

# ***Throne of Magical Arcana***

## Chapter 19: Cramming

Lucien's hands were trembling slightly. Carefully he opened the book like turning to a new page of his future. Within his expectation, the words in the book were the same as the ones in the magic tomes he collected at the witch's chamber.

He knew how to learn a language well. As long as he learned the pronunciation of the letters and the basic rules of spelling, he could learn more by himself outside of the class by reading intensively.

Victor repeated the pronunciations patiently two to three times on each word. Lucien followed him carefully and wrote down some notes on the paper. "Read them until you becomes more fluent." Victor said, "When it's good enough, we'll move to basic spelling and grammar."

What he said was actually more like an encouragement. As a beginner, it would be almost impossible for Lucien to match the sounds and the letters in such a short amount of time.

The notes Lucien jot down were Chinese characters. He tried to relate these letters with his mother tongue, just like he had done when he started learning English. Again, Lucien read through it and he stayed focused, so the knowledge would enter his spirit library.

As expected, a new shelf labeled "Common Tongue" appeared, on which there was a black hardcover book full of the strange characters, the same one that was lying in front of him on reality.

Lucien opened the book in the library but found out only the first few pages were there, and the rest of the book was simply blank. He went through the book on the table quickly, and as he imagined, the spiritual version became complete instantly.

"Yes!" Lucien cheered in his mind.

With the help of the library, Lucien became more confident. It was very hard from the beginning. Several times later he became better and better. After what seemed like the fifteenth time, he got finally satisfied with his ability to remember them.

Of course, Lucien knew this would not last long. If he did not review that in a regular basis, they would be forgotten very soon. At the same time, Lucien also found out that his spiritual power, which helped him with the spellcasting before, could help improve his memory as well.

At this time, Victor came back to teach Lucien again. After a while helping the students, his face looked tired but also more relaxed. Probably Cohn was right: Victor was using teaching as a distraction.

“Have you memorized all of them?” Victor asked, smiling. “Let me check it.”

Like a primary student facing his teacher, Lucien was a bit nervous. He did forget some of them, but mind then drifted into his library and he started reading according to his notes. It wasn't Lucien's intention to cheat, but both his money and time were limited. He had plenty of time reviewing them again in the library later.

Victor was surprised, “Have you learned before?”

Some of the students raised their heads and looked at Lucien.

“No, I haven't.” answered Lucien.

“Impressive.” Victor commended, “Then we will start learning how to spell.”

While some students were surprised, some of them scorned. In their eyes, Lucien must have learned it before, and was just another scheming guy who wanted to impress Mr. Victor and earn the chance to be his formal music student.

Inside the study room, the three most noble among them had started learning music.

However, that did not distract Lucien at all. There was only one goal in his mind: learn as much as possible. Time is money! A day's learning cost a lot!

“All right, ladies and gentlemen. Let's take a break.” Victor clapped gently and then walked upstairs. At the same time, the servants came with tea and fruits.

The scent of Jasmine and lemon filled the room. Some of the fruits Lucien knew, and some he did not.

A young guy decently dressed smiled at the classmates around him, with a piece of tablature in his hand. “It seems like Mr. Victor got some inspiration. We may call it a day now, if his inspiration keeps flowing.” He looked a bit older than Lucien. His eyes were long and narrow and his nose straight. Among them, this guy was pretty outstanding.

A noble girl in a wine-colored dress was sitting right beside him. “If class finishes earlier, we're gonna have an extra one during the weekend. Don't get too excited.” She responded in a lazy voice, “But I do hope Mr. Victor finishes his new song for the concert as soon as possible. So we will finally be able to start practicing with the orchestra. Sitting in the room, merely reading tablatures and playing flute by myself can never compete with a real rehearsal.”

Around seventeen or eighteen, she was pretty good-looking: hair long and bright red, like fire, thick and sexy lip, and her waist was not tightened like most noble girls - otherwise she would not be able to play the flute well.

Looking at her serious face, Lott laughed, “The first violinist, the man who is as handsome as a silver moon... You like Rhine, don't you? Felicia?”

The first violinist, also called concertmaster, played a significant role in a symphony orchestra. When the conductor was absent, the first violinist would take the baton.

“I just feel he has excellent skills, much better than the last one.” Felicia argued, but her face flushed, “Don’t you think his solo for violin sonata No.1 in G minor was really impressive?”

Talking about music, Lott became serious and excited. They started discussing sonatas and suites. Other noble students also joined them, showing their great interest. Even a pretty insightful comment made by a brown-haired girl with ordinary family background won their consent.

In Aalto, music was another common tongue.

However, consciously or subconsciously, the noble students still often ignored the others, while the common ones treated Lucien indifferently and tried to get close to the ones of higher status. For noble students it was likely that the ordinary and the poor did not even deserve their attention. There were no common things between them, as they had come from different worlds.

There were no bitter words, nor scorn. But the cold wall was always there, preventing those of different social statuses from getting along.

But for Lucien, none of these mattered. He was trying to make full use of every minute or even second, absorbing the knowledge like a dry sponge thrown into an ocean.

Some of their humming came into Lucien’s ears. He found music here was very similar to that of Earth. There were just some differences on notes.

After a while, Lucien raised his head. The students were still discussing. Lucien took a sip from his tea cup and dove into his book again.

Unfortunately, Mr. Victor’s inspiration did not last long. Several minutes later, he walked downstairs with a tired and anxious face.

Going back to teaching definitely helped him a lot.

Lucien worked hard. By the end of the class, Lucien remembered most of the spelling rules and stored them in his spirit library.

Their study ended around ten past four in the afternoon. Except for Lott, Felicia and another noble teen named Herodotus, who stayed to practice with instruments, the rest of the students left the hall in a row.

Out of the hall, there were two carriages waiting. The brown horses were tall and strong, snorting. The two noble students were surely envied by the rest.

Most nobles must maintain their decent look no matter if they were actually doing well or not.

The carriages left in a cloud of dust. The other three students, however, headed towards Purple Lily district as a group, chatting and laughing.

And thus Lucien was left behind, reviewing what he learned in his mind like a nerd.

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“You’re learning from Mr. Victor? He’s the top musician!” After dinner, Joel was quite excited, “Little Evans, are you really going to carry on my music dream?”

“Every dog has its day, uncle Joel. Probably I can.” Lucien replied playfully.

After coming back to his home, lying in his almost-broken, shaky bed, Lucien entered into his library and started reading one of the magic notes, trying to understand the words in it.

Of course, Lucien was not expecting that he could learn how to read within one-day study. He was just trying to read some to reinforce his memory.