

# Throne of Magical Arcana

## Chapter 7: Gain and Temptation

### Editor: Vermillion

Surrounded by the red mist, Lucien felt his limbs melting, and the nerves in his brain swelling and jerking. In his eyes, Corella and Howson changed from human bodies to giant rats and continued switching back and forth.

“It’s... an illusion...?!” Lucien was quite sure. So, he concentrated and spread his spirit again like waves. Then, everything became stable. No changes or contortion happened.

Lucien saw Corella and Howson lying on the ground, with wounds all over their bodies, dying.

“This is a well-designed magic trap... Did the illusion originate from the blood of the rats, or the peculiar plant?” Lucien thought to himself. He finally understood that from the very beginning, when they killed the first rat, they were already trapped in the illusion. Lucien was protected by the light shield, and his spiritual power was a little bit stronger than common people, so he was unaffected by the illusion.

The Holy Strike that shot out of the badge not only evaporated Gary’s right hand and shoulder, but also the stone ceiling of the chamber. There was a wide hole there, from which chunks of stone were falling like rain, as if the chamber would cave in at any time.

Dust and small stones dispersed the red mist. Lucien felt his strength gradually recovering.

Having no idea what would happen next, his brain started quickly functioning again: Except for two more Light spells, Lucien got nothing useful left. And his muscles were still weak from the paralyzing red mist.

Then his attention was drawn to the plant in the corner, which was shaking and wobbling due to the falling stones.

“The plant cannot protect itself aside from creating an illusion?” Lucien wondered. He tried his best to stand up again and then dragged his body towards the plant. He moved very slowly and faltered several times. Sharp stones kept falling on him, leaving painful wounds all over his body.

Lucien took a deep breath and kept moving. After so much experience, he became calm and decisive. Reaching out his right hand, he firmly grabbed the main stem of the plant.

The plant had a pulse like that of a living being! Lucien felt like he was grabbing veins of a creature, beating with blood. He pulled the stem with all his strength.

Suddenly, the plant shrank and burst out an extremely bitter and sharp scream.

Lucien did not succeed on his first try. So, he kept twisting it with all his strength. Like a dying man struggling for survival, the plant screamed, stretched out its branches and entangled them around Lucien's arm.

The plant was moist, slimy, and cold, and its tentacles had countless tiny burrs which kept burying themselves into Lucien's skin. Fighting back his fear, Lucien pulled hard again.

"Crack!"

The plant suddenly stopped screaming. Red liquid spurted out of it and splattered all over Lucien's chest, leaving a strong bloody smell in the air. Feeling limp, Lucien hurriedly leaned against the wall to maintain his balance.

After the plant was snapped in half, the red mist became much denser and almost turned into liquid. As soon as the blood mist from the plant reached the three books on the desk, they instantly started corroding. It only took a couple of seconds to completely corrode all the books. Lucien didn't get any time to read anything.

"It must be another magic trap", Lucien thought. In case the chamber got discovered, these sorcerer's notes would destroy themselves automatically when the mist reached a certain density.

"Argh!" It was such a pity for Lucien. He was hoping to find some mighty magic spells in the notes.

Just then, he noticed something shining in his spirit library.

Out of curiosity, Lucien let his spirit enter the library. Then, his eyes opened wide with great surprise: A new bookshelf appeared! And there was a small tag which read "Magic (Arcana)". Under the tag there were three books. They were the same ones which got destroyed.

"The library can collect books as well?!... Wait, what about the content, then? I didn't have a chance to read them at all." Lucien was trying to understand how the library worked. "As the corrosion happened really fast, the whole books were still destroyed page after page. Probably the library can copy the content... then the projections of the books can be stored here..."

Lucien was just guessing. He needed more proof.

Staring at the three labels, a strong hesitant feeling rose in Lucien's mind: Wouldn't it be too dangerous to learn magic in a world where divine power dominated everything and sorcerers were hated by the public?

Lucien knew he could not waste too much time down here. What was more surprising was that after the mist completely disappeared, both Corella and Howson twitched a little bit. They were still alive! Lucien knew that he really had to hurry up and get all of them out of this terrible place.

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Benjamin suddenly groaned when he felt Lucien activated Holy Strike. At that moment, their spirits were somehow connected. He was more than surprised.

“Lord Benjamin?” Pawl asked with concern.

Under the silver moon, Benjamin’s face did not look well. He said in a low voice: “Something unexpected happened down there. Damn it! She was just an apprentice. These guys are useless... Paul, you wait here. If I don’t come back in five minutes, ask the bishop for help.”

Because there was a spirit imprint on the badge, Benjamin could feel it. Or he would not have lent the badge to a young guy he had just met. He did not expect that his own imprint could be activated by someone else.

Misfortune always comes with arrogance and prejudice.

For Benjamin, knights were just a bunch of vulgar and ignorant guys, who knew nothing more than how to fight with just their physical strength. So, without giving any thought to whether the guards were actually more suitable, Benjamin directly gave the badge to Lucien, a young boy whose spirit was stronger than common people.

Benjamin’s perspective came from his past experiences.

The family he came from, the Rafati family, was one of the most powerful families in the Duchy of Orvarit. Rafati family was known for producing gifted divines. While knights had to learn spells, offsprings of Rafati family were born with Blessing in their blood.

Benjamin was no way close to being the most talented child in his family. But after entering the monastery, he stood out among his peers and soon became a formal pastor and a divine caster.

But now, as a formal pastor, he was having trouble dealing with a trap left behind by a sorcerer’s apprentice. It would definitely affect his reputation and position in the church. So he had no choice but to rush over there and solve the trouble himself.

Paul was surprised as well, “They had the badge... Is there a real sorcerer present there?”

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Sounds of footsteps came when Lucien was about to drag himself out the chamber to ask for help. He became anxious, for fear that if it was another witch or wizard who came then he would not be able to safely escape with his life again.

Above all he felt worried, because a chamber was one of the best places to execute somebody and thus keep their mouths shut.

“Lapland Bloodvine?” Benjamin took a glimpse at the corner and quickly speculated what happened. He looked at Lucien and the three guards, “Fortunately, they’re still alive.”

Benjamin was a little bit surprised when he saw Lucien. Benjamin thought, “It seems like when he activated my imprint, his spirit power also increased. He has reached the basic-level of a trainee pastor, quite lucky.”

However, everything has changed. The church, now, is not in its absolute dominant status like three hundred years ago. Today, divinity power can't be acquired with talent alone. Being a real pastor requires systematic learning from a young age.

'The Emperor of Magical Arcana', it was he who started the close to four-hundred-year golden age of the development of divinity power and magic. He changed the rule of how to become a Divine Caster.

As a member of Rafati family, compared with most pastors, Benjamin knew more about the circumstances of the world. What's more, he was not that devoted to his own particular faith. More accurately, being an aristocrat actually conflicted with his identity of belonging to the church.

Even further, after "the Highest Theology Conference" more than three hundred years ago, the church was partitioned into two: one south, the other north. They both criticized each other for being a hearsay. But neither of them were ever interrupted or prevented from continuously gaining the divine power, which made many bishops and cardinals doubt whether God really existed, or if all this was a test for God's followers.

This kind of attitude directly affected the following younger generations, like Benjamin, for hundreds of years.

Besides, to fit into this fast developing era, several popes had introduced part of the knowledge gained through the exploration of the world by great Arcanists, to modify the foundation of theology.

The adjustment guaranteed the fast development of divinity and the emergence of countless great spellcasters. Therefore, the South Church could still preserve its predominant position in general and keep growing while being surrounded by many powerful enemies like heretics, evil sorcerers, dark creatures and so on. But at the same time, this behavior additionally prompted more conflicts within the South Church itself.

Benjamin's thought came back to reality. He released some white powder from his hand and chanted some weird spell. A strong wind blew the red mist away.

He pointed his finger towards Gary. A white light fell down on his wound. The wound started healing and soon regained its original color.

After curing Corella, Howson, and Lucien one by one, he confirmed with them what happened. Benjamin checked the desk to ensure nothing was left there. "Move all the stuff back to the church, including the bodies of the rats."

He put the badge, which had already been returned by Lucien, back on his neck, and said, "God has forgiven you. Go back and rest. May God bless you."

Initially, Benjamin wanted to reward Lucien with some money or even wait to see whether the kid had the potential to be further trained if things went well. But after all of this, the only thing Benjamin wanted was Lucien to leave as soon as possible. He got another problem to face: Gary's right hand. He did not master the spell for limb regeneration.

Having the chance to leave, Lucien hurriedly walked towards the exit. By the moment he left the chamber, he heard Corella talking to Howson in a low voice, "Gary lost his right hand. He probably can't stay in the guards anymore..."

He walked outside the pipes with complicated, mixed feelings. The crowd mobbed him instantly with great concerns.

"Little Evans, is the ghost gone now?" Aunty Alisa asked loudly from far-off.

Lucien nodded, "Yes. The place has been purified by the pastor and the guards."

The mood lightened immediately after they got Lucien's certain answer. They started being more curious about what happened down there.

"Lucien, what did the ghost look like? Terrifying?"

"I knew Lord Benjamin could handle it!"

"Lucien is blessed by God! He got the chance to use the badge!"

"What a pity! Lucien is not a child anymore, or he would be able to go to the monastery and become a real pastor. Think about it! A pastor from Aderon!"

Lucien was bothered by the comments, "I'm too old to be a pastor already?"

Although Lucien himself never thought about being a pastor because of his identity, it was still quite depressing knowing he was completely hopeless after seeing such an amazing power.

"My poor little Evans. Look at your face. You must be very exhausted." Aunty Alisa asked.

Lucien really needed some time for himself. He nodded and walked directly towards his small shanty. He closed the door and sat down on the bed. He could hear the crowd gradually dispersing after Benjamin and the guards left.

Lucien missed his parents and friends but could not do anything about it. He started thinking about his own future again.

"The real Lucien did not get any training before. So I could neither become a pastor nor a knight.

"If I want to get rid of this life and become someone, then I need to learn magic.

"...But then I would be an enemy of the church and all the people, including Aunty Alisa.

"Do I have other choices?"

Finally, Lucien decided to first look at the notes in his mental library.

A little while later, Lucien talked to himself in a low voice, awkwardly.

