

Magic Era 15

Chapter 15: Cut It Out Already!

“A mess?”

Solon carefully thought back to what he had heard and hesitantly continued, “It seemed to be about the seven string theory.”

It had only been some mumbles under the breath, and Solon himself hadn’t taken it to heart. However, he hadn’t expected that these words would make the old mage resting with his eyes closed suddenly sit up straight and give him a sharp look. “Are you saying that he looked at the Fanrusen Formula and assessed that the seven string theory was a mess?”

“Yes... That should be what he said, more or less.” Solon was a bit overwhelmed by his teacher’s sudden reaction.

“That’s not completely implausible...” Solomon smiled and then chanted an incantation. A bony finger softly slid through the air as huge amount of mana gathered at his fingertip. A light that was visible to the naked eye streaked across the air in front of him, and immediately after, the entire region of space before him seemed to be torn apart, exposing a curtain made of white light.

In this light curtain, a young mage was sitting at a desk, leisurely looking at a book, a smile appearing on his face from time to time while he seemed to be mumbling some things to himself.

This was a replay of everything that had happened in the library earlier.

The High Mage’s Temporal Recall could even track a scene that had happened more than ten years ago, let alone a scene that had just taken place nearby.

Of course, the more recent the event, the clearer the scene would be.

Even now, the scene in the light curtain was so clear that each hair of the young mage could be clearly seen. Even Solon had no problem seeing all the details from behind his teacher. That young mage was holding the book about the Fanrusen Formula, flipping through the pages very quickly while having a weird smile plastered on his face, as if he was looking at something ridiculous.

‘What is so ridiculous about it?’

The young Solon thought for a long time, but he couldn’t understand. But the High Mage before him seemed to have noticed something as amazement suddenly appeared on his old face.

When he reached the 12th page of the book, the young mage on the light curtain put the book down, and the smile on his face on his face seemed even more derisive as he mumbled some things while facepalming.

At first, Solomon’s face was filled with amazement, but when he realized what the young mage had mumbled, the High Mage suddenly paled, and the right hand casting the Temporal Recall suddenly shook, causing the curtain of white light to flicker, making the image lose focus.

“Teacher, you...” The young Great Mage was worried. It was the first time in many years that he had seen his teacher forget himself in the Sage Tower.

“It’s nothing...” Solomon shook his head as he scattered the Temporal Recall spell, which had already lost its stability. “Okay, you leave first, I need to think about something.”

“Yes, Teacher.”

After Solon walked out, the study became quiet once again.

Solomon sat still for a bit before getting up. He went to a desk at the edge of his room and sat down to begin writing a letter.

This letter was written to Star Sage Jouyi, one of the three Archmages of the east. He was also the one who had taught Solomon for twenty years. Solomon wrote down everything he had just seen while using Temporal Recall.

Solomon didn’t tell Solon that Mafa Merlin wasn’t the first mage who had said that the seven string theory was a mess.

The words had made Solomon remember that he had heard at least one other mage say that before.

And that was Star Sage Jouyi!

A few years ago, there had been some research done on the seven string theory in the Cloud Tower, and the one in charge of that task was the Star Sage. At that time, he had said the same words, that the seven string theory was simply a mess. It had sent who-knew-how-many mages down a winding road... But the research into the seven string theory in the Cloud Tower didn’t make much progress. They lacked a few crucial pieces of data, causing the whole project to stagnate.

But just now, upon seeing the 12th page of the Fanrusen Formula, that young mage had mumbled a few sentences to himself.

Temporal Recall didn’t reproduce any sounds, so Solomon didn’t actually hear what the young mage had said. However, he had become very good at lip reading because of how often he had used this spell. The mage had muttered something in the Nesser Language. His words contained four key pieces of data, and those four might be the key points that could prove the seven string theory wrong.

This was why Solomon had been so agitated...

After finishing the letter, Solomon sealed the envelope and called for Solon to come back in.

“Send this letter to the Cloud Tower, it is for Star Sage Jouyi.”

“Yes, I will ensure that it is done.”

“Oh right, tomorrow when Mafa Merlin comes, invite him here. I have some things I want to ask him.”

“I will, Teacher.” When Solon withdrew from the study room once again, his mind was full of doubts and amazement.

After all, Solomon’s study wasn’t a place that just anyone could enter.

Even Monchi and Ryan had only been invited to the reception room. One of them was a rich businessman of Thousand Sails City and the other was a Great Mage that wasn't even 30 yet, and they had come with a huge plan that had been prepared for months.

What was so special about that young mage...? But the comment about the "mess" had made his teacher lose his self-control and fail to maintain the Temporal Recall... And now he was even inviting that young mage to his study for a chat.

...

In the end, Lin Yun didn't go to the library the next day.

That day was the day of the Gilded Rose's reopening. With the thirty thousand gold from the auction, the old butler was a lot more relaxed. Not only had they settled Fario's debt, but the butler had even begun to draw up plans for the revival of the Flashing Gold chamber of commerce.

Lin Yun originally didn't want to worry too much about it. Thirty thousand wasn't that big of a number, and he could just casually buy some magic materials to deal with the daily expenses. But reviving the Flashing Gold chamber of commerce... Wasn't that a bit too much?

But the old butler couldn't wait to settle that matter...

After Lin Yun turned him down a few times, the old butler began to act like a rascal. He would sigh every day within Lin Yun's hearing range, talking about how he was getting on in his years and that he knew he didn't have long to live. If he suddenly departed and met the old master in the heavens, would he have to explain that after so many years of flourishing, the Flashing Gold chamber of commerce was now on the verge of death?

In the end, Lin Yun had no choice but to make concessions. There was no point mentioning the revival of the Flashing Gold chamber of commerce yet, but the Gilded Rose could actually be reopened almost immediately.

Thus, the twenty-some thousand gold that was left over was put into renovation, employee recruitment, and material purchases... Not much remained of the money.

The old butler was left dumbfounded...

'What can we do? We have no money left... What about the alchemist? An alchemist workshop without an alchemist... What difference is there from opening a restaurant without a chef?'

When this matter had come to light, the old man had gained a few more white hairs. Nothing could be done about it, since alchemists had very high status. Even if all the twenty thousand gold had been used for it, it would only have been enough to pay for the wages of a peak alchemist for perhaps two months, let alone now that they only had a few hundred gold left on hand. Did they have to hire apprentice alchemists to make it up?

This would ruin their reputation...

Since there was no other choice, Lin Yun had to personally act.

After coming out from the Sage Tower the day before, Lin Yun did not head straight home, instead heading to the alchemy laboratory of the Gilded Rose. He spent the entire night using the remain cheap materials to make a dozen potions, along with a few magic armors and magic weapons. As for magic tools, he was powerless to do anything about it. He was restricted by the shoddy materials. Even if Lin Yun had knowledge that transcended the era, he couldn't make miracles out of nothing.

As for the grand reopening, there was no need for Lin Yun to worry about it. This was in the hands of the old butler. Lin Yun simply handed over the results of one night of work before finding a room in the Gilded Rose to sleep.

After spending the night hard at work, even an energetic alchemist wouldn't be able to handle it.

Lin Yun's mana whirlpool was far more robust than that of ordinary mages, while his mind had the knowledge of alchemy far beyond the people of this era. Many problems that his contemporaries would be unable to settle were casual matters in his hands.

But even if that was the case, this night had exhausted all of Lin Yun's energy, as the mana whirlpool within his body had been working on overload, almost exhausting his reserves. It was quite nice to be able to lie down for some rest.

He kept sleeping through the afternoon, and when the sun was about to set, Lin Yun was woken up by a loud sound.

"Someone is courting death..." Lin Yun said, still half-asleep, before turning to face the other side to try to rest a bit more.

But it seemed that the person outside was deliberately set against him. Before he even finished rolling over, he heard a loud "Bang" come from outside. It wasn't from the door, but from the sales counter...

"Cut it out already!" This time, Lin Yun could no longer bear with it and angrily got out of bed, dressing himself and heading for the door. 'I want to see who dares to cause trouble here.'

After entering the hall, he saw a group of people in a circle. A shelf had been knocked down, the counter had been smashed, and the recently decorated hall was left in a complete mess. A few employees were already ducking on the side while the old butler was arguing loudly with that group. One young mage seemed especially conspicuous.

"Smash everything! You dare sell fake items to me? Don't look at me like that, you think that I'm easy to bully? I'll let you know, old geezer, if you don't hand Merlin to me right now, not only will I smash this thieving shop, I'll report it to the Chambers of Commerce Union and have Thousand Sails City's people take a look at how shameless the Flashing Gold chamber of commerce is."

"Get the hell out, this place doesn't welcome you!" The old butler had followed Locke Merlin for twenty years. He considered the reputation of the Flashing Gold chamber of commerce more important than his own life. Hearing Mason insulting the Flashing Gold chamber of commerce, the old man burst in anger, and regardless of whether they were customers or not, he raised his hands to push Mason toward the exit.

The old butler was an ordinary person, so even if he had been twenty years younger, he wouldn't have been able to threaten a mage. But Mason simply wasn't paying attention to the old butler, being too

excited, gesticulating and splattering saliva while shouting, and thus, he was shoved back, causing him to stumble.

“Old Geezer, you dared to hit me?” This time, Mason had an even nastier expression.

A mighty mage was almost pushed down by a 60-year-old butler. If this spread, would anyone still respect him?