Empress 83

Chapter 83: Roland Is Moved, Then Chooses to Refuse

What audacity.

Roland almost burst into laughter.

Magic power is indeed strong, but is it truly humanity's way out?

If magic power is really as powerful as this book boasts, then why did the Magic Empire fall?

He was more inclined to believe that technology could change humanity.

Upon opening the second page of the book, it was blank.

Ah, what is this supposed to mean?

Roland continued to flip through the book curiously, but the third and fourth pages were also blank.

He was perplexed; was the old man playing a trick on him?

Just as he was about to complain to Anthony, the library in front of him vanished.

To his amazement, he found himself in a virtual three-dimensional space.

It felt like watching a virtual scene movie through an AR headset.

Here, he saw the Magic Empire at the height of its glory.

Reading records about the Heaven Reaching Demon Tower in books only showed dry accounts, unable to convey the awe-inspiring sight of the seemingly endless tower.

That was not a construction made by human power; it resembled a mountain piercing the clouds.

Was this the zenith once touched by human civilization?

Various teleportation arrays connected the demon towers to the ground, and magic airships, which were as swift as airplanes, abounded.

Many humans donned in magic armor soared freely in the sky.

In bustling metropolises, millions of people lived.

In rural areas, magic hastened crop maturity, with rice, corn, and wheat continuously harvested and turned into delicious food.

Roland observed closely and made a peculiar discovery.

The magic civilization lacked fossil products but had other technological items.

To be precise, there was no trace of oil or natural gas.

The massive machines mainly operated on magic crystal stone power, supplemented by electricity and steam power, with no sign of internal combustion engines.

In a normal technological tree, oil is the backbone of industry, but clearly, not here.

As Roland pondered, the scene changed dramatically. A golden teleportation gate opened, and numerous samurai in special armor appeared.

Divine punishment had descended.

The armor of these samurai wasn't particularly sturdy, yet it possessed specialized defenses against magic.

Terrifying magic striking them was like stones sinking into the sea, having no effect at all.

The Magic Legion, which the Magic Empire prided itself on, was helpless against the Spellbreaker Warriors.

Cities were destroyed, and demon towers were razed one by one.

The Spellbreakers showed no mercy to the Magic Empire's troops and civilians, slaughtering indiscriminately.

Watching this, Roland frowned, feeling discomforted.

Though it was merely a projection of past history, he was still infuriated.

He could accept nations using various means to vie for interests, but coming from the civilized world, he was repelled by indiscriminate slaughter.

Seeing the human Magic Empire slaughtered by the bizarre-looking Spellbreakers, anger surged in Roland's heart.

The Magic Empire was composed of fellow humans, while the Spellbreakers were a mysterious race.

Who would want to see their kin being slaughtered by a mysterious race?

The Magic Empire was forced to retreat to its last defense perimeter.

Just as Roland thought the Magic Empire was doomed, a unique group of warriors appeared on their side.

Roland's eyes widened in astonishment.

Transcendents?!

Though Spellbreaker Warriors could easily overpower Mages, they were evidently outmatched when facing armies of Transcendents.

The Transcendent Legion tore through the Spellbreakers' defenses, finally allowing the Magic Legion to play its role.

The counterattack began now!

Roland watched, his blood boiling with excitement.

Even if the Magic Empire was tyrannical, deserving its demise, it should be cleansed internally by humans, not subjected to indiscriminate slaughter by some outsider race.

The fervent counterattack awakened the will to resist in people, and the Imperial Governor sacrificed his life to activate the awakening programs of the Ancient Relic Race.

Titans, Elves, Earth Spirits, Dragon Race...

Numerous races returned to the land, and the war grew increasingly chaotic.

No one knew how much time passed before the invading Spellbreakers were finally repelled.

They passed through the golden teleportation gate to the Theia Plane, only to be sent to Purgatory through a black teleportation gate.

Good riddance.

That's Roland's verdict on them.

Although the resistance war was won, and the Magic Empire should theoretically endure, history did not play out that way.

As the legacy power of the Supreme Governor dissipated, the forcibly awakened Ancient Relic Races returned to slumber.

The world was left with nothing but a declining Magic Empire and the burgeoning Barbarian Race from the war.

The Magic Empire, like a beautiful yet frail woman barely clothed, licked her wounds, struggling to rise.

She even had to cast pleading glances at the greedy Great Han around her for help.

However, no help came, only howls and gnashing teeth.

The Magic Empire met its end.

The Magic Era Old Calendar concluded.

For over a thousand years thereafter, the descendants of the Magic Empire attempted to restore their nation, to seek revenge, but ultimately failed.

The remaining descendants accepted reality.

The era belonging to the Magic Empire was truly over.

What they needed to do now was to survive.

The Magic Association reconciled with the Barbarian Race.

In the histories of the Magic Association, the treacherous Barbarians betrayed the Magic Empire.

In the histories of modern states, the Magic Empire conducted cruel and greedy experiments, attempting to encroach upon realms only gods could touch, and their downfall was self-inflicted.

Only the victors have the right to write history; the defeated can only keep diaries.

Who were the victors, the Magic Empire or the Barbarians?

It seems neither.

After all, the regression of human civilization was akin to the global richest man going bankrupt and picking up scraps.

But from another perspective, they stood together to defeat the Spellbreakers, at least winning the right to survive.

As for the conflict between the Magic Empire and the Barbarians.

Roland’s assessment was at least the meat rotted in the pot, this world still belonged to humans.

Civilization will always find a way.

Whether it’s magic or not doesn’t matter.

This is Roland’s conclusion.

Of course, he wouldn’t say such things directly in front of the old man. Even if restrained, who would he reason with if the old man locked him up for a few years in a rage?

As the screening ended, Roland’s consciousness returned to reality, holding in his hand the book with only one sentence.

"Finished reading?" Anthony’s voice appeared along with the person himself.

"Yes."

"What do you think?" Anthony’s voice noticeably held anticipation.

"A magnificent epic. I am proud that the Magic Empire existed in human civilization history."

Roland did not speak frivolously but sincerely.

No matter what outrageous things the Magic Empire did, defeating external invaders was a miraculous feat.

Moreover, they also explored the potential of using magic to transform the world.

Very prosperous.

Very magnificent.

Though perished, it indeed left a magnificent Chapter in human history.

But that’s all there is to it.

"Are you willing to acknowledge the Magic Empire?" Anthony’s voice was somewhat trembling.

"Of course." Roland’s response was heartfelt.

Anthony’s beard trembled with excitement, and he said with a beaming smile:

"Roland, your magical talent doesn’t need testing, it’s excellent. If you are willing, I can take you as a disciple and teach you the most orthodox magical power!"

After a moment of silence, Roland slowly shook his head, "Master Anthony, I have chosen the path of the Transcendent. Or perhaps it’s more accurate to say the path of the Transcendent has chosen me."

"You are just Tier Nine, not yet on the path, you can still change!"

Anthony waved the magic staff in his hand, shouting loudly: "The expansiveness of the Magic World is merely a small corner you’ve seen. As long as you immerse yourself, you will forget everything."

Roland remained silent.

Sometimes silence is a rejection.

Could he forget everything?

Lisa and Sif were still waiting for him.

Though powerful, he already understood the root cause of the Magic Empire’s downfall.

The magic crystal stones were depleted.

Just like oil.

The civilization history of Theia once had several eras.

Perhaps exhausted by previous civilizations, perhaps for other reasons, in any case, oil and gas do not exist in this world.

Though the consumption of magic crystal stones wasn't as terrifying, it was still unable to support the reconstruction of the Magic Empire.

This is the reason for the reconciliation between the Magic Association and the descendants of the Barbarian Race.

It was the depletion of oil that defeated the petrochemical civilization.

It was the depletion of magic crystal stones that defeated the magic civilization.

It makes sense.

Modern human civilization, though backward, has hope.

Once prosperous magic civilization, though thriving, was at a dead end.

Why would he choose a side without hope?

Anthony's gaze turned from fervent to disappointed.

He sighed, stopped speaking, and merely waved his staff, sending Roland to the magic store zone.

Actually, he also knew reviving the Magic Empire was no longer possible.

But he was unwilling.

No one wants to die, and no power wants to exit the stage of history.

Roland appeared at the entrance of the magic store, still holding that book with no words.

Clearly, this was a deliberate arrangement by Anthony.