Empress 85

Chapter 85: Magic of the Past

After shopping, Roland saw the atmosphere was amicable and tentatively asked:

"Mr. Sura, when I went to see Master Anthony earlier, I chose to take the spiral staircase. I heard it was over three thousand meters to reach the top. I'm curious, how is that done? Is it space magic?"

"Space magic?"

Sura shook his head wistfully, his eyes filled with a touch of melancholy. "When the Magic Empire was still around, there were indeed people who could use space magic to fit a distance of over three thousand meters within a small building. But now, it's not possible."

"Anthony's strength is roughly equivalent to a Tier Seven Transcendent, yet he's already a top expert in the Association. Not only has magic declined, you Barbarians..."

Sura was aware of the guy called Barbarian sitting opposite him and promptly corrected himself, saying, "Apologies, the term Barbarian is a habit of speech, not aimed at you."

Roland understood, it wasn't targeted at him, but equally at every Barbarian.

Sura cleared his throat and said softly, "Roland, since Anthony considers you one of his own, I won't hide anything from you. Have you heard of Return Day?"

"This, I've only heard a little. Well, it's my first time hearing about it."

Indeed, a pair of clear eyes can prevent nonsense from being spoken.

Sura smiled and said, "Roland, if you observe carefully, you'll find many Tier Seven Transcendents desperate to break through, their urgency far exceeding the remaining lifespan."

Roland nodded in agreement.

He knew Tier Seven Transcendents used every means possible to break through, even employing extreme tactics like feigning death.

Sofia and Old Macbeth’s urgency for a breakthrough was somewhat abnormal.

As if something was pushing them.

Seeing Roland lost in thought, Sura knew he had noticed something and continued explaining:

"It seems you’ve noticed too."

"Since the teacher gave you the Wordless Book, you’ve surely read about the last stand of the Magic Empire. How strong do you think they were back then?"

"I’m not sure, but I think much stronger than Tier Seven," Roland replied softly.

Sura refilled his glass with juice and continued, "Your assessment is correct. At that time, the pinnacle of power in the Empire was represented by the Saint Mage and the Supreme Governor, with strength equivalent to Tier Two Transcendent, the Demigod Realm."

"However, from demigod to True God seems like just a half-step, but it’s actually unattainable. Even exhausting the entire resources of the Magic Empire, we couldn’t create our own True God."

"The window to ascend to godhood is short, less than a thousand years. The inability to break through eventually caught the attention of the True Gods. Then came the divine punishment."

Ah, I see.

Roland tentatively asked, "Did the Ancient Relic Race fall for the same reason?"

"Yes."

Sura said slowly, "The True God’s power is exceedingly strong, immortal and eternal, and the Supreme Law of the universe doesn’t favor beings that surpass ordinary life forms. Moreover, the universe’s total resources are constant; the more True Gods, the less each can obtain."

"More eager to kill a True God than the universe’s essence is the other True Gods. However, immortal and eternal True Gods are difficult to eliminate completely, so they prefer to solve the issue at its source. They will unhesitatingly send the Divine Punishment Legion to destroy demigods they discover on the verge of breaking through."

That’s just like the Dark Forest!

Roland silently commented.

Sura’s explanation made him understand the inherent opposition among Transcendents of the same profession.

Limited resources and many seeking advancement naturally breed innate hostility.

Perhaps thinking of the destruction of the Magic Empire stirred Sura into a long silence before he slowly spoke:

"The last divine punishment battle, the Magic Empire both won and lost. You should understand what I mean."

Roland certainly understood. They won by truly repelling the invaders but lost because their civilization was destroyed.

Sura sighed deeply, his voice growing much softer, "Actually, people of the Magic Empire and Barbarians... and other races should have been close allies, not enemies. We once fought side by side and defeated the Divine Punishment Legion."

"After the divine punishment, the foundations of the entire plane were severely weakened, and the maximum strength it could support lowered from Tier Two to Tier Seven. As time passed, the barriers protecting the Material Plane gradually recovered, and the strength it could support was also recovering."

"When words appear on the second page of the Governor's Manual you hold, it will be the Sixth Return Day."

Sura's expression looked a bit unnatural, as he forced a smile and said, "Then it will be an endless storm of blood and wind."

Roland's expression also became serious.

The days when the struggles of the strong were none of his business were numbered.

Tier Seven in the eyes of ordinary people is like a superhuman, Tier Six's terror naturally needs no explanation.

It's like when ruffians fight, the bystanders suffer.

By then, all the Tier Seven powerhouses hidden in the dark will emerge to vie for new living space once the Sixth Return Day arrives.

It's possible the Ancient Relic Race will return to the human world.

He felt the urgency to become stronger.

Seeing Roland in deep thought, Sura sighed one last time, ending the conversation.

"Roland, Return Day is both a tumultuous vortex and a path to the hope of life. I truly hope to have another chance to witness the spectacle of the First Return Day."

"The teacher said the Time Corridor is just a nickname, not time magic. After the fall of the Magic Empire, we lost the surface and were left with a batch of underground cities."

"We are now three thousand meters deep underground. This is an inverted city, with our heads toward the core of the earth. The spiral staircase is a solid structure."

Roland, with twelve degrees of surprise, asked, "If Master Anthony doesn't step in, do I really have to climb three thousand meters?"

"It would take especially long, so it's called the Time Corridor."

Sura calmly said, "No one has ever tried to measure how long the climb takes on foot. Too bad you didn't persevere to the end, otherwise, we'd have the answer."

Roland: "..."

No wonder entering the Magic Association requires a qualification test; this trip up and down is quite the ordeal, and having a Teleportation Array certainly makes it convenient.

If someone without magic qualification forcibly uses the Teleportation Array, vomiting like a dog can only be blamed on themselves.

Though the trip is quite troublesome, who wouldn't come for the Magic Association's abundance of high-quality magic tools? Many are willing.

Fortunately, next time he can directly use the Teleportation Array without much hassle.

The Wordless Book granted him Honorary Citizen of the Magic Empire status, allowing gratuitous use of the Teleportation Array.

After chatting a bit more with Sura, Roland saw the time was right and got up to leave.

Sura did not try to stop him, only gifting Roland a free package of Solano Seeds and a planting manual.

"Solano needs to grow in a place with abundant sunshine. Sussex lacks sunlight; if you ever have the opportunity, you can plant them elsewhere."

"Alright, I understand."

Sunshine is never lacking in the Three Overseas Provinces, just perfect.

Sura personally escorted Roland to the Teleportation Array, watching him leave.

Seeing Roland’s figure disappear in the Teleportation Array, Sura’s eyes showed a hint of loss.

He murmured to himself, "Teacher, do you really believe the disciple cannot compare to the Barbarians?"