

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 76: Revelation

Leaving the paper ball on the table, Lucien took out the letter from the crate. Within his expectations, a few lines of words just emerged.

"It seems like you received our gift already. The three fingers are just a warning for you. Don't do stupid things, or we'll have no choice but to kill Joel and his family. We can see you, and we're way more powerful than you think. The ball is called Scene. Crumble the ball, and you'll see what you want."

Lucien already sensed the magnetism of the small ball, which should be able to function like a camera. Thus, without hesitation, Lucien destroyed the ball with his hand.

Dark smoke came out from the ball, and the smoke gradually took the shape of a black and white screen, showing Lucien a short moving scene.

In the video, Joel, Alisa and Iven were sitting around a wooden table. Iven's eyes were half closed, looking rather sleepy, while Joel and Alisa looked very worried, with their hands swathed in bandages. From the window of the log cabin, Lucien could tell it was late at night. Few dim stars were hanging in the sky, and the silver moon was shaded by the clouds.

The moving scene lasted for a minute.

On the letter, new sentences emerged, "Mr. Evans, now you see they are still alive. We'll send you more scenes when the weather changes. We believe that the weather, the stars and the silver moon can provide you with enough information to tell the different dates. You see, we always value our words."

"That is a good relief to me," wrote Lucien, "What shall I say if John comes back?"

While Lucien was asking, he was picturing in his mind the sky that he just saw from the ball. What he was trying to do was to tell what stars they were based on the stellar map drawn by the witch in her notes. Combining the season, the arrangement and the brightness of the stars, as well as the angle that Lucien was observing the sky through the window, Lucien was confident he could find some valuable information from this one-minute moving scene. After all, Astrology was his speciality. From the several apprentice meetings that he attended before, Lucien already had a solid understanding in apprentice level Astrology, and as a college student crossing over, his knowledge in Astrology was relatively more advanced compared with the ancient system.

The letter replied, "Just tell him honestly. We don't care about a knight squire, and we bet he wouldn't dare to risk his family's lives. And you, Mr. Evans, be careful when you go to Ratacia Palace tomorrow."

Every Tuesday and Thursday, Lucien was scheduled to go to Ratacia Palace to meet the princess and discuss music with her. If the princess had extra need, she would summon Lucien at any time, and there would also be an extra pay for him.

The words on the letter gradually disappeared one by one. Finally, the paper returned to normal blank. Folding the letter and wrapping up the three fingers, Lucien put them back into the crate.

...

On his way to the Musicians' Association, Lucien's mind was fully occupied with the stars.

"I made my request yesterday, then the ball and the fingers arrived today. So first of all, uncle Joel and his family should still be somewhere close to Aalto. A village, small town, or even a forest... all possible."

Lucien's brain was working hard. By comparing the stellar maps in his spiritual library and through lots of calculations of the coordinates of the stars, Lucien identified the few stars that he saw from the scene. Looking up the star list in the spiritual library, Lucien targeted one of the stars and found out its detailed record.

"The log cabin should be... about 20 kilometers west of Aalto. That is to say..." Lucien was looking up a simple map of Aalto and its surroundings stored in his own library, "the cabin is deep within Melzer Black Forest!"

Drawing a circle on the map, Lucien was very excited. Although he still couldn't accurately locate where uncle Joel and his family were, and he was also not sure about how powerful the heretics were, knowing that Joel, Alisa and Iven were not far away from him provided him with a bit comfort.

Lucien hoped that the next time he saw the scene the log cabin would still be there. Then he would be able to narrow down the range further.

Trying to calm himself down, Lucien sighed silently, "Every step is so tough." He knew that, currently, he was still not prepared to save Joel and his family.

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The two ladies who were on duty today in the association's lobby weren't familiar to Lucien. One of them stood up and bowed slightly, "Good morning, Mr. Evans. Your personal office has been assigned by Mr. Hank. Please go to Mr. Hank's office when you have time."

Lucien was about to find a quiet practicing room. Now it was a surprise for him to have his own office, which was great for his plan.

A while later, being led by Mr. Hank, Lucien entered his own office on the third floor.

"Evans, this is your office now. Unless you join other countries' music associations, until the last day of your life, the office will still be yours."

The building of the Musician's Association was magnificent. A courtyard was surrounded by seventy to eighty different rooms on the third floor, but almost half of them were currently vacant, since many of the famous musicians in Aalto had been invited to other countries.

The office was decorated with a brown carpet, fine statues, paintings and lights. The dark blue couch looked very comfy, beside which stood a decent red wood desk. A milk-white piano was in the corner of the office. And there was also a den in the office, where the musician could rest a bit in the bed without being disturbed.

"It's a great room." Lucien smiled politely, "Thank you, Mr. Hank."

"You're more than welcome, Evans. And just call me Hank." Hank nodded.

After Hank left, Lucien closed the office door and walked back and forth in his office with great anger and anxiety.

He was holding back his emotion when he saw the fingers. Now he was by himself, Lucien could not take it anymore.

All of a sudden Lucien sat in front of the piano and pressed the keys with both of his hands. It was Symphony of Fate that Lucien was playing.

When the sound of the piano became louder and louder, Lucien started swearing in a low voice:

"Bastards! Jerks! You f**king evil kidnappers!"

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The swearing was not only for venting, Lucien was testing to what extent the kidnappers could monitor him.

When he Finished playing, Lucien stood up and gave out a long sigh. Even if the heretics did hear his swearing just now, he could still explain to them that he was doing this was to prepare himself for the meeting with the princess tomorrow.

However, when Lucien came back to his home in Aderon, he only found a simple sentence on the letter.

"Music is an ideal way to release emotions, Mr. Evans."

Although the kidnappers just wanted to remind Lucien that he was under their surveillance all the time, the message offered Lucien another piece of valuable information—the method the kidnappers were using couldn't let them hear Lucien very well!

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At two o'clock in the afternoon, Lucien arrived at Victor's place on time.

Although without saying anything, the way Athy looked at Lucien was filled with gratefulness. Athy had been accompanying Victor for many years, and he was sincerely glad that the concert was a great success.

Renee, Colin and David were also there. They stood up and greeted, "Good afternoon, Mr. Evans."

Although Lucien's success was not yet well-known among the common residents in Aalto, Renee, Colin and David had heard about it from Felicia and Annie's conversation. All of a sudden they felt Lucien became strange in their eyes, and they subconsciously treated Lucien the same way they greeted their teacher Mr. Victor.

"I still feel it's sort of unreal until now." Lott stood up from the couch and gave Lucien a hug, smiling.

Felicia also walked close to Lucien, and whispered in his ear, "Tomorrow afternoon, I shall be able to give you the roses."

"Thank you. Thanks a lot, Felicia," said Lucien sincerely.

Standing beside them, Lott almost could not believe his eyes.

"Since when they became this close to each other?" Lott wondered.

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Chapter 77: Ratacia Palace

Turning around, Felicia noticed that Annie, Colin and some other students were all standing around and trying to talk to Lucien. She slightly smiled and took a step forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen, in order to celebrate the great success of the concert and the achievement Lucien made with his Symphony of Fate, I want to invite everyone to the ball on Friday evening in my family's house. Mr. Victor agreed, and now I want to see how many of us want to attend the ball."

Although Felicia was not willing to let other of her classmates have a close relationship with Lucien like she already did, she understood that purposefully excluding the other classmates was not a good way to leave a favorable impression on Lucien.

"Really? I'd love to!" Renee put a big smile on her face, "It's my great pleasure!"

All of the other students promised to go as well.

"What about you, Lucien?" Felicia smiled.

An idea suddenly flashed through Lucien's mind. He nodded and answered, "Of course, Felicia."

The other students looked even more excited hearing that Lucien would attend the ball as well.

"Ladies and gentlemen, let's save the excitement for the Friday." Mr. Victor walked downstairs with books under his arm, looking rather energized, "Now we have to start studying."

Lucien was about to find a seat to sit down when Lott stopped him. Lott whispered in Lucien's ear, "I heard that Mekanzi doesn't like you at all. Be careful when you're in the palace."

"Thank you, Lott. I will," replied Lucien politely. However, his mind was fully focused on how to save Joel and his family. Lucien knew clearly that the longer he waited, the less chances he would have to save them. He was really not in the mood to consider how to deal with Mekanzi.

Meanwhile, Lucien was also aware of the fact that he also had to be very patient. Unwisely rushing would put Joel and his family in great danger.

At that moment, Lucien felt like he was tightrope walking over a cliff. He had to find his balance between being patient and being ready to seize the chance. Leaning too much toward either side would instantly throw him off the wire.

With the outstanding memory and proper ways of studying, now Lucien could read most of the materials with ease. Immersing himself in the world of music, for a moment Lucien was distracted from his anxiety.

And a bold plan was gradually taking shape in his mind.

Finishing today's study, Lucien went back to his shack, wrapped some stuff up and brought them to his rented house.

Everything seemed to be quite normal. Thus, when Lucien took out the letter at night, there were only a few simple sentences on it:

"Be careful tomorrow. Don't do stupid things. We're watching."

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Lucien had a sound sleep last night, and he felt rather revitalized when he woke up.

"Today is very important. I can't make any mistake." Lucien thought to himself.

Nothing new was on the letter. After having breakfast, Lucien came to the association and found a practicing room. He started playing the piano to reduce his anxiety.

Lucien was still not skilled enough to perfectly play Symphony of Fate. After reviewing the basic fingering, Lucien started to play Beethoven's Piano Sonata No. 8 in C minor, commonly known as Sonata Pathétique.

He did not know why he found special affection in Beethoven's music works. Maybe it was because he could understand the sufferings and the pain Beethoven went through, and he appreciated the music master's perseverance and heroic spirit.

Since Lucien never practiced Sonata Pathétique before, his playing was pretty horrible. However, playing this piece of music over and over again became a good way for Lucien to exhaust himself and thus to release the pressure.

Later Lucien took a break in his office.

Someone knocked at the door of Lucien's office at ten thirty. It was Elena.

"Lucien. The princess's coach is waiting for you in the front."

"I'll be right there. Thanks, Elena," replied Lucien.

He slowly stood up from the couch and walked toward the mirror. Staring at himself in the mirror for thirty seconds, Lucien took a deep breath and walked out of his office.

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Sitting straight inside of the dark purple coach decorated with the coat of arms of the Violet family, Lucien felt the movement of the coach was rather smooth. The dark yellow carpet made in Tria was thick and comfy, and the wine on the small table had a nice deep ruby red color. However, Lucien did not feel like having a drink at all, since he had to make sure he would stay sober and calm in the palace.

A bit more than ten minutes later, the coach arrived at Ratacia Palace on time. The magnificent front gate of the palace was made of stone and was engraved with relief sculptures of many famous heroes in history. A dozen of guards led by a mighty and muscular knight were standing in front of the gate.

After a security check of Lucien's personal belongings, the knight waved his hand and let the coach pass.

As soon as Lucien entered the huge gate, he sensed the solemn and mighty divine power enveloping the whole palace.

This light golden-colored palace was the most spectacular and magnificent structure in Aalto. Besides its great momentum, the details of Ratacia Palace were also created with exquisite handcraft. The symmetrical architecture showed the majesty of the grand duke house. The two castle-like palaces in both western and eastern wings were connected by a grand palace complex in the center.

In front of the main palace there was a large square with fine spray fountains, covered with rare and beautiful trees and flowers.

A broad artificial river ran through the square, in which a few boats were floating by the river bank.

The coach which Lucien was sitting in followed the avenue going through the garden and crossed the long bridge over the artificial river, and it finally stopped right in front of the main palace. Two beautiful maids were already waiting there.

"Mr. Evans, please follow us to the princess' music practicing room." The two blond-haired girls looked like twins. They greeted Lucien with respect.

"Thank you." Lucien nodded politely.

Following the two maids, he saw more details of the palace on his way to the practicing room. The designers and the architects used the finest colorful stone as the main building material of the palaces, and all the different kinds of stones were shining brightly in the sunlight. Inside of the palaces, the stairs and the handrails were carefully gilded, and according to the different themes of

the palaces, dazzling decorations such as huge crystals, fine white laces and gorgeous dome paintings could be seen everywhere.

Being very familiar with the path, neither of the maids talked to Lucien on the way but just walked in front of him. They were trained to be respectful and remain silent. Soon Lucien came to a very charming corridor.

Facing the direction of the garden, there were twenty-four arched windows on one side of the corridor, while on the other side, twenty-four mirrors were reflecting the beauty of the sight in the garden, as if the corridor was also fully planted with the fine trees and flowers, which added radiance and beauty to the magnificent huge dome painting above.

This was the best-known part of Ratacia Palace—the Paradise Corridor. Lucien had read about it before, when he was working in the Association's library.

Passing Paradise Corridor, which featured the great style of divinity, Lucien finally arrived at the palace where princess Natasha lived. The palace had a unique name—War Gallery. Here Lucien saw many fine oil paintings showing the theme of war on the walls.

"This is the princess's practicing room, Mr. Evans." The two maids led Lucien to a quiet room in the corner, and asked him to wait for a moment outside, since they had to report to lady Camil first.

A moment later, Lucien was invited to enter the room.

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The practicing room was way bigger than any one in the association. The warm and sweet orange color of the room was peaceful and soothing. The carpet was very fancy, on which different kinds of musical instruments were carefully placed, and in the center of the room stood a light golden piano.

Natasha was sitting in front of the piano, playing a piece of music called March of War. Her playing was very skilled, even better than many professional instrumentalists. However, it seemed like she was mimicking Victor's fingering intentionally, and thus her playing sounded a bit rigid.

In her black dress, Camil was sitting in the couch at the far end of the room.

Natasha stopped playing when Lucien came into the room. She turned around and smiled to him, "I'm having a hard time here following Victor's new fingering. Can you help me, Lucien?"

She talked to Lucien in a nice way, as if he was her old friend.

"Of course. It's my great pleasure." Lucien sat on the other bench and started to explain.

Lucien knew that the princess was very interested in piano and thus he was relatively well-prepared for the possible questions the princess might have. Although he could not make a perfect explanation, Lucien was very honest and sincere, which made Natasha feel that when Lucien was providing her with the proper guidance she needed, at the same time they were also learning and exploring piano together.

Time passed quickly. When Lucien was still introducing the new fingering, all of a sudden Natasha looked at him and asked, "Lucien, is your mind being bothered by something? I can feel your anxiety."

As a level five grand knight, Natasha's intuition told her that something was wrong with Lucien. With the outspokenness in her personality, the princess asked directly.

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Chapter 78: Taking the Risk

Lucien forced himself to put a smile on his face, "Maybe I'm too nervous, in the palace, in front of the princess. Please forgive me, Your Grace."

At the same time, Lucien had a good relief in his mind, "Finally... the princess asked."

The anxiety, the restlessness and the nervousness that Natasha noticed were all conveyed by Lucien purposefully.

Lifting her beautiful eyebrows, Natasha said to Lucien, "Don't be afraid of me because I'm a princess or a knight, Lucien. A man can respect or even worship someone else, but not be intimidated. That's the spirit of men, the spirit of knights."

"I'll work on it. Although I have a rather poor background, I'll get better." Lucien was a bit surprised by Natasha's comment, but he still answered properly.

A gorgeous smile appeared on Natasha's face, "You know what? You're already much braver than most people. Many of them couldn't even speak properly the first time they saw me, while you're brave enough to stare at Silvia's legs the first time you saw her. Impressive."

Natasha was talking about it pretty casually, as if it was just a joke.

"I... I'm terribly sorry. It was the first time I saw silk stocking... I sort of forgot myself..." explained Lucien awkwardly, "I'm not a pervert..."

The left corner of Natasha's lips curled up, "I totally understand, Lucien. Both ladies and gentlemen like the interesting byproduct of alchemy, and you're not excluded, of course. Silk stockings is precious since the magic empire was destroyed and the ancient alchemy was lost many years ago."

"I appreciate your understanding, Your Grace." Lucien nodded.

"But you looked at Silvia for a pretty long time, which was not common. Are you really not a pervert?" Natasha asked Lucien with great interest. She was making fun of him.

"I'm not. In fact, I haven't touched a girl's hand yet, in my whole life," admitted Lucien to justify his innocence.

"Oh... I... see..." Natasha drawled purposefully, "Too bad for a seventeen-year-old boy. But now it won't be a problem anymore, after the concert. There will be lots of girls having interest in you. Do you want me to introduce you to some ladies? Although all of them will end up marrying nobles, it's not bad to have some sweet memories before getting married."

"Your... Your Grace, thank you for your good will but I want to devote myself to music in the next few years. You don't have to introduce me to any lady," refused Lucien, seriously.

"I don't have to?" The princess did not have enough fun yet, "So you want to pursue them on your own? I can teach you some secrets to win the heart of a young lady. I'm good at it. Silvia, that little wild cat, she likes me..."

Camil all of a sudden started coughing and cut off Natasha.

"Your Grace, I feel this topic's a bit weird." said Lucien. He felt the princess was very approachable, but the conversations they had always tended to go somewhere else.

Natasha glanced at Camil sitting on the other side and asked with surprise, "What's wrong with it? It's no more than a common conversation between guys."

Finally, Lucien realized the problem, "Yes, between guys, but you're a noble lady, Your Grace."

"It doesn't matter, Lucien." Natasha shrugged, "Actually I can teach you more about how to pursue a girl than many guys."

Lucien did not know what to say.

"All right, all right..." She waved her hand and smiled, "Look at your nervous face, Lucien. Let's switch back to music."

She was glad that Lucien was not like the many other nobles. Most of them directly refused to talk about this and viewed it as an improper topic for chatting.

"As for the playing skills we just mentioned..." Lucien was a bit relieved.

"I got a question." Natasha was behaving like a good student.

"Yes, please?" Lucien was waiting for the question.

"You sure you don't need any of my suggestion about pursuing girls?" Natasha laughed loudly.

"..." Lucien was speechless.

An hour flew by. Natasha was inspired and kept working on her composing. Camil stood up and walked Lucien out.

In front of the gate, Camil said to Lucien in a low voice, "About the princess... don't be a gossip."

Lucien nodded seriously.

...

After having lunch, Lucien came to Victor's place and waited for Felicia patiently.

"Mr. Athy, please sprinkle some sulphur in the living room. In the Month of Harvest, there are many mosquitos around."

"I will." Athy nodded.

Felicia arrived half an hour earlier that day, knowing that Lucien must be waiting for the roses. In the corner of the living room, she took out a unique black bag with embroidered flame patterns on it and handed it to Lucien.

"Forty grams of dried Moonlight Rose. The roses were ground into dust already. This special bag can make the dust of Moonlight Rose last much longer. You can return the bag to me when you finish using it."

"Thanks a lot, Felicia." With great excitement, Lucien opened the small black bag, in which the fine white powder was shining like a beautiful dream.

After roughly weighing the bag, Lucien put it in his pocket, "I'll pay the money back to you as soon as possible, Felicia."

"I hope so. That was my personal savings." Felicia smiled, and then she sniffed a bit, "Why I smell sulphur here?"

"To drive the mosquitos and bugs away," answered Lucien casually.

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Lucien made more mistakes than usual this afternoon, although he was trying hard to stay focused. Luckily, Mr. Victor did not say anything about it, thinking Lucien might need some more time to adjust to the big changes that the great success of the concert brought into his life.

Finally, the class ended at six in the evening. Lucien came back to his shack in Aderon, wrapped up some of his stuff in a small box and cooked himself dinner. After all that, he opened the letter again.

"Mr. Evans, you did a good job in front of the princess today. We hope you can be calmer, since your nervousness made you a bit suspicious. Talented as you are, we believe that it is not too hard."

The heretics did not ask anything about the conversations Lucien had with the princess and what he saw in the palace. Lucien could tell they were trying to make him believe they had everything under their control.

Putting on a worried look, Lucien folded the letter and put it into the small box. Then he carried the box with him and left for his rented house in Gesu district.

In the house, Lucien put down the box in the master bedroom and took out a music book. It seemed like he would stay there for the night.

When it was getting late, Lucien lay down in the bed and soon stood up again, looking a bit irritated, "The sheet is so soggy! Brian should find someone to dry the sheet first before asking me to move in!"

Then he stepped out of his bedroom and left the house, leaving the small box in his new place.

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After closing the window and locking the door, now Lucien was lying in his small bed in his shabby shack.

Ten minutes later, Lucien jumped out of the bed again and swore, "These bloody mosquitos!"

In the crate Lucien found some sulphur and he sprinkled the sulphur in the every corner of his place. He wanted all the annoying mosquitos and bugs to leave right now.

Then he went back to bed and closed his eyes with satisfaction.

In the night, Lucien faintly sensed the existence of a supernatural power in his shack, like a pair of eyes staring at him in the air.

Without the help of Aalto Tigorid Mosquito, the heretics finally started to monitor him directly using their fiend power.

Pretending to be sleeping, Lucien waited patiently. An hour later, the magic eyes disappeared, but soon came back again.

"The duration is about an hour." Lucien thought to himself.

Within his expectation, an hour later, the eyes disappeared again. Maybe the kidnappers believed that Lucien was just sleeping, or maybe they were changing shifts. Ten minutes later, Lucien sensed the eyes again.

Thirty minutes later, the eyes, all of a sudden, disappeared for the third time.

And Lucien knew that now it was time for him to take action!

He jumped out of the bed swiftly and messed up his blanket and sheet to give the kidnappers a false impression that someone was still sleeping in the bed.

Recently in Aderon, there were night watchers patrolling at night, and they could easily target the existence of the fiend power. Lucien knew that the heretics would not take the risk of being found by the church.

Seizing the chance, Lucien sneaked into his underground magic lab.

Lucien was aware that his whole plan was very risky, however, in the current situation, he did not have a second choice.

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Chapter 79: Crying Soul

Everything in the lab remained the same after the last time Lucien left. There was no scent of any strangers, but only the slight smell of sulphur coming from the secret air vent.

In the first half an hour, Lucien was doing meditation to stay focused, and more importantly, to wait until the night watchers left and the heretics started to monitor his room again.

After making sure nothing on the ground went wrong, Lucien started to activate the magic circles engraved on the table with his spiritual power. Then he took out a tube of Revenant dust, three Corpse Mushrooms, some brain tissue of the aquatic zombie and some other reagents.

Wearing the gloves, Lucien picked up a Corpse Mushroom with a silver dagger and moved it into a magic circle for weighing.

“6.72 grams.” In his spirit library, Lucien recorded the weight of the mushroom, as well as the amount of usage of other materials and reagents. He put the mushroom into a glass container with magic runes on it, and then weighed a dry glass beaker.

Lucien watched carefully when he was putting Revenant dust into the dry breaker and stopped when there were 3 grams of the dust in it. Using the same method, Lucien weighed out 10 grams of Moonlight Rose dust.

Then he turned to the brain tissue. Lucien grabbed the dagger and carefully cut it.

As if the aquatic zombie’s brain tissue was still alive, the moment Lucien’s dagger touched it, the brain tissue suddenly shrank, as if many worms were living inside of it.

Cold and sticky as the brain was, Lucien almost threw up when he was cutting it. All of a sudden the phantom of countless ferocious aquatic zombies and revenants appeared in front of Lucien’s eyes. Their skin and flesh were rotten, teeth were bleeding, and the smell of corpses was more than disgusting.

Lucien frowned his eyebrows to stay focused. Following the structure of the cortex, he took out the inner part of the brain.

And the phantom instantly disappeared. The rest of the brain tissue gradually calmed down.

After weighing the brain tissue, Lucien put a black thick pot on the magic flame circle and adjusted the flame bit by bit until the color of the flame became a mix of gold and white.

Lucien threw the Corpse Mushroom into the pot and added a small amount of water. Then he carefully stirred the mixture inside the container.

The mushroom slowly melted in the pot in a weird way. The stink was constrained within the magic circle.

When the black thick liquid in the pot started to bubble, Lucien calmly added the Revenant dust and the dust of the rose.

As soon as the three materials met each other, a thick black and silver smoke came out. There seemed to be lots of revenants fighting with each other. A sharp scream came into Lucien's ears and the sharpness made him feel a bit nauseous.

Lucien knew that he could not slack at the crucial moment. Being controlled by his spiritual power, the flame turned white.

The black and silver smoke began to merge with each other and became pale, like the skin of a dead body.

As time passed by, the smoke turned into water drops and stayed within the pot. Seizing the moment, Lucien added the brain tissue into the liquid.

The water drops in the container quickly soaked the black brain tissue, and within one second, the brain disappeared.

The whole magic lab suddenly became cold and dark. Even the flame in the magic circle looked a bit green.

Suddenly being attacked by the infrasonic waves, Lucien retreated several steps and almost passed out. His guts were stirring inside of his body and his head was buzzing.

Lucien never expected this. Nothing like this was mentioned in the witch's notes.

He started to cast the spell Silence Wall. Transparent walls showed up around Lucien to protect him from the attack of the sound waves.

Several seconds later, Lucien cast Illumination.

A bright light ball appeared in the air. In the light, Lucien saw lots of pale human faces in the container!

These transparent faces were rather blurry, but their viciousness and perniciousness was overwhelming. They were struggling in the magic circle, trying to get into Lucien's body.

In the strong light, the faces gradually disappeared. When everything returned to normal, Lucien saw a small amount of black liquid remaining in the pot with a strong burnt smell.

"The recipe should be correct. But the witch might have left out some annotations that she did not translate. Possibly it was because the brain tissue was from a mutant aquatic zombie. That almost

killed me.” Taking off the gloves, Lucien wiped the sweat on his forehead, “I gotta find a chance to learn the language of the ancient magic empire.”

Crying Soul was one of the greatest achievements of the ancient Sylvanas Magic Empire. According to the witch’s notes, only a few sorcerers had the recipe, and the making of the potion required an accurate amount of different materials and reagents. Even a tiny mistake would lead to failure.

Luckily, this mutant aquatic zombie’s brain had only a little more soul power than common ones. This time Lucien decided to use the best Corpse Mushroom he had. Following the same procedures, Lucien came to the last step smoothly.

When Lucien threw another piece of aquatic zombie’s brain into the pot, the sharp and bitter scream came out again. However, this time the noise was totally blocked by the transparent walls. Then he calmly added a small amount of other reagents.

The white flame suddenly soared and fully covered the whole pot. Then, the now big flame quickly disappeared in the next second.

Some black, bubbling liquid remained in the pot. Inside each of the bubbles, there was a horrifying and vicious face, crying and screaming.

That was why the potion was called Crying Soul.

Using Mage Hand, Lucien poured the black liquid into a glass tube.

Observing carefully, Lucien was sure that the potion was made correctly. Lucien bit his lips for a moment and directly drank all the dark liquid in one draught.

He did not have enough time to test the features of the potion. He needed to take the risk.

The taste of the potion was actually not that horrible, but the texture was pretty weird.

Soon Lucien felt a great pain in his body, as if the potion was tearing up his body into pieces.

Lucien heard lots of crying, but he did not know if they were real.

He crouched in great pain and then lay down, rolling back and forth on the ground. Lucien grabbed a piece of cloth and stuffed it into his mouth, in case he felt the need to scream.

Although Lucien thought he was stronger than common people because of his exercising routine, now, when facing the pain, he became very uncertain whether he could really awaken the potential in his body.

His blood was burning and his veins were swelling. Lucien felt his body was about to explode. His skin was covered by thick blue and green veins, which looked very horrible.

Blood came out of Lucien's body like red vapor, and then it went back into his body. In his blurry awareness, Lucien felt a cold and dark power was gradually taking over him. At that time, a bright light suddenly burst out of the projection of Lucien's Host Star in his soul, and quickly linked to the real Host Star in the starry sky, which unrolled in front of Lucien's eyes. The star power started to

infuse into Lucien's veins, fighting against the pain and trying hard to drive away the power of darkness.

Lucien was hoping that the power of star could win inside his body. He did not want to be dominated by a more vicious power, which might also bring him trouble and danger in the future.

Unfortunately, the power of death from the crying souls was still stronger. When Lucien was almost dead from the conflict of the two powers, his blood flow started to slow down.

After all, Lucien's Blessing was awakened by the mysterious potion, not on his own.

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Chapter 80: Moonlight and Marks

Lucien had no choice but to accept the dark power, although he had no idea what the evil power would do to his body.

At the same time, outside of Lucien's shack a foot stepped out of the darkness.

The silver moon in the sky suddenly lit up a bit, and the moonlight that entered Lucien's shack through the window became even brighter, as if there was a thin layer of frost around the place.

In his blurry consciousness, Lucien saw a beautiful silver moon in his meditative starry sky and felt his body was covered with the gentle moonlight.

The light became brighter and brighter.

In the moonlight, a weak power which was hiding in Lucien's body woke up and was rapidly developing. Within only a few seconds, the new power overthrew the dark power and dominated the body.

Lucien's Blessing had finally awakened, and his power was related to the silver moon.

His heartbeat gradually slowed down, calm as usual, although his body still felt limp and numb.

Nothing like this was ever mentioned in the witch's notes or in the books that Lucien read before. He had no idea why the environment could affect his way of awakening the Blessing.

Outside of the shack, the other foot also took a step forward, leaving the shadows. On the feet there was a pair of black leather shoes. Then the leather shoes went back into the darkness and disappeared. The silver moon dimmed.

.....

Lucien stood up from the ground, feeling the power in his body.

His hands became way stronger, and now could easily break a person's neck. However, compared with the obvious increase of strength, Lucien could tell that the major benefit of his Blessing was the great improvement to his agility, speed and coordination.

Lifting one foot, Lucien started to run in the lab. Although he was fast like a shadow, Lucien did not run down anything in that small place.

"My speed and my agility can almost compete with the level two knight with the 'Shadow' Blessing that I met before, even though my power was awakened by the potion. Thus, if a level one knight has the same Blessing I have, I'm sure that he would be even more capable in terms of agility when compared with a level two knight whose Blessing is different." Lucien stopped to evaluate his power, "However, regarding constitution and strength, a common level one knight can easily defeat me."

Lucien calmed himself down to carefully feel the power, and started to try the different aspects.

"Dark Vision. I can see about two hundred meters away at night." A silver light appeared in his black eyes.

"My body can be dematerialized into moonlight to protect myself, but right now I cannot do this completely, so the protection is relatively limited, for now." Lucien's hands gradually became transparent, "Only level seven radiant knights can do this dematerialization completely."

However, for now Lucien was already immune to the attack of common weapons such as swords and arrows, and could better stand the damage caused by magic weapons, divine power weapons and shockwaves, elemental damage caused by fire and acid, as well as necromantic power. Although currently the protection of Moonlight seemed to be inferior than the night watcher's

Dragon Scale from the Blessing of the Red Dragon, Lucien was still pretty satisfied with his own Blessing.

Then Lucien cut himself with the silver dagger on his hand. The wound bled a bit and quickly recovered.

“To some extent... self-healing” Lucien recorded.

Unfortunately, Lucien’s Blessing couldn’t be really used for launching attacks. Moonlight was not a dark Blessing.

The church had compiled a book about the knowledge of the most common Blessings in order to help the new knights to improve themselves faster and also for other uses. Lucien read the book in the association’s library before, and he also heard John mentioning to him about his most yearning Blessings, which helped him a lot to know about his Moonlight Blessing.

According to The Handbook of Blessing, the power of Moonlight could be further improved in general when the silver moon was present. However, at the same time, it would be weakened under the midday sun, but not as badly as the dark Blessings, such as Darkness, Silver Moon, Vampire, etc.

Lucien finally smiled for the first time in the last days. In general, Moonlight was an ideal Blessing for him.

.....

When Lucien was casting the spell to preserve the experiment materials, he surprisedly found that his spiritual power had been improved a lot as well.

Now Lucien was only one step away from becoming a senior apprentice, and he could cast nineteen apprentice spells successively before his spiritual power was drained.

The improvement was such a bonus for Lucien, but soon he calmed down. Putting all the stuff into boxes, Lucien was planning to secretly move them away to the house when there was a chance.

The corner of the lab was piled with many grey stones, which were previously dirt from when Lucien was digging the basement. Some of the stones had been thrown away, but Lucien purposefully left many stones there as well. When he was digging, with an easy spell Lucien turned the dirt into stones and now it was time for the stones to come in handy again.

Lucien arranged the stones to make sure that they were in the correct position. When the chance was appropriate. Lucien would come back and easily fill the basement with dirt again adversely using the same spell. Although more dirt was definitely needed to fully fill the place and make it even with the ground level, it would not be too difficult for Lucien since now he was almost as powerful as a knight.

After Lucien finished doing all of these, he walked to the wall and activated a small magic circle on it. Part of the stone wall gradually turned into dirt and then he started to dig.

Ten minutes later, the passage he was digging directly connected to an old one—the passage which was built by the witch to the sewers!

As early as when Lucien was building his magic lab, he knew that a second secret exit was definitely necessary. And the easiest way of doing this was to link his secret passage to the one of the witch, since the deeper part of the witch's secret passage was still intact.

Briefly concealing the new passage that he just dug, Lucien ran into the sewer as fast as he could with his Moonlight Blessing. His figure disappeared in the darkness like a shadow.

Within Lucien's expectation, the church's security already decreased, as two to three months had passed since the last time the heresy was performed down here. Therefore, it did not take Lucien long to come back to the ground through the sewers, safe and sound.

Lucien could see very well in the night with his Dark Vision.

Instead of finding the kidnappers who were monitoring him in the area, Lucien first came to the old wall close to auntie Alisa's place, and wrote down a series of simple patterns, which meant:

"I read about a magic relic named Emden in an ancient literature, which sat in the southeast of Melzer Black Forest. Owl, please find me a guide who knows the place among the apprentices in Aalto.

"Make sure that Philosopher, White Honey and yourself are safe.

"Professor"

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Chapter 81: Confirmation

The marks on the wall were messy and complicated. Lucien even directly wrote down the word "Emden", since he had no idea how to express it in the secret code.

Then, using the Moonlight Blessing, Lucien left the area and carefully approached his shack. Hiding in the darkness, he intently sensed the supernatural power inside his house.

The night watchers had left. In the moonlight, Lucien could directly see the "eyes" which were monitoring him the whole night. The pair of eyes floating in the air were almost transparent, staring at the pile of messy blankets in the bed. However, the eyes did not have pupils!

While common people would be really scared by the horrible scene, Lucien felt quite lucky. Fortunately, this pair of eyes could not sense the heat, or he would have been found out already.

In the darkness, Lucien waited patiently. Half an hour later, the transparent eyes gradually disappeared. A new cycle should start soon.

Lucien stayed highly focused. Within his expectations, a moment later, a sudden wave of supernatural power was detected coming from a certain direction. That was where the heretic was hiding!

Lucien grabbed a small stone in his hand and quickly threw it against the wall in the opposite direction. The sound of the stone hitting the wall and falling on the ground was especially clear in the late night. As if the kidnapper was startled, the pair of eyes being formed suddenly rippled and soon disappeared.

Seizing the chance, Lucien started to move as fast as he could with the help of Moonlight. He was fast like a shadow. His movement was so agile that his blurry figure instantly integrated into the silver moonlight. No one could notice him unless they observed carefully.

Lucien pushed one of the windows open, quickly jumped into his shack, closed the window and tucked himself in his bed. Lucien clearly knew that it would take the heretic some time to recover from the power backfire of the failed casting he or she just did, thus he unhurriedly covered himself with the blanket and made sure the shape of the blanket was not of a big difference.

More than a minute later, the eyes rose in the air again with caution.

In the next ten minutes, pretending that he was still sleeping, Lucien purposefully turned his face towards the eyes and kicked away the blanket to let the eyes see him directly.

Luckily, Lucien successfully awoke his Blessing tonight, or his night would be way tougher than this.

Everything went on smoothly. After all, anything could have caused the little noise from the stone, such as a wild cat, or a crow.

Slowly, Lucien felt asleep, knowing that he had more work to do tomorrow.

.....

After having breakfast, Lucien arrived at the Musicians' Association.

Knocking the door of the office which was in charge of musicians' accommodation, Lucien was putting on a play in front of the heretics who were still monitoring somewhere.

A middle-aged woman opened the door and asked, "Mr. Evans? What can I do for you?"

"Yes... I'm looking for Brian," answered Lucien, and he saw Brian was coming over.

"Anything wrong with the house?" asked Brian a bit nervously.

"The place is fine. Just the sheet and the blanket in the bedroom are too soggy. Can you find someone to dry them for me and make sure the cleaning of the whole house will be done by next Monday?"

"For sure, Mr. Evans." Brian was relieved, and a smile appeared on his face, "By next Monday, everything will be ready for you to move in."

Later Lucien came back to his own office. Today he was definitely in a better mood, knowing that he was finally capable of saving uncle Joel and his families when time was proper.

In order to hide his excitement, Lucien started to practice. With the awakened Blessing, his coordination had improved a lot. Along with his great memory, Lucien could master a piece of music way faster than ever, and of course, faster than many other people.

After several rounds of practicing, Lucien had mastered Symphony of Fate and other several pieces of etude pretty well like a well-qualified instrumentalist.

"No wonder Rhine said that the combination of Blessing and good memory can easily produce a qualified pianist. That does make sense." Lucien wondered to himself.

Actually, it was not too hard for a knight to learn how to use a musical instrument. However, mastering a musical instrument and becoming a great musician was a totally different story.

After giving the Moonlight Rose to Lucien, Felicia started to ask Lucien many questions about music all the time. This morning she visited his office and asked for Lucien's suggestion about her composition. Since she regarded this as an agreement between them, Felicia did not want to waste any time.

In fact, Lucien's understanding in music was no better than Felicia's. He had no choice but to search for the masterpieces from his original world in his spirit library in order to provide feedback by adding pieces of those great music works to Felicia's composition. However, that already impressed Felicia a lot. She was very inspired by Lucien's feedback.

"Your talent is astonishing." Felicia's red eyes were shining like rubies, "Your playing skills progressed a lot as well."

Lucien just smiled politely.

.....

After lunch, Lucien brought some of his stuff from the shack to Gesu district.

The blankets and sheets were hanging up in the backyard, bathing in the sunlight. Lucien felt a bit nervous, having no idea what the kidnappers would say about he leaving the letter here last night.

Opening the letter slowly, Lucien held his breath. A new sentence was on the letter.

"Bring the letter with you, Mr. Evans."

Lucien pretended he was confused, behaving like an ordinary person who had no idea how useful the letter actually was.

"I accidentally left the letter here last night. I'll be living in Aderon this week since the house is not ready yet." Lucien said to the letter.

A while later, the letter replied:

"Then bring the letter back with you. So we can communicate easier."

"I will, but I want another Scene ball," requested Lucien.

"Sure," replied the letter immediately.

.....

On his way back home, with his sharper vision, Lucien saw that the marks that he left on the wall last night had been replaced by new marks:

"Professor, we are fine. Fire Wolf volunteered to be your guide for Emden Relic. Where should he meet you?

"Owl"

Lucien kept walking without stopping his footsteps.

There was no magic relic named Emden. Lucien made it up.

During midnight, the heretics started to be less alert. With Moonlight, Lucien avoided their monitoring again and came to the mark wall.

He left a new line of marks on it.

"Eleven, Friday night. East entrance of Larnaca Canyon, Melzer Black Forest. Professor."

.....

On thursday morning, Lucien found the second Scene ball in front of his shack before leaving for the association.

The same wood cabin, the same wood table. Joel's face was emotionless, while Elisa was wiping tears silently, and Iven looked scared. Silver moon could be seen through the window, and several stars were shining in the background.

Lucien saw fresh dirt on their shoes. Suddenly he realized something.

Maybe the wood cabin was just the place for making Scene balls. The real place that they were taken captive should be somewhere else. According to the freshness of the dirt, the actual place should not be too far away from that cabin.

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In the princess's practicing room, when Lucien was playing the piano loudly, he suddenly said to Natasha:

"Your Grace, I need to confess."

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Chapter 82: Lucien's Confession

Natasha was wearing a simple training suit, after having practiced swordsmanship. Her legs were long and straight.

"Confess?" She looked a bit confused but soon became serious, "Confess what, Lucien?"

Natasha was very different than usual. Now she was like a leopard ready to launch an attack.

Lucien did not answer the princess instantly, instead, he turned around and looked at lady Camil silently.

Natasha was very smart. She understood what Lucien was worrying, especially seeing that Lucien was still playing the piano, "I trust lady Camil with my life, Lucien, so there's no need to ask her to leave. And in Ratacia, no one can spy on us."

"Your Grace, we can never be too careful." Camil stood up and her blue eyes started to shine brightly. Her whole body gradually became transparent and turned into a statue made of seawater.

Then the seawater from the statue overflowed onto the floor, and soon reached to Lucien's ankles. A moment later, the whole practicing room was half filled with seawater, and the water level already reached to Lucien's chest. Seeing Lucien's confused eyes, Natasha nodded to him.

Soon the room was fully filled with the water. Lucien came to the bottom of the sea.

However, the practicing room was like a big water cube, and the water was not leaking anywhere else at all. Besides, Lucien could breathe easily as usual. The only difference was that Lucien's skin was covered with a thin layer of silver light.

"Blessing?" Natasha lifted her eyebrows, and soon apologized sincerely, "Sorry... I did not know Lady Camil would examine you."

"I totally understand. That's what lady Camil should do. You don't need to apologize at all." Lucien was ready for the examination, and that was one of the many reasons that Lucien did not tell the princess what happened to him the first time he came to Ratacia Palace. Now his Blessing had been awakened, and his spiritual power from practicing magic could thus be hidden.

Lucien understood that, if he faced the heretics by himself, he would absolutely not be enough. Currently, the best choice was to report to the princess and refer to the noble power. And the key point was that he needed to figure out a proper chance to make sure his plan would not threaten the hostages and his own safety.

Now it was the proper chance.

Looking at the silver light covering Lucien's skin, Natasha rested her chin in the left hand and said, "Moonlight Blessing, but weaker than a knight's Blessing... Well, Lucien, now you can tell me what happened. The whole room has been isolated by Camil's power."

"As you can see, Your Grace, my Blessing is weaker. That's because my Blessing was awakened by a bottle of magic potion given by someone else." Lucien was well-prepared for what he was going to say, "Since the night when I got invited to be your consultant, I was involved in a conspiracy aiming at you and the grand duke."

"I see. That's what you get from working with them, a potion to awaken Blessing," The corner of Natasha's lips curled up.

"That is not true, Your Grace." Lucien mixed the truth and his lie together, "They kidnapped uncle Joel and his family. They offered me a lot of help in the past when I was struggling. The kidnappers wanted me to report your schedule to them, as well as things that I hear in the palace. They want me to have my Blessing awakened in order to work better for them."

"Camil?" Natasha was a bit surprised, "All the people who work for me... they got carefully investigated first, right?"

"Yes, Your Grace. Mr. Evans's music talent is beyond doubt. Although he got involved with a witch's case, there is no evidence showing that Mr. Evans, or any of his friends, was suspicious." Camil stopped examining Lucien and said to the princess. Her voice came from different directions under the water.

As the future grand duke, the security measures around Natasha were very strict.

Natasha nodded, "Do you know anything about Mr. Joel and his family?"

"Our intelligence department reported that Mr. Joel and his family were invited by a noble lord." Camil sounded a bit angry.

"Although the security measures in the palace are very strict," said Lucien, "when I was acting nervous in front of you the last time, the kidnappers warned me about it in the evening of that day. So I suspect that there might be spies around you, Your Grace."

"So you were doing that on purpose. Lucien, I really did underestimate you." Natasha looked quite serious but then smiled, slightly shaking her head.

Then Natasha stood up from the bench and walked around in the room filled with water, "The intelligence department is untrustworthy right now. Auntie Camil, please go to the church and tell this to the two cardinals, Amelton and Gossett."

Enjoying his isolated life, now Cardinal Sard was not actively involved with the church. Two younger cardinals, Amelton and Gossett, were currently in charge.

Then Lucien told Natasha more details, such as how he bought Moonlight Rose from Felicia. And of course, he mentioned nothing about how he figured out those people were from Argent Horn and how he investigated them.

"Someone must be trailing you all the time recently," Natasha said to Lucien, "Auntie Camil, catch the guy and put the guy to torture."

Lucien hurriedly stopped her, "Your Grace, we don't need to hurry. Instead, we should be patient. We shall start from secretly investigating the intelligence department and the kidnappers, following the clues and finally figuring out the big man who is hiding behind."

Lucien must make sure uncle Joel and his family were safe. And he also wanted to solve the issue of the heresy once and for all, or he would be facing lots of trouble in the future.

"It's not that complicated." Natasha frowned her eyebrows, "We catch the person who's trailing you, beat the person until he or she tells the truth, and then we quickly take action to take the bastards down. Come on! You're a man, Lucien!"

"Your Grace, I think Mr. Evans is right. If our intelligence department is involved, this whole thing would be much more complicated. We should be more careful," commented Camil.

"All right... I think you and Lucien are right. I won't tell this to anyone else." Natasha curled her lips, "I never like complicated things. How dare the bastards come to my palace!"

"Every once in a while, the kidnappers send me a small magic ball. I can see uncle Joel and his family through the ball. If I find any clue from the balls, how can I tell you?" Lucien kept pushing forward, but started to feel quite nervous. Princess Natasha was much more straightforward than he thought.

"I'll give you several drops of my blood, which contain the elemental power of water," said Camil, "so keep them with you. When you need to contact us, put a drop of blood into water and you can temporarily talk to me. Unless they have someone who's as powerful as a level seven knight, and unless it is that person who's trailing you, the blood will be impossible for them to spot."

Three small sapphires appeared in front of Lucien, floating in the water.

After agreeing on the secret code for communication, Lucien put the sapphires into his pocket. While Natasha sat down in a couch and asked Lucien with interest,

"These people are using lives to threaten you, power and possible fortune to lure you, then why you decided to tell us, Lucien?"

"I did feel hesitant," Lucien paused a bit, "but I never trust that kidnappers would keep their word. Only referring to your help, Your Grace, I could save uncle Joel and his family. I never make a concession to my enemy, and that is my creed."

"Never make a concession to the enemy? Interesting." Natasha's purple eyes lit up, "No wonder you can compose Symphony of Fate, such a great work. I apologize for what I just said. You're a real man, Lucien."

"Thank you, Your Grace." Lucien slightly bowed.

"Well, well... real man Lucien. You really don't need me to teach you how to pursue girls?" Natasha laughed, "Our personalities are quite similar. You can be pretty attractive to girls, just like me."

"...Sorry Your Grace. I'm really not in the mood." answered Lucien seriously, "And by the way, please don't tell the church that my Blessing has been awakened, after all, the way I did it was not proper in the church's eyes."

Natasha nodded, "I understand, Lucien, and I won't. Luckily, Moonlight is not a dark Blessing. After we solve this problem, I'll tell the church that the potion you had was given by me, as your reward."

That was really a surprise for Lucien.

Then Natasha shrugged her shoulders, "Relax, Lucien. So you can better fight against your enemy."

The level of the seawater was gradually falling and finally disappeared. Lady Camil showed up again in the practicing room, and Natasha and Lucien were sitting in front of the piano, talking about music as if nothing special ever happened.

Later, when Lucien came back home, the letter urgently asked him what he saw today in the palace and what the princess told him. The kidnappers had no idea about Lucien's earlier confession.

Telling the kidnappers that John would be back this Saturday morning, Lucien used this as an excuse to request another Scene ball on Friday evening.

The heretics agreed.

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On the second day, Friday.

After class, Felicia's coach was waiting in front of the place. To prepare the ball, Felicia asked for a leave of the class today.

Of course, Lucien was asked to bring the letter with him.

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Chapter 83: The Ball

While Victor, Rhine and Lott were talking about Felicia's family's manor, Lucien was looking at the scenery outside the coach's side window.

"Are you okay, Lucien? You're not interested in Berne, the wine exclusively produced by Hayne family's chateau?" Noticing Lucien's silence, Rhine smiled to him and asked.

The wine named Berne was very famous in Aalto. The especial grapes produced in the manor's field were of great quality. Only guests who were invited to the manor could have a chance to taste it.

"I'm fine, Mr. Rhine. Actually... I'm feeling a bit concerned, since I know nothing about dancing. It's... it's quite embarrassing." Lucien found an excuse to disguise the load on his mind.

“I can teach you, although you’re not a lady,” Rhine joked, “You can take me as your beautiful lady.”

Lucien put an awkward smile on his face.

“There’s nothing to worry about, Lucien,” Victor comforted him. “We all know about your background. No one will purposefully invite you to dance to humiliate you. But if you want to learn how to dance, I’m sure many of the beautiful ladies there will be willing to teach you.”

Lucien gradually relaxed in this happy atmosphere, knowing that nervousness could not help his plan tonight at all.

The coach soon ran out of town and passed Belem River, heading for the manor sitting in the north of Melzer Black Forest.

Hayne’s family’s manor was magnificent. Built with fine granite, everything in the manor looked luxury.

Wearing a flame-red evening dress, Felicia was already waiting in front of the lobby, followed by two rows of servants standing behind her. The yellow flame of the six bronze torch holders lit up the evening at seven o’clock.

“Good Evening, Mr. Victor and Mr. Rhine. Good evening, Lucien and Lott,” Felicia welcomed them. Tonight she was the host, and her parents did not come.

Every noble lady must be able to host a ball or a party on her own.

“You look gorgeous tonight, Felicia.” Victor hugged Felicia a bit and smiled.

Dressing in red, Felicia’s red eyes and fair skin looked even more beautiful.

Felicia thanked her teacher in a noble lady manner, and then she turned to welcome the other many guests. Not only Felicia’s classmates were present, but also many of her noble friends.

Following Victor and Rhine, Lucien entered the lobby, which could accommodate more than a hundred people.

The long dining table was sitting in the corner of the lobby. There were wine, assorted salads and pies, sausages, beef, chicken, duck, fine bread, fruits and many good-looking desserts that Lucien could not even name.

The invited band was playing a nice song, making this evening rather tasteful.

Lucien picked up a plate on the dining table and loaded it with lots of food. Eating quietly in the corner, he was waiting for Felicia to announce the beginning of the ball.

“Thank you all for coming tonight. That’s my great pleasure and the great pleasure of our Hayne family!” Felicia said to all the guests in a decent manner, “Now, let’s dance and enjoy the night!”

As she was talking, the lobby dimmed a bit and the band changed the song.

The gentlemen walked towards the young ladies and they started to dance in a manner called Whirling from the palace of Tria. While Whirling was very popular among young nobles, the conservative elder nobles were denouncing it as “very improper” and “immoral” because of the intimacy in Whirling.

“Lucien, are you still eating? This is a ball!” After her opening dance with Mr. Victor, Felicia finally found Lucien in the corner beside the dining table.

Putting down the plate, Lucien shrugged, “I don’t know how to whirl, Felicia.”

Lucien always felt rather hungry after awakening the Blessing. In addition to that, a tough task was waiting for him tonight.

“I can teach you, Lucien,” Felicia said to him sincerely, “Dancing, along with appreciating music and hunting, is very important in social life. If you want to get along with the nobles, you have to know how to dance.”

“I don’t know... I’m not made for this.” Lucien was a bit nervous, and he did not want to act weirdly at the ball. He awkwardly reached out his hand to invite Felicia for a dance.

“You’re doing good.” Felicia put her hand in Lucien’s, “Don’t worry. First time can never be perfect.”

Slightly putting one of his hands on Felicia's waist and the other on her shoulder, Lucien started to dance following her instruction, and he was mindfully keeping a distance from Felicia's body.

Several minutes later, Felicia looked at Lucien with surprise, "You can dance very well... except you're a bit stiff. Is this your first time practicing Whirling?"

"No... not really." Lucien couldn't tell her about his Blessing and quickly found an excuse, "The princess taught me a bit before."

"No wonder. After all, the princess is a grand knight, and she must be a good dance teacher, too." Felicia nodded, and then she suddenly giggled, "Her Grace is half-head taller than you, and she is a great knight. When you were dancing with her, you probably look more like a lady."

Felicia definitely heard some gossip about the princess. After all, Natasha never hid herself in front of people.

Lucien was a bit speechless. Then an idea flashed into his mind.

Suddenly Lucien lost his balance and slipped on the floor. He gasped in pain.

"Are you all right?" asked Felicia with concern, "You need a doctor?"

“My ankle hurts. Can you just have someone to lead me to a guest room? I just need a rest.” Lucien shook his head.

Felicia nodded and asked a servant to walk Lucien to the guest room on the third floor.

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The guest room was clean and nice, and the blanket on the bed was light and soft.

Sitting on the bed on his own, Lucien took out the letter and wrote several words down on it:

“I need the ball.”

It was close to eight at night, and it was dark outside.

More than ten minutes later, the heretics replied, “Open the window.”

As Lucien opened the window, the lively music playing downstairs immediately drifted up to him. Together with the music, a small black ball was thrown into the room.

Lucien agilely caught the ball.

This time, instead of crumbling the ball, Lucien took a peek at the inside of the ball. Through the heavy smoke in it, he saw the same cabin.

Luckily, the kidnappers did not move.

Putting the ball back into his pocket, Lucien responded through the letter, "I'll calm John down tomorrow morning when I meet him."

"Your cooperation is appreciated," answered the letter coldly.

Lucien folded the letter, put it back into the pocket of his black suit, and hung his suit on the rack.

In the following hour, a few people came to visit Lucien, including Victor, Rhine, and even some young nobles that Lucien did not know. Yvette looked a bit disappointed when she visited Lucien since obviously the injured young man could not do anything that night.

After nine thirty, the guest room finally quieted down. Lucien locked the door from inside, blew out the candles and lied in the darkness.

A while later, he finally stood up and poured himself a cup of water. At the same time, he secretly dropped one sapphire given by Camil into the water.

“You found anything, Lucien?” Camil’s voice directly sounded in his mind.

Lucien answered to Camil silently in his mind, “Southeast of Melzer Black Forest, close to Lubeck Mountain.” Then, pretending that it was an accident, he dropped the cup on the ground.

The direction was very inaccurate, and it was far away from where the cabin was located. Even if Camil was going to search the whole area, she would not be able to find the cabin.

Lucien swore a bit and went back to the bed. He stuffed the other two sapphires under the pillow and covered himself with the big and soft blanket.

The ball was still going on, and the noise of the party made the night feel even quieter.

Some random dogs were barking afar.

The silver moon was up, and the moonlight sneaked into the room. In the moonlight, the blanket covering Lucien slightly twisted a bit.

Lucien escaped again from the window that was left open by him purposefully.

With his sharp vision, Lucien saw a black figure hiding behind a big tree not far away from the manor. Taking the opposite direction, Lucien climbed over the wall of the manor and ran into the forest behind it.

In the forest, he put on the black sorcerer robe that he prepared in advance and then ran toward Larnaca Canyon.

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Chapter 84: Chaos

With Moonlight, Lucien moved quickly through the woods like a shadow. Although the manor was quite far from Larnaca Canyon, twenty minutes later, he could already see the shining Massol River, which was very close to the canyon, reflecting the moonlight in front of him.

Lucien slowed down a bit to be more cautious. He saw several campfires blazing in the distance, which were probably lit by adventurers.

...

The river bed was covered with countless pebbles. The river named Massol kept running eastwards and in the end joined Belem River.

Wearing a black hood, Fire Wolf stepped out of the trees' shadow very cautiously. There was an unfeathered, bright red-skinned bird standing on his shoulder. Tonight, the night watchers were making an ambush in a distance and the leader of the night watchers, Clown, was waiting for his signal.

Fire Wolf betrayed the apprentices group for a reason: a magic potion called Magic Gate would be given to him from the Church after successfully arresting Professor. The potion could help him become a real sorcerer and then he would be allowed to join the Night Watch. At that time, there would be no need for him to hide as a spy and a betrayer anymore.

Grabbing the bracelet in his pocket nervously, Fire Wolf was trying his best to stay focused, in order to sense if anyone was approaching. The bracelet called Fire Weaver was a level three magic item given by the Church to help protect himself when facing Professor.

Although Clown promised to him that they would arrive within thirty seconds after they saw his signal, Fire Wolf's heart was still beating very fast. No one knew what was going to happen within the thirty seconds.

It was already ten forty. Fire Wolf heard wolves howling deep in the woods. He

arrived at the the entrance to the canyon but did not see Professor.

Turning around, he saw something shining on a big rock. It was a message left by Professor.

"Meet you in the Black Forest, close to the south entrance to the canyon."

Fire Wolf was not really surprised that Professor changed the meeting place all of a sudden. After all, it was a quite common way to avoid being tailed after.

After the weird-looking bird, Fire Feather, made several chirps as a signal for the night watchers, Fire Wolf headed into the deeper woods.

This time it took him more than ten minutes to arrive at the designated place. It was very dark around since the moonlight was completely shaded by the tall and thick cedars.

Fire Wolf heard several savage howls in a distance, sounding rather thrilling. However, it was a relief for him since the howls were made by the night watchers.

They had followed Fire Wolf here and then the team scattered to check the surroundings.

Half an hour later, Professor still did not show up. Fire Wolf started to feel irritated, pacing back and forth and wondering if Professor had somehow found out that it was a trap.

The night watchers also lost their patience. Clown sent the message to the other night watchers using a secret method:

"Search this area, in a five-hundred-meter radius around the south entrance."

The night watchers around started to move instantly.

Soon Minsk, one of the night watchers, found a wood cabin in the forest.

...

In the forest on the other side of the cabin, one of the night watchers had become a dead body with the fear still lingering on his face, and part of his brains were visible.

A slender man wearing a long black jacket was standing beside the dead body. The silver horn pattern on his jacket was rather noticeable. His right hand was covered with the night watcher's white brain tissue, and the man was sucking his fingers to enjoy the taste, as if he was tasting the sweetest candy.

A crystal ball on the man's left hand suddenly emitted a rather old voice, "Kill them all, Dragan. The temple knights will help you. Do not let them find our relic."

"Yes, my lord." The man finished licking his fingers, "Although I'm quite sure these poor guys' target is not us, I enjoy killing... and brains."

His black jacket billowed out in the wind and within a second he disappeared in the darkness.

...

Tonight, the two Night Watcher teams were composed of a total of thirty members. Among them there were pastors, knights and even four grand knights as the team leaders. Close to half of the night watchers of the inquisition were sent in order to capture the mysterious Professor alive.

However, the dark forest unexpectedly turned into a hell to them tonight. They forfeited their lives here without even knowing who was their real enemy.

The smell of blood spread through the forest.

Clown was trying to contact the other night watchers. Suddenly, he sensed the threat from behind and immediately rolled forward.

A black ball fiercely struck the place where Clown was just standing. After that moment, the stones, grass and trees in the area disappeared completely, like water completely vaporized within a second.

Clown remained calm. His fingers started to move in a weird way like he was playing piano. Translucent lines grew out from his fingers and quickly shot out into the woods, pulling someone out.

It was Dragan.

"Puppet Blessing. Interesting." Dragan's body gradually melted within the darkness and escaped from the fine lines, "Is it how you utilize your dark Blessing? Ummm... I see... you became the hound of the inquisition." Dragan's voice was rather cold.

"Puppet is no dark Blessing. It's a special gift from the God of Truth, not like your filthy dark power, Dragan!" Clown recognized him and called his name.

Clown lifted his arms again and this time the fine lines became much stronger. When the lines captured Dragan again, at the same time, Clown shot off the magic firework as a signal asking for help from the church.

However, before the firework was fully spread in the sky, a sudden strong black wave directly struck it. The firework signal was instantly devoured by the wave and disappeared in the sky.

Dark Devourer, a level six fiend spell, which was how the Church called the power that did not come from the God of Truth. The person who just cast this spell was of cardinal level!

...

In the underground relic, five high priests wearing silver robes were looking up at the two great priests standing on the altar respectfully.

"It's time to show your loyalty to our true God. Lead the other priests to devastate our enemies outside, the hounds of the so-called God of Truth." The bald old man on the altar commanded.

"Be quick." The other great priest added, coldly, "Although I stopped the signal, we shall still finish them as soon as possible before the heretics outside can ask for help again."

"Your will is God's will, great priests," answered the five high priests at the same time.

...

The night watchers were very experienced fighters, and they did not earn their name undeservedly. When they realized that their enemies tonight were actually the heretics, they started to fight back.

A night watcher was holding a thick canon of scripture in his hand. This man was called Canon Holder, and he was the leader of the other Night Watcher team tonight.

Canon Holder's steps were firm and steady. As he flipped the pages of the canon, a huge flame ball came right down from the sky and instantly vaporized a dark knight in front of him.

Level four divine spell, Flame Strike.

Without any interval, this night watcher flipped the pages again and summoned a flame wall and protected his team members, who were facing another dark knight.

Canon Holder was a level five bishop, who voluntarily gave up his life under the sunlight and joined the Night Watch to fight for his true God.

Lucien was sitting on a big tree quite a distance away, looking at the explosions on the ground expressionlessly as if he was appreciating nice fireworks.

He saw that the rest of the night watchers were approaching the wood cabin; he saw that the night watcher Minsk survived for now with his defense called Dragon Scale from his Red Dragon Blessing; and he saw that there were only eighteen night watchers left out of thirty.

However, Lucien was still waiting.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 85: Sneak into the Cave

Around one kilometer away from the wood cabin, there was a huge cedar. Lucien was sitting on the cedar waiting for the end of the fight between the Church and Argent Horn.

When he saw the black wave which devoured the night watcher's signal, Lucien calculated the angle and the distance and thus located where Argent Horn was actually hiding.

"About ninety meters northwest of the wood cabin," Lucien murmured in a low voice.

At the same time, Lucien looked at another direction and wondered in his mind, "She should have noticed the chaos already."

As the heretics and the night watchers started to gather together, Lucien felt it was finally time for him to take action.

...

Flame Strike, Angel Summoning, Healing... Canon Holder kept casting spells without interval. As a level five bishop, he was able to both devastate his enemies and save his comrades. His spells destroyed many magic circles and traps placed by Argent Horn, and thus the two great priests in the underground palace lost their control on the ground.

As six out of the eighteen night watchers were pastors, they were able to heal their injured comrades over and over again. Under the command of the two team leaders, the gathered night watchers kept moving forward and the situation started to turn around and became more favorable to the Church.

However, at this time, a dark cloud arrived, and the cloud was somehow squeaking.

"Bugs!" cried Minsk to alert the other night watchers.

These bugs were just too many to be immediately eliminated. They moved very fast and soon encircled the night watchers. Countless bugs fully covered the shields of light that were protecting the night watchers. As the several pastors were trying to strengthen their Light Shields, they suddenly felt too weak to cast any spell. Their faces were burning like they were having a fever.

As soon as the shields expired, the bugs launched their attack onto the night watchers.

Using his Red Dragon Blessing, Minsk blocked some of the bugs away from them with Dragon Scale, but he knew that he was also reaching his limit.

It was a level five fiend spell, Plague, co-cast by the five high priests.

More dark knights and heretic priests arrived. The situation the night watchers were facing became tough again.

Canon Holder stopped attacking and turned to focus on driving away the bugs and curing the night watchers, especially the pastors. Several night watchers wearing silver armor stood in front of the pastors to protect them.

As the bugs were dying, the pastors were gradually recovering. Then they started to cast many divine spells such as "Blessing", "Morale" and "Pray" on the four fully armored night watchers to improve their strength, agility and persistence. Clown and Minsk were protecting them from the fierce attack of the dark knights and the priests.

The four warriors, blessed by the divine power, shouted and hacked their huge swords toward their enemies at the same time. The black gloves they were wearing covered their swords with a layer of black light, making the swords sharper and more powerful.

Although the several dark knights up front had different powers such as Black Dragon, Rock Titan, and Gray Elf, they were not able to resist the furious four warriors with such combined divine power.

For some reason, when facing the huge swords, Shield of Darkness became useless, and so did Flame Wall. Four dark priests and a high priest suddenly became totally unprotected and got hacked into half.

"This Blessing is... Elimination!" The elder great priest in the underground palace was quite surprised, "Four knights with Elimination Blessing... and one of them is a level five grand knight!"

The Blessing called Elimination could make any supernatural power that did not belong to the real God become invalid. And, of course, the effectiveness of this Blessing depended on the individual power, and the real God it referred to could be chosen.

Elimination was the most precious and purest Blessing among the traditional demon hunters.

"Angola, you gotta help them," the other great priest said to the bald priest, "We should not waste our power here, for such an accident."

"This accident is a test from God." Angola smiled, looking rather old, "Interesting. Their original target was a sorcerer, and now we're fighting."

"I'll stay here to protect the temple," said the great priest in silver robe.

...

When the night watchers finally found a chance to send the signals, blurs of shadows rushed at them from different directions with great momentum. A knight among the night watchers got struck by the black shadow right in his face and he gave out shrill cries.

Level seven fiend spell, Hungry Shadow.

Soon the knight's eyes became red. He slowly lifted his huge sword up and hacked toward the other night watchers.

His soul was eaten by the shadow, and his body would be controlled by the spell caster for a short time.

...

The moment Lucien sensed the evil aura from the great priest, he suddenly sat up and became translucent to some extent in the moonlight. He quickly landed on the ground and started to run toward the underground temple as fast as he could from the other side of the forest, in order to avoid the battlefield.

Standing in front of the entrance to the underground temple of Argent Horn, although he was almost invisible in the moonlight, Lucien was still very nervous that he might be found by the heretics. However, he knew that uncle Joel and his family were in great danger, so he had no choice but to take the risk.

Then, a piece of moonlight secretly sneaked into the cave.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 86: The Reinforcements

Inside the cave, there was a long and slanted paved path heading toward the underground palace. Around every ten meters, there was a candlestick on the stone wall. The yellow candlelight was rather dim and made the pathway even more thrilling.

Quick as a shadow, Lucien quietly followed the pathway and went into the deeper darkness.

...

The silver-robed great priest was checking the other pathways through which the hounds of the Church might sneak into the relic. However, he left the main entrance for last since Angola was fighting in the front, and that gave Lucien precious time to find the dungeon.

...

Instead of spreading his spiritual power, Lucien was using his acute hearing to sense his surroundings. It seemed most of the guards were currently out to fight against the night watchers, since Lucien heard no one talking or walking. In the nest of the heresy, he needed to be very cautious with the use of any supernatural power.

The underground relic was huge. Although he did have a few rough guesses from observing the surroundings in the Scene balls, Lucien never expected that there was indeed such a magnificent relic here.

As the ground became smoother, Lucien saw that there were many iron doors on both sides of the pathway. Feeling rather hesitant, he was not sure if he should open the closest door in front of him.

His right hand grabbed the handle, slightly shaking. Lucien had no idea what was waiting for him in the room.

Just when he was about to turn the handle, Lucien heard someone talking. The voice came from another room, but not far from where Lucien was standing now.

"What's going on outside? All the priests are out?" a man asked. His voice sounded nervous.

"I have no idea what is happening. The explosion sounded horrible." answered the second person.

After roughly estimating the strength of the two heretics, Lucien decisively opened the door and fiercely rushed at them. The heretics were totally unprepared for this sudden attack and in the next second they were knocked out and fell on the ground.

Closing the door behind him, Lucien awoke one of the young heretics.

After feeling rather confused for a second, the heretic recalled what just happened and was about to scream for help. However, the only thing he managed to do was opening his mouth. As soon as he made eye contact with Lucien, his mind got lost.

There were countless stars in Lucien's eyes, and his eyes were as deep as two black holes.

"Do you know where they are, the poor family that they just caught several days ago?" asked Lucien in a soft and low voice.

"Yes... yes my lord." The young heretic looked rather respectful since he had been hypnotized by Lucien's Eyes of Stars. And as Eyes of Stars was more of a kind of hypnotism, very little magic wave could be detected.

From that hypnotized heretic, Lucien collected some important information: the palace was located in the west side of the huge relic, where the main force of Argent Horn usually patrolled, while the dungeon was in the northwest, guarded by an average dark knight and several of his squires.

Besides, the relic actually had more than one level. However, the several levels beneath were completely destroyed and could not be utilized anymore. On this level, there was a total of five pathways connected to the Black Forest.

Knowing that the main force could come back at any moment, Lucien needed to be hurry. Breaking the two heretics' necks, he left the room, bypassed the palace in the west and headed toward the dungeon fast and quietly.

...

With a better knowledge of this relic, Lucien calmed down a bit. Soon he arrived at the dungeon.

The dungeon was quite big, and it was divided into half by the iron bars. There were around seven or eight cells on one side, while on the other side four knight squires were pacing back and forth, talking about what was going on outside. Behind them, assorted instruments of torture were hanging on the wall.

The old man wearing black leather armor had a twisted face. At this moment, he was sitting on a bench, listening to the sound of fighting outside and looking at the cells on the other side with an irritated expression. Lucien thought that he must be the dark knight.

Then the old knight stood up and said with anger, "Bring them here... the two who lost their fingers. I need to have something to do."

Lucien's heart suddenly sank.

"Lord Janson, they can't be killed right now!" A knight squire dissuaded him.

"I don't need you to remind me!" shouted Janson irritably, "They're the most f***king troublesome prisoners in the whole bloody dungeon. I gotta take them to that shitty cabin every couple of days! So what am I in the priests' eyes? A f***king dog walker?!"

Janson's irritability and anger came from his Blessing. The squires exchanged a look and one of them took the keys and opened a cell.

"You two, get out of here." Tim kicked Joel and Alisa who were lying on the ground.

Joel and Alisa were very scared. Iven's eyes were filled with tears and he bit his lips silently, since there was nothing he could do as a young boy.

"Move!" Tim kicked Joel on his back. Out of the iron bars, Joel staggered forward and fell over in front of Janson.

Taking the leather whip down from the wall, Jason fiercely flipped the whip on Joel and Alisa with great anger, "Rubbish! Damned idiots! And I need to f***king walk you EVERY... F***KING... DAY!"

Every time he burst out a word, Janson lashed at them with a bitter whip.

Although Janson was still constraining himself to avoid killing Joel and Alisa, his whips still made Joel and Alisa scream at the top of their lungs in great pain and roll on the ground back and forth.

While Janson was enjoying the screams, Lucien was clenching his fists with great anger. The muscles of his body were all tensed up. He wanted to kill all the bastards and tear them up to pieces, right now.

However, he still had to bide his time. Acting in a rush and impulsively could easily kill him here, not to mention rescuing uncle Joel and his family.

Hiding in the darkness, Lucien was waiting.

...

"Ilia, these night watchers are tough." Angola was floating high in the air, sending his voice to the other great priest using his fiend power, "They have lots of powerful magic items. Luckily, we took the initiative and all of their magic items are destroyed."

Only five night watchers were still standing. They were Clown, Salvador—the Canon Holder, a grand knight, Minsk—the Red Dragon, and a pastor. The other twenty five night watchers were all dead, and some of the bodies were even destroyed.

"Don't waste our time anymore, Angola. Finish them all, and we have to destroy this entrance."

Ilia's voice came and urged him.

"All right." Angola raised his arms again, covered by dark shadows.

At this time, the night sky suddenly turned blue in a weird way, as if the ocean and the sky exchanged their positions. The ocean was hanging up above them and a huge water column shot downward and overwhelmed Angola!

Ilia sensed the power, and he stood up instantly.

Camil, the Blue Tide.

The level seven radiant knight arrived!

Flying high in the sky, the two great cardinals, Gossett and Amelton, also arrived following lady Camil.

"Kill all the prisoners! Destroy all the evidence! Everyone leave through the other pathways!" Ilia commanded immediately.

At the same time, he started to cast the spells to destroy the altar. Although he was a level seven priest himself as well, the reinforcements of the Church consisting of the two great cardinals and a radiant knight were irresistible.

Besides, Sard, the horrible monster, also could show up there at any moment.

...

Receiving the order, Janson lifted his whip high with a savage look on his face.

When Lucien heard the deafening splash coming from outside, he knew it was time for him to take action. Like a white shadow, Lucien jumped out of the darkness and rushed at the dark knight with great momentum.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 87: Killing

Janson's Blessing gave him not only the irritated personality, but also a sharp instinct. The moment he sensed the danger, Janson turned his wrist and fiercely flipped the leather whip backwards.

Lucien was prepared and he was also faster than Janson. Tapping the ground with one foot, Lucien quickly changed the direction of his movement and, at the same time, he easily cut off the leather whip with the dagger in his hand.

Without any hesitation, Janson threw the whip away and grabbed his triple-headed flail from the table. The big chunks of muscle under his leather armor almost burst out and his eyes became red, like those of a furious bull.

Facing Janson's huge weapon, Lucien suddenly stopped and dropped a handful of fine powder on the ground.

A deafening thunder burst out.

The loud thunder almost knocked Janson unconscious for a second, not to mention his four squires. When they were about to pick up their weapons, they were attacked by the strong sound waves and then fell on the ground.

Uncle Joel and Alisa also passed out.

Homan's Oscillation, a spell of apprentice level which utilized high-decibel sound waves as the weapon. Being used properly, a low level spell could also be quite effective.

Facing the great thunder, Lucien himself also felt a bit sick. By the time when he was able to take a firm stand again, Janson had also recovered and started to wield his huge flail.

That was a triple-headed flail, looking rather heavy, and the three heads were also different: one was covered with lightning, one with fire and the last one with a green and sticky slime.

The big chunks of muscle in Janson's arms were like rocks, and the whole dungeon was slightly trembling from his angry howling. He wielded his flail in a crazy manner, and it seemed like the word "defense" never existed in his dictionary.

Lucien was a bit surprised. After all, most knights, no matter if they were from the Church or the dark knights, were well trained with different fighting skills, however, Janson was not one of them. Probably it was because his physical strength was so overwhelming that there was no need for him to carry out the strategies in his mind.

The idea of a direct head-on resistance was obviously too stupid, and Lucien was way smarter than that. Employing delaying tactics together with his Moonlight Blessing, Lucien kept moving around swiftly in the dungeon to avoid the three huge iron balls of the flail, waiting for the dark knight to get tired.

However, Lucien soon noticed that something was not right: It seemed that the one who would be exhausted first was himself. The buzzing lightning on one of the iron balls was somehow slowly paralyzing his body, even if the flail never actually hit Lucien.

Lucien could not waste time anymore. He took a few large steps back, to gain some distance from Janson who was fighting like a furious beast, and within few seconds Janson was once again in front of Lucien, wielding his terrifying black flail with great momentum.

Throwing another handful of shining power to the ground, Lucien activated the spell without casting. Although that would cost him more spiritual power, it was definitely worth it.

A dazzling light ball suddenly appeared in the dungeon, and it instantly lit up the whole place like the midday sun.

Janson subconsciously closed his eyes to protect them from the bright light and his movement paused for a second. That second was more than enough for Lucien.

Curling his body a bit, Lucien shot himself out toward Janson, as fast as an arrow. The dagger was shining with a cool radiance in his hand.

Janson quickly turned his wrist inwards to attack Lucien with his flail, but it was too late. Although the three iron balls were still chasing Lucien's back, he was already very close to Janson!

However, Lucien's silver dagger almost cracked when he stabbed Janson in the chest. Because of his Furious Savage Blessing, Janson's chest muscles were like big pieces of rock, which were also covered by his fine leather armor.

Janson's relentless attack was supported by his great defensive capability!

The flail was just a few centimeters away from Lucien's back.

Janson looked at Lucien with a cruel smile on his face, but surprisingly, this skinny little bastard smiled back at him.

The dark knight immediately realized the great danger. Fiercely leaning back his body, Janson tried to avoid the second round attack.

Palmeira's Frost Blades. Three sharp ice blades targeted Janson's throat, heart and waist.

Since they were too close to each other, by the time Janson started to tilt backward, the blades had already arrived.

While the one targeting his heart was stopped by the tough muscle in his left chest, the other two blades cut his throat and his abdomen wide open. His blood spurted out but froze instantly.

At the same time, Lucien quickly covered his body with a layer of moonlight to take the attack of the flail. While the flame and acid were blocked by Lucien's Moonlight Armor, the lightning went directly through and struck him.

Janson and Lucien fell onto the ground at the same time. Lucien was paralyzed by the lightning and he felt both pain and itch in his body.

Bang! The flail fell to the ground from Janson's hand as well.

Rough and muffled groans came from Janson's throat. Lucien could see that the fresh blood was still running out of the big man's body.

A few seconds later, the groans stopped. Jason's eyes were still wide open, filled with anger and astonishment.

Lucien stood up with great effort and finally stabilized his legs. Slowly, he approached Janson's body and broke the savage's neck, just in case.

Luckily, his tactics worked. By hiding his Blessing and the magic item Ice Revenger, Lucien pretended he was nothing other than an ordinary sorcerer apprentice. If Janson had not underestimated his enemy, Lucien would be in big trouble.

Then, without any hesitation, Lucien came to the squires who were trying to stand up from the ground with dizziness and decisively wrenched their necks.

He purposefully saved Tim for last.

"I beg... I beg your mercy... Please!" cried Tim, crawling on the ground.

"Mercy?" Lucien sneered, "When the innocent people were begging, where was your mercy?"

A pair of cold hands reached Tim's throat, and the fingers slowly tightened. Finally, there was a crack in Tim's neck.

Now Lucien held no more fear and hesitation toward killing, since in this world, people like him had to either kill or be killed.

...

Picking up the heavy flail, Lucien started to attack the five bodies to destroy the evidence.

Chapter 88: The End of the Betrayer

Chapter 88: The End of the Betrayer

The flail was so heavy that even Lucien, who was already stronger than common people, was having a hard time lifting it over and over again. Powerful as it was, the flail soon tore the bodies into pieces and the flame and acid quickly destroyed the body parts completely.

Lucien was now feeling a bit concerned because during the fight he had absolutely no idea how dangerous this weapon was. If he really got hit by this flail without his Moonlight Armor, he would be seriously injured.

Within only thirty seconds, the bodies turned into a small puddle of unknown green liquid and some ashes floating in the air.

Lucien kicked over the water bucket in the corner and quickly cleaned up the mess on the floor. As for the floating ashes, he summoned a gust of wind by heating up some of the air inside that room and cooling down the air outside of it, to blow the ashes away to the aisle.

Then, with great caution, Lucien carried Joel and Alisa back to the cell with Iven, who were still unconscious from the oscillation spell. Although Lucien was very excited to see Joel, Alisa and Iven again, he could not leave with them right now, or he would definitely be suspected by the Church. After all, in people's eyes, he was no more than a physically weak musician.

After all the work, he pulled out a tube of Brown Owl and drank it, as his natural recovery was slower underground due to the lack of moonlight.

A moment later, Lucien was rushing through the most remote pathway to leave the underground palace, carrying the flail with him. The pathway was very far from the palace and the other core places in the complex, therefore, it should be relatively safe. However, the weird thing was that Lucien did not see any heretics on his way.

...

Down on their knees, these ordinary heretics in the stone room sounded rather panicked, "Lord Jerome, what shall we do right now! We...!"

Before they could finish their words, their faces suddenly twisted with great pain. Pieces of black cloud came out of their bodies and instantly took their souls away.

As the masses of black cloud were absorbed into Jerome's body, he shrugged a bit, "Well... what you guys should do is to die."

It would be impossible for those ordinary heretics to escape from the Church, so they must die, or more information about Argent Horn would be revealed.

...

Lucien was getting close to his destination. He could see dim rays of moonlight cast from the outside of the cave. Suddenly, he stopped running and hid himself in a dark corner because he sensed the strong smell of blood.

There were several dead bodies scattered on the ground on the way out of the complex. According to their special robes, Lucien could tell they were the heretics from Argent Horn.

Realizing that the heretics were killing their ordinary followers, Lucien decided to wait there a bit more, just in case.

Someone was screaming with great fear in the darkness. As the squeal was getting closer and closer, Lucien clenched his fists.

Suddenly, the squeal stopped. The person was killed.

"This should be the last one," sounded a cold voice. "Ilia asked us to leave as soon as possible after cleaning up."

"I don't see Janson..." the other young but hoarse voice answered.

"We're not gonna wait for the savage. We can't," urged the cold voice.

"All right... We leave now," agreed the second person.

Then Lucien heard their steps leaving the cave.

Taking a deep breath, Lucien made his body partially translucent into the moonlight and rushed to the exit. Under the cover of the silver moon, he successfully jumped into a bush.

Breathing the air mixed with the smell of dirt, Lucien released a long sigh of relief.

It was very quiet around him. For a moment, he felt that what happened in the underground palace was almost like a dream. However, the many scattered dead bodies of the heretics around the bush were reminding him how cruel the night was.

Looking up at the moon and the few stars in the sky, Lucien roughly figured out his current location and started to run toward Massol River, to get back to Family Hayne's manor.

...

The heavy flail was quite cumbersome, but luckily the silver moon was out tonight, and Lucien's speed and strength were both improved in the moonlight.

Several minutes later, he approached the wood cabin with great caution. Almost everything was destroyed in this area from the many powerful divine and fiend spells.

Dead bodies were everywhere, and many of them were burned beyond recognition.

Among the bodies, Lucien saw one wearing a sorcerer robe, which draw his attention the most.

So Lucien flipped the body over, and he saw the young man's face. The great fear the man experienced before he died was still there.

"Fire Wolf..." Lucien murmured the name.

An idea came to Lucien's mind.

Using Mage Hand, Lucien left a line of words on Fire Wolf's body with his half-clotted blood.

"THE END OF THE BETRAYER. PROFESSOR."

Chapter 89: The Anger of the Night Watchers

Chapter 89: The Anger of the Night Watchers

After leaving the line of words, Lucien checked the body carefully and found two magic items, which luckily remained intact from the fierce battle.

One was a dark red bracelet, woven by some sort of fine red plant fiber. Although it looked rather plain, the bracelet possessed a great power of illusory flame that surprised Lucien quite a bit when he was examining it with his spiritual power. He believed that this bracelet was even more powerful than his Ice Revenger, and the bracelet was at least a level two high-ranked magic item.

The other thing Lucien found was an iron black dagger, that felt very cold and sharp.

Lucien put the bracelet and the dagger into the pockets of his robe. Standing up and looking around, he was quite sure that he could still find more magic items from these dead bodies scattered everywhere. In the next second, however, Lucien quickly dispelled this idea, warning himself not to be greedy.

After crossing the river, Lucien found a place for a short rest in the Black Forest to recover his spiritual and physical power. During the break, he registered the inner magic structures of the flail, the bracelet and the iron black dagger in his spirit library for a detailed analysis later.

Then, Lucien buried the flail under a weird-shaped big cedar, and hid the bracelet and the dagger underneath a big rock.

Without a deeper analysis, Lucien could not make sure that the magic items were clean and safe. If there were any trailing or locating marks on them and if Lucien just took them back home carelessly, these things would become his catastrophe.

...

Larnaca Canyon.

In a dark corner in the canyon, Angola was grabbed by the neck and lifted up by a long and fair hand. The seemingly delicate hand was doing the job easily, as if it was picking up a little mouse, instead of a level seven great priest.

"You can't kill me! You don't have to...!" Angola's voice squeezed out from his throat, filled with great fear and surprise.

"Well... Unfortunately, I'm afraid I have to." The voice was soft and sweet, "It's very impressive that you could escape from Amelton, one of the top three experts in tracking in the duchy. However, you still represent a great danger to us. If she finds you, all of us will be in deep trouble."

"No, that's just your excuse!" cried Angola, "We share the same goal... and we shall find the...!"

"That's enough, Angola. I'm fed up with the awful sulphur smell in the evil blood you all have." The soft voice cut him off, "You think we are allies? Don't be silly. I've changed my mind and I don't want to be a part of it anymore."

"Are you insane?! You can't!" Angola's voice came out from his throat with great difficulty, "You'll be punished!"

"None of your business." The beautiful long hand tightened a bit, and Angola's body started to get dehydrated very fast. In the next second, the body exploded silently into fine, light yellow powder that spread through the air.

"I can share a piece of news with you, for free, Angola... since you're dead already," said the soft voice, "Hathaway will soon be back from the secret dimension."

Then, the beautiful pale hand disappeared in the darkness.

Two minutes later, a woman in cardinal clothes arrived. Floating in the air and looking around, her eyes were cold in contrast with her bright red robe.

"Angola disappeared... completely?" She murmured in a low voice.

...

Running at full speed in the Black Forest, Lucien was like a white shadow.

Twenty minutes later, he saw the manor of House Hayne. Lights were still on, and music was still playing. The big party was still going on around the midnight.

And like what he was expecting, the heretic who had been trailing him all the time was still there observing the manor, but now it was Lucien that was watching him from behind.

If this heretic was caught by the Church, Lucien would be in trouble for lying about how he awoke his Blessing.

As he was very close to the manor, Lucien needed to finish the heretic as quietly as possible. After estimating the heretic's level, he slowly approached him and silently activated Darkness silently.

The heretic looked very confused for a second, as all the light suddenly disappeared and the pure darkness pressed on his head. Then he sensed the magic wave coming from behind him. He was under attack!

Because of Lucien's Dark Vision, the spell did not affect him at all.

Before the heretic could see anything, Lucien's hands had already reached his neck.

"Crack."

And that was the last thing the heretic heard in this world.

...

Clown, Canon Holder, Lend, Juliana and Minsk gathered in front of the cabin. After the bitter fight, the great depression and tiredness on their faces were impossible to hide. When the night watchers were searching the underground complex and chasing the heretics, they were silently immersed in their mourning.

Only five night watchers survived the battle, out of thirty, who were all excellent and brave warriors in fighting against the darkness and evil. The five night watchers' guts were burning with anger and grief.

"Clown... Can you come and have a look?" Juliana noticed something on Fire Wolf's body.

"THE END OF THE BETRAYER. PROFESSOR."

The scarlet words were like sharp knives stabbing in the five night watchers' hearts. Their anger almost burst out from their chests.

It was this bloody Professor who did all of this. It was him who set this horrible trap!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 90: Everyone Loved the Moon

The five night watchers were standing around the body like statues. Deep silence enwrapped everyone with tremendous pressure.

In the darkness, Clown clenched his fists with rage and slowly squeezed out a word through his teeth:

"Professor...!"

Taking off the black gloves, Salvador, the Canon Holder, put his bare hands on the chest and started to pray for the twenty-five deceased night watchers. His voice sounded very solemn, "You gain when you give. You live forever after you die. Paradise is open to you."

Then Salvador pulled out his white handkerchief and tied it on his wrist, "The day that I burn Professor to death will be the day I take this off."

Following Salvador's suit, the grand knight Lend also tied on a white handkerchief and lowered his head, "I'll never forget this battle, my fellows. This so-called Professor will pay in blood."

"Professor is on the top of my target list," joined Juliana. Recalling the bitter battle, Juliana's heart was still filled with fear. She suffered the pain of watching her teammates dying one by one right in front of her eyes. She remembered the desperation she experienced when her healing spells became useless when facing the dark power. Although Juliana did hate Professor to the guts, she was also subconsciously afraid of him.

"Bastard... You bloody bastard!" Clown could not hold himself back anymore, "I'll find you and torture you. Wherever you go, whoever you are, I'll turn your body into my puppet and I'll have

your soul gnawed by the demons, suffering in hell!" Clown never experienced such failure since he joined the Night Watch. As a level five grand knight, his confidence was ruined tonight.

The forever-smiling clown mask on his face looked rather strange and horrible in the darkness.

"It was my fault. I was so close to Professor..." Minsk put on a white handkerchief as well.

Clown slowly calmed down, then turned around to the other four night watchers, "Professor must be leaving Aalto soon. We should add Professor to our Cleansing List and search him all over the continent."

"I'm afraid that the bastard is not qualified for this," said Lend with a bit of hesitation, "After all, the names on the list were all extremely powerful. Some of them are even capable of changing the situation of the whole world. Professor... he is only a level three or four sorcerer."

The Cleansing List was shared by all the inquisitions on the continent. Every name was regarded as a great trouble to the Church and was continuously hunted by the most powerful pastors and night watchers from different inquisitions. However, the list had not changed for many years, since hunting them down was extremely difficult.

"Twenty-five night watchers died because of him," said Canon Holder seriously. "Although he's not even of a senior rank, his cruelty and slyness should not be underestimated."

"I see." Lend nodded. "We shall make a proposal to Cardinal Amelton, then. "

"Let's find our teammates... at least part of them," said Salvador solemnly.

...

It took Lucien a while to wipe out all the evidence, including the heretic's body and his own torn robe, and he also cleaned himself a bit. Then he came to the other side of the manor through the woods and climbed over the tall wall of the manor.

Quietly and carefully, Lucien landed in the shadow of the three-storey house, covered by the tall, lush grass and bushes.

When Lucien stood up and was patting away the dust on his hands, his heart suddenly skipped a beat.

"Good evening, Lucien." It was Rhine. He was only wearing a loose, dark red shirt, of which the top part was unbuttoned. His skin looked even paler than that of a noble lady in the moonlight.

"Go-good evening, Mr. Rhine." Seeing that it was Rhine, Lucien was a bit relieved, but he still remained cautious, "You're still up?"

"So are you." Rhine's put on a meaningful smile.

Lucien forced a smile on his face, "If I told you that I'm wandering here to enjoy the beautiful silver moon tonight, would you believe my words?"

When he was talking, Lucien lowered his head and looked at himself. Parts of his lower arms were stained by muddy water, and his shirt was crumpled out of shape. Most importantly, as he looked up, Lucien found that the silver moon was hidden by the tall stone wall.

What an excellent excuse it was!

"Yes, I believe your words, because..." Rhine shrugged his shoulders, "I'm here for the moon as well."

"Ah...?" Lucien was suddenly at a loss.

"For sure... Did you see how charming, how bright the silver moon is tonight!" Rhine raised his head and praised the stone wall standing in front of him with affection, "We are here for the same reason, aren't we?"

"Well..." Lucien took a longer breath and became serious, "Can you tell me who you are, Mr. Rhine?" As he could not pretend he was an innocent young man anymore, Lucien decided to ask Rhine directly, and he had the feeling that Rhine held no hostility toward him.

"I'm just a bard." Rhine shook his head, "A bard who has nothing to do with the place you are longing for. And even if I tell you where it is, you are still not capable of going there."

"You can tell me now! At least I can have a more specific goal!" asked Lucien eagerly.

"My suggestion is that you should work hard and become a real musician, then you can travel to the many countries around the continent. That'll be a great benefit to your goal." Then Rhine turned around and left.

Lucien was confused. Eager as he was, he knew that he must leave now, in case someone else showed up.

After climbing into the guest room, Lucien put the two sapphires back into his pocket and lay down.

What happened tonight already seemed like a dream to Lucien. Shutting down the brain and feeling the cozy blanket, he slowly fell into sleep.

Lucien did not know how long his sleep lasted when he was awakened by a gentle knock at the door.

"Who is that?" asked Lucien in a low voice.

"It's me, Yvette. Do you want to take a walk with me to enjoy the fantastic silver moon tonight?" invited the noble lady in an alluring way.

Lucien was a bit choked with what Yvette just said. He was already very impressed with the moon, and it seemed like everyone wanted to take a walk in the moonlight that night.

"Well... I'm terribly sorry, Yvette. I twisted my ankle and I'm feeling sleepy." Lucien refused her directly, "Maybe next time. Thank you for asking."

Yvette slightly stamped her foot with disappointment and anger outside of Lucien's room, "Such an idiot! I bet you'll come to me and beg me on your own someday, Lucien!"

...

After hearing Yvette's steps leaving, Lucien lay down again to go back to sleep.

"Lucien, look what you've just done! No wonder you have no girlfriend!" A female voice came from the window, "You should learn from me! I always knocked the door of Silvia's room at midnight."

It was Princess Natasha, who was standing on the windowsill, followed by lady Camil floating in the air. With a longsword in one hand and her visor in the other hand, Natasha's purple hair was fluttering in the wind. The central part of her white armor was dark red, which was from the blood of a dragon.

Noticing that Lucien was looking at her armor, Natasha smiled, "You like this armor, don't you? It's called Dragon Blood, I'm wearing it because I just came back from the battle with Argent Horn."

Pausing a bit, Natasha continued, "By the way, Lucien, would you like to take a walk in the beautiful moonlight? Hahaha..."

