

# Throne of Magical Arcana

## Chapter 4: Scarlet Eyes

Pastor Benjamin elegantly moved towards the ruined witch's cabin. He talked in a low and gentle voice, "Vicious witches, they exploit people's psyche and awareness. Especially like today's night, when the silver moon is present in the sky. That woman, fortunately, hasn't gained any real dark power. Her spells can only affect several individuals at most."

He was clarifying why only Lucien could hear the crying voice. Before Lucien could ask, as if he knew what he wanted to ask. Benjamin reached out his hands wearing white gloves and continued, "We are blessed. So only we can hear the wicked crying."

When Benjamin said that, the four guards instantly began drawing crosses on their chests and started yelling at the same time:

"Only truth lives forever."

They became more excited as they spoke.

The crowd started praying as well. "Only truth lives forever."

"This is the power of divinity... Pastor Benjamin is truly blessed by God."

Benjamin's face now looked more solemn and serious. He slowly opened his hands and spelled out an odd word:

"Paso."

Instantly a sheet of white light covered the ruins like it was coming from the moon.

In the white light, a small scarlet hole emerged on the broken wall connecting it to Lucien's place.

Like the surrounding people, the mysterious power also shocked Lucien. But, rather than being awed and respectful like the crowd, he yearned for the divinity.

Benjamin put his hands back and ordered, "Gary, that is the door. It doesn't have any trap. Go and open it."

Gary puffed out his chest, as the sound of his chainmail clashing came, "Yes, my lord."

As Gary walked past them, Lucien heard Benjamin complaining in a low voice. "Those haughty inquisition bastards! Except 'Magic Trap Detection', they never bother double checking with 'Secret Door Detection'. They can't be so irresponsible just because she was an apprentice."

Gary, effortlessly, broke down the wall with his strong muscle. The other guard hauled out his heavy sword and fiercely hacked. A black hole appeared in the corner of the wall.

It was a narrow hole, enough for only one person to pass through. A stinking smell came from it, which made Lucien almost throw up. Lucien took a couple of steps backward, and he noticed that Benjamin was covering his nose and mouth with the right hand, with his eyebrows frowning.

Gary reported, "This tunnel leads to the sewers."

Benjamin was still frowning his eyebrows. His muffled voice came from under his covered mouth, "Are you sure?"

"Yes. We can see the sewer from here." Gary was pretty certain.

As an elegant and noble pastor from the long-established and honored Rafati family, Benjamin was more than reluctant to go down into the smelly, dirty pipes. He had not mastered a "Purifying" spell yet, so he must rely on the runes and divinity instruments. But no one knew how long it would take to find the witch's chamber.

"Hmm... Just a Sorcerer Apprentice, a Saint Truth Badge would be enough." Benjamin turned his eyes towards Lucien. His voice became solemn again.

"Lucien, you once lived near that vicious witch. Something evil must have contaminated you. But your devotion towards God touched me, and you deserve a chance to purify the evil in there as well as yourself. Go, Lucien, I'm gonna lend you my badge to help you. May God bless you."

Lucien's brain started buzzing like it had just got hammered. He thought everything was going to be fine after he went to Pastor Benjamin and the guards. But, the pastor told him to go down there! He was just an ordinary guy, who recently recovered from illness, but now he had to go underground to face the devil! Were they kidding?

Seeing Lucien's dumbfounded and hesitant face, Benjamin kindly asked,

"You are saying... NO?"

Lucien felt terrified hearing Benjamin's gentle voice. If he refused, he might again get suspected by the church. Besides, Benjamin will lend him the magic badge and his guards were supposed to go with Lucien. Lucien thought this mission would not be that dangerous.

Lucien had no choice though. The crowd was praising Pastor Benjamin's generosity and the Mercy of God. Lucien squeezed out a bitter smile and answered, "No. That would be my honor."

The pastor just ignored Lucien's bitterness. He took off the badge on his neck and handed it to Lucien. "This is the Saint Truth Badge. I'll cast a Blessing spell on you as well, so you can focus better. When you chant the spell and touch the badge, you can call the power of God."

Hearing his words, Lucien calmed down a little bit, then he started getting curious about the badge.

It was a gold badge embedded with a shining white cross, around which were different lines and patterns such as circles, squares, triangles. They were connected with each other, giving it an even more mysterious and solemn look.

When Lucien was holding the badge, he felt a gentle and loving power penetrating all over his body. Even in the cold night, Lucien felt like he was standing under the warm sunshine.

“The badge contains two inferior spells: Light and Minor Injury Healing. It additionally contains three level-one spells: Shield of Light, Sword of Light, and Holy Strike. Each can be used once a day. Now, pay attention to the chants.”

As an ordinary individual, Lucien understood how important these spells were to him. The spells were not long, but rather their tone was hard to master. It took him a while to barely remember them.

Benjamin reached out his hand again, casting a beam of white light on Lucien. Lucien felt refreshed and much healthier after the light vanished. People’s voices also became more clear to him:

“This guy got the badge from Pastor Benjamin.”

“Oh! Benevolent Lord Benjamin!”

“We praise god! We praise the pastor!”

Lucien waited and watched Benjamin casting Blessing on the guards. There was always an interval of two to three seconds between his castings.

After the preparation, Benjamin said, “Paul, you stay at the entrance here. Gary, Howson, Corella, you go in with Lucien.”

His face then became serious as he drew a cross on his chest, “May the lights of God bless you.”

“Only truth lives forever!” Those guards got energized and started shouting. Lucien was a little bit slow, standing there he felt embarrassed.

As they were walking towards the tunnel, the guard, Paul, went near Benjamin and asked in a low voice, “My lord, why him?”

With the badge and spells, the guards could bring out the power as well. Despite the fact that they were slower than the pastors, they were still much better than a weak young boy. If Benjamin did not want to go down there on his own, he could still ask the guards to do the job.

The pastor looked at the entrance of the secret passage, and replied slowly, “His soul is stronger than the average person. He can do the work better.”

“He’s too old to be taught, though,” he added.

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The mixed, stinking smell inside the hole made Lucien almost throw up.

“You live in Aderon, and you dislike the smell of pipe? It seems like you all are living a better life than I thought. In the City of Chant, Antiffler, poor people with nowhere to hide live in the sewers.” Corella, a guy with black hair and big cheekbones, remarked unexpectedly.

Before Lucien opened his mouth, Gary moved and shushed Corella.

The latter shrugged his shoulders and stopped talking. He stepped forward and jumped into the pipes, followed by Lucien.

Lucien stepped on something slippery. After taking a close look, he found that they were weird mosses. They were everywhere and slightly lighted the whole space.

Gary kept his voice low, “I, Howson, and Corella are high-level knight squires. We’ll try our best to protect you. When you are in danger, summon the Sword of Light as soon as possible.” He wore blond whiskers. Every movement of his was calm and confident. He seemed like the acknowledged leader of the four guards.

Gary was holding the sword in his right hand and a small shield in the left. He took the lead and moved deeper into the darkness.

The miserable crying was increasing louder and louder. It originated from all around. For ordinary people, it was almost impossible to tell the direction. But, the special-trained guards and ‘blessed’ Lucien could easily find where the crying was coming from.

No one was living down here as Corella mentioned. The whole space was terrifyingly quiet except for the lingering bitter crying.

They passed several forks and stopped at a normal corner.

Gary stared at the wall which was fully covered by dark green moss, telling Lucien in a cool voice, “Summon the Sword of Light.”

Terrified and excited, Lucien calmed himself down under the help of Blessing and began concentrating on the badge hanging on his neck, feeling the warm and soft power in it. He put his left hand on the badge and gently rubbed it, and at the same time, he whispered:

“Geesairon.”

Lucien’s spirit blended with the white light and began to form into a shining sword.

“This is my voice?” Lucien was surprised. His voice sounded deep and husky.

Lucien grabbed the sword. He could feel the power. Gary’s order pulled him back to reality, “Slash the wall there.”

His body trembled slightly. Lucien didn’t know what he was going to face: Powerful magic? Evil ghost? Fatal trap? He had no idea.

