, which means spending money. Right now, spending money doesn't make me happy," answered Lucien.

"Then our next destination, Wasim!" said Lazar cheerfully.

...

"Level three storage bag, mass produced, middle-ranked, 'Shrink' enchanted. You can shrink and store your belongings to one sixteenth of its original size in this bag with only twenty percent of its weight. Magic wave covered. Four hundred arcana points," introduced the owner of the store.

Lucien's heart was bleeding. This bag just cost him three Wave Stones, fifty-eight Thales and six arcana points, and right now the palm-sized pouch was already half filled with Lucien's books, notes and materials.

Seeing Lucien's desperate look, Lazar comforted him, "Come on, my friend, stop feeling heartbroken. If it wasn't from mass production, you probably need to spend a thousand arcana points on a level three storage bag! Before, this bag was way more expensive. Besides, the bag is a must to you, and you're not wasting your money."

Lucien nodded, but still felt that he just suffered a great loss.

"By the way, next time when I need Wave Stone, can I buy some from you with a bit lower price?" Lazar tried to distract Lucien, "Anyway, when your paper is published, I'm sure lots of people will cite your paper to improve your spell. At that time, you'll have lots of arcana points, trust me."

"Lazar... Is your magic robe also from mass production?" asked Lucien.

"Forget about mass production..." Lazar was amused, "Where shall we go next then?"

"Library! Basic Arcana Library!" Lucien suddenly cheered up.

...

"What?! Pay before read?!" asked Lucien, feeling shocked.

The old librarian grinned, "You are still too young and naive, boy. Soon after the library was built, many sorcerers with great spiritual power and memory were coming here to memorize the books in the library. Later they even created some tricky magic circles to copy the books here. Everyone knows knowledge is wealth, and no one can get knowledge for free."

Although the librarian's hair was half white and was pretty short, he was still a good-looking man with graceful manners. However, Lucien did not like him at all.

"But... But if I don't glance the books over first, how do I know these are the books that I'm looking for?" Lucien was still trying.

"I've been hearing this all the time, young man," the short librarian waved his index finger a bit in front of Lucien's face, "always the same reason."

Then the librarian knocked the magic circle, and smoke puffed out of it. A well-built man with naked chest appeared in the air, wearing black soft hair.

"Alex, Djinn of Basic Arcana Library, an alchemical life with great memory," introduced the librarian. "Tell him what kind of knowledge you want, and Alex can tell you what books you need and where they are, even including abstracts."

"Welcome, Alex is at your service," greeted the Djinn.

"Then... How much to borrow a book?" Lucien tried to stay calm.

"The library's only available to sorcerers from the congress. You need to pay ten Nars to keep a book for seven days."

"Ten Nars?" Lucien almost burst out that this was robbery. In Aalto, he could spend only one or two Nars to buy a thick book.

"Such a pity..." The old librarian shook his head, "Today's young men don't understand how precious knowledge is anymore. Back in the old days..."

"All right, all right..." Lazar rubbed his head a bit, "Any other ways for borrowing books?"

"If you're willing to pay two arcana points in advance, you can borrow up to forty books in a month, the same seven days for each book," said Alex. "We receive arcana points only in this case."

Obviously, the congress was encouraging sorcerers to use arcana points.

Lucien nodded, and then handed his badge to the librarian, "Forty books a month, then."

After taking away two points from Lucien's badge using a magic circle, the librarian said to Lucien seriously, "You're a sorcerer, so never be cheap with books and experiment materials. If you want to save money, save it by buying less magic items."

Lucien nodded, as he knew that this was a sincere suggestion.

Then he turned to Alex, "May I know what are the most cutting-edge research papers on soul and human body study?"

Alex thought a bit and answered, "A Few Thoughts about Soul as the Carrier of Consciousness, from Vicente Miranda, grand arcanist."

"Discussion about Elements Consisting of Soul and Special Electromagnetic Wave, from Vicente Miranda, grand arcanist.

...

"Why Regeneration is Possible: Analysis and Simulation of Mechanisms of Cytothesis, from Felipe, level four arcanist."

"Felipe?" Lucien was surprised as to how advanced Felipe's research was. However, on a second thought, under the lead of the grand arcanist, Vicente Miranda, and with the solid knowledge foundation of the study of human body and magic creatures, the birth of such pioneering work was still reasonable.

This world was still different from Lucien's original world, or say, this world was even more advanced in a sense.

"The paper shocked the whole congress. Mr. Felipe also earned great reputation with this paper and thus became a level four arcanist and one of the most promising sorcerers in the Hand of Paleness," said Lazar in awe.

Lucien nodded. At first he thought Felipe was too arrogant, but now he realized that Felipe was for sure talented and very competitive.

Later, Lucien borrowed the two issues of Arcana and one issue of Magic, which published the papers mentioned by Alex, and another three books about the basic knowledge regarding soul.

Then he asked, "Mr. Alex, please help me to find the papers that determine the different natures of all the current existing elements, as well as the papers explaining the connections between some of the elements."

"I'd suggest you to start from reading the papers about redefining elements, Lucien," said Lazar confusedly. "It's the basic part in arcana of the school of Element, right?"

"I hear you, Lazar. As you said, as an elemental sorcerer, I absolutely need to carefully read all the fundamental papers, and I'll also borrow the corresponding books. At the same time, I also want to know the basic nature of each element and what's going on in this field lately, for the convenience of my future research and study."

"I see. You know what you're doing, my friend." Lazar nodded. Then he started considering which book he should borrow for himself.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 194: Wonderful World

This time, the Djinn did not give Lucien the list immediately. Pausing a bit, Alex asked, "Mr. Evans, what about those papers published but later proved wrong, and some assumption papers?"

"Of course, all of them." Lucien nodded, "Failure is also something precious that I can learn from."

"Ha... If that's what you want," said the old librarian, "or if you just want to have an overall impression of the development of the school of Element, I'd recommend you History of Element, edited every ten years by the grand arcanists. Similarly, we also have History of Necromancy, History of Astrology... and History of Arcana and Magic."

At the same time, Alex's book list was also ready, "History of Element, from the highest council.

"New System of Element, from Yaroran Hathaway Hoffenberg, grand arcanist.

"Atom - Molecule, from Oliver Constantine, grand arcanist.

"Several Ways to Measure Atomic Weight and the Latest Atomic Chart, Octave in Elements, from Fernando Brastar, grand arcanist.

"Multiple Relationship Identified in Magic Potion Experiments, Spiral Rule in Elements, from Ravendi, level nine arcanist.

"The Common Features Shared by Some Metallic Elements and the Application, from Gaston, level seven arcanist.

...

"Common Rules among Elements and Assumptions, from Ulysses, level four arcanist.

"Comparison of Mythril and Silver and the Measurements, from Timothy, level four arcanist.

...

"The Nature of a New Element - Mo, from Meredith, level four arcanist."

...

The papers presented in the list were not all the latest, but the most relevant according to Lucien's requirements. Several papers were done many years ago.

"Paper from Mr. Ulysses." Lucien looked back and said to Lazar.

"Not surprising at all." Lazar's words were filled with admiration, "Mr. Ulysses wrote this paper when he was only a level one arcanist. Although his theory of elements' characters has been overthrown by further study, this paper was still a great shock at that time. Mr. Ulysses is very creative and good at thinking out of the box, and his spirit of exploration has inspired many elemental sorcerers, including Mr. Brastar and Mr. Ravendi. If it weren't because Ms. Hathaway was exploring the secret dimension, she might have become one of them as well."

"But from the name of the papers and books, I see nothing really about the shared law among all the elements." Lucien put forward his question.

"Because all of these theories have failed." The librarian cut in seriously, "Since spectral analysis was introduced, more than ten new elements have been discovered. And they have also overthrown all the assumptions or theories put forward previously by many arcanists. For more details, you can find them in the books recommended. Young man, this is a serious topic."

"That's right," said Lazar, feeling quite sorry. "Even the theory of Octave put forward by Mr. Brastar failed as well. Later, Mr. Brastar switched to another research direction in studying electromagnetic wave, and this announced the failure of the exploration of the shared law among elements. Right now, study in this field is still suspended."

"Any reflections on the failure, then?" asked Lucien.

"There are. Some arcanists argue that not enough elements have been discovered so far, including Mr. Ravendi, and many junior or middle-ranked arcanists insist that there are no laws among the elements."

"What about Mr. Ulysses?" asked Lucien curiously. After all, this genius sorcerer was the first one who started exploring this field.

"No much progresses from Mr. Ulysses as well." Lazar frowned, "People say that he's probably changing his research interest."

"Perseverance is important to an arcanist," interrupted the old librarian.

Feeling a bit annoyed, Lucien quickly glanced at the librarian's chest to see what level this librarian was of.

Surprisingly, there was nothing at all in front of the old man's chest, no name, no arcana or magic badge.

"My robe isn't bad, right?" The old librarian said proudly, "I know, red is quite eye-catching, haha!"

Lucien rolled his eyes again, and then directly ignored the librarian. He wondered whether this world was truly different from his original world, or the laws just still had not been discovered. To figure this out, Lucien needed to go read all the papers first.

In the end, Lucien borrowed thirty-eight books in total.

"You sure you want to borrow this many, Lucien?" Walking out of the library together, Lazar asked.

"I'm gonna be working in Douglas soon, and I'll spend most of my time on teaching and on my own study. In a month, I probably won't come back to the congress again, so I want to use magic circles to copy these books first. By the way, Lazar, did you notice that the librarian wasn't wearing any badges?" asked Lucien.

Douglas was on the southeast edge of the city, remote and quiet. It would take one about half an hour to get to the congress's magic tower from the school.

"Yes, so I pulled you arm a bit in the library to remind you to be a bit more restrained when you were talking with him. Quite possibly, the old librarian was a member of some certain board, as only sorcerers of this level can walk around and control alchemical lives with no badges. And these senior-level sorcerers... some of them are a bit weird."

Lucien felt the librarian was very weird.

Seeing that Lucien did not respond, Lazar thought his friend was worrying about money, so he smiled, "Actually, borrowing books from library is not the only way to pursue knowledge, as sorcerers would secretly exchange books they have themselves, as long as you can fit yourself in some sorcerer circles. Even if you don't have the books other people want, you can still buy copies with a lower price."

"Really?" Lucien felt quite curious, "The congress won't prohibit them from doing it?"

"Why do you think the library is so expensive?" Lazar grinned, "Actually, the congress encourages sorcerers to exchange their knowledge personally, so more great ideas can thus be inspired. I happen to have two friends who probably would like to exchange books with you in Douglas, and I'll introduce you to them."

"What are their names?" asked Lucien gratefully.

"Both of them are level one arcanists, one's name is Jerome, a second circle sorcerer studying Astrology and Element, and the other's name is Rock, a second circle elemental sorcerer. Rock's a bit weird, and he's applying for a funny project right now. As for Jerome, he's quite introvert. Several years ago, when he was pursuing miss Vera, he talked about Astrology and chemical reactions."

"Poor guy..." Lucien felt very sorry for this Jerome guy.

"Haha, you know what? They're married now, and they're very sweet." Lazar laughed.

"What?" Lucien was surprised.

"You come from the other side of the ocean, Lucien." Lazar explained, still laughing, "For girls here in Holm, nothing's more romantic than magic, Astrology, Element and destiny. And a person who studies these things is very likely to be wealthy and influential."

"What a wonderful world." Lucien sighed with emotion. Then he said to Lazar, "You want to go with me to get some experiment materials? I want to follow the papers to do some experiments."

"Sure." Lazar responded casually, "By the way, there's a guy whose name's also Lucien Evans teaching in Douglas. He added a 'K' in his name."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 195: Donald's Reminder

The next morning, when the warm sun was shining in the sky, a carriage was driving down a remote road toward a large building in a dark green forest.

"Lucien, when you're done with the procedures, I'll introduce you to Jerome and Rock, and then you'll be able to exchange your books with them," Lazar, still wearing his black long coat, looked out of the window and stared at the green trees, "but you have to remember that you can't exchange spells with any sorcerer, unless that spell is over a hundred years old. Although learning

magic or arcana can be very secret, and the congress also encourages sorcerers to exchange their knowledge, but if no purchase record can be found with the new magic you use in public, you'd be in big trouble. You'll need to either pay hundreds of times more money, or even stay in jail for ten years, and your corresponding memory will also be erased."

Lucien nodded. "I see. Thanks, man. I really appreciate all the help you've offered me."

At the same time, in Lucien mind, he felt that this strategy adopted by the congress was very smart. Since one's earning of arcana points relied largely on how many times his or her paper was cited, ideas and knowledge exchanging between sorcerers could give every sorcerer better chance to get their papers to be more influential. However, new spells were different, as they directly meant power, and needed to be protected carefully.

"No worries, after all, we are friends, aren't we?" Lazar waved his hands casually and smiled, "Actually almost every influential group has a few unique spells that have never been submitted to the board, including us, the Will of Elements. Our group and Holm Royal Magic Academy jointly own a legendary magic, Element Breakdown, which is created by the grand arcanist, Hathaway Hoffenberg. If you join our group, when you become a ninth circle sorcerer, you can buy this magic and try to analyze it, and that will definitely bring you lots of benefit when you want to upgrade to a legendary level."

Lazar was promoting his group obviously, and he got a bit excited. In his eyes, Lucien was a very promising sorcerer.

"I will think about it..." said Lucien thoughtfully.

Actually, because of Natasha, Lucien did not mind joining the Will of Element at all, so even if one day his identity as Professor was exposed, he still had a powerful group backing himself up, however, on the other hand, Lucien was also very interested in studying soul, since this was a world where soul did really exist.

And, if Lucien was going to join the Will of Element, he wanted to enjoy more attention from the group, instead of becoming one of its common members like the many ordinary members in the Hand of Paleness.

The memory of what Lucien witnessed in the viscount's castle was still fresh.

Understanding why Lucien was being quite hesitant, Lazar grinned and changed the topic, "So are you still distressed with the money you just spent buying the materials?"

"For sure." Lucien frowned. The seventeen purified elements he just bought cost him two high-quality Wave Stones, and what Lucien had now was only one Wave Stone, two Thales, one arcana point, and some different kinds of experiment materials. Lucien felt that he just got robbed.

"Cheer up, man." Lazar patted Lucien on his shoulder, "Just be grateful that the school has the other forty-eight purified elements, and doing experiments there is much cheaper, or it could even be free if your experiment was also part of the apprentices' class. Besides, you don't even need to rent a place there! The school generously offers you a small house with a garden."

"You're right, Lazar." Lucien held his head a bit higher. He was hoping that publishing his first paper could save him out of the financially difficult situation, and before he came here, Lucien had sent his agreement letter back to Common Arcana and registered the school's address with the journal to stay in contact with them.

A while later, the carriage slowly stopped in front of a black iron gate of the ancient magic empire style. A black golem, seemingly made of iron, came and opened the gate.

...

On the third floor of the black magic tower.

Lucien, wearing white shirt, brown vest, and double-breasted black coat, was sitting in front of an old, ordinary-looking, bare-headed man, who was wearing a black magic robe stitched with silver and white patterns.

"Welcome, Evans. I'm Donald, headmaster of Douglas," said the level-four arcanist, fifth circle sorcerer, who was organizing some paperworks.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Donald." Lucien stood up from his seat and bowed slightly, "Please just call me Lucien."

"Good. As another Mr. Lucien Evans we have here prefers us to call him K, I'll just call you Lucien then." When Donald was saying, he handed Lucien a folder, "Take a look. These are the courses we have so far in Douglas."

Lucien opened the folder and carefully read it. In the folder, Lucien saw Common Tongue, Ancient Magic Empire Language, Pit Language, Demon Language, Basic Magic Potion, Basic Element, Basic Electromagnetism, Basic Necromancy, Basic Magic Construction, Basic Alchemy, ..., Introduction of Magic Circle, Magic Analysis, Basic Summoning, ..., Culture and Customs, History and Music.

"Music?" Lucien was surprised.

"Ha, students also need to relax a bit, right?" Donald touched his white moustache and smiled, "Our last music teacher just got fired because he violated one of the rules of the school. Lucien, are you also interested in this position besides your other teaching job? Can you play any musical instruments?"

"I'm quite good at piano and violin." Lucien nodded and asked directly, "If I also work as a music teacher, can I get a higher salary?"

"Two more arcana points per month." Donald nodded cheerfully, "But remember, keep your distance from some female apprentices. They are quite... say, ebullient. By the way, I heard that there's also a musician all the way across the strait in Aalto whose name's also Lucien Evans, and he's good at playing piano as well. Quite interesting."

Lucien put on a polite smile and did not say anything. Right now, he was only interested in making more money.

"So... Let's see." Donald looked down at his folder, "Since you just joined the congress, and you probably need more time to work on your own arcana study first, what about you start with teaching Ancient Magic Empire Language, Magic Creatures and Demon Language? That's... ten lessons a week, and you'll be teaching two classes."

"No problem." Lucien agreed with Donald immediately. In his book, Astrology and Elements, Demon Language was introduced as part of magic pact and summoning knowledge.

Then Lucien added, "Can I choose the two classes, though?"

He hoped that he could teach the class in which his three apprentices were.

"I think so. All the courses are under re-arrangement right now," said Donald. Then, he registered Lucien's name for the two classes. One of them was the class called Thorn Tree, where Lucien's three apprentices were in. Lucien would also be teaching music there.

After all the paper works were done, Donald crossed his hands and leaned his chin against his hands, "I have to tell you something first, Lucien."

"Go ahead, please, Mr. Donald," said Lucien sincerely.

Donald's voice became low, "You know, working here in a school is a dream for many junior-rank sorcerers, and Douglas ranks the best among all the schools, therefore, we never considered anyone having no arcana level to be one of our teachers. However, you're an exception, since a gentleman in Affairs Committee spoke highly of you, and recommended you to us. Therefore, this school's a place not only for the apprentices to grow, but also for you. I personally don't see anything wrong with offering the talented ones more resources to grow, but you shall not waste the resources given. If you cannot get your official arcana level in a year, you'll be fired."

"I'll try my best," responded Lucien humbly.

"I trust you, though, Lucien. Many teachers in Douglas, although they haven't become middle-rank arcanists or sorcerers yet, have their specialities. For example, Mr. K is a level two arcanist. Exchanging with them can benefit you a lot," said Donald earnestly.

Lucien nodded sincerely, "Thank you for reminding me, Mr. Donald. May I ask who's the gentleman in the committee? I'd like to thank him as well."

"You don't need to know," said Donald directly. "Maybe when you become a middle-rank sorcerer, he'll pay more attention to you. Anyway, during the day, the lab is open only to students. When school's over in the afternoon, you can use the labs for free. To conclude, observe the school rules and start working tomorrow."

Donald handed Lucien a nameplate and a few pages of paper, on which there were two hundred school rules.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 196: In the Garden Villa

In Douglas, Jerome's garden villa.

"Your name's also Lucien Evans?" a black-haired young man wearing a casual white shirt and a black vest grinned. "K has always said that his name is very common, and I did not believe him. Now I see... haha."

This young man was Rock, a second circle sorcerer. Rock was good at the school of Element and mathematics, and he was a cheerful young person who loved playing jokes a lot.

Before Lucien responded, Rock continued, "I'm gonna introduce you to K. No worries, Lucien, K's very easygoing, although he's quite introverted. Unlike some people from Electromagnetics, K's diligent, talented, and always willing to help!"

When Lucien was about to open his mouth to say something, Rock cut him off again, "I know you must wonder why I say some people from Electromagnetics are arrogant. Trust me, Lucien, I'm not biased. In the last issue of Arcana, since Mr. Brook has proved that light is a special electromagnetic wave, those Electromagnetics people claim that spiritual power is also a certain kind of wave, and are laughing at us every single day, because we insist in the theory of particles! Come on... There are still quite a few magic experiments that cannot be explained by waves, and the president hasn't responded to Mr. Brook's theory yet!"

Lucien was amused, and he quickly cast a glance at Lazar. Lucien thought that Lazar was already very talkative, but now he realized that Lazar was not even close to Rock. From Rock's words, Lucien got to know some new research trends in the congress, so he was listening quite patiently.

Lazar commented, "Rock's always like this. Well, since the last issue of Arcana was released, sorcerers like Rock who live in Allyn all the time and who insist to use Particle Theory in discovering spiritual power are facing quite a bit stress from the new theories. I have mixed feelings toward the new and old theories, sorry and proud at the same time."

Jerome and his beautiful wife were just listening and smiling.

It seemed that elemental sorcerers were naturally supporters of Particle Theory. Without the great pressure from the Church, there might be an intense internal strife among the supporters of different theories.

When Lazar and Rock finished their discussion, Lucien and Jerome were sitting on the couch and having black tea made by Vera. Although the brown-haired, ordinary-looking man was not talkative, happiness could be found in Jerome's eyes. His wife Vera was a red-haired pretty girl, probably around twenty-three or so.

"Mr. Evans, enjoy the tea. I'm going to prepare dinner," said Vera politely and left the living room.

Rock sighed with emotion, "How could you find such a nice lady, Jerome? The girls I know have no idea how to be a good wife..."

Jerome grinned shyly.

"Rock, how's your project going?" asked Lazar.

"Rejected. The board thought I was joking," said Rock with a bit dismay.

"What project?" asked Lucien curiously.

"A great project!" explained Rock excitedly, "As a sorcerer from Tower, I think everything can be represented by numbers. What we can do is to figure out a standard number system to represent how powerful a spell is, or the level of a sorcerer's defensive power. By measuring and recording, in the future, when two sorcerers want to fight, numbers can directly show the result, and no one will be hurt."

"Then what if both of the two sorcerers have their advantages and disadvantages?" asked Lucien confusedly.

"That's right." Rock took a pile of paper and started writing, "For example, the total amount of my spiritual power is... 105, and Lazar's is 96..."

"Hey... Why mine is lower than yours?" Lazar was not happy with the set value.

And then they started arguing.

"They're just like this, like kids." Jerome smiled to Lucien.

"That's why they're good friends." Lucien nodded. Those "bad" words Lazar used to describe Rock were also quite suitable for himself.

Ignoring Lazar and Rock, Lucien and Jerome started discussing the school of Astrology and Element, and they enjoyed their conversation very much. The two people regretted that they had not known each other earlier.

"Dinner's ready." Vera came back to the living room, followed by servants pushing dining carts.

Putting down the tea cup, Lucien turned around and saw that Lazar and Rock were still playing their card game.

"Magic Missile, Power 5." Rock put down a piece of card.

"Flame Shield, Defense, 7." Lazar pulled out a card seriously.

"What are you two doing here?" asked Jerome curiously.

"I have to admit that this isn't a very good project." Rock frowned a bit and then grinned, "But it can be turned into a great card game! Wait... I need to find a sifter."

Lucien was speechless. He could not understand Rock's way of thinking.

However, Rock had already switched to another topic, "Steak and grilled fish... The smell's so beautiful... By the way, Vera, why did you choose to stay with Jerome?"

Without doubt, all the three single sorcerers present felt quite envious of their sweet marriage.

After dinner, Lucien and Rock said goodbye to Lazar and walked together back to their shared villa.

The magic school only provided married teachers with a whole villa, since there were quite a few teachers in the school. Before Lazar left, Rock talked to Lucien's roommate and exchanged their places to live together with Lucien.

Lucien planned to make a potion called Stone tonight to help himself upgrade to second circle, however, he felt quite tired today, so he decided to make it tomorrow after work.

...

Thorn Tree class.

"Do you know today's Ancient Languages class will be taught by Mr. Evans?" Heidi asked Layria and Annick mysteriously.

"Mr. K? He's a level two arcanist and second circle sorcerer, so I thought he only taught senior apprentices..."

"No idea. I heard it from Grant." Heidi shook her head.

Hearing the students' discussion, even Sprint, who usually did not like speaking to other apprentices, sat up a bit straighter, as the name triggered his memory.

The bell rang, indicating the beginning of the class. All the students stopped talking and looked more serious. To Layria, Heidi and Annick's great surprise, it was actually their previous teacher who came into the classroom.

Lucien Evans was wearing a black double-breasted coat and a soft hat today.

"It's really Mr. Evans!" the three apprentices blurted out together, regardless of the classroom disciplines.

Other apprentices in the class were very curious, looking at their new teacher.

Seeing Lucien, Sprint and Katrina had mixed feelings. They felt both excited and also a bit worried.

Lucien took off his hat and put it on the desk. He nodded to the three apprentices first, and then turned to the whole class, "I'm Lucien Evans, your Ancient Languages teacher, and you folks can call me Mr. X if you want. In my class, you can do whatever you want, including doing your own homework or sleeping, as long as your behaviour doesn't disturb other students who want to pay attention to the class. However, you gotta be responsible for your own choice. If you're so talented that you can pass the course without listening to me, go ahead, and it's totally fine, but if you're not, you'd better behave yourself and study hard, or I'm afraid that you'd be taking this course again in next term. For students who work hard and finish homework on time, extra score will be given."

It was the first time these apprentices saw a teacher like this, and they felt very excited.

Then Lucien took out a pile of paper, "So, the first class... We'll be having an assessment today."

"Test again..." Annick, Layria and Heidi recalled their bad memories. In their eyes, Mr. Evan's smile looked like the devil's.

The other students did not know what to expect.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 197: First Encounter

When the bell was ringing for the end of the class, Lucien directly collected all the test papers and left the class. Then, the students started their heated discussion, "You guys know Mr. X?" asked Grant, the head boy of the class. Grant had black, curly hair and deep-set, black eyes.

As Grant was asking, more students paid attention to Annick, Heidi and Layria, trying to get more information about their new teacher.

Annick nodded, as he really respected Grant, who was hard-working and talented, "We knew Mr. Evans before. That's right."

"Great! He looks pretty cool!" Grant was very impressed by Lucien's words, "I've never met any teachers like him! Mr. X's not like these stubborn teachers at all. Sometimes I already understood what was being taught, but I was still not allowed to do my own stuff... What a waste of time!"

Heidi's face twitched a bit, and then he said seriously, "It's true that Mr. Evans doesn't really care about whether we pay attention to his class, and he keeps saying that we gotta be responsible for our own choices and the consequences if we do not work hard, but this is just one aspect of his teaching, and he's still got another side..."

Lucien's words were very direct, and they won support from most of the apprentices. The students felt that Mr. X was someone who really understood them, and he was a cool teacher that possibly could become their good friend.

"What's the other side?" asked Grant curiously.

"You'll see," answered the three apprentices together. They all remembered what they had experienced with Mr. Evans before.

"Hope you guys won't hate Mr. Evans," said Heidi meaningfully.

The rest of the students were very confused, yet also curious. Then the bell of the next class, Basic Magic Potion, stopped their discussion.

...

In the teachers' office.

Carrying the test papers, as soon as Lucien entered the office, five teachers, three being men and two women, smiled and nodded to him, while another seven remained quite cold, burying themselves in their own work.

Lucien also nodded to the teachers who were nice to him, knowing that these five teachers were all friends of Rock, who had already told them everything. As for the other seven teachers, they did not get along well at all with Rock, so they decided to ignore Lucien, a sorcerer who only had seven arcana credits and no arcana level.

"Teaching Ancient Languages and Magic Creatures shouldn't be challenging to you, Lucien." When Vilnia, a blond female sorcerer, walked by Lucien's desk, she kindly reminded him, "You'd better spend more of your time on studying basic arcana."

Vilnia was about twenty-five or six, a level one arcanist and second circle sorcerer, specializing in Illusion and Force. As a lady who got both mature charm and the beauty of youth, she was already married and her husband was a viscount. Every morning she took the magic train to come to work from Rentato, capital of Holm.

Because Rentato and Allyn were very close to each other, the commuting time was only ten minutes, and as a sorcerer and a noble lady, a round-trip ticket only cost Vilnia two Nars.

"Thanks for your reminder, Ms. Vilnia. I'll keep it in mind." Lucien smiled politely.

"Polite and good-looking young man." Vilnia joked, "When you visit Rentato, feel free to come to my place and be our guest."

Among all the female teachers in this school, which accounted for one third of the whole teaching staff, some were beautiful, some were charming, and some looked terrifying because of some failed experiments or magic powers which could erode one's appearance.

When Vilnia left the office, Lucien first checked the test papers to know the basic level of the class, Thorn Tree, in Ancient Languages. Then he took out a pile of paper and his quill and started reviewing a second circle spell, Mirror, which had been successfully analyzed before.

Lucien was very interested in this spell once used by the murloc mage, which could help the caster confuse his or her enemy. As the knowledge involved in this basic Illusion spell could also be found in Astrology and Elements, Lucien decided to turn Mirror into his first second circle magic, and thus to make his next breakthrough to become a second circle sorcerer.

...

Douglas, in the magic lab tower.

Finishing the first lesson of Introduction of Magic Creatures in another class, Blood Bird, Lucien hurriedly arrived here.

"Hello, may I have an alchemical laboratory?" Lucien politely asked the old sorcerer managing the tower.

The old level one arcanist, second circle sorcerer, Ines, responded seriously, "Sorry, Mr. Evans, all the magic labs have been borrowed. Please come earlier tomorrow."

"All of the labs?" Lucien looked up at the five-story magic tower. Although it was not very spacious, there were at least ten magic labs on each floor. Lucien could not believe his ears.

Ines calmly replied, "Mr. Evans, we have to reserve twenty labs for our students and the several level two arcanists. For the rest of the labs, you know, first come, first served."

"We have this many teachers who need to do experiments?" asked Lucien, feeling a bit frustrated and surprised.

"No all of them are doing experiments," said Ines. "Some are making potions and some are testing their summoning rites. Everyone knows that one of the best things working here in this school is that one can use the labs for free."

"I totally understand, Mr. Ines." Lucien did not want to give up easily, "Can I use one of the reserved labs first? Then I can leave when the person arrives."

Building a well-equipped lab here was very expensive, and Lucien could not afford it right now.

"No." Ines shook his head, "We have rules, unless you're a level two arcanist who enjoys privileges."

When Lucien was feeling quite frustrated, a low voice came from behind, "Are you Lucien Evans?"

Lucien turned around and saw a tall, ordinary-looking man wearing a black jacket, looking like a strong bear.

"Yes, I'm Lucien Evans... Uh... X. And you?" Lucien nodded.

"I guess so." The tall man smiled, "You don't look familiar to me. Nice to meet you, I'm K."

"So we have the same name." Lucien looked at K curiously.

"Rock was about to introduce me to you this afternoon, but I wasn't in the office," said K a bit shyly, "You're looking for a lab?"

"Yes... but I think I'm too late." Lucien nodded frustratedly.

"Then what about sharing one with me?" suggested K sincerely. "What are you gonna do today?"

"That'll be awesome!" said Lucien excitedly, then with a second thought, he asked politely, "I'm making a magic potion today. Will I disturb your work?"

"Not a problem. There are plenty of alchemical circles in the lab. We can share." K was very generous.

"Thank you, K. Like Rock said, you're really a nice person," said Lucien sincerely.

"I've received lots of help from others as well. Let's go." K was quite shy, which did not agree with his big and tall figure.

With K's permission, Ines let the two people walk upstairs without saying anything.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 198: Second Circle

When the lab door opened, the whole lab was slowly lit up with warm yellow light. Although the lab was not as mysterious and grand as that of the Prophet, Maskelyne, which Lucien used in the magic lock, its cleanliness, tidiness and the great amount of equipment was impressive to Lucien.

K pointed at one of the operation platforms, "You can use this one, Lucien... It feels like I'm talking to myself. I'm gonna start doing my experiment as well."

"Thanks, K." Lucien did not ask anything about K's experiment, as someone's experiment was always a secret, and that was how plagiarism came from.

It was hard to prove that someone plagiarized other people's research outcomes, unless the person's thoughts could be investigated by certain spells. However, as for the sorcerers who dared plagiarize, they often had some powerful groups secretly supporting them from behind, thus they could easily avoid being investigated like this when there was not enough evidence, and finding other excuses to exonerate themselves was also not difficult.

What was worse was that some sorcerers would kill other people from whom they stole research outcomes by using different means.

All of these was introduced by Lazar, and when Lucien first heard it, he was quite shocked.

Stone was not difficult to make, and Lucien was quite good at making potions. After three times, a tube of brown turbid liquid was produced.

Still having some time, Lucien took out a tube of purified material and was about to test it following the papers he read. At this time, K, who was standing with his back to Lucien, said to him, "You have other experiments to do, Lucien?"

"Yes?" asked Lucien.

"I'm not trying to steal your experiment, Lucien," said K in his low voice, sounding very reliable, "but I can tell you how to open the secret lock of this lab. If you have to do some urgent experiments, you can use this lab even if I'm not here."

"It's really nice of you, K. I'm still new in the field of Element, and I want to see the nature of all kinds of elements in person by doing many experiments. You know, as a first circle sorcerer, I could not discover many characteristics of the elements by using magic, thus doing experiments is the most reliable way to me," Lucien turned around and said to K sincerely.

Seeing K was still doing his experiment, Lucien turned his back to K again to avoid seeing what he was doing.

"I totally understand. I'll tell you how to enter this lab later," said K, standing with Lucien back to back. "However, I'm leaving this school in a few months. You won't be able to use this lab for long."

"Why are you leaving?" asked Lucien, confused. As he was asking, Lucien turned on the alchemical circle to turn the purified element into vapour to test its gas density.

"Mr. Larry from our group, the Will of Elements, likes my previous paper, and he told me that when I become a middle-rank sorcerer, he would like to have me to help him with some studies. Recently, I've been feeling that I'm approaching this higher level, so I want to have a magic item by

accomplishing a task given by the congress to help myself upgrade." K had no intention of showing off his accomplishment and tried to stay humble.

Among the current generation in the Will of Elements, Larry, student of Gaston, was the most promising one who would grow into a senior-rank sorcerer. Right now Larry was a level five arcanist, fifth circle sorcerer, who was even more powerful than Timothy or Ulysses. Only six or seven sorcerers from other groups and organizations could compete with him, including Felipe, who was younger than him but was already close to level five in arcana.

Lucien slightly nodded, "Congratulations. May I take a look at your paper?"

"It hasn't been published yet. The paper's going to be on the next week's issue of Element. Teachers in the school can read it for free." K was quite shy. He did not tell Lucien the name of the paper directly but switched the topic, "Hope you can complete your experiments as soon as possible, Lucien, otherwise when I'm not here anymore, you need to find other places."

Lucien chuckled, "No one ever mentioned that we have a teacher from our school who's gonna publish his work on Element. You're really good at keeping your secret, K. Well, I'll make the best of my time to finish the experiments. K, you're such a nice guy."

"This is nothing. We're supposed to help each other," K answered with a smile.

Back to back, Lucien and K chatted occasionally, but they spent most of their time on doing experiments.

...

It was already early morning when Lucien went back to the place where he lived, and Rock was sound asleep.

Surrounded by the light floral aroma, the quietness of early morning soothed Lucien's soul. Feeling prepared, he opened the glass tube and drank down the brown turbid potion named Stone.

Spicy, sour and bitter, the potion went down from Lucien's mouth and burnt his throat and gullet, making Lucien want to throw up, but inside his body, his soul felt calm and powerful.

When the taste faded a bit in his mouth, he closed his eyes. Lucien soon went into the world of meditation. His consciousness went back to the starry sky, in which his Host Star of Destiny was shining, and the three basic powers, fire, wind and water, were contributing to the existence of the meditation world.

Lucien's consciousness separated from his soul, and started directing the soul. Shining lines extended out from the power of Lucien's soul and started to construct a relatively complicated spatial model.

Since the model had not involved any complex math theories such as curve, and with some new basic knowledge in arcana, Lucien handled the whole process pretty well.

When the model was completed by the last line of soul, the model burst out dazzling light which dragged Lucien's consciousness back into his soul, and covered it.

At this time, Lucien noticed the subtle changes happening around him in this meditation world!

Colourful light spots were appearing in the starry sky in a sophisticated and mysterious order, and each of the spot was showing a complicated model. It seemed that these models themselves were new spells that Lucien had never seen before! However, the structure of the models were in such a chaos, and when Lucien was about to take a closer look, his consciousness was overwhelmed by his own great spiritual power brought by this second circle spell in his soul, Mirror.

Like a small boat trying its very best to survive between the furious waves, like a warrior fighting for his hope, Lucien struggled to stay lucid and keep himself in control.

Thankfully, Lucien's great spiritual power and will passed the test in the end. A shining crystal showed up in his soul, and the level of his spiritual power reached a new record.

"Finally... I'm a second level sorcerer," said Lucien to himself. As he was saying, Lucien activated Mirror, and a clone was produced beside him.

Mirror, a second circle spell from the school of Illusion. Before it was cracked by any detection spells, such as some spells in Astrology, Mirror could protect its caster until the clone of the person was destroyed.

After testing the spell, Lucien removed the magic and looked back at the starry sky. The colourful particles were now all gone, as if it was just Lucien's illusion.

However, Lucien was sure that this was definitely not his illusion, so he ventured a guess:

The meditation world was created and also affected by his own knowledge. When he knew more of the truth in the world, correspondingly, more would show up in this meditation world.

Lucien was learning how to arrange elements recently, and although some elements here were different from those of Lucien's original world, he still could notice some possible orders. Lucien wondered if this was why the meditation world changed when he upgraded. Maybe when Lucien successfully completed the periodic table of elements in this world, the colourful particles would turn into someone else, say, a new magic. However, Lucien had no idea what the magic could be.

...

Heidler, the main tower of the Hand of Paleness, in a dark room.

"Mr. Rogerio, good afternoon." Felipe took out his hands from his jacket and bowed with his right hand on his forehead, "What can I do for you today?"

Felipe was being this respectful, because Rogerio was not only one of the leaders of the Hand of Paleness, but also the member of Affairs Committee, directed by the highest council.

Rogerio was wearing black suit and white, loose-sleeved shirt, looking the same when he was in Aalto, but now there were three badges in front of his chest: level seven arcana badge, eighth circle sorcerer badge, and a black-fired badge representing the Affairs Committee position.

Unlike many necromancers, Rogerio looked more easy-going, "How's your experiment going, Felipe?"

"Not bad, but still needs time." Felipe sat down in front of Rogerio.

Rogério slightly nodded, and then said, "I've got some news... about Professor."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 199: Professor and the Musician

Felipe's pale face suddenly looked more serious. In his mind, Professor was his enemy, and also a genius, who was probably even more promising than Larry.

"He's in Allyn now?" asked Felipe in low voice.

Rogério just smiled, but did not say anything. Instead, he changed the topic, "My study investigating electromagnetic interference with soul was supposed to be the leading paper in the next issue of Arcana, but the day before yesterday, the chief editor came all the way to Heidler and apologized to me that my paper would be changed to the second position. Too bad... I've been looking forward to the glory all the time."

Staying quite calm, Felipe did not keep asking about Professor, but looked a bit confused and then asked, "A new paper? Where's the new paper from?"

"Yes, a new paper," Rogério nodded, feeling a bit sorry for himself, "from Lord of Storm."

Even Felipe was a bit in awe of this name. Fernando Brastar, Lord of Storm, besides his great accomplishment in arcana and magic, was also known for his bad temper. No one dared present arcana theories with any deficiencies in front of him, regardless what level the person was of, since Fernando would directly refute the person's proposition and ruthlessly jeer at it. Even members from the highest council often wanted to stay away from him.

"What's the paper about? Do you have any clue?" Felipe was very curious.

Getting a cup of water for himself, Rogerio turned around, "I'm curious, too. So I went to Common Arcana Library and checked this paper which just passed the board's review. The paper's about the application of electromagnetic wave. And I have to admit that it's very insightful and creative. It'll be available the day after tomorrow."

Felipe did not say anything, but listened to Rogerio carefully.

"Of course, the reason why I asked you to come here today is not to recommend this paper to you, but because of another paper that inspired Mr. Fernando to develop his paper," Rogerio said seriously.

"A paper... inspired Mr. Fernando?" Felipe frowned a bit.

Rogerio nodded, "The paper's hasn't been published yet, and it's about a small experiment investigating high frequency sound wave, conducted by Lucien Evans X, a sorcerer with no arcana level who just arrived in Allyn a week ago."

"Lucien Evans... The musician? It's a common name though..." Felipe was being very unsure.

Professor and the great musician arrived at the land that originally belonged to Wilfred at the same time, so the Hand of Paleness felt suspicious. Felipe thought that it was Natasha who sent Professor to protect the musician, so he connected the musician and Professor together.

"The broken ring, made of seven-element alloy... Princess Natasha and the famous musician... I wonder if we can say that the ring that Viscount Carendia saw on Professor's hand was the very ring of Holm Crown prize..." There was a mysterious smile on Rogerio's face, "From another perspective, when was Professor's name first heard? It was when some apprentice tried to approach the famous musician, Lucien Evans. Who could benefit from the Hand of Paleness' plan of kidnapping being interrupted? Lucien Evans, the musician."

Rogerio was a bit in awe when he called Natasha's name, not because of Natasha's title, but her ties of blood with an influential person from the congress.

"So..." Felipe touched his chin a bit, "they were even closer than we thought?"

"Why not? A musician has fallen under the lure of an evil sorcerer, and they've formed a close bond. Without the support of the Will of Elements, how was it possible that Lucien could become Princess Natasha's music advisor that fast?" Rogerio's hands were holding together, "I think by building a closer bond with Princess Natasha, Lucien Evans also got closer to the Will of Elements and Holm Royal Magic Academy. Perhaps this is the very purpose of the Will of Elements, and they took advantage of our plan!"

"This makes sense," Felipe slightly nodded, "but something's still not right."

It seemed that Felipe and Rogerio knew something secret.

"Princess Natasha is in her three-year penance now, and for the next three years, the famous musician, Lucien Evans, will be studying arcana here in Allyn to improve himself to respond to their future challenges. This is how I view the whole thing," Rogerio continued.

Felipe's left hand missed a finger, but he still used that hand to rub his chin, "But there's no solid evidence showing that this Lucien Evans X is the very famous musician, right?"

"There is." Rogerio put on a sophisticated smile, "Remember I encountered the famous musician in Aalto once? To confirm my guesses, I went to Douglas, and I saw him there!"

"For sure?!" Felipe was surprised.

"Completely," said Rogerio. "Lucien Evans X is for sure Professor's good student. From him, we can lift Professor's veil!"

"That's right... That's why Lucien Evans's first paper ever could be directly cited by the grand arcanist!" Felipe agreed.

"Good point." Rogerio knocked at the desk confidently, "Mr. Fernando's paper talks about the application of high frequency sound wave, and do you remember the mechanism of Professor's symbolic magic?"

"According to the viscount and Amores... low frequency sound wave." Felipe recalled seriously, "Now I see the connection."

"Yesterday, I secretly observed Lucien's class. It was... pretty interesting and creative." Rogerio quite appreciated Lucien's teaching style and his talent, "It feels like his music style, creative and always about something new."

In their discussion, Felipe and Rogerio were sure that Lucien was Professor's outstanding student.

They did not know Lucien as well as Natasha did, besides, since Natasha did not know how powerful Professor was, it was easier for her to directly connect Lucien to Professor. As for Felipe and Rogerio, they would never consider that Professor, the arcanist who successfully designed the experiment of synthesizing carbamide, was just a beginner in arcana.

That was the blind spot of their thinking.

"Shall we somehow get Lucien here in Heidler and check his thoughts?" Felipe wanted to know what was the next step.

"No." Rogerio shook his head, "Quite possibly, Professor is working on some important research, and if we touch Lucien right now, it would definitely alarm him. We shall keep an eye on Lucien to see what experiment he's working on and what people he's meeting, and this work is on me. Felipe, you focus on your research. If you can publish some great research results before Professor, we won't have to adopt any violent means then."

Felipe frowned his brows, "What I don't understand is why Professor hasn't published the paper on synthesizing carbamide. This is definitely a very debatable topic that could earn him tons of credits."

"Maybe he's still waiting for the final answer of his research." Rogerio smiled, "Felipe, what about you develop the paper on carbamide synthesizing yourself? Representing the Hand of Paleness, the paper can prove our great inspiration as necromancers."

After some improvement in magic rites, now Rogerio also agreed that synthesizing life ingredients was doable, but he could not find any definitive proof yet.

Felipe shook his head seriously, "My self-esteem won't allow me to do this, Mr. Rogerio, and I believe that you won't do this as well. Besides, not all the sorcerers in the Hand of Paleness are as open-minded as you, sir. If I really did this, I would be in big trouble."

Rogerio smiled, "I see. What a coincidence it is which leads us to find Professor..."

...

Douglas, headmaster's office.

"Mr. Donald, what can I do for you?" asked Lucien.

"Are you getting along well with K?" Donald did not get to the point immediately, "It's also quite troublesome for me to share the same name with the famous arcanist from the highest council."

There was another Donald, from the highest council, who was a ninth circle elemental sorcerer and the winner of Holm Crown prize for finding a new element by using spectral analysis. He was also one of the two presidents of the Will of Element.

After a bit casual chatting, Donald looked more serious, "Lucien, some teachers jointly complained that you've breached the school rules since you're telling students that it's okay not to listen to a teacher. After verification, the complaint has been proved, so I need to punish you by suspending your course for a month. I hope you can learn from it."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 200: Feeling Unsafe

Facing the unexpected punishment, Lucien was quite unhappy and frustrated, as he thought that he was maintaining quite a low profile and trying to avoid any possible conflicts with other teachers who did not like him. Still, now he was in trouble.

However, Lucien never gave up easily, "Sir, I've been receiving quite a few positive comments from my students from both Thorn Three and Blood Bird, and that proves that my way of teaching's efficient. As you can see, my students' scores have improved as well."

"I know," answered Donald directly, and his answer surprised Lucien.

"But you've still broken the rules, Lucien." Donald continued and changed his tone, "In Douglas, teachers should be authorities and should always be respected. Telling students that they don't have to listen has severely violated our tradition. Regardless how effective your teaching method might be, the tradition of the school can never be breached. I hope you can realize your mistake, Lucien."

Lucien was speechless. He knew that the improvement of his students' academic performance could not help him, since the headmaster valued the rules of the school more than anything else in this world, where the sense of order and class was highly respected.

Seeing that Lucien did not respond, Donald smiled to comfort him a bit, "Lucien, I know young people are always full of ideas, and among those ideas, some are good and some not. Say, I like the part where you increased the amount of exercise and homework that students should do, and now we're promoting this part in your teaching practice all over the campus."

Lucien rubbed his head a bit but still did not say anything. He felt that students in this school would hate him for sure.

...

"Yes?" Rock patted on Lucien's shoulder to comfort him, "What happened?"

"Suspending my teaching for a month. Salary cut by half. Can still use the labs, libraries and buy experiment materials for lower prices. Next time I violate the rules, I'm fired," said Lucien expressionlessly.

Rock swore a bit in low voice, "Must be those bastards from Electromagnetism... you know, the guy named Beate...he must be the leading one! They also teach Thorn Three and Blood Bird, and the students prefer you way more than them!"

"I see... That is the reason, then." Lucien finally understood where did all of these come from. In Lucien's mind, Beate looked like a quiet person, and he never expected something like this from him.

Beate had black hair and black eyes, and was an ordinary-looking man. He was pretty good at Electromagnetism, and currently, he was a level one arcanist, second circle sorcerer.

Walking downstairs, Rock said to Lucien half joking and half serious, "Lucien, although you always give the students quite a bit of homework, you're the coolest and the most popular teacher in their mind. However, I gotta remind you that there's something in this school that cannot be violated. You can have your ideas, and you can also do what you want to do, but you're never supposed to speak it out."

"Now I understand." Lucien nodded, "Thank you, Rock."

Rock grinned, "Actually, orders and traditions are all created by those big men. If you were a grand arcanist, Lucien, I bet no one would accuse you of breaking the rules, but speak highly of you that you're creative and bold, and we should all follow your practice."

"I think you're right, Rock." Lucien smiled.

...

During lunchtime, in order to comfort Lucien, Jerome, K, Vlnia, and some other teachers came to Lucien's place and had lunch with him.

After lunch, hearing the bad news, Annick, Layria and Heidi also came to visit Lucien. Surprisingly, Sprint, Katrina, Grant, and another green-haired girl were also there. The girl with dark green-hair was strange to Lucien, being around seventeen or eighteen.

"We're always on your side, Mr. Evans!" Having no idea what was proper to say at that moment, after a while, Annick, Heidi and Layria finally came up with one sentence together.

Sprint still did not say anything, but he was slightly nodding to show his support. Katrina and Grant also waved their fists and said, "Your teaching's great, Mr. Evans!"

And then Grant mumbled a bit, "Could be better without homework."

"I'll be coming back soon. Thank you all." Lucien did not encourage the students to fight against the school for him, since he did not want the students to be in trouble.

After a bit casual chatting, Heidi said to Lucien, "Mr. Evans, as students coming from the other side of the strait, we've been feeling quite challenged in basic magic and arcana. So we wonder... whether you would be willing to spend some time on tutoring us this month, Mr. Evans?"

"We can pay!" added Layria hurriedly. "Some of our experiment products were bought by the school, and we made some money from it!"

"Arcana tutoring?" Lucien was surprised, and felt this a bit strange.

However, the apprentices were pretty serious.

K decided to help the students, "They're hard-working and brave young men and ladies, Lucien. If you have time, maybe you can help them a bit, and when I'm free, I can join you."

"I see... then what about every Saturday afternoon?" After receiving K's help, Lucien also wanted to be nice to other people, "And there's no way that I'm gonna charge you students. The tutoring is free. So... who's in?"

"Me, me!" Heidi hurriedly raised her hand, followed by Layria and Annick.

Katrina's face blushed, but she was being quite decisive, "I'm in, Mr. Evans."

Sprint's face also went red, including his ears, "Me... too..."

As one of the leading students in the class, Grant smiled and said shyly, "Mr. Evans, I think I'm fine so far."

The strange young girl was looking at Heidi, signalling to him.

Heidi hurriedly nodded and said to Lucien, "Mr. Evans, this's Chely, our roommate, from Sea Gull. She can't follow most of our courses, and she wants to join us as well."

"Chely...?" Lucien repeated the name a bit, as the name sounded very familiar to him, and the colour of the girl's hair was also very unique. If the girl was the same Chely that Lucien encountered on the ship, then the relationship between Viscount Wright and the congress would be very complicated.

It seemed that Chely understood why Lucien was a bit surprised, so she slightly nodded, "Yes."

Chely was a quiet girl, so she did not say much.

Another example of a knight falling in love with a sorcerer, and although it was going to be very difficult, Lucien sincerely hoped that they would not copy Natasha and Silvia.

When Lucien agreed that Chely could also join them, Rock came back and said to him excitedly, "Lucien! Your paper has been cited by Mr. Brastar! Fernando Brastar! The grand arcanist! The first paper on Magic!"

Although Rock's expression was quite messy, all the teachers in the living room stood up out of great surprise, including Grant, who understood the importance of Magic and how influential Fernando was.

Even Lucien was very surprised, as his paper was published only a few days ago.

"This one!" Rock handed the journal to Lucien, "Take a look yourself!"

The first thing came into Lucien's eyes was the title - Discussion over the Application of Electromagnetic Wave, followed by the author's name and his rank - Fernando Brastar, grand arcanist, legendary class: level three, Lord of Storm.

The beginning of the paper did not comply with the standard format at all:

"My student Thompson is the member of Affairs Committee, and he found an interesting paper during his reviewing work, which conducted a series of simple experiments to study how bats use high frequency sound wave to sense things in darkness. When I read the paper, I was inspired, hence I developed this paper investigating some possible applications of electromagnetic wave from a broader perspective, and the differences in application between high and low frequency electromagnetic waves. Moreover, if sound wave can carry information, what about electromagnetic wave?"

Lucien was very impressed by the grand arcanist's great imagination. The grand arcanist got ahead of Lucien in investigating the field of application, and Lucien was about to use this to earn more credits later.

Lucien could already see the prosperous future of the application of electromagnetic wave.

After feeling impressed, Lucien suddenly felt unsafe with being directly mentioned by a grand arcanist in his paper. Without doubt, lots of unnecessary attention would come to him.