

## **Magic Era 85**

### **Chapter 85: Loss of Reputation**

Although Hawkins had been a Great Alchemist for many years, it was clear that he was still far from advancing to become a Master Alchemist.

And let alone Hawkins...

Even other Great Alchemists who were senior to Hawkins such as Bassoro, Granger, or even Cadgar were far from being at that level. In Thousand Sails City, only Thorpe and Lys were close to that realm.

With Hawkins' current level, challenging this difficult formula would only end in tragedy.

True enough, Hawkins was quite pitiful at this moment...

He had been in a hurry to deal with Faleau. After all, what kind of complicated question could an Alchemist come up with? He planned to solve it quickly and then leave, but he ultimately ended up in a bind. 'Damn, is this really the kind of knowledge an Alchemist can come into contact with? Are you kidding me?'

It wouldn't be that bad if Faleau were a Great Alchemist, as in that case he could have just said that he couldn't solve the issue. So what if he couldn't solve it? He could just throw the problem back, and since Faleau couldn't either, it could have easily been put aside if no one could solve it.

The problem was that Faleau was an ordinary Alchemist.

This was truly annoying.

An Alchemist asked for pointers from a Great Alchemist on a formula he had issues with. Wouldn't it be shameful to throw the problem back after being unable to solve it?

Hawkins felt his heart grow cold.

What could be done... If the stalemate persisted, would he really have to stay the night as Faleau said? That would be such a huge joke, yet the people of the Gilded Rose even prepared a blanket!

'But if I can't get out of this stalemate, wouldn't I have to admit defeat to an Alchemist? Me, an esteemed Great Alchemist? If this spread, how could I have any reputation left...'

Hawkins felt like he was like a slice of meat on a barbecue: regardless of which side was on the grill, he would still be roasted.

Beads of sweat accumulated on Hawkins' forehead as time passed. He finally stopped calculating and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Over a hundred completely filled pages had fallen near his feet as he was already sinking in despair due to that formula. That simply wasn't a problem he could challenge. Hawkins was now only thinking of finding a way to escape this predicament, and as for that formula...'To hell with it!'

In the end, an entire five hours passed.

But none of the remaining onlookers were willing to leave, as they all felt that a rare, amusing show was unfolding.

Since matters reached this point, even the most slow-witted onlookers could see that the Great Alchemist Hawkins might end up like a fool.

This Great Alchemist Hawkins came to the Gilded Rose to exchange skills, or in other terms, to trash their reputation, but ultimately, he didn't even meet a Great Alchemist from the Gilded Rose, yet he was stymied by a young Alchemist in his twenties. They could rarely see such a good show, so who was willing to leave?

And thus, Hawkins' pressure was increased quite a bit.

Losing face was losing face, but Hawkins was truly unable to accept having his reputation trashed in front of so many people.

'No, I have to find a way to counterattack! Right, there is still the Berserk Blood Potion!'

Hawkins' eyes suddenly brightened, and his thoughts became clear, as if a bolt of lightning streaked across his mind. 'Fuck it, I'll make Faleau lose his mind. I came today to the Gilded Rose for a skill exchange, not to help you with a problem.'

Indeed, it was really a loss of reputation for a Great Alchemist to be unable to answer an Alchemist's question. But since that already was the case, he might as well pull the Gilded Rose down with it.

'In the end, you have to see whose reputation is affected the most!'

"Ah... Faleau..." Hawkins made his decision and immediately put the quill down to the side before slowly standing up. "I already have an idea on how this formula should be calculated, but I'm short on time today. I'll look into it after the exchange of skills is over."

All the onlookers felt disdain for him when they heard those words.

'Damn, that's a true Great Alchemist, he is so much more thick-skinned than the Alchemist.'

This kind of lie definitely couldn't be believed. He hadn't managed to calculate the formula in five hours, and his sweat was completely drowning the Gilded Rose. Even idiots would be able to understand that he hadn't found the answer. Saying that he had an idea and that he would share after the exchange of skills, didn't he mean in his next life instead?

But Hawkins had already made a decision. Since he decided to use the Berserk Blood to drag the Gilded Rose down, he wouldn't care about the audience's contempt. He already lost face anyway, so what was a bit more? At this moment, Hawkins felt as if he had touched upon the pinnacle of shamelessness!

"Then I shall thank Great Alchemist Hawkins..." Faleau was still smiling cordially, but everyone could see the ridicule hidden within.

"Hehe, you are welcome..." Having committed to this route, Hawkins' facial expression became natural. He even ignored Faleau's ridicule and smiled as if nothing had happened as he took out a red potion from his bag.

“This is a bottle of Berserk Blood, everyone should already know of its effects. But our Twin Moons Splendor has always insisted on sharing skills, and thus we do not plan on keeping the formula and recipe of the Twin Moons Potion secret. Of course, that is as long as the Gilded Rose can take out a formula and recipe with similar effect. Our shops can still go through the skill exchange even if the potion is a bit inferior. I believe the Gilded Rose wouldn’t refuse? After all, this would give more alternatives to the customers, unless the Gilded Rose doesn’t think about their customers...?”

Hawkins’ words were quite fierce. This showed why Monchi would want to send this Great Alchemist for an exchange of skills. He truly wasn’t a typical Great Alchemist, always immersed in knowledge and experiments. He was a Great Alchemist from the Black Tower! How could one survive in that place without the ability to scheme?

With a few sentences, the Gilded Rose was pushed to the edge.