

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 16

Editor: Vermillion

John stopped and turned to Lucien. "You just got injured. And you haven't received any formal training. Remember, Lucien, don't panic, and don't stop moving. We will keep changing positions. Don't let his men surround you. Use your club to keep them away, so their daggers won't harm you. You hear me, Lucien?"

John tried to advise Lucien as much as possible. He was worried that Lucien might lose control and launch an imprudent attack. However, Lucien had some decent experience before.

"No worries, John. I've survived an invasion into a witch's chamber before."

Hiding their clubs behind their backs, they approached Jackson in a quick pace.

It was a pretty busy street in the market, only ten minutes away from one of Aaron gang's hideouts. Merchants, mercenaries and adventurers were gathering there, so no one paid attention to them.

They looked at each other when they were just a few steps away from Jackson, nodded, and dashed towards the gangsters, holding the clubs tightly in their hands.

Lucien recognized the guy who kicked him hard. Without a second thought, he wielded his club right towards the thug's head. If you're not trained or not strong enough, wield it hard with all your might. That's what Lucien learned.

Before the guy could notice, he got bludgeoned bitterly in his lower jaw. Then he passed out and fell onto the ground directly.

John, on the other side, quickly got rid of another guy. As a knight squire, John was really good at it. Although he did not aim at the head, his precise strike directly dislocated the guy's right arm.

Two guys were down. But the harsh scream from one of them drew the others' attention. Jackson was surprised, but his eyes became vicious in an instant.

His men pulled out their daggers. The sharp blades reflected the surrounding light.

The pedestrians started scattering away quickly, leaving them more room to keep moving. Lucien and John kept running into different directions. They could not stop. The key to this strategy was not to spend too much time on a single enemy, in order to make sure they wouldn't be flanked.

The strategy worked quite well: one more of the thugs was rolling on the ground. But it was also very hard to keep moving all the time.

John was constraining himself. He did not want to be in trouble for hurting someone seriously. But his concern became his weakness: some guys on the ground were still in conditions to fight, and seized the chance to pull out their daggers and stab John's ankles. Busy dodging their low blades, John did not notice the others moved to surround him.

Thanks to John's refined fighting skills, he barely avoided several strikes. But the circle of daggers was getting tighter and tighter.

Lucien turned back to help John, his club whistling directly towards the back of a thug's head.

"Jonny! Watch out!" Warned by the other gang members, the man named Jonny dodged by bending forward quickly, and avoided Lucien's attack.

However, that was enough for John, who seized the chance and broke the formation through the gap left by Jonny. However, the latter jumped up immediately and made the movement to throw his dagger at John's back.

"Bang!" Before the dagger flew away from his hand, Lucien pounded bitterly into Jonny's backbone. This time Lucien did not run away. Instead, he waited for a second chance to strike Jonny.

Suddenly, a cold feeling came from Lucien's own back and immediately turned into agonizing pain. A dagger cut him badly, but Lucien did not panic. He knew John would not hold his hand anymore.

And a determined and angry knight squire would be unstoppable when facing a bunch of gang bastards. Unlike Lucien, John never missed. Wielding his club with anger, he came to support Lucien.

Watching the battle unfold, Jackson took a step back and started escaping.

"You guys stop them!" He shouted while running.

The rest of his men started stabbing crazily. The shining blades came from different directions.

Lucien got another cut on his right hand, and the blood came out immediately. His club almost flew out of his hand.

"Are you alright?" John stood in front of Lucien, sheltering him from the enemies.

"I'm okay." Lucien shook his head, "We gotta stop Jackson from bringing reinforcements."

John nodded, "Remember, use your club to keep the daggers away from you. Follow me!" He struck down once more and started chasing Jackson.

The rest of the guys slowed down and did not pursue any further, because they saw Jackson was already quite a distance away from them.

However, after becoming the overseer, Jackson gained some weight from the lack of proper exercise. Thus, he ran slower and slower.

"Keep moving, keep moving... almost there." Jackson encouraged himself.

Unfortunately, John, a squire in perfect shape, had another plan in mind. He was slowly gaining ground and, when the distance was proper, he swung his club with all his strength right into Jackson's back.

Jackson felt like all his guts almost gushed out through his throat. With a loud groan, he fell on the ground, twitching in great pain. Then a knight boot stamped hard on his back. Lucien arrived a while later, panting heavily. He was more than tired after all the running and fighting, especially because of the bleeding wounds that covered his body. It was his anger that was keeping him up all the way here.

Before Jackson could make any threat, John turned him over with his boot and pointed downwards, smiling and gasping.

"You first, Lucien."

"Thanks buddy." After taking several deep breaths, Lucien raised his club high and took a mighty swing at Jackson's face.

"How dare... Ow!!" Several teeth burst forth from Jackson's mouth, preventing the rest of his words from coming out. He was choking in his own blood. His ears were buzzing, his eyes were seeing stars.

It was a f**king hard one. Those damned little bastards!

"What... what do you want?" Jackson lisped with the mixture of blood and saliva in his mouth. With great dizziness, he noticed his voice was like coming from another world.

"We want nothing more than justice." Kicking away Jackson's dagger, John answered seriously, "You beat Lucien and my mom, which we've paid you back. And you also robbed him and destroyed his place. You gotta compensate."

"John, if I remember correctly, you're a knight squire, aren't you? Fighting on the street... breaks your rules. Don't let Lord Venn down, young lad." Jackson spat out blood from his mouth.

"You've come to this extent... you don't care about your little brother and parents?" He continued his threatening.

"I guess you still want more, don't you?" Lucien was weighing his club.

Facing violence, Jackson shut his mouth. His anger and shame mixed like a pot of boiling water, burning his guts to ashes.