

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 201: Monitoring

Holding the journal in his hand, Lucien was a bit lost in his own thoughts.

If anyone was interested in the young sorcerer who had no arcana level, and thus decided to investigate him in Sorcerer Administrative Department, the person would find out that the young sorcerer came from the continent and shared the same name with the great musician in Aalto.

It would be even worse if anyone in Allyn had ever seen Lucien in Aalto before, and if he was recognized by someone from the Hand of Paleness, it would definitely be a great trouble for him. Because of what happened in Djibouti, Lucien was afraid that many people would directly connect him to Professor.

Thinking of these, Lucien started feeling unsafe. He was regretful that he carelessly used his real name when he submitted the paper, as he never expected that his first paper ever would be cited by a grand arcanist and thus gained that much unnecessary attention. Now, he felt that he was standing under a giant spotlight.

He knew he was being overly relaxed and incautious ever since he arrived in Allyn. Again, he drew an important lesson from it.

In a couple of seconds, lots of thoughts flashed through Lucien's mind.

"Hey... Hey!" Rock nudged Lucien lightly, "Are you being too excited?"

The last junior-rank sorcerer whose paper got cited by a grand arcanist was Ulysses when he was about twenty. Although Felipe's paper on the relation between cell memory and healing divine power spells won the Immortal Throne Award jointly set up by Colette Royal Magic Academy and the Hand of Paleness following Holm Crown Prize, at that time he was already a level two arcanist, third circle sorcerer. As a sorcerer having no arcana level, Lucien's achievement was definitely very impressive.

"Ah... a bit..." Lucien forced a smile on his face. "Quite surprising..."

Then, Lucien hurriedly read through the paper from Lord of Storm, and he was deeply shocked with the grand arcanist's great intelligence:

"Summarizing all the experiments and statistics, we can draw the conclusion that electromagnetic wave can for sure be used in searching and locating, and it's much faster than high frequency sound waves. However, since the feedback is not clear enough, a special magic structure needs to be produced to filter and emphasize information received. The structure requires lots of calculation, thus I would consider this future magic as a forth of fifth circle spell, and here I name it beforehand - 'Eye of Thunder'.

"At the same time, we can also see that when the vibration of electromagnetic wave reaches a higher frequency, with enough power and energy, internal molecular of the experiment target start colliding with each other and high heat is thus produced. This experiment phenomenon could be turned into another powerful spell to defeat someone who is skilled in defence from inside. I expect it to be a fifth or sixth circle magic, and following the tradition, I call it 'Fernando's Lightning Smelter'.

"Improving the frequency to the next level, using the great heat produced in the reaction, another powerful magic can thus be created, which is also a fifth or sixth circle magic. I call it 'Invisible Crematory'.

"If we wanted to improve the frequency to an even higher level, we would enter the field of light."

Lucien was very impressed, as the grand arcanist basically found all of the major applications of electromagnetic wave at different frequencies. If the grand arcanist had not stopped in front of the world of light, Lucien was sure that Fernando would come up with more spells!

Without doubt, grand arcanists were great geniuses. Even when they made mistakes, it was not because of their lack of intelligence, but very often they were deceived by their previous experiences, and as long as they were inspired, they would have the ability to change the world!

"Bye bye... my future arcana credits and points." Lucien sighed, "The grand arcanist did not leave me much to further explore in the application of electromagnetic wave."

Lucien handed the journal back to Rock.

When the other teacher started carefully reading the article, in the corner, Lucien was still bothered by the thought that his identity had already been exposed.

However, feeling anxious could not do much help. Right now the best solution for Lucien to take was to gain the attention of the Will of Element. If the Will of Element could see the great value in Lucien, they would definitely protect him to stand against the Hand of Paleness.

When Lucien came to himself, he saw Rock, Jerome, Vilnia and other people present were looking at him with a mixture of emotions. Only K was still reading the paper.

"Yes?" asked Lucien confusedly.

Vilnia frowned a bit and then put on a wry smile, "I can imagine what Beate and other sorcerers in the school of Electromagnetism would say. They will proudly announce that the future of the world is in the hand of Electromagnetism. However, it is you who inspired Mr. Fernando Brastar, the author of the great paper supporting their assertion..."

Lucien understood what she was trying to say. If felt that it was Lucien who handed the decisive weapon to win the battle to their enemies, but Lucien was also innocent.

The other teachers also felt the same way.

"I don't really mind it," said K in his low voice, trying to comfort his colleague. "Lucien did a great job, and the progress does not belong to a certain school, but to the whole congress. The truth of the world won't be changed by the meaningless arrogance of some people."

Jerome smiled, "Sorry, we just don't like people like Beate, and it's not your fault at all, Lucien."

"Come on, Lucien can publish more great papers exploring the world of elements as well!" Rock waved his arms and cheered up.

The teachers got more relaxed now, and they started discussing some related academic topics heatedly. The apprentices were listening to them carefully, as if they were enjoy some exciting stories.

When it was early afternoon, some teachers left Lucien's place, followed by the apprentices. Only Chely looked quite lost in her own thoughts.

"Hey, Chely. Time to go." Heidi patted her on the shoulder.

Chely suddenly came back to herself, and then she said shyly, "Watching Mr. Evans and the other teachers' discussion brought me back to the days when I watched my father discussing with his knights in our place. The teachers' conversation was passionate and insightful, and it's not like how people in Sturk describe sorcerers at all. Since the first day I arrived in Allyn, I am deeply touched by what I've seen... This place is like a dream, but I'm also afraid..."

"Communication..." Lucien responded. "Communication's always very important when people face difficulties."

Lucien believed that if Natasha and Silvia could have communicated in a better way, they would not end up like that.

Chely nodded but still felt quite depressed.

Seeing this, Lucien walked to the piano sitting in the living room. It was the school who sent the piano, since Lucien was also teaching music.

The music Lucien started playing was very familiar to most Chinese kids - Two Tigers.

"Cheer up; Cheer up; little Chely, little Chely! The bell's ringing; the bell's ringing; Don't be late, Don't be late."

Lucien sang the young girl a cute song. A smile jumped on Chely's face, and Heidi, Layria and Annick behaved the same. The apprentices all burst out into laughter.

"Thank you, Mr. Evans. Your playing's wonderful." Chely stood up and said sincerely.

After the apprentices left Lucien's place happily, Lucien walked to his study with a smile on his face, however, he felt a bit stressed in his mind.

Since some elements here in this world were different from what he had learned in his original world, Lucien was now having a hard time grouping them in order. As he could not identify some of the elements, Lucien could only temporarily consider them as some strange isotopes, however, currently he could not go any further.

He must hurry. He must win enough attention from the Will of Elements.

Sitting in front of the pile of cards representing different elements, when Lucien was about to continue his research, he suddenly felt something hot in front of his chest.

The heat came from Sun's Corona! It was alerting Lucien that some undead creature was approaching him!

Lucien's facial expression did not change even in the slightest, but quickly he thought to himself, "There must be some powerful undead thing staying right beside me... but why it hasn't launched its attack? Is it trying to see what I am doing?"

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Chapter 202: The Power of Belief

Since only one layer of the seal had been unlocked, right now Sun's Corona could only sense the very strong smell of the World of Souls, and the thing it sensed must be very powerful, which meant that a horrible undead was right now staring at Lucien.

However, Lucien stayed relatively calm, and when he secretly scanned the whole study, he found no one else but himself.

Although the winter sun was nice and warm, Lucien felt cold inside.

Trying his best to behave as usual, Lucien picked up a card and pretended that he was reading the notes about an element written on the card carefully.

Sun's Corona was getting hotter and hotter. Staring at the card, Lucien felt that there was a big white skull with bloody red-light eyes reading the notes right beside his face with him.

However, in the mirror, Lucien was the only one in the study.

Lucien wondered if this thing was sent by the Hand of Paleness, but he was also quite certain that they were still suspecting his relationship with Professor, instead of equating him directly with the mysterious sorcerer, or what he was facing now would be way more than just being watched.

Although there were lots of thoughts going on in Lucien's mind, he did not show any different behavior. Like most researchers who were dedicated to their studies, Lucien kept working on his study over the elements.

In his mind, he knew that he really needed to hurry up and create his next arcana paper.

In the early evening, Lucien put down his cards and walked out of the study. The heat produced by Sun's Corona was now hard to notice, but still relatively warm, which meant that the creature was not leaving the place yet.

Lucien relaxed a little, as he knew that it was just watching him. The only thing he needed to do and could do now was act as normal as possible.

...

After dinner, Lucien came to the lab tower as usual. As soon as he entered the tower, the heat from Sun's Corona totally disappeared.

Lucien was very glad to see that the powerful magic circles protecting this tower could also prevent the undead from following him here.

At this time, K walked to him, "Lucien, I thought you wouldn't come here today."

"I'm stronger than that." Lucien smiled, and then walked with K side by side, "By the way, what's your paper on this issue of Element, K? Sorry I forgot to ask you earlier."

K scratched his hair a bit and answered shyly, "It's about the phenomenon that elements always bond with fixed number of molecules in alchemical experiments. In other words... something like valency put forward by Mr. Larry."

"That's the foundation of the school of Elements. Now I see why Mr. Larry appreciate your talent, K." Lucien sincerely nodded.

K was very shy. He did not respond but just smiled, lowering his head.

At this time, several people walked past and saw Lucien and K.

"Good evening, Mr. K, Mr. Evans." greeted an ordinary-looking, black-haired young man. Lucien was not sure if that was a smile on his face.

Keeping a poker face, K responded, "Good evening, Beate."

Then he turned around and walked upstairs to the fourth floor, followed by Lucien after a quick nod.

"You don't like us, Mr. Evans." Beate smiled, "It seems that you haven't realized what you did wrong."

K turned around again and said to him angrily, "You don't have to do this, Beate. Even if Lucien did break the rules, he's new here, and you could have talked to him first."

"Well... well... Our Mr. Nice's angry now. That's rare," said Beate's friend. Then, his long face looked more serious, "Mr. Evans needs to receive this lesson to realize how acceptable it is to break the school traditions here."

Before Lucien said anything, Beate cut in, "Now I don't care who broke the rules. The most important thing to me is the development of the school of electromagnetic wave. If you keep sticking to your wrong theories and believing that atoms are the basis of the world, K, I'm afraid that your head is gonna explode as you think too hard, ha. Now we're gonna study the application of electromagnetic wave following Mr. Fernando, and good luck to you element guys."

Beate was usually not a very talkative person, but now he was feeling great, and so were his friends.

Lucien was pissed off, but there was nothing he could do right now. After they walked away, Lucien asked K confusedly, "K, what does that mean by... one's head... explodes?"

K answered in his low voice, which echoed in the space, "This is not a formal theory, and this's an assumption put forward by the president of the congress. He believes that one's meditative world is a reflection of one's own understanding of the nature of the world, and one's own ideas and knowledge.

Lucien nodded, and in his heart, he agreed with Mr. Douglas.

"In addition to the more than ten common meditations that suit most meditation environments, each of the other meditations has to work with its specific environment. If not, or if the environment is not stable enough, one's spiritual power is likely to explode, and that may do damage to one's soul and brain structure, or, directly blow up one's head," said K seriously. "If a sorcerer's belief was proved wrong by some new theory, and if he or she could not accept or understand the new one, his or her meditation environment could hardly change. As you may know, Lucien, changing one's ontology and understanding of the nature of the world can be very, very difficult, thus failing of adjusting oneself to new knowledge can greatly disturb a sorcerer's way of doing mediation and the stability of the mediation world. At the same time, losing confidence and belief is fatal to a sorcerer as well, consequently. People could die from it. Only few sorcerers can overcome this and come back to the right path."

Lucien was deeply shock. He could not understand why Felipe became that angry and emotional when Lucien synthesized carbamide right in front of him, but now he got to know the reason. Fortunately, his experiment was not able to fully overthrow the theory of Life Force, or he would have been killed by the crazy necromancers right on the spot.

Intelligent and hard-work as Felipe was, Lucien was sure that the necromancer belonged to the group of the few people who could switch their mindset fast enough, as mentioned by K. Lucien also guessed that Felipe was right now working on overthrowing the theory of Life Force himself in order to leave no chance to his enemies, which would make a huge difference.

No wonder the Hand of Paleness sent that powerful undead thing to watch Lucien.

Without noticing Lucien's reaction, K continued, "But all the existing theories are still under heated discussion and facing all kinds of criticism, hence they're not solid enough to completely destroy many sorcerers' beliefs. Therefore, spiritual power explosion was something very rare. Recently, however, in the past several great discussions, when electromagnetic induction was verified, a few senior and middle-rank sorcerers died as their beliefs were destroyed. It is said that recently when light was proved to be of the form of electromagnetic wave, several pastors in Holm got killed by the holy light in their bodies when they were praying. All those things prove that the president's assumption is correct, and people who can withstand those great shifts are going to become stronger."

"The development of arcana and magic comes with blood and tears." Lucien nodded, looking rather serious. He believed that the reason why he could change his meditation environment so easily was because he actually had the correct knowledge from his original world, but here he needed to verify this knowledge first.

"So, the biggest challenge for sorcerers here who originally followed the ancient magic system is that they have to switch their understanding of the world. Many of them don't accept it, and they can never make further progress," K nodded to Lucien. "But you're different, Lucien. You're not only growing together with the apprentices when you're teaching, but also even doing experiments to verify some of the arcana theories. You were born to be an arcanist, Lucien."

...

In the following month, under the watch of the Hand of Paleness, Lucien completed his verification experiments of the nature of all existing elements in this world. However, he did not show the

correct order of his element cards in his study. In order to hide his findings, Lucien did the key part in the lab and his spirit library.

Then Lucien started to develop his second paper, and its title was:

The Periodic Relation between the Nature of Elements and Prediction of New Elements.

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Chapter 203: Submission

"The original purpose of me doing this research was very simple. As a beginner in arcana, I was seeking a method to better remember the atomic mass of each existing element, so I started playing with cards. I wrote down the features of the elements on the cards and put them in order.

"Surprisingly, during my practice, I found a periodic cycle of repetition of these elements, and the periodic cycle also exists in Valence, discussed in the latest issue of Element. My assumption is that the cycle is created by the mass of the atom, following the order from small to large, and I wondered whether the nature of an element is decided by the mass of its atom, as well as whether we can find more hiding elements following this order. In order to verify my assumption, I did a series of experiments."

This was the introduction part of Lucien's research. After verifying that elements in this world could also be arranged following a periodic table, Lucien was almost certain that these elements similarly also consisted of protons and electrons. However, he did not have solid evidence to prove

it. Therefore, Lucien decided to stick to atomic mass so far, or people would find it very suspicious when a young sorcerer was exploring something beyond his arcana level.

Following the introduction part, Lucian explained his methodology and theoretical framework for the arrangement, taking elements' physical and chemical properties, the nature of their compounds, as well as the nature of their alchemical products into consideration, and then he put forward a table listing sixty-five elements in order and summarized.

"In this periodic table, each vertical line of elements have similar characters."

...

"I left some table cells blank, as there is no proper elements to fill in. Here, I suggest two possible reasons: one is that the mass of some atoms are wrongly weighed, or they are new elements that have not been discovered by us yet."

...

"As for the new elements that have not been discovered, here my bold hypotheses is that they are aluminum-like element and silicon-like element, and they can be possibly found in..."

...

"Further researches need to be done for verification of my theories and assumptions."

Lucien put down his quill and read the paper several times. Then, after giving the parchment a slight blow, Lucien put it in his storage pouch.

Lucien did not expect that the mistakenly weighed elements could be identified and corrected soon by other sorcerers, as most of them were contributed by quite complicated reasons, such as those isotopes that could not be separated properly. Although Lucien had figured out these elements' true atom mass, he did not talk about it in this paper.

When he left the lab, it was totally dark outside as they were already in winter. Pocketing his hands in the jacket, Lucien walked back to his villa slowly, thinking of the next step of his plan.

At this time, someone behind him called his name, "Mr. Evans, are you ready for next week's teaching?"

It was Beate, who also just left the lab tower, and his tone was still not friendly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Beate." Lucien sent him back a calm smile, "I'm not going back next Monday, and I already asked for the day off with the headmaster, as I need to renew my arcana badge on that day... You know, to put some more credits and points on it. Since Mr. Fernando cited my paper, I've got quite a few points now from other people citing me. Oh... sorry, I forgot that you never experienced something like this."

Beate took a deep breath as his face turned purple, and then he said sarcastically, "You'd better wish your good luck's always gonna be there then, Evans."

He was pissed off by Lucien's show-off. After saying that, Beate left by the side way in the garden.

Looking at Beate from behind, Lucien slightly shook his head. Compared with the undead thing, in Lucien's eyes, Beate was nothing important.

When Lucien came back to his place, his six students were still busy with doing their exercises. The lights in his place were all on, and in front of the apprentices, there were piles of paper.

"Mr. Evans... Ah... Good evening." The apprentices' eyes were red and their faces blushed as they were thinking so hard.

Lucien nodded, smiling, "How's everything going?"

"The questions are super difficult!" Heidi hurriedly answered, looking quite emotional.

The other apprentices all agreed.

"Those questions all require some skills in thinking." Lucien grinned, "Do it smart, not do it hard. All right... Let's call it a day. Take the rest as the homework for this week and give it back to me next Saturday."

Hearing that they were okay to leave, the apprentices were all quite happy and excited. While some showed their excitement right away, some tried to hide it.

Pretending that he did not see the students' reaction, Lucien asked the housemaid to walk the young kids out.

When they passed through the gate of the villa, the apprentices looked back. The villa in the darkness was like a hiding monster, waiting for its prey.

Heidi shivered slightly and looked at the test paper in her hand, "It's almost too much for me... I'm feeling a bit regretful now for seeking Mr. Evans' tutoring."

"Mr. Evans' method works well, though." Surprisingly, it was Sprint who made this comment, "We're not real sorcerers yet. We should work hard like this. And Mr. Evans is a great teacher."

Katrina and Annick nodded beside him.

Heidi whined, "I know... I know... But I just want to have a real weekend! Mr. Evans is such a demon. I like him, I respect him, but I also hate him."

No one opposed this comment from Heidi.

...

On Monday morning, at nine, a coach slowly stopped in front of the headquarter of the Congress of Magic.

Wearing white shirt, dark brown vest, and long black jacket, Lucien put on his black top hat and stepped on the stairs calmly. As soon as he got off the coach, the undead creature totally disappeared.

When Lucien walked past the gate, Prospell greeted him in a dull tone, "Welcome... You'd receive my warmest welcome if you made a female tower Djinni."

Lucien did not respond, as Prospell said the same to every single sorcerer who passed this gate.

He went straight to zone four, to the Sorcerer Administrative Department.

Seeing Lucien, Cindy was a bit surprised. As she winked her beautiful brown eyes, she said to Lucien half joking and half complaining, "I wonder who's this gentleman... Ah, this is Mr. Evans, who was absent for a whole month!"

As Lucien was still in Allyn, Cindy felt that, as friends, they should see each other more frequently.

"Wow... This is our famous Mr. Evans, whose paper was cited by Mr. Fernando!" Dona also welcomed Lucien in a bit joking manner, "We're so lucky that you still remember us!"

Lucien smiled nicely and also felt a bit sorry, "I've been overwhelmed in this past month, mostly developing papers. Please, don't make fun of me, ladies. By the way, is Lazar here today?"

Seeing that Lucien was still this easygoing as usual, Cindy and Dona cheered up, and they hurriedly shared with Lucien what happened in the past month in the congress.

Lazar was in Rentato now, preparing an upcoming conference of the Will of Elements in next month. The grand arcanist, Mr. Brook, who proved that light was actually a kind of electromagnetic wave, recently won his third Silver Moon Medal, jointly awarded by Brianna Royal Magic Academy, Moonsong League and Tower, which was the highest award in the school of Electromagnetics, Light-darkness and Astrology.

Besides Holm Crown prize in the school of Element and Alchemy, Immortal Throne Award in Necromancy, Silver Moon Medal in the school of Electromagnetics, Light-darkness and Astrology, there was also Sorcerer Laurel, established by Calais Magic Academy and Family of Sorcerer in traditional Transformation, Illusion and Summoning, Ice & Snow Medal set up by the far northland and the Cabin of Palmeira, and Arcana Staff founded by Tower to recognize one's achievement in Field Force, Astrology and Mathematics.

These awards all appeared following Holm Crown prize, and the congress only played a role of supervision there.

After chatting a bit with Cindy and Dona, Lucien got to know some latest news of the congress. Then he visited Eric's office.

There was an imperceptible smile on Eric's face, "Evans, you must be here to renew your badge."

Lucien nodded and smiled, "Yes, please, Mr. Eric, but before that, I also have something else to do. First, I want to submit my arcana paper, and second, I'd like to take the assessment of basic arcana."

Eric was not surprised that Lucien had already come up with his second paper. In his eyes, the young man would definitely work even harder after his first paper was cited by the grand arcanist.

However, he was very surprised to know that it was an arcana paper, and Lucien was already prepared to take the test, "Really? Are you sure? As a beginner in arcana...?"

"Three months," Lucien said confidently. "I feel I'm quite talented with arcana. And after all, Mr. Brook passed his test when he was only eleven."

"At that time, Mr. Brook had already studied arcana for two years, not three months!"

"I have solid foundation of magic theory, and I've got cognitive competence as an adult." Lucien smiled, "And I know how to study."

Eric's light gray eyes stared at Lucien seriously. Seeing that Lucien was this confident, he finally nodded, "All right, then. We'll see if you can pass the test."

Before they headed for the test room, Eric sent Lucien's arcana paper to the board using the iron cage again in his office.

...

The same spacious room, the same bells ringing.

"Necromancy... To Mr. Pesor and Ms. Tina-Timos...

"Element... To Mr. Gaston and Mr. Overee.

...

Then, in a room where there were lots of bottles of purified elements, an Earth Elemental picked up Lucien's paper and quickly scanned it, "The Periodic Relation between the Nature of Elements and Prediction of New Elements... Hum... again, periodic relation..." murmured it. "No arcana level... Let me not bother Mr. Gaston then... Probably Mr. Larry's available right now."

...

When Larry got the several papers for that day, after a quick glance at the papers, the man with rough yellow beard did not read them immediately but put them aside casually.

"Mathew, pick them up in three days."

The brown owl named Mathew nodded and then flew away.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 204: Comments

Sorcerer Administrative Department.

"All A+...?" Eric looked the young and good-looking man from head to toe several times, and said incredibly, "How's that possible...? Your reasoning ability and your arcana way of thinking are similar to that of a middle-rank arcanist. Did you really just start three months ago?"

"I swear, Mr. Eric." Lucien grinned.

"I trust you, Evans." Eric rubbed his face a bit with his right hand, "There's no way one could cheat in this test, unless they had some legendary level magic item. So, Evans, here I announce that you have passed the test. After the department director signs it, you will get one basic arcana credit. Please wait a little."

There was one main director and three vice directors in Sorcerer Administrative Department, and the main director was also the member of Affairs Committee.

Watching Eric sending the test result to the director, Lucien asked expectantly, "Mr. Eric, when do you think I can get the result of my arcana paper?"

Calm as Lucien was, he still definitely looked forward to it.

Undoubtedly, the periodic table of the elements played a very important role in the whole history of science development, symbolizing the end of human being's disorganized exploration of elements, and it inspired countless further important studies.

Moreover, what was hidden behind the periodic order was an amazing, unimaginable, brand new area. In-depth study in this field could greatly shake the past knowledge of physics in Lucien's original world, and might also overturn some major theories currently supported by the congress.

Therefore, it was not improper to compare the periodic table of the elements to the cornerstone and the throne in the world of element study. However, important as it was, when Mendeleev first put it forward in Lucien's original world, no one paid attention to his research, and people even commented that his work was a total waste of time, including his teacher. Even at the beginning of the twentieth century, when the importance of his work was finally commonly acknowledged, Mendeleev still failed to win the Nobel Prize in Chemistry by one vote.

Thinking of this, Lucien was inevitably a little nervous. He knew that his paper required the support of further researches, to be done by other sorcerers.

If no one was interested in his research, or the theories that Lucien brought from his original world did not work here in this magical world, his work would never pay off.

Even if there were arcanists who could see the importance of his finding, verification still needed time, but Lucien needed attention from the Will of Elements right now, or before that, he would be killed by some powerful group, say, the Hand of Paleness.

The best way to get enough feedback as soon as possible was to publish his paper on a very influential journal, but before that, the paper needed to get through the review of the board.

"It depends..." Eric answered, "For an arcana paper, I would say that it varies between three days to a week or even a month. Your last paper was an exception, Evans. But there's nothing to worry about as well, as your paper will be saved by the board, and no one could take your research result."

"I see..." Lucien nodded. In a short period of time, Lucien believed that he was still safe, and the undead thing would not easily attack him. Although he did plan to somehow borrow the power of the congress to find who sent this thing to watch him, Lucien decided to be more cautious as he was still very new here.

A while later, the document signed by the director was sent back. Eric then renewed both of Lucien's arcana badge and magic badge.

"Evans, you've got your basic arcana credit, while at the same time, in the latest issue of the journals, a total of nine papers cited your experiment and research result, including the one from Mr. Fernando, so that's a total of nine arcana credits." Eric looked at Lucien's arcana badge and said, "Now in total, you have seventeen arcana credits. Congratulations, Evans, you're a level one arcanist now."

Eric shook hands with Lucien, and handed Lucien's arcana badge back to him.

There was a shining silver star on the black badge, looking mysterious.

Then, Eric gave Lucien's magic badge back to him, "Because Lord of Storm cited your paper, many arcanists are interested in studying your new magic. As it is an apprentice level magic, you get one point for each exchange. In total, you've got seven hundred and sixty-nine arcana points. Good for you, Evans."

Lucien was very surprised with the points he had earned. He knew that this number meant that close to one tenth of the sorcerers in Allyn bought his magic!

The grand arcanist was definitely influential. As a teacher in Douglas, Lucien had to at least work for six or seven years to earn this many points.

As soon as Lucien got excited, he realized that when he stepped out of this building, the undead thing would be following and watching him around again, so he quickly calmed down.

Wearing his new badges, Lucien came back to the department hall.

Cindy and Dona congratulated Lucien sincerely and felt surprised that he became a level one arcanist so fast.

After having lunch with Cindy and Dona, Lucien went back to Douglas to wait for the review result of his paper.

...

On the fourteenth floor of Affairs Committee, in an exclusive lounge.

Holding a glass of wine with his pale hand, Rogerio was quietly listening to the report of the tall undead spectre.

The spectre was wearing a black robe with a hood, which was different from the ancient style, and there were many mysterious white patterns on it. The eyes of the half-transparent spectre were shining with intimidating red light, and its thin skin was deadly pale.

"Adol, so you're saying that Lucien's just a normal, hard-working sorcerer, and he's not seeing anyone who's suspicious?" Rogerio's tone speaking to the spectre was relatively respectful, as if the spectre was not something he summoned, but his partner.

"That's right." Adol's hood moved slightly, "His current research interest is elements, and he has just passed his basic arcana test. I did not find anyone else who was secretly watching or protecting him. You can trust my ability of traveling between the two worlds, Mr. Rogerio. No one except legendary sorcerers or level nine cardinals could sense my existence."

"I see... It's getting more complicated now." Rogerio's left hand covered his right hand holding the glass, "Maybe the Will of Elements is using Lucien Evans to distract us, or how would this new sorcerer dare to use his original name in Allyn... It seems that we need to do something now, in order to make some progress..."

...

Larry's study.

Larry did not stop his own work until the owl, Mathew, came to remind him that it was close to the deadline of reviewing the several papers sent to him a couple of days ago.

As he was reading the papers, Larry found a familiar name, Lucien Evans, but after taking a second look, he noticed that the author was actually Lucien Evans X.

Because of the name, Larry started reading Lucien's paper carefully.

In Larry's eyes, although the periodic table of elements put forward by this Lucien Evans X was quite clear, nothing could verify whether the table was right or wrong unless some new elements were discovered. The discussion and exploration of the periodic order among elements was not something new, and the previous guesses had all proved to be wrong later.

As a level five arcanist specializing in the school of Element, when Lucien boldly pointed out that the measurement of some elements could be wrong because they did not fit the table, Larry slightly frowned, as Larry himself actually did some of the weighing several times and he found no error there.

Larry was about to directly fail this paper, but with a second thought, he murmured, "I should verify the rest of the atomic weighs as well. Now I'm preparing the paper for the next month's conference in Rentato... I'd better write this down and do it when I'm back..."

Then Larry started to write down his comment on Lucien's paper.

At the same time, in another place, Timothy, a level four arcanist and a fifth circle sorcerer, who was the student of the seventh circle sorcerer, Overee, was also working on his comment for this paper.

...

Three days later, Lucien asked for a leave again from the school and came to the Sorcerer Administrative Department. Eric was not here today, and Lucien visited a plump lady named Lucy, who was a level three arcanist, forth circle sorcerer.

"Ms. Lucy, I submitted my paper several days ago, and I wonder if the result is available now?" asked Lucien politely.

Although there was no smile on Lucy's face, she had no intention to give Lucien a hard time. She nodded and took out a folder, "First, the paper passed the review. According to Mr. Gaston and Mr. Overee, the paper put forward a new periodic table of elements for further exploration of new elements and boldly pointed out the possible mistakes that might exist in the measurement of atomic weight, however, at the same time, there is no solid evidence supporting that the author's assumption is valid. As a paper worth of further discussion, one arcana credit and one arcana point is given."

Although Lucien was relatively prepared, he found the result still quite disappointing, or say, ridiculous. He believed that this paper would be of great importance in the history of magic and the school of Element, but this paper only earned him one credit.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 205: Invitation from Woods

"Congratulations, Mr. Evans. You are the only junior-level arcanist I know whose first two papers passed the board's review," said Lucy politely.

Lucien had to admit that he was already lucky that this paper could be approved by the board. If he had not attached his experiment report in the end of his paper, the board members might have directly rejected the paper. Now that the paper had passed the review, Lucien needed to find ways to help it get more attention.

This required that other arcanists could discover new elements following the ideas in his paper. Lucien tried to elaborate the ideas as clear as possible. He suggested to use spectrum analysis to study the aluminum-like element and to discover silicon-like element by investigating certain alchemical reaction, and Lucien even included the possible character of some mineral substances.

To have more arcanists who were interested in the paper, and to verify its correctness, Lucien needed to let more arcanists read this paper, and he would also conduct further experiments himself. Lucien was hoping that more sorcerers and arcanists would carefully recheck the ores they had.

Among all the influential journals, the ones which accepted papers of the school of Element were Arcana, Element, Alchemy, Holm Journal, Colette Arcana Theory and Common Arcana. However, among them, only Arcana, Element, Alchemy and Common Arcana accepted individual contribution.

Lucien would not consider other journals since they were not influential enough, and his ideal journal was of course Arcana, although he knew that his chances there were slim to none. Nevertheless, Lucien still wanted to give it a try.

"Thank you, Ms. Lucy." Lucien nodded and then left the office.

After chatting a bit with Cindy and Dona, Lucien got to know where the headquarter of the journal, Arcana, was. It was on the tenth floor.

Taking the magic elevator, Lucien stood on the silver round platform and smoothly rose up. Staring at the main hall down there, Lucien felt nervous and expectant.

When the elevator reached the ninth floor, Lucien pressed the button covered with yellow and green light. Then the silver platform started absorbing the light.

When the light was gone, the silver platform suddenly shook a bit and then stopped at the tenth floor.

Stepping out of the elevator, Lucien came to the main hall on this floor - the reception hall of the journal, Arcana.

The hall was grand but also quiet. The floor was paved with fine tiles.

Lucien walked to the reception desk, behind which there was a lady and a man. Lucien asked them politely, "Excuse me... I wonder how I can submit my paper here?"

The man stopped talking to the beautiful lady and turned to Lucien. After checking the badges Lucien was wearing, he looked serious, "May I ask if it's your own paper? Or your friend's or teacher's paper?"

Both the man and the lady were wearing two-star arcana badges, their own nameplates, but no magic badge. Here in this place, everything was about arcana.

"Mr. Garvin, it's my own paper." Lucien took a glance at his nameplate. The name, Garvin, was even more common than Lucien.

Garvin looked even more serious, and he said cut and dry, "Sorry, sir. We do not accept contribution from junior-rank arcanists."

"Is that right?" Lucien insisted, "I did not find this rule in the contribution regulation of Arcana."

Garvin was slightly pissed off. Although the journal did not make this rule explicit, the requirement did exist. In Garvin's eyes, there was no way that a junior-rank arcanist could compete with other senior-rank arcanists or even grand arcanists.

"We did publish several papers from junior-rank arcanists before, but all these papers, when they were passing through the review of the board, were all rated as of great significance, and then we sent them our contribution invitation letters," explained the lady beside Garvin. "We never accepted any individual junior-rank arcanist's contribution."

"But I'm not breaking the rules, right?" Lucien did not give up easily, "At least Arcana should review my paper first. If my paper was not qualified and thus got rejected, I would be totally fine with it."

"Then, sir, give me your paper, and since we're only on the fourth day of the month, you'll know the result right away," said Garvin swiftly, as he was already fed up with talking to Lucien.

"Thank you, sir." Lucien handed his paper to Garvin.

As soon as Garvin got his paper, he walked away and came to a quiet and empty corridor. Then, he started reading Lucien's paper.

He was going to check Lucien's paper himself first. If he could not be certain of the actual value of this paper, he would send it to the reviewing department, but otherwise he would directly turn the paper down himself.

At the very beginning, Garvin was reading very carefully, as the periodic table of elements looked very persuasive, but later, he sneered,

"Kidding... the atomic weight of Termirick is wrong? It was already corrected by several senior-rank arcanists several years ago, using different experiment methods. I can't believe this paper even passed the review of the board..."

Termirick was an special composition element of soul.

Garvin stopped reading and came back to Lucien. As he handed the paper back to Lucien, he said, "The arcanist who reviewed your paper could not see any value in your paper, as the paper is full of problems! He could not even see how the paper passed the review!"

Lucien puckered his mouth a bit and knew that he had tried his best. He had no choice but to go back to the first floor, and there he sent his paper to the headquarter of Element in Rentato.

...

As Garvin said, at the beginning of month, the journals were not very busy. Three days later, Lucien received the letter from Element.

It was on Saturday, and the apprentices were studying in his place. After giving them more exercises to do, Lucien stood in the corner and opened the letter.

"Mr. Lucien Evans X,

"Your paper is worth of further discussion, but since there will be a conference in Rentato at the beginning of next month, our journal is going to publish all the conference papers. Therefore, we are sorry to inform you that we cannot publish your paper.

"Element, Friend of All Elemental and Alchemical Sorcerers,

"Jan. 6th, 817"

It was Lucien's first rejection letter, and it was quite polite. Lucien knew that the conference was mainly their excuse, or the the journal would offer to publish the paper on the next issue.

Lucien had been through quite some difficulties recently, after the new year, so he carefully checked his Host Star of Destiny, but found it still remained quite blurry.

After assigning the apprentices with more work to do, Lucien headed for the headquarter of the congress and there he submitted his paper to Alchemy.

This time, the reviewing was much slower. Two weeks later, after Lucien's failed experiments of discovering new elements had cost him two hundred points, he finally received the letter from Alchemy.

However, it was still a rejection letter. The journal even told Lucien not to submit this paper again as Lucien's argument about atomic weight did not make sense.

Holding the rejection letter, Lucien felt a bit nervous. He was running out of time. If he could not publish the paper soon, Lucien would need to wait for another month.

Then, he visited the headquarter of Common Arcana in Allyn, and, for the third time, directly submitted the paper.

To his surprise, four days after, he received neither a rejection letter, nor an acceptance letter, but an invitation from a level four arcanist named Woods.

...

The headquarter of Common Arcana, in a bright office.

"I'm one of the reviewers of your bat experiment paper, Evans, and it was me who sent that invitation letter to you," said Woods sitting in the chair, smiling. Woods had light yellow, handlebar mustache.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Woods, for speaking highly of my paper. Otherwise, my paper would never be noticed by a grand arcanist," said Lucien sincerely.

"Then, that would be the great loss of the whole congress." Woods nodded kindly, "Mr. Fernando has already come up with the basic model of Thunder Eye, Fernando's Lightning Smelter and Invisible Crematory. The three spells are amazing and powerful. As the models are still very complicated, Mr. Fernando is right now working on simplifying them."

Lucien's success also earned Woods great reputation, so Woods was really fond of Lucien.

"The grand arcanist is surely very intelligent." Lucien stayed humble, "Mr. Woods... the reason you asked me to come here... is it because of my new paper?"

"Yes, that's right," said Woods. "I've read your paper, and it is worth of further discussion. If it didn't contain so much of your personal assumptions, the paper would be outstanding."

Having Lucien's paper in front of him, Woods politely pointed out the parts that he did not agree on.

"Even though," Woods continued, "it is still a good paper, and it offers arcanists a new perspective. So Lucien, are you okay with publishing the paper on our next month's issue? For this month, the papers are all set."

Apparently, Woods decided to publish this paper because of his appreciation of Lucien. And the reason he asked Lucien to come to his office was because he wanted Lucien to know who was helping him and who he should feel grateful towards. If one day, say, Lucien became the student of Lord of Storm, that would be a successful investment for Woods.

But on next month's issue? Lucien was a bit hesitant.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 206: Persistence

For other people, publishing a paper on this or on the next issue of a journal might not make any difference, as long as the journal itself was influential enough. However, for Lucien, the reason why he forced himself to complete this paper at the beginning of this month was that he wanted it to be read by most arcanists as soon as possible.

"Any chances that my paper can still be published on this month's issue?" Lucien was still looking for some hope, "What about putting my paper at the end?"

"I'm sorry, Evans, but I can't. We've already informed the sorcerers that we're gonna publish their papers," said Woods decisively. Although he thought Lucien was a promising young man, it was not enough for him to run the risk of pissing off other more important sorcerers because of a level one arcanist.

Lucien's back was straight, and there was still a smile on his face, "Mr. Woods, I know you're still feeling hesitant with my paper, but I hope the appendix of my experiments' record at the end of the

paper can make the paper more persuasive. Although I haven't been able to prove that all the atomic weight of the several elements mentioned in my paper are wrong, my experiments' results have showed that some are definitely not accurate, as implied in my periodic table."

Woods shook his head, "Even if your experiments could prove that, there's still not enough evidence showing that your paper is reliable. I'm sure that several of your assumptions are not correct."

In Woods' eyes, this paper was like one of the many papers from before, that studied the order between the elements. There was nothing special here in Lucien's paper.

"Maybe it's because..." Lucien stopped himself from calling these elements isotopes, but said it in a more implicit way, "because of some reasons that we haven't discovered yet, thus we're not able to measure the elements properly using our existing methods..."

A pair of isotopes were two elements with the same number of protons, but different number of neutrons. As they were similar in nature, isotopes could be quite confusing. However, Lucien didn't dare to put forward the concept thoughtlessly, as the understanding of elements in this world was still at the stage of atoms.

"You're a level one arcanist, Evans," said Woods. "Those who measured the elements were arcanists of at least level five."

What Woods was trying to say was very obvious.

"Then... I'm sorry, Mr. Woods, I'm afraid I need to turn Common Arcana down, as I believe in my research." Lucien bowed to Woods politely.

Woods did not feel offended, as he had seen many young people stubborn, or say, persistent, just like Lucien Evans. So he stood up from his chair and said, "I don't blame you, Evans, but if you cannot find other journals to accept the paper, you're always welcome here."

Lucien picked up his paper on the table and nodded sincerely, "Thank you very much, Mr. Woods."

He knew that he still had one last option, and that was taking the risk of seeking help from Holm Royal Magic Academy and the Will of Elements using the ring. After all, he was being quite suspicious in the eyes of the Hand of Paleness anyway, and of course, no one knew what would happen if Lucien decided to do this.

Now, Lucien was even a bit taller. Wearing black top hat and long coat, his persistent look left Woods with a deep impression.

...

Around ten days ago.

On the fourteenth floor of the magic tower, in an exclusive lounge.

Looking at the paper in his hand, Rogerio smiled and shook his head, "Young people are really full of the spirit of challenging authority. They're brave, fearless, and crazy."

Although Rogerio did not know what Lucien was doing in the past month very accurately, since Adol could not follow Lucien everywhere, he knew that Lucien's recent paper passed the review of the board but was rejected by some journals. So he went to Common Arcana Library and bought a copy of the paper.

It did not take Rogerio long before he stopped reading the paper, since he was one of the arcanists who measured Termirick. At that time, he adopted several different measures to come to the result, and the result was supported by several influential arcanists, so he never doubted his research outcome.

Putting down the paper, Rogerio's fingers were tapping the desk. He was considering how to let Lucien show up in front of some middle-rank sorcerers in the Will of Elements, so he could watch their reactions if they recognized Lucien to find more about this mysterious newcomer.

...

Before heading to the branch of Royal Bank of Holm in Allyn, which, according to what Natasha mentioned to him before, was the highest bank in this world, Lucien came back to the school first. As once he showed the ring to the Will of Elements, he might not be able to come back very soon, therefore, he needed to inform his friends, students and the schoolmaster in advance.

"Did your paper get accepted?" Rock, Jerome and K asked Lucien as soon as he came back to school.

They knew that Lucien's second paper had been rejected by Alchemy and Element.

"No..." Lucien put on a calm smile, "It's turned down by Common Arcana as well."

"Come on... Then why they invited you there?!" Rock was a bit angry.

Jerome took a glance at Rock to stop him, and then he comforted Lucien a bit.

When Lucien was about to find a some excuses for a short-time absence, K said to him, "Evans, I know an arcanist who's one of the editors of Element, and his name's Igna. He's a nice person, and I'm thinking whether you're willing to go to Rentato with me, so we can have dinner together."

Although K was not sure whether this would work, he still offered his help. K hoped that someone could carefully read his colleague's paper again without any biases.

Lucien was very surprised, but very quickly Lucien took a deep breath and said, "Thank you, K! I'm leaving for Rentato with you!"

Lucien wouldn't let any opportunities slip away.

...

After lunch, Woods took a little break, and then he walked into his lab in the magic tower vigorously. The following two hours was his own experiment time, and it wouldn't be disturbed by any of his work.

Somehow, when Woods turned on the alchemical circles and was about to continue yesterday's experiment, Lucien's words appeared his mind, and he picked up a bottle of purified element in front of him.

"He was being quite stubborn... Maybe I can take a look if the measurement is right... Anyway, it won't take too much work." Woods murmured to himself.

If he could find any mistakes in the current record of atomic weight of the elements, he would still be getting quite some credits.

According to the regulation of the congress, as for basic statistic such as atomic weight of an element, the first sorcerer who correctly measured it and the following five sorcerers who proved the statistic was right shared the total citation credits by a ratio of 3: 2: 2: 1: 1: 1 within one year.

As an experienced middle-rank sorcerer, as expected, Woods finished his first experiment measuring the atomic weight of one element that was pointed out in Lucien's paper that was measured wrongly.

"Umm... Evan's right with this one. There is some slight mistakes in the previous method of the atomic weight." Woods nodded.

After using two other methods, Woods was sure that the previous measuring way was not right, and Lucien was right.

Then Woods continued to measure other elements.

As time went by, his face looked more and more surprised. If one right answer could be just Lucien's good luck, he did not know how to explain why the following experiment results all proved that Lucien was right, as they fit in his periodic table of elements perfectly.

Lucien's persistent look and what he said appeared in Woods' mind again.

Hurriedly, Woods stopped walking back and forth in the lab and rushed into this office. He quickly picked up a quill and started writing,

"Dear Lucien Evans,

"We think your paper is of great value, and we hope that Common Arcana can publish your paper on this month's issue..."

Suddenly, he stopped writing, balled the paper up and threw it into the waste basket. Grabbing his coat and hat, Woods rushed downstairs.

"To Douglas," said Woods to the coachman.

Flying was forbidden in Allyn.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 207: Another Invitation

At the beginning of the first month of the year, the Month of Beginning, while the cold weather was still dominating Allyn, the trees around Douglas still looked dark green.

In front of the black iron gate of ancient style, Woods asked the gatekeeper eagerly, "I'm Woods, from Common Arcana, and I am a friend of the headmaster. I'm looking for Mr. Lucien Evans."

"We have two Mr. Lucien Evans here, but neither of them is in the school right now," answered the gatekeeper, an iron golem, in a mechanical manner, "They left for Rentato together."

"Then when did they leave and when they'll be coming back? I mean... I'm looking for Lucien Evans X, when will he be coming back?" Woods hurriedly explained, "Why they're headed for Rentato?"

"They left about an hour ago," said the iron golem. "No idea when they'll be back."

Hearing the gatekeeper's answer, Woods pressed his black top hat a bit annoyedly, as he knew that Lucien would be already in Rentato by now. As the capital of Holm, Rentato was a big and a very busy city, which meant that his magic could not really help him find Lucien with limited information.

"If Mr. Evans X is back, please tell him that Common Arcana wishes to publish his paper on this month's issue, and we're eagerly looking forward to his reply. If he doesn't mind, we want to invite him to visit our headquarter again." In the cold wind, as Woods was speaking, his breaths produced white gas in the air.

Then, he went back to his coach and left.

...

Rentato, on the second floor of the restaurant called Oak.

In the vip room, Lucian looked through the window at the beautiful night with countless snowflakes falling down from the sky, and watched the people walking by in the snow. Some of them were in a hurry, some were walking slowly side by side, some were trying to catch some snowflakes, and others bent over to make some snowballs...

Igna, a tall and thin level four arcanist, fifth circle elemental sorcerer, was sitting opposite to him. He had defined facial features and some white hair above both sides of his ears.

If K had not told Lucien first, Lucien would think Igna was fifty something, however, in fact, Igna was well over a hundred years old.

When Igna was seventy, he spent all his savings on some very expensive magic rite and expanded his life. It looked like now he was doing pretty good, despite the fact that he had already been staying at middle-rank stage for sixty years.

"Cheers, for our wonderful dinner." Igna raised his glass, as his light brown eyes first looked at Lucien, and then K.

After finishing his drink, K excused himself and went to the restroom. Apparently, he did not do well with alcohol.

After K left, Igna looked at Lucien and said, "Evans, I've read your paper before dinner, and I gotta say that this paper has both advantages and disadvantages, and it's definitely insightful. Unfortunately, Element this month cannot accept any more papers except those ones from the conference."

Before Lucien opened his mouth, Igna gently shook his glass and added, "However, as K is gonna be Mr. Larry's student soon, and because Mr. Larry and I are good friends, I have to do something for you, young man. So I'm planning on suggesting to Mr. Rava, the chief-editor of Element, to make this month's issue a special edition, so we can still accept papers from elsewhere. I'm not sure whether he will listen to me though. Obviously, it's not easy."

Hearing that, Lucien found his hope again, but he felt that Igna was implying something to him.

As he expected, Igna looked outside of the window and sighed, "Being young is surely nice, especially in an old man's eyes. Now I have very slight hope in further upgrading myself with coming up with some groundbreaking papers, but some powerful ancient rites might still be able to help me. However, the materials required by these rites are very, very expensive."

Then he stopped but started sipping the wine with a smile on his face.

Lucien understood that he needed to pay for what he was asking for, so he said carefully, "Sometimes getting some arcana points isn't very difficult, and sometimes we just need some good luck... Say, I earned quite a few points with my last paper."

Igna took a glance at Lucien satisfactorily, "Such a good young man, and I'm falling behind now... I'm still struggling with the last three hundred arcana points to buy Crown Stone."

"I venture to ask..." said Lucien, trying not to feel disgusted with himself, "if you're willing to accept my points, Mr. Igna? I don't want to see a great sorcerer be bothered by money and thus not be able to go further."

Lucien knew that publishing his paper on Element could bring him a way better chance than on Common Arcana.

"Then wish both of us success." Igna elegantly raised his glass again and smiled.

K was happy to see that Igna and Lucien had a great conversation when he came back.

...

Maybe it was because Igna was really doing his job, or maybe it was because Element was already preparing a special edition, when Lucien and K were about to leave the hotel on the next day, Lucien received the letter from Element, informing that his paper had been chosen.

"Thank you, K. Without your help, there's no way that I could publish my paper." Lucien thanked K sincerely on the platform.

K scratched his hair a bit shyly, "Your paper's valuable."

He could not make his comment more specifically, as he never read anyone's paper before it was published.

"Yeah... three hundred points..." Lucien thought to himself, but as long as the paper could be read by other arcanists as soon as possible, Lucien knew it was worth it.

"You're not coming back with me?" asked Lucien, as he was going back to Douglas to continue his experiments.

K shook his head, and he looked a bit sad, "I've already left the school, actually, and before I become Mr. Larry's student, I need to go back to Granlin to get something done first, my hometown."

Granlin was the most remote one among the eight counties of Holm.

"I see. I bet we'll see each other again very soon." Lucien nodded, "Do you need any help when you're back?"

K shook his head, "Nothing big."

"Alright... If you need any help, K, just send me a letter," said Lucien. Seeing the train coming, Lucien waved to him.

Before K got on the train, Lucien said to him vaguely, "When you have the time... you probably want to measure some elements again..."

K was quite confused, but he still nodded before he left.

...

In the headquarter of Common Arcana.

"What a pity..." murmured Woods regretfully, "Element finally got your paper, uh..."

Right now, Lucien was standing in front of him in the office. Knowing that Mr. Woods had visited the school in person, Lucien came to thank him, "I'm sorry, Mr. Woods. If I had known it, I definitely would not go to Rentato."

He did not mention that he could have also saved three hundred points.

"It's okay, and if I were you, I would choose Element as well. For your paper, Element is only second to Arcana," said Woods generously. "Although Common Arcana has always been progressing in the past ten years, we're still not even close to Element in this specific field."

Lucien slightly nodded. In most cases, he would choose Common Arcana because of Mr. Woods' appreciation towards him, but this time, it was different.

"Hope I can have more opportunities with Common Arcana," said Lucien.

"Welcome." Woods responded politely, "By the way, Evans, I want to publish my paper with regards to the corrected atomic weight of the elements on this issue's Common Arcana as well, and of course, I'm gonna cite your paper... Do you mind?"

"Of course not." Lucien smiled, "My pleasure."

After going back to the school, Lucien wrote letters to Rock, Jerome and Lazar and told them which elements could be measured wrong.

Lucien was doing this not because he wanted his friends to get some credits, but also hoped them to better support his own paper. That was why Lucien had to make sure that his paper needed to be published first.

...

On friday evening, Lucien came back to his place after several more unsuccessful experiments trying to find new elements from many different ores.

When he opened the door, Lucien saw a letter on the floor.

"Who's writing to me?" Lucien carefully checked the letter and then opened it curiously.

"Dear Mr. Lucien Evans,

"As a junior-rank sorcerer, your contribution to the field of Element is impressive. Therefore, we would like to invite you to the Annual Conference of Element and Alchemy at Rose Garden, located beside the beautiful Swan Lake, at nine on Saturday morning, January 27th.

"The Will of Elements & Holm Royal Magic Academy"

And the letter was sent three days before.

Lucien was very surprised. He wondered whether his paper had already got the attention of the Will of Elements.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 208: A Mistake

Rentato, Hexagram Station.

Seven in the morning, Lucien, dressing formally, got off the train in the cold wind.

After receiving the invitation, he hurriedly verified the credibility of the letter with the school and then took the very next train to arrive in Rentato.

Getting on the coach he hired, Lucien's hands warmed up a little. After telling the coachman where he was heading for, Lucien's heart was still beating quite fast.

After a while, hearing the wheels rolling, he gradually calmed down, and the tone of the invitation started to bother him slightly. In Lucien's mind, if the people from the Will of Element and the academy really appreciated the great value of his second paper, his treatment should be better than that. However, if they did not understand the importance of the periodic table of elements, why would they even bother sending the invitation...?

An hour and a half later, the coach stopped in front of Rose Garden. On its left side, the beautiful Swan Lake was covered by a thin layer of ice. Snowflakes were coming down from the sky.

Two blond young knights were safeguarding the gate, looking rather serious.

But Lucien could tell that they were not real knights, as they used the potion, and that was why they were willing to serve the Will of Elements.

In the field of magic potion making, the schools of Element, Alchemy and Necromancy were the best.

"Morning, sir. Can we take a look at your invitation and arcana badge?" asked a knight politely.

Lucien nodded and showed them to him.

After using a mirror-like magic item and carefully verifying the badge and the invitation, the knight slightly bowed to Lucien, "Welcome, Mr. Lucien Evans. The meeting will be starting soon, and all the guests are in the main hall."

The other knight turned around and opened the gate.

Seeing that everything went on well, Lucien was a bit relieved. So, he followed the garden path patiently and then pushed open the grand gate of the house.

In the hall, people were talking to each other in low voices, and there was neither music nor quarrel. The arcanists were exchanging their studies politely, and many were lost in the world of knowledge.

Around two hundred and ten arcanists were invited today, and among them, they were mostly middle-rank arcanists, but there were also some accomplished junior-ranks as well.

All the chairs and tables were surrounding an elevated platform. Above the platform, there was a magic circle for amplifying the speaker's voice, and there was a waist-high rostrum in the front of the platform.

Not many noticed that a new arcanist just entered the hall, but when more and more of them realized that they had never seen Lucien before, they started staring at him.

Lazar, at this time, was standing in the corner of the hall, feeling relieved that the long-prepared meeting was finally about to begin, and when he saw Lucien showed up here, he was more than surprised.

He hurriedly threaded through the crowd and grabbed Lucien's arm, "What are you doing here?" Lazar asked him in a low voice. After all, this was the annual meeting of the school of Element and Alchemy, and Lucien was not even a member of them!

When Lucien was feeling slightly nervous seeing all those strangers in the hall, Lazar's appearance comforted him.

"I'm attending the meeting..." Lucien quickly waved the invitation in his hand in front of Lazar, "You sent this to me?"

"Wait... You've got an invitation?!" Lazar hurriedly took over the invitation from Lucien and checked it. As he frowned, Lazar murmured, "What have you done when I was absent? Is this because of your letter asking me to remeasure some of the elements? I did, and they were indeed not correct!"

When Lucien was about to say something, a young lady's voice came from the magic amplifier, "Excuse me, has Mr. Lucien Evans arrived? Please come over to the gate. Mr. Larry is looking for you."

All the arcanists stopped their conversations and looked around curiously, wondering who was this Lucien Evans.

"Rebecca! Mr. Evans's here!" Hearing his friend's name, Lazar answered proudly and loudly. Then he pulled Lucien's arm and walked toward the gate.

Many arcanists made way for Lucien, and in their mind, they wondered why such a young arcanist was invited to this important meeting.

There were three man and one woman standing close to the gate. The green-eyed lady was wearing a red long dress, looking rather pretty, but also a bit exhausted from arranging the meeting. A thirty-something, round-faced man was talking to her.

"Mr. Larry, Mr. Evans's here." Lazar bowed to the round-faced man politely.

When Lucien was about to put on a smile, Larry put on a confused look and asked, "Who are you?"

His voice was not high but deep, and his question was heard by many arcanists. More and more arcanists turned around and looked in that direction.

Larry waved his hands a bit, "...I'm sorry, sir. I mean... I'm looking for my student, Lucien Evans... ummm, Lucien Evans K."

Lucien realized what was going on here, and he felt that the whole thing was funny.

"Mr. Larry, we only have one Mr. Evans, and he's here." After a few seconds, Rebecca nervously explained.

"What do you mean?" Larry looked at Rebecca.

One of the two men standing behind Larry said to Rebecca harshly, "It was you who was in charge of filling out the invitations, Rebecca. I asked you to invite Mr. Larry's student, Mr. Lucien Evans, who developed the paper of atomic valence! Look what you've done?!"

The man took a quick glance at the badges on Lucien's chest, and got even angrier. The man himself was a level three arcanist, third circle sorcerer, and his face was covered with wrinkles. It seemed that his arcana level was mostly developed by the years.

Then he bowed and apologized to the old man with half white hair and a slightly hooked nose.

Rebecca had tears in her eyes, but she could not figure out what was wrong.

"Mr. Leandro, we have two Mr. Lucien Evans in Douglas..." Lazar's face flushed as well from embarrassment, but he still tried to speak for Rebecca, "Maybe that's why..."

However, Leandro was still pissed off, "Then why didn't you specify that it was Mr. K who was invited? Why didn't you specify the person's arcana level? This guy's only got level one in arcana! Just like you!"

He pointed at Lucien's chest.

"But... but Mr. Leandro, I checked... There's only one Mr. Lucien Evans in Douglas," Rebecca almost burst into tears, "or I'd have definitely been more specific..."

"Mr. Leandro," Lucien cut in calmly, "K left the school before the invitation was sent."

What Lucien meant was that it was the person who made the mistake was the one who gave Rebecca that information, not her.

"But it's still her mistake for not putting the arcana level on the invitation!" Leandro then turned to Lucien, "And you, use your brain! How is it possible that you're invited to this meeting?"

Talking to an arcanist whose level was lower than him did not require too much politeness.

"No... no... It's my mistake." Larry raised his hands a bit, "I asked K to leave the school, but when the meeting decided to invite K in the last second, I forgot to tell Mr. Leandro about it."

"Larry, why didn't you invite K yourself, then?" asked the old man.

"I could not find him." Larry shrugged a bit, "I did not expect that K would leave the school so quickly."

This old man in black suit with strange-looking eyes was Larry's teacher, the director of the Will of Element, the member of Arcana Review Board, a level seven arcanist and seventh circle sorcerer, Gaston.

The arcanists in the hall finally understood what was going on here, and some were amused.

"Sorry for the inconvenience, Mr. Gaston." Leandro hurriedly bowed to Gaston in a pleasing manner.

"Not really her fault." Gaston nodded mildly, "Stop giving her a hard time."

Leandro nodded, and then he said to Lucien, "As everything's clear, you can leave now."

Calm as Lucien was, hearing this, he still felt humiliated. At this time, Gaston raised his hand and stopped Leandro, "Evans, are you interested in arcana of the school of Element?"

Lucien hurriedly nodded.

"Stay, then. Don't be shy." Gaston smiled, "This is our annual conference. Although you might not be able to understand much, it can still be very helpful to you. Maybe one day you'll become an influential arcanist."

Lucien was very surprised, and nodded again.

...

The headquarter of Common Arcana.

After submitting his paper about the remeasurement of the elements, Woods now was sitting in his couch cozily. This paper should be published on this issue's journal.

Feeling quite relaxed, he picked Lucien's paper again and started to read the latter part with regards to Lucien's guesses of undiscovered elements.

Woods never realized that Lucien's guesses were so in detail that he even put forward some possible ores with which some undiscovered elements might be found. Then his heart missed a beat:

The features of this ore described by Lucien were actually very familiar to him!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 209: Shocking Finding

"Wait..." Woods slightly raised his chin, "Black Bear recently found some special ores in the south. I remember... they have similar characteristics."

As he pointed at the hangers, Woods' black top hat and long jacket directly flew toward him. Today, he was even more rushed than last time.

After taking the elevator and then the coach, Woods finally arrived in front of the strange-looking magic tower with two horns on its top.

Black Bear, whose name was actually Odonkor but Woods often secretly called him Black Bear in his mind, was a fourth circle sorcerer specializing in Transformation and Summoning. His grandfather was a very wealthy archmage who liked travelling and collecting all kinds of special things, despite the fact that he seldom had interest in conducting any serious researches.

Woods hurriedly jumped off the coach and rushed toward the gate of the tower.

"Hey, buddy... Why are you rushing?" Odonkor's magic circle informed him that Woods came to visit him in a hurry.

Odonkor surely looked like a black bear, as their family tradition in studying Transformation originated from observing bears, and his relatives all looked a bit like bears.

Gasping, Woods responded, "Black Bear... No, no... Odonkor, sell me a couple of Flashes, the strange ore that you found in the south!"

...

In Rose Garden.

After Gaston's arrival, more senior-rank sorcerers gradually arrived, including Raventi, a ninth circle sorcerer, member of the Arcana Review Board and vice president of the Will of Elements, and Overee, also a member of the Arcana Review Board and director of the Will of Elements, aside from other three authorities.

Of course, there were way more than five people who were qualified with reviewing papers in the field of Element, but they were the most specialized ones.

Besides the six senior-rank arcanists on the top, the leader level of the Will of Elements still had another thirty-two senior-rank sorcerers. However, among them there were only twenty whose arcana level was above level six.

On legendary level, only Raventi attended today's conference, as this meeting was mostly a chance for middle-rank sorcerers to exchange their ideas and thoughts. Nevertheless, the great power that the people had who were present at this conference was still enough to destroy a whole country. The school of Element was known for its destructive power.

Raventi didn't look like anything other than a plain-looking old man, and today he was wearing a black robe embroidered with sixty-five symbols, representing the current existing elements. After his short and straightforward opening speech, the conference officially began.

The first one who gave the speech based on his paper was Timothy, the famous genius in arcana from the Will of Elements.

Timothy had black hair and blue eyes. Wearing gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose, he looked profound and elegant. In sharp contrast, the topic of his paper was rather violent: Explosive Cascade. By simplifying the fundamental alchemical formula of this magic, Timothy improved the power of the spell by fifty percent.

"Wow... That's really something..." Lazar was very impressed and excited.

Lucien, as a guest who was mistakenly invited, could only carefully listen to the speech beside the platform, while those arcanists were sitting on their tall chairs, listening and referring to Timothy's paper for more detailed statistics and explanation. However, he could still see the great value of Timothy's paper. Facing Explosive Cascade, if someone still tried to use common strategies to avoid the attack based on their past fighting experience, the spell would turn into their nightmare. Lucien paid extra attention to the alchemical part, as he knew that this was his shortcoming in his study. If he had a deeper understanding in this field in the future, he could start trying to use nitroglycerin to create more spells.

...

After getting some Flashes, Woods borrowed Odonkor's fancy lab and started doing his experiments immediately.

Very quickly, Woods extracted the substance he wanted from Flashes and then he put the substance in a spectroscopy magic circle.

The magic circle slowly started working. Woods held his breath.

When he saw the beautiful, dream-like spectral lines that he had never witnessed before, Woods' breath became heavy, and his face flushed.

New element! There was new element in there!

Beside the magic circle lied Lucien's paper. As if the author already knew what Woods could find here, the paper wrote: "This aluminum-like element can be found by spectral analysis" .

Woods was right now staring at the paper, and he could not believe his eyes. This was not a speculation, but a prophecy! And the prophecy was based on the period of elements put forward by Lucien!

Woods' head was buzzing.

Then he took a deep breath and started turning on more magic circles. He was going to try possible ways to purify the new element out of the extracted substance.

Odonkor's fancy lab definitely worked very well, and before lunch, there was already a pile of silver-coloured crystals sitting right in front of Woods.

There was no time for lunch. In the next second, Woods started measuring this new element and testing its characters.

...

"Atomic weight... 69.8..." After adopting several methods, Woods was sure that the number that he came up with was correct. All of a sudden, he felt intimidated looking at the paper lying on the table beside him.

But deep in his mind, he remembered the paper clearly. The paper wrote:

"The atomic weight of this aluminum-like element should be between 68 and 70."

Woods could hear his heart beating so strong and so fast that his ears were drumming. With his lips closed tightly, Woods continued his experiment to measure other features of the new element.

"Specific weight... 5.94..." Woods murmured voice trembled.

On the paper, it wrote:

"Specific weight, between 5.9 and 6.0."

...

"Non-volatile... Can slowly dissolve in acid and lye." Woods' voice trembled.

The paper wrote:

"Non-volatile in normal temperature. Acid and lye can dissolve it."

...

All the predictions put forward by Lucien Evans were right.

Woods felt thrilled. He was too shocked to say anything. His mouth was partially open, and his hands shaking.

What did this mean?

What did this mean!

At this point, Woods had no more doubt or hesitance. He knew that this paper would be a milestone in the field of element... no, in the history of the whole magic world!

With shaking hands, Woods completely wrote down the experiment data record, and saved the sample of the new element safely in a magic container. Bringing them, Woods subconsciously grabbed his black top hat and rushed out of Odonkor's magic tower.

"Hey, buddy! Your coat!" Odonkor called Woods from behind.

The cold wind sobered Woods a bit and he realized that his coat was left in Odonkor's place, but Woods still jumped directly on the coach waiting for him and hurriedly he said to the coachman,

"To Douglas! Be quick! As quick as possible!"

The coachman was taking a nap before Woods jumped on the vehicle, and now he was driving the coach like crazy.

...

In front of the iron gate of Douglas.

"What?! Evans is out, again?!" Unutterable frustration struck Woods.

"Yes, Mr. Lucien Evans is out," answered the golem calmly and peacefully. "He should be in Rentato now, but I don't know why."

"What the fu*k...?!" Refined as Woods, he could not help swearing, "Rentato again?!"

Standing in the cold wind, Woods did not leave until his face got numb. When he calmed down and then came back to his office, he spent an hour and developed a simple report on the finding of the new element and the comparison between the new element's features and the corresponding predictions made by Lucien in his paper.

Then, he arrived at the Sorcerer Administrative Department and handed the report in.

Although he was very excited with sharing the great finding with all the sorcerers, before that, he needed to make sure that there was a guarantee that his own work could also be recognized.

...

"Element... To Mr. Raventi, Mr. Gaston."

The alchemical life was still following its daily routine, having no idea how important this report would be.

...

A brown-colored elemental being picked up the report in Mr. Gaston's exclusive lounge.

"From... a level four arcanist. Mr. Gaston's not in the office today... and his students are also in Rose Garden today together with him..." the elemental life talked to itself, "Well... I shall just send it directly to Mr. Gaston to let him decide who should review this paper."

And it was the same situation in Raventi's office.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 210: Who's Lucien Evans X?

In Rose Garden, beside Swan Lake.

It was already the second half of the conference, and every speaker all received warm applause. After they gave their speech, there were rounds of discussion and comments from senior-rank sorcerers to further inspire the speakers.

After lunch, Larry's study on Valence brought the most heated discussion so far, and after Larry, there were more arcanists waiting for their turn to take the stage, even if it was already four in the afternoon.

Stalwartly-built Ulysses walked on the stage and turned on the magic circle functioning as a projector for presenting scenes. He shared his most recent study with the arcanists present: he discovered that when he tried to create a new form of a fifth-circle spell, Gaston's Poison Cloud, above a certain temperature, no matter how much the pressure was increased, gas could not be turned into liquid.

Many arcanists agreed that this finding was creative and could be of good instructional meaning. Although Lucien had known this theory before from his original world, it was good for him to know that this principle also worked in this magic world, and Lucien was also very interested in how to apply this finding to actual construction of magic models.

At this time, a light-brown owl flew in from the window and landed on the desk in front of Gaston. Seeing that Gaston was too dedicated to Ulysses's speech, the owl gently pecked at his hand.

The guardians outside did not stop Mathew, as it was probably the most famous ‘postman’ in the Will of Element.

Gaston was a bit amused by that, and then he gently patted on Mathew’s feather on its back. Then Gaston took down the several papers from Mathew’s leg and put them aside. He planned to handle the papers later after the conference.

Following Mathew, Raventi’s budgerigar also arrived. After circling two rounds above his master proudly, the budgerigar landed, also carrying several papers.

Then three more different birds brought papers to the other three members of Arcana Review Board present. However, all those arcanists were not in a hurry to review the papers, not only because reading others papers right in front of Ulysses was surely not polite, but also because they knew well that the review of some complicated papers could take months.

As Ulysses’ explanation of his research went deeper, the other arcanists got even more attentive, except for Raventi, the level nine arcanist and ninth circle sorcerer, who was the teacher of Ulysses, as Raventi had already carefully read Ulysses’ paper before this meeting, after the paper passed the review from the board.

So Raventi casually picked up the several papers brought by his pet bird, and started reading the titles of the papers.

At this time, a marked title jumped to him,

The Features of a New Element Discovered Based on the Periodic Table of Elements.

He frowned. As someone who once tried to find the law existing among the elements himself, Raventi knew what did this title mean: this meant that there was a Periodic Table of Elements that had gone through verification, and the table had led to the discovery of a new element!

Pulling out the paper, Raventi started to read it carefully. After a while, the look on his face suddenly changed.

Ulysses' voice faded away from his ears. Raventi was shocked with this paper.

Even after he finished reading the last page, Raventi's eyes were still focused on this paper. Then, he did his best to control himself as he turned around to ask Rebecca to come to him.

At this time, Rebecca was listening to Ulysses' speech carefully, and she also needed to pay attention to what was going on in every corner of the hall. After being scolded by Leandro, she was even more cautious now, afraid of making more mistakes.

As soon as she saw Raventi's gray eyes, Rebecca felt that she was struck by lightning, having no idea what she did wrong again. Then, she nervously walked to Raventi.

"Find me a paper titled The Periodic Relation between the Nature of Elements and Prediction of New Elements, from Lucien Evans X," said Raventi short and directly.

This name again! Rebecca sneaked a peek at Lucien beside Lazar. Fortunately, the title of this paper did leave her with a bit of an impression, and it was simply because the title was pretty long.

"Mr. Raventi, you can find this paper on the last several pages on this issue of Element right in front of you." At the same time, Rebecca felt relieved that her help was available right away.

Raventi quickly turned to the last article of Element, murmuring, "It isn't always true that all the editors in Element are idiots."

This comment was actually from Lord of Storm. Sarcastic as it sounded to be, this was actually a praise from this odd-tempered arcanist. Speaking of being odd-tempered, Raventi did not fall too far behind Fernando.

Rebecca was waiting aside, as the vice president did not ask her to leave. When she felt quite curious with the paper from Lucien Evans X, Rebecca saw Raventi's face suddenly got even more serious.

Was anything big going to happen? Rebecca had no idea.

"If not taking the several atomic weights without accurate experimental data into consideration..." Raventi murmured again, then he quickly turned around and said to Rebecca, "I need these several purified elements..."

Then Raventi listed a few that he did not have right now in his alchemical lab.

After that, Raventi commanded Harry, the budgerigar, "Get several Flashes from Odonkor, the grandson of Gray Bear. Don't be lazy... Make haste, Harry."

"Was Harry ever being lazy?" Harry mumbled a bit unhappily and then flew away.

Although she did not understand what Raventi wanted to do, Rebecca still had to follow the vice president's command. After asking her colleagues to take care of the conference, she hurriedly headed for the second floor above the main hall.

No one noticed what was going on there, as they were all listening to Ulysses's speech very carefully.

...

When Ulysses finished his speech and his Q&A part with other arcanists, warm applause was given to him, as most arcanists felt that they learned a lot from Ulysses's sharing.

Ulysses bowed to them, and left the central platform.

When Leandro was about to invite the next arcanist to step on the stage, he surprisedly saw that the vice president suddenly stood up and walked toward the platform hurriedly.

Of course Leandro could not stop this influential ninth-circle sorcerer, and he could do nothing but watch Raventi quickly jumping onto the stage, turning on the magic circle for presentation, taking out his downsized alchemical lab from his magic pouch, and then casting to turn it into a well-equipped lab of normal size.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please forgive me for interrupting the conference." Raventi tried to sound calmer, after all, the true result still needed to be double-verified by his own experiment, "Please turn to the last paper on this issue of Element."

When all the arcanists present opened the journal and found the paper, Igna felt very nervous, and his heart was beating fast. He was afraid that Raventi was going to say that his paper was not qualified for being published on this issue of Element, but he could not understand why Raventi would do it right in the middle of the conference.

The arcanists found the paper titled The Periodic Relation between the Nature of Elements and Prediction of New Elements. Both Larry and Timothy frowned a bit, since they were the ones who reviewed this paper before it was published.

What did Raventi want to do?

At the same time, Larry turned around and took a quick glance at Lucien, looking meaningful.

Lucien was quite confused, feeling unsure as to what was going on there. However, with a second thought, maybe Raventi found a new element that fit his periodic table, and thus Lucien suddenly started to feel very expectant.

"Creative and well-organized as this periodic table may be, Mr. Raventi," said LockLynn first, a level eight arcanist and eighth circle sorcerer, who was also a member of the Arcana Review Board, "its latter part claiming that there are mistakes in the measurement of atomic weight of the several elements does not make sense to me."

And the other arcanists basically all agreed.

Seeing that all the arcanists had all roughly gone through the paper, Raventi said aloud, "Let's skip the discussion over Termirick and the other several elements first, and please take a look at this."

As he was saying, Raventi took out several bottles of purified element and started to measure the atomic weight of them with his own magic lab right in front of the arcanists present.

Although the arcanists were all very confused, no one wanted to stop an authority.

As the atomic weight data of a few elements were corrected one by one, Gaston, Overee, LockLyn and Lydia looked way more serious and they started to write something down with their quills, while other sorcerers now looked shocked.

It was not surprising that there might be mistakes in some atomic weight data, but the fact that the corrected data could be perfectly put into the periodic table of elements put forward by this paper was unbelievable.

Larry and Timothy rubbed their foreheads at the same time, feeling regretful that they did not finish reading the whole paper, and now they wanted the right ore to see if they could find a new element out of it following the paper so bad that their hearts were beating fast.

Ulysses stared at the periodic table in a daze. He just decided to give up working on periodic table of elements three weeks ago and turned to the topic that he just presented.

After Raventi's forty-minute experiment, most arcanists started reading the paper in the hands carefully, however, they were still confused.

Ulysses commented on it first, "Mr. Raventi, your experiments are something, but even the corrected atomic weights could fit in the table, it's not a decisively evidence showing that the whole periodic table is right, as there's no evidence showing that the data of some elements, say, Termirick, is not right."

"My idea's that the measuring methods that we are using now are not able to report the accurate data," said Raventi.

Overee shook his head, "This is just an assumption."

Without the most direct evidence, most arcanists would not be persuaded.

Leandro for sure did not like Lucien, "I agree, Mr. Raventi. This is just a fairy tale from a level one arcanist."

When Raventi was about to fight back, Harry, the budgerigar, came back with a magic container hanging on his neck.

Raventi grinned, "Ladies and gentlemen, let the experiment tell us the truth."

Taking the Flashes out of the container, Raventi quickly purified the needed substance from them following the method suggested in Woods' paper.

Then Raventi said to all the arcanists, "This is very similar to the mineral substance described in Lucien Evans X's paper."

Gaston, LockLynn, Garry, Ulysses and other arcanists had the feeling that something was going to happen, and they held their breath, watching Raventi put the pure substance in the spectroscope.

It was already dark outside, and that made the beautiful spectrum in front of all the arcanists even more clear and charming.

It was a beautiful spectrum that they had never seen, and the spectrum was like a cluster of fire, burning their eyes and hearts.

A new element was found! A brand new element from this world!

Raventi did not say anything, but continued his experiment to extract the white crystals.

When Raventi started to measure the atomic weight of this new element, every single arcanist present was waiting for his data.

"Atomic weight, 69.8," said Raventi seriously. He had confidence in this paper.

All the arcanists looked down at the paper, and the paper wrote,

"The atomic weight of this aluminum-like element should be between 68 and 70."

It was like lightning to them, and more lightning bolts were arriving. The paper predicted everything from Raventi's experiment. As arcanists who were qualified for the annual conference, they knew what this meant!

Their faces were burning, and their blood boiling.

Raventi literally shouted at the arcanists, "I'll not waste my words on emphasizing how important this paper is. Now, who is Mr. Lucien Evans X? Where is he?!"

Chapter 211: A New Beginning In the School of Element

Chapter 211: A New Beginning In the School of Element

Raventi's roaring was in every arcanist's ear. They were totally shocked, together with quite mixed feelings. Even the four members of the Arcana Review Board were no exception.

The finding of Periodic Table of Elements showed that the discovery of new elements was no longer blind and scattered or, as described by many, like a blind cat running into a dead mouse, but something that had theoretical guidance!

From now on, there was a way to proceed in the study to find new elements!

Exploring the world, finding laws among phenomena, and using the laws to explain other phenomena, this was the spirit of arcana!

"Lucien Evans X... Lucien Evans X is here!" The excited but nervous voice of a man resounded, and then one more time, this time louder, but still with certain control.

Gaston and Larry, as they were so shocked with the finding, did not realize that the young man they met before the conference began was the very author of this paper until now.

No one could believe that this great finding was from a level one arcanist, first circle sorcerer!

On the platform, Leandro, who was standing not far away from Raventi, felt supper dizzy all of a sudden, as his head was buzzing.

All the people present turned to look at the direction where the voice came from. It was Lazar who raised his hand and answered Raventi's questions, and right now, he looked rather excited.

Lazar was deeply shocked. Every time Raventi announced the result of an experiment, his heart missed a beat. And when Lazar heard that familiar name, he was totally unable to believe his ears, since although he knew that his friend Lucien Evans was quite smart, he had no idea how Lucien could put forward the periodic table and make this prediction as if he had already seen the new element before, with his own eyes!

Behind Lazar, Lucien closed his eyes. When he heard that his paper was right on the atomic weight of the new element, Lucien knew that all his hard work paid off!

For sure Lucien felt rather excited, and deep in his mind, he was wild with joy. Meanwhile, although Lucien was relatively confident, he also found himself very lucky as he celebrated in his heart that this new element was not some strange isotope, or his paper would not be found valuable this fast. And if that was the case, this paper would bring him more trouble than reputation, as most arcanists who were regarded as being blindly arrogant with their previous papers would have a really hard time publishing their next papers, and at that time, maybe the ring of Holm Crown prize would be Lucien's last protection.

Since the paper was finished, Lucien kept feeling quite nervous. Finally, Raventi's experiment proved that he was right.

One would not imagine that finding the law was too difficult, however, not many could really stick to the effort if it didn't pay off in a relatively short period of time.

Raventi, Timothy and other arcanists saw the young man standing beside Lazar. Wearing black bow and long double-breasted coat, Lucien looked handsome and elegant, and his black eyes appeared to be rather deep.

"You're... Lucien Evans X?" Raventi could not believe that he was this young.

It was the same with other arcanists present. Except for Gaston, Larry and a few other sorcerers who had already seen him, the rest of the people all thought that this author only of junior-rank should at least have many years of experience in studying elements.

However, this was not true.

Lucien tried to stay calm, and he smiled, "Yes, Mr. Raventi."

Squinting a bit, Raventi secretly used a magic and read the information of Lucien's arcana badge. Then he nodded to Lucien. "Evans, come up here. I think your paper should be the last and best play of today's conference. The great meaning your paper is of is clear to every arcanist present, and using even a single word to explain it is a waste of time. This conference will be remembered by history because of your paper!"

"Before that, Mr. Raventi." Gaston stood up, "I need to apologize for my negligence when I reviewed this paper. So I would like to petition the board together with Mr. Overee for a reevaluation of this paper, so Evans could earn all the reputation, praise, arcana credits and points that he truly deserve!"

Overee also stood up and nodded.

Gaston and Overee were not stupid. After seeing Raventi's experiments, they quickly talked to each other and made this decision. On one hand, they needed to be responsible for the mistake that their students made, since it was their students who ignored this paper, and on the other hand, they would not leave their enemies any time to take advantage of this thing and thus to kick them out of the board.

Now they made themselves look rather fair and humble.

Lucien took a deep breath and then started walking through the audience toward the platform.

No one is sure who started it, but many arcanists stood up one by one to show their respect to Lucien from both sides of the aisle as he was walking.

"I'm deeply regretful that I missed this paper," apologized Larry sincerely. With his hand on his left chest, he bowed to Lucien.

Timothy adjusted his glasses a bit, "Evans, if you had not put your experiments of correcting the atomic weights in the appendix, I might have visited you the very night you sent the paper to the board. Anyway, you taught me a lesson, Evans. Your paper and what happened to your paper will definitely become a famous story in the world of magic, while Larry and I would be two idiots in this story, in contrast to your great accomplishment."

Timothy had a sense of humour and he was very straightforward, which sort of explained why he loved explosive magic so much. However, regarding appearance, Timothy looked quite gentle and elegant.

"At least my paper passed your review," Lucien did not really have a bad impression of them.

When Lucien walked past Ulysses, the latter released a sigh and said to the former with a slight frustration in his tone, "There might still be some people who are gonna doubt your finding, Evans, but I totally believe in your periodic table. In fact, I was once very close to the finding, but I gave it up because of the several atomic weights that I could not explain. I'm restrained by my own sense of authority and experience."

Lucien smiled and nodded, "Mr. Ulysses, without your paper discussing the possible law existing among the elements, I would not dare make such a bold assumption when I was developing my paper."

At this time, someone who did not like Leandro said to Lucien, "Mr. Evans, you're definitely qualified for this conference! Besides Mr. Raventi and all the committee members, you're the most qualified one!"

Hearing that, Leandro wanted to directly disappear of the platform.

"Mr. Evans, welcome!"

"Mr. Evans, we're looking forward to your speech!"

Although these arcanists were not familiar with Lucien, after witnessing the experiment and carefully reading the paper, they all showed their respect to this young sorcerer, which was pretty rare.

Stepping onto the metal platform at the center of the hall, Lucien first bowed to Raventi respectfully and then took the rostrum from him.

"Mr. Evans, I've got a question," Leandro cut in before Lucien started his speech. "Finding the new element's such a coincidence. I wonder if it wasn't you who first found this new element beforehand, and then following its data, you figured out this periodic table. This seems to be the only reason that your 'assumption' could be this accurate, but if this is true, the finding of the new element wouldn't be able to prove that your periodic table of elements is correct, as you used its data as a basis when you developed the table."

A few arcanists in the crowd slightly nodded.

Before answering Leandro's question, Lucien activated the magic circle for presentation first, and then he calmly explained, "Let's ignore the new element first and just look at the elements discovered before my paper was published. I don't think it's too hard to see that my finding could logically be drawn upon the features and data of the elements that we are previously already familiar with. Besides, feel free to check my purchase record with the congress if I've bought any ores that contain this new element."

The arcanists present stared at the table carefully, and Lucien continued, as he pointed at the blank spaces on the periodic table of elements, "As for those undiscovered elements, I'm confident that even though their atomic weights might not be exactly the same with what are on the table because of the limit of our current measuring methods, their characters should follow my prediction. Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure that you've all collected some pretty unique ores. Why not check them again to see if there're any that suit the description in my paper. Try to find new elements out of them, and I'm waiting for your papers. Either prove me right or wrong."

Lucien's confidence influenced most of the arcanists. They started to feel very excited.

When they were considering to end this conference earlier so they could go back and do their research, Lucien said to them, "Actually, even if no new element could be found for a while, even if there're still some tiny problems with my periodic table, ladies and gentlemen, should we just ignore this periodic law existing among all these elements?"

Staring at the periodic table, which contained so many profound secrets of the world, all the arcanists present fell into silence. They had to admit that the periodic feature truly existed.

Lucien raised his head slightly and said to the people seriously, "The finding of the periodic feature in arranging the elements represents a new beginning in the School of Element. According to me, I do not think that the most significant function of the table lies in leading us to find more new elements, but reminding us to take a step back and ask why is there a periodic feature among elements? This is the question that I've been asking myself since I've figured out this table."

Hearing his insightful words, Lucien's audience was deeply shocked, especially those senior-rank arcanists like Raventi and Gaston. Staring at this young man speaking on the platform, they recalled the great figure of Mr. Douglas, the president of the Congress of Magic, when he was giving the most influential speech in history of magic.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 212: Reevaluation

"I believe that nothing in this world is of periodic pattern for no reason. Why stars follow certain tracks all the time? The answer is gravity. Then what's the answer for the elements?"

Lucien's deep and serious voice lingered in the hall, and his question directly hit every arcanist's heart. Yes, the never-ending pursuit of truth and the endless curiosity of asking why was the major drive of the development of arcana!

Lucien did not go too deep with this topic. Before the arcanists could respond to his question, Lucien put on a gentle, humble smile, "Of course, as a beginner who just started his exploration in arcana and the contemporary magic system, in most cases, I can only ask questions, not having enough knowledge to answer them. I hope that my questions can be helpful to all arcanists who are striving to move forward in this area."

Any shifts happening in one's knowledge and understanding of the world should proceed step by step. The last thing Lucien wanted to see at this point was the members of the Will of Elements having their heads exploded in front of him on the conference, simply because his speech was too shocking for them to handle.

Lucien was even a bit amused by the thought that he might be able to beat his future enemies by simply giving them a speech.

Raventi started applauding first, bad-tempered as he often was, this time he said to Lucien nicely, "Very rarely, I see a not stupid question here. Evans, although your speech isn't long, it's the most valuable one on today's conference, and this might turn into a new research direction in the school of Element."

Following Raventi, all the arcanists present started applauding excitedly, as this conference was totally a surprise to them!

"All right Evans. I have to go now. I'm gonna check my collection of ores, and hopefully I can provide your periodic table of elements with more support," said Raventi to Lucien, and then he took back his alchemical lab and hurriedly left the hall.

Within five minutes, following Raventi, Gaston, Overee, Timothy, and Larry, almost all the arcanists left the hall to start their experiments, for no one wanted to miss the great opportunity to be remembered by history.

Lazar walked to Lucien and said with emotion, "The major reason why those senior-rank arcanists can have great achievements should be their passion and dedication towards arcana and magic."

Lucien smiled and nodded, "One doesn't have to be super smart, but he has to be diligent."

Some junior-rank sorcerers, including Rebecca, were still here, and were looking at Lucien from afar with curiosity and admiration. However, they did not have the courage to talk to him.

"Congratulations, my friend." Lazar hugged Lucien sincerely, "I can see a future Holm Crown prize winner standing in front of me."

Lucien patted Lazar on the shoulder for encouragement, and then he asked, "By the way, Lazar, do you know if there is any lab here?"

"What do you mean...?" asked Lazar confusedly.

"I'm looking for a lab to continue my studies. I've bought quite a bit of ores." Lucien rubbed his chin.

"What a monster... You're surely like those senior-rank arcanists." Lazar was a bit speechless, but he still told Lucien where the spare labs were.

When Lucien left, Lazar murmured to himself, "Lucien... I was about to celebrate with him a bit tonight. This kind of guy would never be popular among girls!"

"Hey, Lazar, can you tell us some stories about Mr. Evans?"

Turning around, Lazar found that Rebecca and a couple of pretty girls were standing behind him and waiting for more information about his charming and talented friend, with their faces slightly flushed.

"Oh jerk..." Lazar could not help swearing.

...

When the news arrived to Rogerio, he was pissed off, "What am I doing here?!"

He had spent so much time on watching Lucien but didn't find a single clue suggesting the possible relationship between him and some important middle-level leader of the Will of Elements, but now, Lucien was definitely under their protection!

More importantly, just by playing with those cards, this young arcanist worked out such an influential paper, and Rogerio had the feeling that this finding would lead to the fast development of the Will of Element.

At this point, Rogerio did not really care whether people would doubt his measurement of Termirick because of Lucien's finding.

After closing his eyes to calm down for a while, Rogerio opened them again and sighed, "What an arcana genius... But this makes sense, or Professor would not have this young man to be his student."

Then he turned around, "Adol, you don't have to follow Evans anymore. He might be soon getting some attention from the grand arcanists from time to time, and if they found you, we'd be in trouble. You know, Hathaway doesn't like what we're doing."

Adol made some noise as if he was giggling, "Glad to hear that. After all, it's quite boring following a little boy around."

...

It was still early in the morning when Lucien arrived at the main hall on the second day. He did not get much sleep last night, and neither did many other arcanists who were already in there.

"Any findings, Lucien?" As soon as he showed up, Lazar hurriedly asked.

"Not really..." Lucien shook his head, "I'm not there yet. My power isn't enough to allow me to do many researches within a night."

"I'm the same..." Another arcanist joined their conversation.

After a while, Gaston, Overee, Larry and Timothy all arrived, and then the arcanists found their seats and sat down.

Despite the fact that Leandro really did not want to do this, he still added a seat in the second row for Lucien.

After a long wait, the seats belonging to Raventi and Ulysses were still empty.

Many arcanists looked back at the hall gate from time to time, looking a bit irritated.

"Mr. Raventi and Ulysses might have stayed up too late with their experiments last night." Gaston stood up, trying to comfort the people, "Maybe we can send someone to find them..."

Obviously, no one wanted to go, as the whole hall suddenly quieted down. Some junior-rank arcanists quickly took a step backwards with their back against the wall, as they knew how pissed off Raventi could be if he was disturbed, either with his experiment or sleep.

"Well... Then, Evans, how about introducing to us how you found the periodic law among the elements?" Gaston switched to Lucien, "And we can patiently wait for Mr. Raventi."

Lucien nodded, but as soon as he reached the rostrum, he heard Raventi's roaring,

"Evans! I found the silicon-like element predicted in your paper!" Raventi shouted at him at the top of his lungs, followed by Ulysses, "Exactly the same... Atomic weight and features!"

Instantly, as if some strong, bright light lit up the whole conference hall, all the arcanists saw the extremely promising future of the periodic table of elements.

After a short time of silence, thunderous applause took over the hall. All the arcanists present were applauding for this young arcanist, and for this great finding that would be forever remembered by the world of magic!

All of them were so excited to witness this great, historic moment, and the applause did not stop until Gaston tried to calm them down with his gesture for the third time.

Gaston looked around, and he purposefully looked at Leandro for a bit longer. Then he said aloud, "I believe that there's no reason to doubt the correctness of the periodic table put forward by Lucien anymore! Arcana Review Board's going to reevaluate his paper, and my comment on Lucien's paper is ready!"

Then Gaston looked at Lucien, smiling, "Go ahead... Share with us how you did your research, and your story with publishing this paper. I'm sure that everyone's curious."

Raventi nodded and quickly went back to his seat with his student, Ulysses. Meanwhile, Igna, the editor of Element, suddenly got very nervous.

Lucien introduced to his audience how he carefully checked the previous papers, raised questions and worked with his cards. In the end, he came to the part when he was having the extremely difficult time with his contribution.

"After my paper passed the review, I wanted to get attention from more arcanists. So I encouraged myself and visited the headquarter of Arcana, but I was turned down, and they commented that they had no idea how the paper passed the review."

"Idiots!" Raventi was pissed off, "They only carry their brains when they eat!"

Some editors from Arcana were now very embarrassed, but there was nothing they could do when facing Raventi, who was only half a step away from the highest council.

"Then, I turned to Element..." Lucien continued.

All the arcanists from Element suddenly got nervous, especially Igna, whose hands were shaking and face turning pale.

"Element made an offer that they would like to publish my paper, but only on their next month's issue," said Lucien.

"Still stupid, but better than Arcana," Raventi commented in a low voice.

More than a dozen sorcerers present released a long sigh together, and they all, including Ravana, the chief-editor of Element, felt grateful toward Lucien.

"Then, after being turned down by Alchemy, Common Arcana made the same offer that they could publish the paper next month, but I did not agree." Lucien paused a bit, then he looked at Igna, smiling, "Fortunately, at this time, my friend introduced me to Mr. Igna..."

All the arcanists turned to look at Igna. He was sweating and could not breathe. In his eyes, Lucien's smile was very meaningful. He could already see the picture where Raventi was scolding him bitterly and crazily.

"... who nicely told me that Element was going to do a special edition this month and accepted my paper."

"Ah?" Igna was more than surprised. With a long sigh of relief, probably because of the great mood swing, he suddenly passed out.

"Igna... Mr. Igna...!"

"He got too excited... with Mr. Evans' thankfulness."

"Yeah... He's not young anymore..."

When Igna returned to consciousness, he heard Raventi shouting, "Put Evans' paper at the very beginning of this issue of Element, followed by those papers reporting findings of new elements and correcting the atomic weights!"

...

On monday morning, Eric entered the hall of the Sorcerer Administrative Department in a pretty good mood.

"Morning, Mr. Eric. Here's the latest issue of Element," greeted Cindy and Dona.

Eric pressed his top hat a bit and asked confused, "But the conference still has several days to go."

"We've got no idea, Mr. Eric. The journal just arrived." Cindy handed the latest issue of Element to Eric, and the cover of the journal was a picture of more than sixty different element symbols.

Out of curiosity, Eric opened the journal right in front of the girls, and the smile on his face froze.

"Mr. Eric?" Cindy and Dona called him as they noticed the difference on Mr. Eric's face, but they got no response from him. When they took a glance at the first paper themselves, their beautiful eyes suddenly opened wide.

The title of the first paper was:

"The Periodic Relation between the Nature of Elements and Prediction of New Elements.

"Author: Lucien Evans X, level one arcanist, first circle sorcerer."

Between the title and the content of the paper, there was a long inserted comment:

"As for the great meaning of the paper, we, editors from Element, cannot describe it properly, so we directly cited the comments made by Mr. Gaston and Overee, the members of Arcana Review Board:

"This is a great accomplishment in the history of magic. The paper unveils the shocking law existing among elements from countless messy and scattered data, and the law, from now on, will direct every step of our discovery of the world. We can foresee that the periodic table put forward by Mr. Lucien Evans X will become the foundation of future study in the school of Element, and it will lead us to a broader new world of arcana.

"This is a great paper of significant meaning, which is worth a large amount of discussion and means a historic breakthrough. May I show my respect to the author here first. After discussion, the board has decided to award Mr. Lucien Evans X three hundred arcana credits and two thousand arcana points."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 213: Argument

As if time stopped in the hall of the Sorcerer Administrative Department, Eric was lost for a few seconds. Eric finally regained his composure when some other sorcerers entered the hall and he hurriedly started reading the paper right in front him, on the counter.

He remembered this young man, Lucien Evans X, who just started studying arcana three months ago. Eric could not believe that it was this young man who developed this groundbreaking paper!

Furthermore, it seemed even more unrealistic that the extremely generous reward, three hundred credits and two thousand points, had been given to a level one arcanist, first circle sorcerer.

Both Cindy and Dona were also eager to see why their friend Lucien could gain such a reward.

Although Eric was really excited with the first half of the paper, he got confused with Lucien's points claiming that the atomic weight of a few elements were mistakenly measured, and so did

the two girls. It was not surprising that the data of some elements yielded by studies conducted many years ago might not be very accurate due to the limit of the techniques, but they could not believe that even the atomic weight of the lately discovered elements were also not right. After all, these newly discovered elements had been examined by many arcanists every time when a new measurement method came out.

"But Mr. Gaston and Mr. Overee made similar comments speaking highly of the paper..." Cindy said to Dona, "I mean... this kind of paper discussing the periodicity existing among elements could usually get one or two credits."

Cindy had been working here for almost two years, and she knew the standards.

"That's right." Dona nodded, "Publishing a paper without having any decisive evidence supporting it... This is not the common practice of Element."

"Wait..." Eric turned the page and saw Lucien's experiment report on how he reexamined the atomic weights of a few elements and proved the previous data wrong. Reading while nodding, Eric had to admit that this paper was of higher value than those which only talked about the authors' assumptions.

However, Eric still could not figure out why three hundred credits should be given to this paper.

"The Features of A New Element Discovered Based on Periodic Table of Elements... from Woods, level four arcanist, forth circle sorcerer..." Cindy did not read Lucien's paper as carefully as Eric. Out of curiosity, she took a glance at the second paper following Lucien's, "What does this mean... Mr. Eric? A new element... discovered?"

"What?!" Eric was shocked, and he quickly found the paper from Woods. After reading the abstract, he fiercely grabbed another copy of Element with his shaking hand, and started to compare Woods' paper to Lucien's.

Cindy and Dona could see that Mr. Eric's face turned red as he was reading Mr. Woods' paper, and the blue veins on his forehead were very distinct.

"How is it possible..." Eric slightly shook his head, "This is not a paper... it's a prophecy..."

The great value of Lucien's paper was further endorsed by Mr. Raventi's finding of another new element and the papers reporting the corrected atomic weight of some elements from Lazar and a few other arcanists. Many authors put forward their assumptions and thoughts regarding why the data of some elements were mistakenly measured.

Turning the journal back to the periodic table page, Eric stared at the table for a long time, having no idea what to say.

Cindy and Dona, the two apprentices, could not understand the great meaning lying in this table, so they were less shocked when compared to Eric.

"The periodicity looks so amazing." Cindy was still quite excited, "It shares the similar beauty with that of Brook Equation, the Poem of Goddess."

Dona agreed, "Yes. I wonder if gods controlling everything like this really exist, or why there's such beautiful periodicity in the world."

Although the power of the Church was suppressed by the Congress of Magic, it was still relatively influential among common people. The two common girls, one from a farmer's family and the other from a small town, before they were selected as apprentices, were to some extent influenced by religion. However, after witnessing how amazing and powerful magic could be, religion never again worked the same way for them.

"No wonder those comments speak so highly of this paper, and such generous reward was given." Eric slowly calmed down and released a sigh, "Except for the paper from Mr. Brook demonstrating that light is a kind of electromagnetic wave which won him even more credits than this, I could only recall very few papers in recent years which can compete with Lucien's paper. Even Mr. Donald's paper putting forward that spectrum analysis can be used in discovering new elements and Lord of Storm's paper on electromagnetic wave won them only about a hundred credits or something."

Most senior-rank arcanists never relied on winning credits from the board from their upgrade, and the way from which they could gain way more credits was citation. And this was why, in most cases, their arcana level was lower than their magic level, and only really influential and powerful arcanists could reach the balance between their arcana and magic level.

"Lucien..." Cindy paused a bit and then corrected herself, "Mr. Evans' arcana level is now way above his magic level... Wow.. I remember that there are only eight people who were like this in the three-hundred-year history of the congress, and more than half of them are now grand arcanists or legendary archmages."

Cindy now felt a bit nervous with directly calling Lucien's name.

When someone was still of junior-rank, it was not very hard for him or her to gain a higher arcana level compared to the person's magic level, as from time to time, a junior-rank mage might be able to publish some good papers and thus earn some credits. But Lucien's case was still very rare, since his arcana level was now way above his magic level.

Among the eight people, now there were two grand arcanists and one legendary archmage, another one died from disease and two died in battle. The last two became mediocre later, and now they were just like everyone else.

Eric's gray eyes looked around and finally stopped on Lucien's paper again, "Now he's a level four arcanist, and he did this within less than three months... What a young man."

It took Eric thirty years to become a level three arcanist.

Then there was an imperceptible smile on his face, "This young man won't need to put an X behind his name anymore."

...

Headquarter of Arcana, chief-editor's office.

Drummond, the chief-editor of Arcana, was not happy at all. Looking rather gloomy, he threw the latest issue of Element on the desk. The fact that Arcana did not seize the chance to publish the influential paper was humiliating to him, and also damaged the top reputation of the journal.

Drummond was a level seven arcanist who specialized in Force and Astrology. If he had not chosen Arcana, he would definitely be qualified enough to be a member of the Arcana Review Board.

Right now his anger was burning his guts. Although he knew that it was not really his mistake for missing this paper, Drummond completely lost his face when he ran into Gaston and Overee, who

made fun of him and told him that the author actually came to the headquarter of Arcana in person to contribute his paper but was scolded away by the staff here!

"Who did this?" Drummond's cold eyes looked around, "I asked... WHO, DID, THIS! If you were not certain about the value of a paper, you're supposed to hand the paper to the special editors! Or to me!"

As the most influential journal, Arcana had good bonds with most senior-rank arcanists, who would become the journal's special editors mentioned when there was a need, in order to avoid the chances of Arcana missing those really valuable papers as much as possible.

Under his watch, all the editors were very nervous. No one dared to speak a word.

After a while of silence, someone said in a low voice, "Not me..."

And more editors followed, "I didn't see the paper..."

"Interesting..." Drummond sneered.

Behind the reception desk outside, Garvin's face was as pale as a piece of paper.

Heidi shook her head a bit, "You could've just followed the rules and let him hand in his paper. One's never supposed to do more than their job duties. Here, we strictly follow rules, as the more we do, the easier we make mistakes."

Garvin looked at Heidi confusedly. He never knew that Heidi was this familiar with office politics.

...

Standing in the Noble District of Rentato, there was a grand magic tower in the style of the Palace of Tria. On the facade of the tower, golden words wrote:

Holm Royal Magic Academy.

On the ninth floor, more than ten senior arcanists from the Will of Element and Holm Royal Magic Academy gathered here in the early Monday morning.

After one became a senior arcanist or sorcerer, it went without saying that they could enter the higher level of their organization. However, only those authoritatives like Gaston and Overee who made great achievement in their own fields could become one of those who could actually make decisions.

Raventi arrived here from Rose Garden even earlier. Seeing that everyone was already there, he said to them aloud, energetically, "Ladies and gentlemen, after reading Evans' paper and those papers supporting his findings, I think everyone agrees that Evans should be the winner of this year's Holm Crown prize!"

"Well... not really..." frowned Morris Hoffenberg, the chairman of Holm Royal Magic Academy, the president of Holm branch of the Congress of Magic, one of the presidents of the Will of Elements, level eight arcanist, ninth circle sorcerer, "I mean... I'm not denying the importance and value of

this finding, but, in my eyes, this finding does not come from a solid and profound foundation of arcana knowledge. It's more like... an inspirational flash."

Some arcanists slightly nodded.

"Besides, Evans has just passed his basic arcana assessment. If he was awarded with Holm Crown prize, I'm afraid that this might have a negative impact on the reputation of the prize," added Morris.

Morris Hoffenber had silver-gray pupils which was something typical in the royal family of Holm, and his face profile looked somewhat like Natasha. He was a good-looking, middle-aged man.

Raventi definitely did not care. Staring at him, Raventi suddenly flared out, as he shouted, "Just an inspirational flash?! Morris, are you kidding me? Are you trying to say that all the arcanists who tried to find the law in the distribution of elements but failed are all idiots? Are you saying I'm an idiot, or Lord of Storm is?!"

Gaston and Overee grinned silently. Every time when they needed to argue for something, if they could get Raventi on their side, their job would get way easier, as they just needed to stand aside and watch Raventi snarling at other people.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 214: The Youngest in History

Facing Raventi's spittle, Morris leaned back a bit and hurriedly said, "Calm down, Raventi, calm down. This isn't what I mean. What I'm trying to say is that the discovery of the periodic table of elements can definitely show Lucien's talent and his unique way of thinking, but it cannot reveal Lucien's knowledge of arcana. His arcana level cannot qualify him to become the winner of Holm Crown prize."

Facing Raventi, whose arcana level was even higher than himself, Morris was a bit under pressure. He knew that if he had not come from the royal family and specialized in the school of Elements, Raventi would most likely be the president of the Will of Elements.

Raventi's bad temper, although he was a level nine arcanist, ninth circle sorcerer, definitely had prevented him from becoming a member of the highest council, and comparatively speaking, although Lord of Storm was also known for being easily irritable, Mr. Fernando's great academic competence could shut up the mouth of anyone who did not like him.

Some senior arcanists present moved on their seats a bit, as they all had been in the same position before like Morris, having Raventi's spittle dropping on their faces.

As long as Raventi believed in something, no matter who he was facing, of high or low status, he would speak for what he believed in very directly. There was rumour saying that Raventi and Lord of Storm once shouted at each other furiously face to face because of an academic question, but unfortunately, Raventi was defeated in the end, and Lord of Storm gave him a really hard time.

Nevertheless, Raventi never changed his temper, "Come on, Morris, don't be cheap! You know well enough what's the purpose of setting up Holm Crown prize—to honour sorcerers who've made great contribution to the development of the school of Element and whose contribution should be remembered by history. Then, dare you tell me again that you don't think Evans is qualified?! And if you think he's not, what about Ms. Meredith?! Do you think she was not qualified as well?!"

Morris was a bit embarrassed, as the true reason for him being this uncooperative was directly revealed by Raventi in front of many people—he felt reluctant to use those precious materials to make another Holm Crown Ring, a level seven magic item.

"Yeah... I hear you..." Facing Raventi's roaring, Morris hurriedly covered his face with his hands, "I mean... all the previous winners of Holm Crown prize have discovered some epoch-making research methods, theories or outcomes, but the periodic table of elements is more like something... you know, drawn from existing findings."

Before the scenario got worse, and before Raventi continued his snarl, Gaston slightly coughed and said, "Mr. Morris, we've seen your point, and I believe that you can see the great value in the periodic table. If we take a look at the previous prize winners, we know that Ms. Meredith won the prize because she introduced electrolysis and thus she found a new element, and Mr. Donald, who's not in Allyn right now, introduced us spectrum analysis and thus he found a new element. As Lucien's periodic table's also led to the discovery of two new elements, honestly speaking, I cannot see any reasons why Lucien Evans should not be awarded with the Holm Crown prize. By the way, Ms. Meredith was also a level one arcanist when she first won the prize."

Morris was speechless. When he looked around and tried to seek support, no one stood out for him. Florencia, from Affairs Committee, who was supposed to be Morris' ally, nodded her head decidedly.

"Alright then..." Morris leaned back against his chair, "I agree then. Let's vote."

Raventi looked around and saw most arcanists raised their hands, except several from Holm Royal Magic Academy.

"Well..." Morris slightly lifted his eyebrow on one side, "The decision has been adopted: The Will of Elements and Holm Royal Magic Academy will honor Mr. Lucien Evans with Holm Crown prize. Then... let's talk about the name of the ring for Mr. Evans, and what magic the ring should be permanently enchanted with as the gift for the prize winner. As for the design of the ring... Florencia, I know you're good at it."

Florencia was a blond beauty. She took a glance at Morris, "Yes, I am, and I'm also more than willing to be the designer, but my dear teacher, I know you just don't want to pay a professional jewelry designer."

Florencia was right now a level six arcanist, eight circle sorcerer, who specialized in Element, Summoning, Electromagnetics and Force, and she was also especially interested in curse magic. In terms of her achievement, Florencia was actually pretty "young", as she was no more than seventy. She became Morris's student after Morris upgraded to ninth circle, and Florencia also turned herself into a senior-rank sorcerer within only thirty years. She was right now the member of Affairs Committee and Holm Royal Magic Academy.

"..." Morris looked serious, "As the president of the Will of Element and Holm Royal Magic Academy, I have the responsibility to watch our budget."

"I hear you, my teacher." Florencia grinned, "Then what should be the name of Evans' ring? What about... Periodicity?"

Gaston looked at Florencia with his weird-colored eyes, "Not clear or unique enough to the school of Element."

"Foresight?" suggested LockLynn.

"It's more like a name for Silver Moon Medal prize, Lynn, and I think Law is not bad," said Lydia, another female member from Arcana Review Board, who looked quite gorgeous with her succubus blood.

"No. It doesn't have anything to do with elements." Florencia shook her head.

The several ladies present were almost arguing, and the male sorcerers started feeling a bit awkward. They looked at Raventi, hoping that he could come up with an excellent name.

However, Raventi was not interested in naming the ring at all. Despite the fact that he did have bad temper, he usually did not interrupt ladies' talk.

At this time, Morris stood straight and looked more serious. After a few seconds, Morris knocked at the desk and said to all the sorcerers present, "Her Excellency, Ms. Hathaway, just told me that the ring should be named Element, as Lucien's finding covers all the elements."

As a lady, Hathaway was also interested in naming the ring.

Those senior-rank arcanists had to admit that this was the right name, but they also felt that this name might be too much for Evans, as even Constantine and Hathaway did not earn the name, Element, when they were awarded with this prize.

However, as this was a suggestion from Hathaway herself, there seemed to be no reason for anyone to say no to the name.

So Raventi hurriedly concluded, "Then Element should be the name of the ring. Morris, you decide which magic should be given to the ring."

There was no more time for the ladies to discuss.

Morris was not only a master in the school of Element, but also in Alchemy.

"And there's one more thing." Florencia added, "Lucien's a level four arcanist now, so, technically speaking, he's already a middle-rank sorcerer. So I'm feeling concerned that someone might use this as an excuse to give him tasks through Affair Committee. I mean, although this is not very likely to happen, since Lucien's under our protection now, we shall leave no chances to our enemies."

Gaston crossed his fingers and nodded, "Lucien's only a middle-rank arcanist, not a middle-rank sorcerer. We should be firm that Lucien could only accept tasks related to researches, but not fighting or adventuring. Florencia, I want you to give Evans an easy research task first to keep him occupied. However, I also want to make sure that we're doing this because Evans is willing to join the Will of Elements."

Florencia nodded and smiled. Then she asked, "Then is here anyone who's willing to be Evans' mentor?"

Most of the arcanists present shook their heads immediately. How dare they be the teacher of a Holm Crown prize winner when they themselves were not even close to the prize?

Since Holm Crown prize had been set up, a total of twenty five rings were given out. Among the twenty five rings, six belonged to the grand arcanists and legendary archmages from the highest council, and among the rest of the nineteen winners, eight died because of all kinds of reasons in the past two hundred seventy years; three never went any further with their researches; one was so dedicated to the studies that the person refused to join any group. Donald, Morris, Raventi, Gaston and another three arcanists were the rest of the seven people. Now, except for Donald and Morris, the former being a member of the highest council and the latter one of the presidents of the Will of Element and a chairman to Holm Royal Magic Academy, the rest of them were all members of Arcana Review Board.

Therefore, a winner of Holm Crown prize might still not be able to join Arcana Review Board, but anyone who specialized in the school of Element and joined Arcana Review Board must have the ring from Holm Crown prize.

Gaston gently rubbed the blue-diamond ring on his left hand and said, "Evans' still young, and he's got a long way to go. Although I do appreciate his talent and way of thinking, I still want to wait a bit more to see how everything goes with him before making this decision."

Gaston worried that Lucien's achievement might just be a flash in the pan.

"I agree." Raventi nodded, "You gotta be careful with arranging the task for Evans, Florencia. And I'll pay close attention to him as well."

"Then... Congratulations to the youngest Holm Crown prize winner in history! A young man who's not even twenty-one!" Morris stood up and started applauding first, "Now I gotta leave to work on making the ring. The warehouses of the Will of Elements and Holm Royal Magic Academy are gonna suffer a great loss because of it."

Actually, Lucien was not even nineteen.

...

Because of Lucien's paper, the annual conference turned out to be much longer than it was planned to be. Five days later, on Saturday evening, Raventi finally declared the closing of the conference.

"I believe that what happened and what was presented by a young man during this annual meeting is definitely unforgettable to everyone who participated in this conference in person. So, the Will of Elements and Holm Royal Magic Academy have made a decision: we've decided to award Mr. Lucien Evans with Holm Crown prize in order to honour his great contribution to the school of Element! Please come over to the stage, Evans!"

Although they knew that this would happen sooner or later, Larry and Timothy were still quite surprised with how fast the two groups made the decision.

Lucien stood up, and warm applause surrounded him.

When Lazar watched his good friend walking toward the stage confidently and calmly, he felt that the recent two months were like a dream. He could not believe that the young man standing on the stage right now was the same person who was strange to everything when he just arrived in Allyn a bit more than two months ago.

Raventi nodded, and then he said, "Now, we're honored to have Mr. Morris Hoffenberg, the president of the Will of Element and Holm Royal Magic Academy, to present Evans with the award."

The arcanists did not expect that the president would come, and now they were all looking at Morris.

Leading the senior-rank sorcerers from the Will of Element and Holm Royal Magic Academy, Morris then walked onto the stage himself and stood beside Lucien, smiling, "Congratulations, Evans. Before I present the award to you, I'd like to know how do you feel right now. Can you share it with us?"

The arcanists started applauding warmly again. Lucien first looked at the arcanists down the stage, then he lowered his head, smiling.

When he looked up again, Lucien started his speech seriously, "If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."

Chapter 215: Ring of Holm Crown Prize

Chapter 215: Ring of Holm Crown Prize

Hearing Lucien's words, most arcanists first felt a bit confused, then they smiled and started applauding again. What a humble but appropriate beginning!

Raventi, Ulysses and other arcanists who once studied the distribution of elements smiled, as they felt satisfied to know that their work was never a waste, and it was their work which laid the foundation for Lucien's great finding.

"Elegant, humble and direct," Timothy said to Larry when he was applauding. "I have the feeling that what Evans just said will be remembered by the world."

Larry touched his chin a bit and grinned, "Come on, this is Holm Crown prize, and Evans' the twenty-sixth winner in this more than two hundred seventy years. Whatever he said would be remembered. But... well, yes, what he just said definitely showed the charm of his personality, and maybe it would even inspire some poets."

"Unfortunately, Larry, we played some quite stupid roles in Evans' impressive story. And we'll be remembered as well in this story, although not for such a nice reason." Timothy patted on Larry's shoulder.

Larry smiled and shrugged a bit, knowing that Timothy was only joking. Both Timothy and he never really minded, as they were more confident than this and would never hate a person only because of their great accomplishments.

But when Timothy looked at Lucien standing on the stage and watched him being surrounded by the warm applause, his desire for Holm Crown prize was greater than ever.

Lucien's success definitely inspired many young, ambitious arcanists.

However, among those pairs of eyes filled with passion and admiration down the stage, there was one pair that was calm and cold, "Although he's being humble, is he also trying to salute Professor, his teacher, when he said the word giants?"

However, only Lucien really knew who he wanted to salute.

After a few seconds, Lucien continued, "If Mr. Douglas had not raised the ten questions leading us to explore the truth of this world, we would not be present here. If the arcanists before me had never revealed the truth that the elements are composed of atoms, we wouldn't be able to go this far in the study of elements. If the arcanists had never introduced us all the new methods of doing experiments, it would be impossible for me to study the distribution of elements. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, without you all, I would not be able to present you the periodic table of elements."

All the arcanists present were touched, and again, their warm applause cut in Lucien's speech.

"However, knowing the fact that we are standing on the shoulders of giants does not mean that we can just enjoy this glory and reputation, but we need to see further and dig deeper," Lucien said to the arcanists sincerely. "As what I said the other day, our most urgent need right now is not to find more new elements following the periodic table, but to take a step back and seriously think about why there is a periodic order in the distribution of elements. I have this feeling that the discovery in this field will lead to a great storm in arcana, through which we will be able to get closer to the truth and the essence of the world."

Watching Lucien giving the speech on the stage, Lazar could not stop thinking of those great masters in history. In the world of music, someone like Christopher could be called a master, while in the world of magic, only those very influential arcanists could be regarded as masters. Right now, Lucien was on the stage and he was being so elegant and confident, as if he was already very used to the occasion.

"Where shall we start then?" Lucien paused a bit, then continued, "I believe that everyone has noticed the most obvious problem in my periodic table: why the atomic weight of the several elements still do not fit the law of distribution? The discovery of the two new elements can support my assumption that the measurement of these elements are not correct, but why?"

Standing beside Lazar, Rebecca's eyes were shining when she was looking at this young man on the stage.

Seeing that most arcanists were nodding, Lucien smiled, "I have a guess, actually. I think that it is because the measured samples of the elements were not one hundred percent purified, but, at the same time, those impurities won't affect the characters of the elements, which is also why the impurities were hard to be found and separated. In order to do a better work on refinement, I think we should focus on the fact that there's a difference between the atomic weight of the element itself and the impurities."

All the arcanists including those very talented ones were shocked, as they would never expect any arcanists to just directly share with others his or her ideas or inspiration like Lucien just did. It seemed that Lucien did not feel concerned at all that this idea, which might lead to another great finding, might be stolen by any arcanists present.

In addition to this, what impressed them as well was Lucien's strong logical thinking ability. Although he did not have very in-depth arcana knowledge, his guess sounded very reasonable.

While many arcanists were still feeling frustrated with those wrongly measured elements in the past several days, Lucien was already again way ahead of them!

This time there was no applause because all the arcanists present were busy with taking notes and writing down their thoughts with their quills. Raventi and Morris frowned, and they felt like starting to build new magic circles to better purify those elements right away.

Lucien raised his voice, "I am just a beginner in arcana, and designing a magic or alchemical circle to serve this purpose is beyond my capability. Ladies and gentlemen, I hope that we can march forward in this field together in order to become giants for our later generations! To promote the school of Element to a new peak!"

Then Lucien put his right hand on his forehead and slightly bowed to the audience.

The arcanists suddenly awakened from their great surprise and shock, then, they started applauding crazily, and even the roof was slightly trembling. They were applauding for Lucien's sharp thinking, and also for his generosity!

It took Morris quite a while to calm down the arcanists. Then, he turned to Lucien, "If the way of refinement that you just suggested gets successful, it would be another great accomplishment

which could probably win another Holm Crown prize. And you just shared it with us straightforwardly like this?"

Lucien smiled, partly because Morris looked slightly like Natasha, "Even if I did not want to share this idea with anyone, I'm sure that, sooner or later, there would be other arcanists who could think of it. As I always respect and believe in the intelligence and wisdom of all arcanists, I think it's better just to share my idea with everyone, especially when I'm not capable of doing this kind of researches right now, so I can hopefully be a giant, ha. The continuous exploration of this world needs the effort of every single one of us."

What Lucien just said again led to a thunderous applause. And Lucien was not just being humble, this was literally how he felt. He had been hearing lots of arcanists discussing this topic several times in the past couple of days, thus he knew that, in the future, no matter who found the method for separating isotopes, it would never be a bad thing to Lucien.

Besides, figuring out a way of separating isotopes still required a period of time, and Lucien believed that he should be able to utilize their research outcomes by that time to further develop his studies.

Morris put his right hand on his chest and slightly bowed, "You deserve my respect, Evans."

Then he took out a crystal box in front of Lucien, inside of which there was a shining silver ring, etched with mysterious patterns. The design of the ring was simple but very graceful. On the front side of this ring, there was a big light purple gem, and the dream-like glory of the gem was amazing and eye-catching.

"To thank you for your great contribution to the development of the school of Element, here the Will of Elements and Holm Royal Magic Academy award you with the twenty-sixth Holm Crown ring, Element!"

There was an indrawn breath of great surprise among those arcanists present. Under the gaze of everyone, Lucien accepted the ring.

Beside the light purple ring, the word, Element, was engraved in common tongue. When Lucien gently stroke the inner side of the ring, he noticed that there was also a small line of words,

"817, Holm Crown prize, to Mr. Lucien Evans."

Soon, directed by Morris, the maker of the ring, Lucien left his spirit mark in it.

"Holm Crown prize, level seven perfect rank with one layer of seal. When the owner's spiritual power reaches the level of senior-rank sorcerer, the power of the ring can be completely released."

Three magic effects were permanently enchanted within this unique ring. First, improving the efficiency of doing meditation in the school of Element by thirty to sixty percent—eighty to a hundred percent when the seal was gone; valid before level nine; the lower the owner's level was, the better it would work. Second, increasing the power of elemental magic by twenty to forty percent—fifty to seventy percent when the seal was gone; valid before level nine; the lower the owner's level was, the better it would work. Third, increasing the recovery rate of the owner's spiritual power and vitality to the level of a fifth-circle sorcerer and a level two knight, respectively—rising to the level of an eighth-circle sorcerer and level four grand knight when the seal was gone.

Besides, this amazingly beautiful ring also contained terrifying magic power. The person who wore this ring could use Powerful Fire Shield, a fifth-circle magic, twice a day, Gaston's Poison Cloud twice a day, and Elemental Swirl, a seventh-circle magic, three times a day. However, this last spell was also sealed, and although there was one opportunity to use it before sixth-circle, the user would be seriously hurt and the person's spiritual power would be exhausted.

The maker's message left in this ring was:

"Mr. Lucien Evans' finding of the periodic table of elements is of great significance to the school of Element. We award Mr. Lucien Evans with this ring in order to show our respect to him, the person who shall be remembered by the history of the school of Element.

"The crazy Elemental Swirl dispels most elemental spells and destroys everything that is made of elements.

"From: Morris Hoffenberg."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 216: The Task

When Lucien put the ring on the middle finger of his right hand, he suddenly felt greatly refreshed, as if his body was cleansed by clear spring and the wounds in his soul were healed. The power of the ring was so great that, for a moment, Lucien thought that he got a significant upgrade in both his sorcerer circle and knight level.

Clearly, this level seven perfect rank ring was specially designed for him. Lucien, as quite a money-lover, could not hide the smile on his face. He knew that, with Element, upgrading to the third circle would probably only take him two to three years, and with the help of some potions, hopefully, he could become a middle-rank sorcerer before twenty.

Although Lucien was smart, regarding the gift in spiritual power, he was still not close to the geniuses. Therefore, if he had no other assistances but just only the book, Astrology and Magic Elements, it might take him at least twenty to thirty years to get to a middle-rank level, and that'd be already very lucky of him, if he refused to use some vicious magic rites to change his body and soul.

However, with the statistics and mathematical knowledge saved in his spirit library, Lucien would find it way easier when he needed to analyze some complex magic models involving curves and spheres, thus there'd be a lower requirement on the spiritual power needed to build the middle-rank models. In this case, ten years should be enough for Lucien to move a step forward. But now Lucien had Brook Meditation, the ring, many kinds of potions, lots of arcana points and his own research interests, so he was confident that one or two years later he should be able to fly in the sky as a middle-rank sorcerer.

Of course, every attempt to upgrade came with risks, and the risks were even greater when sorcerers needed to move forward to senior rank, archmage or even legendary archmage level. In the worst scenario, a sorcerer might die from it.

Lucien knew that a magic ring like Elements must be worth at least hundreds of thousands of Thales or arcana points, which could easily buy out a busy city together with its surrounding towns and villages. While the Will of Elements and Holm Royal Magic Academy were being very generous, in comparison, the Congress of Magic seemed to be a bit cheap.

Staring at the ring, lots of thoughts flashed through Lucien's mind. He knew that many other prizes following Holm Crown prize also awarded their winners with great level seven perfect rank magic items: necklaces or amulets from Immortal Throne award; medals from Silver Moon award and Ice & Snow award; crowns and other headdresses from Sorcerer Laurel; staffs from Arcana Staff award... Lucien wondered how would it be if he could win all of them...

After realizing he was grinning like an idiot, he cleared his throat a bit and tried to calm down.

Morris knew what Lucien was thinking just now when he was staring at the ring. No one knew better than him, the ring maker, how valuable this ring was. Fortunately, technically speaking, there should be only one winner of Holm Crown prize every ten years.

After the award ceremony, most arcanists left the main hall within five minutes, as they could not wait to do experiments following Lucien's suggestion.

When Lucien was about to go back to Allyn with Lazar, Gaston and a beautiful lady walked to him.

"Evans, would you like to join us, the Will of Elements?" asked Gaston directly.

That was exactly what Lucien wanted, so he also answered directly, "I'm more than willing to."

Gaston nodded with satisfaction, and then he took a glance at Morris.

Morris laughed, and then he reached out his right hand to Lucien, "Welcome, Evans. As a gift for you, later you can go to the headquarter of the Will of Elements, Holm Royal Magic Tower, to pick up any magic items, potions or ingredients within two thousand arcana points in total."

For low-rank sorcerers, gifts worth of only fifty to two hundred arcana points were often given. However, despite the fact that Lucien had not updated his arcana badge, in everyone's eyes, he was already a level four arcanist who was the winner of Holm Crown prize!

After shaking hands with Morris, Lucien asked, "Any tasks or responsibilities coming with the gifts?"

Morris adjusted his purple robe a bit and smiled, "Yes, there are some. We protect our members, and we also want our members to make their contributions. But if you feel that some tasks are too risky, at a certain cost, you can replace those with something else. For you, Evans, we'll protect you as much as we can, and you only need to focus on your research so far."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Morris." Lucien nodded. After a second thought, Lucien stopped himself from showing the president the Holm Crown ring from Natasha.

"Work hard, Evans." Morris patted Lucien's shoulder, "Well, you can go and get your gifts from Holm Royal Magic Tower now, and Florencia will tell you what task you'll be given next."

Morris looked down at the ring on Lucien's hand, and then he left the hall with Gaston, leaving Lucien alone to deal with the mature and charming lady, Florencia.

Florencia smiled, and her green eyes glanced at Lucien from head to toe, "Good-looking, elegant, polite, smart, decent, humble, famous. What a dream lover you are, Evans. Honestly speaking, Lucien, I'd love to have a date with you."

Lucien was embarrassed, or say, he was a bit scared.

Florencia was amused, "What a young man. No worries, I'm married. But you definitely need to learn more about women."

Lucien put on an embarrassed smile.

"You're a level four arcanist now, Lucien," Florencia got more serious, "and according to the regulation of the Congress, you gotta leave Douglas, unless you want to be the school master. And you know what? Having a Holm Crown prize winner working in a school is definitely a piece of surprising news."

Compared to the mainland, newspaper industry here was very well-developed.

"I don't mind working in a school at all," answered Lucien, feeling a bit emotional.

"Anyway, I have a task for you right now, Lucien," Florencia said seriously. "Don't blame me for pushing you. If I don't get you occupied first, you never know what tasks those nasties would give you in order to give you a hard time."

"What is it, Ms. Florencia?" Lucien got serious as well.

"Relax... It's a simple task." Florencia smiled charmingly, "Malfurion, a legendary druid and also the elder of the druids from Stroop Forest in the east, is visiting Allyn for a research program which is jointly set up by them and the Congress. The Elder has devoted his life to guarding the forests and lands, and what these druids have been trying to do is to help those poor farmers who have worked hard their whole life just to survive. They tried to use their magic power to increase the productivity of their lands, however, Malfurion's only got less than a thousand druid apprentices, so his power is far from being enough. They've tried their best, but they couldn't even save the farmers from one single country."

"Despite the fact that their power's not enough, they're doing kind things, for sure." Lucien nodded.

Florencia agreed, "That's right. Therefore, they want to find a way together with us to see whether we can turn their magic power into some kind of alchemical items that could consistently increase the productivity of lands and could be produced relatively easily."

"It doesn't sound like an easy job like you just said." Lucien frowned.

"No, it is not. What we need to do is to analyze those druids' magic, understand the power, then simplify and popularize them, and this requires profound arcana understanding. But as Mr. Fernando Brastar, Ms. Hathaway and Mr. Vicente Miranda are taking the lead, and Mr. Raventi and Mr. Gaston are also involved, even if the project fails in the end, you won't be blamed."

Druids' power was very different from that of the Church and the Congress of Magic, which seemed to strangely sit in between the two. The congress had been trying to study it for years, and now this was a great opportunity. So of course, great emphasis was put on the project, and that was why the three grand arcanists took the lead together.

Lucien knew that what he needed to do with this task was to learn something new, and probably he could take advantage of this great opportunity to create some new spells out of the druids' unique magic.

"I'll get the task from Task Zone as soon as possible after I finish handling the things from school."

"Great." Florencia nodded, "It took me quite a bit of effort to put you in there. If you hadn't won Holm Crown prize, those stubborn druids wouldn't have accepted you."

At this time, Raventi walked to them. He quickly pulled out a piece of paper and handed it to Lucien, "Evans, here's my book list for you. Read those books, and enhance your knowledge foundation of arcana."

Lucien took a glance at it, and saw that there were at least forty to fifty books on it.

Before Lucien managed to say anything, Raventi took out a thick pile of test paper, "Evans, I've heard about your way of teaching, and I appreciate it. These are the exercises that I have collected, and they're suitable to you. Take them, and finish them carefully."

Lucien's eyes suddenly opened wide. What a karma...

...

Soon afterwards, all the groups, arcanists, pastors and even important nobles in Holm heard the news that there was another winner of Holm Crown prize.

Lucien was the twenty-sixth winner of Holm Crown prize in the past two hundred seventy years, and, of course, he received lots of attention.

Chapter 217: In Holm Royal Magic Tower

Chapter 217: In Holm Royal Magic Tower

On the top floor of a magic tower in Allyn.

Rogério released a long sigh, "Holm Crown prize... What a young man... The youngest winner ever..."

As he was saying, Rogério's hand gently touched his neck, as if there was an imaginary amulet hanging there. He had been striving for Immortal Throne award for many years, but it turned out that his talent was more in magic than in arcana.

"On the shoulder of giants... shoulder of giants..." Adol, the undead, was right now sitting on the couch with a glass of wine in his hand, "Maybe this was even out of Professor's great expectation, and maybe he was still working on synthesizing life ingredients, hoping that he could win both Holm Crown prize and Immortal Throne award. Ha, will you guys recognize his findings?"

Looking from behind, no one could tell that Adol was actually not alive.

They had investigated Richardson, the only sorcerer who was still below senior-rank from the previous Holm Crown prize winners, and they were certain that he was not Professor.

"Depends on whether Professor, this giant, will still be alive at that time." Rogério sneered, "Besides, Felipe has made a considerable progress."

Then he called someone in and said, "keep a close eye on Lucien Evans X, the same level we have on Larry, Timothy and Ulysses. Always keep me informed."

Now, Lucien was drawing the attention of the Hand of Paleness because of himself, not because of Professor. Therefore, he was actually safer now, as the Hand of Paleness would not just kill a genius full of potential for no important reasons, and the highest council would not allow something like this to happen as well.

"And, tell that person... to continue to look for Professor." Rogerio added, "We've promised him the rite, Lich Convert, and we always keep our words."

Sitting on the couch, Adol sneered, "Stupid humans..."

...

In the dark cold winter night, the lights on both sides of the street looked darker than usual.

Breaking through the thin layer of snow on the ground, a coach slowly stopped in front of Holm Royal Magic Tower, the highest building in Noble District.

The coachman opened the door of the coach and said politely, with a dim yellow light in his hand, "Mr. Evans, Mr. Lazar, we've arrived."

Although he was just a common man, as someone who had been hired by Holm Royal Magic Academy for a long time, he respected sorcerers a lot.

Lucien took a deep breath and refreshed himself.

As soon as they entered the magic tower, an elegant, middle-aged man greeted them, "Good Evening. I am the steward of Holm Royal Magic Academy, and my name's Rodham. According to Mr. Morris, I will be helping you find what you need here, Mr. Evans. By the way, will you be staying for the night?"

The middle-aged man's blond hair was of pompadour style, and he looked rather well-mannered.

Because of the deeply rooted relationship between Holm Royal Magic Academy and the royal families such as the Hoffenberg family, in this place, there was a strong sense of hierarchy.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Rodham." Lucien nodded slightly, "Could you please show me the section where those magic items are? I need a magic robe. And yes, if there's any spare rooms, my friend and I will be staying here tonight."

"I am honored to be at your service," Rodham responded, with his left hand resting on his chest. "As the winner of Holm Crown prize, Mr. Evans, you've automatically become our honored member here. Later I will provide you with documents, and feel free to enjoy anything we have here."

As it was already eight at night, the whole magic tower was very quiet, thus the sound of the footsteps from Rodham, Lucien and Lazar sounded quite loud.

At this time, a group of people walked downstairs from the second floor. The elder man taking the lead, who was wearing a crimson double-breasted suit and black cloak, looked very familiar to Lucien, as his silvery-gray eyes were identical to Natasha's, and he even looked like the male version of her. However, this man looked skinny, pale and sick, and this was totally different from the princess in Aalto, who always had a healthy glow on her cheeks.

On both his cloak and his suit, there was a fuchsia-colored coat of arms. Surrounded by lines representing cloud and mist, the crown supported by a sceptre and a sword looked sacred. Lucien could tell at his first glance that this was from the Hoffenberg family, the royal family of Holm.

Half step away behind the elder man, there was a middle-aged man with brown hair. His elegant long suit burst at the seams because of his weight. With a black leather bag under his armpit, there was a flattering smile on his chubby face.

"Your Highness," Rodham saluted the elder man respectfully.

This elder man was the only prince in Holm, Duke of Edenbo, Patrick Hoffenberg, Meredith's elder brother and Natasha's uncle.

Lazar and Lucien bowed slightly, but not as respectfully as what Rodham did. There was no very strict manner of hierarchy between nobles and sorcerers, unless for the sorcerers who worked for the nobles.

Patrick slightly nodded. Just when he was about to continue to walk toward the gate, he saw the shining, light purple ring on Lucien's right hand. Then he asked in his harsh voice, as if he was sick, "Holm Crown ring? Are you Mr. Lucien Evans?"

The reason why the Hoffenberg family was the most influential one in Holm, a country overtly supporting the development of magic, was directly related to the fact that many of the Hoffenberg family members were influential sorcerers and arcanists, even grand arcanists. Therefore, Patrick certainly would not miss the chance to get to know the most recent Holm Crown prize winner.

"Yes, I am." Lucien smiled, "It's my pleasure to have my name remembered by Your Highness."

Patrick nodded with satisfaction, "It seems that the name, Lucien Evans, can be heard everywhere in recent years. One is a great musician, and one is a genius sorcerer, the youngest winner of Holm Crown prize." After a slight pause, he asked, "Are you going to join the research project with the druids?"

"That's right." Lucien did not know why Patrick asked him about this.

"Good." said Patrick, "They've decided to use the town called Sariva to be the pilot land for the project, and the small town belongs to our family. Although it's a pretty poor area there, worry not, I'll have the town officials entertain you well."

Suddenly, Patrick's words were interrupted by his severe coughing. His cough was so bad that it looked like he was out of breath. Patrick did not get any better until he hurriedly swallowed the light green magic potion from a small bottle.

Lucien did not feel a hundred percent comfortable with Patrick's sudden enthusiasm, but he still responded politely, "Thank you very much, Your Highness."

Patrick now looked better. He slightly raised his hand and said, "The royal family's glory also comes from the support of sorcerers."

After chatting casually for some short time, obviously, Patrick was not feeling that great, so he needed to leave. Before that, he said in a low voice, "Natasha sent me a letter, and in the letter, there was a latest work from the talented musician, Moonlight Sonata..."

Lucien was a bit surprised. He wondered if Patrick was already aware of who he was. However, he was sort of expecting this after winning the Holm Crown prize, as he was drawing so much attention, and Lucien never underestimated the Church's and the Congress' ability to gather information. Now, he only hoped that Natasha would keep her words and take care of his family.

Lucien felt that it was time to write a letter to Natasha, now that he had got rid of the close watch from the Hand of Paleness.

After Patrick left, surprisingly, the fat, middle-aged man came back for Lucien. He said to Lucien with his face wreathed with smiles, "You're Mr. Evans! What a pleasure for me seeing you here today. I'm sure that you'll definitely be a senior-rank sorcerer some day. By the way, I'm Arthur Doyle, president of Union Bank of Holm Mining, a baron."

Lucien could imagine that this man had some important nobles supporting him, or a common baron would never have the chance to become the president of Union Bank of Holm Mining.

After chatting a bit, Arthur sighed with emotion, "Young sorcerers are definitely more open-minded. Our bank has always been interested in developing new routes for the magic steam train, especially these several heading toward the harbour, but our proposal has never been approved by the Affair Committee. I sincerely hope that a young and talented sorcerer like you can join Affair Committee in the close future, so we can work together toward something."

As he was saying, he handed his business card to Lucien.

Lucien's attitude toward Arthur was not clear. He was neither enthusiastic nor cold. After Arthur left, Lazar sighed, "You're someone important now, Evans."

"I'm not important to them. It is the possible benefit that they could gain from me that is important to them." Lucien smiled but shook his head.

Then, led by Rodham, Lucien and Lazar walked upstairs.

...

A magic steam train was running at its full speed on the open plain. The druids in the train were looking out the window with their eyes and mouths wide open.

Among those druids, some of them were good-looking elves, some were humans, and some were dwarves or from other races.

"Beyond imagination! This alchemical product..." Many druids exclaimed. The alchemical product that they were talking about was the train.

However, a pretty elven-looking man among them looked rather pissed off and he said to his friend in a low voice, "Those bastards... Railways and trains like this are destroying the balances in mother nature. The land's crying, and the dead plants are cursing. Misfortune shall befall them!"

The young elf girl nodded, "That's right. I don't understand why the grand elder insists to work with those vicious people. He just wouldn't listen even when all the other elders are disagreeing with him."

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Chapter 218: Demiplanes Warehouse

At the end of the corridor on the thirteenth floor of Holm Royal Magic Tower, there was a heavy, gray iron door. When Rodham started the gear and opened it, Lucien could see nothing clear in the shadows behind.

"This place is co-owned by the Will of Elements and Holm Royal Magic Academy, half and half," Lazar said to Lucien. "I heard that Her Excellency Hathaway's magic tower is in this demiplane as well."

As a member of the Will of Elements, Lazar had been here before.

Even though Lucien tried to see through the mist with his sharp sight from the power of his Blessing, he still could not identify anything there.

"Please, Mr. Evans," said Rodham very respectfully pointing the way. Obviously, he was very well-trained.

Lucien nodded, and then he walked through the gate.

A starry sky was hiding behind the thick mist, and through the transparent crystal ceiling, the light of the stars lit up the very spacious warehouse, which spread out as far as Lucien's eyes could see.

However, there was nothing there, until Lucien, Lazar and Rodham took a step forward, as the warehouse seemed to come to life.

"Rodham, what do you come here for?" A cold and emotionless voice came to them from every corner of the warehouse, making the whole atmosphere of this place serious and suffocating, as if horrible punishment for them would immediately arrive if Rodham said something wrong.

Rodham took out a piece of mysterious-looking badge drawn with signs of elements from the ancient magic empire, "Mr. Ziderman, this badge's from Morris, and it contains his order to you. At the same time, I believe that you can easily recognize the ring on Mr. Evans's right hand, from Holm Crown prize."

"Oh?" responded the cold voice, and the badge in Rodham's hand disappeared all of a sudden. Lucien had no idea how Ziderman did this, but it seemed that doing anything in this warehouse was just a piece of cake for him.

Honestly speaking, Lucien, with his spiritual library and all the knowledge from Earth, sometimes had less respect toward sorcerers here, however, at this time, he suddenly found himself witnessing what was happening here in this warehouse in awe. Lucien knew that he was still new to magic, and he should never be arrogant and self-satisfied.

But, for sure, Lucien would still continue to work on turning knowledge from the Earth into arcana and magic, because, after all, this was what he was good at, and only idiots would give up their advantages. At the same time, Lucien wanted to study soul, mentality and spiritual power as well, in order to be a qualified sorcerer.

"The badge has been verified. Now, Mr. Evans, you can choose anything here including potions, materials, magic items, magic circles, precious books, etc. worth of less than two thousand arcana points." As Ziderman was explaining, the star light gradually revealed rows and rows of shelving units with numbers. And on those units, there were countless items, and among them, some were plain-looking, and some were dazzling and shining with dream-like gloss...

Lucien felt even more excited than when he was in Maskelyne's alchemical lab, as in the lab there were only magic materials and ingredients.

Under Lazar and Rodham's guide, Lucien tried his best to calm down and first came in front of the shelving unit where countless magic robes, cloaks and hats were.

"Davey's Robe (duplicate): Duplicate of Davey Rodel's legend level magic robe, level nine high rank; Reduces buffering time of spell casting by three seconds, provides the wearer with level of defence as level six radiant knight, and increases the wearer's spell resistance level to ninth circle. Prerequisite: The wearer's spiritual power shall be at least of the level of seventh circle, or one would turn into an idiot.

Davey Rodel: Although it is only a duplicate, it is still very valuable. The person who is able to offer enough (worth ten million arcana points or a duchy or a principality) shall deserve it."

Davey Rodel was a member of the Highest Council.

Lucien's eyes could not move away from this black magic robe of the ancient magic empire style. This was the best magic robe he had ever seen! Reducing buffering time of spell casting by three seconds meant that one could keep casting spells under sixth circle without any stop, so the wearer could slay his or her enemy like a powerful storm. This was definitely a robe that most sorcerers would dream to have!

However, the price was beyond Lucien's imagination. According to what Lucien knew, even the Violet family could only have a total income of eight hundred thousand Thales a year, and this robe was worth ten million arcana points.

At this time, Lucien saw another level seven magic robe which could reflect long-range and single-target attacks. However, he could not afford it either.

After quite a while, he finally found two that might suit him: one was called Nymph and the other Transformation. Other ones were either too expensive or they were not what Lucien wanted.

Lucien checked Nymph, which worth a thousand and five hundred points, enchanted with two magic effects, Gloss and Charm, and it could provide the wearer with level of defence as a level three knight.

"The wearer, no matter male or female, would be super charming, and this charm can go beyond gender. Lots of great discounts would be given to the wearer, and even free gifts! Caution, pursuers can be crazy!"

Lucien trembled a bit after reading this, and quickly put it down. Then he picked up the robe called Transformation:

"Level three middle rank magic robe, enchanted with Transformation, giving wearer's level of defence as a level two knight and magic resistance as a third circle sorcerer. The wearer can transform into a mouse, an owl and a troll once a day for each.

Assunção Philip: the body transforms, not the heart."

This robe was worth a thousand nine hundred and sixty arcana points, and it was more expensive than other robes of the same level. However, Lucien still chose it, as he knew nothing about transformation, and he felt he was not making any progresses in studying Transformation. Despite the fact that Lucien did know a bit about Anatomy, which was the prerequisite for studying Transformation, Lucien was still having a hard time in understanding how Transformation worked.

Lucien had the feeling that this robe could be very helpful for him at some point in the future.

After telling Ziderman and Rodham his choice, Lucien cast Identification and left his spiritual power imprint in the robe, then put the robe on. After concentrating his spiritual power on the robe, Lucien turned the robe into a decent, black suit and a pair of leather shoes.

Using the rest of the forty arcana points, Lucien bought ten bottles of a dark-purple potion named Florencia's Elixir. He planned to take one bottle for each of the following ten months to better handle the greatly improved speed of him doing meditation with the ring, Element.

So far, two thousand arcana points were gone. When Lucien was about to leave with Lazar and Rodham, Ziderman said to him, "Mr. Evans, as the winner of Holm Crown prize, and a member of honor of Holm Royal Magic Academy, you're provided with a free gift, a book."

Then, a book with fine cover appeared in Lucien's hand: Matching Magic Items, by Florencia Ranka Constantine.

Lucien leafed through the book quickly. The book was about how to prevent two magic items from affecting each other when they were too close. For example, if Lucien wanted to have a ring on each of his ten fingers, he needed to arrange them properly, or put buffering rings between the rings which did not agree with each other to mitigate the conflict. However, those were always expensive, and that was why most sorcerers only wore up to two rings on one hand.

After taking one more look at the warehouse, Lucien left the place with Lazar and Rodham.

...

Early the next morning, Hexagram Station.

Wearing the long double-breasted suits of the same style, Lucien and Lazar were waiting for the train on the platform, with their hands in their pockets.

Whistling, the dark blue train slowly stopped in front of them.

A decently dressed middle-aged man got off the train. After staring at Lucien for a second, he quickly walked away together with other people.

Lucien and Lazar got on the train and picked two seats beside the window.

...

After leaving the platform, the middle-aged man walked even faster. When he entered a quiet and remote valley, he took out a scroll and put his face against it.

Divine light came out from the scroll, and the man looked in great pain, but he did not make a sound. When the light disappeared, there was a transparent piece of "paper" in his hands, and Lucien's picture was on it!

The divine spell pulled out his memory and depicted what he saw!

Then, the man went to a remote church with the piece of paper. Sitting on the chair in the front, he started praying silently.

After that, he walked out of the church, but he left the piece of paper on his seat.

A pastor walked out and took it.

The paper was delivered at various levels and finally sent to Philibell, the cardinal of Holm parish.

"Lucien Evans X, the most recent winner of Holm Crown prize, looks quite young." He murmured.

Then, he turned to the other cardinals and the leader of the Inquisition, "Improve his level to 'To Be Wiped Out'. When there's a chance, send the night watchers to finish him, and I'll soon send the information to the Bright Hall."

Although Lucien was the winner of Holm Crown prize, he was not powerful and influential enough to be on the Cleansing List. Even Felipe, the winner of Immortal Throne award, did not get on the Cleansing List until he humiliated the Church right in the face.

"Your wish is our will," said Giendon humbly. "But I'm afraid finding a chance like this is not easy. First, a promising sorcerer like him would not leave Allyn easily, and second, most middle-rank night watchers would be killed by his ring, unless we can send really good ones. But if this was the case, the Will of Elements and the congress would take their bitter revenge for sure. If there's a chance, I want to apply for using the holy relic."

The power of Holm parish was way greater than that of Violet parish, or they would have been wiped out by the congress long ago. They had enough power to resist until they could open the portal to have support from the Holy City.

Philibell nodded and sighed, "The congress never lacks young talents, even in the most recent years. We're lucky that the popes have all been putting emphasis on improving the foundation of divine spells, so we're not falling that behind."

Hearing that, the several cardinals and the leader of the Inquisition all nodded with some emotion. They felt both concerned and lucky.

...

Allyn, on the thirty-fifth floor of the headquarter of the Congress of Magic.

Nineteen out of the twenty-four members of the Highest Council, all the seven grand arcanists, and eight out of the eleven legendary archmages were present.

"According to the information provided by Malfurion, several druid elders won't work with us. So, among those druids who are visiting Allyn, some are actually from Nature Rebellion, who want to disturb our project. As some of them are actually from the royal elf family, Malfurion could only pretend that he knows nothing about it, and he wants us to handle this," said an old man with white hair and clear blue eyes. The old man was tall and still in good shape, and was wearing black suit and a bow tie.

"President Douglas, you called us here just for this?"

The one who was speaking aggressively was a short, elegant-looking old man wearing a bright red robe. His hair was a mix of black and white, and his red pupils were bright and sharp.

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Chapter 219: Lucien's Research Group

"Am I gonna just leave those little druids alone to let them destroy our research?! Am I that stupid in your eyes, Douglas?!" Lord of Storm yelled at President Douglas furiously. Meanwhile, all the archmages present slightly leaned backwards in their chair, trying to stay away from Lord of Storm's howling.

Douglas, however, remained rather calm. Obviously, he was very used to it, and he comforted Lord of Storm, smiling, "Fernando, your major task when working with Hathaway and Vicente is to cooperate with Malfurion to reveal and understand the secrets of the power of nature. And I'm sure that everyone here is willing to assist you."

The names of many ancient sorcerers who established the Congress of Magic with Douglas had gradually faded away due to the development of arcana, and right now only five of them were still here. The rest of the six grand arcanists were more or less juniors in Douglas's eyes, and two of them could even be regarded as his students.

Brook, a middle-aged gentleman wearing a wig and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, Oliver Constantine, an elegant middle-aged man with black hair and eyes, and Hellen Price, a beautiful, elf-looking lady, all nodded slightly. No matter how they competed with each other most of the

time and whether they could get along well together, right now, they were all willing to offer their help, as they knew how important this project was.

If they could reveal the secret of nature magic, they would be one step closer to cracking the secret of divine power. Once all the sorcerers could cast divine spells, most pastors, cardinals and knights would not be able to believe in their faith anymore. They would either be devoured by holy light, or lose all their power.

Nothing was more important than this to the Congress of Magic!

"Besides, Fernando, you think those druids from Nature Rebellion are the only ones who wants to interrupt our project? You think they would not report this to the Church secretly? Soon, you'll be facing the great pressure from both Nature Rebellion and the Church, but I want you all to stay focused on the project, and this is why I want to eliminate this hidden danger for you right now in advance."

It was obvious now that the true intention of the president asking them to come here was to discuss how to prevent the Church from ruining their project. The topic about the druids from Nature Rebellion was just today's appetizer.

"I see... President Douglas, I am to blame. Although Philibell has been quite restrained, there are always things that are out of his control." After understanding Douglas' plan, Fernando admitted his fault straightforward.

Across the round table sat a middle-aged, pale man wearing black cloak. He looked so skinny that it seemed that there was only a layer of skin covering his skeleton. In the man's eyes, two clusters of dark-red flame were flickering.

He said in a low voice, "You never put much thought into things other than arcana and magic, Old Psychopath. I think we should secretly marginalize those incooperative druids by assigning them to famous arcanists who are actually not gonna be really involved in the project."

Being called his monicker, Old Psychopath, Fernando did not really mind, "That's why you never dare discuss mathematic and arcana problems with me, Vicente..."

"How famous do you think the arcanists should be, Mr. Vicente?" asked another legendary archmage, Klaus, who tried not to let the situation embarrass Vicente.

After taking a glance at Hathaway, who was sitting there silently like a statue, Vicente answered, "The recent winner of Immortal Throne award and the youngest winner of Holm Crown prize should be enough. Felipe's busy with his recent experiments, so he would not be really involved. As for Lucien Evans from the Will of Elements, he's not yet capable of analyzing divine spells. Mrs. Florencia introduced him to the project only hoping that he could learn something from it. However, their reputation should be persuasive enough for those druids."

"Sounds good. How do you feel, my teacher?" Brook, the very influential arcanist who put forward his own understanding of the form of spiritual power against Douglas, was, surprisingly, Douglas' student.

However, they seemed to be quite cold to each other. Some rumours about them seemed to be true.

Before Douglas nodded, Hathaway suddenly said to all of them, as her silvery-gray eyes looked around at all the sorcerers present, "Each of the two leads one group, in order to separate the druids who are not cooperative."

Douglas agreed, "That's even better. If everyone here agrees on this plan, we shall now move on to the next topic—how to prevent the Church from destroying our project."

...

Douglas, in Lucien's villa.

"Wow... It's only been several days, and our green hand teacher, Lucien Evans, has become the winner of Holm Crown prize... the youngest one!" Rock walked and jumped around Lucien excitedly, "How do you feel right now?! You're definitely the fastest one in history to become level four in arcana!"

Lucien was amused by Rock, feeling that he could become a good journalist, "I'm still the same, and the only change is that people now see me differently. If I take your project to the board now, maybe it can be approved."

Rock sighed emotionally, "Reputation and status... Wow... Lucien, if you want to develop any research proposals, I can share some of my ideas with you! Or I can be your helper!"

Jerome and Vilnia just ignored Rock's words but continued to stare at Lucien and his ring in an unbelievable way.

After quite a while, Vilnia said, "Now I feel that I have something to show off, as I've worked with the winner of Holm Crown prize for so long, but, at the same time, your story and the changes you've made are just miraculous."

She paused for a second, and then grinned, "It is the trend in Holm that a gentleman shall propose to a lady with a ring. You and your Holm Crown ring is definitely a combination that no ladies could say no to you."

At this time, Rock cut in, "By the way, some time ago, Beate and those guys complained to the school saying that you were always off from school, and you were not carrying your responsibility as a teacher, so they wanted you to be fired. But you know what? As soon as they arrived at the headmaster's office, that issue of Element arrived as well, hahaha...! When Beate heard that you had won Holm Crown prize, he dropped his favorite Colette porcelain cup on the ground. Lucien, I wish someday your research could just overthrow their belief..."

Rock was obviously very excited. When Lucien came back today, several teachers who did not like him all walked away when they were still far from Lucien.

"Lucien, who's this letter for? This's a thick one..." Jerome saw the envelop in Lucien's hand.

Lucien waved his left hand, "To a friend of mine."

Earlier he spent more than an hour writing this letter to Natasha. In this letter, he shared what he had seen and learned with her, and still some of his thoughts about music. Lucien also used secret codes and told Natasha that he had won his own Holm Crown ring, and part of the letter was also for Joel's family, especially his friend, John.

"To your sweetheart? I bet she must be very gentle and beautiful, or you wouldn't just ignore all the beauties here." Vilnia joked, "You're a level four arcanist and a first circle sorcerer now, and you can bring her here to live with you in Allyn."

Lucien admitted that Natasha was very beautiful, but talking about being gentle... Lucien just put on an awkward smile.

At this time, Annick, Sprint and the other apprentices arrived. They looked at Lucien very respectfully, "Mr. Evans, are you leaving soon?"

They were more than proud to be Mr. Evans' students!

Lucien smiled and nodded, "Yes, but I'm still in Allyn. If you guys and girls still want to study after me, you're welcome to my new place on Saturday."

Lucien had lots of homework from Mr. Raventi and now he felt quite eager to share this lovely feeling with his students.

"Really?" Annick was very surprised, and the other apprentices all grinned.

Under Mr. Evans' help, Chely was now catching up with her peers in the junior class, and even those smart apprentices such as Annick and Grant. Thus, many teachers started using Lucien's way of teaching and assigning students with lots of homework, which was driving many apprentices nuts.

Lucien nodded in a relaxed way and then he showed his perfect smile, "My test papers are all ready."

As if a lightning just struck them, all the apprentices' smiles froze.

...

On monday morning, Lucien's coach arrived at Sariva. According to the instruction, Lucien was going to meet his research group members here in Dragon Root Inn.

Wearing black top hat and a double-breasted suit, Lucien looked rather cultivated and elegant. On his chest, there was a four-star arcana badge and a two-circle magic badge.

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Chapter 220: Different Ideas

Before entering the inn, Lucien took off his magic badge and only kept his four-star arcana badge on his chest. Then he put on a pair of wire-rimmed glasses that he bought in Allyn for disguise. He felt concerned that Patrick Hoffenberg might have already recognized him, so he wanted to be more careful now. Better late than never.

The fine metal chain of the glasses was now hanging beside Lucien's somewhat angular face.

Adjusting his bow tie slightly, Lucien went into Dragon Root Inn confidently, in a steady pace.

...

Sunlight came into the inn through the windows. Everything looked quiet and radiant.

Two blond, beautiful elven druids, one male and one female, were right now sitting on the couch in the corner, waiting for the sorcerer from the Congress of Magic, and they were surrounded by several pretty elven guards and maids.

There were no other guests there, just the owner of the inn and servants.

"Brother, Lucien Evans, Elemental Order, is the youngest winner of Holm Crown prize, and also a level four arcanist. Then his magic power must be close to senior-rank. What shall we do?" asked the extremely beautiful female elf out of concern.

She did not expect that they would be separated from their teachers, and their whole plan of damaging the project was thus disturbed. Now they were allocated in a small group with a young and talented sorcerer, Lucien Evans, the winner of Holm Crown prize. Anything wrong that they wanted to do to the pilot land would be so clear and obvious under this arcanist's eyes.

In order to make sure that Lucien's fame was in its best use, Affairs Committee purposefully omitted Lucien's magic circle level when they provided the druids with Lucien's information. And they also gave Lucien a quite cool title, which came from several rounds of discussion: Elemental Order.

While Felipe did not need to hide his magic circle level, he also had a new title: Hand of Rehabilitation.

"Iristine, we'll be fine. First, we can be incooperative by offering him divine spell imprints with missing parts. Second, now that we're gonna be involved in the experiments, when we need to take down important data, we can just make 'mistakes' all the time. I mean, what do we know about arcana?" responded Arcelion, with a disgusted facial expression that showed his repulsion toward

human beings, "Our main job is to waste time here, since other elders in the royal palace are still working on stopping the grand elder. Soon, we'll be going back into our clean and beautiful forests."

Iristine nodded and smiled, "Hope we can do something here for our nature. By the way, some of the inventions from human beings are actually not that bad. This couch feels pretty nice..."

Arcelion quickly got very serious, "Iristine, keep in mind that those couches are made from logs, from people cutting down trees which were still alive. I can almost hear those trees crying! Do not indulge yourself in degeneration! Nothing's better than sitting on real trees which are filled with vitality!"

Hearing her elder brother's scold, Iristine felt a bit upset. However, she still nodded seriously, "I won't forget all the gifts from mother nature."

Being resolute, she secretly clenched her fists. She would definitely stop human beings from destroying mother nature.

At this time, they noticed that a young man of medium height came in, wearing white shirt, dark waistcoat, a double-breasted suit and a black top hat. The wire-rimmed glasses made him look quite profound and elegant.

As a human being, this young man didn't look bad, and he actually appeared to be quite well-mannered. This was Iristine's and Arcelion's first impression about Lucien. Since they left the forest and came to human society, they were used to judging people's appearance first.

Soon, they noticed the light-purple ring on Lucien's right hand. They recognized that it was Holm Crown ring, as told by the congress.

Knowing that this young man was Lucien Evans, Arcelion and Iristine stood up together. As members from the elf royal family, they needed to keep their good manners. Besides, deep in their mind, Lucien's deterrent title and his reputation was also affecting them.

"Good morning. Princess Iristine and Prince Arcelion?" Lucien took off his top hat in a well-mannered way. He secretly felt grateful that the committee assigned him to this group, as the prince was of level four and the princess level three, and Lucien could easily handle them with his ring, Element.

As for their noble status, Lucien did not care at all. After all, he was not an elf.

Of course, the princess' and prince's guards were more powerful. According to the information provided by the committee, Anguster was a level seven magic archer, and Tirill was a level six elven knight.

In front of this arcanist, Princess Iristine and Prince Arcelion also greeted him using royal manner, "Yes, we're members of the royal palace of Trumanner. May I ask if you are Mr. Lucien Evans, Elemental Order?"

Hearing his own title, Lucien himself was quite surprised. Half a second later, he nodded and calmly sat down with the prince and princess, "We still need to wait for another two members to start our experiments and research. The land in southeast part of the town belongs to us. Part of it is fertile, and part is poor. Thus, we can conduct contrast experiments."

Arcelion and Iristine were not interested in Lucien's terminology at all. Instead, they started talking about arts with Lucien.

Lucien was of course not afraid of this topic. In general, they had a pretty good conversation, because Lucien purposefully guided their topic to music. Lucien actually learned quite a bit and was inspired from the prince and princess talking about elven music. At the same time, Lucien's carefully structured understanding of music and profound feelings and emotions also touched Arcelion and Iristine.

"Among all you human beings, artists such as musicians, sculptor, playwrights... they're of the greatest value to the world. Arts is the best return to the generosity of mother nature." Arcelion was in a pretty good mood, as if he was talking to an artist, instead of the winner of Holm Crown prize and an authority in the school of Element.

Lucien slightly looked down at the arcana badge on his chest. He sighed with emotion in his mind, since the two noble elves really had some prejudice. For human beings, unlike elves who were born with magic tattoos, they needed to survive first, and thus human society needed so many different occupations to function properly.

When Lucien started getting a bit bored, two sorcerers came in. One was an elderly sorcerer wearing a black robe with a five-star arcana badge and a four-circle magic badge, and the other was of middle age, blond hair, whose arcana level was four, magic circle level three. They were the other two members of Lucien's experiment group, Mr. Tyrel and Mr. Urine.

After introducing themselves, Tyrel said loudly, "I was rushing earlier, and I haven't had breakfast yet. Can I have something to eat first? Honestly I cannot work with an empty stomach."

Arcelion was more than happy with anything that could waste their time, "Of course. Iristine and I also did not eat earlier. Why don't we have something to eat together? What do you think, Mr. Evans?"

Lucien nodded. Knowing that they were trying to waste time, he also wanted to keep the prince and princess occupied to prevent them from disturbing other groups' research.

...

In the dining room of the inn, Lucien was cutting his sausage, while Tyrel and Urine were working on their medium-rare steaks, which were quite bloody.

Iristine could not stand this anymore. She put down her knife and fork and said in an offended way, "Why you human beings need to harm lives to meet your own desire? Cattle, goats, chicken... They shall be our friends! Mother nature has been enough tolerant with you human beings!"

Arcelion also looked pretty annoyed.

Although Tyrel and Urine felt that the two elves were being quite rude, they still put down their knife and fork.

Lucien slowly swallowed down a piece of sausage and took a glance at the fruits in Iristine's and Arcelion's plates. Then he said slowly, "Why you elves need to harm lives to meet your own desire? Did the plants do anything wrong? Why you pick off their fruits, their offsprings? According to the school of Necromancy and the Church, plants are lives as well. Don't you think so?"

"You...! Mr. Evans, I thought you were different. I thought you were an artist whose heart was filled with love. However, I'm wrong. You are still a vicious sorcerer! Enjoy your bloody breakfast! Don't talk to us about the project until all of you are done with your bloody breakfast!" Iristine angrily left the table with Arcelion.

"Good for you, Mr. Evans." Tyrel grinned, "Although you look rather gentle, you are good at satire. And I cannot believe how hypocritical they are."

"We do need to protect nature, but we also need to survive," said Lucien seriously, and then he smiled. "Anything that prevents me from eating meat is heresy."

To be honest, Lucien did fantasize before that he might have a beautiful relationship with an elf lady here in this world, but now it looked way less likely to happen.

"I like what you said. Anything that prevents me from eating meat is heresy!" Tyrel put a big chunk of meat in his mouth and chewed it hard.

Lucien wiped the corner of his mouth gently. He knew clear that both Tyrel and Urine could not really be called arcanists, and their badges were all fake. Tyrel was, in fact, a level three arcanist, sixth-circle sorcerer, while Urine was a level two arcanist, fifth circle sorcerer. They were sorcerers who specialized more in fighting. And their true task here was to deal with the prince and princess' guards.

Lucien took a sip of water and thought to himself, "Two elven druids who do not want to work with us, plus two sorcerers who like fighting, plus me, a level four arcanist who's actually unworthy of the title... What a group..."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 221: Wasting Each Other's Time

Translator: _Leo_ Editor: Vermillion

Dragon Root Inn, inside a large room that was temporarily outfitted as a magic lab.

"Mr. Evans, these are the two level three divine spells you asked for, the 'Growing Brambles' and the 'Harvest Spring'," Iristine spoke in a cold tone. She handed two pieces of a dried yellow paper over to Lucien. The paper looked old but elegant.

The elf paper was made of the elven tree bark that naturally dropped to the ground. It was a specialty of the elves and the elven paper was one of the best materials for high-level magic scrolls.

The two druids were part of the Nature Rebellion Sect and they were members of the Elf's Royal Palace. "Bumpkin" Lucien was quite surprised to see them using expensive materials as if it was nothing.

Lucien grabbed the two pieces of paper with the divine spells recorded on them and noticed that the three-dimensional imprints were complicated. It seemed like some of the imprints were broken and there was something missing. The supernatural model was unbalanced and the whole thing was a bit strange. He crunched his eyebrows and said, "Prince Arcelion and Princess Iristine, I think the imprints of the two divine spells are incomplete. You'd better be honest if you are here to cooperate."

"Cooperate? We're here to ruin your plan!" Iristine cursed in her mind.

"Mr. Evans, we're druids, not mages, and our superior power is a gift from the mother nature. You'll be able to detect the mind of nature and construct the divine spell model from your memory if you love the nature and you're willing to protect her. We have never and will never learn to analyze and draw the imprints of the divine spells. This is the best we can do," she responded with a cold but gentle smile on face.

Arcelion was satisfied with his young sister's explanation.

"If you want to view the complete version of the divine imprints, we can try to craft a divine power item and show you the divine spell directly. However, the mind of nature forms a barrier that will destroy the content inside as soon as you try to analyze the item. Mr. Evans, do you have the ability to keep the divine imprints safe while passing through nature's barrier?" he added in an arrogant tone.

Arcelion was telling the truth. The Congress of Magic had confiscated many items that were infused with divine power, but they were still having trouble studying the mystery of the divine magic. One of the reasons was that most of the senior-level sorcerers could not stabilize the structures inside the divine imprints while bypassing the divine barrier.

Only the grand arcanist had such abilities, however, they realized that they would have to rely on the mysterious power after eliminating the divine barrier and studying the structures of the divine imprints. The mysterious power had not yet been studied and analyzed, that was why the druids' spells were so important during the procedure.

Lucien had a level nine divine item, Sun's Corona, however, the only way to activate its divine spell was by using the mentality mark left by Maskelyne and he had never found a way to analyze the divine item's divine imprints. He noticed that the two druids were not willing to cooperate and spoke in a tone that was usually used by the crazed alchemists, "Alright, I will try to analyze part of the imprints with Mr. Tyrel and Mr. Urine."

"There'll be no point for us to stay here if Mr. Evans already has the plan in mind. We'll go check the land research team and the other research teams' situations. We need the information for our future experiment." Although Arcelion was an arrogant man from the royal palace, he had some talent on finding himself ridiculous excuses.

Lucien pushed his wire-rimmed glasses slightly. "That's impossible. You need to cast the divine spells while we're doing the analysis, as we need to observe and learn the spells with our own eyes. Otherwise, we won't be able to complete the procedure. You're here to help us, right?"

Arcelion and Iristine could not reveal their true intention before the druid elders from the Elf's Royal Palace and the Nature Rebellion Sect gave them the next order. They were here to ruin Lucien's plan, however, they did not want to give the Congress of Magic the excuse to arrest them. Also, the Elf's Royal Palace would not want to be put in the wrong just for such a boring reason.

The two druids looked a bit disappointed, but they still responded, "Yes, we're here to help you, but there'll be nothing we can do when you're analyzing the spells. Do you want us to just sit here and watch?"

"Well, you can take a nap, pray to the mind of nature, have a short conversation, or read the books I brought here. Anyway, you need to stay here so we can find you when we need assistance." Lucien tried to imitate the expression of an arcanist that focused only on his experiments. "If you really need something to do while waiting, I have some basic math problems. What do you say?"

The math problems were designed to help Annick and Sprint train their minds.

Arcelion and Iristine looked at the thick pile of paper in Lucien's hand for a moment. The complicated numbers and formulas on the paper were like a curse to them, as the druids learned from the mind of nature and thus the numbers would give them headaches.

"Mr. Elemental Order is a true gentleman when we're not discussing the arcane power and the meat dishes. He's humorous, handsome, knowledgeable, and polite. Also, he's artistic and calm, the man is more attractive than most of the male elves. However, the gentleman will become a greedy devil if there is either arcane power or a meat dish involved, a devil that is hated by everyone!" Iristine sighed with mixed emotions, her first impression of Lucien was good, however, the man's different standards of treating different things were making things worse.

...

Tyrel looked at the complicated divine imprints as Iristine and Arcelion sat down in the corner of the lab with the elf guards, and he quickly communicated with Lucien using the Messaging Spell, "Those models give me headaches. I'm counting on you!"

The short-ranged messaging spell was categorized as the second circle, however, it became an apprentice-level spell after being improved by many arcanists. It could deliver the message to the target within ten meters using a special energy.

Urine's voice echoed in Lucien's ears at the same time with the help of the Messaging Spell, he was also not happy with the physics and the mathematics involved in the analysis of the divine spell.

The two combat maniacs started looking at the divine imprints after sending messages to Lucien, and although it looked like they were writing with the quills, they were just drawing the beautiful winter scenes.

"Well, it seems like I'll be the only one working." Lucien lost all the hope for the arcane research team. He took out a pile of white paper and started to solve the basic physics and mathematical problems given to him by Raventi.

Lucien had never put too much time into the high-level mathematics so it was a great opportunity for him to learn from Raventi. The Congress of Magic was studying the complex variables functions and it was the subject people studied during the middle part of the 19th century on Earth, but still such functions already exceeded the abilities of most people.

Besides the sealed books in his spirit library, Lucien only knew a little more than the Congress about the mathematics, such as linear algebra, the axiomatic system, and the mathematical conjectures with no answers.

The application of mathematics in this world showed the spirit of exploratory practice and magic application. That was the reason why they did not spend too much time on studying the mathematical conjectures and number theory. Lucien planned to write all the famous mathematical conjectures and publish them after he was promoted in the Congress of Magic, so the arcanists in this world could take their time and enjoy the mathematical problems.

Iristine and Arcelion looked at Lucien's handsome face and felt satisfied while watching the young man moving the quill with a serious expression on his face. "No matter how smart you are, it's impossible for you to finish the analysis procedure in a short duration without the complete version of the divine imprints. "

The two druids were happy that their plan worked. They hated to waste their precious time here but they liked watching Lucien suffer.

Time passed, and Lucien suddenly opened his mouth, "Prince Arcelion, please cast the Growing Brambles."

Arcelion's expression turned serious and he quickly cast the level three divine spell, creating green brambles that looked like barbed wires, which covered the laboratory's floor. The glinting brambles could probably break the defense of a knight easily.

"Good, that's what I need." Lucien nodded with a blank expression on his face. He turned around and started solving the problems again.

Several minutes later, Lucien's emotionless voice echoed in the room again.

"Princess Iristine, please cast the Harvest Spring."

"Sure."

The divine wave was released in the room again.

...

"Prince Arcelion, please cast the Harvest Spring."

...

"Princess Iristine, please cast the Growing Brambles again."

...

The divine waves were released again and again after Lucien requested.

"Mr. Evans, how's your analysis? It's lunchtime. Did you learn anything about the divine spells?" Arcelion stood up and asked, sounding tired. Although they used their fatigue as excuses, they could still cast the divine spells dozens of times before lunchtime.

Lucien grabbed the white paper and responded in a serious tone, "Sorry, the divine imprints are incomplete, and my analysis is not progressing well."

Arcelion and Iristine were cheering in mind but they still forced a smile on face. "It's fine, Mr. Evans. The first step is the hardest, take your time."

"Sure, let's have lunch, then." Lucien was trying his best to keep the blank expression on his face. He had already solved a whole paper of problems and it was the perfect time for some tasty dishes.

Tyrel and Urine were almost dozing off but they jumped out of the room like rabbits after hearing about lunch.

"Wait, Mr. Evans, please return the two pieces of elven paper to us. We believe that you already memorized the divine imprints." Iristine would never let this sorcerer have their precious materials.

Lucien looked a bit disappointed after hearing her request.

...

Three days later, Iristine and Arcelion were forced to stay in the laboratory upon Lucien's request, however, they heard that the other research teams already started doing experiments on the land. They were getting suspicious and decided to talk to Lucien.

The man's analysis still hadn't progressed anything. It seemed like he was just messing with the prince and the princess.

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Chapter 222: Lucien's Wish

Iristine was wearing a beautiful dress with leaf patterns, however, she looked very cold when she talked to Lucien, "Mr. Evans, are you making any progresses with analyzing Growing Brambles and Harvest Spring? The other groups now are all ahead of us, and they have all started planting real crops. What are we doing now? Come on, you're the winner of Holm Crown prize, Elemental Order!"

Tyrel and Urine got alert. They were not sure whether the prince and princess would use this as an excuse to leave this research group.

Lucien slightly pushed his wire-rimmed glasses upwards and answered seriously, "Princess Iristine, the reason why we're making slow progress is that the imprints of the divine spells provided by you are incomplete. Maybe the druids in other groups are more gifted in arcana, and thus they could draw the imprints better. Do you think that's the case?"

Lucien was using sarcasm with a serious look.

"...Still, as a winner of Holm Crown prize, you should be better than this!" After being quite speechless for a few seconds, Arcelion insisted.

The last thing Lucien wanted to do now was to completely piss them off, so he put back his piles of paper with the mathematic exercises and answered, "Of course I've made some progresses, and parts of the principles are now clear to me. For Growing Brambles, the spell stimulates the inner structure of a plant and the divine power turns itself into the several elements that are needed by the plant to grow fast. As for Harvest Spring, although it follows the same principles of Growing Brambles, Harvest Spring makes plants extract too much nutrition from the soil too fast. In other words, Growing Brambles requires more power from your Heart of Nature, while Harvest Spring requires less but it damages the soil. However, again, because the imprints are not complete, I cannot know what these extracted elements are."

"... You've learned this much?" Hearing Lucien's words, Iristine and Arcelion were very surprised. They could not believe that it took this arcanist only three days to make such progress with incomplete imprints.

"I'm the winner of Holm Crown prize." Lucien smiled.

Of course what Lucien just said was not his own research outcome. As his task was just to waste the prince and the princess' time, Lucien was provided with all the information figured out by other groups. On the second day after the druids arrived, the three grand arcanists and the senior-rank arcanists had already figured out the principles of most of the elementary divine spells, and now they were working on analyzing the so-called mind of nature to see what it was, what it consisted of, why druids could use it and why it brought them divine spells.

This was a tough job. Thus, Malfurion's request was completely assigned to other senior-rank and middle-rank sorcerers.

According to the provided information, Lucien was certain that ordinary plants in this world still needed nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium to grow, but the situation with magic plants was for sure more complicated.

"Why you did not tell us earlier, Mr. Evans?" Arcelion did not know how to respond to Lucien's words, so he hurriedly changed the direction of their conversation.

"I just figured this out last night." Lucien put on a confused look, "I did not have the time to inform you two. Soon we'll be working in the fields to do some more experiments, trying to see what elements those grains need to absorb in order to grow better."

Lucien took the advantage of the fact that the imprints provided were not complete. Of course, Lucien would not tell them that he actually knew which elements were needed, as conducting real planting experiments was the best way to waste their time.

Now Iristine and Arcelion were less doubtful toward Lucien's work, so they followed Lucien to the land to the east of the town.

Lucien marked a small piece of land and asked, "Mr. Tyrel and Urine, please measure the amount of elements contained in the soil here."

Since both Tyrel and Urine were sorcerers who were better at fighting, they did not have built-in magic structures in their souls for spells for measurement. So they needed to chant the spell and used refined elements as components to assist their casting. Thus, it took them almost two hours to record all the element contained in the soil.

"Because so far we've only identified sixty-seven kinds of elements, there might be missing ones that are actually required by grains like oats or wheat." Lucien clarified the precondition of the experiment to the prince and the princess, and then he asked the farmers to seed oats following their years of practice.

After the farmers's job was done, in the cold wind, Lucien said to the two elf druids, "Please cast Harvest Spring to let the oats grow ripe."

A streak of green light came out from Iristine and the light covered the land. Soon, seedlings grew out from the just seeded oats. As the prince and the princess took turns to cast Harvest Spring for two rounds, within ten minutes, the oats on this piece of land had a really good harvest!

For apprentice druids, they needed to cast their apprentice-level spell for at least a month to achieve something like this.

"Mr. Tyrel and Mr. Urine, please measure the amount of elements contained in the soil now," said Lucien. As the leader of the experiment group, Lucien didn't need to do the work himself.

Watching Tyrel and Urine being busy with measuring the soil, Iristine said in a slightly confused way, "I understand that human beings need to hunt animals to feed themselves, but what I don't understand is, now that you people know how to grow grains and vegetables, why human beings are still killing animals for their meat? And in many cases human beings are killing animals not to feed, but just for fun, which is such a horrible thing to do."

Seeing that Lucien did not respond, she said to him seriously, "Mr. Evans, you've got enough money to buy bread, vegetables and fruits, so why do you still want to eat meat? So many animals could have survived if more people refused to eat meat."

Lucien answered casually, "Firstly, human beings and elves are physically different. We need meat. Secondly, if there are any animals dying out, please tell me, and I'll try my best to protect the species. Thirdly, most animals we're eating right now are from farms, not the wild. We raise them in order to eat them."

Iristine was not really following Lucien, but she knew that there was just no chance for her to change this arcanist's mind.

"You human beings just won't give up your desires," she said.

Lucien did not fight back, but stared at the good oats in front of him. As so many people in this world were still starving, Lucien believed that surviving and growing was their current priority.

Lucien had a pretty good impression of Malfurion, the druid's grand elder. In Lucien's mind, Malfurion's effort toward increasing the production of crops was definitely admirable, which was just like how the Church overthrew the ancient magic empire which slaved people back in the days.

Even though Lucien was very careful with his every step and always wanted to protect himself first, he still wanted to make a contribution to Malfurion's great work to save more people in this world.

Moreover, when more underclass people could benefit from the power of magic, the ruling of the Church would be shaken for sure, which in turn was good for sorcerers themselves as well.

Since Lucien arrived in this world, he experienced all kinds of inconvenience in his life here compared to his original modernized lifestyle. If he was capable, of course Lucien would like to advance the development of human society here.

"Mr. Evans, there is less nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium in the soil," Tyrel and Urine reported.

Lucien came back to reality from his ambitious wishes and then nodded. "Then, we gather materials which contain those elements for further alchemical product design and the simplification of the magic structures. What we also need to do is to divide this field into sections, so we can look at how those elements make a difference to the crops."

The other groups were doing the same thing now. Lucien wondered who could first figure out the secret of fertilizers.

Making basic fertilizers was simple. Treating phosphorite with sulfuric acid could do the job, and the congress was already capable of producing sulfuric acid in a steady volume with magic circles. However, it was not easy to understand why sulfuric acid plus phosphorite could work here. Without theoretical support, Lucien did not think that they could achieve a significant progress any time soon.

There were still other ways to improve yield in crops, such as irrigation system and cross-breeding. However, the former was already on the Congress' agenda, while the knowledge involved to produce cross-breedings was still very challenging to Lucien. Furthermore, he was also not sure whether cross-breeding technique worked the same here in this world where magic plants and creatures also existed. Much more work needed to be done in this field.

...

The Bright Hall in Lance, the Holy City.

A knight in a whole set of silvery-white armour was kneeling on one knee, "Your Holiness, the Congress of Magic is right now attempting to intrude on the realms of God, reaching their filthy hands to the holy truth of the world. So hereby I venture to make the request: we shall start the Second War of Dawn! We shall declare a full-scale war against the Congress of Magic!"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 223: Unexpected Change

Translator: _Leo_ Editor: Vermillion

When the knight that was kneeling on one knee and holding a helmet in his arms declared war against the Congress of Magic as he thought the realm of the God was defiled, the rest of the Episcopal Conference members were drawing crosses in front of their chests. They shouted, "We shall purify these evil sorcerers with the holy light and force them to repent while crawling under God's feet. The realm of the God shall not be explored by the mortals!"

The pope had a serious expression and was holding a platinum scepter in hand and the Holy Crown was on his head. The leader of the Ascetics named Varantine was wearing a short linen robe, he noticed the pope's situation and stepped forward.

"Your Holiness, Knight Stone is the representative of all the devout believers. They're angry because God is defiled. Please don't worry, the heretics of the north will not attack us using this chance unless they already lost their face and no longer believe in the truth. However, their base will be destroyed and I think they'll also attack the Congress of Magic after the situation gets worse," Varantine suggested.

Varantine had short blonde hair and he was not wearing anything on his feet. There was a pair of energetic blue eyes over his thin cheeks.

Behind Varantine, there were more than ten episcopal bishops, three important members of the Inquisition, and the legendary knights including Stone. They were still trying to convince the pope, "Your Holiness, please give us the order and start the second War of Dawn. We need to gather our army for the Congress of Magic but the nobles are still needed at the Dark Mountain Range."

The pope, Benedict II, raised the holy scepter to the air. His voice was so deep that it sounded like he was speaking from the sky, "I'm glad that you're devout believers of God and I'm sure that God is pleased with the words you just said. However, I have one question for you, are you losing your faith in God? Do you really think the Congress of Magic can find out God's secrets? The mortals can never touch God's realm! Have you already forgotten what God told us?"

It almost looked like the pope's red cloak was dancing in the gentle wind, as he was surrounded by the intense holy aura that came with the holy light. The aura was so strong that it could not be contested by anything.

The members of the Episcopal Conference were not sure how they should answer the pope's question and they were trying to find out where their anger came from. They were angry because God was defiled and they were devout believers, however, they could not decline that fear was spreading in their minds. They were worried that the Congress of Magic could explore God's realm like exploring the world. They wanted to stop the Congress and strangle the sorcerer's plans in the cradle.

"It'll be a lie if I say that I'm not guilty. My ignorance blinded me from the truth. God is kind and fair, I shall confess myself and hope that God will forgive me." The members of the Episcopal Conference started repenting after a moment of silence.

Benedict II waited for them to finish repenting and opened his mouth, "The Congress of Magic will not be able to explore God's realm, however, we can't forgive them for what they have done. Varantine and Vaharall, take some ascetics and night watchers to aid Philibell in Holm. We shall eliminate the sorcerers and make them pay for what they have done!

"Also, you need to assist the druids and elves in Steloop Forest and make the sorcerers think that we're about to attack, so they can use the excuse to call back the druids that are working with the Congress of Magic."

"As you wish, Your Holiness." The leader of the ascetics, Varantine, and one of the three Inquisition's important members, Vaharall the Adjudicator, bowed to the pope at the same time.

The other members of the Episcopal Conference thought that the pope's order was reasonable, however, they had a strange feeling in mind. The incident was supposed to touch off the war and the balance of the land would be broken but the pope convinced them that they should focus on punishing the sorcerers who defiled God.

"It was a wise decision. We're strong but we're pressured by multiple organizations and the situation might get worse if we start the war without proper preparation. We should calm down and wait for the day to come." The members of Episcopal Conference had changed their thoughts, they drew the crosses in front of their chests and left the Bright Hall.

Benedict II lowered his scepter and returned to his reading room, where a cardinal was waiting for him. The cardinal stepped forward and questioned, "Your Holiness, the intel sent back by Bishop Philibell mentioned the information of the Holm Crown reward, the Congress of Magic and the druids' progression of the research on divine magic."

"Keep the intel safe, as we might need it later. We should focus on dealing with the incident for now." Benedict II waved his hand. It seemed like he was not concerned about the things that did not matter. That intel was not something that needed to be sent to all the Inquisitions, as was the Cleansing List.

The pope closed the door after the cardinal left, and then looked at the portraits of the previous popes with a blank expression on his face.

The name of the popes and the how long they had stayed in this world before returning to the arms of God were written under the portraits.

...

"Charles I, Saint Calendar year 350 - 572."

"Alfonsol, Saint Calendar year 387 - 633"

"Charles II, Saint Calendar year 408 - 686."

"Benedict I, Saint Calendar year 474 - 745."

"Gregory II, Saint Calendar year 548 - 796."

A hint of smile appeared on Benedict II's face and he muttered in a deep tone, "How can the mortals find the way to the secret of God?"

...

Saturday morning, the sun was still rising.

In a mansion beside the town Sariva, Felipe was doing some magic experiments with a serious expression on his face. Although he only visited the lab twice this week and did not stay there for the night, the man's incredible analysis skill still stopped the druids from trying to trick him. The

druids could not find any excuse to interrupt the experiment so they had to change the data Felipe obtained. However, Felipe was not concerned about the progression of the experiment at all, as he was focusing on creating an important living substance from nonliving ones.

Felipe saw the colorless crystal forming in the low-temperature environment as the light appeared on the last alchemical circle.

He tried his best to calm down and started heating the translucent crystal. The crystal melted and was turned into liquid quickly. Also, the magic circle detected a gas with an irritating smell.

Felipe took one step back and cast the identifying spell, getting the result within seconds. The liquid was a fatty acid that he needed, and it was a substance that could only be found inside the bodies of living beings.

"There is no point in supporting the Human Vitality Theory anymore." Felipe forced a smile on his pale face. "I wonder how many old fellows in the organization will admit that they're wrong. They need to redefine the meaning of the living substance, otherwise, they'll have to accept this new finding. I guess I should be the one to publish the result so it'll be easier for the other necromancers to accept the change."

Felipe proved that the theory he had been supporting for more than 30 years was wrong and he had mixed emotions about this. He was happy, confused, sad, and excited at the same time. Professor successfully synthesized the urea and it was an eye-opening experience for him. The artificially synthesized urea changed his opinion on the theory and that was the reason why he decided to do an experiment himself.

A man wearing a long back robe knocked on the door of the laboratory softly.

"Who is it?" Felipe was startled by the noise and he questioned with confusion in his eyes.

A deep and hoarse voice came from the other side of the door, "It's me, Traquair."

"Mr. Traquair? Why are you here? It's still early in the morning," Felipe responded and he started unsealing the magic circle that locked the door.

Traquair was a sixth-ring necromancer from the Hand of Paleness, but his arcana level was just three, as he spent a long time trying to advance to the seventh ring. He was sent here to help Felipe deal with the druids.

Felipe suddenly realized something as he opened the door. He could feel that something terrifying was coming for him.

"Crap!"

Black tentacles that were formed by the power of death appeared in the laboratory, the sorcerers' souls would be tainted if they were touched by the tentacles, and they would no longer be able to cast the strongest spells they knew.

Also, mummies that were covered with black linen strips stood up in the sea of tentacles and they started charging toward Felipe.

...

In the Dragon Root Inn, Lucien was reading the report of the program. The questions the arcanists encountered when trying to simplify the procedure were listed on the paper. They described the unsolved problems that were stopping them from progressing without hiding anything. They would be able to obtain the arcane points after publishing their research results as long as the report was still here.

"The elements can be found in the feces and fertilizers used by the farmers but the result was not good enough. We'll have to keep a lot of animals if we want to get enough feces to mass produce the elements. However, the animals will consume a lot of food...

"The previous experiments proved that the plants need water and sunlight to grow, with the help of the divine spell analysis, we found out that they also need to absorb the elements from the soil. However, the mineral powder that was splashed on the soil was not effective."

...

After they finished analyzing the structure of the divine spells, the sorcerers started doing experiments with the help of the druids. However, the mineral powder of the elements that could be mass produced was useless, and they decided to do experiments on the alchemy products that contained those elements.

"With the foundation of the divine spells and the help from the druids, I think the arcanists will find the alchemy products they need sooner or later." Lucien put down the report and put on a coat. He wanted to go back to Allyn and teach the apprentices after the breakfast.

Lucien saw Iristine and Arcelion walking toward him with smiles on their faces as he opened the door.

"Mr. Evans, we're sorry that we can't help you with the experiment anymore. The elders from the royal palace ordered us to return to the forest immediately and we need to help defend the incoming attack from the Church." Arcelion bowed to Lucien elegantly as he already knew the background of the attack.

Lucien knew that it was not an emergency as the two druids did not look like they were in a hurry, so he smiled and responded, "It's fine. I already found the path after checking the data of the experiment."

"What?" Iristine and Arcelion were surprised. It was them who changed the data.

Lucien still had the smile on his face. "With the help of the substances that were soluble in water and the divine spell that helps the plant grow, the oats are doing very well. Also, I compared the result with the other research teams and eliminated some unreasonable data."

With the analysis result, Lucien easily found out that the data was changed by someone.

"Well..." The two druids looked a bit disappointed.

Lucien took out the thesis he finished a long time ago, called 'The Conclusion of Comparing the Data Obtained from the Oats that Were Fertilized by the Sulfuric Acid Infused with Phosphate Ore', and said, "I need to submit the report to the senior-level arcanists outside the mansion. Prince Arcelion and Princess Iristine, do you want to go with me?"

"Go ahead, we need to leave." Iristine looked tired. She wanted to destroy the thesis but she feared Lucien's power. Also, Tyrel and Urine already appeared on the other side of the hallway.

...

The carriage was slowly advancing on the bumpy road outside the town. It was winter, so the light from the rising sun had not yet brightened up the area.

Suddenly, Lucien noticed the heat coming from Sun's Corona on his chest and the Host Star of Destiny started warning him about an incoming attack.

Lucien had no time to think, he jumped out of the carriage and activated the fifth-circle spell Powerful Fire Shield contained within ring.

A dark shadow that was surrounded by some rotten gas appeared from the sky and hit Lucien's carriage hard. The iron strips and wooden planks on the carriage started decaying quickly.

"Huh? I didn't expect you to dodge the strike," a deep and hoarse voice echoed in the cloudy sky.

Chapter 224: Hit the Mark by a Fluke

Chapter 224: Hit the Mark by a Fluke

Having no time to think too much about it, Lucien instantly made a mirrored clone of himself and extended the cover of the fire shield to the clone as well. Careful as Lucien was, he even changed the side on which he wore the piece of monocle on the clone's face.

It was the second-circle spell, Mirror, and it was one of the three second-circle spells that Lucien actually had their structures built inside his soul. The other two were Mechanized Mind and Maskelyne's Acid Arrow.

As soon as his mirrored clone showed up, a green light ray hit the clone right in its chest and destroyed it instantly into pieces! Then the light ray did not just disappear but it reflected so fast that there was no way for Lucien to dodge, as the spell was cast by a sixth-circle sorcerer!

The green light directly hit the flame shield covering Lucien. The flames suddenly rose up and quickly broke down into red particles in the air.

The green light was a sixth-circle spell, Dissociation!

Lucien was lucky enough that his mirrored clone and flame shield gained him some time, so he managed to activate Fire Weaver's Bracelet barely in time, or he would have been dissociated into those floating particles already!

Nevertheless, Lucien's robe, Transformation, still got damaged. Strange blank patches appeared on his robe, as if they were taken away by an invisible eraser.

Lucien was in cold sweat. He could not imagine what would have happened to him without the protection of the three spells and the robe.

Furthermore, Lucien was lucky that his enemy's Dissociation spell was not as powerful as he thought. After all, the Flame Shield enchanted in the bracelet was only a second-circle spell, and

thus Lucien thought that his robe would be completely ruined when the green light came to him directly.

Lucien had learned a lot from his past fights. Right now he remained quite calm and activated the power of his partly-damaged magic robe.

At this time, the necromancer summoned mummies that were wrapped in black and rotten-smelling bandages. After the mummies climbed up from the ground, they all rushed at Lucien, who was still surrounded by red flame particles.

Like real knights, these mummies moved very fast. Among those mummies which were immune to spells under fifth-circle and physical attack from grand knights and below, there were also ghastrs, which could exert some necromantic spells.

However, after the mummies and ghastrs tore apart the flame shield, there was nothing in there.

Lucien was gone!

Standing in the air, the necromancer wearing a hood was a bit surprised, but soon, with his spiritual power, he murmured to himself, "Umm... A hole in the ground... Mouse transformation..."

When the necromancer raised his hand, the ground started shaking violently, like an earthquake arrived.

Sixth-circle spell, Earth Shake!

The half-destroyed carriage swayed up and down together with the ground, and the coachman's rotten body was broken into pieces. The human who had been thrown over the coach from a great height was still lying there, seemingly completely dead.

While in the sophisticatedly constructed system of mouse holes under the ground, Lucien, who was right now a red-eyed mouse, felt the great power as the ground shook violently. Knowing that if he stayed there any longer he might be buried alive, Lucien had no chance but to go back to the surface.

As soon as Lucien dismissed the spell and returned to his human-being form, he was ready to activate his ring, Element, to try his very best to survive.

Lucien never expected that he could escape from the attack of a senior-rank sorcerer, so what he had been doing was to waste the necromancer's time, hoping that the senior-rank sorcerers and archmages of the Will of Elements nearby could notice what was going on here and came to rescue him.

However, as time went by, Lucien realized that at that moment they were probably too busy studying the Mind of Nature to pay attention to him.

At the same time, when Lucien came back to the ground, he finally recognized the man who was thrown on the coach and was right now lying beside the remaining pieces of the transport—it was Felipe from the Hand of Paleness! He was killed by another necromancer!

Lucien was shocked.

In the air, Traquair's eyes were shining with red light that pierced through the darkness under his hood. He was ready to cast Death Stare, a sixth-circle spell, on Lucien!

Just at the same time, a dim light shot out from Felipe's chest, and it immediately froze all the black mummies and ghastrs within in fifty-meter radius. Then, the mummies and ghastrs just exploded silently all at once!

The dark gas produced by the explosion then turned into a long sword covered with weird-looking eyes. Very swiftly, the sword directly hacked at Traquair.

Dark Sword, a seventh-circle spell enchanted in Felipe's Immortal Throne amulet! This spell could not only control the movement of the dead, but also collect the power of death, which could degrade the power of the one struck by the spell by one circle. Without some kind of special rites, the affected would never be able to recover from it!

Surprisingly, Felipe did not die. He was just pretending, and then he gave the enemy a totally unexpected strike at the most critical moment.

After the bitter fight with Felipe in the air, Traquair had already consumed all his protection spells. Felipe also used some spell which looked quite similar to Dark Sword before, so Traquair was not alert enough to avoid the attack.

The dark sword absorbed Traquair's power, and instantly, Traquair was turned into a fifth-circle, middle-ranked sorcerer. Thus, of course, he could not use Death Stare anymore.

Seizing the chance, Lucien immediately activated his ring, Element, and bright light burst out from it. Surrounding Traquair, a colourful swirl composed of black, blue, green, and golden particles showed up in the sky, and the swirl devoured Traquair in no time, tearing him apart.

Elemental Swirl, seventh-circle spell!

Lucien felt great pain from the finger which the ring was on, and the pain was so unbearable that his heart almost stopped, and all of his spiritual power dried out. Feeling extremely weak and tortured, he almost could not stand up.

This was the cost he needed to pay for casting that seventh-circle spell when the seal had not been removed yet.

Although Traquair was still struggling with casting all the defensive spells that he knew, his physical body was being torn into pieces, and so were the magic items he was wearing, as they were also composed of elements.

Both Elemental Swirl and Cracking (Advanced) could destroy magic items, but only the latter, a ninth-circle spell, could ruin legendary level items and the effect of the spell was not affected by one's defence level, as one could only rely on his or her own spiritual power and several unique senior-rank spells to fight against it.

However, the biggest difference between Elemental Swirl and Cracking (Advanced) was that the former could actually hurt one's physical body and soul, but the latter only worked with magic items and magic buffs.

Even so, before Traquair drew his last breath, he shouted at Felipe furiously, "You! The traitor of your belief! You can never overthrow Life Force Theory! GO TO HELL!!!"

The great pain drove Traquair crazy, and layers of black gas kept coming out from his body. As soon as his body and soul were completely destroyed by the swirl, a violent explosion burst forth from its center, targeting Felipe!

The Last Strike, a fifth-circle spell. When the caster was killed, his or her body would explode to attack the last defined target!

Immediately, flame and powerful blast waves devoured Felipe. Lucien, on the other side, was also thrown to the ground because of the great power.

When the air blast disappeared, Lucien tried hard to get up. He was about to mourn for Felipe, after all, they were fighting together just now, but then he saw a figure staggering and slowly standing up on the other side, through the heavy dust in the air.

"You're still alive?!" This was totally beyond Lucien's imagination. However, right now, he was also too weak to fight against Felipe.

Felipe, who was bleeding all over his body, and whose long coat was covered with holes and blood, said to Lucien, gasping, "Even if you died... I'd still be alive, Mr. Professor."

After witnessing how Lucien fought, and watching Lucien standing right in front of him, Felipe was quite sure that Lucien was the very Mr. Professor that he was looking for.

The fact that he was fooled by a first-circle sorcerer really pissed Felipe off. However, when he was about to cast spells to attack Lucien, he realized that his body was too weak to do anything right now from the backfire of using the amulet.

"I think you're dying, Mr. Felipe." Lucien neither admitted nor denied Felipe's words. Right now he had already got the support from the Will of Elements, he did not really care whether the Hand of Paleness could recognize him. Lucien continued, "Are you working on synthesizing ingredients for life? Is it why this guy tried to kill you? Hey... You just brought such a disaster to me."

Felipe sneered, "He's from the Hand of Paleness. He could not accept the fact that Life Force Theory has been overthrown, so he tried to kill me, and he wanted to kill you as well, because he wanted to make other people think that we killed each other. However, both of us know who he really should have been after! And by the way, I'm telling you... I've successfully synthesized an aliphatic acid. So I suggest you to hurriedly submit your paper about synthesizing carbamide to still get a couple of credits."

"Oh? Is that true? Then congratulations, Mr. Felipe, my dear student." Lucien smiled, "You've proved that I'm really a professor."

As both of them were too weak to fight, they were fighting using words.

"Although you're smart, you're still not even close to me, and you were just being lucky." Felipe curled up the corners of his mouth, "If Traquair hadn't got hurt by my senior-rank magic roll, his Dissociation would have killed you already!"

Although Felipe was saying so, he actually paid lots of attention to this guy who successfully fooled him before, when he was only a first-circle sorcerer!

Lucien shrugged, "Mr. Felipe, you're only a level-four arcanist as well, right? When I am in your age in the future, my level will be way higher than yours. The periodic table alone can bring me a lot of arcana credits each year, so I'm totally uninterested in publishing a paper in synthesizing life ingredients, you know..."

"Oh yeah... When you reach senior-rank, your progressing will slow down." Felipe retorted, "And I don't think the Will of Elements really values you that much. As far as I know, you're not a student of any senior-rank sorcerers or archmages?"

Lucien took a glance at the place where Traquair just exploded, "Nevertheless, the Will of Elements is still way better than a group where its members just kill each other. By the way, I thought your experiment producing life ingredients was confidential, wasn't it?"

Felipe's pale face looked serious. He murmured, "Other than Thanatos and Demigod-lich, there are only three people including Mr. Rogerio who know about my experiment. There's no way that they would leak the information... What's going on here?"

"Emmm... I'm not sure. Not really my business." Lucien wanted to laugh at Felipe, but the pain stopped him.

Felipe felt that his body, or say, the body he was using now, was close to falling apart. He thought for a few seconds and then said to Lucien, "I won't tell this to Thanatos... Mr. Professor, what about cooperating with each other for once?"

"For what?" Lucien asked.

"I'm gonna take my sweet revenge for what those old guys have done to me in the Hand of Paleness," answered Felipe fast. Of course, proud as Felipe was, he could not stand this.

"What can I get from it?" Lucien grinned a bit in pain.

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Chapter 225: Preparation

Felipe raised his left hand, which only had four fingers, with a gloomy smile on his face.

"You publish your paper on synthesizing carbamide first, and as the paper won't have enough decisive evidence, it would for sure raise heated discussion about the validity of Life Force Theory. When those old stubborn bastards believe in the theory even more as they need to persuade people during the debate, I'm gonna publish a decisive paper to completely overthrow Life Force Theory. Although we haven't been able to successfully synthesize real life ingredients like cells and thus the papers won't be shocking enough to blow up their heads, I'm sure the fact that Life Force Theory is gonna be completely overturned can prevent them from making any further progresses for a long time, or even forever. Talking about what you can get... Don't tell me that you don't want more credits, more attention from the Will of Elements, and don't tell me you don't want to take revenge as Traquair also tried to kill you."

Lucien sneered, "Come on, Felipe, do you think I'm an idiot? Why would I want to submit a paper that is gonna draw so much hatred to me, specially because I don't even really need to worry about earning more credits right now? With the periodic table, before level five, I think I'm fine with collecting credits."

Felipe's gloomy smile was still on his face. Slowly he took back his hand and said to Lucien, "Sorry, Professor, I don't think you really have a choice here. If you refuse to work with me, I'm gonna mention your name in my paper specially at the very beginning to thank you for your great contribution, as it was you who inspired me to overturn Life Force Theory. You'll still take the credit, Professor."

Lucien did not answer. Instead, Lucien was staring at Felipe, considering if he could kill him right now, as he could feel that he was recovering faster than Felipe because of the ring, Element.

"Professor, can't you tell that my body's gonna collapse at any time right now? Even if you kill me on the spot, my soul and body will reunite somewhere else." Felipe felt that he was having an advantage over Professor right now, thus he said this to Lucien in a pretty good mood.

However, careful as Felipe, he would never carelessly reveal his top secret to his enemy. Without this secret magic buff, he would have been dead already in his fight against Traquair.

Lucien put on a cold smile, "How do you know that I don't have a plan B?"

Although Lucien indeed did not have any other backup plans, he would not show his weaknesses in front of his enemy. He really wished that two more layers of the seal of Sun's Corona had been unlocked, so he could launch another round of attack toward Felipe!

Felipe's heart sank for a second. As Professor was always mysterious and cunning, Felipe was not sure whether what he just said was true. However, he still pretended to be calm, "Don't take me wrong, Professor. I'm just trying to figure out a way that benefits both of us. I think the paper about synthesizing carbamide can be submitted as your research outcome as you work with the druids. When the paper raises heated debate, you don't have to mention anything about Life Force Theory or express any of your personal opinion, and I'm sure people will understand, because, after all, you're not a necromancer. Following your paper, I'm gonna publish my paper with decisive evidence for overthrowing Life Force Theory. At that time, all the attention and hatred will go directly to me, and you'll be out of the whole chaos."

Lucien curled the corner of his mouth in a noncommittal manner.

"In the congress, I'm the only one who actually met Professor before. If you can do me the favor, I promise that I'll keep your secret. I'm sure that you don't want the Church and the congress to know that you're also the great musician from Aalto, as you're still hoping to meet the princess again." Felipe continued to persuade Lucien, "Besides all the benefits I mentioned before, I promise you a rite which can improve one's life-span and soul strength, though only once."

All that Felipe wanted to do now was to take revenge on those old bastards from the Hand of Paleness who planned this assassination against him. As Traquair was already dead, Felipe was sure that most of the recent senior-level members of the Hand of Paleness would not speak for him at the risk of pissing off those old, senior-rank sorcerers.

Lucien carefully thought about it for a few seconds, then he moved his neck with difficulty, "I hope we work well with each other then, Mr. Felipe."

"Great." Felipe smiled, although still gloomy, "Let's find some time to sign a devil pact together."

After saying this, Felipe gave up his control over this body, and the body started collapsing and falling into pieces.

Before Felipe disappeared, his voice lingered in the air, "Mr. Professor, our cooperation this time doesn't mean that we've become friends. You're still one of the people who I dislike the most. When I get a chance, I'll beat you, but before that, I hope you can grow stronger. Killing a second-circle sorcerer cannot make me feel proud."

"The same. Maybe my arcana level will be higher than yours soon." Lucien responded, smiling.

Felipe's body was now covered with white light and then the body disappeared, leaving on the ground the Immortal Throne amulet, which was made of bones, and another ring.

"Life Hiding? The ninth-circle magic?" Lucien murmured, recalling what he had read before on Book of Necromancy, "No... It's different... Life Hiding concentrates most of one's life force in a certain part of the body and hide that part somewhere else. What Felipe just did doesn't look the same... It might be some special rite from the Hand of Paleness, but who's gonna conduct this rite for him? Who's Felipe's teacher...?"

Waiting for his spiritual power and energy to recover, Lucien looked at the amulet on the ground and started planning something.

At this time, the archmages and senior-rank sorcerers who finally noticed what was going on there all arrived, including Raventi and Gaston from the Will of Elements, and Pesor and Tina-Timos from the Hand of Paleness.

Seeing all the remains of the dead creatures on the ground and Lucien, who was standing there with great difficulty, Raventi became furious.

"What the heck did you bastards want to do?!" As Raventi was growling at those sorcerers from the Hand of Paleness. The air suddenly became really hot, as if they were surrounded by burning lava.

This was the signal that Raventi was going to cast his ninth-circle spell, Raventi's Flame Hell.

Wearing a long, black robe which covered all his body and had white skulls on the collar, Pesor's face was not revealed. There were only two small clusters of red flame that were flickering under his hood, "Raventi, our member was also attacked. Before we find any evidence, the Hand of Paleness is also the victim."

Pesor was a level-eight arcanist, ninth-circle necromancer, member of Arcana Review Board. He was not known for having a good temper, however, in front of Raventi, Pesor appeared to be quite mild in contrast.

Then Pesor pointed at the amulet and the ring on the ground, and he used magic to pick them up,

"Hand of Rehabilitation... It's Felipe..."

After checking around and talking with Lucien a bit, Gaston also stopped Raventi, "It was the winner of Holm Crown prize and the winner of Immortal Throne award who were attacked, Lucien Evans and Felipe Carneiro respectively. The attacker was Traquair from the Hand of Paleness."

Then Gaston looked at the other side, "Do you two have any clues?"

Tina-Timos, the female sorcerer who had a hellish succubus look said unpleasantly, "We'll figure this out!"

...

In a secret chamber of a magic tower in Heidler, a fine box decorated with lots of beautiful jewels was placed in the center of a complicated magic circle.

All of a sudden, the box started shining with dazzling white light. A piece of a finger appeared. As it was floating in the air, the finger started twitching and growing. It grew bigger and bigger and eventually the finger turned into a naked man!

It was Felipe.

"Again... I needed Mr. Demigod-lich to conduct this Life Hiding rite for me by utilizing cellular memory..." Felipe looked at his new body and walked toward the bedroom to put on some clothes, "I'm bankrupt again..."

After Felipe took care of everything, Rogerio arrived. He looked very serious, "What happened?"

Felipe answered coldly, "Someone else knows that I'm working on synthesizing life ingredients. We have a traitor among us, Mr. Rogerio."

"As Mr. Demigod-lich and Mr. Thanatos have got the news, and they knew how serious it was, there shouldn't be another assassination attempt. Right now we still have to focus on the experiment. How's it going?"

"It's in the final stage now." Felipe put his hands into his pockets as usual, "I'm relatively confident that it's going to succeed in one week."

He did not mention anything about Professor.

...

While in another magic tower in Heidler, when Traquair's soul started reuniting inside a purple gem, a hand suddenly grabbed the gem and smashed it into ashes with the black power of death.

There were shrill cries coming from the inside of the gem, but they soon disappeared.

"Mr. Adol, thank you for your information. Unfortunately, we failed."

"Sorry to hear it."

After a short conversation, the chamber quieted down. A space gap appeared, and Adol returned to the World of Souls.

...

In a manor in Sariva.

After half day of rest, Lucien was almost fully recovered because of his own good physique and the help of the ring, Element. He destroyed the partly-done paper that he wrote before and developed a new paper:

The Method for Large-scale Production of the Several Useful Alchemical Products Found in Oat Planting Experiment and the Discussion of Their Proper Use.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 226: The Reaction

Translator: _Leo_ Editor: Vermillion

The highest council took this cooperative research project seriously, and also the project was related to the elements and souls, so most of the arcanists from Allyn that were familiar with these two fields were asked to join the research, including the middle-rank arcanists from the Arcane Review Board like Raventi, Gaston, Locklynn, and Pesor. They were the ones who were qualified and had the ability to verify the submitted articles.

A temporary article verification location was set up in a mansion in Sariva and all the arcanists who joined the project would be able to submit their research results without wasting any time.

Lucien saw Woods from Common Arcana journal coming from the other side of the hallway as he stepped out of the room that was full of magic circles.

"Greetings, Mr. Woods. I didn't expect to see you here. I thought you were an expert in force field and astrology."

"Greetings, Evans. I'm a subeditor of the Common Arcana and I need to find if any result of the arcanists can be published in our magazine. The knowledgeable arcanists of the element and soul department all joined the research project, but our journal is not big as Arcana or Magic, so I need to find the good articles myself."

Woods smiled and nodded slightly, he had already become the subeditor of Common Arcana due to the matter of the periodic table about two weeks ago. The arcane points he received for finding a new element were high, and it also proved that the periodic table worked. Woods had stayed at level four for too long as an arcanist but it seemed he would finally have the chance to advance to the next level in about one year.

There was a golden mustache on Woods' face. He looked at Lucien and said. "I heard that you were ambushed by someone after I got here and I went to your room, however, the maid told me that you were here... Well, it seems like you're doing fine and it's great."

Lucien's face was still slightly pale and his body was almost recovered, however, his transformation robe needed to be repaired.

"Thank you, Mr. Woods. I was just caught in the fire, the assassins were going after Mr. Felipe, and they didn't do any actual damage to me. I activated the elemental ring that was at a much higher level than myself, and that was why I got hurt," Lucien walked as he explained.

After Raventi and Gaston took Lucien back to the mansion, Larry, Timothy, and Ulysses all visited him, but most of the others were not aware of the situation. Iristine, Arcelion, and other elves had no idea about what happened, so Lazar and some of his other friends had not come to visit him yet.

Woods' brow furrowed. "You can recover from such damage easily but there'll be consequences for your soul and your body. Your life expectancy will be shortened. It may not be a big problem for you as you're very likely to become a senior-rank sorcerer before the age of 50. Anyway, don't do that again if you don't have to."

The two chattered as they walked to Lucien's room. Woods chuckled as they stopped at the door, it seemed the room reminded him of something. "Wait, you were stepping out of the article submitting location when we met, right? Did you just finish an article?"

"Yes, it was the result of this week's research. It's about the three alchemy substances that can help the food grow and how to make them in batches." Lucien smiled and pushed the door open, it sounded like he was just talking about a regular article.

Woods was a bit surprised, he looked at Lucien. "I've seen your reports of the project. It seems like you have reached the bottleneck. However, I can't believe that you solved the problem like it was nothing just several minutes ago."

"I got the idea from the research results on the reports submitted by the arcanists. I also analyzed the combination of wood, grass, fertilizer, and the feces. That was how I found the three water-soluble alchemy substances." Lucien asked the maid to pour a cup of tea for Woods.

Woods sipped some black tea from the cup and smiled. "Interesting. If the three alchemy substances can be mass produced, our food output would be greatly increased, so the sorcerers and knights will become richer. Also, Mr. Evans, your article will be recognized by the council."

Woods grew up in Allyn as a member of a sorcerer's family and he had no idea how hard life could be. The man was a middle-rank arcanist and he was at a much higher position than the farmers or the poor. It was just a temporary emotion that he had the compassion for farmers or the poor and Woods did not think Lucien's article was that important. The project was taken seriously by the Congress simply because the members of the highest council wanted to study the divine spells of nature.

"I hope so," Lucien sipped some tea from the cup and responded calmly.

Woods put down the cup and spoke in a serious tone, "Evans, can you let us, the Common Arcana journal, publish your article? Although it's still the first half of the month, next month's Common Arcana will be cited a lot more than usual if one of the major discoveries of the project can be included in our journal ahead of the time."

Lucien smiled. "I've said that I'll keep contributing to your magazine if I have the chance. Mr. Woods, you're the first editor that talked to me today, so yeah, if my article can be verified by the members of the council, I'm willing to publish it on the Common Arcana."

"I thank you on behalf of the Common Arcana, Evans. Can I have a look at the article, please? I want to see how I should arrange it in the next month's journal," Woods asked politely. Lucien just submitted his article and Woods did not want the man to get suspicious.

There was no point for Lucien to reject the request. He took out a copy of the article from the bag and handed it to Woods. "Sure, it's fine. I also submitted a report to the council members when submitting the article for reference and everyone will be able to read it tomorrow."

Woods grabbed the article and started reading carefully, although Lucien Evans started studying arcana just several months ago, two of his articles were taken very seriously by the council. The second one he published was a revolution to the elemental sorcerers, so Woods had to be extremely careful when dealing with Lucien's article.

"So, the plants can only absorb the elements from the water-soluble substances?" Woods decided to ask since the author of the article was right in front of him.

Lucien did not elaborate on the question but he still answered, "Based on the result of the experiment, yes."

Woods sipped some more tea and turned to the next page. He praised the contrast test designed by Lucien as they discussed the content of the article. Then, Woods moved to the last part of the article as they chatted: the discussion on mass producing the mentioned alchemical substances.

He grabbed the teacup as he finished reading the experiment on handling the phosphate ore with sulfate and he wanted to change the topic to the mass production of magic circles, however, the

title of the page, "Experiment and Discussion on the Artificially Synthesized Carbamide", caught his attention.

The tea spouted out of Woods' mouth. Lucien was sitting to the right of Woods, but he was still caught by the water mist.

Lucien wiped his face and questioned, "What happened, Mr. Woods?"

"Evans, do you know what you're implying here?!" Woods stared at Lucien and there was fear in his eyes. He lowered his head and quickly scanned through the design and result of the experiment. "Did you really synthesize carbamide with just the gases?" Woods muttered, unable to believe what he had just read.

He was not a sorcerer that focused on the soul, but it still took him some time to calm down.

"Evans, did you finish the experiment by yourself?" Woods stared at Evans in the eyes.

Lucien faked a confused look on his face and responded, "Yeah, I completed the experiment with magic circles and alchemy circles. What's the problem, Mr. Woods?"

"Evans, don't you understand how important this experiment will be and how big of a problem it will cause?!" Woods shouted as he could no longer control himself.

Lucien shook his head, stilling looking confused. "I don't understand. Please enlighten me."

"What the f*ck. Again?" Woods cursed and put his right hand on his forehead, trying to calm himself down.

...

After the investigation in the morning, Raventi and Gaston returned to their reading rooms as the only thing they found out was that the assassin was Traquair. Some of the council members tried to cast the Horoscope to learn more about the incident but they were interrupted and failed to get the accurate result. They had to ask the legendary sorcerers to cast the Horoscope and spells like Prophet's Sight to find more traces later.

"Mr. Gaston, these are the articles that need to be verified today." The elemental servant brought three articles to Gaston and put them down on the desk. The other articles were sent to the mid-level arcanists like Larry.

Gaston noticed the familiar name on the first article he grabbed: "Lucien Evans X."

Gaston asked his elemental servants to send all the articles done by Lucien Evans X to him after the incident.

"Well, the young ones are doing well with their experiments but we're having trouble progressing with the study on the origin of the divine spells and the mind of nature even with the help of the grand arcanists... Is it impossible for us to study such things?" Gaston sighed as he read through the article. Furthermore, Malfurion would be returning to Stroop Forest the next day.

They all knew that the Church was just trying to scare them, but it was a good excuse for the Royal Elf Palace and the elder council of the druids. The only thing that could change the situation was a revolutionary discovery.

Gaston tapped on Lucien's article slightly with his fingers. "Will Malfurion stay here for several more days if we use the findings of this article as an excuse? However, this was the reason why he joined the project, and so he won't cast any divine spells for us even if he decides to stay..." While thinking about it, he turned to the next page and the title was, "Experiment and Discussion on the Artificially Synthesized Carbamide".

Gaston trembled slightly as it felt like his backbone was shocked by electricity. He suddenly straightened his back and focused on the content on the page. His expression turned serious as he stood up and quickly charged into the magic laboratory.

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Chapter 227: The Stir Caused

In a magic lab.

Staring at the white particles with a light touch of red color in the reactor, Gaston cast Identification in a serious manner. When he got the result, his weird-looking dark-yellow eyes narrowed and he murmured, "It's really carbamide... Carbamide could be synthesized without using any life ingredients..."

After staring at the particles for a while, a sarcastic smile appeared on Gaston's face, "Those guys who play with bodies all the time in Hand of Paleness are in trouble now..."

Because of their different beliefs and competing interests, there had been a long history of friction between the Will of Elements and the Hand of Paleness. As the director of the former, Gaston had a poor relationship with many senior-rank sorcerers from the latter. Now, seeing the evidence that Life Force Theory might soon be overthrown, he was certainly in a schadenfreude mood. Gaston's own meditation environment only had a very limited connection to Life Force Theory, so he did not need to worry about himself at all.

He wondered why Lucien put such an important experiment in his project paper. He wanted to know whether Lucien had ever heard about Life Force Theory. In Gaston's mind, he tended to believe that it was more likely that Lucien knew nothing about it, or he would definitely be influenced by this classic theory, and he would not be able to conduct his experiment outside the theoretical framework. As for Lucien's gift in arcana, Gaston had no doubt toward it at all. In Gaston's mind, Lucien had a rigorous way of thinking, the courage to make bold hypothesis and the spirit to seek for proving. Furthermore, now Gaston felt that Lucien's ability in doing experiments was also impressive.

"Bang!!"

When Gaston was about to leave the lab, the lab door was broken open, and the magic circles on it were broken as well.

"Who is that?!" asked Gaston in an alert way. Instantly, he was covered by a colourful spherical shield.

Seventh-circle spell, Magic Reverse Enchantment.

"Gaston! Did you see the paper from Evans? The last part! The experiment of synthesizing carbamide!" Raventi was really loud.

After staring at Raventi for a few seconds, Gaston sighed, "Knock before entering, please."

"I'm too excited for that!" Raventi did not really care, "I asked you, did you read the paper... Wait, you've tried it as well?!"

Raventi saw the reactor on the other side of the lab and the white particles in the magic glass tube.

Gaston made a gesture to ask Raventi to lower his voice, "Yes, Mr. Raventi, I've proved the validity of Evans' experiment, but I think that there's still lack of a piece of decisive evidence, as the Hand of Paleness might not admit carbamide to be a life ingredient. By the way, Mr. Raventi, did you show the paper to anyone else?"

"No one except you." Although Raventi had a pretty bad temper, as a level-nine arcanist, he was not an idiot. He instantly understood why Raventi asked it, "You want to hide the paper from those necromancers first until there are any decisive findings?"

Gaston nodded seriously, "The keywords for the paper are Element and Alchemy, so technically speaking, the paper does not have much to do with the school of Necromancy. In other words, most likely, those necromancers haven't read the paper. My only concern is that, on Evans' side, he might have talked about it with other people already."

Gaston was more than happy to have this chance to attack the Hand of Paleness with some decent research findings.

"I do not agree with you, Gaston." Raventi shook his head seriously, "This is an overturning finding. Unlike some unique spells being created, this kind of finding should be revealed to the public as soon as possible, so more arcanists can join the discussion, and thus the decisive evidence, if there's any, can be found in the shortest period of time. Gaston, you still remember the fundamental spirit that the Congress of Magic builds on? Exploration of truth and candid communication!"

After thinking a bit, Gaston nodded, "All right. I'm just concerned that the upcoming great debate might put Lucien in a dangerous place."

"Let Lucien move into the house between ours," answered Raventi quickly, "But before that, I need to talk to the druid leaders to test validity of the first part of Lucien's paper, so they can see some hope in increasing grain yield."

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"Evans, now, do you understand how important Life Force Theory is in the school of Necromancy?" Woods just spent about ten minutes on explaining the theory to Lucien.

Lucien put on an "ah ha" look, "Yes, thank you, Mr. Woods. As I specialize in the school of Element and Astrology, I really had no idea about what it was, not to mention understanding its importance in history. But, Mr. Woods, I still don't know why this is related to my carbamide synthesizing experiment?"

"....." Woods was speechless. What Lucien just said proved that he was literally from ancient magic background, as he did not have some common sense in contemporary magic system.

"Well..." Woods tried to make it easy and simple, "Carbamide is a life ingredient... or say, most people regard carbamide as a life ingredient. There's no clear definition of life ingredient."

Lucien said in a half-joking way, "Mr. Woods, does it mean that my paper's accidentally overthrown Life Force Theory? Is my paper gonna get a high rating? Maybe I can win the Immortal Throne award?"

"It's hard to say, as there's no decisive evidence in your paper. Some stubborn necromancers might not admit that Carbamide is a life ingredient." Woods frowned, as he was also influenced by the theory, "If I were you, I would not be looking forward to winning Immortal Throne award, but be rather watchful after the news comes out tomorrow. You know, some stubborn and insane necromancers might..."

"I'll stay in the manor for the following several days, which is very close to Mr. Raventi and Mr. Gaston," answered Lucien. "Mr. Woods, are you still gonna publish the paper?"

"Of course, this is gonna be the first paper on the next issue of Common Arcana, and I think there are gonna be more articles discussing your experiment coming out later, so we can collect those articles and put them there as well." Woods planned in a smart way.

At this time, Raventi's voice came in from behind the door, "Are you in there, Evans?"

"Yes?" Thinking of all those mathematics and arcana exercises that he had not finished yet, Lucien opened the door reluctantly.

Raventi was still wearing his black magic robe, on which the order of the elements had been rearranged, "Gaston and I have reviewed your paper and the final rating from Arcana Review Board has been sent back. By the way, move into the room next to mine as soon as possible."

"I will." Lucien hurriedly nodded, and then he started reading the rating result, "The paper has successfully provided several solutions with regards to whether and how alchemical products can facilitate the growth of plants. Therefore, it is of some importance and can be quite pervasive. Among the several experiments designed and presented in the paper, the experiment focusing on synthesizing carbamide reveals, excitingly, the possibility that a classic theory, Life Force Theory, might not be valid, and this is overturning, which makes the paper rather worth of great discussion. In conclusion, the paper is overturning and of great value, thus a reward of fifty arcana credits and three hundred arcana points is given to the author."

"All of your three papers have received very high comments," Woods said a bit emotionally. As an arcanist who was already close to level five, among so many papers he had submitted, unlike that of Lucien, only a few were spoken highly of. So, Woods was feeling a bit depressed.

After a while, he cheered himself up a little and asked, "Will the project still go on? It sounds like you're still staying for a few more days, Mr. Raventi."

"Yes, Mr. Malfurion has decided to send some druids back, while he and the rest of the druids will stay longer to see if the alchemical product discovered in Evans' paper can really solve their problem," answered Raventi, looking quite serious, as Malfurion had made it clear that they would not cooperate with the arcanists to let them study the Mind of Nature anymore.

"By the way, Mr. Lord of Storm and Ms. Hathaway, after reading Evans' paper, have made the decision that any arcanists who join this discussion can get some credits, and papers cited in the discussion can still get citation credits as well."

The great significance lying in the periodic table of elements still required more time to reveal itself, and the establishment of a new field also needed time. Therefore, the great return of the periodic table of elements was not there yet.

Meanwhile, overthrowing an old, classic theory could be even more influential.

...

The early morning the second day, Menshaque, a necromancer from the Hand of Paleness, was reading the project newspaper with a plate of buttered bread in front of him.

As a senior member of the Hand of Paleness, Menshaque was almost four hundred years old, and he had already turned himself into a lich. He did not need to eat, but he ate for pleasure. Menshaque was a level five arcanist, seventh-circle necromancer, and in this project working with the druids, he was in charge of a research group.

"The Method for Large-scale Production of the Several Useful Alchemical Products Found in Oat Planting Experiment and the Discussion of Their Proper Use?" The paper instantly drew Menshaque's attention, as he wondered if those guys from the Will of Elements had figured out anything. Although the necromancers also had made some progresses, such as using life force to stimulate the growth of plants or using the undead to farm, the popularity of these methods was still a problem.

After reading the paper for a while, Menshaque's bony hands with only a thin layer of skin covering them started trembling.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 228: The Surge

Translator: _Leo_ Editor: Vermillion

The steady hand that could accurately separate the dead bodies into different parts and complete the complicated casting gestures at any level was trembling like it had lost the control, although it was just trying to turn the paper to the next page.

"That's lame and absurd! How can such a paper be published in a brief report?!" The man's voice was mixed in the chilling wind, it was deep and hoarse. The voice sounded like it was filled up with pain and hatred. "Lucien Evans X, how dare the bastards from the Will of the Elements question the structure of a human's body? They don't even know the secret of life. I'll punish him if I ever meet him!"

Menshaque forgot that the brief report was just a newspaper that was used to share the research progression by the research teams and the papers published on it did not need to be verified.

"No, I need to start the experiment now and expose this despicable lie!" Menshaque suddenly stood up, the facial muscle and the skin that were created with human body parts could barely hide the dark smoke leaking out of his bones.

Similar scenes were happening in most of the research teams. Larry choked on the milk and it sounded he was about to cough to death. Timothy was pushing his glasses up, but he used so much force that the frame of the glasses was pushed to his forehead. The bread that Ulysses was chewing spouted out of his mouth and splashed on the brief report.

The arcanists that focused on elements were surprised at first but they quickly gloated over the discovery and started validating the result using experiments after the breakfast. The reactions from the necromancers varied, some torn the report apart furiously, some were walking around anxiously as they were not sure if they could prove the result wrong with experiments, some forced themselves to calm down and informed the Hand of Paleness about the situation, some were trying to slam their hatred on Lucien's face...

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Inside the magic laboratory, there was a loud noise that sounded like metal objects dropping to the floor. Menshaque was floating in the air and he was not moving at all, with the red flames in his eyes almost extinguished. He looked at the lab equipment and the white substance on the ground in surprise, and the magic tube in his right hand cracked under his strong grip. The broken glass pieces pierced into his palm but Menshaque did not seem concerned.

He had no idea how long had passed, but eventually he muttered, "No, no! I must have done something wrong during the experiment, how can the Life Force Theory be wrong? This doesn't make sense, so many body refining spells were created using the theory!"

"There is no life force involved in the creation of the carbamide using the nonliving substances in this experiment!"

Menshaque sounded like a paranoid schizophrenic. He was questioning and arguing with a voice that sounded like he was crying sadly. It took him a while to calm down.

The flame of life in Menshaque's eyes slowly recovered as the time passed, but he was still slightly panicked. "If the consciousness of the world collapsed, the spiritual power would lose control and blow my physical body and soul into pieces... The good thing is that I can adapt to new concepts, also, Rogerio has said that, strictly speaking, carbamide is not a living substance."

"However, is the Life Force Theory completely true?"

Menshaque's arcana level was decent and that was the reason why he was sent to assist the research project. He could not help but get suspicious after he calmed down from the shock. A situation as such had happened more than once in the Congress of Magic.

However, Menshaque could feel that the spiritual flame in his phylactery was going to extinguish as he got suspicious about the Life Force Theory.

"No, no. I can't meditate during this period and I need to stay calm." Menshaque knew that the contradiction in his mind could only be solved by either time or some stronger evidence. However, he had no way to know if the contradiction would end with the victory of the Life Force Theory or the new concept would win and give him a new idea about the world. Also, it was possible that his meditation would be permanently impacted by the truth and one day he would be destroyed.

Menshaque did not need to breathe but it had already become his habit, so he inhaled deeply. "If I can't win the war against myself, I'll have to win the fight against Lucien Evans. He shall not live if I can't proceed further!"

Rogerio had already informed the necromancers about the possible situations and the theory about carbamide was not that shocking to them, so even the old school necromancers in the research teams were able to keep their meditation somewhat stable. Also, their heads did not explode as they did not lose control of their spiritual force. However, most of the necromancers claimed if anything serious happened, they would all go after the bastard named Lucien Evans.

Lucien was discussing the possible effects of combining the three alchemical substances with the two elves that postponed their return date back in a room beside Raventi's room, he suddenly noticed the warning from his Host Star of Destiny after the necromancers showed their hatred toward him.

He went to the washroom and cast the Horoscope spell using the Morning Light crystal ball. Lucien's conclusion was that the path ahead was full of danger but there was still a way to avoid all the possible risks.

"How many days does Felipe need before he can submit the paper..."

Lucien returned to the living room as he thought about it, and was surprised to see that Arcelion and Iristine were reading the brief report in front of them carefully. They looked confused and it seemed like their emotions were unstable.

"What happened? It only took me about ten minutes to cast the Horoscope spell," Lucien tried to get their attention, "Prince and Princess?"

Arcelion raised his head, the man's face was pretty and delicate like a woman's but it seemed he was disgusted by something and his face was full of hatred. "Mr. Evans, you can artificially synthesize carbamide? Did you just overthrow the Life Force Theory?"

"You can understand arcane spells?" Lucien was surprised, as he did not expect that the two elves would understand the arcana paper.

"Our guards learned about the information from the senior elder," Arcelion responded unconsciously in a polite manner.

Iristine interrupted, "Human beings, cows, sheep, magic creatures, and plants, their life force all comes from the gift of nature, so how can you synthesize the living substance with gas and ores?" She sounded a bit angry.

"That depends on how you define what is a living substance..." Lucien realized that all the living beings were formed by the living substances in the druids' eyes, and the creation of the living beings was not related to the nonliving substances. However, it seemed the concept would not affect how they interacted and used the mind of nature.

"No matter how it is defined, Mr. Evans, you're just an evil and fearless devil!" Iristine's last good impression of Lucien turned to the worst.

"Well, there's one more devil, actually, two more devils waiting for you," Lucien thought, but he had no time to argue with the two elves about an arcana problem.

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Pesor slammed the brief report on the desk, the soul flames were dancing inside the deep eye sockets of his white skull. "Lucien Evans has submitted the paper about the artificially synthesized carbamide experiment!"

Pesor, Tina-Timos, and two other committee members of the Arcana Review Board were relatively open to new theories, so a grand arcanist, the lord of the undead, did not try to hide the matter about Professor from them, and they were well prepared for it.

The one who passed them the information was the lord of the undead and he was the most authoritative one among the necromancers. Also, the four committee members had good arcana thoughts and perceptions, so they accepted the result of the experiment quickly, and they modified some magic effects slightly to verify the result again using the reverse method.

Rogerio was standing opposite to Pesor and there was a grim expression on his face. "The Professor was alerted after Lucien Evans and Felipe were ambushed. He got suspicious and he probably already knew that we were about to succeed, that was why he decided to test us with his student's experiment. Lucien Evans will become the target even if we don't get any decisive result and if we do get any, Professor will be able to share the arcana points with Lucien by adding his name to paper. Pesor and Tina, didn't you notice that Lucien Evans hid the experiment in a paper that was part of the research project result?"

Rogério took Felipe to Sariva town right after he heard the information.

"Menezes' situation is getting worse and we need to solve the problem as soon as possible." Tina-Timos glanced at the other important members of the Hand of Paleness, as they all knew about the situation.

Menezes was another committee member of the Arcana Review Board and he was a master of the body refining technique.

Rogério had a bitter smile on his face. "In Heidler, Aurelio is so anxious that he's not acting like a necromancer, and it seems like he plans to kill Lucien Evans."

Aurelio was an important member of the Hand of Paleness, a member of the Affairs Committee, a level six arcanist, and a seventh-circle necromancer. The man had huge potential and he had studied in the Demiplanes Magic Tower of the Demigod Lich.

"Felipe, how's your research progressing? Just share the data with us if things are not going well so we can join the research and help you get the decisive result as soon as possible. It's not the time to hide things from each other!" Pesor stared at Felipe with a serious expression on his face.

Felipe was wearing his signature long black coat with the amulet he won from the Immortal Throne Award hanging over it, and the man's morbid face was still pale but handsome. Felipe responded with a grim look on his face, "Mr. Pesor, everything is going well, and I'll be able to artificially synthesize a fatty acid within three days."

"I hope you're not lying, otherwise, I'll punish you no matter what kind of secret background you have." Pesor was the vice-president of the Hand of Paleness and he had the right to warn Felipe like that.

Felipe bowed politely to everyone in the room. "Gentlemen, if you excuse me, I need to focus on the experiment."

Felipe walked out of the room after the permission was granted, then pursed his lips into a smile as he walked down the stairs.

"How's the investigation on the ambush?" Pesor looked at Rogerio.

Rogerio shook his head. "There's nothing we could find even with the help from the astrologer of the Tower. It seems the astrology was interrupted by a strong but unfamiliar force, otherwise, the result would be clearer."

"There are more secrets in this world than we think." Pesor sighed slightly. "Just like the rules of the world. One year ago, no one would have expected someone would overthrow a mature theory like the Life Force Theory."

...

The second day, the two senior-rank sorcerers' papers were published on the first page of the brief report in the morning.

The Demonstration of Carbamide's Nature — by Menezes.

The Meaning and Flaw of the Artificially Synthesized Carbamide — by Aurelio.

Lucien's paper did not mention anything about the Life Force Theory and they could not find any weak point to attack, so they decided to go straight to the point without talking about the result of the research project.

The grand arcanists acquiesced in such behavior, and as the arguments between the arcanists that focused on elemental sorcery and the ones that focused on soul sorcery were getting more and more serious, they almost forgot why they were invited into the research. Also, druids like Malfurion did not put their attention on the growth of the crops, instead, they focused on this "discussion".

It was like a surge in Sariva and the brief reports were like their battleground.

However, Lucien claimed that he was not familiar with the Life Force Theory , so he would not join the discussion. The necromancers were happy after reading his claim, as they thought that Lucien was scared and they decided to put more effort into the discussion.

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"Lucien Evans, a heretic that defiles God! A liar that will never tell the truth! I shall bring him to trial!" In Philibell's room, Holm's cardinal, Vaharall the Adjudicator shouted furiously after reading the brief papers from the last several days.

The spy of the church in the Congress of Magic could easily send the complete brief report as the Congress encouraged the discussion, but it would take the spy one day to send the report out.

The Life Force Theory was one of the fundamentals of the Creationism, and that was the reason why Vaharall was enraged after reading Lucien's paper.

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Chapter 229: A Great Stir

Sitting beside Vaharall, Varantine looked very serious. There was still a layer of light covering his clenched fist. Clearly, he was very mad at Lucien Evans, the vicious sorcerer who showed no respect to the deity.

Seeing that, Philibell, the cardinal who had a thick white mustache, presented them with another two pieces of newspaper, "What you two just read was the first-day newspaper, and these are from the second day and the third day. Lucien Evans' not worth much attention, I'd say, as it's just synthesizing carbamide, and no one would believe that any life ingredients could ever exist in those dirty excreta."

The members from Episcopal Conference all understood arcana papers to some degree thanks to the several popes contribution to the improvement of divine spells.

Taking the newspaper from Philibell, Vaharall, the tough-looking, red-haired guy started reading it carefully. The newspaper was filled with discussions about how to define carbamide, about the

validity of Life Force Theory, and it was obvious that those necromancers were in a more favorable position, as those arcanists from the school of Element still lacked further decisive evidence.

"This is not as bad as we thought. It is the blessing of the Lord." Philibell drew a cross on his chest.

When he finished reading the newspaper, Vaharall also nodded, "How come that Carbamide, something contained in filthy excreta, can be a life ingredient, a blessing from God? We should define life ingredient better in Cannon, with regards to the chapter the Origin of Life."

"This is something that we definitely need to improve," agreed Varantine. "But right now, we don't have to take the risk by sending those devout Night Watchers to kill Lucien Evans. My suggestion's that we have the the Inquisitions in Holm and Colette keeping a close watch on him, and when there's a chance in the future, we take action. After all, there's no need to rush."

Although Varantine was sent here by the pope to eliminate vicious sorcerers, he understood well that the Church was overpowered by the Congress of Magic in Holm and several other countries around it. Although they might have a chance to win if the Church sent most of their cardinals here, their biggest concern was that this might give the North Church and other dark creatures as well as sorcerers from the north a great chance to avail themselves of the opportunity to get in their territory. Therefore, both Vaharall and Varantine agreed with Philibell that they should take on a more conservative manner with this issue right now.

Although they all wanted to defend the dignity of their God so bad that, facing Lucien's disrespectful findings, their blood was boiling with anger, they still knew that they needed to be careful with every step they took.

"Like what Vaharall just said, those arcana geniuses hardly leave Allyn and Rentato before they reach middle-rank, so we have to wait." Philibell nodded, as he was the one among all the cardinals who understood the congress the best.

At this time, they heard abrupt knocking at the door.

"Come in." Using God's Eyes, Philibell already saw through the door. On the other side of the door stood a pastor who looked very anxious and scared, and his holy light power was in a very unstable status, as if the power was going to devour him at any time.

The pastor hurriedly pushed open the door, and he was too scared to salute the three cardinals, instead, he said urgently, "Lord Philibell, this is the newspaper that arrived from the Congress this morning. They risked a lot to be able to send this newspaper."

"Calm down first." Philibell's voice was soft and it comforted this pastor in panic, "Do not doubt the Lord. Do not doubt the mighty power of the Lord."

The pastor kept crossing in front of his chest to control and calm down his holy power.

Philibell had some bad feeling about the newspaper, but still, he started reading the first page in a calm manner:

"An Experiment Synthesizing Fatty Acid with Several Non-life Ingredients Including Charcoal through A Series of Alchemical Reactions, from Felipe Carneiro."

In the abstract of the paper, Felipe put it proudly and straightforwardly, "Through this experiment, I can announce to all of you that Life Force Theory has been completely overthrown, and it will no longer play any role in the development of arcana!"

After quickly going through the experiment design, Philibell, although he was always quite calm, shouted angrily, "Blasphemy! This is blasphemy! This is a direct and shameful provocation of the Lord's majesty and dignity! Felipe must be eliminated immediately!"

His chin covered with white beard was trembling fiercely while he was shouting, as if he wanted to set off right now to kill Felipe. In his eyes, compared to Felipe's experiment, now Lucien's paper did not matter at all.

Vaharall, who was a harsh and bold guy, directly gave Philibell's desk a fierce punch. Instantly, the desk was totally destroyed and there were not even ashes left after his power burst forth. At the same time, Vaharall also felt lucky that he was a legendary knight and his power came from his Blessing, or his soul would have been damaged by his belief being shaken, "How dare those mortals even try to pry into the realm of God. A blasphemer must be cleared at all costs! "

"Before that, we need to make sure whether the experiment is real." Varantine did not read the newspaper, and right now he was crossing in front of his chest.

There was no way that the Congress of Magic could just destroy the cardinals' belief by a paper, and, if the cardinals had the right experiment equipment and divine power circles, they could verify the validity of the paper by conducting the experiment themselves.

"Lock away this paper. Make sure that other pastors do not learn about the existence of this paper. The last thing we want to see right now is this turning into the same situation when those sorcerers claimed that holy light was electromagnetic wave." Philibell closed his eyes, feeling a bit tired, "This is the test of the Lord to us, and our loyalty to our faith shall be manifested and examined again. We shall find the flaws of the experiment as soon as possible."

Philibell, the cardinal of the parish of Holm for almost a hundred years, had been through a lot, thus he still managed to control his power and prevent the idea of the paper from hurting his soul after reading Felipe's research design.

"All glories go to the Lord. Only truth lives forever." Vaharall, Varantine and the other pastor prayed together, telling themselves that even if Felipe's finding was true, this was still from the Lord's mighty power, which was still beyond their understanding.

After praying, Vaharall said to Philibell in a low voice, "I request to send several devout night watchers to assassinate Felipe. If there is a chance, we shall kill Lucian Evans as well."

The reason he mentioned "devout night watchers" specifically was that they all knew that those night watchers of the task were basically doomed to die. If they could kill Felipe, they were already very lucky. If they did not select carefully who they would send for this task, some night watchers who did not want to sacrifice their lives might fall onto the Congress' hands.

"Vaharall and Vanrantine, you two will take care of this." Philibell nodded, "I'm gonna talk to the nobles and other cardinals to make them stay alert."

...

Holding the newspaper in his hand, Menshaque's body, which was assembled by different dead body parts, was falling apart and all these parts were turning into rotten flesh. However, the two clusters of soul fire in his eyes were still flickering strongly.

"Life Force Theory... not right? It is... wrong? Even Felipe has abandoned it..."

Although Menshaque felt that there were some problems with Felipe's research design, he had lost his control over this body. He could not believe that his hundreds of years of study were built on a mistake.

But if all his life was built on a mistake, why did he still manage to "live" this long? Why did he still manage to turn himself into a lich? Why he could still learn so many different spells?

In the end, only a white skull remained floating in the air. Before Menshaque lost all the flesh and bones, he finally managed to stop this process. He did this by continuously telling himself that Felipe's study might not be valid, and even if what he said was true, if Felipe, a person who used to follow Life Force Theory in a very loyal way, could shift his understanding successfully, why he, Menshaque, could not do this?

Menshaque believed that there was still great hope in the school of Necromancy, as its foundation theories had been overturned for three times in history, but Necromancy still thrived after that, and it had even evolving all the time. Thus, Menshaque would rather have the theory to be overthrown by necromancers themselves. He believed that Life Force Theory was not a completely wrong one, and at least it had some connections to the ultimate truth.

After releasing a sigh, Menshaque turned the newspaper to its second page, and he saw the comments from Pesor, Tina-Timos, Rogerio and other influential arcanists from the Hand of Paleness on Felipe's paper:

"Pesor: This is a great and outstanding experiment. Felipe, a genius, has led us to step into a new, correct path from the wrong one with Life Force Theory. "

"Tina-Timos: Without doubt, Felipe is a real arcana genius, as he managed to drive away the black clouds shading our path over our heads for so many years. Think about it, necromancers, why aren't we making any progresses right now? Felipe has revealed the reason—it is because our foundation is problematic. If we can correct it in time, our future is going to be promising and bright!"

"Rogerio: This is an experience of great significance and meaning. It is groundbreaking, creative and definitely shocking. Felipe has shown us the great spirit shared by necromancers, proving that we never give up exploring the world further to find the truth. We are okay with accepting the fall of the Life Force Theory, with admitting that we were wrong before, and thus we can have a better future!"

With all those important people's positive comments on Felipe's finding, many necromancers started to accept the fact.

This was the power of authority.

However, despite the fact that many necromancers' meditation got a bit more stable again as they had gradually accepted the fact, not everyone could discard the past so quickly. Many stubborn necromancers knew that they might not be able to move forward anymore in their whole lives because their meditation environment had been destroyed completely, so they hated Felipe very, very much.

...

In a magic tower in Heidler, an old man wearing an ancient-style robe was shouting angrily, holding a newspaper in his hand, "This is impossible!"

Then, with a big bang, the man's head just exploded, and the remains of his body fell down onto the floor. At the same time, inside of the tower's secret chamber, a life box made of countless precious gems cracked, and then the same man's voice came out from the box viciously, "Luckily I got to know from Traquair that Felipe's experiment was already very close to the last step, or I would not even have the chance to resurrect through the life box... Felipe, Rogerio, Professor, Lucien Evans... Let's wait and see..."

At the same time, in a manor in Sariva, Felipe and Rogerio were sitting opposite to each other and sipping their wine. Looking at the direction of Heidler, they sneered at those old, stubborn guys in the city. Rogerio and Felipe were certain that those people had learned their lesson.

...

"I wish we could have put forward some decisive evidence, so the loss of the Hand of Paleness could be even greater." Morris sighed a bit disappointedly.

"It's not bad. We still all belong to the congress, and we don't want to see the congress suffer too much of a loss overnight." Raventi did not really care, but rather felt happy because a wrong theory had been overthrown. Then, he turned to Lucien, "Evans, seriously, did you really know nothing about Life Force Theory?"

"Yes, nothing," answered Lucien honestly, then he took out the Holm ring from Natasha, "I had finished the experiment before I arrived here."

After being recognized by Felipe, Lucien had decided to tell the senior-level people from the Will of Elements the truth, in case Felipe would threaten him with it, and also, he was too tired of hiding around as well.

Now that he was already a member of the Will of Elements, he wanted to be more straightforward.

"Professor?" Gaston was a bit surprised. As he once tried to kill Felipe because of this, he immediately connected Lucien to Professor.

Morris, looking at the ring, sighed a bit emotionally, "It reminds me of Meredith... Evans, did you start learning arcana when you were in Aalto?"

"Yes, I learned about it from a witch, and I got some materials and knowledge from her." Lucien nodded, and through his observation, he noticed that Raventi, Morris and Gaston still all looked quite calm and pleased, which showed that they would not give Lucien a hard time for hiding his identity from them for so long. After all, in order to protect himself, what Lucien did was totally understandable.

Then Lucien continued seriously, "And I've actually completed another experiment."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 230: Secret Conversation

Translator: _Leo_ Editor: Vermillion

"Evans, what's the experiment about? The artificially synthesized living substance?" Raventi's white hair was neat. He looked like a gentleman with a pair of sharp eyes, and Lucien could feel the pressure as he was being stared at.

Morris and Gaston were looking at Lucien with relaxed smiles on their faces. They were trying to guess what the man was thinking and they wanted to know if he had come up with some unusual experiments again. Lucien had brought the storm to the areas that were strongly influenced by the church and Allyn, but it was still hard to believe that he just wanted to discuss arcana problems with the senior-rank arcanists.

Lucien knew that these senior-rank arcanists had different thoughts about him, so he tried to stay calm and started explaining deliberately, "Actually, the experiment is not complete, but I have a general idea about the basics and the first experiment was done with several simple magic circles. The result met my expectation, however, the experiment environment that was built with the magic circles had too many flaws, and I don't think the result is accurate."

After submitting the paper about carbamide, Lucien borrowed the magic laboratory and completed the experiment once while waiting for Felipe to reveal the decisive evidence.

Raventi interrupted when Lucien was trying to finish the introduction, "Evans, go straight to the point."

Morris and Gaston smiled at each other as they knew that Raventi was short-tempered, his papers usually put a strong emphasis on the key points, and he hated to listen to the matters that were irrelevant to the main point.

However, they did not expect that Lucien could still talk like he did not feel the pressure from Raventi, "Alright, Mr. Raventi, I'll go to the key points now. After learning about the knowledge of arcana in Aalto, the magic experiments caught my attention, and that was the reason why I designed so many experiments, however, I'm not strong enough to prepare the high-rank magic circles, there are many experiments that I can't complete and verify. Things changed after I wandered into an abandoned magic laboratory left by an ancient sorcerer during an exploration, with the help of the magic circles and alchemy circles I found in the laboratory, I finally completed some of the experiments, including the experiment about the artificially synthesized carbamide."

"That's not the key point, Evans." Raventi was almost shouting. He was not concerned about the ruin of the ancient sorcerer unless it was a demiplane or a lost magic lock from the legendary sorcerers.

Lucien cleared his throat and continued, "Personally, I think that a human body can be created with nonliving substances after completing the experiment. A small part of the life force will be

able to support their activities and the rest of the life force will be used on the soul. I don't know the details as I didn't do a lot of research in this field."

"Evans, tell me, what exactly is your experiment about?!" Raventi roared, and Morris and Gaston unconsciously backed off slightly.

Lucien did not expect Raventi's bluster to be so terrifying. The man was imposing. However, Lucien's goal had been accomplished. He did not want the three to pay too much attention to his past so he mixed the experience with the background of the experiment, only leaving a blurry impression in their mind.

"It's about an experiment that can overthrow the Life Force Theory even further. No matter if the necromancers accepted it or not, deep in their minds they already know by now that the theory was wrong. However, our biggest enemy is the Church and we can't let the necromancers recover using the chance. We need to strike them again before they can find a new theory to support them. They'll take a huge hit if we can make them lose their faith."

As a sorcerer, Lucien would not miss any chance to weaken the Church. He used some of the popular phrases from the Earth, however, they sounded a bit strange grammatically when they were translated into the universal language.

The war between the Congress of Magic and the Church would be long and complicated. Lucien had already chosen to walk the path of sorcery, so he would side with the Congress of Magic and try his best to fight against the church while increasing his power and exploring the secrets of the world.

Lucien understood that there was no way for him to win the war alone when the enemy was so strong.

Gaston stared at Lucien with his strange yellow eyes. "Again, what's the experiment? Did you and Felipe come to the agreement after being ambushed?"

One should never sneeze at an arcanist's wisdom, Gaston recalled the event and reasoned out how it happened after he confirmed that Lucien was the "Professor".

"Felipe and I are enemies and competitors, but we're not friends. Felipe wants to strike the extremists in the Hand of Paleness. For me, it's a revenge and it's also a chance to weaken the Church. However, if I successfully complete the experiment in a strictly controlled environment, the Church will do whatever they can to retaliate. I can submit my experiment to the Will of Elements but I want you to keep it a secret, also, it'll be great if you can complete the experiment and publish the result for me."

Lucien made the request with a serious expression on his face. Felipe had just attracted the haters' attention and there was no point for Lucien to share it with him.

Raventi's brow furrowed and he spoke in a loud voice, "I'd never take someone else's achievement as my own. If your experiment is guaranteed to overthrow the Life Force Theory further, I'll ask Hathaway to use the Grand Arcanist's privilege and make the author's information strictly confidential. We will inform the public that the paper is completed by the important members of the Will of Elements. You can claim the honor when you're strong enough and when you're prepared for the possible consequences but I think you'll already be an important member of the Will of Elements by then."

"I'll follow the plan just for Natasha," Morris smiled. He was happy that he did not need to craft a new Holm Crown Ring.

If Lucien's experiment could overthrow the Life Force Theory further, it would be very likely that he would share the Holm Crown Prize and the Immortal Throne Award with Felipe. Although the prize and reward were used to honor the sorcerers who made great contributions, the true purpose was to award their research results.

Morris felt much better since it seemed like Lucien would temporarily give up the glory.

"Wise decision, Evans. I suggest that you should spend some time improving your sorcery skills after completing the project and reflect the result of the research on your spells. You won't be able to complete a lot of exploration experiments without enough power in the world of sorcery."

Gaston slightly raised his head, staring at Raventi and Morris. "We and Hathaway should be the only four people that know about this. You shall not tell your students, wives, companion pets, or summoned creatures. If someone else finds out about this, it means one of us is a spy of the Church..."

Hathaway was studying the divine spells of nature in a secret location in Sariva town and nodded at Lucien. "Alright, Evans, tell me about your experiment."

Lucien stopped saying random things and started explaining the experiment design in a serious tone, "There are many tales describing the start of the world in the ancient magic empire. There were descriptions of the bizarre environment, such as the horrifying flood, the nonstop lightning, and the extremely high temperature. Also, the holy code of the church has similar epic records, however, the God of Truth resolved the environmental problem and created the human beings. My experiment aims to simulate such environment while adding different types of gases into it and I want to know what will happen. I saw that a source of life was created after introducing one group of gas into the environment..."

In the Congress of Magic, the necromancers had a deep understanding of the human body. In the living substances that they defined, the protein was considered as the footstone of living beings and the amino acids that constituted the proteins were considered as the sources of life. Lucien avoided the environmental design flaw of the Miller experiment by comparing the different gas groups since no one did any research about the initial environment of the world. He did not design the experiment to study the origin of life, he just wanted to overthrow the Life Force Theory and he did not care how the church would percept it.

The room remained silent for a while and Raventi finally spoke in a low voice, it almost sounded like he was roaring again, "What group of gas are you talking about?!"

No matter how much a society could develop, no matter if there was magic or not, no matter if there was God or not, the same questions would be bothering the intelligent beings for a long time before they had a clear idea of the world's origin: "Who am I? Where did we come from? If God created everything, where did God come from?"

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Felipe published his decisive experiment and the brief reports were filled up with the slightly adjusted necromantic sorcery in the next several days. He was trying to prove that the Life Force Theory was wrong using the reverse method on his paper.

The necromancers that were willing to change started rebuilding their perceptual world and the extremists remained silent. They were not saying anything regarding the new discovery anymore.

Felipe had received the second article invitation letter from Arcana journal and he was praised by the important members of the Hand of Paleness, such as Pesor. Also, most of the necromancers thought that it was highly likely that Felipe would become the next legendary archmage.

Felipe was being protected by many archmages and senior-rank sorcerers in Sariva. He received the notification from the Affairs Committee on Friday morning:

"Due to the significant contribution of Lucien Evans to the research project, we have confirmed that there are several alchemical substances that can help plants grow. We will be trying the

alchemy substances with the plants in the next step and the divine spells of the druids will no longer be involved. The mission has been completed! Arcanists, please go to the Sariva mansion to claim the proof of completing the mission at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Also, we will be holding a conclusive discussion about the mission there."

After receiving the notification, the arcanists finally realized that their purpose was to develop a universal food growth increase plan here. They should not be discussing the Life Force Theory and they completely forgot about it in the last five or six days.

The arcanists started cleaning the magic laboratory and they wanted to have some rest in the morning before heading to the Sariva mansion.

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In the Radiance Church of Holm.

"Nicolay, Walter, are you ready to sacrifice yourselves for God?" Varantine was questioning the two selected night watchers in a serious tone.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 231: Opening

Both Nicolay and Walter were both originally devout dervishes, and later they joined the Night Watch for some reasons. Right now, both of them were level five pastors. One was the leader of a night watcher team from Holm, and the other was from another night watcher team called Hammer, belonging to the Lance Inquisition. Both Nicolay and Walter were particularly fanatical and steadfast in their faith, and this was why Varantine called them in, as whoever took the mission was basically doomed to die.

"Lord Varantine, I'm all the time prepared to sacrifice my life to defend the glory of God. Death is not the end, and there's an eternal wonderland behind the gate of Mountain Paradise." Nicolay knelt down on one knee and crossed himself.

He was a tough, middle-aged man, dressed in a simple white robe. He had no wife, no children and zero possessions, as he had devoted everything to the God of Truth.

Although Walter, a man with brown hair, looked younger than Nicolay, his blue eyes showed that he had experienced a lot, "Lord Varantine, there's nothing to be afraid of when facing death. What is truly dreadful is to lose faith in God, as it's like being trapped in hell forever. If we die, Lord Varantine, we're just going back into the arms of our all-mighty God."

"Great. Your devotion to the Lord is noble, and I can feel the joy of the Lord. The gate of Mountain Paradise will always be open to you, and if you can come back alive from this mission, I will take you two to see the Pope in the Holy City to have his blessing, and you two will become senior-rank cardinals."

Feeling touched by the two night watchers' devotion, Varantine spoke highly of the two and promised them a lot, "Your major target in this mission is Felipe Carneiro, who now ranks ninety-first on the Cleansing List. Besides him, your second target is Lucien Evans X, but always focus on killing Felipe as he is your top priority. As Lucien Evans X is right now under the protection of a few archmages and senior-rank sorcerers, don't sacrifice your life for him if you two get a chance to escape."

"All blasphemers must be cleared!" Nicolay and Walter replied loudly.

On the other side, Vaharall solemnly brought out a silver sword, which, despite its ordinary look, actually had great power in it, "This is a replica of the divine item, Sword of Truth, from Holm parish, and its power partially comes from the true sword. It can cut off any connections between a sorcerer and the person's magic items, including one's life box or soul container. As Felipe's a necromancer, we have to use it to really kill him."

The reason why the Blessing of the Hoffenberg family was also called Sword of Truth was that the Hoffenbergs enjoyed the same power.

Under no circumstance would the cardinals allow the two night watchers to take the legendary weapon, as losing the sword was the last thing the cardinals wanted to see. Therefore, three legendary saint cardinals spent several days on duplicating the sword with all kinds of magic circles, materials and their own power, and the power of the replica could be used once.

Letting Nicolay take over the sword, Vaharall said to them, "An old sorcerer whose name's Vern will put you two in the manor in Sariva where Felipe is. Be patient, and you two will certainly kill Felipe."

Vern was a level four arcanist, level five sorcerer. When he was younger, he actually accomplished a lot, and he also killed quite a few night watchers. However, as he got older, his progress in arcana slowed down and finally stopped. Vern got lost.

Vern was lost within so many fundamental questions that he asked himself — where did life come from? How magic power was born? How and where soul was originally born? As he could not find any answers in arcana, he gradually turned himself into a devout follower of God.

Therefore, only Vern would accept the task of putting two night watchers in the place where one of the most important geniuses of the Congress of Magic lived. For other traitors, no matter what reasons that made them willing to work with the Church, they didn't dare to do this.

Nicolay and Walter stood up, crossing in front of their chests, "Only truth lives forever!"

"Only truth lives forever!" Varantine and Vaharall repeated and then watched the two night watchers leaving.

Vaharall sighed, "They are the Lord's good servants. They're so devout that they should not be sacrificed. And it took us a lot of work to have a sorcerer who's willing to work for us in Allyn. This task will bring great loss to us."

"Our loss will be compensated." Varantine closed his eyes, looking rather serious, "This is not sacrifice, but dedication."

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"Good afternoon, Mr. Felipe."

"Mr. Felipe..."

Outside of the manor, when seeing Felipe, who was in his black long jacket as usual, walking towards them, several middle-rank necromancers all greeted him with sincere respect.

Felipe was the only one, except those grand arcanists and legendary sorcerers, who could hopefully win Immortal Throne again, and possibly Holm Crown prize as well. Although his previous research studying the cell memory was also something very insightful and helpful, it was not even close to the study that completely overthrew Life Force Theory, the cornerstone of the school of Necromancy.

However, of course there were also many, many necromancers who hated Felipe so much that they wanted to turn him into their husk. In contrast, most arcanists from the Will of Elements were quite regretful as they wished that it was an elemental sorcerer who discovered the truth.

Facing a lot of attention, Felipe was very calm and confident. After slightly nodding to the necromancers, he headed toward the main hall of the manor, following Rogerio and other senior-rank arcanists.

Before entering the hall, Felipe took a glance at another direction, where Lucien was walking out of his house. The corner of Felipe's mouth curled a bit, and a gloomy smile appeared on his face, as if he was saying, "Good job, Mr. Professor."

Obviously, Felipe was pretty happy with the outcome of his plan. Although so far there was no necromancer who got his or her head exploded because of the new theory, many stubborn old guys in the school of Necromancy were definitely going to be trapped within their arcana study for a long time.

Before Lucien reacted, Felipe walked into the hall directly. Surprisingly, a half-raised stage was built in the center of the hall. On the stage, there was an alchemical operation platform and a whole set of lab equipment surrounded by many powerful magic circles.

A few glass tubes and pipes and two glass bottles together built up a closed system with inner circulation function, and the whole thing looked mysterious and beautiful.

"What's going on here?" Felipe was a bit surprised. He thought that they were here to discuss their project with the druids.

"What do they want to do...? Those people from the Will of Elements..." Feeling rather suspicious, Felipe sat down in the middle of the row behind Rogerio and Pesor.

"You've got any ideas what is going on here?" Rogerio asked Pesor, the member of Arcana Review Board.

Pesor nodded, "No idea. The meeting at the end of the project was suggested by Gaston."

He did not really care, as there was no way that the elemental sorcerers could put forward another overturning research finding that could hurt the foundation of the school of Necromancy after what happened to Life Force Theory, and it was almost impossible for one to overthrow the other fundamental theories in the school of Necromancy since they were just too abstract to be comprehended by human beings.

At this time, Lucien, together with Raventi, Gaston, LockLynn and other sorcerers from the Will of Elements, also entered the hall and sat down on the other side.

"Morris? Why is he here?" Tina-Timos lifted her eyebrow.

Morris was not in this research project. She wondered why Morris showed up today.

"He must be interested in the discussion over Life Force Theory as well, just like me." Rogerio did not see anything special with Morris's appearance.

At two in the afternoon, all the arcanists involved in the project were present. Meanwhile, as the representatives of druids, Iristine and Arcelion also arrived. Because Malfurion had given up the effort of working with the grand arcanists to study nature divine power, the druids were now suffering way less pressure from the forests.

Upstairs, Malfurion and several grand arcanists were also staring at the stage from a demiplane space.

"Hathaway, why do you want us to be here?" asked Thanatos, who was sitting in a fancy armchair. Although the school of Necromancy still suffered quite a bit loss, he was relieved that most necromancers had so far withstood the difficulty brought by Life Force Theory being overturned.

"To watch an experiment, simple but powerful enough to shake the foundation of the Church," responded Hathaway without turning her head. Her silvery-gray eyes were staring at the stage, "Sometimes we are trapped because we think in a too sophisticated way, but the truth might not be like this, actually. And maybe this is the same with nature divine power."

Hearing Hathaway's words, the president of the Congress, Douglas, who suspended his experiment to come here, and the vice president, Brook, all looked very serious.

Except for the Witch of Iceland and the Hand of Annihilation, who could not make it, the rest of the grand arcanists were all there.

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Raventi, in his gray robe, came onto the stage and stood behind the whole set of equipment. Then, he said loudly, "The great discussion over the validity of Life Force Theory has inspired us, senior-rank elemental sorcerers from the Will of Elements. Combing the inspiration with legends, they've designed a wonderful experiment. Ladies and gentlemen, as the experiment is probably going to take a long time, let's discuss the project findings while waiting for the experiment outcome."

Seeing Raventi was being very serious, many arcanists started to feel very curious.

What was this experiment?

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 232: Why

Translator: _Leo_ Editor: Vermillion

Raventi stood behind the lab equipment, being stared at by many arcanists. He wasted no time and went straight to the point, "In the tales told by the intelligent beings like the elves, the dragons, and the human beings, the start of the world is similar: lightnings, thunders, volcano eruptions, and floods. We all hate the Church but there are similar descriptions in their Holy Bible. Some arcanists from the Will of Elements were enlightened by the argument about the possibility of artificially synthesized living substances, and they wondered if we could simulate such environment. Why don't we try and see if anything will happen within that environment?"

Although Raventi was speaking slowly in a deep tone, the people in the room all knew that he was excited.

Felipe nodded slightly and it seemed he was thinking about something. "High-temperature and lightning... Will methane and carbamide appear naturally under such environment? Applying the artificial synthetization method that was validated under strict experimental environment to the natural environment? It'll definitely overthrow the Life Force Theory further and the Church will be hit harder. However, who came up with this? Was it Professor or just the important members of Will of Elements? Also, according to what Mr. Raventi just said, it seems the experiment already succeeded."

While he thought about it, he turned to Lucien. Felipe noticed that Lucien was listening to the speech with a serious expression on his face, so it seemed the man was not familiar with the content of the experiment. "It's probably someone else. If Lucien had such a decisive result, he'd submit it before I knew it."

Other arcanists all had similar thoughts as it was their main point through the discussion. Also, Raventi actually mentioned where the experiment came from, so they started discussing and whispering.

"Why will there be life ingredients?"

"Well, I think it's the methane. It can be found wherever there is a volcano eruption. However, it's said that the methane is produced by the rotten plants underground and they appeared due to the volcano activity."

"So, it's not about the plants or other living beings anymore, it's now produced by the natural and original environment?"

The arcanists could not stop discussing. Walter and Nicolay were waiting for orders just like other servants outside the door. They tried their best to calm down so the senior-rank arcanists would not notice their anger.

"Those evil sorcerers that defile God want to walk even further in the God's field! It's all Felipe's fault! This blasphemer! We must purify him!"

The two hid their divine aura and power using some special divine items, they looked just like normal human beings. They sneaked into the mansion half a day earlier with the help of the old sorcerer Vern and they were waiting in the chilling wind of the Spring by the door with the other servants.

They could only take the hot water and towels into the room when the apprentices ordered them to.

They heard the experiment introduction from Raventi before they could find the chance. They almost lost control and sacrificed themselves for God.

"Quiet, please, everyone!" Raventi's loud voice stopped the arcanists from whispering.

Raventi glanced around and continued, "Based on the analysis done with the gas around the volcano eruption and the analysis of elements in the life ingredients, we'll send the pure water, hydrogen, methane, and ammonia into the experiment device."

"The methane can be artificially synthesized by burning the carbon and combining the obtained gas with hydrogen, also, a catalyzer will be needed... The ratio of the gases was selected by comparing the results from multiple controlled experiments."

Tina-Timos, Felipe, and the other arcanists watched Raventi starting the alchemy circle, preparing to artificially synthesize the ammonia and methane, but they had no idea what substance Raventi was trying to create.

The experiment on artificially synthesized methane alone could be used as an evidence to overthrow the Life Force Theory, but Raventi's acted like he was just preparing some normal substance in a magic lab.

The place was silent and the arcanists were confused. Raventi calmly synthesized the gas step by step.

"Methane can now be prepared with nonliving substances, it's no longer the production of rotten bodies and gems..." Many necromancers sighed in their minds after seeing Raventi calmly combine the prepared gas with the hydrogen using a certain ratio and send them into the glass bottle on the top left corner of the experiment device. It had been only one week and their old ideas were simply overthrown.

Raventi used his own magic circle to make sure that there was no other gas in the container before sending the product in, he also asked Pesor and Felipe to double check that the procedure was correct, so the result of the experiment was trustworthy.

Raventi's serious attitude made the arcanists even more curious about the result. He then injected the pure water he obtained from burning the hydrogen with oxygen to the glass bottle on the bottom left corner.

"Alright, the experimental environment and the materials are prepared, you can find everything in the natural environment. Let's start the formal experiment now."

"This is a simulation of lightning." Raventi activated the magic circle and electric pulses appeared in the bottle on the top left corner. "This is a simulation of the high temperature from the volcano eruption and the flood," Raventi explained as he activated the alchemy circle around the glass bottle in the bottom right corner.

He then opened the tap on the pipe and connected the whole experiment device. The pure water in the glass bottle on the bottom right corner evaporated and entered the glass bottle in the top left corner, contacting the mixed gases. Also, after the product was affected by the constant lightning for a while, the naturally condensed water returned to the glass bottle that was full of pure water by going through the pipe and the other experiment equipment on the bottom.

Raventi stepped away from the platform and activated the defensive magic circle around after he saw that the loop was stabilized. "This will take about one week and I'll activate the magic circle now. Also, arcanists, please set up your unique magic imprints around the circle so no one can interrupt the experiment during this period.

"One week? What are you going to do with it?" The arcanists simply did not understand the purpose of the experiment.

"Why does it take so long? Don't tell me a child will be born at the end." Timothy was joking, he looked urbane with the gold-wired glasses.

Necromancers knew that it was a joke and they were not concerned. Refining the human body parts was extremely complicated, the soul was a problem, and it would be hard for the complicated life ingredients to be created. The experiment looked simple and they could not believe that the product would be high quality.

Raventi slightly raised his head, and there was a serious expression on his face. "Yes, it'll take about one week and we can use the time to discuss if the alchemical ingredients can help plants grow. There are enough rooms for you in the four upper levels of this main building. Also, you can use the other buildings behind this one if you need to. Furthermore, please make sure that this experiment is running individually and objectively."

Pesor, Rogerio, and several other confused necromancers messaged the Lord of the Undead, then agreed to Raventi's request. They also wanted to know what the primitive environment simulation experiment could prove.

Arcelion and Iristine were sitting beside Lucien. They were interested in nature and the primitive environment, however, they barely knew anything about the magic experiment, and they had no idea what the primitive environment simulation experiment was about. Their curiosity forced them to put down the hatred and they looked at Lucien. "Mr. Evans, we know that the senior-rank arcanists of Will of Elements designed the experiment, but what are they trying to prove?"

"According to Mr. Raventi's words, the experiment is trying to prove that simple life ingredients will appear in the natural environment and the Life Force Theory will be overthrown further."

Out of habit, Iristine was rubbing her pink lips with the right index finger as she thought. The druid agreed that there was a huge difference between a living organism and a nonliving one, however, the arguments from the sorcerers had slowly changed her opinion in the last several days. "Under the natural environment, huh? It sounds good."

"The primitive nature? Without the help of God?" Arcelion was a bit confused. He was thinking in a druid's way.

Nicolay and Walter were waiting outside the door nervously, and they had two plans in mind. The first plan was to strike Felipe in surprise when they were allowed to enter the room and they were able to walk by him. If the old sorcerer Vern could not help them get the chance, they would have to use the second plan, which was waiting for the sorcerers to finish the discussion and ambush Felipe when he left the room.

They did not expect the conference to last for a whole week. The longer they stayed there, the easier they would be detected by the others.

They still had hope, as if Felipe was provided with a room in another building, he would still have to leave the hall and they would have the chance to attack him after that.

Vern was sitting in the front of the hall. He rubbed his white beard with a serious expression on his face. If the chance did not come by itself, he would have to create one, but it seemed there was nothing he could do for the day.

Raventi waited for the arcanists to finish the discussion and said, "Our research cooperation with the druids went well this time. The three alchemical ingredients submitted by Lucien Evans were all validated. Those ingredients can help the plants grow and it's an important discovery for all the countries that are controlled by human beings."

"The experiment has entered an observation period without the effect from the druids' divine spells and it'll take four to five months for it to be completed, so we'll start discussing the other possible alchemical ingredients that might help the plants grow first. Also, we need to find the simplified reactions to those ingredients so we can mass produce them. Now, let's ask Evans to share how he got the results with us."

Everyone was clapping, most of the arcanists knew that if Lucien did not artificially synthesize the carbamide, Felipe would never try to overthrow the Life Force Theory. Although the decisive result was lacking, it was still a respectable move.

Some of the necromancers glared at Lucien with hatred in their eyes as the man walked to the platform. They were having trouble meditating due to the interruption of their meditation worlds, but none of them had the intention to kill Lucien. It was Felipe who overthrew the Life Force Theory, so they would go after him first before going after anyone else.

Lucien cleared his throat and started explaining the procedure of the experiment in a gentle tone. Most of the controlled experiments were validated by elves like Iristine and sorcerers like

Theodore. There was no problem with the experiment design, and although some of the data was changed by them, Lucien changed it back after reasoning it out.

Everyone clapped again as Lucien finished the speech and they thought he would return to his seat. However, Lucien used a hand gesture to ask the arcanists to quiet down.

Lucien's expression turned serious as the arcanists stared at him, looking confused.

"I think you have already noticed one thing through the experiments you did and the paper I submitted. The elements that can help the plants grow are all inside the alchemical ingredients that are soluble in water, that's how they absorbed by the plants."

"That's obvious, isn't it? Plants need water and sunlight to grow, so only the substances that are soluble in water can be absorbed. I think most of the arcanists will notice this point after failing the experiments several times. Mr. Evans, you've just discovered it slightly ahead of us," an arcanist spoke in a disappointed tone. He was good at both soul and element magic, so he was impacted by the matter of the Life Force Theory.

A mysterious smile appeared on Lucien's handsome face. "I have some questions for you, if it's that obvious. Why can the substances only be absorbed when they're dissolved in the water? What can't the particles that are floating in the water have the same effect? Plants do need water and sunlight, but there is no evidence proving that water is just a transportation tool. Why is an alchemical substance so different before and after being dissolved in water? For the last point, I think the arcanists here all noticed similar situations in some other experiments, but why?"

The questions made the arcanists' heads dizzy, they recalled the experiments they did, and they realized that what Lucien just mentioned was actually there. For example, the conductivity of salt changed dramatically after it was dissolved in the water. However, such situations were so simple that people thought they were just common sense.

Lucien stepped down the platform after asking all those questions. He left the rest of the time for the arcanists to discuss.

"Evans, again? I remember you asked a series of questions after the periodic table was validated, just like president Douglas." A sentimental smile appeared on Larry's round face. "You're good at finding the important problems and it's surprising, there are so many things I can learn from you."

Timothy pushed his gold-wired glasses and started joking before Lucien could say anything, "Evans, I think I have several decent nicknames that fit you well, such as, 'Evans the Whybringer' or just 'Question Asker', what do you think?"

"I'm not impressed. Also, my name is in the first one, so it's not a good nickname." Lucien shook his head and walked past them, heading to the seat in the center.

Timothy chuckled, "Evans, what is a good nickname for you then?"

"One Hundred Thousand Whys..." Lucien sat down with a blank expression on his face.

...

In the space of the demiplane, the Lord of Storm smiled.

"So many questions," he turned around and said, glaring at the president of the Congress of Magic, Douglas.

Douglas noticed that the Lord of Storm was looking at him and thus he shifted his sight away from the experiment device. Douglas was trying to simulate the experiment in his meditation space and find the possible results, but he did not pay too much attention to the things that happened after, and he looked at Lord of Storm in confusion.

"One Hundred Thousand Whys," Lord of Storm spoke in a low voice.

Douglas had no idea what the Lord of Storm was talking about. "What?"

...

The arcanists had another thing to discuss thanks to Lucien's questions. There were people giving speeches at the platform from time to time, and they also completed several experiments using the other alchemy platforms. Some were giving hypothesis but they were proved wrong quickly. Time flew.

Lucien and Felipe were assigned rooms on the upper levels of the main building. Their servants were selected from the apprentices, so Nicolay and Walter had no way to sneak in. Vern almost tried to finish the job by himself but he was assigned to other buildings.

Nicolay and Walter had several chances to enter the hall but Felipe and Lucien were carefully sitting in the center of the hall, among many other arcanists. The water they drank was prepared by themselves so it was impossible to kill them by poison or surprise attack, and thus Nicolay and Walter were very disappointed about the situation. However, they were not detected by any senior-rank arcanists and they thought the divine items were extremely effective.

The week was ending but they had no chance to touch Lucien or Felipe. The old sorcerer Vern was getting nervous. The elemental sorcerer would not be able to assist Nicolay and Walter after Felipe returned to Heidler City.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 233: The True Devil

On the following Friday, after the arcanists finished their breakfast, they entered the hall in groups. According to Raventi's words, they would be able to see the result of the experiment today or at most tomorrow, which made them feel very curious.

During the past seven days, the arcanists did observe the reaction equipment through the magic imprints that they left. However, there was nothing specially new going on there. There was nothing new with the pure water evaporating, with the lightning striking the vapor and mixed gas, or with the vapor then condensed into liquid again.

Everything was just so simple and plain.

"What are we going to see? Honestly speaking, I'm very curious." a necromancer from the Hand of Paleness who just re-established his meditation environment was saying in a quite excited way.

Another female necromancer, who had blond eyebrows, compressed her lips a bit, "Jason, in fact, I'm not looking forward to anything, honestly. I don't see anything that's special in this experiment, and there's no way that a simple experiment like this can create an environment

where life can be born. The truth is that, at that time, there were way more factors involved than we can even imagine!"

"Lily, I know... I've been staring at the lightnings for so long that I feel that they are right in front of my eyes right now," answered Jason humorously. His words were true, as many arcanists who studied discharging phenomenon also said the same thing.

Lily rubbed her eyes a bit as well, "I know, but that still doesn't mean anything special."

When they were chatting, someone that both of them were familiar with walked toward them. He had grizzled hair, deep wrinkles, and gentle, blue eyes.

"Morning, Jason. Morning, Lily," greeted the old sorcerer.

"Morning, Vern." Both Lily and Jason nodded and smiled.

"Dear Ms. Lily, may I have a request?" said Vern sincerely, "Would you mind changing your seat with me, as I want to talk to Jason about some of my thoughts over Life Force Theory."

"Why? It's something that has been overthrown already, isn't it?" Lily was confused, and she did not want to sit among a bunch of elemental sorcerers.

"Actually, I do not think so," said Vern seriously. "Can you deny the existence of life force and soul?"

"Of course not, those two things are fundamental in the school of Necromancy. Denying the existence of life force and soul is denying our own existence and values," Jason answered decisively. "It is only Life Force Theory that is overturned, and this does not have anything to do with our study of soul and life. We are re-directed in the past wrong practice of how we create human bodies, but for other theories in the school of Necromancy, especially those about soul, they are still fine and solid."

In their past belief, necromancers were convinced that humans, elves and dragons were superior to other elemental and alchemical creatures because the latter did not have life force that was stored in flesh. Therefore, they believed that only life ingredients could be used to create human bodies, until this theory was overturned by Lucien and Felipe.

Vern shook his head, "What have been synthesized so far are still far from being called 'the most fundamental ingredients of life', so I won't say that Life Force Theory is completely done for. You two must see the great beauty hiding within the human body, and how fascinating human bodies are structured. We are still facing lots of secrets of the human body that have yet to be solved, and if Life Force Theory is totally wrong, can I draw the conclusion that one can just live forever even without a life box, or separating one's soul, or looking for the next new body?"

"Oh... Arcana's above. I can tell that you're really into Life Force Theory, Vern. I'm not even close to you." Lily rubbed her forehead, as her mind was starting to get messy, "I need some time alone. I believe in the secrets of human body, but I also believe in Felipe's experiment outcome. Feel free to talk to Jason, Vern."

Arcana's above was an expression that sorcerers often used to show the impressiveness of something or to be polite.

Then she walked to the elemental sorcerers and sat down among them. After thinking to herself for quite a while, Lily drew her own conclusion: it was certain that Life Force Theory was wrong, but this did not mean that all the secrets of the human body had been solved, and much more needed to be done to further explore the field. Right now, Lily just wanted to keep her mind open, which she believed that was the best attitude.

Vern sat down on Lily's seat. When he was talking with Jason, his eyes focused on Felipe, who was sitting there three rows away to the left front of him.

Today or tomorrow would be his last chance. In order to defend the Lord's glory, Vern was ready to sacrifice himself. However, among all the necromancers he knew, only Lily's seat was the closest to Felipe's, but this seat was still not good enough for Nicolay to launch an attack on Felipe and kill him with one shot. Nicolay needed to, when the time was right, bear the risk of taking five to six steps further through the narrow gaps between the seats to kill Felipe.

"May the gate of Mountain Paradise open for me." Vern crossed in front of his chest in his mind.

...

Soon, all the attendee arcanists had shown up, and today, it was Larry who took the stage.

Larry's round face was filled with excitement, and he said to everyone in the hall with a higher pitch than usual, "We've discovered the wonderful relation between the concentration and conductivity of solution from Lucien's questions, thus I was thinking: what if we study something else rather than solution? What if we study pure water? I wonder how pure water's conductivity is like..."

Because it was a widespread fact that water was conductive, most arcanists ignored this direction. Although they could make pure water out of combining oxygen and hydrogen together, they never thought of doing this. Hearing Larry's words, they felt quite hesitant.

Larry began to make pure water to test its conductivity. When electric sparks kept appearing in the reactor, the magic circle at the bottom of the pure water for testing current actually detected nothing. Every sorcerer's face looked quite confused but also surprised, as what they thought as some kind of common sense was, again, overturned.

When the water started bubbling, Larry finished his experiment, "As everyone saw, before pure water is resolved into hydrogen and oxygen, it is not conductive, thus we can make an assumption that it is some kind of alchemical substance dissolved in water that turns water to be conductive. I'm not sure what it is yet, but we can first take a look at the new fourth-circle magic that I've created based on this experiment—Larry's Water Shield, which can effectively defend against the Lightning spell."

Then, Larry started to share the general structure of the spell and how he built its model. Although he was hiding the core part of it, most arcanists were still listening to it very carefully, hoping that they could build something like this on their own.

However, Vern was having a difficult time concentrating. He kept looking at those waiters who were serving the arcanists with black tea, water and warm face towels. When he saw that there were around five or six waiters who were serving around in the hall in different places, Vern raised his hand and beckoned to a nearby apprentice.

"Yes, sir? What can I do for you?" The apprentice hurriedly came over to Vern and asked in a very respectable manner, as he knew that every single one of the arcanists present was at least of middle rank!

Vern nodded in a nice way, "Good young fella, I need some black tea with sliced lemon to stay focused."

Jason was not paying any attention to Vern, not only because what Vern was doing was simply ordinary, but also because, as a necromancer, he was very interested in spells that could block electromagnetic wave spells like Lightning.

"Sure." The apprentice respectively took a few steps back and then walked toward a door.

At this time, Nicolay ventured to take two steps forward to stand in the front.

"A cup of black tea with sliced lemon for Mr. Vern over there." The apprentice just directly talked to Nicolay, as he did not care about the order of the waiters. And the other waiter who was now standing behind Nicolay was a bit confused, having no idea why this guy wanted to please that old sorcerer.

Nicolay went to the small room in the corner of the hall and got a cup of black tea. Nervous as he was, he told himself, "God is watching me, and this is my most glorious moment. The gate of Mountain Paradise will be open for me!"

Nicolay calmed down with his belief, and then he walked toward the row of seats where Vern was. When he came in front of Vern, Nicolay handed the cup to Vern respectively.

"Your lemon black tea," said Nicolay politely, as if he was totally strange to Vern.

On the other side, another middle-rank arcanist who was sitting four rows behind Lucien also requested a cup of water.

Walter knew that this was not a very good distance to kill Lucien. However, he was decisive and certain that, when his partner Nicolay launched his attack toward Felipe, it would also be his best chance to kill Lucien Evans.

Putting down the cup, Nicolay slowly turned around. Staring at Felipe from behind, Nicolay felt that the distance between Felipe and him was the path the he needed to take to get to Mountain Paradise.

In Nicolay's eyes, the distance was long, but what was at the end of the path made him yearn for it so much.

Although what Nicolay had was only a replica of the Sword of Truth, it was still a level nine divine item, thus using the replica would still cost him a lot of power and strength, despite the fact that the full power of the replica sword could not be fully activated because of Nicolay's level. At the same time, as this was a sword, Nicolay could not use it from some distance away, instead, he needed to get Felipe with the sword in a very short distance to achieve the most ideal effect.

Therefore, Nicolay needed to have someone to distract Felipe at that moment when he launched his attack.

When Nicolay was moving to the isle, he was still calculating the distance. Before he arrived at the best spot for assassination, if Vern could not offer him further support by distracting Felipe, he had to take all the risk in a sink-or-swim way to kill Felipe, even if it meant that he needed to run through the narrow seat gaps to get closer to Felipe.

Nicolay was ready to sacrifice himself.

Meanwhile, Walter, while putting down the cup of water for the arcanist, was also calculating his distance from Lucien Evans, but he would not take any chances before Felipe was attacked.

Vern took a deep breath, and just when he was about to draw people's attention to himself, an arcanist in the front shouted in sharp voice, "The reactor! Something's changing in the reactor!"

All the arcanists looked at the reactor, including Larry.

In the glass bottle at the bottom on the right, inside the tube for condensation, something light red appeared in the pure water!

What was it?!

The arcanists almost felt that they didn't dare to ask, but their hearts were filled with the question. Several of the arcanists in the front even stood up to see clearer. Nicolay's vision was blocked, but he was encouraged - from the chaos, he could have enough time to kill Felipe. However, he was also a bit distracted subconsciously, wondering what the light red stuff was.

Raventi, who was sitting in the front, directly flew onto the stage, deactivated all the magic circles and took out the light red substance. He hurriedly activated the magic circle, Identification, to see what it was.

At the same time, more arcanists also used their own Identification magic circles to check the substance, including Felipe.

However, what they had all ignored was that Identification could only check things that were not unknown, as the spell was continuously improved by the congress.

Seeing that many arcanists were busy with casting the spell, Nicolay knew that this was his best chance to kill Felipe. Under his long robe, he grabbed the replica of the sword tightly, and then he took a solid step forward. He walked faster and faster. He did not care anymore if any arcanists had noticed him. In his eyes, there was only Felipe.

Within a few second, Nicolay had shortened his distance between him and Felipe quite a bit.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Walter also started to take action.

Nicolay was one step away from Felipe now!

He fiercely ripped off the amulet that he was wearing for hiding his divine power with one hand, and took out the sword with the other hand.

When he was about to hack the sword at Felipe, someone shouted in a hight pitch, "Aspartic acid... There's Aspartic acid in there! Something originally found in asparagus! Oh... Arcana's above... What I've found here..."

"And some other life ingredients! Although two of them have never been successfully refined yet, they are parts of the foundation of life!" On the other side, another level five arcanist was shocked, as if he just saw the real God.

"And lipid and carbohydrate..." Pesor and Tina-Timos all stood up. Although they were not some kind of followers, they still wanted to say that this could only have been done by God.

It was a miracle that an environment that was made up of several of the simplest factors, including lightning, gases, pure water and a mini replica model of a volcano, could just generate life ingredients!

Felipe was also astounded. In his eyes, they were now in the realm of God. He wondered who designed this model—was it Professor?!

Every single one of the arcanists knew what this experiment meant—it had revealed the fact that, even though it could not completely deny that the God of Truth could create life, at least God was not the only entity that could create life. In other words, Creationism was facing a great threat.

When the arcanists were exclaiming in front of the experiment finding, Nicolay, who was only one step away from Felipe, was still shocked.

He could not remove his eyes away from the reactor, which was surrounded by many different identification magic circles. The light of the tree symbol above the reactor representing all kinds of life ingredients was so pure and bright that Nicolay, when staring at it, had forgotten his purpose for being here.

He could not believe what was in front of his eyes. He could not believe that there was aspartic acid in the reactor.

Lots of thoughts flashed through Nicolay's mind. He recalled how the experiment was built up: high temperature and methane gas brought by volcanic eruption, magic lightning used to recreate natural thunder and lightning, pure water to simulate prehistoric ocean, the main gases including hydrogen... In the whole experiment, there was no intervention from God, but life ingredients were still created.

Nicolay was more than regretful that he had learned something about arcana before. He wished that he had never known what life ingredients were and how important they were.

Nicolay's head was buzzing with thoughts:

"Can natural environment also create life? So it isn't something that is only controlled by God?

"But... but life should only be governed by the almighty God...

"Creating life... is within the realm of God...

"Does God even exist? Does Mountain Paradise exist? After I die, where will I go?

"They are devils, true devils! They've made me doubt God!"

In a flash, Nicolay's thoughts shook the foundation of his belief, and thus his divine power started to go out of control. And as a quick reaction, Nicolay started to pray.

However, as soon as he started praying, his power directly exploded. From the inside out, the divine power devoured him with dazzling, beautiful light.

At the same time, Walter was overwhelmed by the same holy light.

Both Nicolay and Walter exploded with their power and turned into two beautiful beams of light, just like dreamlike firework.

Seeing the light beams, the arcanists were astonished but also confused.

Before the arcanists could figure out what was going on there, Vern's head exploded. White brain tissue and fresh blood scattered everywhere.

The rest of the arcanists hurriedly tried to stabilize their own mediation environments. They were too shocked to comprehend the whole situation, and they only shared one common thought:

"This was crazy!"

...

"So, the two experiment subjects have proved the great impact that the experiment finding can bring to the Church," said Hathaway emotionlessly. Her silvery-gray eyes were cold.

The grand arcanists knew the Church's plan from the very beginning, since Vern's suggestion of putting Nicolay and Walter into the meeting was actually made up by Thanatos and was put in Vern's mind.

Vaharall and Varantine never thought that the grand arcanists would show up for this meeting.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 234: Action

In the demiplane, seven fine silver chairs floating in the darkness formed a semicircle, and the five grand arcanists sitting on the chairs looked like Gods overlooking the mortals from high above.

A senior elf was right now sitting on one of the two chairs that originally belonged to the other two grand arcanists who did not attend the meeting today. Right now, he was staring at the reactor down there as if he had forgotten everything around him. The senior elf was staring at every single change happening in the reactor—lightning, vaporization, condensation... There was light in his pupil.

After a while of silence, Brook, the Emperor of Control, with his fingers crossing as usual, said to the rest of them in a voice that somehow mixed with calmness and excitement, "The experiment revealed a brand new possibility of how life was originally born and how life can be born, and this has provided us with a new direction in our research. Before this experiment, we arcanists tended to treat this topic in a too complicated way."

"Are you trying to say that we can synthesize a baby in a lab merely using carbon and some gases?" Fernando, Lord of Storm, disputed directly, "I admit the great importance of this experiment, but I also believe that the truth is way more complicated than this, maybe even more complicated than we thought? We have no clear idea how life ingredients managed to evolve into life foundations, how other life ingredients were born, how body and soul are connected..."

Brook was already used to Fernando's bad temper, so he pressed his hands downwards a bit to calm Lord of Storm down, "I did not make it clear enough. What I was trying to say was that the original environment pictured by us before, for giving birth to life ingredients, was too complicated. In arcana study, sometimes being simple and direct is also very important."

"Then, have you asked yourself, what is hydrogen? Why do volcanos erupt? Why are there oceans and the reason behind the tides? Why is there lightning and thunder? Before those things were born, how did the world look like? Why does the world look like this now?" Douglas, the president of the congress, looked around at the rest of the grand arcanists, "The experiment is surely simple, and the process of synthesizing life ingredients is surely not complicated, but what hides behind the experiment is not simple. We shall never take them for granted, and we shall always ask why."

"One hundred thousand whys..." Lord of Storm murmured.

Hathaway nodded slightly, "The ocean of arcana is boundless, and we're fishermen who have just set our sails. We are still far from understanding the essence of the world, and we must hold the world in awe."

"That's why arcana's so charming." Brook smiled, pushing his glasses a bit upward.

Thanatos also grinned, "Although we have just set our sails, the Church must be more than shocked. What we are watching now, in the Church's eyes, is something that is totally unacceptable and beyond offensive, in the forbidden zone of God and divine power. I'm looking forward to seeing how the pope and those cardinals will react when they hear about the experiment. I bet that they'd still find some excuses with something related to soul. But one day, when we thoroughly understand soul and divine power, it will be the end of them. What a pity that the experiment needs to take so long to reveal the findings, or we could directly show it in front of the Church... Think about it... How destructive that would be to those pastors."

Every grand arcanist present understood that not every cardinal or pastor from the Church would be destroyed by their own divine power when seeing the experiment. The reason that Walter and Nicolay were devoured by holy power right on the spot was that they had spent seven days staying

here, witnessing the very beginning of the experiment when the reactor was being built, and after a long time of wondering and feeling insecure waiting for the final answer, the research finding was too shocking for them to keep adhering to their belief.

Without this gradual, building-up process, most of the pastor and cardinals would definitely first doubt the validity of the experiment, and they might even say that the experiment was fake. Then, they would find any possible reasons or pieces of evidence to fight back and to comfort themselves, so they could continuously stick to their belief.

However, of course, those grand arcanists would not waste this great chance to give the Church a hard time. Although the experiment, of course, could not completely wipe out the Church, many pastors would start to doubt their belief to some extent, and their chance of breaking through their levels would be slim to none.

"We've turned our blind eye to some people for quite a while, and now it's time to let them show their value," said Hathaway in a cold and ambiguous way.

Lord of Storm agreed, "The Church shall still suffer from this finding. I really wonder how many pastors and cardinals will be devoured by the light."

The grand arcanists soon reached an agreement, and Douglas started to give orders to the Affairs Committee.

At the same time, Hathaway turned around and looked at Thanatos, "Do not use Invade Brain to investigate who designed the experiment from the Will of Elements. I don't want them to be chased around by the Church, and thus not be able to go to other dimensions."

Although Invade Brain and Weaving Memory usually did not work well with senior-rank sorcerers, Thanatos, as a master of these two spells, once before managed to invade a level eight cardinal's

brain. He read most of the cardinal's memory, and even changed part of it, leading the cardinal to hate the pope, in order to make the cardinal kill the pope. Unfortunately, the part of changing the cardinal's memory also changed his cognition of this world, and the cardinal's belief suddenly got destroyed, and, in the end, he was devoured by the holy light, bringing failure to Thanatos' plans.

However, the congress gained a lot from Thanatos invading the brain of the cardinal, and most of their first-hand materials of divine power came from this. This was why Thanatos ranked eleventh place on the Church's Cleansing List, even higher than Hathaway and Lord of Storm.

"All of your senior-rank arcanists from the Will of Elements are on the list already. Why would this matter?" Thanatos was a bit confused.

Hathaway did not answer him.

Thanatos put on a slightly embarrassed smile, as he did not want to speak against Hathaway in front of other grand arcanists, and then he nodded, "The mage who designed this experiment has combined belief and one's own cognition world together... quite interesting."

At this time, Malfurion finally sobered up from his tons of thoughts and said loudly, "Mind of Nature! This is the mind of nature!"

...

Down below the demiplane, staring at the holy light and the blood, all of the arcanists were shocked. They all of a sudden felt that the lightnings in the reactor looked fabulous but cruel.

The future of arcana was further lit up by the experiment, but behind the experiment, there was blood and darkness.

After quite a while, Timothy asked loudly and confusedly, "Is this holy light?"

"Are those people... from the Church?" Larry heard of something like this before, but he had never witnessed people being devoured by the light.

The crowd started to feel nervous.

"Be quiet!" Raventi looked quite pissed off, and he spoke to the crowd loudly, "Do not panic! Right now, we have to figure out why the Church's people were here!"

Hearing Raventi's shouting, the rest of the arcanists all started to look around alertedly.

Noticing that the person from the Church was only one step away from him, Felipe answered gloomily, "They came here to kill me. And the sorcerer whose head exploded... should be the traitor."

After the holy light disappeared gradually, there was nothing of Nicolay or Walter left, but a silvery-gray blade lying on the floor.

"This is the replica of the Sword of Truth!"

"This thing is of research value!"

The sword from Holm parish was so famous that most arcanists recognized it immediately.

Lucien knew that the Church's second target was him, but in the Church's eyes, he was not as important as Felipe at all. Lucien also wondered whether the Church would rank him the top fifty on the list if they knew that this experiment, the Miller-Urey experiment, was put forward by him.

Lucien felt lucky that, when he submitted this experiment to the Will of Elements, he requested to be behind the scenes.

Rogerio from the Affairs Committee came up to the stage and started to direct sorcerers to take different actions.

Those who did not get any tasks stood on the other side and were talking to each other, "It's unbelievable that a simple experiment design like this can generate life ingredients..."

"And what's also unbelievable is that two pastors turned into holy light right in front of us! The light is even more beautiful than new year fireworks, ha."

"Those necromancers should feel lucky that the previous studies from Lucien Evans and Felipe had overthrown Life Force Theory first, or today's experiment would for sure be mind-bugging enough to explode their heads directly."

"If there wasn't those previous studies serving as a buffering thing at the first place, they would not just show this experiment right in front of us over the meeting. Those grand arcanists know how shocking this thing is and they know that they have to ease us into it."

"I know... I wonder who designed this experiment... It's seems like 'God' is revealing the truth in front of us."

"But making people's heads explode is still too cruel..."

In the corner, Lucien listened to their conversation silently, and at this time, Iristine's voice came into his ears, "Mr. Evans?"

"Yes, your highness?" Lucien turned around and asked.

Unusually, there was a sincere smile on Iristine's face, which made her look even more beautiful. Her faced blushed as she spoke to Lucien, "You people have proved the greatness of nature. And I think you guys are not all bad."

"Mr. Evans, please forgive my rudeness before. Sorcerers can see the greatness of nature as well, and you guys can use arcana to show the miracle." Arcelion also agreed, "After witnessing this experiment, I'm deeply shocked."

Although Lucien did not really understand why the elves could change their attitude toward sorcerers because of one single experiment, it was always not a bad thing to have allies, especially with druidic elves.

...

Radiance Church, Holm.

Three cardinals were waiting for the result of their assassination plan in Philibell's study.

At this time, a pastor came into the study, with a confidential letter in his hand, "My lord, here's the result. It's secretly sent by a sorcerer that we bribed from the congress."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 235: Impact

Philibell jumped up from his chair and took over the letter with his slightly trembling hands. He wondered if the Congress had declared war against them.

In his mind, he believed that the assassination had succeeded, because this was the only explanation why the letter was sent by the sorcerer that they bribed, instead of their other channels. If the Congress managed to take over Holm, the fact that some sorcerers were working for the Church would be easily found out. For the sorcerers who wanted to gain as much benefit as they could, the best scenario would be the one where the balance between the Congress and the Church was maintained.

Casting holy light from his eyes, Philibell first scanned the letter to make sure that it was safe to open. He had been dealing with the sorcerers for so many years since he took over the Holm parish, thus Philibell knew how cunning and crafty those sorcerers were. For example, the letter could possibly contain some kind of medium for casting the spell, Invade Brain.

After making sure there were no magic traps in the envelope, Philibell finally opened it and unfolded the thin piece of paper in it:

"The Will of Elements presented a simple experiment simulating the pre-historic natural environment. Under the close watch of many arcanists and the two night watchers, and without the intervention of neither magic nor divine power, after a week of cycling, life ingredients were created in the reactor, including aspartic acid and more. The two night watchers and one old sorcerer who followed the God of Truth could not handle the research finding with their collapsed ontology, and thus they were devoured by their inner power right on the spot.

"God created the world in seven days... Cardinal Philibell, is this how it was?"

Then the letter briefly introduced how the reactor was built, how the experiment was conducted, and what the findings were.

"Life ingredients...? pre-historic natural environment" Philibell murmured the words as if he was dreaming. And he recognized the handwriting immediately—the letter was not from a random sorcerer that the Church bribed, but from Douglas, the president of the Congress of Magic!

Douglas mentioned every single step of the experiment. Philibell knew what this meant: Douglas, as an outstanding grand arcanist, was too proud to lie, and he was a hundred percent confident that the experiment was valid and correct.

Philibell's hands had senile plaques on them. Holding the letter, his hands started to tremble fiercely, "My Lord... What shall we do here? What are you trying to tell us? Why do you want mortals to enter your realm?"

His pure, crystal-like soul appeared in the air above his body, whose light lit up the study in a gentle way. The piece of paper gradually dropped onto the ground.

"Philibell, what's wrong?! Don't let your belief in the Lord be affected!" as Vaharall was shouting at him, black waves appeared and surrounded Philibell to stabilize his power.

"I'm okay... and I've never doubted God." Philibell calmed down a bit and slightly shook his head, "Don't worry about me. I'm not going to collapse. I did forecast this before when the sorcerers successfully synthesized carbamide and fatty acid, but I just did not expect that the result could be so shocking that it almost hurt my soul."

"What's on that letter?" Varantine picked up the piece of paper on the ground. He believed that he was already mentally prepared for this.

Philibell did not stop him, but stared at Varantine to see his reaction with a pair of meaningful eyes.

"Bastards!" Without even finishing reading the letter, Varantine swore aloud out of rage. He could not believe that those vicious sorcerers actually did this experiment to pry into the forbidden realm of God. He could not believe how disrespectful they were and how they dared do this!

Doing an experiment like this, in Varantine's mind, was enough to push someone into hell thousands of times. His core understanding of this world and fundamental belief in God was built on Creationism, and after reading this letter, something warm and sweet upwelled to his throat.

Golden blood gushed out from his mouth, and his body was covered with dim light. Despite the fact that his soul was injured, Varantine gnashed, "We shall declare war! An all-out war! We shall purify the Congress of Magic to defend the glory of God!"

Luckily for Varantine, he had already gone through the most difficult time when the previous two researches came out, so he didn't get severely injured when facing the words from the president of the Congress of Magic, Douglas. However, this was still the first time in the past a hundred and sixty nine years that Varantine spat blood like this since he had come to this level.

In contrast, when the bad-tempered Vaharall finished reading the letter, he was not too shocked, but his face still looked very gloomy. Slowly, he squeezed the words out of his teeth with great rage, "We shall not always focus this much on the heresy sect in the north anymore. It's time to pull back our attention and put it on those vicious sorcerers who are trying to reach their bloody hands to the exclusive realm of God!"

Vaharall was a legendary knight, and his power was from his own Blessing. Therefore, the great impact on his cognition might affect his belief in God to some degree, but could not kill him.

"What we shall do right now is to block the information, calm the pastors down, and then gradually modify their understanding of Creationism," Philibell said to them.

The pastor who brought the letter was standing in the corner. He dare not read the letter on the desk.

At this time, there came some hurried footsteps outside of the study, and cardinal who was wearing a red robe and long shawl rushed in the study, and, as a relatively powerful pastor, he still looked helpless and nervous, "Lord Philibell! A pastor in Radiance Church just got devoured by holy light! And many parishes have reported that most pastor, even cardinals, are experiencing great impact on their cognition of their belief! Although so far we only have two pastors who were devoured by their power, most of the pastors are feeling confused and desperate now. They're urgently begging you, Lord Philibell, to prove to them that the experiment which produces life ingredients in a pre-historic natural environment is fake!"

"What?!" Philip was even more shocked now. He had never expected that the Congress could spread the news so fast.

...

In the early morning, a bunch of newspaper kids were yelling on the streets energetically,

"Newspaper, newspaper! Latest Holm News! Earlier than usual!"

Hearing that, many people on the streets started looking for five Fells in their purses, as they knew that there must be something important in the newspaper.

Influenced by those magic schools, common people living here in Holm were more educated than the average people in other countries across the ocean, and they also more or less cared about the development of magic. Therefore, newspapers here, especially in Rentato, sold better.

Meanwhile, those nobles who did not need to rush to work were right now enjoying their breakfast while reading Holm News as usual, and those people included many pastors and cardinals.

A young pastor left his room and came to the cathedral's dining hall. After his praying, there was buttered bread and sausages on the plates in front of him. Beside the plates, there was a pile of newspaper.

"Holm News?" the pastor was a little bit surprised, and he asked the pastor who was still in training sitting close to him, "Isn't this issue earlier than usual?"

"My Lord," the pastor answered respectfully, "I'm not very sure, but it's said that something big just happened in Rentato."

"Oh?" The pastor picked up the newspaper. As usual, the first page was about the old king, who just went for hunting the other day, followed by lots of nobles, but Prince Patrick was not there.

However, when he turned the newspaper to the second page, a striking black title appeared in his sight, "An Experiment Simulating the Pristine Natural Environment."

"Experiment?! Those sorcerers are on the newspaper now?" The young pastor was shocked. As he read it even further, he added, "Lie! Shameless lie! This is blasphemy!"

The other pastors in training were all scared. When they saw that the pastor started throwing plates and bowls onto the ground, they all took a few steps back.

After a long time, the pastor murmured to himself in a puzzled way, "Lie... This must be a lie! I'm gonna report this to the head Cardinal, and he will prove that it is a lie!"

The same scenario occurred in most of the churches and cathedrals in Holm parish, and almost simultaneously in churches in the Kingdom of Colette.

The Congress of Magic had shown its great influence!

...

"That's basically what happened." The other cardinal slowly calmed down a bit.

Philibell asked seriously, "But why would Holm News publish this experiment?"

"The headquarter and divisions of the newspaper are right now under the control of the Congress. They've printed out the latest issue of Holm News in every city," the cardinal explained. "However, all people involved in this had fled."

Philibell was still confused, "But how can they communicate with each other in real time? Sound transmission spells cost a lot and casting those spells means lots of work... How could they take action so fast?"

"So far, we have no idea yet, Lord Philibell," answered the cardinal.

Vaharall said to Philibell seriously,

"Philibell, you stay here and control the situation. I go to see the pope for his instruction."

When Philibell was left alone in the study after everyone got their own tasks, he signed slowly, "What is your true will, Lord?"

...

Lance, the Holy city.

Benedict II, the Pope, was right now calmly looking at the cardinals standing in front of him. Then, lifting his scepter, he said to them seriously, "Have you all forgotten the word from Lord? It is always the soul that goes up to Mountain Paradise, not one's flesh and blood!"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 236: Lucien's New Magic

After experiencing the great shock brought by the previous two experiences, the fact that Life Force Theory was overturned was not such a big surprise for those grand cardinals. However, they had imagined that the Congress was right now targeting Creationism, the realm of God.

The success of the experiment forced the grand cardinals and legendary knights to doubt Creationism, and they started to question themselves whether this was a true forbidden realm that only belonged to God. They did not know what to do, and showing their great anger seemed to be the only way right now that they could hide their inner fear and guilt.

Over the past hundreds of years, the several popes had all put emphasis on introducing arcana to improve divine spells, and thus all the grand cardinals were also relatively profound in arcana. If a grand cardinal went to the congress, within a year or two, he or she would probably be around middle-rank level. Therefore, despite the fact that they were all very angry, they still had countless ideas going on in their minds, using all their wisdom to find a loophole in the experiment. As long as they could find one, they would say that the experiment was a mistake, and so they could defend Creationism.

Before the Pope spoke, the Bright Hall was just as noisy as the market in Lance.

"This experiment is just a prototype of the prehistoric natural environment described by legends, and no one can say that this is the real environment where the God of Truth created the world," said the Pope, Benedict II.

"But that's also what Canon tells us... Lightning, flood, volcano..."

"What Canon describes is only the tangible environment, but what about the gases? It is possible that the gases involved in the experiment are not the original ones when God first created everything. Did any of you notice that there was no oxygen used in the experiment? In the Congress' eyes, oxygen is the most useful gas to the human body."

"But... This is just our assumption..."

"We do not need to prove their mistake. We only need to emphasize the possible errors existing in this experiment," said the pope. "It is the sorcerers who should prove everything, not us. If they can't prove it, they can never overturn Creationism."

The pope's new perspective comforted the grand cardinals. They were less angry now, and they started listening to the pope in a relatively calm way.

The pope's tone was getting tougher, "Regardless of whether the experiment is valid or not, I admit that the experiment indeed has proved the fact that life ingredients can be generated by a natural environment. However, is it something that can just shake your belief in God? Can you just say that life is not bestowed by God?"

The cardinals remained silent.

"A body needs a soul, but a soul does not require a body. A soul without a body can be the Holy Spirit, petitioner, or life in other forms. So, let me ask you... What is the essence of life?

"It is the soul that ascends to Mountain Paradise, never the flesh. I think that the reason why you are feeling confused right now is that the first pope who started the composition of Canon did not make this point clear enough.

"So you tell me... Who created nature? Who created the laws of nature? It was God. God owns the glory for life ingredients being produced following the laws of nature!"

A series of questioning and answers had clearly established and interpreted a new Creationism. The great anxiety in the grand cardinals mind gradually disappeared, and then they became devoted again.

The saint cardinal, Sard, who moved through a magic portal directly from Aalto to Holm, was crossing in front of his chest. His eyes, which were often dim, right now were beyond clear,

"All glory shall go to God. Pope Benedict, please let all our pastors and cardinals hear the true will of God, so they can feel the might and glory of God."

Compared to the time when Lucien saw Sard in the Psalm Hall, Sard now looked even more aged and sophisticated, and his eyes appeared to be deeper and darker, as if they could absorb the light around him.

"This is the most important thing for us at the moment. We shall have all the cardinals and pastors in every parish feel Lord's true will." The Pope calmly commanded, "At the same time, send more people to Holm and Colette to help Philibell and Varahall with reassuring their people."

Although it was clear that the most important task in front of them right now was stabilizing the Church's belief foundation, and thus not a good opportunity to go to war against the Congress of Magic, Stone and other knights were still being quite restless.

"Your Grace, shall we just let those sorcerers go? They've insulted the Church to this degree, and they must pay the blood price. If we do nothing, those sorcerers would see us as being weak and timid, and they would keep attacking us."

"That's what they want. They want us to declare a war against them when we are not ready. And If we do, we will definitely suffer from great loss facing our north Church enemies and the heresy followers and dark creatures in the Dark Mountain Range. Although they will for sure also suffer a great loss, we've got more enemies than they do right now. Without we distracting them, the Congress would grow very fast," answered the pope calmly. "The sorcerers know that we will be having a great war sooner or later, so they always want us to start the war when we are in an unfavourable position, because defending is always much easier than attacking. We serve God, so

we value the glory of God the most, not ours. We've permeated the Congress to some degree, and we will make them pay, but not now. However, of course, we shall start switching our major attention to the Congress side from now on."

Then, the pope turned around and started giving orders, "Stone, you lead the Knights of Grail to Holm to assist Philibell. Augusta, you go to the north and try to parley with the North Church to ask them to show their resolution in defending God's glory by facing the sorcerers as well. This is a tough task, and I hope your faith in Lord can help you with it."

After receiving their tasks, the grand cardinals started leaving one by one. In the end, only the pope was left in the Bright Hall.

When he dropped his scepter, the Pope looked just like an ordinary senior. The light surrounding him made him look very lonely.

...

The research project was over, and what they needed to do was just to wait for another four to five months until the crops turned ripe. So the druids were now about to head back to Stroop Forest by taking the magic steam train.

The druids felt that they had experienced and seen a lot in this trip, especially with the experiment. Although all those human being's creations such as the train were quite nice, they were still not even close to the greatness of nature, which could produce and nurture the miracle of life!

"Then, Mr. Evans, see you five months later." Iristine waved her hands toward Lucien through the train window with a sweet smile on her face, "I really hope that the alchemical product that you found can save the farmers from starving."

To some degree, both elves' and human beings' way of thinking could be quite strange. When an elf or a person hated someone, no matter what that the person did, everything appeared to be nasty. However, once they changed their impression toward that person, everything started to be more acceptable.

"Mr. Evans," said Iristine in a nice way, "honestly speaking, I feel that you're pretty thoughtful with your understanding of how we should protect mother nature from our recent conversations. The only thing is that you always take your human being's perspective."

Beside her, Arcelion turned around and slight nodded, "Mr. Evans, you are welcome to visit Stroop. I believe that when you're actually there, you'll appreciate mother nature even more. Of course, you'll find nice elven music there as well."

Lucien, with his one hand in his long jacket pocket, waved the other hand slightly, "Your highness, see you five months later. Actually, I'm more interested in the old books developed from the long history of elves."

Lucien' magic robe, Transformation, was already fixed, and the Hand of Paleness paid for it.

The train whistle tooted. Gradually accelerating, the magic steam train left the station.

Putting the other hand into the pocket, Lucien walked to the other end of the station to meet with other senior sorcerers from the Will of Elements, and there he saw a familiar face.

"When did you come back, K!" Lucien was quite surprised. Without K's help, Lucien would have never published his periodic table of elements paper on Element.

K did not change much in the past month. He was still strong and tall, wearing the same long, black coat, and he was still shy.

"I just came back. And I met Mr. Larry." K lightly scratched the back of his head.

"Was everything okay when you went back?" asked Lucien in a concerned way.

"The problem's been solved," said K mildly. "It was actually not a big deal. My parents got scared when a senior official from the city council was giving them a hard time. Since I'm a sorcerer, I'm also a member of the city council, and that was why they wanted me to go back."

"Great. Let's go back to Allyn together, then?" Seeing the train was arriving, Lucien asked him.

K took a quick look at Larry who was standing beside him a bit shyly, "Thanks for your invitation, Lucien. But from today on, I'll be following Mr. Larry around and doing research after him. I've heard your stories, and they were amazing. I could not believe that you not only won the Holm Crown prize but also led to the overturn of Life Force Theory within the past one month. You know... I feel like you're still a teacher in the school, measuring elements behind my back. Life's just amazing."

Shy as K, he was more talkative than usual as he was trying to express his great surprise.

"I'm going to stay in the Royal Magic Tower of Holm for a while." Larry joined their conversation, "Those questions put forward by you offered Mr. Gaston and me lots of ideas and great inspiration, and we are heading toward a new direction in studying the dissolution of some alchemical products. Thank you, Lucien. Your sharp way of thinking is really valuable."

Then, Larry quickly shook hands with Lucien.

"By the way," Larry continued, "the fifth circle spell, Fernando's Electromagnetic Message, which was inspired by your bat experiment, really helped us a lot this time. From now on, communication between middle-rank sorcerers and above shall be much easier. Of course, we can still improve the spell further. Right now, the way of communication is facing a few problems, such as its confidentiality issue, the fact that it can be easily interrupted by lightnings, and that it cannot go through the barriers between different spaces... But anyway, this is a great spell, especially when you think about how expensive casting a voice messaging spell can be."

Lucien nodded, "I'm sure that the spell will be further improved."

In his mind, Lucien was very impressed by this spell created by Lord of Storm after combining radio wave, cryptology and electromagnetic wave together. When two sorcerers agreed on a certain wave frequency, they could talk to each other directly. Even for those junior-rank sorcerers who could not learn this spell, they could still buy a magic item enchanted with this spell with their approximate ten-year's saving.

Lucien knew that there was still a deep and wide gap between Lord of Storm and himself. Although the invention of this spell was because of his bat research, Lucien was not going to be blindly proud of himself. He knew that it was time for him to study hard again, in order to create some of his own new spells, and one of them would be called Lucien's Infrared Eyes.

Gaston gave Lucien a sign to get him aboard the train, then he said to him, "Evans, because of your great contribution to the project, the congress and the Will of Elements have decided to give you a garden villa in Allyn as your reward, equipped with a magic lab set up by a senior-rank sorcerer, where most low to middle-rank experimental facilities are available. We hope that you can focus on studying arcana, so for the next whole year, you won't be receiving any tasks from either the Congress or the Will of Elements."

"That's great." Lucien nodded. After waving to Gaston, Larry and K, he boarded the train.

Chapter 237: Two Sides of the Land

Chapter 237: Two Sides of the Land

Translator: _Leo_ Editor: Vermillion

The vibrant and colorful flowers were dancing in the wind. They made the pink-whitish buildings look alive. Inside the mansion, there were several platforms with complicated patterns engraved on the surface of them within a spacious room that was locked. Equipment like glass bottles, reaction burners, and connecting tubes were placed on top of those platforms. When compared to the normal lab equipment Lucien had seen on Earth, the equipment on the platform looked mysterious due to the enigmatic magic runes on them.

He had changed to a long lab robe from the black frock coat so he could move freely in the room. Lucien was focusing on the magic circles that could simulate the different parts of the spell models. A ball of red shadow appeared in the dark and it slowly stabilized after combining the models. Although it was a blurry shadow, he could see that it was a creature that looked like a rat with different colors on its body parts due to the difference in temperature.

Lucien deactivated the magic circles with a satisfied look on his face. He then whistled and turned on the arc lamps in the lab room. A palm-sized tiny house that was built with bricks and wooden planks appeared on the platform as the room was brightened up. Inside the house, there was an iron-eating rat with a modified bloodline, that was captured recently.

"Finally, Lucien's Infrared Eyes is completed but it seems the effect is weaker than I expected. Sadly, it's just a second circle spell, but I can use it as a way to check my surroundings." Lucien was familiar with the principles of the infrared thermal imaging technology but he was having trouble applying them to the patterns, runes, and incantations of the magic structure. He spent

months studying the basics in the Congress of Magic and finally had the ability to create formal spells, as he could only create apprentice-level spells before that.

Lucien turned off the arc lamps after memorizing the spell model he created in mind.

The complicated and tongue-twisting incantation slowly echoed in the darkness as the shiny powder of the sun stone slid down Lucien's hands. His spiritual power vibrated and changed as he chanted the incantation, quickly constructing the core of the spell model under Lucien's control.

Lucien's left pupil turned from black to red, reflecting the image of the iron-eating rat in the cage, but the layering of the image was lacking.

Lucien turned his head to the window that was covered by the black curtain, he looked outside with his red left eye and saw a "red" bird flew by.

Lucien brought the light back to the lab room after making sure that the second circle spell was working. The redness faded away from his left eye and he could construct it in his soul when meditating during the night.

However, the strength of a sorcerer's souls was limited, and they could only construct a certain number of spell models at each rank. They needed to match their spells in a reasonable way, for example, supportive spells did not need to be constructed in the soul, they could just cast it with incantation, casting gestures, or magic materials when necessary.

There were many books like Spell Matching Technique in the Congress of Magic, explaining the knowledge of this specific field.

Although Lucien's Infrared Eyes was a supportive spell, it was very likely that he would cast it when being ambushed by an assassin. It would be important for him to cast it faster in that situation so he could track the assassin down easier.

Lucien rested for a while and opened his magic notebook, stopped at an extremely complicated image of a spell structure, closed his eyes, and started meditating.

The starry sky of destiny was surrounded by the wind, fire, and water elements. The elements were the ones which composed Lucien's meditation environment.

In the meditation environment, the colorful elements were moving following several specific paths. They looked like glowing fireflies moving in an endless night sky. They matched up with each other and then separated from time to time. It was a mysterious scene that was hard to be understood, and displayed the secrets and rules among the elements.

Lucien grabbed the quill and started drawing the paths that he sensed during the process after finishing his meditation. They quickly turned into magic patterns and runes.

Lucien stopped drawing as the spell model was almost completed. The model was built with straight lines, curves, and curved surfaces, but he was confused. He was trapped in the problem that had been bothering him since he started learning sorcery.

"Why can those magic patterns and runes represent some of the spell structure? Why can I cast the spell after they're combined with the spiritual power? Why did the structure appear after I completed the periodic table and the meditation environment resonated with the real world? K, Lazar, and Rock have already accepted the periodic law of elements and mapped them into the meditation environment but none of them resonated with the real world after I checked with them...

"What is the nature of the sorcery?"

Lucien put down the quill after writing down his questions and synchronized them to the magic notebook in the soul library. He started thinking about the third circle spell that was about to be constructed.

"The spell came from the periodic law of the basic elements. It basically involves controlling, switching their electrons, and returning them to their original positions. It can be used to decompose chemical compounds like alchemy products, magic items, human body parts, and some spells. The more unstable the compound status is, the easier it can be decomposed. However, the ability to control them will only improve as the sorcerer rank goes up. It's like the weaker version of the legendary spell from Hathaway, the Lord of Elements, Elements Resolve."

Lucien had already read some core information after joining the Will of Elements and the information introduced the ability, statuses, and the materials required for the advancing ritual of the two legendary classes: Lord of the Elements and Innovator. Also, the abilities of the legendary spells that came with the classes were also explained.

"It seems I'll be able to complete the third circle spell before I become a middle-rank sorcerer. If I can successfully advance to the next rank, the two spell models I'll construct will be this and the flying spell. So, how should I name it? Lucien's Elements Resolve? Evan's Elements Control? They either sound bad or repetitive." Lucien thought for a while and recalled the cool nickname Florencia gave him, "Alright, I'll just call it Elemental Order!"

A third circle spell with a name that was similar to those of a ninth circle and a legendary spell, Lucien's guilty pleasure was satisfied. It was a signature spell, just like his Professor's Oscillation Hand.

Lucien calmed down from the excitement and, when he was about to start the next magic experiment, he realized that he used up most of the magic materials, so he was disappointed.

In the last several months, Lucien purchased the White Glycerin, the Silver Pearl, and the Oak potions to help progress the meditation with the elemental rain. The three potions were very effective for junior rank sorcerers. The White Glycerin and Silver Pearl would help strengthen one's spiritual power and soul. The Oak and Florencia's Elixir helped him stabilize his foundation. Lucien's sorcery skills were increasing at an unbelievable rate with the help of those things.

However, potions with strong effects were expensive. The White Glycerin was ten arcana points per bottle, the Silver Pearl was twenty arcana points per bottle, and the Oak was eight points per bottle. He needed to purchase three bottles of each potion every month.

Lucien would get forty-five arcana points from the Congress of Magic every month after becoming a level four arcanist and second circle sorcerer, but he had to use some of the arcana points he saved in the past. Also, he needed to purchase materials for his spell practice, magic analysis, alchemy study, potion craft, and the magic experiment. In this last case, the required materials were extremely expensive. He needed to use high-rank material, like the sun stone, before constructing Lucien's Infrared Eyes in the soul. Lucien had more than 2670 arcana points five months ago but he only had about 1100 points left after all that.

"Arcana points are so hard to earn, but I can't do anything without them," Lucien looked at the empty glass bottles that previously were filled up with magic materials and sighed. Lazar heard him saying something like this several days ago and he was jealous. It was nearly impossible for a normal second circle sorcerer to use magic potions and materials like Lucien. They would spend about fifty arcana points when they were about to advance, but only fifteen points per month under normal circumstances.

In Lazar's words, Lucien was living the life of a forth or fifth circle sorcerer, and that was why he spent so many arcana points. Also, Lazar admitted that it was normal for a level four arcanist to use so many points.

Lucien calmed down and cleaned the magic lab.

He smiled and shook his head. "No pain, no gain. I can try to advance to the third circle and become a middle-rank sorcerer before I use up all my arcana points. I'll be able to fly in the blue sky using my own will.

"Well, I need to go to the magic tower of the headquarter and the Allyn division of Will of Elements to purchase materials and potions again. The good thing is that I can get a 20% discount as a level four arcanist and it'll make me feel better...

"July the 30th again..."

...

The City of Psalm, the ground level of an abbey in Aalto.

Natasha was wearing a long linen robe with her feet bare. The long purple hair trailed over her shoulders, and her silver-purple eyes were deep like an endless sea. It felt like the danger was hiding under the peaceful surface of the sea. Natasha had not left the place for over a year and she successfully cured the consequences of the surge force in her bloodline power. She was getting closer and closer to level seven without any problem.

The room was dark but Natasha's eyes could see everything clearly. She sat on the floor on her knees and was reading a letter from somewhere far away.

"Haha, this guy will stand on the center of the stage and bring chaos to the land no matter where he is. I'm glad that he safely arrived at Allyn." It would take about half a year for a letter from Holm to be delivered, but Natasha already learned that a genius sorcerer named Lucien Evans X

artificially synthesized the carbamide from the intel department of the Church and the Republic months ago. The discovery forced the Church to redefine the Creationism.

The Church focused on dealing with Felipe and they did not pay too much attention to this genius sorcerer. Although Natasha assumed that it was Lucien, she was worried until the letter that was written in special codes arrived. Also, she started arranging a plan for John so the Church would not retaliate after they found out who Lucien really was.

Natasha bit her lips with her clean teeth and talked to herself with mixed emotions, "Are you the reason why they modified the Holy Canon?"

Natasha was a relatively devout believer. She trusted the Creationism a lot in the past, and it was an unpleasant experience when what she believed was proven wrong.

She had a strong mind and that was what helped her finish the letter. Natasha's expression loosened as she was attracted to the events that unfolded during Lucien's trip. The story was much better than the operas or the ones told by the bards.

Natasha was a bit surprised as she read through the letter, "He was awarded the Holm Crown Prize as well?" She spoke in a caring tone, and a gentle expression appeared on her face as she thought about her mother.

Natasha chuckled after thinking for a while. "How long has this guy been studying arcana? How did he get the prize? Don't tell me he's more talented in arcana than in music.

"Anyway, he's definitely not talented in communicating with girls, ha, he's still alone, and I should probably teach him the way of dealing with girls. Hmm, Lucien will cooperate with the elves and druids? Will the music of nature from the elves inspire him? Rhine? Haven't heard about him for a while...

"I sent him a letter last month but I don't know when he will receive it."

The dark room was quiet and the atmosphere in there was light.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 238: Partner

Sorcerer Administrative Department.

Eric took out Lucien's arcana badge from the magic cage. On the badge, the four shining silver stars looked beautiful and mysterious against the black background, as if there were innumerable secrets behind the stars.

"Seven hundred and eight arcana credits in total. Even if you stop publishing arcana papers for a while, you would have no troubling upgrading to level five in one year or two." Eric, being quite emotional, handed the badge over to Lucien, "You'll be the youngest level five arcanist ever in history, but also, among all the level five arcanists, your magic level is the lowest."

Eric, a level three arcanist, still had hope in upgrading to level four since there was only a difference of two-hundred arcana credits between the level three and four, and with his years of efforts, there were only more thirty-six points to go before he could move forward to the next level. However, level five, in Eric's eyes, appeared to be so inaccessible. Thus, when he saw this

young man who just joined the congress less than a year ago and was already on his way to become a level five arcanist, Eric inevitably sighed in his mind.

As long as this young man could keep working hard and avoid being arrogant, Eric was sure that sooner or later, Lucien's magic level could catch up, and, for sure, the congress would help such a young, talented sorcerer with further upgrading to senior-rank. So, in Eric's mind, Lucien was right on his way to become a senior-rank sorcerer.

Lucien took the badge over and shortly played with it in his hands, then he smiled, "Mr. Eric, thank you for your nice words, but the past two months have shown that the sweet time of sitting there and gaining credits won't last any longer."

Due to the heated discussion over Life Force Theory, at the end of the Month of Dormancy, the second of the year, Lucien gained a hundred fifty-eight credits, and only forty-two credits were from other people citing his periodic table and atomic weight re-measurement paper.

However, after that month, because Felipe's experiment and the experiment simulating pre-historic natural environment—people called it the Experiment of Miracle now—clearly outweighed Lucien's experiment with synthesizing carbamide, way less credits went to Lucien. Instead, as more arcanists started putting forward their research findings based on his periodic table and atomic weight re-measurement paper, Lucien gained a hundred forty-three credits on this side, and his paper on using alchemical products for increasing crop yield also made a contribution of almost ten credits.

Then in the recent two or three months, there was a sharp decline in the number of times his papers were being cited, and then it got more steady—around ten times every month. This was why Lucien could draw the conclusion that, if he did not come up with something else new, it might take him around two years to become a level five arcanist.

"Your paper on the periodic table of elements is part of the foundation of the school of Element, so I'm sure that it will consistently bring you a good amount of credits every month. When your arcana and magic level reach level five and fifth circle, you can come to me and apply for the magic

rites to help you upgrade further." Eric nodded, "And... you don't have to call me Mr. Eric all the time, after all, your arcana level's already higher than mine."

Then Eric handed Lucien his magic badge, "Two points from other people learning your new spell, and forty-five from the Congress, as your subsidy."

According to the congress, a level one arcanist could get a subsidy of one Thale or point every month, or magic material of the same value; level two would reward five points; level three was twenty; level four was forty; level five was eighty; level six was three hundred; level seven was five hundred; level eight nine hundred; level nine, two thousand. This was the same with one's magic level, and they could overlap.

Before taking over the magic badge with the same two black circles on it from Eric, Lucien first put his arcana badge on his left chest, and instantly, he felt very refreshed. This was a new magic buff enchanted in the arcana badge when the badge was upgraded to middle-rank. When Lucien became a senior-rank arcanist, he could get one more buff, which was the same with magic badge.

"Thank you, Mr. Eric. I think I gotta go now." Lucien picked up his top hat from the chair and slightly bowed, "I need to go to Exchange Zone to get some materials."

As soon as Lucien left Eric's office, he saw Felipe walking out of another office. Still, both of Felipe's hands were in his pockets, and his face always had a sickly look.

Felipe also saw Lucien, and he was a bit surprised. After nodding to him slightly, Felipe took a quick glance at Lucien's left chest, and then there was a gloomy smile on his face, "Still the same, uh? The two badges..."

Hearing that, Lucien quickly looked at Felipe's badges in front of his chest. There were five mysterious stars on Felipe's arcana badge, surrounded by countless little light spots, and even more surprisingly, on his magic badge, there were six black circles on it!

That meant Felipe was a senior-rank now.

Finally, Felipe became the first senior-rank mage among the younger generation, and that was to say he was one of the leaders of the Hand of Paleness now, since they only had a bit more than forty senior-rank sorcerers, including those lich masters who had been existing for a very long time.

Before Lucien said anything, Felipe directly walked past him. Beside his shoulder, Felipe said to Lucien in a low voice, "Don't fall behind too far."

The corner of Lucien's lips twitched a bit.

...

When Lucien walked back to the hall along the corridor, Cindy first winked at Lucien, then she said to him in a professional tone, "Mr. Evans, someone's waiting for you over there."

Lucien was confused, having no idea who it was. Then, when he looked at the other side of the hall, Lucien saw a middle-aged man, as chubby as a ball, sitting on the couch beside the bar. Right now, he was tapping his forehead to remove the beads of sweat on it with a piece of handkerchief. The hot weather has been like that for a while.

"Mr. Arthur Doyle?" Lucien did not know why the president of Union Bank of Holm Mining wanted to see him.

Seeing Lucien was there, Arthur hurriedly left the handkerchief to his beautiful secretary, and then he came to Lucien, followed by his two strong safeguards. He grabbed Lucien's right hand enthusiastically with both of his hands and said, "Mr. Evans, I first went to your place, and your steward told me that you were here. I was in such a hurry coming over here, so I'm right now covered with sweat. And I think it's better for me not to hug you, haha."

The chubby president was quite polite. Lucien's impression on him was not bad.

"Mr. Doyle, what can I do for you?" asked Lucien.

There was a friendly smile on Arthur's chubby face, "Mr. Evans, let's get something to drink first."

Cindy brought two glasses of Rentato's well-known drink, Sky Blue, to them, and out of curiosity, she did not walk away. She wondered why the famous businessman, and also one of the most wealthy people in Rentato, wanted to talk to Lucien.

Behind the counter on the other side, Dona was very curious, too. However, she could not just leave the reception desk at her own will. Right now she was staring at Cindy, who was playing the role as Lucien's secretary, in a slightly unhappy way. However, Cindy just looked away and pretended that she saw nothing.

Arthur shook his glass slightly and took a sip, "This is really refreshing."

After taking a glance at Cindy, Arthur continued, as there was nothing to hide, "Mr. Evans, I'm here today seeking for a partnership with you."

"I see..." Lucien gave the liquid in his glass a swirl.

Arthur's secretary took out a thick pile of documents and handed them to Lucien, and Arthur continued, "I've been to Sariva already, and the yield of crops in your experiment plot is beyond my imagination. I can't see anyone, nobles or farmers, say no to the alchemical product that you found. From Prince Patrick, I know that you guys've already got a mass-production plan. Mr. Evans, because it was you who first found those products, according to law, you can make the decision regarding who you want to work with. And according to the Congress, if we can set up a company together, the Congress shall get fifteen percent of the share, and you have fifteen percent as well. Let me put it this way... I hope that we can work together to promote and sell these alchemical products. Neither the Congress or you need to spend even a single Thale on this, as our bank can pay for everything. So I can assure you that we are the best partner."

Lucien quickly leafed through the documents, and he knew that the mass production of some of the alchemical products also required the assistance of Mining Association. Thus, Lucien was quite opened to the offer.

"Honestly speaking, Mr. Doyle, I'm interested in it, but I still want to take a closer look at the articles in the contract." Of course, Lucien would like to have a steady income, but there was no way that he would not agree with Arthur right away.

Arthur grinned, "Mr. Evans, you're a talented sorcerer, valued by both the Congress and the Will of Elements. I'm just an ordinary businessman, well... noble businessman... but so what? The last thing I would do is to lie to the Congress and you. Honestly speaking, I don't want to die yet right now."

It was clear that, in most ordinary people's mind, sorcerers were intimidating. Although many people would like to be a sorcerer, they did not really like those people who could easily decide their destiny.

After negotiating with each other for a while, Arthur lowered his voice and whispered beside Lucien's ear, "Actually, I'm sent here by Prince Patrick. If you agree on working with us, Prince Patrick will provide you with another extra five percent of the share, as a gift from His Excellency."

Lucien grinned as someone he knew in Aalto jumped into his mind, but then slightly shook his head, "Actually, because of His Excellency, I'm willing to give up my original insistence, which is thirty percent. Then, I hope we have a pleasant cooperation."

"Great! Thank you, Mr. Evans." Arthur Doyle was so happy that his smile lifted his cheeks almost to the point where his eyes disappeared.

After checking and signing the contract, Arthur asked Lucien, partly to please him, "Mr. Evans, can you come up with a product name for us? You know, a simple and good name for promoting the products..."

Lucien searched in his mind for a while, and offered his name, "Jinkela¹."

¹Jinkela: The author played a joke here. Jinkela is a brand fertiliser produced in China. Because of the company's exaggeration and super fake way of advertisement, in China, the fertiliser brand is regarded as a joke.

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Chapter 239: The Elves' Second Visit

"Jin... ke... la...?" Arthur was very confused. He even repeated this word to himself a few times to feel the possible meaning of it, which almost made Lucien burst out laughing.

"Well..." Lucien rubbed his cheeks a bit to stay serious, "Because soils are different, sometimes we have to use those alchemical products separately. When they're all mixed together, lets call it Jinkela. Then we have Jinkela No. 1, Jinkela No. 2, things like that..."

Seeing that Lucien was being quite "serious", Arthur put on his typical businessman smile, "Great name, Mr. Evans. Great name! Let's call it... Umm... Jinke... la."

Lucien, in fact, never found any of his talent in naming, just like Mr. Victor and Rhine.

After having the product name, they together named the new company Holm Mineral and Harvest.

Mr. Eric being the witness, Arthur and Lucien signed another contract, and Mr. Eric also signed it, representing the Congress of Magic.

"Cheers, Mr. Evans, Mr. Eric." Arthur lifted his glass.

Lucien smiled and drank all the liquor in his glass, "Hope we can work well together, Mr. Doyle. When you promote the products, make sure that you put the dosage clear, because overuse can do damage to soil."

"Of course, we always respect an arcanist's opinion." Arthur nodded, and then he asked the secretary to take out another thick pile of documents and handed it to Lucien.

"This is our mass-production plan. Please take a look at the magic circles design, Mr. Evans, to see if there's anything that should be improved. After all, you're the one who's professional." Arthur tried to flatter Lucien in the end. After all, Lucien was a level four arcanist, and the winner of Holm Crown prize.

Lucien quickly leafed through it and recognized that the plan was basically based on the paper about how to minimize energy consumption and cost of large-scale alchemical magic circles by transferring energies into different forms, published on the latest issue of Alchemy. In other words, according to the paper, the author suggested to build magic towers over rivers of great runoff volume to collect potential energy, and then transfer it into electricity through magnetic field.

"Magic hydropower station..." Lucien murmured.

Lucien knew that no matter how those alchemical magic circles were arranged, they were going to be very expensive, because they would need high quantities of special magic gems, which could continuously gain power from sunlight, moonlight or shadow to function properly, and even if those magic circles were not set up for permanent use, replacing parts would still cost a lot.

Either way, Lucien smiled and handed the proposal back to Arthur, "This is the best plan, and the extra power might still be used somewhere else."

"Great. I'll keep in touch with those alchemical arcanists, and, please, Mr. Evans, give us your suggestions when you come up with anything." Arthur nodded, "The first year of setting everything up might not be able to bring you any profit, but you should be able to see the money in the second year, Mr. Evans."

After Arthur Doyle left, when Lucien turned around to say goodbye to Eric, he saw that the two receptionist girls were staring at him with their hands supporting their chins, and their eyes were shining.

"It's so nice to be profound... Mr. Evans." Cindy sighed with mixed emotions, then she waved her right fist a bit, "I must become a sorcerer! I want to earn other people's respect like you, Mr. Evans! And I want to have the wealth that I deserve!"

Born in a common citizen family in Rentato, Cindy, when she was still a little girl, heard the name of Arthur Doyle all the time, from adults and Holm News. When she saw how Arthur Doyle talked to Lucien, she really realized what being a sorcerer meant in this society. She now deeply believed in the power of knowledge and hard work. She believed that as long as she worked hard, her efforts would pay off.

Dona also grinned, "Mr. Evans, we all should learn from you. Your story keeps telling us that hard work really matters. By the way, are you still taking more students with your arcana tutoring class? Can we also be your students?"

In front of Mr. Eric, Dona chose to call Lucien by Mr. Evans, however, in her mind, she was also a bit in awe of Lucien although they were friends, especially when she saw Lucien's arcana and magic badges. Lucien was making such an amazing progress that all of his friends felt that they were left behind.

"If you've got time, feel free to come on Saturday," said Lucien, he wondered if the arcana tutoring class was going to grow bigger and bigger, and maybe in the future, the class could turn into a group like the Hand of Paleness or the Will of Elements.

Eric looked at Lucien, trying to say something, but in the end, he just tried to comfort him, "Evans, did you just run into Felipe? Don't mind him... He's always like that."

He heard the first part of Felipe and Lucien's conversation in his office.

Cindy and Dona suddenly quieted down, because of one thing. Felipe won the Immortal Throne prize again because of his experiment overthrowing Life Force Theory, and besides, he also won Holm Crown prize together with another anonymous leader of the Will of Elements, being now the twenty-seventh winner of the prize. Felipe's reputation and fame just peaked.

However, in the eyes of Hand of Paleness, the experiment synthesizing carbamide was not important enough, and the experiment of miracle required further investigation for specific purpose of use, this was why they did not offer Lucien the Immortal Throne prize.

Therefore, both the two girls and Eric believed that Lucien did not want to see Felipe.

This time, Felipe won a magic robe as the Immortal Throne prize, and last time it was an amulet. The name of the robe was Life, and the name of ring he received for winning the Holm Crown prize was Sager Acid, from the fatty acid that he synthesized.

And of course, facing the fact that Felipe got another two level seven, perfect rank magic items, he was jealous.

...

Sariva.

Holding his farm tools, farmer Roy walked past the pilot field. He knew that he'd been doing this for so much time, but he still could not stop himself from staring at it.

How beautiful and full those grains were! How beautiful the harvest was!

"I wish I had those..." Roy murmured to himself, and his heart was filled with hope. He wished that one day his crops could be like this, so after paying all the taxes, he could still be able to feed the kids, and so they would not be so starving that they could not fall asleep at night.

And if he could have crops like this for a few years consecutively, he could save some money, then he could send his son, William, to knight training.

As a father, all in Roy's mind was his kids. However, soon, with a second thought, Roy looked frustrated.

At this time, a group of beautiful males and females with long ears approached him. And the leading girl asked him, "Can I ask you why you don't look happy when you see the harvest?"

Seeing that the girl was even way more beautiful than the town mayor's daughter, like an angel, Roy answered nervously, "...Lord... I'm... I'm not being unhappy. I'm just thinking that... that something that can make crops grow like this must only belong to masters... I... I mean..."

Roy was not educated. He did not know how to put it.

This time, taking the magic train, Iristine and Arcelion came back secretly without letting the Congress know, since they wanted to see what was really going on here, with their own eyes.

Seeing the harvest, they were beyond cheerful.

"Don't worry." Iristine smiled, "Those alchemical products are invented for you, for all farmers. You'll have the same harvest very soon."

"But... I've got no money." Roy's body twisted slightly out of his stress. He was worrying that they were going to be forced to buy those products, like taxes.

"The products are cheap." Iristine tried to comfort him, "Those rich people know how to do math."

Hearing that, Roy cheered up a bit, then he asked a bit urgently, "Can we use them first, and then pay?"

"Maybe." Iristine had no idea how this worked. So she left in a hurry with her group.

Seeing them leaving, Roy thought to himself, "Are they... elves? Long ears like that..."

But soon when he looked at the harvest field again, his heart was filled with real joy.

When he was about to thank God, he suddenly realized that those products were invented by sorcerers.

Soon Roy found a way to comfort himself, "Anyway... I work for my master. If he uses it, I'll follow."

Roy was not really such a devout follower. He cared more about his kids' future.

...

When Iristine and Arcelion were heading toward the alchemical factory, soon they sensed some pungent smell.

They were confused, so they walked faster. Then, they saw the big factory.

The factory was huge, like a great magic tower. Besides the great noise and the horrible smell, the water beside the factory was slightly black, and there were dead fish floating on it.

"Demon... We've released a... demon..." Iristine murmured like she was in a nightmare.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 240: The Elves' Good Impression

Southwest of Allyn, in a beautiful garden villa.

Two maids were serving tea in fine porcelain cups to Iristine and Arcelion. Although they were well trained, they still could not help stealing a look at the two elves, because they were pretty and charming, and their long ears looked very unique.

In the living room, the apprentices were doing their arcana exercises on the big dining table. Sighing over and over, they felt overwhelmed, but at the same time, they were also peeking at Mr. Evans and the two elves, feeling very curious about what was going on there.

Although it was not the first time that the apprentices saw smart creatures of other races, such as elves, dwarves, and giants, they were still very impressed with Iristine and Arcelion's appearance, who looked gorgeous and elegant.

"That's what we saw, Mr. Evans, and may I know your opinion?" Iristine described what she saw beside the factory with a bit of an exaggeration. Right now, she was looking at Lucien, expecting his answer.

Although they were noble Sun Elves, this was only their second time leaving Stroop forest, and last time they had Malfurion, the grand elder, with them. This time, Iristine and Arcelion needed Lucien's help. They were hoping that Lucien, the winner of Holm Crown prize and the author of the alchemical product paper, could help them negotiate with the Congress.

"Mr. Evans, last time we came here we got along well... Well, I mean... in the end, we got along well with each other," said Arcelion sincerely. "I know that you're a nice human being who cares about nature a lot, despite the fact that, as a human being, you have to speak for your own race, but I also know that you're aware of the severity of this thing, Mr. Evans. You don't want to see human beings dying like those fish, right? I hope that you can propose to the Congress to shut down the factory, and probably more factories alike, to protect mother nature for all races."

Lucien took a sip of his tea and said slowly, "First of all, I want to say that... we cannot shut down the factory."

"What?" Iristine and Arcelion were obviously very disappointed.

Lucien used his hand gestures to let them cool down a bit and then he continued, "Without those alchemical products, most human beings would keep living in famine, and they'd die because of poverty even before they could see the consequence of doing damage to nature. And from a sorcerer's perspective, I'd like to see the development of human beings, since we always need money to grow. Therefore, either as a human being or a sorcerer, I would not agree on shutting down the factory."

Before Iristine and Arcelion went off on him, Lucien continued, "But, of course, we cannot deny the detrimental effects brought by the industry. We can design and set up more new magic circles to break down those contaminants to minimize the adverse impact on nature. We cannot just shut down all the alchemical factories simply because of the side effects and completely ignore their value."

Honestly speaking, dealing with pollution was way easier here than on Earth. Many elemental spells, such as Elements Resolve, Elemental Swirl, or Elemental Order, which was owned

exclusively by Lucien, could handle the pollution perfectly. Moreover, Elements Resolve and Elemental Order could even recycle pure elements for further experiment use. The only two things that Lucien was thinking of now was the cost and the fact that he did not want to reveal his own exclusive spell right now, and thus he needed to redesign a fourth or fifth-circle magic by combining Elements Resolve and Elemental Order.

Hearing that, Iristine was relieved, and a smile appeared on her face, "Mr. Evans, we knew that you'd never disappoint us. We were basically shocked just now... You know, seeing the factory... We're sorry, Mr. Evans. We were not being reasonable. As long as the Congress is willing to increase the amount of magic circles, I believe that we'll be having more cooperations in the future."

Both Iristine and Arcelion learned a lot and grew more mature by dealing with human beings, and they started to understand the value of compromise and negotiation, as well as the necessity of keeping a balance between nature and human society. Of course, this kind of change was based on their overall good impression with sorcerers who proved the greatness of mother nature.

"Your Excellency, things are more complicated than this. I'm sure that we'll be expecting more factories in the close future, and we cannot just keep adding more magic circles after those factories are built. What's also concerning me is that, most people who run those factories might not want to listen to me, since adding magic circles increases their production cost, and things will thus go out of control. I'm planning on propose to the Congress that both the Congress and Holm should introduce laws and regulations forcing those factories to have cleansing magic circles integrated beforehand," said Lucien, and this was his original plan as well.

Arcelion jumped up from the couch and said to Evans excitedly, "Mr. Evans, thank you so much! You're a great friend of nature, elves and druids! You're way more thoughtful than us!"

"Mr. Evans, please stick to what you just said, and I'm sure that you're influential enough for this," said Iristine gratefully and sincerely. "If you need us, please feel free to ask. If things work out well, we can..."

Iristine was about to make some promises, but she stopped herself because she was not the one who could make decisions.

Lucien put down his cup and stood up, "Let's go to talk to the members of Affairs Committee."

There were three committees under the Highest Council:

Arcana Review Board: responsible for reviewing papers, evaluating spells, giving credits and assessing journals. The fifty-two sorcerers who worked there were all authorities in arcana, and they were respected the most among the three committees. Most of them were not busy at all.

Magic Research Board: responsible for examining and approving arcana and magic research projects, and sometimes the board released its own projects as well by establishing their own research groups. Besides that, the board was also responsible for managing magic labs and libraries. The board only had twenty-three members because they were also not very busy, and most of them were senior-rank arcanists who did not like fighting or adventuring. Some of the members also worked for Arcana Review Board.

Affairs Committee: responsible for day-to-day management of sorcerers, including apprentices, punishing, defending the Congress, intelligence, regulations making, Task Zone and Exchange Zone management. In other words, it represented the Highest Council, and it was the most powerful one among the three. The committee was further divided into different departments, and each department took care of one section. Forty-two committee members worked there, and most of them were outstanding battle sorcerers or senior-rank sorcerers who were good at handling affairs.

Six out of ten members of the three committees were from the senior level of the six magic groups, say, the Will of Elements or the Hand of Paleness, and the rest of them were either with the Congress or had their own smaller groups.

...

On the thirteenth floor of the magic tower, Lucien, Iristine and Arcelion were stopped by the gold golem guard.

"Three guests," said the golem in its low voice, "What's the purpose of your visit? Which committee member are you looking for?"

The fifteenth floor of Allyn Magic Tower belonged to Arcana Review Board, the eleventh floor to the Magic Research Board, and the floors between them all belonged to Affairs Committee, which had a lot of stuff to deal with every day.

"Hello. We're looking for Ms. Florencia," answered Lucien. He was only acquainted with two people here in this committee, and the other was Rogerio, who he met in Aalto before. Rogerio was from the Hand of Paleness, and there was no way that Lucien would go for him. Lucien was already lucky that Rogerio did not reveal his musician identity here.

The golem pointed at the couch, "Please wait here. I need to check if Ms. Florencia is available."

At this time, the elevator door opened. Felipe walked out of it. When he saw Lucien, he was a bit surprised.

"Dear Mr. Felipe, anything I can do for you?" The golem bowed toward Felipe, a senior-rank sorcerer, very respectfully.

"I'm seeking Mr. Carrol." Felipe slightly nodded. Carrol was another committee member here from the Hand of Paleness.

"This way please, sir," responded the golem.

Felipe just took a quick look at Lucien, and then he walked away with his hands in his pockets.

"Mr. Evans, do you think we shall contact Trumanri and the grand elder?" Iristine whispered in Lucien's ear. What just happened made her realize that Lucien was not as influential as she thought. However, both Iristine and Arcelion were still very grateful toward Lucien, or even more.

Lucien did not mind Iristine's suggestion, and he answered, "Let's first see what we can do here. If it doesn't work, I guess we have to have Mr. Malfurion here."

Facing the North Church and the South Church, the Congress of Magic was more than willing to work with elves and druids, but Lucien was not sure how much effort the Highest Council and the druids would like to put into this, so he wanted to try to do this himself first.

And gaining approval from the elves and druids was just a windfall for Lucien.

After a while, the golem came back, "Mr. Florencia is in her personal lounge, and she wants to see you there. Room 1314."

Lucien was surprised that Florencia was also here on Saturday. He really hoped that he could persuade her, as she was not only a leader of the Will of Elements and Holm Royal Magic Academy, but also the wife of the Hand of Annihilation.

However, to be honest, Lucien was not really confident, as they had only met each other once. Lucien really wondered how he could make Florencia agree with him.

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Chapter 241: Making Effort

Inside room no. 14, on the thirteenth floor of Allyn Magic Tower.

Florencia was wearing a light blue dress today, which style was close to that of Tria or Aalto. In this dress, she looked even hotter and more charming, in a slightly more mature way.

Right now, Florencia was sitting opposite Lucien, with her left hand supporting her head, and her long blond hair gently falling over her shoulders, listening carefully to Lucien, who was explaining his purpose in coming. Then, her green eyes looked at Lucien when he finished his words, and she put on a smile.

"Evans, do you think this proposal can get approved within the Affairs Committee? You know... a proposal that can increase the cost and cut down their profit..."

Her attitude remained ambiguous with this question.

Lucien did not know her well, so he tried to be careful with his answer, "Possibly, I think. Firstly, the cost can be shared and spread out on the prices of the final products, and secondly, I'm sure that many members in the committee understand Astrology. They can see the possible future of our next generations with their own eyes if we do nothing right now. Thirdly, it's also a great chance for us to show our friendly manner to elves and druids, which is beneficial to the development of the Congress."

"What an eloquence..." Florencia made a bit fun of Lucien, then she got more serious, "But any increase in price will definitely affect the sales volume, which is directly related to how much money can actually go into many sorcerers' pockets. As a sorcerer, Evans, you know that we always need more money... for materials, for experiments, for magic rites... I'm afraid that not many sorcerers really care about the long-term future as much as you do, especially when it comes to their own interest."

After a short pause, Florencia continued, "I admit that Astrology might help a bit, but there are so many spells that can be used for sorcerers to protect themselves, or they can just go to other dimensions for good. Not everyone can see long-term interest, and what they can see is just the a few meters right in front of their feet. With no doubt, you're very talented, Evans, however, you're still too naive. Even if the committee decides to be on your side, many sorcerers would find their own ways around it anyway, not to mention the fact that pissing off their big supporters is the last thing those committee members want to do."

For a moment, Lucien did not know what to say.

Florencia reorganized the documents in front of her again, and said, "Evans, your idea of using Elemental Swirl to deal with pollution is great, but my question is, again, did you ever consider its cost? Enchanting your ring, Element, with the spell, cost us a lot, and it can only be cast few times in a day. Even if the hydroelectricity magic tower in the alchemical factory could provide enough power for simplifying the spell to fourth or third circle, and even if the recycled pure elements could be reused, the cost is still there. Thus, the price, just like what I mentioned before, is still the biggest problem."

Lucien had no idea how to refute Florencia. After a while, he looked at Florencia sincerely, "Ms. Florencia, the cost is not that much."

"I know, but for many wealthy people, they would rather waste their money than invest the money in the future." Florencia nodded, "As this proposal is related to our cooperation with elves and druids, I will bring your proposal to the committee meeting, but I don't want you to have too much hope with it."

Her implication was clear. The reason why Florencia was having this conversation with Lucien was that Lucien was a young, talented sorcerer from the Will of Elements, and the reason why she was willing to bring proposal to other committee members was the cooperation relationship between the Congress and the elves and druids.

Promising as Lucien was, at this stage, Florencia was not going to spend too much time or effort on supporting this young second-circle sorcerer and level four arcanist.

"I really appreciate it, Ms. Florencia." Lucien knew that he was not some kind of big potato, thus he was aware that the outcome of this conversation was already not bad.

"Then, as a gentleman," Florencia smiled, "are you gonna invite me to dinner tonight?"

"Ah..? Yeah... I mean... of course." Lucien nodded. In fact, Lucien was about to visit Raventi later to see if members of High Tower could do anything for this issue, after all, High Tower had quite a good relationship with the Will of Elements, however, Lucien knew that he should obey Florencia's will right now.

"Ha..." Seeing Lucien's facial expression, Florencia grinned, with her hands covering the lower part of her face, "Don't be nervous, Evans. I was just joking. My husband, Oliver, will be back tonight from the other dimension, and we'll be having a nice dinner together."

Florencia simply liked making jokes of young and single males, but that was it, as she did not really mean anything.

...

Hearing from Lucien that Florencia was going to put forward the proposal, both Iristine and Arcelion were a bit relieved. At the same time, they also sent a message back to Stroop forest in order to gain more support.

Then, they came to the Royal Magic Tower of Holm with Lucien, to visit Raventi.

Raventi, who was wearing a gray magic robe, embroidered with mysterious symbols of elements, said to Lucien, "Evans, for you, I'll try to talk to the members, but honestly speaking, I don't understand why you care this much about it. Alchemical factories indeed do damage to the environment, but there's no difference between this and farmers cutting down forests to grow crops. We can make the factories stay away from cities as far as possible, so human beings would not be affected that much."

Although Raventi valued Lucien way more than Florencia did, and he knew Lucien's talent well ever since Lucien first put forward the periodic table of elements, unfortunately, Raventi knew nothing about being environmentally friendly.

Lucien tried to explain the consequences to Raventi, and in the end, he concluded, "Mr. Raventi, I admit that there is nothing to really worry about for archmages and senior-rank sorcerers like you,

but please think about our apprentices and human society as a whole. What would they be able to do when the environment got really damaged?"

"Well... I need to talk to the astrologists from High Tower right now. If they say that the pollution could actually turn out to be that bad in the future, I'm on your side then, Evans." Raventi listened to Lucien, and realized the significance of this issue to some degree. However, this was the furthest Raventi could go at this stage, after all, he was a senior-rank sorcerer, and he understood the world very differently from those elves and druids.

Raventi was the vice president of the Will of Elements, and he could possibly be on their side. Lucien was encouraged, and so were Iristine and Arcelion.

Lucien, Iristine and Arcelion waited for Raventi for a long time, after he left the meeting room and used Fernando's Electromagnetic Message to talk to his old friends from High Tower.

When Raventi came back, he looked quite serious, "According to the several senior-rank astrologists, they could see greenish yellow gas spreading everywhere in the air, human beings and animals dying, forests withering, waters turning black and smelly. Although what they could see was vague and it was only one possibility of future, we should still try our best to avoid it. I'll persuade the several members that I know relatively well in the committee to support you, Evans."

Lucien knew that he got lucky here, as what those astrologists saw was definitely the worst scenario.

When they were about to leave the magic tower, Iristine said to Lucien sincerely, "Mr. Evans, thank you so much for what you've done for nature. Your persistence really impressed us, and you're a real gentleman."

"Well, this is also for myself. There's no way that I'm just gonna let those horrible things happen, and especially when I'm part of it, the person who first found those alchemical elements," Lucien responded. Right now, Lucien was planning on doing his meditation practice this evening, after all, upgrading was always his priority.

At this time, Patrick, the prince of Holm, walked down the stairs, followed by Arthur Doyle, who was like the prince's personal servant.

Wondering why the prince came to the Royal Magic Tower of Holm so often, Lucien took off his hat and bowed slightly, "Good evening, Your Highness."

After all, he was Natasha's uncle.

Noticing that it was Lucien, a kind smile appeared on Patrick's wizened face, "It's you, Evans. You're making great progress in both of your arcana and magic levels. Congratulations. Why are you here today?"

Lucien was about to visit Arthur tomorrow, but as he met the prince and Arthur here, Lucien directly invited the prince to a spare meeting room and told him what he was trying to do.

"So you want me to introduce the law that all alchemical factories must equip themselves with cleansing magic circles?" frowning slightly, Patrick asked. After several coughs, the prince continued, "I cannot control you sorcerers, and a proposal like this has no chance of passing the noble parliament. Those nobles won't agree on a decision that's gonna sacrifice their interest for something that they don't even care. As for Arthur's factory, don't worry, Evans. You don't have to give up your next year's profit for this. Arthur'll take care of this."

Lucien had just suggested that, regarding the factory that he was involved in, he was willing to give up his next year's profit to place cleansing magic circles in it.

"Yes, Mr. Evans. I got this. The only detail is that placing the magic circles will drag down the following several years' profit, especially since we're in agricultural industry, and the price of those grains can never be really high... Just want you to know this..." Although Arthur did not want to agree on this at all, the prince had already made the decision.

Disappointed as Lucien was, he still said with determination, "I'm not desperate for money right now, but I still hope that Holm Mineral and Harvest can last long and the profit can be consistent. The last thing I want to see is that the company will just shut down in several years because of all kinds of reasons. Besides that, I hope the alchemical products can be available for all farmers, so the price cannot be high. If they still don't have money, we can provide them with interest-free loans and so on."

This would definitely make farmers become less loyal to the Church.

It looked like Arthur started to think seriously. Lucien continued, "Your Highness, is there really no other ways around to introduce the law?"

Patrick slightly shook his head, "In most nobles' eyes, I'm a prince who's always sick, and they do not respect me as much. But actually I have another suggestion—we can turn this into an encouraging thing by offering subsidy to the factories that set up cleansing magic circles in the first place when they are built, and this subsidy can come from the annual profit of my share in Holm Mining Association."

Hearing that, Lucien was totally speechless. He could imagine how big the loss would be for Patrick. Honestly speaking, Lucien felt it suspicious that Patrick, as a prince, was always this nice to him. After all, even though he knew that Lucien was the famous musician and also that Lucien was his niece's good friend, Lucien still could not understand why Patrick was willing to go this far to help him. He was going to be the future king of Holm!

However, on the other side, Lucien had to admit that this was a great idea, and only a sophisticated, cunning brain could come up with something like this. Lucien could suggest this to Florencia, as well as punishment for those factories which accepted the subsidy but refused to follow the regulation.

After making the decision, Lucien looked at Patrick from behind, who was still coughing when he left the meeting room with lots of questions in his mind. Lucien wondered why the prince was willing to support this proposal at such a big cost... Was it because he could foresee the possible horrible future as well?

...

Early Monday morning, Lucien, Iristine and Arcelion arrived at the main hall of the Affairs Committee on the twelfth floor. According to Florencia, she was going to put forward Lucien's proposal over today's regular meeting, and they would vote to make the decision.

As soon as they arrived here, the golem came to them, "Mr. Evans, Ms. Florencia wants you to give a speech later as a special invitee of this meeting, together with our two elven guests."

Chapter 242: Lucien, the Friend of Nature

Chapter 242: Lucien, the Friend of Nature

Translator: _Leo_ Editor: Vermillion

"Huh?" Lucien was surprised by the arrangement. He did not prepare for a speech and he doubted the content would be effective.

Lucien had planned to prepare a speech and convince the members of the committee, however, as Florencia did not mention anything related to the speech, Lucien thought he did not need to do anything. He got lazy and just forgot about it.

Iristine and Arcelion looked excited, as they kept saying, "Make sure you explain the balance of nature theory completely. The theory is what we druids believe and you need to convince those sorcerers of it!"

Due to the excitement, the two elves did not feel the pressure, and their words made Lucien's head ache. He needed to give a concise but strong speech as long principles would not be effective.

"What should I say? I can't construct any convincing content in such a short period of time!" Lucien thought.

Lucien decided to help deal with the pollution because he knew that it was good for the environment he lived in and it was just a reasonable action. He could not convince the members with an emotional speech as he just could not relate to the situation. It was impossible for him to cry for the pollution.

"Well, let me check if anything helps in the spirit library."

Led by the Adaminite Golem, Lucien, Iristine, and Arcelion arrived at the side door of the Affairs Committee. They sat down on the soft long couch and waited to be summoned.

Tick Tick

On the opposite end of the hallway, there was a clock making monotone mechanical noises. Iristine got nervous after the excitement cooled down and she stared at Lucien. "Mr. Evans, what should I say?" It was nothing like the Tree Ritual hosted by her in the royal palace, as she couldn't just complete the mission by following the procedure. Also, this time, she had to face the evil sorcerers instead of her elf friends.

"Why did you get excited so early?" Lucien thought, speechless for a while.

He looked at Iristine with a gentle expression on his face. "Talk about the consequences of failing to deal with the pollutions and the possible revenge from nature. It's what you're good at, isn't it?"

"So, the consequences of the pollution and the revenge of nature..." Iristine kept repeating those words while she tried to calm down. Arcelion was not nervous like Iristine, as he had hosted many important events in the royal palace and communicated with the guests as a representative of the royal chamber. Unlike his sister, he had a lot more experience in giving speeches.

Chi

The side door opened when Iristine was still trying to construct her speech. A girl with the badge of a level four arcanist and fifth-circle sorcerer stepped out of the room. The girl was about 20 years old and she looked energetic, but everyone knew she was older than that.

"Honored guests, who'll be the first to give the speech?" She spoke in a crisp tone with a low voice, it seemed like she did not want to disturb the committee members inside.

Arcelion looked at his sister and stood up. "I'll be the first one, miss." He knew that Iristine was not prepared yet.

"You can just call me Rachel, Your Highness." The young girl nodded slightly and smiled.

Lucien heard the name and raised his head unconsciously. It was an average-looking girl with flaxen hair and a pair of flaxen eyes. The girl gave Lucien an energetic and positive feeling, making him feel that they had met before.

Rachel was a genius in Astrology, Force, and Illusion, and was a member of Tower, just like Larry, Timothy, and Ulysses. She was about 28 or 29 years old, and although her progression was similar to Felipe's in the past, the necromancer was much faster now.

Rachel noticed Lucien's sight and responded with a smile. She then led Arcelion into the hall and closed the side door.

About five minutes later, Rachel opened the door and Arcelion stepped out of the hall.

"Brother, how was your speech?" Iristine was concerned.

Arcelion shook his head with a serious expression on the face. "They listened to my speech but they sent me out before saying anything."

The atmosphere became heavy. The committee members had a discussion before asking Rachel to invite Iristine inside.

Iristine arranged her simple green druid long robe. It was designed for climbing, and she was trying to make herself look calm and trustable.

Again, five minutes later, Iristine came back with a depressed look on her pretty face. It looked like she was about to cry, and she looked at Arcelion. "The first thing I said was 'talk about the consequences of the pollution and the revenge of nature'. It was the same as what Mr. Lucien just told me..."

"You repeated that sentence too many times... What happened after?" Arcelion tried to distract his sister.

Iristine bit her lips and continued, "Miss Florencia calmed me down with a smile and I finally said what I wanted to say. They did not say anything, but I heard people arguing when leaving the hall. It seems like someone didn't like the idea.

Lucien tried to comfort the two elves while reading the information from the spirit library, "You've tried your best..."

"I wonder what the result will be..." Iristine looked at the closed side door, a bit worried. "If we fail, our relationship with the Congress of Magic will get worse... However, Mr. Evans, you'll always be our friend no matter what happens."

Time flew in the silent environment. The side door finally opened again after a while. Rachel smiled at Lucien and spoke in a passionate tone, "Evans, your turn."

Lucien was wearing a white shirt with a black tuxedo and a pair of gold-wired glasses on his eyes. It was a formal outfit. He nodded and smiled after hearing Rachel's words. He arranged the collar and the cuff before following her into the door.

Behind the side door lay a narrow and quiet pathway. There was a polite smile on Rachel's face, but she did not say anything while leading the way.

Lucien turned at a corner after about ten steps inside and saw the committee members that were sitting around a large table.

Some of them were wearing magic robes and the others were wearing different types of formal attire. There were several empty chairs and there were fewer people here than Lucien expected.

The members of the Affairs Committee, excluding people like Florencia, had many things to take care of outside the committee, just like what happened to Rogerio some years ago. That was the reason why there were usually only half of the members in Allyn, however, there were only nineteen committee members there today.

For the rule to be passed, only two-thirds of the committee members needed to agree with it.

Rachel took Lucien to a seat opposite to all the committee members, and he saw the gentle smile on Florencia's face. She raised her right hand and slightly waved it to ask Lucien not to get nervous.

Lucien cleared his throat and opened his mouth slowly, "Ladies and gentlemen, good morning. I think most of the committee members here have their own bloodline inheritors, relatives, and friends, right? The air they breathe, the water they drink, and the resources they acquire from the sea, the forests, and the mountains, are the reason why they're still alive."

Lucien's started his speech in a different way and it helped the committee members to forces. Rogerio was looking at him with a strange expression on his face. No one knew what he was thinking.

"If we fasten the development by destroying nature, your beloved ones will..." Lucien described the worst situation possible, as the prophecy told by the astrologists.

Lucien tried his best not to laugh and concluded with a blank expression on his face, "Without a doubt, we need to get what we want when developing, however, during the process we can't destroy what our inheritors' lives will depend on. I think our development must be sustainable, and we need to develop the magic and collect resources, but we can't destroy the environment that will help our inheritors survive. The development will never stop if nature is not damaged to a point where it can't recover by itself anymore."

Lucien copied the idea from a book related to politics...

"Sustainable development. Good concept. Evans, you can leave now. We'll tell you the result after the vote," Florencia said with a warm smile on her face.

Lucien bowed slightly and followed Rachel out of the meeting hall.

"When will I become the one who can stay in the hall and discuss the things related to the Congress of Magic? I don't want to just wait outside and listen to the result."

A small flame appeared in Lucien's mind.

...

Outside the meeting hall.

"Mr. Evans, how was your speech?" Iristine questioned curiously and nervously.

Lucien repeated what he said in front of the members and spoke in a gentle tone, "I don't know if my speech is good enough to convince the members, and we will have to wait for the result.

Lucien, Iristine, and Arcelion waited on the long couch quietly outside the door. The noise made by the clock was making them nervous.

It felt like time was slower than usual in the heavy atmosphere. Half an hour later, the side door slowly opened when Arcelion was about to stand up and leave. Florencia stepped out of the hall, wearing a purple-tiered skirt with a six-star arcana badge and an eighth-circle magic badge on her chest.

"Prince Arcelion, Princess Iristine, and Evans. The result is out. There were ten votes against the proposal and seven votes supporting the proposal in the first round, so the proposal was rejected. However, we discussed how we should modify the proposal and in the second round, there were sixteen votes supporting the new proposal and three votes against. The new proposal was passed. The rule is not as strict as you thought. There'll be a mild punishment for the alchemy factory that violates the pollution disposal rule. To encourage them to follow the rule, we decided to provide them with subsidies and benefits in the recycling of the separated elements."

Florencia looked at the two elves with a serious expression on the face. The reason why they passed this new proposal was to improve the Congress' alliance with the elves and druids. The sorcerers knew that if the Congress was defeated, they would not live a happy life in the future. The sorcerers that were hiding on the other side of the Storm Strait and survived in the dangerous Dark Mountain Range were perfect examples.

Arcelion and Iristine were tortured by the hope and loss of hope multiple times. They were satisfied with the result, at least, as that was a clear rule that came with benefits. They put their right index fingers on their foreheads. It was how the elves showed their respect.

"We can see the sincerity of the Congress of Magic. We hope that the rule will be stricter as the number of alchemy factories increases and the sorcerers change their thoughts about the environment. Also, we'll report the situation to the elders and the royal palace immediately."

Florencia watched the two elves walk into the hall and start sending messages. She smiled at Lucien and said, "What, Lucien? Disappointed?"

"Well, my goal is somewhat fulfilled." Lucien was indeed slightly disappointed.

Florencia put her hands on her back and stared at Lucien with a pair of green eyes.

"You're not strong enough and your words are not taken seriously by the committee. If you can make most of the sorcerers respect you and have the power that will make anyone fear, everything you say will be passed. Young man, that's what makes a mature man attractive, and you still have a long way to go.

"My husband, Oliver, is a man like that. Although he's a playboy, I still love him deep in my heart. Young man, I hope you can become a man like that in the future, and there'll be a girl that loves

you deep in her heart." Florencia waved her hand and turned to the meeting hall to host the next discussion.

Lucien clicked his tongue as the side door closed.

"Grand Arcanist, huh? There's definitely a long way to go."

Iristine and Arcelion returned as he thought about it.

"Mr. Evans, thank you for what you did for us. Although the result was not what we expected, it was still a success. Your help was the reason why we succeeded. It's hard to find a sorcerer that has the foresight and loves nature like you. I'll apply for the title, the Friend of Nature, for you after I get back to the royal palace. It's the symbol of friendship for elves," Arcelion opened his mouth first.

Iristine smiled and said, "Mr. Evans, don't worry, I'm sure the rule can be improved. We know how much you did for us. I'm glad that I have a friend like you. I want to give you the Bless of Elf."

She took out a piece of leaf that looked normal but it was infused with the energy of nature.

Lucien did not decline the offer, as it was the main material for an important potion.

The potion was called Flight and it was the best supportive potion that could help him advance to the middle-rank. The material requirement was a leaf that dropped from an elven tree and the leaf must be blessed by an elf, and that was why the material was so rare. Using the potion when

advancing, he would be able to create a spell model for the flying spell in his body, and his spirit power would be 50% higher than a normal 3rd circle sorcerer.

It was something he did not expect.

"Thank you." Lucien grabbed the leaf and realized that there was another blessing on his body, from the wraith girl named Marry. The blessing had been with him for a long time but nothing happened. He decided to find some magic books related to the souls, wraiths, curses, and blessings after advancing to the third circle.

"I shall write down the piano song named as Storm and gift it to Natasha as a birthday gift after I get back today. I need to focus on improving my sorcery skills and try to advance to the third circle within half a year. My words won't be taken seriously if I'm weak." Lucien thought quietly.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 243: Flying

The spacious living room was right now filled with a cheerful melody. Annick, Layria, Sprint and all the apprentices who studied there were dancing with the music, trying to picture how those nobles danced in those fancy parties. At the same time, the apprentices were also peeking at Mr. Evans.

Mr. Evans' upper body was very relaxed, and his fingers moved fast and flexibly. His profile was charming, as he was very dedicated to his playing, with a big smile on the corner of his lips. The whole scene looked like an elegant picture.

Finishing his playing, Lucien stood up from the piano chair and said to all the apprentices, "Ladies and gentlemen, happy new year."

"Mr. Evans, happy new year!" the apprentices said together happily.

Their voices were quite different—some were low, some were hoarse, and some were clear. Among those teenagers, some were experiencing their voice-changing period, which made Lucien a bit emotional. After all, another year was gone, and all of his students were growing and changing.

"Today's the first day of 818." Lucien picked up his glass from the table, "I wish every one of you can make further progress in your study this year!"

The apprentices also lifted their glasses, "Wish you become middle-rank sorcerer this year, Mr. Evans!"

During the new year period, all of Lucien's friends went back to their own hometowns to see their families, so he invited all the apprentices from across the strait to his place to get together.

In the past year, because of Lucien's teaching, Annick, Layria, Heidi, Sprint and Katrina had all moved to senior apprentice class, and Chely also had become an apprentice.

The dinner was pleasant, and after it the apprentices started saying good night to each other and heading toward the guest rooms. Because they were too excited for the whole night, they were feeling quite tired now.

Chely was the last one who left the hall. When she was walking upstairs, she turned around and said to Lucien a bit shyly, "Mr. Evans... I just want to say... When you were playing piano, you really looked like the talented musician from Aalto, who wrote For Silvia, which always reminds me of Jacques. I'm sure that he's still striving for our future, and I feel really encouraged. Thank you, Mr. Evans... Thank you for your playing."

"That's very romantic." Lucien smiled and nodded.

After the servants came in, Lucien went back to his study upstairs. Sitting in his armchair, he turned on the desk light and opened the letter lying on the desk.

The letter was sent from Aalto half a year ago, but just arrived today:

"... My Blood Burning Syndrome is gone now, and my power is becoming more and more stable. I miss my sword. I miss the blue sky. I miss those fights. I miss that wonderful music.

"... You must have arrived in Allyn. I wonder if the City in the Sky still looks the same...

"Is food in Holm monotonous like what I told you? In my mind, Holm food is the worst. Every time when I thought of the fact that you have to eat grilled fish and fries everyday, I felt that it was bad and funny at the same time...

"When I was young, my mom always told me stories about arcana and magic, and that is a fabulous world full of mysteries. I hope that you can forget all the pain and suffering you had from before and really enjoy exploring this whole new world. And I'm confident that you, my friend, can become a middle-rank sorcerer in a few years...

"By the way Lucien, did you ever meet my uncle Patrick? I wonder how he's doing right now. He never mentioned about his health condition in his letters, which makes me feel quite worried...

"Your friend, John, has awakened his Blessing and become a knight. What slightly surprises me is that his Blessing is Elimination. Fortunately, he does not serve the Church, and thus he will not join the Night Watch, or it would be another horrible joke from destiny, like what happened to Silvia and me. However, even so, I believe that you will never yield to destiny, my friend, and you will beat down the so called destiny and stamp on it! For me and Silvia... It was a mistake, but I don't want to complain and I won't. Because this was Silvia's and my own mistake, and we should be responsible for it.

"Anyways, let's talk about some pleasant things. Your uncle, Joel, still enjoys playing on the streets a lot, and your aunt, Alisa, just lost her job working in Textile Association because no one dared let a knight's mom wash clothes for them. Right now, Alisa is majorly managing John's manor and also yours.

"As for Iven, he's learning how to read and write now, and he's also receiving knight training after Lord Venn. Elena has left her job in the Musicians' Association to focus on her violin playing. Mr. Victor and Felicia have come back from their trip and they really like your Moonlight Sonata. Right now, Felicia is preparing her own concert, and I'm really happy for her.

"Mr. Rhine never showed up again after the music festival. I'm not sure what happened in Aalto at that time...

"Lucien, please don't forget what I told you before—life is more than just magic. We have music, cuisines, fights, friends, and also romance. I know that you're a gentleman, Lucien, and I know that you're still waiting for your dream girl. Be brave when you find her! Chase her! Conquer her! Don't be shy! If you need more strategies, feel free to write to me and ask!

"In the end, happy birthday, my friend.

"Natasha,

"June, 30th, 817"

Lucien was smiling when he was reading the letter. The words in the letter were for sure not fancy, but it comforted Lucien a lot, as if he was sitting right in front of an old friend, and he felt very peaceful. Although they had not seen each other for a long time, Lucien still felt close to Natasha.

But seriously, Lucien thought to himself, still with the smile on his face, that if he was really going to ask for Natasha's suggestions to chase a girl, he would definitely lose the chance because their communication would take a whole year...

Feeling peaceful and refreshed after reading the letter, Lucien stood up from his chair and came to his meditation room.

After closing the door and sitting on a special chair, Lucien took out a flask of green potion from his storage pouch. The green potion looked clean and tasty.

This was the potion called Flying, and it was made of the fallen leaf of an elven tree and other precious ingredients, which cost Lucien more than seventy arcana points. Together with all the money that he spent on doing experiments and making magic potions, Lucien only had sixty-one arcana points now. He had to say that learning magic basically meant burning money.

Feeling rather peaceful, Lucien slowly pulled the potion into his mouth. The potions tasted cool and sweet, way better than many other potions that Lucien took before.

Lucien suddenly felt that his soul was very light, and he easily entered his meditation environment. This time, his meditation world was clear like crystal, like the limpid water of a still lake.

The potion was slowly absorbed by Lucien's soul, and his spiritual power rocketed. Then, a complicated magic model appeared—it was the spell, Flying.

The model was constructed with distorted lines and curved cambers. A sorcerer who had zero understanding in arcana or who was not good at mathematics needed to manually draw a real magic model based on this half-transparent model from the potion, which required high level of spiritual power. However, Lucien, as an arcanist, did not have to worry about this. He had previously calculated and analyzed the model, and thus he could use his spiritual power more wisely by referring to the power of his Host Star of Destiny and the elemental particles around him to build the model of the spell.

Once Lucien could analyze third-circle spells using his own arcana knowledge and become a middle-rank sorcerer, which meant that his knowledge had a solid mathematical basis, he could choose his own study interest in arcana.

Lucien right now was surrounded by those complicated mathematical symbols and formula, and he stayed focused and paid all his attention to finishing the construction of the model.

As soon as the model became complete, dazzling light suddenly burst out of the model, and it started to absorb spiritual power like crazy. Lucien's soul was enveloped in it as well.

Lucien's spiritual power was enough for nurturing the model, so he calmly prevented the extra spiritual power from the magic potion from approaching him, while at the same time let the dazzling light change his soul.

Feeling slightly itchy and numb, Lucien's soul was almost substantialized because of the power, and it looked more clear and pure. All the magic models that he constructed in his soul before had shrank to small crystal size and were now rotating around a bigger magic model, Flying, as if they were worshipping it.

It was the symbol of a successful upgrade to the third circle!

However, Lucien did not stop, but continued to construct magic models for Elemental Order and Lucien's Great Fire Ball. The latter was an attack spell based on the study of nitroglycerin, and it was as powerful as the fourth circle magic, Chain Explosion, improved by Timothy. The only shortcoming of Lucien's Great Fire Ball was that it was not stable enough, and sometimes a fire ball might explode before it arrived at its destination, and thus extra shaping spells were needed to assist the casting.

After a long time, the window of the meditation room suddenly opened, through which Lucien flew out of the window and soared into the air.

The starry sky above Allyn right now looked close enough to touch, and the night wind refreshed Lucien. When he looked down at the city below him, his chest was filled with the pleasure of freedom.

This was how flying felt like!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 244: Simple Task

In ancient magic system, Flying belonged to the school of Astrology, but in the contemporary magic system, it belonged to both the schools of Force and Astrology, because the principle of the spell was using the gravity of stars to counteract the one from the ground.

Lucien closed his eyes and enjoyed the night wind when he was flying free in the sky, and he felt that he was totally released from all the constraints. The only thing was that his flying was pretty slow, and he also needed to pay attention to the stars to calculate his directions and flying angle. In order to save some trouble, Lucien knew that he needed an auxiliary magic circle helping him with the calculation, and before he learned Flying (Advanced), sixth circle, he could never fly as fast as a magic steam train, but maybe he could use hydromechanics or aerodynamics to improve it a bit.

When Lucien was still indulging in the wonderful experience of his first-time flying, he heard a low male voice, "Sir, you've violated Allyn's Controlling Regulation, the eighteenth article—flying is prohibited in Allyn unless special permission is given from the congress. So... penalty or imprisonment?"

Lucien suddenly opened his eyes at a loss and he saw the young sorcerer in front of him who was wearing a black magic robe and a flame badge, which revealed his identity as a battle sorcerer. The young, black-haired sorcerer looked rather serious, and from the badges in front of his chest, Lucien knew that he was a forth circle sorcerer and he worked for Punishment Department of the Congress.

However, the young sorcerer was also wearing a white-feather badge, which meant that he had got the special permission for flying, but Lucien did not.

Lucien realized that he was so excited that he forgot the fact that flying was prohibited in Allyn. He rubbed his forehead a bit embarrassedly and asked, "How... How much is the penalty?"

Before the young sorcerer answered, Lucien thought of the fact that right now he only had sixty-one points left, so he hurriedly changed his question, "I mean... How long will I be kept in prison?"

Seeing that Lucien was being quite cooperative, the young sorcerer looked less serious now, "We're in the rural area of Allyn right now, so, fortunately, the punishment is not as severe as what you'd get if you flew above the city center, and also, this is your first time, sir, so the penalty is thirty points, and if you'd rather go to the jail, you'll be kept there for one month."

"A month?! All right... I choose the penalty." Although Lucien did not want to lose the money at all, he did not want to stay in prison for a whole month either. Lucien decided to regard this as a special upgrade "celebration" for himself, in order to make himself feel better.

"All right..." the young sorcerer signed a ticket and gave it to Lucien, "Just bring this to Punishment Department and pay for it." Then he grinned a bit when he saw the beautiful ring on Lucien's right hand, "Mr. Evans, congratulations, you're a middle-rank mage now. You're another sorcerer who became a third circle mage before the age of twenty-two. I believe that your momentum will still last before you move on toward the senior ranks."

In fact, this body was not even twenty, but if talking about Lucien's real age, the age that he had had before he came over to this world, it was twenty-five.

Lucien put on a polite smile and said, "Thank you. You're the first one who said congratulations to me. Can I know your name?"

The young battle sorcerer responded humorously, "Of course. I'm not afraid of your revenge, Mr. Evans. I'm Jurisian, from both Punishment Department and Battle Sorcerer Department. My

colleague saw you from Allyn's Eye and found that you were a level four arcanist, so I'm here to handle you, sir."

"Wait... You're Jurisian? The talented arcanist in the school of Electromagnetics?" Lucien was quite surprised. Lazar, Rock and Lucien's other friends kept infusing lots of information into his brain about the young geniuses in the congress, so Lucien recognized the name immediately.

Jurisian, a level four arcanist, was once very close to winning Silver Moon Medal because of the finding of photoelectric sensing, but at the same time, he was very enthusiastic toward fighting and duelling, so he applied to Punishment Department and Battle Sorcerer Department on his own.

Jurisian smiled and said, "I'm not gonna call myself a genius right in front of you, Mr. Evans. In most young sorcerers' mind, we've only got two geniuses. One is Mr. Felipe, who has won Holm Crown prize once and Immortal Throne prize twice, and the other genius is you, Mr. Evans. I have to say that you two redefined the word 'genius', because now no one dares call himself or herself a genius if they haven't won the highest honour in their fields. So, Rachel, Arthur, Samantha, Larry and many other sorcerers, including me, are just like common people."

For sure, Jurisian was very smart with his words. He showed his respect to Lucien in an indirect way.

After chatting a bit, Jurisian activated Allyn Magic Circle and disappeared in the air, leaving Lucien staring at the ticket in his hand alone.

Lucien was glad that he could have a sixty-point subsidy every month from now on, and his living and experiment cost could basically be covered. However, his budget was definitely tighter than before. Thinking of that, Lucien started to feel a bit regretful with his idea of setting up cleansing magic circles for the factory, or he would earn way more than what he was making right now.

Putting the ticket in his pocket, Lucien started to descend slowly for landing. At the same time, he looked at the darkness in the west. He wished that he could find a chance to go back to Aalto to see all his friends there.

When Lucien was about to land on the windowsill of his villa, a window beside him opened. It was Layria and Heidi.

The two young girls woke up and could not fall asleep again from their great nostalgia, so they opened the window to look at the starry sky.

"Mr. Evans?" They were surprised.

"You two cannot fall asleep?" Lucien smiled, "What about having another set of arcana exercise?"

The two young girls suddenly sensed great danger and took a step backward together, "No, thanks, Mr. Evans. We're fine here. We just want to... close the window. Happy new year and wish you become a middle-rank mage this year!"

Then they closed the window right in front of Lucien.

Two seconds later, the window opened again. The two girls were right now staring at Lucien who was floating in the air, and they looked shocked,

"Mr. Evans, have you upgraded already? Did we just sleep in for the whole year?!"

...

In the past two weeks, Lucien constructed another third circle magic, Maskelyne's Star, in his soul. After making sure that his new power was already stable, Lucien was now heading for Allyn Magic Tower to upgrade his magic badge.

So far, Lucien had constructed twenty-seven first-circle, seventeen second-circle, and three third-circle spells in his soul, and that was twenty percent more than the amount that a new third-circle sorcerer could have on average. Furthermore, the best thing was that all of Lucien's third-circle spells, except Flying, were all his exclusive spells!

In Sorcerer Administrative Department, Eric's surprised look was nothing new to Lucien anymore. He reached out his hand and said, "Congratulations, Evans, you're really a genius. Even though you used the magic potion, you still have a very solid mathematical foundation. In most cases, soon some senior-rank sorcerers or archmages will want you to become their student."

"Thank you, Mr. Eric." Lucien shook hands with Eric and handed his magic badge to him, "Except for Element and Astrology, I'm still very new in other fields."

Eric took a look at Lucien's magic badge and reminded him, "Now you can choose a permanent magic buff on it. What do you want?"

"Can I choose other stuff other than a magic buff?" Having the ring, Element, Lucien did not really need a middle-rank magic buff on his badge, so he asked for alternatives directly.

It was not the first time that Eric encountered this question, so he asked cut and dry, "What do you want? It cannot outvalue a middle-rank magic buff."

"I want a sculpt spell, Mr. Eric, to increase the effective length of a spell." Lucien needed it for Lucien's Great Fireball. Although he had to spend twice the amount of spiritual power to cast both the spell and the sculpt spell, that could stabilize the effects of his own fireball.

The congress had been developing various kinds of enhancing spells, including silent casting, quick casting, enhanced casting, all kinds of sculpt spells and so on. Arcanists or sorcerers needed to meet level requirement to get those spells by exchanging, and they were not cheap for sure. The sculpt spell that Lucien was asking for was the cheapest.

"It's about the same value." Eric nodded, "But still, you might need to pay an extra ten to fifty points."

"No problem." Although Lucien said so, his heart was bleeding. He just paid for his penalty, and right now he only had thirty-one points. And this thirty-one points was from what was left after he sold his Grimsteel Dagger from before. If he still needed more money later, Lucien needed to sell his Asthenia Dagger then.

Eric put Lucien's badge together with a piece of note in the magic cage and then pulled the bell. Silver light burst out and the items in the cage disappeared.

Ten minutes later, the bell started ringing. The badge was sent back, together with a thick roll of parchment.

Eric handed the badge to Lucien and frowned a bit, "Evans, you just paid thirty points for the sculpt spell, and you've also got a mandatory task."

Lucien was a middle-rank mage now. Receiving one mandatory task from the congress was just normal, and it happened to be the beginning of the new year.

However, Lucien was still a bit surprised that he just got his task so soon. He took over the badge and the parchment roll written with the sculpt spell, and started to sense the task information contained in the magic badge.

"Demon Cleansing (Simple): In Mount Kapas, Holm, a third-circle sorcerer tried to summon low-rank demons but failed. The sorcerer died from this and the demons occupied his castle. You need to eliminate the demons together with other sorcerers who were also given the task. Reward: fifty arcana points."

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Chapter 245: Mr. Evans

Lucien put on his upgraded magic badge, and although the magic steam train had recently introduced a new route from Allyn to Kapas, he didn't board it to get his task done, but instead hired a coach and headed for the magic tower of the Will of Elements.

The task was given to Lucien in way that he considered suspicious, because it arrived right after Lucien upgraded. He wanted to have some senior-rank arcanists from his own group check it first to make sure everything was fine there.

In an office of the magic tower of the Will of Elements, Gaston listened to Lucien's description of the task quietly with his fingers crossed. His dark yellow eyes looked a bit suspicious and Gaston said seriously, "This doesn't look like a dangerous task. With your ring, even if you cannot fulfill the task, protecting yourself and escaping should not be a problem. But for your safety, I still need to ask Florencia... maybe she knows something else."

Letting Lucien wait for him in the office, Gaston walked into another room and talked to Florencia via Fernando's Electromagnetic Message.

Lucien took the chance and started to think carefully whether he had some potential enemies in the Congress who might want him dead. The issue about Life Force Theory was gone now, and it was Felipe who drew most of the attention, and with regards to placing the cleansing magic circles, Lucien did not think that someone would want to kill him because of that, especially because in the end it was just an option for those factories.

Lucien wondered whether he could draw the conclusion that no one was trying to use the task to kill him.

After a while, Gaston came back.

Gaston elegantly sat down first and then he said to Lucien, smiling, "I've talked to Florencia. She said that it was an emergency thing, and it should be safe. But because we value you very much, Evans, and you've become a middle-rank sorcerer within a year, I can lend you a magic item."

Gaston took out a nice monocle with a fine silver chain and handed it to Lucien, "This monocle has been enchanted with Fernando's Electromagnetic Message permanently. If anything goes wrong, contact me immediately. This is my exclusive frequency and code..."

As he was saying, he wrote down all the information for Lucien on a piece of paper.

Obviously, Lord of Storm, when inventing that spell, had already taken confidentiality into consideration.

Lucien left his spiritual power mark in the monocle following Gaston's instructions, and then put it on. The gold-rimmed glasses he was wearing before were put into his right pocket, and there was a pocket watch on the left one.

When Lucien picked up his top hat and was about to leave, Gaston stood up and smiled, "Evans, congratulations for upgrading to the third circle, which is a very important threshold for many sorcerers. The fact that you've made it means that you've surpassed seventy percent of the sorcerers, and from now on, the Will of Elements will be giving you forty arcana points every month as your subsidy."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Gaston." Hearing that, Lucien sincerely grinned.

...

Near the entrance of Mount Kapas, Fraser town.

The town was very remote. One needed to first take a six-hour train from Allyn to Kapas' city center, then spend half a day riding a long-distance coach to get to a town named Tenning, and then bump along the mountain road for another two hours to get there. Of course, sorcerers who could fly did not have to worry about it.

There were lots of trees and wild animals in the mountains. Most residents here in the small town worked as hunters or lumbermen. Several sorcerer castles here controlled part of the mineral

veins, and because some sorcerers, many magic apprentices, and also miners lived there, this remote town was actually quite lively instead of being very isolated as one would image. Many adventures and mercenaries even came here to seek for precious gems, ores, plants or secret fortune.

The most popular tavern in Fraser was called Gold Cup. Many adventures and mercenaries were there right now, drinking and chatting. They were used to carousing every night before they entered the mountains, as they had no idea that whether they would still get a chance to see the next day's sunrise once they went in there.

In the strong smell of alcohol, some adventures were chatting in low voice, "Have you heard that the third-circle sorcerer in Bertren Castle was killed by the demons summoned by himself?" A dwarf with long blond beard asked the guy who he just met in this tavern.

The guy, who was of middle age and got a scary scar on his face, nodded seriously, "The two apprentices who managed to escape said that castle was like hell. People were burnt to death, corroded by strong acid, torn into pieces by sharp claws, hacked in half... There was blood and guts everywhere."

As the man was saying, he carefully pointed at the two apprentices who were beyond drunk in the corner of the tavern. One was male and one was female. Although they were drunk, they still looked very terrified, as if they were stuck in the nightmare.

"You wanna go there to see if we can find something there?" asked the greedy dwarf, "Maybe get around those demons and get some treasures there. That guy was a middle-rank sorcerer, so think about how wealthy he could be!"

Another middle-aged woman looked at the dwarf contemptuously, "Are you out of your mind? Those demons killed a third-circle sorcerer! Do you just want to die that bad?"

"I agree. And the Congress definitely has sent some sorcerers here to handle this. Don't tell me you want to take those treasures from those crazy people... Your power from the magic potion is nothing in front of them..." said the scar-faced man.

At this time, the tavern's door opened, and there came in a young battle sorcerer wearing a black magic robe. He first looked around at the people in the tavern with his blue, threatening eyes. Feeling his oppressive aura, no one in the tavern dared look at him directly. Then, he walked to the two apprentices in the corner who were still drinking although they were already beyond drunk.

The battle sorcerer grabbed their wood cups and threw them onto the ground, and the golden liquor was everywhere. The two apprentices slowly looked up at the sorcerer, confusedly.

"I'm Charlie. I'm here to solve the problem in Castle Bertren. You two answer my questions carefully," said the young man seriously. His years of experience in fighting gave him this kind of oppressive manner.

The two apprentices looked a bit more sober now, and they started trembling. The female apprentice with burgundy-colored hair responded in trembling voice, "Mr. Charlie... I'm Susan and this is Scott. We were Mr. Bertren's apprentices... At that night, Mr. Bertren tried to summon... those things... in his chamber...."

At this time, a black, short-haired lady came into the tavern. She was wearing an elegant, purple magic robe, and her brownish-yellow eyes were cold and sharp. After looking around, she directly walked to Charlie and introduced herself, "Hi, I'm Sandra, middle rank. I'm also with the task."

"I'm Charlie, middle rank." Charlie nodded. Neither Charlie nor Sandra wanted to reveal their specific level right in front of so many people, and both of them were wearing their badges underneath their robes.

The golden-bearded dwarf turned around and took a quick glance at them, then murmured to the middle-aged woman and the scar-faced man, "Of course, the Congress has sent people here already... Look at them... They're at least of fourth circle. Just one of them could just destroy the whole castle... even the whole town."

Those adventures rarely saw real sorcerers, not to mention middle-ranked ones, so they were curious and regarded those sorcerers with fear and reverence.

"I told you..." The scar-faced man looked a bit intimidated.

Charlie and Sandra, on the other side, were listening to the apprentices carefully, and they did not care how those adventurers were commenting on them at all, because they were just too powerful and confident to be bothered by things like that.

This kind of attitude impressed the adventurers even more.

"I heard that we have one more sorcerer for this task?" After listening to the apprentices, Sandra asked Charlie.

"That's right." Charlie nodded, "He's not here yet. Let's wait for him a bit longer. We can be safer with one more person's power, and I think he should be middle-rank, shouldn't he?"

"For sure," answered Sandra simply.

"Are they waiting for someone?" The middle-aged woman looked at the tavern door.

"Come on... They don't have to..." the dwarf murmured, "They're of at least fourth circle!"

"It's always good to be cautious." When the scar-faced man was saying this, the tavern door was opened again.

Subconsciously, all the people in the tavern turned around and looked at the person who just came in.

It was a young, good-looking man, who was wearing a black, double-breasted coat, a black top hat and a fine monocle, which made him look gentle and elegant.

Those adventurers in the tavern all wondered why a young noble would come there.

Charlie and Sandra looked at him cautiously, as they were not sure whether he was the sorcerer that they were waiting for. After all, the man just looked too young to be a middle-rank.

At this time, both Charlie and Sandra noticed the purple-gem ring on the young man's right hand. The ring was very unique and gorgeous.

They recognized the young man immediately.

The man was the youngest winner of Holm Crown prize, an honorary member of Holm Royal Magic Academy, the genius who managed to upgrade to middle rank within a year!

Watching the young man walking to them elegantly with a smile on his face, both Charlie and Sandra suddenly stood up together and greeted him respectfully, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Evans."

Their attitude surprised everyone present.

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Chapter 246: Castle Bertren

In the tavern, Gold Cup.

Lucien pulled a chair for himself and sat down, then he nodded to them, smiling, and said, "Nice to meet you two as well. How do you want me to call you?" As he was asking, Lucien showed them his Holm Crown prize ring purposefully but in a casual way to make them understand who was the leader of this group, so he could possibly be in safer place later in the castle.

"Charlie, battle sorcerer, middle rank."

"Middle rank, Sandra."

Both Charlie and Sandra briefly introduced themselves in a respectful way to Lucien. Although they were confident in their own power, they knew that Lucien once killed a senior-rank sorcerer with Felipe before, thus they understood the power difference between the young man in front of them and themselves.

Moreover, according the tradition of the Congress, when two sorcerers were of the same rank, the one with higher arcana level would be more respected. As a level-four arcanist, and the winner of Holm Crown prize, Lucien of course was of a higher status than most middle-rank sorcerers.

However, despite the fact that Charlie and Sandra had naturally regarded Lucien as their team leader, experienced in combatting as they were, they were still waiting to see if Lucien could prove that he was capable of being a leader, or they simply would not follow and listen to him blindly.

Lucien nodded, and then he turned around and started talking to the apprentices, "I'm Lucien Evans, and I need a guide to the castle. Who volunteers?"

Before the apprentices answered, Lucien said to Charlie and Sandra, "Tell me the detailed information about the castle when we're on the way. We cannot waste too much time here, or more demons would be summoned by the magic circle in the summoning room."

Charlie and Sandra slightly nodded. They liked Lucien's decisive style.

The two apprentices, who were still beyond scared, obviously did not like Lucien's plan at all, "M... Mr. Evans... We can tell you everything... You don't really need a guide..."

Susan's face was pale, and her teeth were striking against each other. She could not stop thinking of the blood, the guts, the chunks of limbs and the fire... They were driving her nuts.

Scott could not even speak a single word.

Lucien shook his head and said to them in a gentle way, "You two should know that there's no magic under the ninth circle which could completely read your memory, and that means very possibly we will be missing some important information, including the layout of the castle. So we do need a guide to help us, and please trust that we're capable of protecting you."

Lucien used some hypnosis skills when he was talking.

His gentle voice comforted the apprentices, and Susan started to wonder whether Lucien was a senior-rank sorcerer based on the other two sorcerers' respectful attitude toward him, and maybe in the future, he could offer her some help in the Congress. Living in a remote town, neither Susan nor Scott knew that Lucien was the youngest winner of Holm Crown prize, and although she did not expect to become Lucien's student, as an apprentice who lost her sorcerer teacher, she needed that help.

Taking the courage, Susan nodded, "Mr. Evans... I can be your guide, but... but please... please make sure that I'll be safe."

As she was speaking, Susan took a quick glance at Scott, who was still trembling slightly in the corner. Susan had a bit of joy in her mind as she finally surpassed Scott this time. Scott was more talented in the study of arcana, and his spiritual power was more abundant, but his biggest problem was his timidity. Susan had been feeling envious of Scott for more than a year, and right now she was proud of herself.

"Very well. Your courage has impressed me." Lucien nodded, "And courage is very important to a successful sorcerer. This is not a time of peace, and we always need to fight."

Then, Lucien stood up and took out his pocket watch, "Right now it's five in the afternoon. Hopefully, we can finish the task before it gets dark. If we can't make it on time, we should probably leave the castle, as some of the demons would get way stronger at night."

"Yes, Mr. Evans." Charlie and Sandra also stood up.

After they left the tavern, those adventurers finally felt at ease and started to talk to each other excitedly.

"Is the young man actually a senior-rank sorcerer?" exclaimed the dwarf. "Why those two middle-rank sorcerers were being so respectful to him? But he's just too young!"

Most adventures had never seen a real senior-rank sorcerer. Most senior-rank sorcerers either were important nobles or lived in Allyn, or were exploring in the Dark Mountain Range and other dimensions. Even if those adventurers could run into one in Rentato, they would not recognize them as such.

The scar-faced man laughed, "Come on... Maybe he just look young, and maybe he's a few hundred years old... Older than your great-great-great-grandma, ha!"

...

In the cold wind, Lucien, Charlie and Sandra were flying toward the castle called Bertren. Looking from above, the forest below was covered with a thick layer of snow, sprinkled with a few green spots from those evergreen pine trees.

"That's about it." Sandra, who was carrying Susan flying using a spell called Coil, just told Lucien all the information they had got.

Seeing Susan being pinched with cold, Sandra cast Element Endurance on Susan. Element Endurance was an ancient magic, although it did not work well for defending against magic attacks, it was rather useful in extreme cold or hot environments. Spells from the school of Thermodynamics such as Coldness Endurance and Heat Endurance could make one feel being exposed to nice spring weather even in an extreme environment ranging from minus ten to sixty to seventy degrees.

Lucien adjusted his monocle a bit and said, "Susan and Scott were in panic at that time, and they only noticed a few kinds of low-rank demons. So we shall never lower our guard. I'm a third-circle sorcerer, specializing in Element and Astrology, and I've got some good magic items. What about you two?"

"Fourth-circle battle sorcerer, specializing in Element, Force Field, Thermodynamics and Transformation. And I have some decent magic items as well," answered Charlie, staring at the castle located next to the mountain not too far from them.

Sandra also noticed the castle in the front, and she answered briefly, "Fourth-circle, Electromagnetics, Light-darkness, Force Field and Summoning."

"Great. You can handle the summoning magic circles later." Lucien nodded. A layer of golden-white flame covered his long coat and soon formed an all-round shield like an eggshell.

Knowing that they were close to the destination now, Lucien directly activated Powerful Fire Shield enchanted within his ring, Element. The shield could last for ten minutes before it was broken.

Charlie and Sandra also cast their own most powerful defensive spells.

Charlie's magic robe started to shine with moving light consisted of countless transparent magic symbols. This was an exclusive magic created by the congress called Douglas's Absorbing Wall, from combining Minor Globe of Invulnerability and Protection from Energy.

Sandra's skin and clothes quickly turned stone-gray like a statue. Five colourful magic light balls were now surrounding Susan's head and her own. They were fourth-circle magic Stoneskin and Palmeira's Power Magic Spheres.

Lucien also cast Mechanized Mind on himself to make sure that he was absolutely cool-headed.

Castle Bertren was a black castle built around a main center pinnacle. The sky started to get a little bit dusky, and the castle looked like a terrifying monster waiting for its prey.

The gate of the castle opened wide, and the strong smell of blood from inside of the castle was overwhelming. The gate was just like the huge mouth of a monster.

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Chapter 247: The Apprentice Hall

Seeing the wide-open gate, Lucien, Charlie and Sandra were a bit relieved, because that meant the magic circle of the castle itself had not been activated. Either the core of the castle had been damaged when the summoning failed, or the low-rank demons just had no idea how to control the magic circle.

Either way was a piece of good news for them, as a sorcerer castle with an activated protective magic circle could be one or two levels even more powerful than the owner himself. This castle, designed and constructed by a third-circle sorcerer, could have the power of a fourth or fifth-circle sorcerer, and if the castle's magic circle had been activated, that would cost Lucien, Charlie and Sandra quite a long time to break into it.

However, cautious as Lucien was, he did not directly rush in there, but he stopped in the air, staring at the castle from above.

His left eye covered by the piece of monocle started to use infrared lights to check the whole place through the darkness in the open gate. Lucien could see clusters of red light in there—coming straight from hell, those demons that were raised with flame and sulphur had way more amount of infrared coming out of their bodies, and that couldn't even be hidden by the castle's thick walls.

Charlie and Sandra also used their own spells to scan the whole castle. After their brief discussion, Lucien had a rough map in his mind of the layout of the castle and those demons' activity range in there. After combing Susan's description, they quickly worked out a plan. Lucien said to Charlie and Susan in a calm way, "We have to destroy the magic circles in the summoning room first to prevent more demons from coming out, and then we sweep away the rest of them down there. So... I'd say that... entering the castle through the gate and getting to the second floor is the best route."

"Agreed." The other two sorcerers nodded.

At this time, lightnings started to gather in Sandra's hand and a long electric spear took shape. She directly threw it toward a magic energy well in the garden and the spear perfectly hit the target. Something in the magic energy well slightly caused a small explosion, but the noise was not too loud. The well, together with more wells in different places of the castle, gathered power that they absorbed from sun and tide to provide to the defensive magic circles of the castle.

They needed to blow up more wells to prevent the circles from being activated after entering the castle.

The black well was now covered with countless magic symbols, as if it was resisting the power from the electric spear.

When Sandra was about to summon another electric spear, she saw Lucien reaching out his right hand and a head-sized fireball showed up above his palm. She instantly felt the contained power in the fireball.

Lucien pushed his right hand forward, and the fireball directly flew toward the energy well. As soon as the fire ball hit it, the whole energy well just exploded, from which rose a small mushroom cloud and dense smoke.

When the smoke dispersed, Sandra saw that the whole well was gone. She opened her mouth a bit but could not say anything. She did know that the school of Element had the most powerful explosive spells, however, what Mr. Evans just cast was simply too impressive, almost like the fifth-circle spell, Great Flame Explosion.

She wondered if it was the Will of Elements or Mr. Evans' exclusive magic, as both Sandra and Charlie knew clearly that Lucien did not use any magic items for that because they were right beside him, a third-circle sorcerer.

After seeing that, they trusted in Lucien's magic power for sure.

"Before the demons gather because of the noise, we shall get in there right now," said Lucien at a fast speed.

Lucien's Great Fireball, a third-circle level spell, was a attack magic combining the power of explosion, which was the major one, and a burning power. In addition, the magic buff from Lucien's ring, Element, increased the spell power by another thirty to forty percent, and the spell looked almost like a fifth-circle one.

Lucien would have been able to cast the spell more than twenty times consecutively, however, since he also needed to use the sculpt spell for assistance, the number reduced to seven to eight times. Fortunately, the ring, Element, boosted Lucien's spiritual power recovery speed to approximately that of a fifth-circle sorcerer. Unless he kept casting spells without any interval, he did not need to worry about the fact that he might run out of his spiritual power in a battle that lasted less than thirty minutes.

The ring, Element, was definitely a fabulous magic item, especially for Lucien's level.

Lucien, Charlie, Sandra and Susan landed in the castle's garden in front of the iron gate. They cast Speed and Endurance on her to make sure that she was able to follow them.

As soon as they landed, they formed a standard battle formation. Charlie and Sandra were in the front, and Lucien was at their back. Susan was right in front of Lucien, behind Sandra.

There were spots of blood on the ground of the garden. They could hear the evil roaring from the castle. Obviously, the demons had noticed their arrival.

Passing through the garden at a fast speed, Charlie directly blasted the iron gate away with a fireball, and they rushed into the castle.

In the main hall, incomplete human bodies were everywhere, and on their ripped faces, the great fear was still there. Limbs, guts and blood covered the floor, and the smell of blood was so strong that they almost threw up.

Making sure they were heading toward the right direction, they started running to the stairs, stepping on those guts and chunks of human bodies.

The whole place was filled with light smoke. When Susan saw the black staircase, she was a bit encouraged. However, as soon as they were about to approach the staircase, some kind of buzzing sound came into their ears. From the corridors around the hall, teams of huge hornets were coming for them, and each of the hornets was twice the size of a human being.

Besides being huge, each of those hornets actually had a female human face with white pupils on its head. The female faces looked dreadful, as if they were in great pain. On the top, there were short tentacles, and the chin part was distorted into an arthropod mouthpart. At the bottom of those hornets' body, there was a shining black sting.

Seeing the female faces, Susan started screaming, as if she were in a nightmare, whereas the three middle-rank sorcerers remained very calm.

They were demons called Tiger Hornets. Lucien, Charlie and Sandra knew for sure that they were just of low-rank because they had no yellow, orange or red strips on their bodies.

A powerful streak of lightning showed up out of nowhere and struck one of the demon hornets which was trying to grab Susan, when a bit of its black, toxic secretion was already produced at the tip of the sting.

The demon hornet directly fell onto the ground like a big piece of carbon coke. The lightning on its body extended onto other nearby hornets and paralyzed them. The affected hornets were right now twitching on the floor, while those hornets which were relatively far from them were throwing fire clusters toward them like crazy.

At this time, cold wind was summoned and snowflakes started to fly in the hall. Soon, fist-sized hailstones took shape in the cold wind and fiercely smashed many hornets.

Ice Storm, a fourth-circle spell, from Charlie.

Most demons were immune to common flame and toxin, but they were more vulnerable to acid, ice and snow. Experienced as Charlie and Sandra were, they knew what to do.

Lucien also cast Maskelyne's Acid Arrow. Lots of light green arrows fiercely penetrated the demon hornets.

After this whole round of casting, the more than twenty demon hornets were all killed.

Two years ago, Lucien never expected that one day he would have such power. For a second, the scene reminded Lucien of how scared he was when he was sent down into the sewers at that time, and later when he needed to kill Baron Laurent.

The bodies of the hornets soon disappeared, which meant that they were not entities but projections. Lucien was a bit disappointed as he intended to collect some materials from them, and he also felt a bit suspicious.

However, he could not put too much thought on it right now, as they still needed to move forward and maintain the formation.

Soon, they came to the second floor. They were now in a spacious hall, which was filled with lots of bookshelves and desks with paper and quills on them.

Some desks were on the floor, and those books on the floor were drenched with blood. Some desks in the corner remained standing there as usual, as if nothing ever happened. An apprentice was killed on his own seat, and the demons cut him right open. His guts were still hanging there.

"This is the Apprentice Hall. We used to study here," Susan said briefly with her trembling voice. "The summoning room is at the end of the corridor after the hall."

Although Lucien wanted to copy all the books here, he understood that this was certainly not the right time. The four of them carefully walked between the bookshelves to get to the corridor.

In order to show their respect, they did not want to directly destroy all the books.

When Lucien walked past a bookshelf, he noticed that there was a mirror on the wall beside. In the mirror, he saw himself walking in the end, following Charlie and Sandra, and Susan was in the middle.

As Lucien turned his head to analyze the mirror, his reflection also made the same movement. His reflection was also wearing a monocle on the left eye.

When Lucien was about to look away, he suddenly saw his own reflection in the mirror start to smile in a creepy way. The eyeballs of the young sorcerer in the mirror started to swell, and greenish-gray pimples started to cover his face!

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Chapter 248: Distortion

The greenish-gray pimples soon covered the whole face of the young man in the mirror. His eyeballs were protruding, and his nose started to get rotten. Chunks of gray flesh were falling, and white bones and two black eye sockets were revealed.

Lucien was shocked. Seeing what was happening with the familiar face in the mirror, Lucien felt goosebumps rise from the tips of his toes to the top of his head. Although the spell Mechanized Mind did help, Lucien still got frozen there, and he could not think clearly.

At this time, the rotten face in the mirror put on a smile like an ugly clown.

Everything in front of Lucien's eyes went black and his heart stopped beating for about three seconds. Three seconds later, Lucien got his heartbeat back, and it was beating so fast, so bad, as if it was going to jump out of his chest.

Lucien's head started to buzz like crazy. Every single vein in his body was bulging, and all his blood rushed to his brain. He found that what he could see all turned into blood red now, and everything looked very blurry and weird.

Lucien felt that his life force was escaping from his body.

Fortunately, thanks to Lucien's strong will and the spell he had cast on himself, in the last second, he stopped himself from just running away like ordinary people, but instead covered himself with a layer of light, in which many magic symbols were appearing and disappearing as if they were alive.

A second later, the rotten Lucien in the mirror took a step forward and directly came out of the mirror. Its red tongue reached out from its mouth and turned black. Shooting out, the tongue directly went through Lucien's Powerful Fire Shield like it did not even exist.

Lucien sensed the smell of death.

Thanks to the newly cast spell, the black, illusory tongue was stopped by the magic-symbol light shield. As soon as the tongue touched the shield, it was burned, and black smoke rose.

The forth-level divine spell, Death Ward!

After Lucien made it to middle-rank, the second layer of Sun's Corona's seal had been unlocked. So he could cast three more divine spells in a day: Burning Radiance, third circle; Death Ward, fourth circle; and Flame Strike, fifth circle, but among them, Death Ward was the very conqueror of any death-related power.

At this time, Charlie and Sandra noticed Lucien's weird behaviour—staring at the mirror like he was possessed, Lucien's body was protected by some divine power. However, when they looked in the mirror, there was nothing in it, not even any reflection!

Sandra pointed her purple magic staff at the mirror, and instantly very strong light burst out of the mirror, but the light somehow could not go beyond a radius of ten meters. Beyond the ten-meter radius, the darkness was still thick.

Burning Sun was the fourth-circle spell in the school of Light-darkness, and it was only used for resisting demons or the undead from other dimensions. The power just did not feel as holy as the divine spells.

In the pure brightness, a few pieces of black smoke leaked out of the mirror, and when they united together, a horrible monster showed up.

The hood it was wearing did not hide its face. The demon had scarlet eyes, and its skull was covered with only a very thin layer of rotten skin. Its two rows of teeth were directly revealed because it did not have lips. However, this appearance did not look real at the same time, as it kept changing all the time, just like some kind of illusion.

The demon was tall, and it was wearing a really fancy black robe, embroidered with mysterious patterns, and they all looked evil.

The demon, surrounded by black smoke, blocked the light from Burning Sun behind it, and it started laughing. At the same time, gray shadows showed up around Charlie and Sandra.

Although the magic-symbol shield around Charlie worked, however, the gray shadows were just too many, and the shield started to get dim.

At this time, Charlie flew directly towards the bookshelf, or more specific, he dropped onto the bookshelf on the other side of the hall, as if gravity was messed up.

It was the fourth-circle spell in Force Field, Virtual Gravity!

Close beside the mirror, the five magic power spheres above Sandra's and Susan's head were now spinning very fast, and every single gray shadow which tried to jump on them got absorbed by the magic spheres. The magic balls, at the same time, started to get bigger, as Sandra pointed her magic staff at the demon, the spheres fiercely flew toward it.

Two magic spheres directly hit the black smoke around the demon, and the smoke started to be driven away.

Seizing the chance, the strong light from the magic, Burning Sun, reached the demon, and the demon burst out a dreadful scream.

Charlie raised up his right hand wearing the white glove. Instantly, a huge illusory palm showed up beside the demon and directly grabbed it.

Douglas's Huge Palm, a fourth-circle Force Field spell, and it was said that the spell was an improved version of an ancient one.

The ring on Lucien's right hand, Element, was helping him recover. Lucien felt that he could move now, but he did not. Standing there, Lucien took out a crystal ball from his storage pouch.

The crystal ball first dimmed like there was a night sky in it, and then stars showed up in the night sky, moment when the crystal ball burst out pure light.

Floating in the air, the crystal ball stopped twenty centimetres above Lucien's head. Twelve spots of light surrounding Lucien formed the same pattern with the formation of stars in the crystal ball. The stars were spinning around the ball, and together they formed a small astrology system.

This was a nightmare demon, and Lucien knew that common attack spells would not work on it. So, he directly cast Maskelyne's Star, which was a multi-aspected astrology spell combining illusion detection, enemy's luck alteration, supernatural power absorption and a star sphere attack. On Astrology and Magic Elements, there was a corresponding ninth-circle spell called Maskelyne's Star Map.

As soon as Maskelyne's Star was fully constructed, beams of star light shot out from the crystal ball and directly cast light on the demon. It was for identifying whether the demon was just a projection!

In the star light, the demon was still there.

Charlie pointed his black magic staff at the demon and cast Magic Resistance Reduction on it. Then the demon looked a bit faint.

Capturing the moment, both Sandra and Lucien launched their attacks at the same time, one in the front and one behind. They worked together perfectly well!

A shining big net caught the monster, and it started to become tighter and tighter. Black smoke came out of the demon in the net like it was bleeding!

One of Lucien's star spheres shot the demon right in its center. Like a piece of glass, the demon was torn apart silently in the extremely bright light.

When Susan, who was beyond scared watching them fighting, was just about to give a sigh of relief. The parts of the demon body started to distort, along with the floor, the walls, the light, and even the huge Force Field palm!

Actually, the whole space was distorted!

And then everything broke down!

Like a broken mirror, the space was falling apart, and smoke started leaking out from the cracks in front of them.

Although the smoke was not thick, Lucien realized that he had lost his spiritual power sensing and his intuition. He started to get slow, and he could only see about twenty centimetres in front of him. At the same time, the smoke was affecting how his brain hormone and brain wave worked.

Were it not for Mechanized Mind, Lucien would already have become an idiot there at the same moment, or maybe completely broken down.

Fifth-circle spell, Mind Mist!

Lucien realized that the demon might be of level five, however, the sorcerer had never read much about this kind of demon before!

Although the star spheres spinning above his head lit up the place quite a bit, he still could not see through the mist.

In the terrifying silence, Lucien cast another defensive spell inside his Powerful Fire Shield, which was all he could do right now. He could not see where Charlie, Sandra and Susan were in the mist, and he could not even feel them being around!

When his spiritual power had recovered a bit, Lucien cast a second-circle spell, Dissipate Smoke. This was a spell that was designed for driving away magic smoke.

Lucien had no idea whether this would work, but he really thought it wouldn't. However, the mist did start to disappear, and he could see more clearly now.

Charlie and Sandra also cast the spell, and they saw each other around.

"The mist might be the demon's last struggle..." Sandra tried to grab Susan who was already freaked out, but her tone showed that she was not sure.

"That's impossible! There's no way that the horrible demon would just die like that!" said Susan, whose face looked beyond pale. At this time, using all of her strength, she got rid of Sandra's hand and ran toward the corner of the hall.

When Charlie was about to catch her with his Force Field hand, Susan ran into the copper statue in the corner and then she grabbed the statue's ear.

Susan twisted the ear, and a secret door opened in the wall.

Susan did tell them that there was a secret chamber in the hall, which was built by Bertren. Several apprentices found it, and that was their secret.

The sorcerers were not surprised by the existence of the chamber. However, their eyes opened wide when they saw that there was a young teenager boy in the chamber!

The teenager boy was squatting down on the ground, with his hands covering his head. He slowly looked up, and his eyes were filled with fear.

They found another survivor!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 249: An Ancient Rite

"What's your name?" asked Sandra, who was trying to put on a nice smile on her face and soften her voice. However, the boy still got very scared. Screaming and shaking his head, the teenager boy used his hands and feet to drag himself toward the corner farther inside the chamber.

Lucien did not rush them to get to the summoning room, because the fact that the demon just disappeared like that was too weird. Now they found a survivor here, and they should get more information from him.

Exchanging a look with Sandra, Lucien slightly lifted his chin toward Susan, "Use a magic potion to calm her down. Let Susan talk to him."

Sandra nodded. Experienced as she was, Sandra always carried some magic potions with her around. Although she preferred to directly cast hypnosis on the boy to ask him questions, which was more of her style, she was also concerned that casting any spells on him right now might lead to some unwanted consequences, so Sandra took out a light blue tube and made Susan drink it using Mage Hand.

Lucien adjusted his monocle and activated the spell enchanted on it, Fernando's Electromagnetic Message. Although three of them had enough power to kill a level five demon, he had no idea whether this battle was just a start or not.

Lucien did not hide it from Charlie and Sandra. When the surface of the monocle was covered with magic ripples, Lucien directly called Gaston's name.

"Mr. Gaston, this is Evans."

Currently, this fifth-circle spell could only turn sound vibration into electromagnetic wave.

There was no response from the other side. Lucien raised his voice, "Mr. Gaston? Hello?!"

Still nothing came back.

Lucien started to get a bit concerned. He looked at the wall on the other side of the bookshelf, where there was a window. Outside the window, he could see light fog coming in. Everything looked mysterious, as if they were in a nightmarish maze.

"This is similar to Mind Mist, but not exactly the same. The mist can block and absorb electromagnetic wave... I've never seen something like this..." Lucien really wished that he could have read more books in the libraries!

Watching Lucien calling Gaston's name a bit anxiously, Charlie put on a bitter smile, "We're probably in trouble now. The simple task is actually not simple."

When Lucien first received the task, he indeed felt quite suspicious, and he was actually not very surprised with the fact that things were getting complicated. If someone really wanted to give him a hard time, he had no idea how the person managed to fool both Ms. Florencia and Mr. Gaston.

Although lots of thoughts had flashed through Lucien's mind, he stopped himself from sinking into the thoughts. It was not the right time! And dangers might come to them at any moment!

"We need to figure out what is going on here first, then we decide whether we should move on or go back." Lucien looked at Charlie and said.

At this time, Susan started to calm down a bit because of the magic potion she took a minute before.

Adjusting his black battle sorcerer hat, Charlie nodded calmly, "I also checked this place before we came in, and I saw only three kinds of low-rank demons, just as what you have told us, Mr. Evans. So the question is... Where did the demon hide itself, and how?"

"You guys don't know what the demon was?" Lucien asked.

Both Sandra and Charlie shook their heads seriously.

That was not good news. If neither Sandra nor Charlie had any idea what the demon was, it meant that this kind of demon was not registered in either the Encyclopedia of Demons or Handbook of Monsters. Without enough intelligence, it was hard for them to make right decisions. For example, the reason why they did not use Invisibility here was because demons and dragons could easily see through it!

"Maybe in most cases only senior-rank sorcerers would deal with it..." Sandra murmured in low voice. Seeing that Susan was almost ready, she pointed at the teenager boy in the chamber and asked Susan, "Do you know him?"

Susan was first a bit confused. When she turned around, she exclaimed, "Oh my! Bill, you're still alive?!"

Hearing her voice, the teenager boy slowly lifted his head, "S... Susan?"

"It's me, Susan. We've come back for you, Bill." Susan put on a comforting smile, "Bill, calm down... Don't be afraid."

"Who is he?" asked Sandra in a low voice beside Susan.

Trying to get closer to Bill, Susan said to them, "He's the youngest student of Mr. Bertren. His spiritual power was very abundant, but he was not doing that great in arcana, so some other apprentices often made fun of him. Scott and me often tutored him, and we were relatively close to each other."

"Ask him what happened in the castle later." Lucien tried to follow Susan to approach Bill.

However, as soon as Bill saw Lucien moving, he lost his mind again. His whole body was trembling, and his eyes opened really wide, "Stay away from me!! Stay away!!"

Lucien nodded and slowly stepped backwards with Charlie. Sandra grabbed Susan's hand to show that she was a friend of Susan.

Although Bill's body was still trembling, he was a little less frightened now.

"Bill, tell me. What did you see in the castle?" Susan squatted down in front of him.

Sandra squatted down as well, and, at the same time, she secretly cast a second-circle spell, Distinguish Lie, around Bill. Because the spell did not work directly on Bill's body or mind, the spell was safe to him.

All of a sudden, Bill reached out his hands and grabbed Susan's arm. Susan got scared as well and she felt on the ground.

Bill said to her, panic-stricken, "All died! All died! Andy, Debra, Stevens... they all died! At first... they almost had killed all the demons, almost! But... but there was one... They couldn't kill it. By no means they could kill it... And they all died... I ran... and I hid here... Susan, get me out of here! I'm so terrified!"

Andy, Debra and Stevens were all first-circle sorcerers in the castle.

The dim light around them from the spell Distinguish Lie did not change, which meant that Bill was not lying.

Susan tried her best to withhold her fear, and started to ask Bill about the details.

Looking at what was going on in the chamber, Lucien and Charlie were on the other side. At this time, Lucien noticed a piece of half-burned parchment written in ancient magic empire characters.

"V(erased)'s special summoning rite:

"You need a rune written in your own blood, a brazier, and Pain Fable..."

The rest of the parchment was burned.

Lucien felt the rite was quite funny, as he had never seen any rites requiring a fable book. He collected the following several pages of the parchment from the floor and started to read the few lines that were left there:

"When everything's prepared, read the seventh story, chapter ten, in Pain Fable. Read it over and over again, and transcribe the fable onto the parchment written with the blood rune."

...

"Open the Encyclopedia of Demons, rip off the pages containing the information of the demons that you want summon, then throw the pages into the brazier."

...

"Chant the spell. Keep chanting. When the flame is as tall as you, you'll see your gift."

Charlie also read it, and he commented, frowning, "It looks like a stupid trick. Many of the steps are just nonsense... I mean, what kind of rite would require a fable book? That's ridiculous... The

fact that it is found in the apprentice hall shows that it was just a joke. Only idiots would probably try."

"Have you ever read Pain Fable?" Lucien was a bit hesitant, "Ridiculous as it is, the fact that Bertren died when he tried to summon demons here makes me feel nervous about any weird rites that are related to demon summoning."

Charlie paused for a second and then answered, "No, I have never, but someone told me about it before. Those fables were folktales originating from the border between Holm and Brianne in ancient magic empire, and those fables are not cheerful at all. The book is called Pain Fable because those fables teach people lessons by making people feel sad, depressed, resentful and angry. I don't read stuff that makes me feel bad. By the way, Mr. Evans, don't you think the style of the parchment is of the ancient magic empire style? Something before the War of Dawn..."

"It is." Lucien took a glance at the bookshelves around, "I wonder if we can find Pain Fable here..."

At this time, Susan finished asking questions. As soon as Sandra got the basic information, she cast Charm Person on Bill for further verification.

"So, according to Bill, the summoning room lost control first, and low-rank demons invaded the castle and killed most people here. At this time, Susan and Scott managed to escape. Then later, when the several level one sorcerers that assisted Mr. Bertren got the control of the castle core back and managed to kill most of the low-rank demons there. However, things went wrong when they arrived at the summoning room. They met the demon there and were killed." Based on all the clues, Sandra made this conclusion. She walked to Lucien and Charlie and said, "So, it is almost certain that the demon resurrects every time at the summoning circle when it is killed. We need to destroy the summoning circle to really kill the demon!"

As soon as Sandra finished her words, the floor and walls started to ripple as if they were liquid. Many half-transparent, pale arms fiercely reached out.

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Chapter 250: Brazier

Translator: _Leo_ Editor: Vermillion

Countless illusory pale arms rose from the gray stone floor. Those evil arms were infused with hatred and they were trying to grab the things above them. It seemed like they would tear apart anything that fell into their hands and drag it to hell.

There were countless muscular arms with pale skin spurting out of the wall on the left and the bookshelf on the right. It almost looked like they formed a wall of arms that came straight from hell.

The pale arms around Lucien, Charlie, and Sandra detected their presence. The arms quickly moved toward them and tried to grab their ankles, arms, or edges of their clothes.

The 11 crystal orbs that were rotating over Lucien's head released eye-blinding light as the arms reached his body. The pale arms were burnt into white smoke in the intense light.

Susan and Sandra were surrounded by Sandra's three remaining energy orbs and the energy rays of the orbs were destroying the pale arms around them. The arms that touched Charlie's body left the floor and the wall, being absorbed into Douglas' Absorbing Wall. The flowing magic runes quickly expanded in size and they looked as if they would explode any time.

Charlie, Sandra, and Lucien did not deactivate their defensive spell when waiting for Bill's speech.

However, the more arms they destroyed, the more arms would appear from the walls and the bookshelf. It felt like those endless pale arms came from the deepest abyss.

Three translucent strings originated from Sandra's head, flying to Lucien, Charlie, and Susan.

Lucien and Charlie recognized that the spell was a third circle spell named Lesser Mind Connection. They did not block the strings and let them contact their minds. Susan saw that the two sorcerers took the strings like nothing and decided to take the string as well.

"The only way to solve the problem is to destroy the summoning circle in the binding room. The monsters will get the chance to revive and they will do whatever they want to us if we try to escape." Sandra's thoughts were transferred into Lucien, Charlie, and Susan's mind through the translucent strings.

The spell could help the sorcerers to communicate directly and it was much faster than speaking using their mouths. Lesser Mind Connection and its advanced version were the best choices for communication for the sorcerers when they were battling or adventuring. The weakness of the spell was in the short effective range and also due to the fact that the connection could be interrupted by the spells that could affect their mind.

Charlie agreed with Sandra's plan without any hesitation. "The mist is thick outside. I think if we don't destroy the summoning circle and kill that monster, the mist will never go away. Also, if we wander into the mist, the monster will eliminate us one by one."

The two aggressive sorcerers decided to strike, since they had no way to contact the others. They had two choices: the first was to defend at their current position; the second one was to strike or run away after fighting through the path of the pale arms. They could only wait desperately if they decided to defend their current position. Also, it seemed like the monster was still reviving, since it had not attacked them after the wall of arms appeared. It was the best chance they had.

They would not be able to utilize their power when escaping, as they would be anxious and they might get lost.

"Let's head to the binding room." As the leader of the team, Lucien wasted no time and made the decision.

Bill sealed the secret chamber after the wall of arms appeared, but Sandra had no time to check if he was still safe. Sandra asked Susan to follow after her as she knew that Susan was terrified of the situation.

If Susan was left behind or out of reach in such a dangerous environment, Sandra was certain that she would risk her life for Susan.

Susan was one of the two survivors that escaped the castle, and thus she could protect herself to some extent. However, if the place was too terrifying, she wouldn't be able to do much without help. Thus, Susan followed closely after Sandra, who just summoned the energy orbs again.

Lucien was following after the team and he was running at full speed with the help of the knight-level speed that was buffed by the spell named Speed. He was moving so fast that his body blurred. The starlight of Maskelyne's Star splashed on the ground and the pale arms from the walls were purified. However, Maskelyne's Star was just a third circle spell and only eight stars out of the eleven were left, since there were so many pale arms. Also, it could not eliminate all the pale arms fast enough, so Lucien's body and outfit were grabbed several times.

Luckily, Lucien still had the Death Ward and the Powerful Fire Shield, that successfully destroyed the arms that escaped from the starlight.

Lucien thought he was walking on some rotten meat or slippery moss as the arms rose up from the ground. It was a horrifying scene and an unpleasant experience.

The sorcerers knocked down more than ten bookshelves before entering the hallway, they had no time to dodge every object on their way.

The hallway was more terrifying than the apprentice's hall. Pale arms were no longer reaching out of the walls, but they were replaced with arms from dead bodies. Those rotten arms were covered with bloody wounds and there were red tongues hanging down the ceiling.

Sandra pointed her wand forward as she ran and the whole hallway was brightened up quickly. The light gathered together and burned the translucent arms, bloody arms, and the tongues into ashes.

Charlie also cast a spell. Two intense flame walls appeared on both sides of the hallway. The arms had to pass through the flames before reaching the sorcerers, but the flames could deal a large amount of damage to both the bloody and the translucent arms. Those arms would lose their power even if they could pass through the flame walls, and Sandra's Burning Sun could easily purify them.

The two sorcerers who were good at offensive spells cleared the path and Lucien could travel at full speed without casting any extra spells. Lucien had the chance to focus on checking the surroundings, so he could react as soon as possible to any potential threats.

That was usually how the sorcerers fought during intense battles.

Although the hallway was long, the sorcerers were traveling so fast that they reached the end quickly. The pale arms, dead arms, and the bloody tongues were getting stronger and stronger. Some of them passed through the flame wall and the Burning Sun, landing on the sorcerers' bodies.

Those hands and tongues almost broke through their defenses. It meant that the monster would be revived soon.

The arms on the ground slowed down the sorcerers greatly and the arms almost formed a forest by the corners.

Lucien quickly created a large fireball and released it. The fireball went over the sorcerers in front of him and landed on the ground.

Bam

The noise was loud in the narrow space of the hallway and the shockwave blew a lot of arms away. The doors on the walls were also destroyed, and numerous cracks and holes were left on the ground.

Half of the forest made of arms was destroyed, and Charlie, Sandra, and Susan passed through it easily as the rest of the arms were no longer a problem. However, a lot of arms spurted out of the ground again when Lucien tried to pass through.

Lucien changed the rotating trail of the eight light spheres over his head. Two of them crashed into two other, as if they were trying to change their destiny. The four light spheres quickly disappeared into the air after crashing into each other.

Lucien walked to the corner after making changes to the spell, Maskelyne's Star. The translucent arms and the bloody arms reached out to him but they were centimeters away from contacting Lucien's body. Some of the arms grabbed each other after missing the target.

Such situation only happened several times when they were running through the hallway but it was happening all the time at the moment.

It was one way to use the Maskelyne's Star. The target would lose its luck and it would not be able to do anything after its destiny was changed by the stars.

One second later, the arms returned to normal but Lucien was already past the corner. He saw that Charlie's defensive force field palm perished in the air and the absorbing wall reached its limit. Four of the energy orbs above Sandra's head also broke into pieces.

There were no longer arms reaching out of the walls and the door of the binding room was not visible to them. Instead, enormous eyes formed a giant wall that blocked the path. Their black eyeballs and white pupils were everywhere. They were like the messenger that brought the desperation to this world.

Lucien felt like his soul turned black after being stared at by those eyes, he felt that he was losing himself in the abyss. The Maskelyne's Star above his head extinguished right away and the crystal orbs dropped to the ground after losing their color. The Powerful Fire Shield was fading away and the rotating divine runes of the Death Ward appeared in the air.

Suddenly, a thin layer of pure light appeared on Sandra's body. Rays of light were released by her and the rays flew toward the Wall of Evil Eyes like fireworks.

It was a fourth circle spell named Arcana Light. The spell was created based on the level four divine spell named Light from the Heavenly Mountain. Although Arcana Light was not infused with the mysterious power of a divine spell, it could still be used to eliminate evil creatures.

Lucien activated Sun's Corona at the same time and holy light landed on the Wall of Evil Eyes. The twisted eyes were purified in the light one by one.

Level three divine spell – Burning Radiance.

Meanwhile, Charlie created a clear mirror in front of the Wall of Evil Eyes and forced the eyes to stare at themselves. It was a second circle force field spell named Staring, that was designed for the staring attacks.

The mirror broke into pieces under the pressure, but at the same time the evil eyes exploded one by one. Black liquid splashed onto the ground and it sounded like metal being corroded. The rest of the eyes were perishing in the light from the Burning Radiance and Arcana Light.

When the situation was complicated, low-level spells might be more effective than the high-level ones.

The Wall of Evil Eyes fell down without making any noise, revealing the door to the binding room.

A fireball was released from Charlie's white gloves, it blew the door and the wall into pieces. The sorcerers finally had the chance to see what the room looked like.

There was a normal-looking magic circle in the binding room, but there were dead bodies lining up on the end of each string. Blood that dripped down from the dead bodies was transferred to the core of the magic circle through the strings.

In the center of the magic circle, there was a brazier containing dark flames, but it looked like a common, kitchen brazier. From within the flames, a body covered with a luxurious long black robe was rising, with its two skinny pale hands placed on the borders of the brazier to push its body upward.

The skull with a thin layer of rotten meat and a pair of bloody red eyes was staring at Charlie, who was the closest to the door. The expression on the skull's face did not look as if it was anxious, angry, or threatening. It was simply a strange mocking smile.