

# ***Throne of Magical Arcana***

## Chapter 28: In the Sewers

With his latest progress, Victor was more confident when facing Wolf's bitter challenge now. After a fierce competition, Victor and Wolf were the last two competitors remaining. In Victor's opinion, Wolf lost the chance in the end because he spent too much time on criticizing other musician's work instead of investing more energy in studying music itself.

"I do think so, Wolf. Actually I'm pretty happy with my new work. Do you want to give me some suggestion on it?" Victor had registered his new piano concerto at the association. There was no chance for Wolf to try to plagiarize it.

Wolf thought Victor was still very frustrated with his work. Now Victor's confidence was something beyond his expectation. Wolf's face turned ashen and he murmured,

"Not really, Victor. I'd rather keep my curiosity. We'll see it in three months."

Shrugging his shoulders, Victor smiled, "All right. I was quite looking forward to your opinion."

Wolf just wanted to get rid of this topic, and he saw Lucien was standing aside in his cheap and old linen clothes. Raising his chin, he asked in contempt, "When did you become friends with people from the slum?"

That behavior came from a long time ago when Wolf's family still ranked among nobles. From his great-grandfather on, Wolf's family lost the title, but it did not prevent him from regarding himself as a noble. He looked down upon the musicians like Victor who came from common families, not to mention poor people like Lucien. His arrogance was mixed with the hatred towards Victor, so in his eyes Lucien was comparable to a disgusting mouse jumping onto his dinner table.

Lucien was a bit angry, but he was already used to this kind of contempt. As long as there was social status and wealth in a world, people would be divided into different levels - the superior and the inferior, the decent and the filthy...The only way for a person to change the situation was striving for power and wealth. But once someone succeeded, they would often join the group and become one among the ones who looked down upon the common folk.

"Mind your words, Wolf." Frowning his eyebrows, Victor warned him seriously, "Lucien's my new music student. He's a... a very talented young lad." Honestly speaking, Victor boasted about Lucien's ability. He was not sure about Lucien's music gift yet.

"Are you serious, Victor? Really?" Wolf started laughing so hard that he almost lost his footing, "You got that nervous with your performance and lost your mind?"

Lacking a bit of confidence, Victor tried to fight back.

“Aalto is the City of Psalm, the City of Music, everyone here can have a chance at learning music. Many outstanding bards are of poor background. The talent of music is a gift from God, and God doesn’t only bless the wealthy and the noble.”

Wolf shook his head while he was still laughing, “Come on, Victor! Both you and I know that a talent can easily awaken the Blessing in their blood. We call people like Princess Natasha and Lord Verdi talents, but your student... Get real!

“If he manage to become an outstanding musician in the future, I will do an open apology to you and your student on Music Criticism, and never hold my own concert again.”

Wolf made the bet on impulse, but he was pretty cautious as well. He added the word “outstanding” on purpose since it was really hard to reach a consensus on what really made an outstanding artist.

Lucien heard that Princess Natasha, also known as the Violet Countess, was the only child of the Grand Duke of Orvarit. And her current title was also one of the prerequisites to become the Grand Duke of the Duchy. She was very gifted in music and had excellent skills in playing violin, flute and harpsichord. Besides, the twenty-five-year-old princess was also an outstanding level five Grand Knight, who was expected to become a Radiant Knight soon.

Lord Verdi, the nephew of the Grand Duke and also a member of the Violet family, just became a level five Grand Knight, and was currently serving as the chief commander of the City Guards in Aalto.

After making the comment, Wolf directly turned and left the hall.

Victor shook his head in repulsion. “Lucien, just ignore him. Everyone knows Wolf is a total bastard. Your work starts from tomorrow. One day off a week. You can arrange your day off with the library administrators. I have to go to the odeon now.”

Lucien nodded and watched Mr. Victor leave the hall. Then he turned to Elena and gave the contract back to her. “Thank you, Elena,” he said.

There was a sweet little dimple in Elena’s left cheek. “No worries, it’s my job. Like Mr. Victor said, never let Mr. Wolf bother you. He’s always like that... looking down upon most people in the association, except several directors with titles.”

“I’m looking forward to seeing Mr. Wolf’s high-lifted jaw digging a hole into the carpet along with the noble directors.” Lucien shrugged a bit and smiled.

Elena started giggling with his words.

When Lucien was about to leave, Elena stopped him. Her right hand clenched into a small fist, and her face looked serious.

“I believe in you, Lucien! You can be an outstanding musician! Mr. Wolf would deeply regret his bet!”

Honestly speaking, Lucien did not take the bet seriously. But he also raised his fist like Elena and replied, "I certainly will."

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There was no nightlife in Aderon. At nine o'clock at night most residents in this area were already in bed, except for several drunkards who were still hanging around. Everybody else had to prepare for the hard work in the following morning.

Lucien told Joel and Alisa he got a new job over dinner, and then went back to his shack to meditate and prepare for his magic experiments.

Gently closing the door, Lucien sneaked out of his shack and walked towards one of the entrances to the sewers. It would still take Lucien quite some time to learn how to build a secret passage like the witch did.

After making sure that no one was watching, Lucien stepped into the underground world.

The stinking smell and the slimy wall were still the same, disgusting and gloomy, but none of that would prevent him from exploring magic. Walking in the pipes, Lucien was mapping in his spirit library and trying to find a proper corner to start his experiments.

He also scraped off some of the moss on the wall and put them into his pocket. It was called Light Moss, which was the reagent for the apprentice magic Extinguishment.

The deeper Lucien went, the more gruesome the place became. Down there Lucien never met any homeless guy, like Corella mentioned. The sound of his footsteps was intensified within the sewers. Lucien could even hear his own breath.

Finally Lucien found his ideal place: a fork path. The front way was blocked by a huge rock, while the one turning left went further into the darkness. Lucien could easily notice if anyone was approaching him from this position.

Lucien pinched some sulphur from his pocket while recalling the structure of the magic. Then he started casting a strange spell and the powder slipped through his fingers. His face looked serious and mysterious in the cold light.