

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 26: The Beginning of a New Life

There were over ten different magic potions in the notes. Every one of them was amazing. For example, “Brown Owl” was helpful for restoring energy. The most precious among them were three: “Magic Gate” provided a great boost for those apprentices who found themselves stuck because of certain magic structures; “Silver Moon” was a potion that could help the apprentice during the process of break through; and “Crying Soul” could reveal the power hidden in a developed body, or so to speak, an adult.

For now, Crying Soul was the one Lucien was longing for the most.

The materials required for Magic Gate and Silver Moon were precious and hard to find. They also demanded a higher level of spiritual power, close to the one a real sorcerer had. Only Crying Soul could be used on any healthy person, becoming a very famous potion back in the days when the ancient sorcerers were trying to have more low-level squires to face moments of crisis. But there was also a side effect: the potion would overdraw one’s strength, causing problems in the future development. If a person became a knight by using Crying Soul, he wouldn’t be as strong as the normally-trained ones in the future, and his final development would be overall inferior.

But for Lucien, he never really expected being a knight. It was just a good way for him to become stronger quickly.

The problem was that even the materials for Crying Soul were still not that very easy to collect. They were either expensive or very strange. And Lucien was not yet an adult, so the potion might be dangerous for him. The stronger the person was, the greater chance of success for the procedure.

Crying Soul belonged to the Necromancy School. Its simplified magic formula was:

“Corpse mushroom + Aquatic Zombie brain tissue + Revenant dust + Moonlight Rose dust = Crying Soul Potion”

Corpse Mushrooms grew on dead bodies. Before they were ripe, they were white like milk, but then turned black within a day. They could last for one month when they were ripe. Smelling them could lead the person to suffer from light delusion. If someone ate the mushroom they would be infected with diseases from the corpse. The darker the color was, the better the quality the potion would have.

It was the same for the other materials: stronger aquatic zombies and revenant with stronger hatred would improve the potion’s effect as well.

Moonlight Rose was precious and expensive, costing about a gold Thale per gram (a hundred silver Nars). It shone like the silver moon at night. Also, high-level knight squires would use the Rose to

help them awaken the “Blessing” in their blood. One dose would need at least ten grams, if everything went well.

The witch once tried to make a Crying Soul potion to become stronger, in order to help on the search for Snow Gorse later. After all, the potion could help a person fight in the same conditions with a level one knight. And there were just about four hundred knights in the whole Duchy.

She could not afford the Rose. But the witch mentioned in her notes that there were aquatic zombies along the Belem River at night. She also recorded that the Revenant Dust could be obtained by summoning a low-level Revenant using the blood of evil creatures, which was also an apprentice-level necromancy spell.

Lucien had no better options available. The only thing he could do now was keep practicing and strengthening his spiritual power, while at the same time trying to find these materials secretly.

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Approaching the Month of Fire, the sun rose much earlier than before. The orange-colored clouds were slowly changing as they crossed the sky like blooming flowers.

Lucien succeeded in activating Disarming Loop again. He already knew that the spelling was not necessary if he first made his spirit resonate in the same frequency of the spell. However, that method was more energy-consuming. He was disappointed to see that without the spelling, activating the magic even once could drain his spiritual power completely.

After doing meditation, Lucien felt invigorated. He tidied his messy place a little bit, leaving no proof of the magic practice, and headed to Auntie Alisa’s house.

“Morning, Lucien! Come and join us for breakfast!” Iven opened the door. Recently he was helping his mom in the Textile Association and thus looked more mature now.

“Sure! I planned my arrival time just to be able to have breakfast.” Lucien smiled.

“You’re playing the funny now, little Evans!” Joel was having the veggie soup with dark bread. He was happy to see Lucien’s growth, “You seem more confident now.”

Every Sunday morning, those faithful ones among the citizens would go to the Saint Truth Church. Lucien did not want to go with them because was too afraid of being found out, so he always sought different excuses not to join them.

“Have some hot soup, little Evans.” Auntie Alisa scooped a bowl of hot soup and handed it over to Lucien.

Lucien was starving from his previous meditation and casting. Sipping the hot soup with dark bread, Lucien felt much better.

The dark bread here was still not tasty. Lucien could taste some wheat bran mixed in the bread, and it was much better than what he had at home. His bread tasted like pure wood.

“Uncle Joel, I got something else to do tomorrow. Sorry, but I can’t go with you to the church.” Despite the risk, Lucien also had no time to waste with that.

“Don’t you have to work in the market tomorrow?” Auntie Alisa asked.

Lucien pulled out the old purse and gave it back to Joel. He smiled and answered, “I’m Mr. Victor’s admitted student now. I’m going to study music under Mr. Victor.

“And...” Lucien paused a bit, “he will teach me for free.”

“What!?” Joel almost choked on the bread. His face turned red from coughing. “He allowed you to learn music there? You just wanted to learn how to read, like... like a week ago!”

Clearly Alisa had a different focus.

“For free? Really for free?”

Iven gasped in great admiration. “Lucien, what did you do?”

Lucien told them the full story. “I’m pretty lucky to have this opportunity. I’m gonna visit Mr. Victor tomorrow morning and borrow some related books.”

In fact Lucien was going to study at Victor’s place this afternoon to make up for lesson they had missed. But it was also a very good excuse for him to be absent from the church again. And he was going to visit Mr. Victor tomorrow morning again to collect more books in his spirit library.

Being a musician was a perfect cover for Lucien. He had to take it seriously.

“Oh, Mr. Victor! What a generous, nice and talented gentleman!” Alisa was touched, again. “Thanks God! God bless you, little Evans! After so many difficulties, your beautiful new life has finally come!”

Joel stared at Lucien for a while with complicated emotions. Finally he started patting on Lucien’s shoulder with great joy. His voice was trembling, “You’re lucky, yes. But you’re also smart, diligent and gifted. Mr. Victor is an awesome teacher and I’m sure you can accomplish big achievements in the future. Do your best, little Evans. If you manage to have a chance to play in the Psalm Hall, let me be there to watch you, then I will have no regrets in music in my life.”

On the opposite side of the table, Iven was nodding as well. “Then I can tell my friends that I have two elder brothers, one is a knight and the other is a great musician! Cool!”

“Of course, uncle Joel, I’ll work hard.” Lucien nodded seriously but sighed in his heart.

He felt sorry that he wouldn’t be able to put lots of energy and time in music. Last night Lucien had been drawn into the amazing magic world. For him, being a musician was just a camouflage and a way of making money for learning magic. Joel loved music deep within his heart, but Lucien did not.

He did not know much about music here, but from his experience many songs he heard before were very beautiful, and some of them shared the same features with the classical masterpieces on Earth.

Putting the purse back, Joel reminded Lucien. “When you decide what instrument you’d like to start with, don’t be shy and come here to ask for help.”

“Sure. Thank you so much, uncle Joel, auntie Alisa. I’m planning to find a new job as well, but not in the market. I’m Mr. Victor’s student now, so I hope it’ll be a bit easier.” Finished the breakfast, it was time for Lucien to leave.

After reading the magic notes, Lucien knew that learning magic was very expensive. He had to hurry up and make money!