Empress 82

Chapter 82: Was It on Purpose or an Accident?

Roland really wanted to turn around and leave.

This tone sounded too much like classic fraud.

"I'll just take a peek, I won't go inside."

"I'll just step in a little, not taking much."

...

The scammer's trick is like this, not afraid of you not falling for it, just afraid you won't come.

Yet he hesitated for a second, still tied his horse at the door, and headed towards the Magic Association.

If you don't want to come, just don't come at all.

Since you're here, don't be a turtle hiding head.

When he reached the association's gate, the heavy door slowly opened, and a small delicate demonic puppet guide appeared before him.

"Honored Traveler, please follow me."

"Are you here to take the magical aptitude test?" Roland asked curiously, although he knew this was a necessary procedure.

"There is no test, it's Master Anthony who wants to see you."

It seems that the one who called out to him through soul transmission was Mr. Anthony.

Led by the demonic puppet, Roland came upon a spiral staircase that didn't seem very high.

"Honored traveler, do you choose the teleportation array or the stairs?"

"Walking up the stairs is my way of showing respect to Master Anthony." Roland said solemnly.

Although the teleportation array sounded interesting and the experience must be thrilling, it's said to be quite unfriendly to non-mages.

For ordinary people using the teleportation array, at best they vomit and have diarrhea, at worst they end up bedridden, and the chance of dying on the spot, though very small, is not zero.

Roland did not want to seek thrills at the cost of his life; he chose the safe route.

Climbing the spiral staircase, Roland gradually realized it was a deep pit.

Although he hadn't carefully calculated it, he was sure he had already climbed at least fifty meters in height.

From the outside, the main building of the Magic Association seemed to be only thirty meters, yet the stairway seemingly had no end.

It must be Space Magic.

After climbing a few dozen more meters, he still could not see the end.

Roland's physical strength was sustaining him easily, he just felt slightly weird.

Should he turn back?

The hesitation lasted only a moment before it was dispelled.

He continued forward.

After continuously climbing for several hundred meters, even with a transcendent’s stamina, he was feeling a bit tired.

Roland stopped and couldn’t help but ask into the void, "Master Anthony, how much longer do I have to walk?"

He believed the other would hear him.

"Three thousand one hundred seventy-five meters." An old, gentle voice replied.

"Are you joking?" Roland couldn’t help retorting.

"I am an old man with no sense of humor, never understood how to joke."

Roland: "..."

If he doesn’t use the teleportation array, he’ll end up exhausted; if he uses it, he might vomit due to his constitution.

Every choice seemed painful.

Roland really wanted to ask Anthony whether it was deliberate or accidental.

Without hesitation, he turned around, ready to leave.

However, he was blocked by a transparent barrier, hitting it hard.

That old fox, playing dirty, right? Not giving a heads-up on such matters, it must be intentional.

Roland looked serious, closing his eyes in contemplation.

A moment later, he sat down on the spot, opened the library of another world through super memory, and casually picked a novel to read.

The old fellow may not have ill intentions but surely wanted to show off his skills.

No turning back.

Moving forward means choosing between exhaustion and vomiting.

He was never afraid of assuming the worst in people, but the facts often told him he was still too young, too many bad people.

No matter what Anthony wanted, he did not want to follow his wishes.

This was his final stubbornness.

He was no match for Anthony, no resistance to speak of.

But he bet Anthony wouldn’t make a move.

Though unsure what kind of understanding exists between the Magic Association and the human upper echelons, there should be clauses prohibiting mutual harm.

Someone of Anthony’s status likely wouldn’t harm a young and naive person.

Time ticked away, Roland engrossed in the novel, as if forgetting the whole world.

However, the world did not forget him.

After what felt like a century’s long wait, a dazzling white light appeared in front of Roland.

He closed his eyes.

As the white light faded, the spiral staircase in front of him disappeared, replaced by a majestic and magnificent palace.

In the center of the palace, an old man who didn’t fit the mage’s stereotype, hair and beard all white yet sturdy as a giant bear, was standing there staring at Roland.

"Master Anthony, hello."

Roland smiled as he greeted the old mage.

The old mage showed a wry smile and calmly said, "In such a short time, you have seen through the nature of the time corridor, truly impressive."

So it was the Time Corridor?

Roland silently noted this term, avoiding the issue.

As long as he doesn’t answer, it’s not deceiving the old man.

"Master Anthony, did you bring me here for something you want me to do? If it’s within my ability and doesn’t harm my own interests, I can do it."

Anthony laughed and shook his head, "You young people speak so absurdly. I’ve never met you, it was you who came to the Magic Association on your own, how could I have something wanting your help?"

Roland smiled, no longer continuing the topic.

Indeed, he was talking nonsense, just to shift the topic away so Anthony wouldn’t continue questioning.

Not knowing what Anthony wanted, deviating from the path his opponent set was an effective way to gain the upper hand in a negotiation.

Master Anthony was proficient in magic and powerful, yet might not understand worldly matters.

Roland restrained his smile and said solemnly, "Master Anthony, I do have a legitimate reason for coming to the Magic Association, I want to buy some magical equipment. Sussex currency can be used, right?"

"And then?"

"And then just take the equipment home."

Anthony looked at Roland in amazement, unable to detect any trace of lying in his eyes.

He sighed disappointedly, "The Magic Association, though not a commercial organization, doesn’t reject normal commercial activities, Sussex currency is usable. I’ll send you to the magic shop later. But before that, I’d like you to read a book."

The old man’s eyes gleamed with intense light.

Roland really wanted to refuse.

But he knew he couldn’t.

Reading a book, fine, no problem.

"I like to read, but I’m very busy recently, can I just read a little and stop?"

"No need to worry, reading this book won’t consume additional time."

Anthony walked towards a library next to the hall, and Roland quickly followed.

The library appeared small, but once inside, it was very spacious.

Clearly a product of Space Magic.

The power of magic was so wondrous, obviously stronger than the mainstream technology of this world, why hide in the Magic Association?

Roland instinctively sensed this was a deep pit.

If it weren’t necessary to replenish magical equipment, he truly didn’t want any dealings with the Magic Association.

Seeing Anthony’s serious demeanor, he grew more curious about the master’s recommended good book.

His curiosity was quickly satisfied.

A plain, nameless booklet.

Touching the historical and weighty booklet, Roland could clearly sense the dense magic power flowing within it.

As he opened the book, a sentence caught his eye.

"Life always finds a way, magic is humanity’s way out."