

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 301: The Last Smile

In Viscount Klein's study.

Viscount Klein was tied to the chair, and his black hair looked messy. His green eyes stared at the man wearing a ridiculous-looking clown mask standing in front of him.

"You must be the crazy Clown! Just as the princess said, you're out of your mind!" Klein, the archon of Aalto's city hall, scolded Clown out of fear.

Clown laughed, "Mr. Viscount, please don't tell me that the spell you cast just now was from a magic item. I see nothing wrong with a night watcher catching a vicious sorcerer, or do you want me to call you... Mr. Philosopher?"

Klein was shocked, "How do you..."

He did not finish his sentence. Instead, he stopped himself very quickly. He thought that this might be a trick.

"We've been watching you all this time, Mr. Viscount, but we never really did anything to you because we were waiting for you to confess and to realize what you've done is completely wrong. After all, you're a noble. But unfortunately, you didn't. However, you've still got one more chance. As long as you tell me where Professor is, you can keep your status as a noble and archon... and you only need to secretly join the Night Watch," said Clown. As he was talking, he looked out of the window, feeling a bit worried that the rest of the night watchers might arrive here anytime.

Klein realized that he was not the real target, then he sneered, "I see. You're here for Professor. Sure enough, hanging out with one on the Cleansing List means great risks. But I don't trust you, Clown. You're not part of the Night Watch anymore, and the night watchers are even after you as well. I'd rather wait until the real night watchers come."

As what Clown expected, although Klein had no plan on keeping the secret at the cost of his life, he was as sneaky as many other nobles. If the reward was tempting enough, they could even work with demons! People like Klein knew how to make decisions in this kind of situation.

Klein was trying to get a better offer!

Clown's face got close to Klein's and he said, "Good try, Mr. Viscount, but you're negotiating with me, and I'm in a hurry, so I don't feel like negotiating."

Klein's facial expression suddenly changed, and Clown's ten fingers started moving. Clown's fingers controlled the muscles in Klein's face and whole body, and his eyes and mouth started to open and close following Clown's movement.

Gradually, Klein's will and soul were also controlled. Unlike other night watchers, Clown could get the information he wanted even without using divine power.

"What's your pseudonym? Are you a sorcerer? In what school?" Clown first used a few simple questions to see if his power worked.

Klein's eyes finally found focus, and he looked just as usual, except for the smile on his face, "Lord Clown, I'm a sorcerer. My pseudonym is Philosopher, mainly major in the school of Astrology. At that time, I failed to awaken my blessing, and I had no potions to rely on, so found the magic books left by the sorcerers who were killed by my ancestors to see if there was anything I could do to awaken my Blessing, but then I got interested in the school of Astrology, and could not stop myself anymore."

Clown was not interested in Klein, so he asked directly, "How did you meet Professor? How can I find him?"

"Lord Clown, it was Professor who found me after I came back from the concert. To be more specific, he used the fourth-circle spell, Figure in Mirror, to talk to me. He wanted to attend our next gathering to tell us the information about the Congress of Magic." Klein told Clown everything, "After I agreed to help, we met each other once. It was beside an idle garden villa in Gesu, No. 116. And we had this secret code... But I don't know where he is right now. He decided on the place where we met."

Of course, Professor was very cautious and cunning, and Clown knew it well. Suddenly, it came to him that the address belonged to Lucien Evans! The villa was in a remote corner, and it had not been rented out yet. Only an old servant was keeping the house. So it was a perfect place for Professor to hide.

Clown's blood was boiling, and his body was shaking out of thrill. He was glad that he paid attention to the details.

However, knowing how cunning Professor was, Clown forced himself to calm down and thought, "Lucien Evans is taking his rest in the house in Noble district right now, and it is said that Natasha is being occupied with all kinds of stuff in Ratacia Palace today and never left the palace. If both of

them all of a sudden showed up in the idle house, people could easily tell that this was a conspiracy."

He also considered whether Professor would lead him to another powerful sorcerer and make them fight, but it was not very likely to happen, after all, they were in Aalto. If a big fight happened, those cardinals would arrive immediately.

Although Clown knew that the best option right now was to wait for Juliana and the other night watchers to handle this, the anger and the wish to take his revenge were burning his guts. Also, he was confident in his own power as well.

After making a quick analysis, Clown made up his mind to go there. He knew that he must be very careful, and if there was anything out of his control, he would hide and leave Professor to the rest of the night watchers.

After sealing Klein's spiritual power using his special Blessing, Clown wrote down the information that he got from Klein to save some time for the night watchers coming after.

Then Clown left the noble district and arrived at No. 116, Gesu District.

The garden villa was covered in the darkness like a terrifying monster.

After checking around, Clown saw no magic traps around. Feeling a bit relieved, he decided to take one more step further. As quick as a shadow, he sneaked into the garden villa.

There was only an old servant here in the villa. After making the old servant fall asleep, Clown carefully checked the rooms one by one, trying to find some clues.

Soon, Clown had finished searching the basement and the ground floor. With great caution, he walked upstairs.

...

In Viscount Klein's place.

Waldo, the Executer, led a night watch team secretly to the second floor. They were still looking for the viscount.

They avoided making a great stir, in case Professor would notice and run away.

As soon as they came to the second floor, Waldo smelled blood.

Juliana suddenly became worried. She was afraid that Clown had lost his control.

Waldo's face was half covered by his beard, but his nose was very sensitive to smells. He said seriously in front of the door of the study, "Only one dead person in there. It's the smell of Millstone family."

The viscount was from the family.

As he was talking, Waldo opened the door. The strong smell of blood blew to them.

When the night watchers got in the room, although they were very used to blood and death, in front of what they saw, they all frowned.

The room was like a slaughterhouse. Tiny pieces of flesh and blood were everywhere, from the ceiling to the floor, leaving not even a complete piece of bone or organ. This whole scene was beyond disgusting and cruel.

"This looks... familiar..." murmured a night watcher.

The rest of the night watchers knew what he was talking about—almost all of those who had been caught by Clown's strings ended up like this.

"Impossible... Clown wouldn't kill the viscount..." Juliana's face turned pale.

Stepping on the pieces of flesh and the pool of blood, Waldo directly walked to the desk and picked up the piece of paper under the ink bottle. After taking a quick look, he said to the rest of the night watchers, "This was left by Clown. He left the secret code that no one can mimic. He's confirmed that Viscount Klein is Philosopher, and, according to Clown, Professor might be at No. 116 in Gesu District."

Hearing that, Juliana gasped. She started to think that it might be Clown who had done all of this. When he got the information he wanted, he might have got too excited to control himself.

Because the viscount had been confirmed to be a vicious sorcerer, his death did not matter that much.

"Leave the viscount thing to the Inquisition. Now we should get to Gesu District as soon as possible!" Waldo said to the rest of the night watchers. In his heart, he was still on Clown's side.

"Got it!" replied the rest of the watchers together. They did not care about a vicious sorcerer's death.

...

Clown had searched most of the second floor but found nothing special.

One room after another... When Clown felt disappointed, he suddenly noticed that there was someone in the study! As a grand knight, Clown sensed that a man was standing beside the window, enjoying the cool night wind.

Clown was very surprised. He did not expect that it would be this easy for him to find Professor, and, more importantly, it seemed that Professor did not even notice him!

Although having lots of questions and thoughts in his mind, facing the evil and powerful middle-rank mage, Clown did not want to waste even a second. Instantly, he fiercely launched the puppet strings right toward the man beside the window.

Letting out all of his power, Clown destroyed the door within a second at the same time. However, to his great shock, he saw Lucien Evans standing beside the window.

Being tightly bound, the way Lucien Evans was standing was weird and distorted. And there was a creepy and fake smile on his good-looking face. Under that certain mysterious power, his body directly and stiffly fell backward, like a swan shot by an arrow.

The messy black suit Lucien Evans was wearing, the creepy smile on his face, and the moment when he fell backward like a worn doll... became an eternal, mysterious painting in Clown's memory.

To frame him, Professor chose to sacrifice Lucien Evans?

Clown totally did not expect this.

Before hitting the floor, Lucien Evans' body exploded like a blooming flower. His flesh and blood were everywhere.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 302: The “Sad” Princess

In fact, at the very beginning, before he arrived at No. 116 Gesu District, Clown did consider the possibility that Professor and Lucien Evans would work together to frame him, say, Lucien Evans would pretend to be severely injured by him, and then the princess and Camil would arrive right on time and stop him. Then he would be caught for sure, or even killed right on the spot.

However, after a careful analysis, Clown did not think that they were going to do this because of the many points questionable through the whole plan. If the princess killed him right on the spot, those leaders who were on his side from the Inquisition definitely would not simply accept the result, instead, at least they would require an interrogation against Lucien Evans, which was of course not a good thing for someone like the musician, who had so many secrets related to Professor. Even as a princess, Natasha could not say no to the Inquisition's reasonable demand. After all, a question would be part of the procedures when things like this happened. No matter how powerful and influential the princess was, she could not interfere with the balance between the Church and the nobles.

And if they could not kill him right away, there was big chance that he could still prove himself as innocent. He had so many questions to ask—how did Lucien get hurt? What did the wounds look like? Was it possible that the wounds were left by his Blessing? Why Lucien Evans showed up in the middle of the night at No. 116 Gesu District?

And the most important thing was that he could directly ask the Church to use the divine spells to test whether he was lying when questioning Lucien Evans.

However, Lucien Evans just died like that, which was totally out of Clown's imagination. The picture of Lucien Evans falling to the floor kept lingering in his mind, and he was not able to get rid of it.

At this moment, he believed that Lucien Evans really died. Since the cost of faking Lucien Evans' death was too much to bear—that meant that the great young musician would never show up again,

and Clown would never know that Lucien Evans had decided to abandon this identity as a great musician forever.

After losing himself in his thoughts for a few seconds, Clown's eyes suddenly became alert.

He saw the gorgeous princess, Natasha, who was wearing a fancy purple dress, show up in the air. Her lips were red, and her eyes were full of light. It seemed that she was here to meet her lover.

However, a second later, Natasha's eyes had lost their focus. As if she had lost her soul, she unbelievably stared at the flesh and blood on the floor and the walls.

Run... Run. Run!

That was the only thought left in Clown's mind. He would not want to stay here even a second longer in front of the powerful woman who just witnessed her beloved man's body on the floor in pieces!

At this moment, she would not listen!

Clown instantly exerted all his strength and power, and countless invisible strings rose in the darkness. Stepping and grabbing the strings, Clown rushed into the forest behind the house very quickly.

At this time, he heard the bellow full of anger and brief, or it was more like a plaintive cry, making the air and the ground shake.

Clown knew that the princess was coming after him. As soon as he started moving again, a silver sword hacked his back.

The light of the sword pierced the light of the divine items covering Clown like cutting a pile of paper. Clown's body suddenly became distorted, and it suddenly became like a doll covered with black strings.

The strings were broken by the hacking, and a deep gap appeared in the back of the black doll.

A second later, Clown showed up from the strings again. However, part of his body on the right side fell onto the ground. Pieces of guts and blood were everywhere.

Clown started to lose his consciousness, but he knew that he could not stop. He needed to seize every tiny chance if he wished to run away from a radiant knight who had the strongest Blessing.

As long as the princess did not kill him with the first hacking, he still had a chance to survive!

Like he said, Clown did have strong enough willpower to keep running as fast as he could, despite the horrible injury he suffered that could make most of the cardinals feel limp in their legs. In the darkness, as he was running, Clown calmly wriggled what was left on the right side of his body and covered the wound by a layer of invisible film to prevent his blood from coming out more, so he would not leave any marks.

Although Clown knew that he would not be able to avoid the princess' second round of attack, he would not give up until the last second.

Despite the fact that he disliked Lucien Evans a lot, Clown agreed on the spirit of perseverance contained in Lucien's music.

Miracle happened. Until Clown disappeared in the darkness, the second round of hacking never arrived.

...

"Are you trying to stop me, Waldo?" Holding a silver sword in her hand, the coldness in Natasha's eyes looked terrifying.

In the strong air flow caused by Natasha's fury, Waldo's hair became tangled and messy, but he was still standing in front of the princess and said to her calmly, "I've sent the night watchers out to get Clown. Before things become clear, I think it's better to keep him alive. So... What happened, Your Highness?"

A distance away from them, Camil was still following the princess, but the distance was purposefully left.

"Clown killed Lucien." Natasha answered with restrained great fury. Her silvery-purple eyes were as cold as ice.

"What?!" Including Waldo, all the night watchers were shocked.

Juliana's face suddenly became very pale.

Lucien Evans, the great musician, died?

This was totally out of their expectation as well!

Natasha closed her eyes, as if she agreed to leave this to the night watchers, since the grief in her mind was too heavy to bear, "I saw Lucien die with my own eyes, and Clown was right there."

Her voice was full of sorrow and great desperation.

Waldo unnoticeably gasped. He saw the pieces of flesh and blood drops on the grass. Based on the motivation and the way of killing, Waldo had to admit that it could be Clown who did this.

"Your Highness, I understand how you feel..." Waldo crossed in front of his chest. "Mr. Lucien Evans is so outstanding and brilliant that the God of Truth wants him to go and play his music in Mountain Paradise."

After comforting the princess for a bit, Waldo became serious, "But I'm sorry, Your Highness. Right now I have to ask you some questions and check if this is Mr. Evans' blood. I'm not doubting you, but I have to follow the procedures of the Inquisition. I hope you can understand, Your Highness."

Before Natasha nodded, Waldo was very cautious. He was afraid that the princess would lose her mind out of great sorrow, and her power was just beyond horrible.

After several seconds of silence, Natasha opened her eyes. The light in her eyes was cold.

"Go ahead," she said.

Waldo sincerely appreciated the princess' courage. He first asked several night watchers who did not go after Clown to collect the blood left, and then he asked the princess carefully, "Your Highness, why did you come here tonight? Wasn't Mr. Evans still taking his rest?"

Natasha put on a sad but stunning smile, "He used to live here. In the bedroom, he played the first movement of Moonlight for me. So we wanted to come here tonight in memory of our past..."

Natasha covered her face with her hands to stop herself from crying.

Hearing that, Waldo looked down upon himself for those vulgar thoughts he had had in his mind.

"I see." Waldo slightly nodded.

After asking a few more questions, a night watcher of bishop level came to him and whispered in his ear, "Moonlight Blessing. It is Lucien Evans' blood."

"Mr. Waldo, Clown was severely injured by me, and he should die within an hour. I hope you can find him as soon as possible." Natasha told Waldo the true reason why she stopped chasing after Clown.

When Natasha looked to the side, she saw an iron ring on the grass. So she flew down there and picked it up. The look on her face was extremely sad but seeing the ring seemed to warm her heart up a bit.

Seeing the moment, Waldo felt that this was like a dream. The princess was not usually this feminine, but more heroic and decisive. The look on her face was as gentle as the moonlight in Lucien's music.

Waldo knew well what the iron ring was. It was the broken Holm Crown Ring left by Natasha's mother, and now it seemed that it was also a token of love.

"It's our fault, Your Highness." Waldo comforted her again, "We did not catch Clown in time."

"It has nothing to do with the Church. After all, the Church has made the decision to sentence him to death." Natasha slightly shook her head.

Hearing that, Waldo nodded out of relief. What he felt concerned the most was that, because of Lucien Evans's death, the Church and the future ruler of Violet would have an unfixable gap between each other.

"You're such a dedicated follower, Your Highness, and a wise leader," praised Waldo.

When the night watchers started to check the house and the surroundings, Natasha unnoticeably released a sigh of relief. She felt it quite cheesy with what she just said. But she also had strange feelings when she was talking about what once happened between Lucien and her.

But what was more important was that Waldo did not show suspicion for what she said, and things were going the way they wanted them to.

As a devoted follower, Natasha was fine with putting some pressure on the Church to help and protect her good friend and to maintain the status of the nobles, but she would not be willing to do great damage to the reputation of the Church and the balance between the two sides despite the fact that there was a chance, since she still had her bottom line, and she hoped that Lucien could understand.

...

In a house, a man wearing a black hood sat down in the armchair, weak and limp.

"Morning Star... He didn't talk much. It was totally out of my expectation that he was the traitor, until I saw his response when knowing where the Congress was," signed Professor. He looked weak from losing a lot of blood.

Professor was still wearing the black robe. He reached out his hand and wrote down letters with the blood on Morning Star's back.

"The end of the betrayer. Professor."

"Why do you want to leave the words and the body, Mr. Professor?" asked Philosopher. "Morning Star's dead, and we can just put all the blame on Clown and the Church. Now, you're catching all the attention."

"To teach other traitors the lesson." Lucien smiled. But in his mind, he said to himself that Natasha had helped him a lot, and he would not bring more trouble to her.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 303: Him

After leaving the letters, Lucien and Philosopher quickly left Morning Star's place and disappeared in the darkness.

In fact, as this was not the first time that the Inquisition dealt with Professor, the Inquisition indeed considered the possibility that Professor was playing the same trick again—the purpose of Professor showing up in Aalto again was to find the spies in the circle of magic, so what happened to Fire Wolf would happen again. Therefore, the inquisition was ready to put several of their spies hiding in the magic groups under this risk. After Mercury and the other apprentices told more magic groups the information about the Congress, the spies in those groups would also report the message to the Night Watch.

However, what was out of the Inquisition's expectation was that Professor could locate Morning Star so quickly. The fact that Morning Star was killed only half an hour later after he sent out the secret message showed that Professor had been watching him all the time. On the other side, the fact that Philosopher blew his cover as well as what Clown did also made the leaders of the Inquisition believe that Professor's target was Clown and the rest of the night watchers, so they did not have time to set up traps and send out enough people to protect Morning Star. Therefore, Lucien killed Morning Star pretty easily.

Lucien and Philosopher took many turns along the streets in the darkness. After passing quite a few blocks, they came to the secret hiding place set up by Philosopher a few years ago.

"Mr. Professor, I didn't expect that you are not only good at Astrology and Element but also Necromancy." Philosopher felt that they were safe for now, although he was still weak from losing lots of blood.

After witnessing that Professor made a body in the necromancy circle using one-third of Philosopher's blood and the limbs they collected in the Black Forest, Philosopher was deeply shocked. In Philosopher's eyes, this power should be possessed by the divine gods. Although he was not young anymore, he had made up his mind to head for the Congress of Magic.

Lucien replied in his pretended hoarse voice, "I'm far from being 'good at it'. I just started looking into Necromancy a year ago, but the Congress has made great progress in synthesizing the human body. The theory of cell memory can explain why your blood could be used to synthesize your own body. Right now, the Church still isn't able to tell the difference, unless a grand cardinal uses some level nine divine spells."

After a year of study, plus Lucien's solid arcana and magic foundation, as a fourth-circle sorcerer, Lucien's skills in synthesizing human body was not bad.

"Far from being good at it? Then what is a master necromancer like?" Philosopher was shocked, then something came to him, and he asked. "There's a necromancer I once heard about... Felipe Carneiro. Two years ago, his name suddenly soared on the Cleansing List to No. ninety-one, and at that time, he was only of fifth-circle. Is he a master necromancer?"

As the previous archon of the city council, Viscount Klein had access to the Cleansing List.

"I have to admit that he's a genius in the school of Necromancy." Although Lucien did not really like Felipe, he still made an honest comment. Despite the fact that in many young sorcerers' eyes in the Congress, both Mr. Felipe and Evans were geniuses, Lucien was well aware that he was still far behind.

The higher the circle was, the harder it became, and this was especially true with several key stages. When one wanted to reach the senior-rank as a fifth circle sorcerer, he or she needed special magic rites to move forward. Without enough preparation, this was very likely to fail.

Then Lucien switched the topic, "I'm sorry for involving you in this without telling you the details. Honestly speaking, I was not sure whether Clown would kill you or whether I had enough time to save you before the night watchers' arrival. I'm very sorry for putting you under such great risk."

Lucien was concerned that Clown would find more details when questioning Philosopher, so he did not tell Philosopher the whole plan. What Lucien told Philosopher was that he would save him from the great danger that he was going to encounter tonight.

"It's okay, Mr. Professor. I trust you, and I know that there's a cost if I want to find the path to the new life." Philosopher did not mind it.

Lucien slightly nodded, "Anyway, what I did is bad. Morning Star's magic items are yours now. Don't refuse. I have my way of doing things. Take some rest after taking the potion, and then you should leave Aalto as soon as possible."

"Alright, Mr. Professor. Actually, I'm feeling much more relaxed now." After becoming a sorcerer, the pressure and stress on Philosopher's shoulder kept accumulating. What his noble status brought to him was not glory or enjoyment, but fear. And he was getting older. As the family had already recognized a proper heir, now this pseudocide had freed him from the heavy burden, and he finally could pursue what he wanted.

...

In Ratacia Palace, Natasha, who looked gloomy and cold, gave the grand duke a quick hug and said, "Father, I'm okay. I'll be alright quickly. I've been through a lot of things, and I think they're the tests from God. I'll get better for myself, for you, and also for my mom and brother in Mountain Paradise."

"I believe in you, my poor Natasha, but don't push yourself too hard." The grand duke touched her hair. He knew that Natasha must be very sad. Her mother was a sorcerer, so there was no way that her mom's soul could be in Mountain Paradise right now. He felt bad for his daughter that both of her two love stories did not manage to have a good ending.

What was a comfort to the grand duke was that his daughter could still fall in love with a man. As long as he knew this, the grand duke would not push his daughter too much.

"Father, can I stay alone for a while tonight?" Natasha forced a smile on her face. Truly, in her mind, she did not feel good tonight as well. She did not like lying to her father, and although this was a play, it still reminded her of Silvia. So far, she still preferred being with a female. Natasha felt that she needed some time to figure out what she really wanted.

The grand duke nodded and touched her hair again, "You can do this, Natasha."

Watching Natasha, followed by Camil and several guards, walking back to War Gallery, the grand duke suddenly became worried—would this tragedy turn Natasha into one who would fall for neither men or women?

...

In War Gallery, Camil was sitting on the couch quietly, while Natasha was playing piano in a slight upset way.

"This is the best Pathétique I've ever heard you play. But can you stop for a while and tell me what happened in the house? Did Clown and the rest of the night watchers notice anything?" Surprisingly, there was one guard who hadn't yet left the room, and the guard talked to the princess trying to cheer her up, as if they were close friends.

Natasha stopped playing and took a deep breath, "Good body-making skill. They've noticed nothing different."

After leaving Philosopher's place, Lucien secretly met Camil and played the role of the princess's guard to hide here in Ratacia Palace.

"The body cost one-fourth of my blood, so I'm quite confident." Lucien tried to play a joke to comfort the princess, "What really concerned me was that you probably would burst out laughing when you were describing how much you loved me."

Natasha snorted, "Come on, my playing wasn't bad. I felt I could go and play opera! But the role wasn't very suitable for me... I shall be like this."

Natasha quickly stood up and came to Lucien. She put her right hand on her chest and slightly lowered her head. Then she looked into Lucien's eyes and said to Lucien in a man's manner:

"Every time you see the moon, you will think of me."

Natasha's and Lucien's face were very close to each other. Somehow, when they looked into each other's eyes, they felt a bit awkward.

Natasha took a few steps backward with her slightly embarrassed smile. Lucien also took a step aside.

"By the way, why didn't you let me kill Clown? Why did you want me to severely injure him and then let go of him?" Natasha asked. "Although I'm confident that he won't live long, we could have taken the safer way."

In fact, Natasha was impressed with Clown's will of fighting against darkness, but she was also concerned that a crazy man like Clown could do anything to achieve his objective. If it had not been for Lucien's words, it was impossible for Natasha to miss the target.

Lucien put on a mysterious smile, "I'm waiting for him to show up."

"Him?" Natasha was confused.

Lucien did not make it all clear, instead, his words were very ambiguous, "Although we haven't met each other yet, I sort of know what he's thinking. He's helped us a lot with this thing..."

"Can't you just be more specific?" Natasha did want to push Lucien.

Lucien shook his head and said, "You'd better not know, but I'll give you a final outcome."

"About what?" Natasha felt that Lucien was getting more and more mysterious after he came back from the Congress.

Lucien just smiled but did not say anything else.

...

After finding an empty room in War Gallery for Lucien, Natasha sat on a chair and looked at the moon outside of the window. Her facial expression was still a bit gloomy.

Although they were good friends, the gap between a sorcerer and a noble who followed the God of Truth was still more or less revealed by itself from what happened. She wondered if she had gone beyond her bottom line to help her friend out.

At this time, Camil opened the door and walked in.

"Any news out there, Mrs. Camil?" Natasha asked without turning around.

As usual, Camil looked serious, but right now she also looked a bit confused, "Professor showed up again, and he left the words 'the end of the betrayer'. So the night watchers believe that it was

Professor who killed the musician to frame Clown up. But, of course, Clown should be dead anyway, for severely violating the agreement between the nobles and the Church."

Natasha was a bit surprised. And then the look on her face became very gentle.

Chapter 304: The Elegy of Night Watch

Chapter 304: The Elegy of Night Watch

In an ordinary-looking house in Purple Lily, Aalto.

Leaning against an old wardrobe, Clown took out a tube of potion from his robe and drank it with his left hand—the one that he was left with.

Clown had lost part of his right body, so right now he was even having a hard time breathing, and the only thing that was supporting his life was the strong willpower of a grand knight. After arriving at the secret hiding place, Clown was totally exhausted, and he was not even able to take a few more steps to go down into the secret chamber.

The divine potion helped Clown's guts and flesh to start growing, but as soon as the newly-grown flesh touched the cut, it shrank and withered, as if an invisible wall was preventing it from growing further.

Clown could feel that he was losing life force very fast. He wondered if he was going to die there. It was his first time seeing how powerful and terrifying the top Blessing could be.

At this time, he heard footsteps from the other side of the door. Clown opened his eyes with great effort. He knew it was the night watchers.

When the door opened, Clown was a bit surprised to see Juliana, as well as Lend and Minsk, who were not carrying the mission this time.

Seeing his partners, hope started rising in Clown's chest. He tried his very best to talk to them, "Not me... Professor... did it."

Clown thought that he was being very careful, but he still ended up in Professor's trap. But what tortured him the most was that he still had no idea what was Professor's purpose!

Why?! Why did Professor do all of these?!

The miserable situation made Juliana's eyes turn red with tears, "I know... I know... Professor did all of these. You'd never kill Lucien Evans right in front of the princess. I'm here... Let me cure you!"

Although Clown did something about catching Lucien Evans right in front of Natasha, what happened right now made the words he said rather ironic.

When Lend heard what Juliana said, although his face always looked very serious, he frowned his eyebrows. He knew that very unlikely Juliana's divine power would work, but he was also praying for a miracle.

As a battle priest, Juliana was used to using divine power to cure people. However, neither her own power nor the divine items worked. The cut absorbed all the divine light like an endless pit.

"Captain Lend..." Juliana almost burst into tears. Lend was close to senior level, and if there was nothing that Lend could do here, Clown was going to die very soon.

Lend took a deep breath to calm himself down. Then, he lifted his long sword and his body was covered with a layer of peaceful light. The light thus extended the sword, together with the black mist from his black gloves.

Lend shouted and then hacked toward the horrible cut on Clown's right side, as if he was trying to chop off the endless pit connected to the cut.

His Elimination Blessing could make any supernatural power that did not belong to the real God become invalid!

Air was stirred from the hacking, but nothing changed.

Lend did not want to give up. He tried again and caused a strong wind blow, but Clown's flesh still could not grow any further.

"It's okay... Unless you're... a radiant knight, you can't..." The craziness and fury in Clown's eyes had disappeared. Right now his black eyes behind the ridiculous-looking mask looked rather calm.

"No..." Juliana cried.

She had followed Clown for more than seven years and was saved by Clown many times. When facing evil, the captain was always the team's strongest support. Although many night watchers described Clown as crazy and crooked, she completely trusted him.

So far, they had encountered Professor twice, but the whole team was already almost gone.

Clown murmured in an obsessive way, "Not me... Professor... did it."

"I know... Captain, I know..." Juliana hurriedly nodded. "I told the leaders of the Inquisition that we needed to hurry, but they spent too much time on discussing what Professor's true purpose was and if this was Professor's trick to lure us away from the base, or we could have caught him!"

Facing the great pressure from the nobles, the Church became hesitant.

Lend was not in the team chasing after Professor. He met Juliana when looking for Clown after hearing what happened.

Lend told Clown the latest information, and his voice was cold, "Morning Star's dead. Professor killed him. 'The end of the betrayer'... Professor left the words."

Right now, if he could catch Professor, Lend would tear him into pieces.

"I see..." Clown's anger started burning again, and he said with great effort, "The Church's corrupted... and too timid. If it was like before... there would be no way... for Professor... to toy with us like... like a cat playing with mice... twice!"

"Lots of them in the Church have lost their faith." Minsk was so furious that his body was covered with a thick layer of flames, "They bend their knees in front of the nobles and the darkness!"

Clown started to get hyper, and he talked in a more fluent way out of his unusual mood, "Although I killed many innocent people when I first awakened my Blessing and lost my mind, after being touched by... by the dervish's words, I've devoted my heart and soul to the God of Truth! For no second... did I ever forget my oath! I live in darkness... to fight against darkness! I don't care how other people see me... ruthless... or crazy, I do not regret it. I did all of these to drive away darkness!"

Clown gasped hard. He had used up all his strength. His breathing started getting very weak and short. Looking at Lend, Juliana, and Minsk, Clown said, "Don't forget... our oath. Don't let off... Professor..."

"We won't..." answered Juliana with tears but in a determined way.

Lend crossed in front of his chest and started making the vow of the Night Watch in front of Clown,

"Night gathers, and now my watch begins. It shall not end until my death. I shall keep watch over the darkness and abandon my all. I shall take no wife, hold no lands, father no children. I shall

wear no crowns and win no glory. I shall live and die at my post. I am the opposite of darkness, the mortal enemy against evil. I am the fire that burns against the cold, the light that pierces the darkness. I pledge my life and honor to God to be the keeper of the light, for this night and all the nights to come."

Juliana and Minsk repeated with tears, "...I pledge my life and honor to God to be the keeper of the light, for this night and all the nights to come."

Clown reached out his left hand with great difficulty. With the hand shaking, he crossed in front of his chest, "... I pledge... my life and honor... to... to God... to be ... the keeper... of the light... for this night... and all... all the nights to... come."

Clown's voice became lower and lower. His eyes slowly closed, and he could not see clearly anymore.

At this time, with his blurry consciousness, Clown heard footsteps!

Lend was the first to turn around and was shocked, "Lord Amelton!"

The female red-robed cardinal was wearing a unique-shaped biretta. She had long, black hair, and her beautiful face and eyes looked full of mercy.

"Lord Amelton!" Minsk and Juliana were also shocked to see the top leader of the Inquisition—Vila Amelton.

Was she there to catch Clown?

Would she also punish them?

However, Amelton quickly walked toward Clown and checked him using divine power. After a while, she said, "I'm here late. Clown's soul has been cut off by the Sword of Truth."

As she was saying, the white light in her hand slowly closed the horrible cut, but Clown's flesh never grew back again. His life force had been exhausted.

"Lord Amelton?" Lend noticed the different tone from the cardinal. It seemed that she was not here to take Clown.

Amelton looked at them and said seriously, "The nobles have forgotten what the Lord's given them. The Church is being timid and they have lost the glory. I believe that you all know what I am talking about."

Although feeling exactly the same way, Lend and the rest of the night watchers still didn't dare to show direct agreement in front of the highest leader of the Inquisition.

Amelton turned to Clown, "You're the most loyal guard of the Lord. On behalf of the rest of us who are discontented with the situation, I show my great respect to you. No matter if it's on the ground, or in Mountain Paradise, we're always with you. The Lord's glory will be with you. You shall never be alone."

Clown could not speak, but his heart was full of ecstasy.

"Lord Amelton, you're one of those who is discontented with the situation?" Lend asked very cautiously.

Amelton stood up and looked at them with mercy, "Yes, will you join us?"

Thinking of what happened and what was going on right now, and thinking of the glory they once had, Lend, Juliana, and Minsk crossed in front of their chest, "Only truth lives forever. We guard the Lord's glory with our life."

Clown's consciousness went completely faint as if he had fallen into a dream from which he could never awaken. He knew that death had arrived.

The last second before Clown's consciousness was gone, in his dream, he saw a silver-haired man wearing a red shirt and black coat. Holding a glass of wine in his hand, the man had a mysterious smile on his face.

"He's trying..."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 305: The Other Purpose

In the night sky, lots of stars were circling around Lucien, who was standing on his own Host Star of Destiny, staring at the deep darkness. His black hair became messy in the wind, adding a slightly wild look to this quiet and calm young man.

Suddenly, the starry sky turned red, and a full silver moon rose quickly to the sky, which expelled the darkness.

Then, the silver moon turned into Rhine, who was wearing a red shirt and black coat. His huge bat wings extended widely in the space.

"It seems that you really like stars. Your dream is exactly the same as the last time. Is that why you chose to major in Astrology?" Rhine joked. "Come on... Of course, I know that you purposefully controlled your brain and soul before falling asleep to hide your secrets from me, Lucien. Sorcerers are boring... I prefer you as a musician... What a pity..."

Lucien was in his own dream, so he was quite confident, "Mr. Rhine, did you find anything in Clown's dream?"

"Did I ever let you down?" Rhine grinned. "Someone important came before Clown died, and the person invited the rest of the night watchers present to join them."

Before carrying out the plan, Lucien had called the projection of Rhine through the mark and asked him to enter Clown's dream to see what happened to Clown before he died, which was the reason why Natasha did not kill Clown on the spot.

"I see... So, was it Sard or Amelton?" asked Lucien calmly.

A smile slowly appeared on Rhine's face, and he asked out of some curiosity, "How did you know? It was Amelton..."

"Without Sard's silent support, it was almost impossible for Natasha to push the Church and the Inquisition this hard to their limit, and Clown wouldn't be sentenced to death this easily. Sard chose to turn a blind eye to the whole thing, so my plan worked perfectly. And the red-robed cardinal, Vila Amelton, remained silent all the time. All she did was pass on Sard's will," said Lucien. By killing the musician identity, Lucien also tested Sard, which was his other purpose.

Sometimes a scheme did not have to be very complicated, as long as it seized the enemy's true desire and will!

After Clown attacked him, Lucien added this second purpose to his plan. From the Church's response to every step he took, Lucien managed to learn what he wanted to know. And Rhine's projection into Clown's dream was the final confirmation.

Even Natasha only knew part of Lucien's plan, not to mention Clown. Therefore, Clown got very confused and fell into Lucien's trap.

Rhine smiled, "He cannot wait anymore. He's trying his best to seize every chance to break the Church apart and to increase his power, just like how the saints did before. As for the World of Souls, obviously, he even knew more about it than me. So I'm trapped here right now, but he managed to escape. I'm not sure... but probably he saw something else here. Anyway, this is a good thing for the Congress. If Sard's power manages to develop, the South Church would divide again. Seize the chance and make the right choice, Lucien."

"I don't think the Church will be further disrupted. Sard is neither a fool nor a madman. He knows what will happen if the Church splits again. No matter what Sard's purpose is, weakening the power of the Church and losing the number of its followers are not good news for him. I think he

wants to be like a parasite, sucking the essence and power of the Church. One day, when he's fully prepared, say, when he becomes the pope, he is going to replace the Church with something else without changing what it is on the outside." Lucien made his own analysis, and then he continued, "So, according to me, I think when Amelton was recruiting the several night watches, her excuse should be the corruption of the Church, and the Church should go back to the right path. It's not like many years ago how the several saints divided the Church, they have decided to take a more revolution-like way, although, in fact, the ultimate purpose is still the same."

Rhine was obviously quite impressed, "You've become a wise and mature man, Lucien... although I still think the young teenager who just started learning magic was more interesting."

Then, Rhine confirmed that Clown had been dead by telling Lucien what he saw through Clown's dream.

That was a relief to Lucien. It was obviously quite a risk letting Clown run away. If Sard was involved, which, according to Lucien, was very unlikely to happen because Sard would not want extra trouble from Clown, the night watcher could still be saved. Then one day when Clown came back, Lucien's friends and family would be in great danger.

After Clown's death, Lucien felt very relieved. The last step was the funeral for the great musician, and Lucien definitely did not have to attend it.

...

Waking up from his dream, he saw the moonlight, still gentle and quiet.

Opening his eyes, Lucien thought of the grief that his relatives and friends were going to suffer from, and the thoughts made him feel pain. In order to make sure that no one could tell the

difference, Lucien had to wait until the day before he left Aalto to tell uncle Joel and his family the truth and let them make their choice.

This several days were going to kill them, and Lucien felt the same way. Although his plan worked, he did not feel joyful or excited at all.

It was safe here in Natasha's War Gallery. So, Lucien got up and walked to the window. He stared at the moon and tried to calm himself down.

"You can't sleep as well?" In this quiet night, Natasha's voice also sounded very gentle.

Lucien slightly turned around and saw the princess taking a walk in the garden under the moonlight. Because of the power of the divine circle, violets and lilies in the garden were all blossoming in the sweet floral aroma.

"I can't fall asleep thinking of how horrible my family and my friends would feel tomorrow..." confessed Lucien. "I wanted to tell them the truth tonight, right now."

Natasha waved her hand, asking Lucien to come out of the room and join her.

She directly sat down on the railing of the garden, which was not a princess manner at all. However, Lucien didn't mind it either, so he sat down beside her.

Lucien smelled the light scent from the princess, but it was not from any makeup or something. The scent was clean and pure.

"I understand, Lucien. When I was lying to my father and making him sad, I felt bad. And I know it's a hundred times harder for you." Natasha patted on his shoulder. "But we can't let this affect our judgment and will of knowing what to do. We've made the decision, and we must stick to it. Maybe it sounds cold, but it brings us the best result. Being sentimental and hesitant can neither save us nor help to protect those people important to us. Just like I said, cruelty can also be a kind of mercy."

Lucien slightly nodded, "I know. I know it almost too well. I'm doing what I should, but inside my heart, I suffer a lot from the pain."

"So, just talk to me. You'll feel better," said Natasha supportively. "To be fair, we exchange things that we feel bad about."

"Sounds good. So... I feel I'm despicable. I'm using the genuine emotions of human beings as part of my plan. I let my family and friends suffer..." said Lucien in a low voice.

Natasha leaned sideways with her back against Lucien's, "The fact that you're feeling this way means you're not despicable. You're doing this for their good as well. I'm different. I know what my father wants, but I ignore it, and I don't even want to try for him. I'm the bad one."

"We cannot deviate from our path because of the expectation of someone else. We only live once. Sometimes we compromise, but sometimes we just cannot give up." Lucien did not look back but tried to comfort her.

Taking turns, the sneaking and cruel sorcerer, Professor, and the decisive and tough knight, Sword of Adjudication, shared their pain and sorrow.

Until midnight, their voice slowly became lower, and both of them felt much better.

The night was very quiet. Lucien could feel the warmth from Natasha's back. Lucien said to Natasha without turning around, "Be careful with Sard."

"Okay." Natasha knew that this was the result Lucien promised.

...

In the early morning, in the Musicians' Association of Aalto.

Franz walked into the association's building with the latest Aalto Weekly, which was another newspaper about Mr. Evans' return concert he collected.

Under the title—The Greatest Concert Ever, The Unparalleled Symphony Feast—the columnist commented, "This night was the greatest stir ever. People were crazy about this young musician, Lucien Evans, and I was one of them..."

Franz was very happy seeing these praises. After the concert, he admired Mr. Evans more than anyone else, so he felt genuinely delighted as if he was sharing the honor.

When Franz was reading the newspaper while walking, he suddenly sensed the different heavy atmosphere. Turning around, he saw the princess walking into the hall, followed by a group of guards.

The princess' sorrow and depression made the air heavy and thick.

"What... happened?" Franz thought to himself.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 306: The Bad News

The princess was wearing a simple black dress on that day. Her purple hair was tied back and covered with a piece of black crape, showing the curve of her long and elegant neck. She looked sad and solemn.

Walking past Franz, the princess continued toward the stairs in a cold way, as if there was nothing in her eyes.

Franz felt a bit worried. He looked around.

All the people in the hall, including the receptionist, Polly, looked as confused as him. They had no idea what happened that could make the future grand duchess this sorrowful.

Was it... the grand duke?

No... If it was the grand duke, the princess should first send the obituary notice to all of the nobles and then send the coffin to the Golden Cathedral as the pallbearer. In the Golden Cathedral, she would be crowned by the grand cardinal, Sard, and become the new grand duchess.

Was it because the heretics from the north had pushed through the northern fortress and they were right now approaching Aalto?

No... Instead of immersing herself in the sorrow using music, as an honored knight, the princess should be the noble leading the Violet Knights to fight against the enemies.

Was it because of a famous musician who just passed away?

No... Except for Mr. Christopher, who once taught Natasha music, no one in this association was qualified for the great respect and deep grief from the princess.

...Wait!

The thought came to everyone present. People in the hall wondered whether the thought was true, but no one dared to ask for verification.

Although the great young musician passed out after the concert due to the combination of excitement and his chronic disease, the princess' imperial guard had announced that Evans was going to be fine, despite the fact that it would take time for him to recover. After two days since

then, except for Mr. Evans' close friends and family who managed to visit him once or twice, no one outside of the manor knew Mr. Lucien Evans' health condition.

It happened many times that acute diseases managed to take away lives within just a few minutes before a priest's arrival!

If it was Lucien Evans, the young genius, who just impressed everyone with the Symphony in D minor, Ode to Joy, and who once caught people's heart with his masterpieces, he for sure deserved the future grand duchess personally coming over to the association and breaking the grievous news.

What was more important was that the young genius musician's close relationship with the princess had been recognized, and many believed that Lucien Evans would be the future Duke of Tilan—in the Duchy of Violet, if the heir was a female, her husband would be ennobled with the title of Duke of Tilan, which brought the husband no real power, and the title was non-inheritable.

If it was Lucien Evans, the way the princess was dressing now and her irrestrainable grief all made sense!

"God... Mr. Evans is not even twenty-one..." Polly covered her mouth in a shocked manner, and there were tears in her eyes. She tried to persuade herself that it was not Mr. Evans. She prayed that it was not Mr. Evans...

After the concert, Polly had regarded Mr. Evans as the angel in charge of music and joy, and the musician who she admired and respected the most.

The newspaper slowly fell onto the floor from Franz's hands. When he visited Mr. Evans on the first day morning after the concert, the latter looked okay. After coming back from the manor,

Franz immediately immersed himself in the passion and inspiration of creating his own music and thus he did not hear anything from the outside world for lots of hours.

Today, Franz left his place and came to the association. He was not here especially for collecting the newspapers praising the concert, but to find some materials in the library and then see if he could visit Mr. Evans again.

"No... No..." murmured Franz, whose thin face looked very shocked. Not being able to control his feet, Franz followed Natasha and Camil upstairs. He wanted to hear the final answer. He wanted to know Mr. Evans was fine.

...

In Mr. Christopher's office.

Othello helplessly said to this music master, "Mr. President, are you still working on the review? This month's Music Criticism and Symphony News have been postponing their issue for two days."

Although Othello was the current president of the association, he was still used to calling Mr. Christopher the president.

Victor, standing on the side, quickly took a glance at the pile of paper in front of Christopher on his desk.

Because Lucien's return concert was held on June 1st, both Music Criticism and Symphony News had decided to postpone their issuing until June 2nd. And it turned out that the concert was of such a great success that was out of anyone's expectation. When the two journals were about to hurriedly select the contribution from their regular music critics, they found that they were overwhelmed by the countless articles praising the excellency of Lucien Evans' concert. The review articles from those passionate and motivated musicians and critics were of very high quality, so both Music Criticism and Symphony News had decided to publish a supplement for this month. However, although the space for the first leading article was reserved for Mr. Christopher, this music master had been delaying for two days, and thus the journals had no choice but to wait.

Christopher seemed to be quite relaxed, as he had his own pace, "Ode to Joy has seized my heart, and its theme, structure, and melody have surpassed the level of any other symphony pieces I've ever heard before. I want to use the best and the most sincere words that I have to develop this article, and I think the article is not there yet."

"Maybe too much thinking and revision aren't going to help..." Victor was being euphemistic.

"It makes sense." Christopher nodded, "Take a look at it for me, Victor."

As Christopher was saying, he pushed several sheets of paper to Victor.

Victor picked up the sheets and read in the gentle voice, "...This is a masterpiece beyond people's imagination, the most precious treasure in the palace of symphony for anyone who is fond of music. I have this feeling that, for a long time, there is not going to be another symphony piece that can be on a par with Ode to Joy..."

"But we do not necessarily have to feel sorry about it, instead, we shall feel proud and excited, for we just witnessed this glorious moment and had this firsthand experience of how thrilling a great masterpiece could be. This is a masterpiece that is going to be remembered by history. So let's leave our seats and show our great respect to Lucien Evans and his magnificent creation..."

"Lucien Evans' name is well qualified to be put next to the glowing names of the music masters in the palace of music. The spirit of perseverance when facing difficulties and the will of fighting against darkness contained in Lucien Evans' music will shine forever, and thus his music pieces will shine endlessly as well!"

Following it was the comment on the symphony structure and theme. Hearing Victor's reading, Othello had a smile on his face, "Mr. President, obviously, you are a very generous man when giving praises, and your comments are, I have to say, really high. But I shall say that the comments are very accurate, as no symphony has ever fascinated me like Ode to Joy."

Before Christopher responded, someone knocked at the door, slowly but firmly.

"Yes?" asked Othello.

"Her Highness," said the guard on the other side of the door.

Othello hurriedly stood up and walked to the door together with Christopher and Victor.

When the door opened, they saw Natasha wearing the long black dress, and the sorrowful look on her face. They hurriedly asked, feeling some panic, "What happened, Your Highness?"

Natasha slightly lowered her head and crossed in front of her chest. Using the flat tone, she said, "Lucien Evans was... recalled by God in the early morning."

Her flat tone could not hide her deep grief.

"... What?!" They could not believe their ears.

Victor's head suddenly buzzed and he almost fell to the ground. Othello grabbed his arm.

Hearing what the princess just said, Franz looked very confused. Like losing his soul, Franz started wandering in the corridor. Then, he was stopped by a guard.

"I'm very sorry to tell you this, but... Lucien Evans was killed by an evil sorcerer in the early morning, because of a conspiracy that was not even really related to him," said Natasha using the Church's explanation.

People knew how close Natasha was to the young musician, and thus they all believed that what the princess just said must have been carefully verified as true. Sorrow started to spread in the corridor, and some started to sob, cursing the evil sorcerer.

Victor's face turned pale. He opened his mouth but his throat could only make some hoarse noise. Mr. Christopher's wrinkled face looked heartbroken.

Othello gently patted on Victor's shoulder, "Don't be overly sad, please, Victor. Evans' talent is incomparable, and he just created the greatest music piece in this world. God has decided to call him back to Mountain Paradise, so he could play for God. Evans is loved by God, and up there, he is going to have the eternal joy. We shall pray for him. We shall not let the pain and sorrow torture us. Evans is going to watch over us from Mountain Paradise."

"I hope so, but I'd like to be left alone right now." Victor murmured, voice trembling. Then he turned to the princess, "Your Highness, can I... can I at least take one last look at him?"

Natasha slightly shook her head, "The evil sorcerer destroyed his body... Only some... some... is left."

The tough female knight could not say the word. It was too cruel.

"What... What can we do now, Your Highness?" Othello helped Christopher sit down and then asked.

Natasha said in the same flat tone, "On behalf of the association, release the obituary notice. On the newspapers, journals, in front of the association building, across the many city zones... Tell this to all the people who like his music. In three days, there will be a funeral... for us to say goodbye to him."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 307: The Whole City's Sorrow

In a nice house, Purple Lily District.

Ryan walked to the dining table and noticed that there was a pile of newspaper on his right side, so he asked a bit confusedly, "I thought we already had the latest issue of Aalto Weekly yesterday?"

Managing a trading business, Ryan needed to know what was going on in Aalto in different fields to decide what to buy and what to sell. Therefore, he subscribed to the most comprehensive newspaper—Aalto Weekly.

After making sure that their little son was sitting on the chair safely, the wife, Elena, answered in a pretty good manner, "It's a supplementary issue, the delivery man told me."

Elena could not read. She had no idea what was on the newspaper.

Then, she started humming the lyrics of Ode to Joy in the kitchen. The family was in a quite happy mood.

Picking up the newspaper, Ryan also hummed the melody together with Elena. He started his career as an apprentice in the trading business, and although he was not the smartest among the apprentices, he was definitely the most hard-working one. Because of his perseverance, he slowly got rid of poverty and also learned how to read. Right now he was managing the business and he had a lovely family that was relatively well-off.

Therefore, his heart was deeply touched when he first heard Symphony of Fate. He fell in love with Lucien Evans' music instantly, and soon his family members all became the followers of Lucien's music.

He unfolded Aalto Weekly, and saw the bold black letter in the headline—"Obituary".

Ryan's first thought was that an important person's death was very likely to affect the price of many goods.

He continued to read, and the black typed letters looked rather depressing:

"Lucien Evans, the immortal music master, the great pianist and conductor, the innovator, the leader of the current trend of symphony, the founder, the finisher, the music genius loved by God, was recalled by God in the early morning on June 4th."

Ryan did not get it at that moment. After a while, he realized that his ears were tingling. He just could not link the obituary to Mr. Lucien Evans, who was so young and so talented...

He thought that Mr. Evans could lead the development of music in Aalto for at least another several decades!

Ryan continued to read with his vision slightly blurred. The lines on the newspaper hurt his heart:

"... Mr. Evans came from the slum and managed to play in the Psalm Hall as a music master. His life has shown us the spirit of perseverance and his great willpower. His life was a glorious legend!"

"... Let us use our most profound condolences to pray for the talented young musician, wishing him the bliss in Mountain Paradise. His song of praise shall always be with God. May God bless him."

Elena walked out of the kitchen with the breakfast. She was so surprised when seeing the look on her husband's face that she almost dropped the plate.

"What happened, darling?" asked Elena hurriedly. "Why are you crying?"

"Am I...?" Ryan did not even realize the fact that there were tears in his eyes. He only knew that his eyes felt swelled and he could not see very clearly.

A tear dropped on the newspaper and it was quickly absorbed. The letters nearby became blurred.

"I can't believe it. His leaving is the greatest loss of the field of music! — Christopher"

"Maybe God wants him to play in Mountain Paradise, so Evans had to leave earlier. — Othello"

"He brought us the joy and the spirit of perseverance, but he has left us without taking anything with him. I don't want to cry, but I can't help it. — Felicia"

"He has set off for Mountain Paradise, leaving us a peak in the world of symphony that is beyond hard to conquer. The treasure he left with us is equal for everyone—young or old, rich or poor. A grateful and unyielding heart is the most valuable thing in one's life. One day, when I die, I hope to be buried close to him. — Franz"

Ryan stared at the tear stain on the paper and murmured, "I really... cried."

...

Beside the gate of Aderon District that led to the market, sad people gathered together. Some were silent, while others were sobbing. Many young ladies hugged each other, shedding their tears.

Betty, Joanna and Simon saw these people on the street as soon as they stepped out of Copper Coronet. At the same time, they saw a notice on the city wall.

They could not read, but the color of the notice told them that this was an obituary.

"Which important figure passed away?" asked Betty curiously. In her mind, she saw no reason why these poor people in Aderon should cry for the death of an important person, say, a noble or a cardinal.

Out of curiosity, Betty asked the two gate guards who also looked sad, "May I ask what this notice is about?"

Most people in Aderron did not know how to read. So one of the guards answered in a rather depressed way, "The pride of Aderon... no, The pride of Aalto... Mr. Lucien Evans... has passed away due to his serious illness."

Except Lucien's close friends, some nobles and some major members of the association knew that the young musician was killed by the evil sorcerer called Professor, other people were told by the

Church that Lucien Evans passed away because of his illness. The Church had asked for the permission of the princess.

The fact that a very successful and popular musician was killed by an evil sorcerer right in Aalto would make the followers doubt the capability of the Church. They would wonder if the Church would be able to protect them from the evilness like they claimed they could.

If it was not because of Natasha's insistence, the Church would try to hide the truth from everyone.

Betty was frozen. She felt that she had lost her soul.

"Betty, what?" asked Joanna concernedly.

Betty suddenly burst out crying. She buried her head in Joanna's arms, "Evans... Mr. Evans... die... died."

Although she had been traveling around for three years, Betty was still a young lady under twenty, who was not able to control her emotions very well.

Joanna could not believe what she just heard, but she also knew that the guard would not play jokes on this. So, she patted on Betty's shoulder, although her own eyes were also holding tears, and said, "Mr. Evans was just recalled by God to Mountain Paradise, because his talent was just too outstanding. Don't cry, Betty. Work harder to become a knight and don't let Mr. Evans down..."

Betty sobbed and nodded.

...

Riding his Dragon Scale, John led a group of guards heading for the city gate of Aalto that faced the black forest.

Aalto was the last major city very close to the Dark Mountain Range, therefore it was also not far away from the fortification. It only took John about a day to come back to Aalto. He had applied for his annual ten-day vacation as soon as he received the letter from his family that his old friend had come back.

However, due to the strict regulation of the fortification in the Dark Mountain Range, and also because Natasha and Lucien were worried that John, as a knight, would notice the different power from Lucien if they lived in the same villa together, his vacation did not get approved until the third day after the concert.

Wearing the silver set of armor and purple mantle, the blond young man's eyes were full of joy. He was looking forward to reuniting with his family and old friend.

Although from time to time John had got some letters from the princess, the joy was not even close to that of talking to his old friend face to face. On his way home, John heard that his friend's concert had just achieved a huge success and everyone was humming the melody of Ode to Joy. His heart was beating faster and faster as he approached the city gate. John almost wanted to push his horse to rush back home, but there were too many people on the streets.

However, John noticed that something was wrong. Those people on the streets all looked very sad, and he heard that people were all saying the name—Lucien Evans.

The look on John's face started to get more and more serious. He sent his servant to ask what happened.

Then John heard the passerby's answer very clear, "Mr. Evans was recalled by God..."

The horsewhip in John's hand suddenly dropped onto the ground, and the sound was crispy.

...

The Aalto Weekly published later recorded this day as following:

"It seems there is a huge piece of cloud covering Aalto. People have lost their smile from the great shock. The angel of music has left this world in such a young age, and that is the whole city's sorrow."

...

Three days later, Aderon District, beside the old shanty Lucien once lived in.

A black hearse pulled by four bulls started to move slowly, following the life path of Lucien Evans, from Aderon to Gesu, then to the administrative district, and finally it would arrive in the noble district. The funeral would be held in the Golden Cathedral.

Wearing the black knight suit, John walked silently on the right front side. Behind him were Joel, Alisa, Iven, Elena, and Lucien's other friends. On the left side, Victor stood in the front, followed by Othello, Felicia and Lucien's classmates.

Christopher, because of his age, and Natasha, because of her status and the fact that she had not had a settled relationship with Lucien, were waiting in the Golden Cathedral.

The black hearse moved slowly. There was only sobbing in low volume in the air.

A poor man from Aderson district silently joined the procession.

Then, more and more people joined them. They wanted to see off Lucien Evans for the last time.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 308: The Musician's Funeral

The sky was covered with dark clouds, and it started to rain. Everything in Aalto was shaded with a thin layer of a veil, as if nature was also crying for the young musician.

The black hearse pulled by the four bulls kept moving forward slowly and steadily. More and more people gathered along both sides of the street in the rain, watching the hearse leaving.

The splendid concert that made the whole city crazy was held just a few days ago, and the melodies played were still lingering in the air. People felt that this was like a dream, a more than painful dream.

For the spirit of perseverance that Lucien Evans brought to them, and for the precious and pure joy Lucien Evans presented, people voluntarily stood along both sides of the street to see off the young and talented musician.

The fine rain drops fell on their faces, mixing with their tears.

If it had been a week later, or if it had not been in Aalto, it was almost impossible for one to see this grand and solemn scene. It seemed that people of the whole city were out to send Lucien Evans off.

When the hearse was about to leave Aderon, some more people who admired Lucien Evans a lot rushed down the street and joined the funeral procession.

Wearing black suits, those heartbroken people made the funeral procession grow bigger and bigger.

So, when the hearse arrived in the noble district, the nobles who were invited to attend the funeral were shocked. They saw a huge crowd behind the hearse, like black tides safeguarding the last part of the journey of the beloved young musician.

Except for the municipal square during the music festival, they had never seen so many people gathering together for the same purpose. The nobles had this feeling that these people, when uniting together, were unstoppable with their overwhelming power.

Some nobles were so impressed by the fact that Lucien Evans was loved by this many people that they thought to themselves, "If I could have these many people sending me off when I die, it would be such a glory... I wouldn't have any regrets if that was the case."

When the hearse passed by, the nobles also joined the procession, although they were not quite willing to stand this close to the common people, this was part of the funeral manner of the Saint Truth.

When seeing the massive crowd, the look on Gossett's face slightly changed. Standing in front of the Golden Cathedral, he unconsciously crossed and said in low voice, "Only truth lives forever!"

After the hearse was sent into the Golden Cathedral, the common people who were not invited to the funeral refused to leave. In the fine rain, they stood surrounding the cathedral and prayed for the musician.

The scene made the pastors and cardinals feel that they were going to bury a saint.

...

In the cathedral, the coffin was placed below the cross, showing that the musician was a loyal follower.

The funeral music stopped. Holding a white cross in his hand, Gossett said in a solemn way, "Merciful God, here we shall pray for our brother, Lucien Evans, who has finished his path in this world and is now heading for the path toward Mountain Paradise. We firmly hold true that all of us who believe, who accept, who follow, and who respect will finally be saved by you, Father, and we will rest in peace forever in Mountain Paradise."

The nobles, musicians, and instrumentalists sitting in the cathedral all started to pray with their eyes closed.

"He was a pure and devout nobleman. His music has your power and has brought people faith and joy. Wish he will continue to play the paeon in your kingdom..."

Finishing praying, Gossett looked at Natasha, Joel, Alisa, John, Victor and Lucien's other friends in a merciful and loving way, "Lord teaches us that death is like the dark night, but when the dark night is over, light shall return. One shall not fear death, as all of his followers will eventually reunite at Mountain Paradise. We shall be together, we shall always be connected, and we can always pray for each other."

Then, Lucien's relatives and friends started to speak one by one on the stage, recounting Lucien Evans' life story. Some could not stop weeping; some hid the profound pain in their heart; some followed the Lord's instruction and comforted the rest of the people to stand strong for a better future.

At the end of the funeral, Natasha walked onto the stage and stood beside the cardinal.

Wearing the long black dress, with the black veil covering her tied-up long hair, the princess recounted the happy moments she spent with the young musician. Then, she calmed herself down and said formally, "He once told me that if he had passed away without leaving the will, he wanted me to donate his manor, Brons, to the Musicians' Association."

Hearing that, Othello slightly nodded. Lucien Evans was for sure born for music, and his love toward music was precious and pure. He had decided to donate most of his asset to the association.

Natasha continued, "Lucien hoped to use the profit of the manor to set up an award and a piano competition. The award is for the most outstanding music piece across the continent selected every three years by the members of the Musicians' Association of Aalto. The competition is also going to be held every three years in order to promote the development of this new musical instrument and encourage more young pianists to devote their passion to this career."

Lucien's manor, Brons, was selected by Natasha. When the princess gave Lucien the manor as a present, it was worth a few thousand Thales, and its annual profit was also quite good, which was around a hundred Thales, equal to a famous musician's a whole year's income. Therefore, three hundred Thales was a lot to a young musician who just got started.

"Mr. Evans had a kind heart made of gold. He cared about the development of music all the time as well as the growth of other young musicians." Othello stood up and showed the appreciation on behalf of the association, "Here I suggest that we name the award as 'Evans Music Award' and the competition as 'Continental Evans Piano Competition'. Also, the association has decided to build stone figures for each music master who made a great contribution to the development of music. The stone figures will be built on the top of Mountain Kaseya beside Belem River, so everyone who comes to Aalto and every child who plays beside the river shall see the figures and remember the brilliant names."

Christopher, Victor, and other association members all nodded.

People applauded in a serious but warm manner to show their respect toward this lofty and gracious musician and his love and passion for music.

At this time, Natasha added, "I'll add the profit of one of my personal manors on top of the prize, so the prize of both Evans Music Award and Continental Evans Piano Competition shall be three hundred Thales."

"It's very generous of you, Your Highness." Othello slightly bowed.

Lucien's relatives were also fine with the decision.

Only the red-robed cardinal, Gossett, frowned slightly. In his eyes, Evans Music Award sounded very much alike Holm Crown Prize or Immortal Throne Award. Maybe Lucien Evans was inspired by the princess or Professor.

But in such an occasion, Gossett could not oppose the proposal. And there was also no serious reasons other than that for him to say no.

After setting up the award and the competition, the memorial part of the funeral was completed. The funeral guests started to sing hymns led by the choir. The funeral was sacred and solemn.

In the end, Gossett sprinkled holy water on the coffin to wash off all the sins from this world.

The coffin was lifted up again toward the cemetery beside the Golden Cathedral. Lucien's relatives and close friends followed while other nobles and musicians were ready to leave.

As soon as they walked out of the cathedral, the nobles were shocked. They did not expect that the crowd was still waiting.

Seeing that the nobles were leaving, people started to flow to the noble cemetery nearby. On the other side of the iron fence, they saw the black coffin slowly sinking down into the ground.

The rain had stopped for a while, and a few rays of sunlight pierced through the clouds. But when mud started being thrown on top of the coffin, the grief became unstoppable again.

The mud slowly buried the coffin, as if it was cutting off the last piece of string connecting the dead and the mourning. Alisa, Felicia, and Elena could not stop crying, while Joel, John, Victor, and Natasha closed their eyes.

People on the other side of the iron fence also started weeping.

At this time, a girl started singing in her slightly hoarse voice:

"Joy, bright spark of divinity, Daughter of Elysium..."

Although the theme of Ode to Joy did not fit the atmosphere of the funeral, its spirit matched the impression that Lucien Evans left to people.

When facing darkness and pain, do not give up.

When facing darkness and pain, one shall still head for the destination where there are brightness and joy.

More and more people joined the singing.

"Fire-inspired we tread... Within thy sanctuary..."

The singing became louder and louder. Felicia and Elena cried even harder, while Natasha also joined the singing.

"All creatures drink of joy,

"At nature's breast.

"Just and unjust,

"Alike taste of her gift..."

Goodbye, Lucien Evans, the young musician who once brought people the pure joy, the ultimate beauty of music.

"Joy, bright spark of divinity, Daughter of Elysium..."

In the singing, the tombstone was erected, on which there was a short line of the epitaph.

"Here was buried an angel of music."

...

In the late night, in a noble villa.

John and his relatives were sitting on a couch. They could not fall asleep.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 309: Choice

The night of the Month of Passion, the sixth of the year, was still relatively cool. The gentle breeze was refreshing.

However, in the hall of John's house, the atmosphere was freezing cold because of the deep grief.

Sitting on the couch, the family members were all very silent. None of them talked, as they were lost in their memories.

Alisa wiped off her tears with the handkerchief from time to time; Iven's young face was written with sorrow, and his hands were clenching tight; Although Joel had a bottle of spirit in his right hand, right now his biggest habit other than music could not help him with relieving the pain; John, however, was just sitting there like a statue with a glass of wine in his hand.

"...I'm getting old, and it's becoming harder for me." Joel released a sigh. "When I was in Aderon, when Evans' father passed away... I was sad, but I recovered a few days later. But now..."

Aderon was a very poor area, where the poor people living there struggled every day to make a living. Therefore, it was common for one from Aderon to see that a sudden disease took away a person's life overnight. Thus, Aderon was the area with the highest mortality rate in Aalto, and Joel and his relatives were relatively more ready for the loss.

Alisa stared at Joel and said in a sobbing voice, "This is different! Our little Evans... He was... not even twenty-one! He was so talented, so hard-working, and he was the best musician ever! He... He's got no wife, no children... The Evans family has ended here!"

After a few years living as a noble, the way of her talking became more polite.

"If this didn't happen, we would be able to attend Evans' wedding in about six months." Joel sighed again. From what happened at the concert and the funeral, Joel was quite sure that as long as the grand duke agreed, the two young people in love would get married very soon. And, of course, the grand duke would not oppose the marriage. After all, Lucien was a man!

Silence seized the moment again, and then John stood up and said to them, "Let's get some rest. Lucien wouldn't want us to be like this."

"Alright..." Joel stood up and patted on John's shoulder.

As the backbone of the family, John's words counted. Alisa slowly stopped crying and said, "John, try to get some rest as well. You are going back to the fortification soon. It's tough there. Be careful with the evil sorcerers..."

Although she had heard things about the evil creatures and monsters in the Dark Mountain Range from other noble ladies, Alisa did not worry too much. However, what happened to Lucien Evans made her worry about John a lot. After all, the fortification in the Dark Mountain Range was way more dangerous than Aalto.

John's hands slightly twitched when hearing the word "sorcerer". He gently hugged Alisa and said, "Mom, don't worry. I'll be careful. I need to work harder to become a grand knight in ten years, so I can better fight against the evil... the bastard sorcerers..."

At this time, the breeze suddenly turned into a wind blow, making the noise sounding like ghosts crying. Moonlight disappeared, and the light of the candles also started flickering, as if they were going to go out at any time.

"Who is it?" John sensed a bit of a magic wave in the wind, and he knew that someone was slowly walking downstairs. Taking a big step forward, John fearlessly protected his family standing behind him and, at the same time, pulled out the extraordinary sword.

He could feel it that the person was not intended to do any harm. However, John was also concerned that if he took the initiative to attack, his parents and brother would be left unprotected. Therefore, he chose to stay where he was.

Compared to his experienced elder brother, Iven, who had just started his knight training a few years ago, looked very nervous and confused. It took him a long time to find his sword.

It was very late and the dead silence reigned in the big living room. The person did not answer. The loud footsteps were stimulating their nerves.

Alisa was very nervous and fearful, while Joel was looking at his two sons worriedly. He and his wife were both over forty and they had enjoyed the noble life for a few years. Even if they were going to die there, they did not have much to regret. But his two sons were still young, and they should still have a future.

"Who is it? Who is there!" John did not give up. Slowly, he calmed down, as he knew that there were many knights and even some radiant knights living in the area. The longer the fight took, the better chance they had to win.

When the dim candlelight appeared in the corner of the stairs, John was totally shocked and the name burst out of his mouth:

"Lucien?!"

Wearing the black suit and bow tie, Lucien Evans, the musician who just passed away, slowly walked downstairs!

"E... Evans?!"

"Lucien...?!"

Joel, Alisa, and Iven also saw the person's face. Under the candlelight, the familiar, good-looking face looked rather healthy.

"It's me, uncle Joel, aunt Alisa. Hi... John, Iven..." Lucien tried to smile, but he failed.

Alisa cried out, "Little Evans... You've got the permission of God to come back to visit us for the last time?"

Alisa could not understand what was going on right now. She tended to use the divine will to explain everything she could not understand. She was very excited, ready to jump out and hug Lucien.

"Mom, be careful! He's not Lucien! This is an evil sorcerer turning himself into Lucien to fool us!" John directly stopped Alisa.

Under the great spiritual pressure from Lucien, John was only able to stay on the defensive.

"John, I must say that you're half right and half wrong. I am Lucien Evans, but I'm also a sorcerer. I never died. I was just using it as my way to get rid of the identity as a musician." Lucien stopped at the bottom of the stairs, as Joel, Alisa, and Iven, where hearing what John said, all took a few steps back, trying to keep some distance away from him. John's sword was ready to attack at any time.

Therefore, at this moment, Lucien knew that the distance was good for both sides, despite the fact that he felt quite sad in his mind.

"Lucien... a sorcerer?" John repeated the words and became furious. "You bastard! You damned sorcerers! You killed Lucien, and you're now ruining his reputation! Even the Inquisition has proved that Lucien was a pure and noble man!"

Joel and the rest of them were influenced by John's words. Although they were confused for a second, now they were all staring at Lucien in an extremely hostile manner.

John continued, "I'm a knight, and I know sorcerers can change their look! Why are you here? Why are you slandering him?"

"John... Do you still remember our talk about the knight spirit and the creed before we beat the gangsters? Do you still remember what we said after we beat the gangsters? We were hoping to travel across the continent, and we were even discussing whether a Cynocephalus was edible?" What was going on right now was within Lucien's expectation, so he was prepared.

John looked surprised, but soon he became calm again, "So what? There're tons of ways for you to get the information from Lucien."

Although Lucien was always very impressed with a knight's strong willpower, now John's willpower brought him quite headache. Lucien tried to avoid involving more details because he had no idea what happened between Lucien and John before, when they were kids. So he said, "John, you can ask me more questions about this. You'll see."

The look on John's face was very serious and disagreeable.

Seeing that John was not going to ask him any questions, Lucien started to talk on his own, "I did not start studying magic right after I knew the witch, therefore, I was able to pass the interrogation from the Inquisition. But later when the pastor, Benjamin, sent me and several knights down into the sewers to find the witch's lab, I found a set of notes and books left by her, and so I started studying magic...

"Uncle Joel, aunt Alisa... John! Do you still remember why all of a sudden I wanted to learn how to read? Because I wanted to read the magic books and notes!

"John, you want to know why I could find the conspiracy of the Argent Horn? That was because I was practicing magic down in the sewers!"

...

Lucien's words slowly shook their faith. His strict logical thinking made them speechless.

After a while, John growled in a deep voice, "Lucien! Why do you have to make me believe?! Why do you have to let me know that my best friend is a sorcerer! A sorcerer who fooled the whole city and deceived all the people who admired and loved him?!"

In his mind, the image of his friend had been completely destroyed.

Alisa shook her head. She could not believe the fact that her child was an evil sorcerer. And if Lucien Evans never died, the solemn funeral now looked like a vicious trick.

Joel saw the pain in Lucien's eyes, and the sick look on Joel's face was slightly relieved, "Little Evans... I understand that you probably didn't have other choices to make your life better when you just started studying magic. But why are you still chasing after magic after showing your talent in music? Are you that obsessive with power that you have decided to betray God?"

"Uncle Joel, that's not true. I pursue magic because I love it. I want to see the truth of the world. I want to know how our lives came into being; how this world was born and in what form does this world exist? I want to know the secret of stars above us... This world with so many things unknown is very charming to me..." answered Lucien sincerely.

Then, Lucien turned to John. "I made people believe I was dead because, sooner or later, people would know that I'm a sorcerer. So it's better letting the great musician live in people's mind forever. I'm very sorry... for making them feel this sad. I swear... after becoming a sorcerer, I've never purposefully hurt anyone innocent unless to protect myself or save other people. I know you might not able to accept my identity, but I want you to know that I'm not that kind of evil sorcerer, and neither are the most sorcerers in the Congress."

John softened his tone a bit and asked, "So... Your plan has worked out. Why are you here? You don't worry that we might tell this to the Church?"

Seeing that they were now less nervous, Lucien took a step forward. But Joel, John, Alisa, and Iven all took a step backward. They were still afraid of Lucien.

Lucien slightly shook his head with a bitter smile, "I'm here... to ask if you all are willing to go to the Kingdom of Holm with me. Although there are many sorcerers, the Church is still influential there, and there are still nobles. We live in peace right now. And I'm confident that the nobles in the Kingdom of Holm will accept you all."

"Holm? The Congress? ... Her Highness...?" Some ideas came to John.

Lucien shook his head again, "This has nothing to do with Natasha. I planned this together with my mentor, Professor. Later I'll be visiting her to tell her the truth as well and apologize."

Lucien lied about it.

Then, Lucien asked again, "Do you want to come with me? You'll still have the same life there."

What was waiting for Lucien was silence. Long-time silence.

After a while, when Lucien was about to ask again, John shook his head alertly, "Lucien, I'm a knight of the Duchy of Violet and Violet Knights. I have the land to protect. I can't."

The rejection was firm. The way John looked at Lucien was strange.

Joel tried to put on a smile and said, "Little Evans, we're happy that you're still thinking about us. But Aalto is our home... I just can't..."

"Me, too, little Evans..." Alisa also rejected. "It's hard for me to imagine the life living with the sorcerers. I'm a devoted follower of God."

Iven shook his head as well.

Seeing their attitude, Lucien slightly closed his eyes and released a sigh, "Alright, I see... So, after I leave, please go to the Church and tell them I'm a sorcerer."

"What? What are you talking about?" They were shocked.

Lucien's smile was a bit sad, "The Church will sooner or later know that I'm a sorcerer, and that'll bring you all trouble. So if you take the initiative, the Church would not give you all a hard time."

If the family reported this to the Church, they would not become the tool for the Church to threaten Lucien.

John, Alisa, Joel, and Iven were so shocked that they could not say anything. Although they were very afraid of Lucien and felt betrayed just now, they had never thought of reporting this to the Church!

Lucien put his left hand on his chest and bowed deeply, "Cruelty can also be a kind of mercy. I have to leave now. Hope we can see each other in the future."

Joel, John, Alisa, and Iven were silent. This was a cruel truth that was very hard for them to accept.

Lucien felt heartbroken. However, he turned around and walked to the door. Maybe they would never be able to see each other again.

When Lucien was going to step out of the living room, Alisa's trembling voice stopped him, "Little Evans..."

Lucien was surprised. He looked back. He was waiting for the favorable turn.

Alisa bit her lips and then said, "Be careful in that... what is it called... the Congress. It must be dangerous there."

"I will, aunt Alisa." Lucien's eyes welled up.

After the inner struggle, Joel sighed, "I still believe that you have a kind heart. If one day you want to leave the Congress, this place is still your home."

The look on John's face was complicated. The veins of his hands grabbing the sword twitched. Finally, when he saw Lucien was about to leave, the words escaped his lips, "Dare you to do bad things! Don't let me catch you!"

Pausing a bit, John's voice lowered down, "Be careful."

A big smile appeared on Lucien's face. He again bowed to them, and then walked into the darkness.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 310: Feeling Uneasy

When Aalto was still immersed in the sorrow from the funeral earlier, in the suburb area, in the air above the Melzer Black Forest, Lucien was bidding farewell to Natasha.

"Please take care of my family, Natasha. I have this feeling that my mission to take the letter to the Dark Mountain Range will change my life greatly in a short period of time. Maybe I'll become stronger, but this would bring me more attention from the Church, and they probably will know that my death is a lie. So, if my family does not report me to the Church, be careful, so you can be more prepared when the Church finds it out. This is also another reason why I did not let you kill Clown on the spot. Normally, if we had colluded, you would have killed Clown directly," said Lucien gently and sincerely.

Natasha was still wearing the black plain dress, and she was quite impressed, "I feel the pressure of being a sorcerer's friend. You guys always have more than one purpose when doing things. Come on, Lucien, are you still hiding anything from me?"

In fact, yes, there was still a lot, but Lucien put on an embarrassed smile and hurriedly denied it.

Natasha was just joking. And she did not really care if Lucien was telling her everything. So she nodded, "If the family still doesn't report you to the Church in half a year, I'll put more pressure on them and force them to do so. Don't worry. I won't hurt them."

After promising Lucien, Natasha said a little excitedly, "There are many powerful creatures in the Dark Mountain Range, more than several hundred as we know... Dragons, evil elves, trolls, mutated spiders, scarlet trees, lightning eagles... Be careful, Lucien. Also, most sorcerers who follow the ancient magic system are cruel and ruthless. They do forbidden experiments, and they control people's will. Their own desires are more important than anything else. Be very cautious, Lucien, they're not like the arcanists in the Congress. Although you're bringing the letter for some

important person, and normally the Congress should be prepared and would not send a promising young arcanist to die there for nothing, you still have to rely on yourself."

Natasha's caring words comforted Lucien who had just bid farewell to his family, so he joked, "I hear you. But why do you look so excited?"

"Of course! It's gonna be a great adventure! Don't you think it's super exciting adventuring in the Dark Mountain Range, fighting against different powerful creatures, and seeing extraordinary powers?" said Natasha full of passion. Then, she sighed. "I wish I could go with you when I first heard about your mission so I could protect you, but I can't. I'm the future grand duchess, so I have to live and fight for the duchy. I can't just leave."

Although she saw it as a great pity, Natasha was not complaining. She knew her job very well, as she was trained to be the leader of the duchy since she was a young girl.

Lucien felt a bit embarrassed when hearing that Natasha once planned to protect him. "It's okay, Natasha. I believe that as long as I'm careful enough and I don't wander around in the mountains, I should be able to handle most of the dark creatures. When I come back, I'll tell you all the stories."

"Of course, I believe in your power. You've got a Holm Crown Ring!" Natasha nodded. But then she took out a pair of earrings in the shape of violet petals, "This is a gift given to me enchanted with the spell called Fernando's Electromagnetic Message. If you are in trouble, you can find me through this. I know you have something similar to this. Although the thunder and lightning in the Storm Strait cut off the connection between you and the Congress, in Aalto, you've still got someone who you can ask for help."

As a knight, and because of her more masculine character, except for every year's New Year Banquet, Natasha usually did not wear any accessories. Therefore, Lucien did not know that the princess also had a magic item, and according to Lucien, the earrings were possibly a gift from Hathaway.

"I'll ask for help for sure if I'm in trouble." Lucien nodded seriously. At the same time, he said to Natasha, "It's a pity that we can't contact each other because of the Storm Strait..."

"That's true... What a pity." Natasha sincerely nodded.

It suddenly came to Lucien that maybe he should work on studying sending some magic satellites to the sky as signal stations, so they could talk to each other very often.

But what if other people somehow knew that the birth of magic satellite and the development of telecommunication was because a sorcerer wanted to contact a girl far away? That was not good... too embarrassing. That was Lucien's thought. Then, more thoughts came to him. He still had to first figure out if there were planets in this world and whether they followed any orbits...

"Lucien, what are you thinking?" asked Natasha, "It's okay. We can still write, you know. I like writing letters."

Natasha's voice dragged Lucien back from his boundless thoughts. Lucien panicked a bit when he realized what he was thinking... They were just good friends! Natasha was not interested in men!

Lucien quickly threw out his many weird thoughts and nodded, "That's right... Writing is good. But...but we should have a new set of code in case the Church notices."

After agreeing on the new writing code, Natasha smiled and said, "I don't know how long it's going to take for you to come back from the Dark Mountain Range, but very possibly, I'll miss your birthday again. Seriously, since we first got to know each other, I was never there for your

birthday. So right now, may I have an opening dance with you, and wish you happy birthday in advance?"

She slightly bowed. With right hand on her chest, she reached out her left hand, which was a typical manner of men.

Lucien was a bit amused, "I'm the man, Your Highness. I shall be the one to invite. Seriously, I've never been there for your birthday either. So please allow me to be the one inviting you for the opening dance."

Then Lucien followed the same manner.

Natasha grinned and slightly lifted her eyebrows. Then she stood up straight, reached out her right hand, and put it on Lucien's left hand.

There was no music but only quite strong wind and clouds. But both Lucien and Natasha were good at music. And their dance steps were neat and elegant.

Although Lucien was still a bit shorter than Natasha, he had grown quite taller in the past several years. When they were dancing, they could look directly into each other's eyes, and their breaths were also very close.

Looking into Natasha's silvery-purple eyes and gorgeous face, feeling her sweet breaths and soft body, Lucien suddenly felt very uneasy. Although this was not his first time dancing with the princess, he felt very different this time—his heart was beating very fast.

Seeing that Lucien's eyes somehow started to look away and his face slightly blushed, feeling that his steps were getting slower and his hands stiff, Natasha also sensed the difference. When Lucien's breaths started to get heavier and heavier, Natasha was sure that the atmosphere was not normal—in fact, it was very strange, and she somehow felt nervous.

"Are you alright?" asked Natasha directly. "Are you worrying about something?"

Lucien was very embarrassed. He shook his head and answered, "Not really. Just my first time dancing in the air surrounded by clouds..."

"I see. That's true." Natasha grinned, "The wind is quite strong."

Trying his best, Lucien finally finished the dance with Natasha relatively perfectly.

"Lucien, happy birthday."

"Happy birthday, Natasha."

They said it at the same time when the dance was over. Then they smiled at each other.

...

After saying goodbye to Natasha, Lucien was now flying toward the Dark Mountain Range with his eyebrows slightly frowned. After a while, he murmured to himself, "That wasn't true. I just haven't been that close to a woman for a long time. I can't have these thoughts with Natasha, and she doesn't even like men!"

...

Flying back to Aalto with Camil, Natasha slowly stopped in the air and put on the violet-petal earrings. Feeling a bit strange, she slightly shook her head.

Then, she noticed that Camil was looking at her ears carefully, so she asked, "What? I have to wear them, or I might miss Lucien's signal."

"Nothing. You have beautiful ears," answered Camil casually. "Even better with the earrings."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 311: The Dark Mountain Range

Lucien's first impression about the Dark Mountain Range could be defined by the word "huge". The peaks were huge, trees huge, vines huge, as well as the beasts in there.

Tall trees of over a hundred meters were everywhere, and somehow their leaves were black, blocking the sunlight from above, so even if it was daytime when one walked in the mountains, it always felt like nightfall.

Stepping on the squashy soil and layers of rotten leaves, it was hard for one to tell where the solid ground was and where the dangerous gobs were. At the same time, one should be very careful with the vicious snakes and spiders that no one could predict when and where they would pop out from.

Some rotten stuff in the mountains brought forth some toxic miasma. Standing some distance away, the miasma even looked colorful. Even the knights could really use some caution there.

However, in this harsh environment, Lucien walked calmly in the forest wearing a white shirt, black double-breasted suit, and his monocle, as if he was wandering on the streets of Aalto or Rentato.

"Mr. Elvis, how long do we still need to arrive at the magic tower of the Nightmare King?" Lucien asked the liaison beside him.

The liaison, Elvis, looked very ordinary. Most of the time his job was to buy some materials and goods from the adventures and then sell them to the sorcerers living close to the fortification in the Dark Mountain Range. Many adventures knew his connection to the ancient sorcerers, so when they dealt with Elvis, they were quite careful.

However, Lucien knew him better due to the information provided by the Congress. Elvis was not simply a businessman, instead, he might have some connections to the Nightmare King. Lucien found Elvis in a campsite for adventurers, and within his expectation, although he described his mission using quite ambiguous words, Elvis instantly understood what Lucien was there for.

Wearing the black tight suit, Elvis walked fast and swiftly like a cheetah full of strength. Hearing Lucien's question, he responded without looking back, "At least half month, Mr. X. You should know that this isn't a good place for flying unless you're of legendary level, and rushing around can also put you into serious trouble."

Lucien did not tell Elvis his true name. He used X as his pseudonym.

Lucien slightly nodded. It was said that above the Dark Mountain Range in the sky, there were lots of space gaps that connected to other dangerous dimensions. Furthermore, dragons in the forest were also constantly watching their territory as well as the sky above, not to mention those lightning eagles, griffins and carrion birds patrolling around.

Stepping on the soft, squashy leaves, a greenish yellow snake suddenly sprang up and bit Lucien's calf.

However, the bite almost broke the snake's fangs. The snake twitched and then escaped away hurriedly in the rotten leaves and branches.

As soon as they entered the mountains, Lucien had carefully cast Stone Skin and Douglas' Absorbing Wall on himself. He knew that this was a place where he had to be extremely careful.

"How did I fail to sense it?" Lucien murmured. He was asking Elvis, and also himself. It did not make any sense that a fourth-circle sorcerer failed to notice that a snake was going to attack him, despite the fact that they were surrounded by the miasma.

Elvis also slightly frowned, "My sense is also less sharp here. I wonder if there are any senior-rank creatures around..."

The route that he was taking with Lucien was through gaps between the many territories owned by the magical creatures.

After checking around, Elvis slightly deviated from their planned path. Then, they kept moving forward. After all, there was not really a "path" in the Dark Mountain Range.

As soon as they took another few more steps, Lucien heard some strange squeaking noise.

A huge spider unexpectedly dropped from the sky. Its colorful pattern on the back was like a human being's face smiling in a creepy way, and its sharp poison fangs were like threatening daggers. At the bottom, there were two huge human arms covered by the black carapace. Each of the twelve fingers on the hand had a hundred and twenty joints in total.

When the spider landed, its white and thick threads joined together and become a huge web. The web shot out directly toward Lucien and Elvis.

Light flashed on Lucien's wrist, and a big fireball was instantly summoned. Then, the fireball burned down the spider web in a few seconds!

As a sorcerer, Lucien, of course, had some basic knowledge about the common magic creatures.

Although the spider was huge, it moved very swiftly like a level three grand knight. Its joints were making squeaking noises.

At this time, the noise became louder and louder. More huge, colorful spiders had arrived, surrounding Lucien and Elvis in the center.

Transformed spiders lived exclusively in the Dark Mountain Range. They had heads like human beings. After growing mature, its power could match that of a level three knight. They moved very fast, and they often hunted together. Because they could use illusionary magic and they were good at teamwork, those spiders could kill enemies who were even much stronger than them.

Lucien knew the facts about the spiders well. In the next second, he cast Scare, and invisible magic waves extended in all directions.

Elvis was not affected because of the magic item he was wearing.

Most of the spiders panicked and their team formation became dispersed. Making the eerily noise, the rest of the spiders managed to resist the magic power and rushed fiercely toward them.

Some of the spiders used Hypnotism; some spread out thick webs; and some were going to directly attack them in their face with their fangs, pincers, and venom!

Elvis quickly took a glance at Lucien to complain because he did not take him into consideration when casting Scare, and then he lifted a black hammer about the size of a human head to get prepared for the fight.

Although he understood that Mr. X had enough reasons to use the ranged spell, and the influence of Scare was not permanent. He still felt a bit unhappy with the fact.

Every time when he dropped the hammer at the spiders, there was the powerful flame. After a few strikes, a spider was completely squashed by Elvis. The spiders illusionary magic did not work because of the amulet he was wearing.

It seemed that Elvis should be a level-four grand knight. However, Lucien still had no idea what his Blessing was.

Lucien was protected by a wall written with countless magic symbols and patterns, absorbing all the green waves from the spiders' Hypnotism and the black smoke to make people panic. At the same time, using his Amboula Staff to pinpoint the enemies, Lucien quickly killed another spider with a big fireball.

After the buffering time was gone, Lucien pointed at the spiders who were casting spells and shooting spider nets some distance away with his magic staff.

Dark clouds appeared above the spiders and then they were directly struck by the summoned lightning bolts. The spiders were burned black within seconds.

This was the fourth-circle Electromagnetics spell, Thunder Cloud. Lucien built it in his soul after coming back to Aalto. Another spell that he built was a unique spell, Maskelyne's Curse.

After a while, all the spiders were killed by Lucien and Elvis.

"Mr. Elvis, any problems?" asked Lucien when seeing Elvis' serious look. In Lucien's mind, in the Dark Mountain Range, encountering monsters and magic creatures was more than normal. Lucien was even about to collect the spiders' fangs and venom.

Elvis looked around in an insecure manner and said, "Mr. X... there shouldn't be these many spiders, unless..."

There was one horrible possibility.

Before Lucien asked, he suddenly felt very nervous from the power he sensed.

Hurriedly, Lucien saw a huge lizard-like creature flying in the air with its bat-shaped wings, as if it was running away from something.

"Red Dragon?!" burst out Lucien. A red dragon was at the top of the creatures chain!

Lucien was quite regretful that he did not have a cellphone to take a picture of the dragon. After all, it was the first time that he saw a huge dragon with his own eyes.

However, Elvis panicked, "We're in trouble now! We're in the devil's territory!"

Then, he started to run out of panic.

"What do you mean?" Lucien was confused. However, he had no choice but to run after Elvis as fast as possible.

Elvis calmed down a bit, as if he was looking for something. He answered Lucien fretfully, "It is said that there was a legendary peak in the Dark Mountain Range that could move around like a living being. People cannot tell the difference between it and the normal hills. As long as one enters the area, the person can never get out! There was only one way to tell... Creatures close the area would become crazy! No rules could be followed anymore!"

Lucien had never heard anything like this in the Congress. When he was about to ask, Elvis gave out a shrill cry! Countless huge vines burst out of the ground and tightened around him! Then many sharp, dark red thorns penetrated his skin!

Hurriedly, Lucien was about to cast Elemental Order to save Elvis. However, on the trunk of a huge tree beside them, two rows of big, black eyes suddenly opened!

Colorful rays shot out of those eyes, and they hit Lucien's protection wall directly.

The magic symbols and patterns on the wall instantly swelled and exploded, and the wall was gone within seconds!

In this strange area, Lucien totally ignored the fact that this was the horrible Scarlet Tree. He got hit by several magic rays with many negative effects that could paralyze, slow down or freeze people, or make them feel drowsy. Lucien really had no chance to activate his flame shield!

Feeling drowsy and dizzy, he started to lose his eyesight. In the last second, he used all his effort and activated his Holm Crown Ring, Element.

Colorful light spots appeared around Lucien and together formed a few extremely dangerous swirls, preventing other creatures or things from approaching Lucien.

This was not for attacking, but to defend!

Lucien hoped that Elemental Swirl could keep him safe. Then, in the next second, his mind sank into the boundless darkness.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 312: Shackled

The darkness was boundless and seemed everlasting.

Lucien was floating in this space. The certain power in his chest was shouting some words that he was not able to hear clearly. But the words were so powerful that the darkness almost started to surge, as if a storm was going to arrive.

Suddenly, dark green vines quickly rose from the ground beside Lucien's feet and tightened their grip around him within a couple of seconds. The dark red thorns on them were covered with dried human blood, and the dangerous sweet smell from it could paralyze people easily.

Lucien tried very hard. He tried to cast spells, but there was no spiritual power left in this strange space.

The thorns fiercely stabbed into Lucien's body and the unbearable pain made him cry out loud like Elvis. And, at the same time, his whole body felt frozen.

However, the great pain woke Lucien up. Rays of light that were too bright to look at came into space and pierced the darkness.

Lucien felt very dizzy. He squinted in the sudden bright sunlight. Very quickly, he recalled that he had been hit by the many magic rays from the scarlet tree. And he did not even have the time to activate his boots—Sidestep.

Subconsciously, Lucien cast Short Distance Teleportation to avoid the following attack from the tree.

It seemed that Elemental Swirl worked, so Lucien, fortunately, had had enough time to recover. But what about the vines in the darkness? Were they from Lucien's subconscious to make him wake up as soon as possible?

However, as soon as Lucien used the spell, he instantly realized that, just like what happened in his dream, his spiritual power had been drained by using Elemental Swirl. Therefore, he pressed his hands against the ground and dodged sideways.

As a level two knight, Lucien's life force became stronger. Thus, unlike what happened before, after using Elemental Swirl, Lucien was now still able to move relatively swiftly.

But after he rolled over, he noticed that there was nothing underneath him. When Lucien's eyes were more used to the light, he was shocked to find out the fact that he was in a small room painted white. There were no vines, no creepy trees, and no eyes!

Bang! Lucien fell onto the floor.

A knight's body was tough. Lucien did not feel much pain. He quickly looked around.

It was a small room. Except for a small wooden bed, there was only an open wood box here. And nothing was in it.

The room was not dirty, but it was so simple that Lucien wondered if he was in a cell. Maybe he did a space-time travel again?

Lucien lifted his hands and saw that they still looked the same. He touched his neck and felt the summoning mark was still there. Lucien finally believed that he was still Lucien Evans.

But that did not bring much relief to Lucien, because there was a black bracelet on each of his wrist. The black bracelets were shining with a creepy light. Furthermore, when Lucien touched his neck, he felt that there was also a collar on it.

What was even worse was that all his magic items were gone! Sun's Corona, Fire Weaver's Bracelet, Sidestep Boots, Transformation suit, Ogre Gloves... all gone!

There were tiny needles on the bracelets, piercing into Lucien's skin. The look on Lucien's face was very serious. He guessed that the bracelets should be used for confinement and the collar should be used to prevent him from using his spiritual power. No wonder Lucien felt that his spiritual power was drained even more compared to the time when he cast Elemental Swirl still as a junior-rank mage!

Being able to use neither his spiritual power nor his Blessing, Lucien tried to get access to his spirit library. However, it was blocked by some strange power.

Lucien wondered if his spirit library required his spiritual power to be accessed.

Lucien kept trying. He tried to use the mark on his neck to see if he could summon Rhine in his dream. Rhine had the title called the Observer, so he should be the one who could provide Lucien with the most useful information about the Dark Mountain Range!

However, he failed again. For a second, Lucien felt very helpless, just as when he first arrived in this world.

"But I've got a healthy body, a strengthened soul. I think and take actions way better than I used to. Calm down, Lucien. There's hope." Lucien comforted himself, "Try to gather more information about this place. So I can figure out the next step."

Lucien was quite experienced with all kinds of difficulties that he ran into since he arrived in this world. He never gave up easily, and he always tried to stay positive. He believed that his true treasure was not the magic items, instead, it should be his knowledge in his brain that no one could take away from him! For example, he knew well about the bracelet, the collar, and many magic circles!

Lucien tried to pull the iron gate, and, of course, it was locked. So he walked back to the bed and sat down, trying to see what he could do with the bracelets.

At this time, Lucien heard the sound from some tinkling keys.

Someone inserted the key into the keyhole. With a click, the iron door was slowly opened.

A young man whose face looked drunken walked in with a big chain of keys. His back was used to bending forward. But as soon as he saw Lucien in the cell, he stuck out his chest a bit and said to him in a bit arrogant way, "Since you've woken up, follow me to see the master."

He was wearing a black short robe and a long trouser. There was nothing on his wrists or neck.

"Master?" Lucien hurriedly asked? Before he saw the so-called "master", he needed to know what this place was for and why he was here.

"How dare you say the word 'Master'? You were saved by master only because there's a lack of experiment materials! Keep this in mind—you're just the most trashy experiment material in this magic tower!"

Lucien's heart missed a bit. The ending of being the material for some magic experiments was not really better than death.

However, Lucien was still alive. He still had hope!

"I was saved? Where is this place?" Lucien pretended that he did not understand.

The young servant looked a bit pissed, "I was born here! I don't want to waste my time on explaining to you what kind of place this is! What I can tell you is that those people who came here by mistake and never managed to leave called this place the Devil's Territory."

Lucien realized that he was really not a lucky guy. He slightly released a sigh.

After finding Elvis, the liaison, Lucien thought that his mission was almost done, as Elvis was very experienced in commuting between the campsite and the magic tower of the Nightmare King. However, the Devil's Territory got them!

"So... what happened to those people who never managed to leave? ... Where's my companion?" Lucien kept asking, following what the young servant said.

It seemed that what Lucien just asked amused the young servant, so he answered, "Your companion? He's already a dried body now! Those people either ended up feeding the beasts or becoming the experiment materials of master. Two... no, three... are still alive... Wait, bastard! Shut your mouth and follow me!"

It was the first time that the young servant saw someone like Lucien, who had endless questions in this horrible situation. When he realized what was going on here, the young servant suddenly looked worried and afraid.

Lucien did not want to push him too much. Wearing the bracelets and the collar, Lucien followed the young servant and walked upstairs in the magic tower.

On their way upstairs, Lucien stared at the back of the young servant, making the evaluation that whether this young man was strong and trained from the way the servant walked, and whether he could break the servant's neck or knock him out.

When they were on the fifth floor, Lucien stopped evaluating and started to recall the material he once read in the library of the Congress— a book called About the Human Body Experiments Conducted by Ancient Sorcerers.

They came in front of a black door drawn with mysterious patterns. The young servant gently knocked at the door and said, "Master, the material that you picked back has woken up. He's here."

"Bring it in," said an old, female voice.

Lucien was not surprised with the fact that the sorcerer was female. Both male and female ancient sorcerers were equally dangerous.

The black door opened automatically. Lucien saw the entire lab. It was similar to the lab left by Maskelyne. Lucien saw the gray liquid called Aether flowing in the tubes, the complicated structure of tubes and pipes covering the whole lab, the many pale human hands hanging up there, as well as the dissecting table, the platform for alchemical experiment usage, and lots of weird-shaped lab devices and containers.

An old woman in a red magic robe whose back was badly crooked forward stopped her dissecting work and turned around to look at Lucien.

Her hair was basically all white. And her skin was sagging like a loose bag. She looked beyond ugly and horrifying.

After staring at Lucien with her cloudy green eyes for a while, she slightly nodded. And her old voice sounded a bit crazy: "Electric shock first."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 313: Trying

The old woman's green eyes burst out with weird light, and Lucien instantly lost consciousness.

When he recovered, he realized that he was lying on a silver platform, like a patient waiting for his surgery or a body waiting to be cut open.

With several clicks, Lucien's wrists, ankles and neck were tied tight to the platform by the silver-gray shackles. Fine needles penetrated his skin, bringing him the indescribable prick and the feeling of numbness.

Lucien did not panic. Instead, he calmly told himself that the old ancient sorcerer was at least of senior-rank. Although his spiritual power had been restrained, as a fourth-circle sorcerer, Lucien would not have been mentally controlled so easily unless the old sorcerer's power way surpassed that of his level.

The two thin tubes like two black tentacles reached out and attached to both sides of Lucien's temple, as if they were alive.

From the magic circles and the magic materials used here, Lucien guessed that the old woman would record the change of his soul by striking him with electricity, therefore, Lucien hurriedly said to the ancient sorcerer, "Lady, are you doing the experiment observing one's change of soul under electric shock? I can be way more useful as your assistant rather than lying here."

Hearing that, the old woman giggled in a creepy way like an owl, "In fact, you're way more useful being my experimental subject. Finding a middle-rank sorcerer isn't easy. Your mutant soul can provide me with precious information for improving my rite."

Seeing that Lucien still wanted to say something, the old woman said a weird word, and then Lucien found it that he could not make any sound, although his mouth was open.

"Little thing... Language is the most useless weapon. My decision can't be changed. The only rule here is my rule." The ancient sorcerer became a bit crazy, "I've read the letter you carried. But the two legendary sorcerers have nothing to do with me. They can't find this place! They can't threaten me! I can't even leave this bloody place. I need to finish my experiment as soon as possible to be more powerful, or I would never get out of this place..."

Lucien tried hard, but he could not pronounce a single word except for the harsh noise in his throat.

Knowing that this was not helping the situation, Lucien thought to himself seriously. The old woman's words were confusing, and she seemed crazy. Communication would not work, unless Lucien could find something that she really wanted.

From her words, it seemed that she was also a sorcerer imprisoned in the Devil's Territory. Maybe she was the third survivor mentioned by the young servant. She probably had been here for a very long time... No wonder she was crazy like this.

But what did she want? Lucien knew basically nothing about this place.

The old woman lifted her magic staff that looked like a black snake and pointed it at Lucien. Then, instantly, tiny and fine silver-colored electric snakes showed up on the shackles and swiftly entered into Lucien's body.

Lucien first felt the burning pain in his wrist and ankles, and then the numbness put Lucien through the great pain.

He wished that the old woman could directly push the electricity to the highest limit, so he could directly pass out.

But, of course, the old female sorcerer would not let it happen!

The electric current slowly became more powerful. The fine little snakes joined together into a whip, lashing Lucien's body and soul.

Lucien had zero strength. What he had was only faith. His soul started to swell under the stimulation of the power, as if all of his potential had been discovered. The pain was becoming more and more intolerable.

In half-dream, Lucien heard the old woman's voice, "A minute and twenty three seconds... His soul started to change."

"Four minute and ten seconds... He's still hanging in there. There's something... supporting his soul and brain."

"Can faith influence one's soul in the opposite way? Most people say that faith can only contribute to the willpower of a knight."

"Willpower's also from human body, so maybe willpower and soul are somehow connected..."

"Maybe... essentially, all the extraordinary powers are the same. Thanos, Sun King, and the many legendary sorcerers have been trying to see the essence of power. The world is complicated, but also simple. Maybe there is one thing in this world that can form everything."

The old woman sort of forgot her original purpose of conducting the experiment. Her observation went sideways.

After a long time, when Lucien thought that he was going to be trapped in the electricity jail forever, he felt less numb, but soon the bad pain and the feeling of weakness seized him.

"Very good. You're even better as an experiment material than I thought," commented the old woman, which was definitely not something that Lucien would like to hear.

Then, she stared at Lucien carefully with the creepy smile, "When your soul recovers, we can do the following experiment. As long as you can survive, probably you can learn a lot from this."

Lucien realized that he was able to talk now, so he said to the old sorcerer carefully, "Lady, with regards to the researches on human body and soul, I have some pretty valuable information and many new magic spells. I might be able to help you."

"Hmm... A boy is trying to teach me..." the old woman's voice sounded vicious, and she walked back and forth with her walking stick, "You know senior-rank spells? You know how they work?"

"I don't. But I'm from the Congress, where there are lots of legendary sorcerers, archmages, and senior-rank sorcerers. They have done countless researches on studying human body and soul. I can find all the information in the library." Lucien felt that he was slowly recovering from the pain and numbness.

The old woman grinned, but her teeth were almost all gone. Her eyes looked crazy, "So what? You cannot get the high-level information... Can you bring my youth back? Can you help me get out of this place?"

Her mood had gone a bit crazy, so she let the young servant take Lucien back to the cell.

Lucien knew that he could not talk to her when she was crazy. He hoped that she would change her mind later when she calmed down a bit.

He first tried to make sure that he would not be the old woman's experiment subject next time.

...

When leaving the lab, Lucien was still being disturbed by the sequela of electric shock, so he walked very slow, but the young servant did not care, walking quite ahead of him.

Lucien was surprised to find out that the electric shock seemed to have helped with improving the power of his soul, as if he had been taking potions for a month.

He took a deep breath and carefully felt the power in his soul. He realized that the electric shock had stimulated the potential of his soul, which meant that this method could not be applied to magic apprentices or junior-rank mages who did not have a soul strong enough.

When Lucien came back from analyzing his soul, he saw another young servant bringing a tall man out of the cell next to him. The man had blond hair and blue eyes. He was quite good-looking, and the way he walked was very determined.

Lucien guessed that the man was another survivor being used as the old woman's experiment material. But he was not sure, since there were people born here in the Devil's territory, such as the young servant beside him.

Lucien and the man quickly exchanged a look, but neither of them said anything.

...

Click. The iron door was locked from the other side again. Lucien lay in the bed for more than half an hour until he felt a bit better.

Then, he raised his hands and carefully observed the patterns on the shackles, which usually had lots of connections to the magic circles inside.

Lucien knew most of the magic circles for blocking the power of Blessing, and he also had analyzed some. However, when making magic items, almost all the sorcerers would add more magic circles in addition to the core circle for different purposes, such as offering extra support, punishment or sending messages. Therefore, Lucien had to figure out the additional part of the magic circles in order to know the complete inner structure of the shackles, and then open them.

Although the hope was rather dim, especially when Lucien's spiritual power and Blessing had been disabled, he would not give up. He still had his memory, knowledge, as well as his calculation ability.

So, after an hour or so, Lucien had already had some basic ideas with the structure of the shackles. However, for the next step, Lucien had to activate the power of the shackles, so he could be able to see the movement of the magic runes inside!

Lucien was very concerned because he was not sure whether this pair of shackle, when sensing the resistance or the tendency of breaking it from the prisoner, would punish him or directly send the information to the guard.

The second situation was the last thing that Lucien hoped to happen, which might bring Lucien very horrible consequences.

After a second thought, Lucien decided to try. Based on how much the old woman seemed to need her experiment materials, Lucien believed that she would not directly kill or severely injure her prisoners with the shackles.

Making up his mind, Lucien put his right hand on the black shackle around his left hand.

Although Lucien was quite confident with his reasoning, he still had fear in his mind. A crazy sorcerer's behavior was just unpredictable.

Lucien tried to lift the shackle up and pull the fine needles out to awaken his Moonlight Blessing power.

Dark light burst out of the shackle and electric currents went directly into Lucien's body and numbed him again. The pain was hard to describe. At the same time, the weird power from the shackle had dispelled Lucien's Blessing.

When the light disappeared, Lucien closed his eyes out of the torturing pain. Then, he saw the magic runes, patterns and symbols in the darkness in front of his eyes.

Lucien was surprised to find out that the consequence of trying to break the shackles was only physical punishment, and no messages were sent out to the guards. The only problem was that the time given to Lucien was too short and so he only managed to remember a few runes and patterns.

Taking a deep breath, Lucien waited until he felt a bit better. Then, he tried to lift the shackle again...

After many times of trying, Lucien's face had become contorted from the great pain. He bit his lips so hard that they were now bleeding.

Lucien forgot how many times he had tried. Finally, there was a smile on his face—He had got the complete structure of the shackles in his brain!

"Knowledge is power..." Lucien sighed.

At this time, someone knocked at the wall on the left side of Lucien's cell.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 314: The Adventurers

Feeling still numb, Lucien looked at the wall on the left side in a confused way. His brain was working way slower than usual from the electric shock. After a few seconds, Lucien finally realized what was going on. He walked to the wall and asked in a low voice:

"Who is it?"

"Your neighbor, Adam. We've just met, buddy," answered a man.

Then, a brick in the wall was removed. The man on the other side pulled the brick out.

Lucien saw a pair of dark blue eyes through the hole in the wall.

"No magic circles on the wall?" Lucien was quite surprised and he lifted his left eyebrow slightly, like Natasha usually did.

In this senior-rank mage's magic tower, Lucien could not believe that the bricks and walls were not protected by any magic circles to prevent them from being easily destroyed!

The blue eyes were smiling, and the man answered, "Because this is the Devil's Territory! Although there are quite a few ore resources and assorted magic creatures, the resources for building up a magic tower are still very hard to obtain. The fact that the old woman has built a magic tower here shows that she's very powerful and wealthy. So, except for the exterior and the core of the tower, nothing is protected by special spells. By the way, buddy, what's your name?"

Adam seemed to be very talkative. Maybe he had not found anyone to talk to for too long.

"Mr. Adam, you can call me Lucien." Lucien was used to being polite, "How did you remove this brick?"

Adam blinked at Lucien through the hole in the wall, "You've really got some good manners, man. Are you a sorcerer or a knight? What is your rank?"

"Sorcerer. Middle-rank."

Adam grinned, "Come on, man. We are both in the same bloody situation, so just call me Adam. I'm a grand knight. Dark Blessing."

He reached out his right hand and his long nails were as sharp as knives, "I used my nails. These shackles can suppress my Blessing power, but it cannot change my physical strength."

Lucien took a glance at his neat nails and joked, "If there were only ordinary guards here, we could use your nails to break out of prison. Adam, do you know anything about this place? And what this old woman is working on? I passed out in the mountains. When I woke up, I was here..."

Adam's voice now sounded more serious, "Buddy, knowing a bit more about this place doesn't really help... at least for me... I know that in the area covered by the magic tower, there are two cities and some villages. People who live in there should be the descendants of the human beings trapped in the Devil's Territory. It was said that once a whole village next to the Dark Mountain Range was devoured by this place."

Then, Adam added, "On the margin of this area, there is a big forest of huge trees. It's a very dangerous area where there are lots of scarlet trees, killing vines, three-arm trolls, feather snakes, stone lizards and many other horrible creatures. I was there when I first stepped into the Devil's Territory. I almost died there. I'm not sure what is outside of the forest. But, according to the law that the further it is from the Devil's Territory, the more powerful the creatures are, I'm afraid there will be chimeras, soul catchers, sphinxes or dragons..."

Adam's voice became deeper and deeper, "There is an ancient remain underneath the magic tower, and it seems to be related to the secret of this place. The old woman has been working on it for a long time to get out of this place. But she kept failing and she believes that it is because she's not powerful enough as a senior-rank mage, so most of her experiments are about improving her

power using limited resources. An experiment accident has contaminated her body and soul, so she can't make herself look young anymore, and she's losing her life force very quickly. She's still trying to solve this..."

Lucien asked concernedly, "Has she already found a way out? Maybe we're her solution..."

Adam's voice was full of fear, "Her soul has been damaged. She tried several bodies of the young girls she caught but it never lasted for more than a minute. She believes that the major problem lies in her soul, so what she is trying to do is to see the possibility of cutting her soul into parts and only keeping the parts that are not contaminated. She will then raise the parts that are clean, so they can grow and become her new soul."

Lucien was a bit shocked, "Then, which part will be in charge? Which part will be the old woman?"

As far as what Lucien knew, so far, no one ever succeeded with those experiments trying to divide one's soul. And this was different from how those people save part of their soul or a finger in a life box in a Lich Convert rite since the parts were still connected to the major piece of the soul and body.

No matter how far they were from each other, only when the major part died, the small piece of soul in the life box could come back to life. There was no conflict in philosophy or cognition. If the process of the small piece of one's soul coming back to life was disturbed by some certain power, the revived soul would also be injured.

Adam slightly shook his head, "Who knows. All of her experiment subjects died. And their souls were completely destroyed."

Adam pointed to the wall behind Lucien and said, "The guy in that cell is going to be her experiment subject tonight. If he fails, he would die. If he did it, he probably would also die but hopefully, we could be set free."

"If the experiment works..." Lucien murmured. He knew what it meant—it was a path to being immortal.

The currently available rites could extend one's lifespan, but one's soul would still age. Even if one could successfully separate the part of his or her soul that had not aged from the whole, the influence could not be removed. Therefore, the sorcerer who lived the longest recorded by the Congress was a legendary archmage at the age of six thousand four hundred and forty-nine. Other either died before this age or somehow went missing.

Adam lowered his voice, "Man, I gotta remind you. Be prepared."

"What?" Lucien looked at Adam's blue eyes.

"The old woman has been seeking for a powerful soul like yours. You're gonna be her main experiment subject for sure. But before she conducts the experiment on you, she's gonna improve the power of your soul as much as possible. This is dangerous, but this is also a chance."

Lucien took a deep breath and slightly nodded, "I will. Adam, can you tell me how much you know about the inner structure of this tower? Say... where's the energy core?"

"Sure. Anytime." Adam was very straightforward.

After their conversation was over, Adam put the brick back in the wall.

Lucien walked back to the bed and sat down. He knew what Adam was planning: Adam wanted Lucien to find the way to escape, so he could follow him. On the other hand, Lucien was totally fine with it. Also, he got some pretty useful information from him.

The servant sent him dinner. Lucien grabbed something to eat and went to sleep. He had to recover his physical strength as much as possible. And the next step would be getting rid of the shackles.

...

At midnight, the iron door suddenly opened. The young servant said to Lucien coldly, "Master asked me to bring you to the moonlight outside. Good for the recovery of your soul and body."

Lucien now felt that he was totally a prisoner. However, for sure, he would not reject a chance to go outside. So, he followed the young servant to the patio on this floor.

The silver moon was up in the sky, covering everything with a thin layer of white light.

Every single cell in Lucien's body was craving for the moonlight. The moonlight greatly cured Lucien's injuries.

"Hey, buddy." It was Adam's voice.

Lucien turned around, "Also here for the moonlight?"

"Yup. I was part of the experiment earlier this afternoon as well." Adam grinned. Then, he lowered his voice and said, "He didn't make it."

"What a pity..." nodded Lucien.

The patio was not very high above the ground, but the old woman was confident that they could never escape with their power restrained. Lucien and Adam decided to take a break here and chatted randomly.

At this time, the small hill in front of them suddenly burst out bright light, making the area look like it did during daytime.

Lucien saw that two males and two females ran out of the hill. Quickly, they came rushing to the magic tower. It seemed that they just stepped on some magic traps.

"Wow, cool. Two level two knights, a level one knight, and a second circle sorcerer." Adam was a little excited when looking at the people down there working hard on killing the skeleton guards.

Lucien was very confused, "What is going on here?"

"The old woman, except for studying and doing magic experiments, is very lazy. In order to have endless experiment materials, she's been leaving magic books and ways of awakening Blessing power in the nearby villages and hid the magic tower to let them grow. At the same time, she spreads the words that anyone who could find the hidden magic tower and kill the vicious witch here could gain everything, including great power and wealth. So, those experiment materials just come to her automatically."

Chapter 315: The Date of the Experiments

Chapter 315: The Date of the Experiments

The light of spells being cast and the sound of metal colliding slowly disappeared. The four brave adventurers had finished all the skeleton guards and unlocked the seal on the gate. Now, they had made it inside the magic tower.

In the darkness, the magic tower was like a monster waiting for its prey. The gate was its mouth, opening wide. After devouring the adventurers, everything went back to normal and quieted down.

On the patio, as the seal was removed, Lucien sensed the rotten leaves and soil smell in the air. He said out of sympathy, "They must have worked hard to become knights or sorcerers, especially in this kind of remote place. Unfortunately, they have been all lured by the power and wealth in the tower. When they stepped on the trap, they did not choose to retreat, but to force their way into the tower. This isn't usually how we sorcerers do things. When the magic tower is sealed and one cannot detect what is in there, a sorcerer would use familiars or other ways to make sure they know well enough about the target place."

Therefore, Lucien had no plan for helping the adventurers and then escaping this place with them. Under the monitoring of a senior-rank mage, it was better for Lucien to do nothing. Trying hard did not mean trying in a stupid way.

"Desire gives people drive and power, but it also blinds people's eyes and heart..." said Adam like a philosopher. Then he smiled, "So, as a sorcerer, Lucien, take a guess as to what floor they could make it to?"

Lucien looked back and took a glance at the two young servants who seemed to be quite relaxed, "I think we'll meet them pretty soon."

And then Lucien turned around and said, "I wish they could make it to this floor. So we could probably be free."

Lucien did not mind the fact that the two young servants could hear him. The servants stared at him angrily, but they did not do anything to Lucien. After all, it was super normal as a prisoner's wish.

"Having more experiment materials is a good thing for us. We're middle-rank materials, so we'll be used in a more cautious and safer way. Although this place's quite resourceful, most people do not have the power to get the resources. And also the witch did not provide the villagers with all the necessary knowledge, so all the adventurers coming here are only of junior-rank." Adam grinned as if he just made a joke.

As their conversation went further, the young servant scolded them, "Shut up. The time's over. Get back to the cell!"

Lucien and Adam exchanged a look with a smile on their faces, and then they did as the young servant asked.

...

When they were in front of the cell, Lucien was a bit surprised to see that the four adventurers had been captured and sent here under guard.

Only within a few minutes, the adventurers all failed. Lucien threw Adam a quick wink telling Adam that he was right.

The four adventurers were all pretty good-looking. Both of the two blond men were wearing silvery-white armors. One was of middle-age, and the other was younger. Their armors made clashing sounds while they were walking. The two ladies were also blond. One was wearing a tight armor made of black scales and the other was wearing a loose, red magic robe.

Carina was walking with great fear in her heart. She could not stay focused anymore as a caster. She thought that her team could at least manage to escape even if they failed to kill the vicious witch under the guidance of the notes left by other adventurers. However, they did not even have the chance to see the witch. They were caught by the flesh-golem knights in the tower right away.

Now she saw the power difference between the witch and themselves. She doubted herself and this whole team. At the same time, she felt rather desperate with finding other ways to get out of this place.

With all these thoughts, Carina was sent to the cell under guard.

At this time, she heard someone laughed and then sighed, "Man, you do know sorcerers way better than I do."

Carina wondered who was it. Then she saw four men walking in this direction. Two of them were obviously servants in the tower, while the other two were wearing simple linen clothes.

The man who was talking was tall and had blond hair. At a glance, he looked even more like a knight than Alva and Bullard. And the black-haired young man who was listening to him was very elegant, although he was wearing the simple linen clothes.

Carina wondered if the black-haired young man was the witch's toy-boy. The vicious legend of the witch had been added by people with all kinds of weird, creepy or raunchy stories. Carina hated the witch but also had to admit that the witch's life was sort of nice.

Then, she suddenly realized that the black-haired young man was wearing the shackles and even a collar. Carina then wondered if they were other adventurers who had been caught and imprisoned here. Carina's partners, Ophelia, Alva, and Bullard all looked a bit confused.

However, the fact that they were not yet the witch's prisoners made them very nervous and feeling lost. Under the watch of the servants and the flesh-golems, they didn't dare to talk directly to Lucien and Adam. Just like how Lucien and Adam first met each other, they just exchanged a look and then they were sent to their separated cells.

Carina's cell was right beside Lucien's, on the right.

When Lucien walked past the cell, he saw the flesh-golem knight take out the shackles and collars to make the new prisoners wear them. So he walked a bit slower and carefully watched how the shackles and collars worked, in order to have a better understanding of the collar and to make sure his analysis of the shackles was correct.

As soon as she put on the collar, Carina felt that her spiritual power was suddenly drained.

She realized that the collar was for preventing one from casting spells. So, that being said... The black-haired young man was probably also a sorcerer.

She looked out the door and happened to meet Lucien's gaze.

As if he understood what she was thinking, the black-haired young sorcerer slightly nodded toward her. And then he walked faster, following the servant.

Carina wondered who he was. She tried to recall all the sorcerers who went missing, but she could not connect with this young, good-looking man to any sorcerers that she once heard about.

In this remote place, knights and sorcerers were powerful people standing high above the average people. They were important members of the Adventurers' Union. However, most of them went missing in the end somehow. Therefore, to get rid of this destiny was also another reason why Carina and her partners came here.

When she was thinking, Carina realized that the flesh-golem was pulling her magic robe. She was very scared, but failed to cast any spells. Carina hurriedly punched at the golem, but the golem did not care at all. It took off Carina's robe very easily.

Carina had never thought of this before. She screamed and retreated into the corner.

However, the golem did not do anything else to her. It threw her a set of linen clothes, and then took away her magic staff, robe, and necklace.

The golem left the cell and locked the door from outside.

Carina felt lucky that the golem did not have its own will, and the owner of the tower was a witch.

...

In the following period of time, Carina, Alva and the rest of the team were all sent to the lab one by one. When they came back, they had great fear on their pale faces. Obviously, they had realized what an experiment subject had to go through.

Lucien experienced another set of electric shock. According to the witch's words, she was working on awakening the potential of Lucien's soul power.

That night, all the prisoners were sent to the patio to bath in the moonlight. For the first time, they finally met each other.

The four adventurers stood in a circle, talking about their horrible experiences in low voices. The servants were just guarding beside the door. They did not care what the adventurers were talking about.

On the other side, Lucien and Adam were also talking to exchange some information.

"Adam, have you ever noticed that the witch didn't conduct any experiments at the end of last month and the beginning of this month? Or say, she never conducted any researches that require a living person..." asked Lucien thoughtfully.

Adam grinned, "That's right, man. Good for you. I've been kept here for a very long time. Even when she had enough experiment materials, for the first two days and the last three days of each month, the old woman never brought anyone to her lab. So my guess is..."

Adam stopped here but pointed downwards at the ground.

Lucien slightly nodded. He understood what Adam was saying. When the silver moon was dim, the witch was probably trying to break the seal of the underground remains, which would be the greatest chance for them to escape from the place.

At this time, Carina and her team walked toward Lucien and Adam, hoping to get some information from them.

"Hi, I'm Carina, a sorcerer," greeted Carina in a low voice. She was still feeling a bit scared with the servants.

Adam would love to meet some more helpers, so he smiled and nodded, "Adam."

"Adam?! The Dark Lord?" Ophelia, Alva, Carina, and Bullard were all very surprised when hearing the name.

Adam rubbed his hair a bit and put on an a slightly sad smile, "I didn't expect people from outside would still remember me."

None of them expected that this humorous and easygoing knight was the man in the legend. He was the only level-five grand knight that this area ever produced!

Seeing that Lucien was a bit confused, Adam shrugged, "After I left the bloody forest, I had some pretty good time outside, until I was caught by the witch."

Carina's eyes opened wide. Adam, the level-five grand knight, was imprisoned by the witch for so many years! The power of the witch was beyond their imagination.

They suddenly felt that their adventure was just a joke.

Trying hard to calm down, Carina looked at Lucien. Compared to the grand knight, she was more curious about the young sorcerer.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 316: Building the Image

Carina tried hard to put a smile on her face and then asked, "What about you, sir?"

She was born in a relatively big family, so Carina was often very confident and proud. However, in front of Adam, the most well-known knight in this area, Carina felt nervous. In her eyes, the young sorcerer who stood beside Adam was probably also a very powerful person.

Lucien slightly shook his head and smiled, "I'm a nobody. I was caught only a day earlier than you guys. You can call me Lucien."

"A day earlier? Are you from somewhere else?" asked Ophelia surprisedly. The rest of the team also looked quite surprised.

The way they looked at Lucien made him feel that he was a rare animal in the zoo, being watched and observed by human beings outside of the cage. He grinned and said, "Haven't you ever seen an outsider? I think most people here are the descendants of the outsiders."

Carina realized that they were directly staring at this young sorcerer. Her face flushed, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lucien, we have never seen any outsiders. Although like you just said, we're descendants of the outsiders, we are trapped in this isolated area and we rarely see people from outside."

Adam grinned, "In fact, there are outsiders coming to this place all the time. But some of them chose to directly integrate into the local people, while most of them soon lose their lives in the forests. Some were like Lucien. As soon as he stepped into this area, he directly became the old woman's target."

"The old woman..." the four of them all gasped at the same time. They wondered how dare Adam directly call the owner of this place as old woman.

Adam saw their reaction and shrugged, "It's okay. She doesn't care. She only cares about her experiments and her face. Not even those servants care."

Noticing that Adam just took a glance at them, the red-faced servant stared at Adam, "One more word about this... I'll lash you with my thickest whip!"

The servants dared not to report this to the witch. Many years ago, a servant tried to show his loyalty to the witch, so he told the witch that all the experiment materials were calling her "the old witch" behind her back. In the end, the witch killed all the people who said the three words, including that servant.

Carina saw the servants' reaction, so she felt a bit more relaxed, "I see... So, Mr. Adam, you were an outsider. No wonder when you first showed up, you were already a grand knight. I guess you're not alone here... Those people should also come from the outside world..."

Out of curiosity, the young knight, Bullard, asked, "Mr. Adam, Mr. Lucien, what is the outside world like? Are those poems and stories true? They say that the outside world is a great place, and there are many powerful sorcerers and knights."

Adam pointed at Lucien, who looked a bit lost in his own thoughts, "I've been imprisoned here for too many years. Lucien shall be the one answering your questions."

The servants also stopped talking and looked at Lucien, as they were just as curious about the outside world.

Lucien found something worthy of attention from Carina's words. Realizing that they were all looking at him, he answered, "The outside world... is much, much bigger. It has horrible dark forests, jade-like lakes, lofty mountains, boundless plains, busy and prosperous cities, as well as a city in the sky..."

Although Lucien's description was very rough, his words still seized all of his listeners' heart, especially when Lucien was talking about the city in the sky and the magic train. They longed for the place that Lucien was describing.

"The world's so wonderful... I've never heard of something like this... a city in the sky." Carina murmured as she looked at the silver moon. Then she asked out of great passion, "Mr. Lucien, how big is the Congress?"

Lucien looked up at the rest of the floors of the magic tower above and said calmly, "A magic tower like this is everywhere in the Congress..."

Hearing that, even Adam was shocked. He could never imagine that there was a place in this world where senior-rank mages like the old witch could be seen anywhere.

"I'm only talking about the truth. At least, it's the truth for me." Lucien grinned. "But to live a really good life there, you have to win the Holm Crown Ring and the recognition from an organization or group, say, the Will of Elements. In the Congress, only powerful people have the right to talk. And there are lots of sorcerers who are a hundred, or even a thousand times more powerful than the old witch."

There was more respect in Carina's eyes when she looked at Lucien, the same as everyone else.

Lucien's purpose had been achieved. He was not an arrogant guy, but right now he decided to talk in this bragging manner to make the prisoners believe that he was the leader that they could follow. He continued, "I'm on my mission to send a letter to an important person. Before long, the Congress will send someone here to save me, a legendary sorcerer. In front of a legendary sorcerer, the old witch would only be like an ant..."

Hearing that, the servants all looked a bit concerned. The crazy old witch did not care, because she was insane. However, they did.

Lucien stopped at this point, leaving them with their own imagination. He believed that the image of himself that he wished to build in their mind was already there.

"Legendary sorcerer...? How powerful is a legendary sorcerer?" Carina could not help but ask.

Adam answered this question for Lucien, "A legendary sorcerer can easily destroy this magic tower, the nearby cities and villages, and even this whole Black Forest."

This was just Adam's guess, but his answer still shocked the adventurers and the servants.

After a while of silence, Carina looked at Lucien with great passion, "So... Mr. Lucien? What level are you of, as a sorcerer? What about the old witch? What do you do in the Congress?"

Lucien released a sigh and replied, "You don't have to call me a mister. We're all prisoners here. In the Congress, I'm one of the many middle-rank mages, and I still have a long way to go to reach the higher level. The old witch... should be about the seventh or eighth circle."

Telling them that he was a middle-rank sorcerer was enough. Lucien did not mean to reveal more of his information to them.

"I knew it! You're a middle-rank mage!" Carina was very surprised. In this remote place, middle-rank sorcerers were very rare. Becoming a middle-rank sorcerer was even harder than becoming a grand knight. Carina, as a sorcerer, admired Lucien a lot just like how Alva, Bullard, and Ophelia admired Adam, the grand knight.

However, the other adventurers looked very concerned, "The old witch is of... the seventh or eighth circle?"

In their eyes, Carina, a second-circle sorcerer, was already quite powerful. They could not imagine what a senior-rank sorcerer could do. They wondered why she stayed in the magic tower instead of choosing to rule the whole territory?

Adam knew what they were thinking, so he said, "Ruling isn't the old woman's thing. She's only crazy about magic and her experiments. All the rumors and stories about this magic tower were all spread by her."

Hearing that, the adventurers all felt very desperate, including Carina, who was still feeling very excited a second ago.

"So we are... her lambs now," murmured Ophelia hopelessly.

Lucien directly asked, "Since when did the stories about the magic tower start to emerge? Since when did those sorcerers and knights start to go missing?"

"About five hundred years ago." Carina was not very confident.

Lucien nodded and thought to himself. It seemed that the old witch was trapped in the Devil's territory before the Congress of Magic was established, so she probably knew nothing about arcana. If Lucien could somehow become her assistant, and seize a chance to show her some "wonderful" experiments, maybe her brain would directly explode. However, since the old witch was quite insane, Lucien did not think that she would allow him to be her assistant. Therefore, he still had to find other ways around.

The most important thing for Lucien to do now was to get rid of the collar and the shackles. In order to do so, and without the help of his spiritual power and Blessing, Lucien had to find the place in the magic tower where the anti-magic circle was in, to make the collar and the shackles lose effect. However, so far, Lucien had no idea where this place in the tower was.

A while later, through talking, the adventurers slowly calmed down a little. In their eyes, Lucien could be their hope.

...

Two days later, when Lucien was still digging in the wall using his nails, the old witch unusually sent her servant to bring Lucien back to the lab.

On his way to the lab, Lucien carefully remembered the locations of the flesh-golems who were guarding the important parts of the tower with sharp axes and swords in their hands.

The lab's door opened. Lucien saw that Ophelia was tied to the operation table. And the old witch was casting some weird spells with a black mirror in her hand, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all?"

Lucien was very confused.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 317: Taking Action

The mirror was black, and there was nothing in it. However, the voice from the mirror said to the witch in a flattering way, "Eudora, you've always been the most beautiful woman in the world."

Feeling satisfied, the old witch put down the mirror, "Good, very good, Trius. You're the most honest mirror in this world, not like those I've destroyed before... They were all liars."

The mirror started to sing joyfully, "Ah... Eudora's hair is as glossy and shiny as the sun; her eyes are as green as the jade-like lake; Her red lips were like rose petals...."

The old witch's voice was also damaged by the curse and sounded very harsh, "Good boy, Trius. After we leave this bloody place, I'll decorate you with all the most precious gems you like."

Laughing hard, the witch put down the mirror and turned to Lucien. Then, she started to scream. Her voice was so sharp that it even gave Lucien a headache. Lucien took a few steps backward due to the dizziness.

"Close your eyes! Close your bloody eyes!" screamed the witch.

Lucien had no idea what was going on here. But he knew that he had better follow the witch's command. He heard the witch walking back and forth and cursed, "Are you bloody blind? You damned blind bastard! In your eyes, I look so ugly... I'm gonna cut out your..."

Lucien did not let the witch finish her words, "Ms. Eudora, you were looking for me, right?"

Lucien would not give the witch the chance of making up her mind to cut out his eyes! Dealing with a lunatic could be very dangerous!

Eudora was distracted by Lucien's question, "... I need your blood... to mix with the blood of the girl."

Lucien was a bit relieved, feeling lucky that the witch could still calm down a bit when talking about her experiments. Then, he asked a bit confusedly, "She's a level two knight, and her Blessing is no inferior to mine. Why do you want to mix our blood together?"

Simply mixing two kinds of blood together was not like giving birth to a baby, so the baby that inherited two top Blessings could have some even greater power, such as what Natasha's family did.

Talking about the specific experiment, Eudora became passionate, "When you passed out, I got some of your blood. It turns out that your Moonlight Blessing is more powerful than it should be at your level, and it seems that this improvement comes from the power of a senior-rank vampire. The power can also help overcome the rejection reaction when two Blessings are mixed. Hopefully, this level two knight can get your lovely self-healing power, so she would have this honor to be my new body!"

The level two knight, Ophelia, who was right now tied to the dissecting table, felt beyond desperate. All her tears had been drained.

Although Lucien totally understood Ophelia's feeling, right now there was nothing really he could do for her. So he could only walk submissively to the other dissecting table and lay down.

The metal shackles kept Lucien in place on the table, and then a thick needle like a venomous snake's fang stuck into Lucien's skin. The sharp pain seized Lucien's nerves instantly, and then the needle started to draw his blood. The blood went directly into the body of Ophelia drop by drop through the tube.

Her body was entangled with many thin tubes like tentacles. The blood that went into her body had been mixed with assorted gem powders and magic plant powders.

Ophelia's lifeless eyes now had great pain in them. The blue veins in her neck stood out like they were going to explode at any time.

The old witch pointed at Ophelia with her black, snake-like staff, and the magic circles underneath Ophelia's body started to shine in six different colors: blue, gold, silvery-white, dark green, black and red. The two types of blood started to blend.

The pain and suffering were intolerable to Ophelia. She wished that she could die right now.

When the six kinds of colors started to join together into a weird hexagram, Ophelia's bulgy veins suddenly sucked in and her skin was covered with a layer of silver moonlight.

"Is it working?" The old witch's voice sounded very excited.

However, at this time, the veins in Ophelia's body exploded. Her blood spread everywhere, like a blood rain.

The last second before Ophelia was gone, there was a peaceful smile on her face. Finally, she did not have to suffer anymore.

Lucien was shocked, and he could never forget this moment. He saw a living life being tortured to death because of a person's greed and desire.

Lucien finally realized that it was an irresistible trend that most of the ancient sorcerers had been washed away by the progress of the time. He had to admit that he once sympathized with the ancient sorcerers, but now he understood why the ancient magic empire completely collapsed within such a short period of time. Those ancient sorcerers who refused to follow the path of arcana but stuck to conducting this kind of cruel experiments should be erased by history, as they did not deserve to be saved.

"No!" The old witch screamed. She hurriedly rushed to a magic circle placed with lots of gems and led great energy from the tower to the magic circle.

The magic circle started to burst out milk-white light, as pure as life.

At the same time, the last magic circle under Ophelia's body was also activated. However, it was pure black.

Gradually, the milk-white light was infused into the black.

Lucien believed that it was a great chance for him to kill the old witch. He tried his best to get rid of the shackles, however, unfortunately, he failed, despite the fact that both of his wrists were now bleeding from his attempt.

When the light slowly disappeared, all the wounds on Ophelia's body had already healed. Her veins had all recovered from the power. Now, her skin had this healthy glow.

Ophelia started to cast the spell to free herself from the table. Jumping down from the table swiftly like a young deer, she hurriedly picked up the mirror and asked, "Mirror, mirror, tell me now—who in this land is fairest of all?"

"It's you, Eudora!" The mirror answered directly. It was not completely black anymore, instead, this time, the mirror showed the witch Ophelia's beautiful face.

Touching her blond hair, the old witch was very satisfied with her new look.

Lucien felt it very creepy when he heard the conversation again.

The witch could not lay the mirror down, as she was so obsessed with her new look—the blond hair, the nice-curved eyebrows, the straight and delicate nose, the fair skin and red lips... Her heart was filled with ecstasy.

However, all of a sudden, her skin lost the gloss and her green eyes quickly became cloudy. Wrinkles soon covered her entire face.

Within a minute, the old witch had returned to her original look. Her straight back bent forward again.

The witch's bitter scream broke the glass tubes in the lab one by one, and there was even a crack in the magic mirror.

Lucien's head buzzed again. He felt that the witch's scream was like the real Banshee's howling.

After a long time, the old witch finally calmed down. She looked at Lucien in a very cold way, as if she was planning on something. Then, she removed the shackles on Lucien and let the servant bring Lucien back to his cell.

The witch did not leave Lucien any chances to lure her with arcana to bring her youth back. She drove away Lucien like whisking the flies off.

After Lucien left, the old witch murmured, "... I can't rebuild and use his body... He's for the soul-dividing experiment..."

...

On his way back to the cell, Lucien silently paid special attention to the several flesh-golems holding huge axes and swords again. The wounds on his wrists, although had already started to

recover, made Lucien frown. He knew that he had to find a way to get out of this place as soon as possible, as no one knew what a crazy person would do next!

That night, when the rest of the prisoners were sent to the patio, as usual, they all got the horrible news that Ophelia had been killed by the old witch. It took Ophelia's teammates quite a long time to accept the fact. They even talked to each other during the breakfast time!

This was not a night for conversation. All the prisoners remained silent for most of the night.

Getting back to his cell, Lucien knocked at the wall on the right.

"Mr. Lucien?" asked Carina. Her voice sounded weak.

Lucien pulled out the brick in the wall and asked, "You wanna leave this place, Carina?"

"What?" Carina suddenly kneeled down and looked into Lucien's eyes through the hole in the wall, "Mr. Lucien, you've got any plans? I don't want to stay here for even a second longer!"

Ophelia's death was a great shock to her.

Lucien said to her seriously, "It's risky but better than we just sit here waiting to die. If you want to follow me to leave this place, I need you to do one thing for me. But it's gonna be very painful. Are you okay with it?"

Seeing Lucien's attitude, Carina took some time to consider. After a while, she nodded firmly, "Yes, Mr. Lucien. As long as we can get out of this place, I'm willing to do anything."

"Bring your neck closer, then." Lucien said to her in a gentle voice, to comfort her.

Carina did as Lucien asked, and then she realized what Lucien was trying to do, "Are you trying to analyze the collar preventing us from using magic?"

"That's right. I cannot see mine," answered Lucien honestly. "Hang in there."

"I will." Carina nodded.

Lucien reached out his right hand through the hole and touched the collar on Carina's neck. Based on his understanding, Lucien turned a special part of the collar. At the same, he knocked on the wall with the other hand to create some unique vibration of a certain frequency, which sounded like a weird spell.

Under turning and vibrating, the collar started to burst out electric sparks, underneath which there were flowing magic symbols and runes.

Carina's body started to tremble from the electric shock. She bit her lips hard without letting out a single groan.

Although the capability of calculation in Lucien's soul was still there, without the help of his Blessing, Lucien could not control the vibration frequency very well.

So Lucien had to take it slowly. The vibration frequency could help to reduce the efficiency of the collar to some degree, so Carina could hang in there longer. Or the collar could very possibly directly damage Carina's vertebra, as she was just a junior-rank sorcerer with no Blessing power.

After the first try, Lucien left Carina with some time to recover. At the same time, he made sure that he remembered the runes and symbols that he saw.

"Can we do it again, Carina?" asked Lucien.

"Yes... I can!" answered Carina decisively. Although it was very painful, the pain brought her hope!

"Good for you," said Lucien sincerely.

It took Lucien a week to completely figure out the complete structure of the collar. Now, they were waiting for the end of the month.

...

Lucien did not take any actions until the last day of the month. He slept well and ate well, in order to make sure that his physical and mental condition were the best.

On the night of the last day of the month, the dim silver moon was fully covered by the clouds.

Lucien suddenly sat up in bed.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 318: Power Released

Cool wind sneaked into the place. There was no moonlight outside at all that night.

In the darkness, Lucien was sitting in the bed and listening carefully. He quickly went through his whole plan again in his mind. Making sure that there was no major mistake in it, Lucien took a deep breath and got off the bed. Slowly, he put on his shoes, bent forward and tied his shoelaces. Then, he slightly adjusted the sleeves of his linen shirt. He did these things slowly but carefully, in order to mentally prepare himself for the rest of the night.

This was the night when Lucien was going to get out of this place!

After failing again to obtaining a new body, the witch would definitely work even harder on removing the seal. Therefore, right now it was the best time for Lucien to carry out his plan!

Although Adam's and his own reasoning could be wrong—the witch could be in fact not working on cracking the seal underground every month when the silver moon's power declined—, Lucien decided to take the risk, since he knew that the longer he stayed here, the more likely he was going to die here. Adam, the prisoner who had spent several decades here, was most likely just an exception.

Warming his body up a bit, Lucien walked to the wall on the right and gently knocked at it.

The brick was pulled out from the other side. Carina, although still feeling a bit sleepy, was quite excited, "Yes, Mr. Lucien? Are we leaving now?"

She had been waiting for that day for quite a long time. From the conversations, Alva, Bullard as well as Carina had all known that the end and the beginning of every month was the best time for them to get out of this place. In the past several days, Carina saw Lucien sleep and eat well as usual, so she felt quite anxious. She also dared not to ask, since after all, Lucien was the one who had the plan and the power to carry out the escape.

"Yes, get yourself prepared. If I fail, you have to be the one getting the servants in here," said Lucien in a very calm way, as if they were just having a casual conversation.

Before tonight, Lucien had never told anyone his plan.

Carina suddenly felt nervous, "Got it. I'm at your command, sir."

Lucien nodded. And then he walked to the iron door and started to hit the door with his right palm. The noise was loud. The two servants on the night shift tonight exchanged a confused look, and then the red-faced servant scolded Lucien, "Bastard! What are you doing? You want the taste of my whip?"

It was late. The servants had never experienced a jailbreak there before. As the prisoners had all lost their power, their major duty was to make sure that their master's experiment materials were physically and mentally fine, or the job could directly be given to those flesh-golems who did not have any consciousness and thinking ability.

They were about to fall asleep when Lucien started to make the noise. They were both pissed.

Lucien seemed to be quite pissed as well, as he responded angrily, "The dinner I've just eaten sucked! I'm hungry now! I need food!"

"Jerk! Who do you think you are? Are you out of your mind?" The red-faced servant cursed, "You're just a fu*k*ing prisoner! You want food? I've got some whips for you! Shut the fu*k up!"

Lucien did not care. He continued to kick the iron door. And the rest of the prisoners were wakened up.

Lucien shouted to them, "You two disgusting things! I said I want food! Right now! Keep this in mind! I'm a prisoner, but I'm also the most valuable experiment material your master has ever got! If my body becomes weaker from starving, the witch is gonna really teach you some lessons! You guys are like her dogs! No, not even close to her dogs! I command you to bring me food right now!"

The red-faced servant now was totally furious. His eyes squinted and roared to the guy on the other side of the iron door, "You bloody bastard! Let me teach you... who is the dog here!"

He picked up the thick whip and was about to rush into the cell.

At this time, the taller servant stopped him. He said to the red-faced in low voice, "Wait... It's not like him. He is probably playing some tricks..."

"Remember what he said on the patio? He said he was gonna kill the master like an ant! He's always been an arrogant lunatic bastard. He was just pretending to be elegant and polite!" The red-faced servant had found Lucien rather annoying for some time, especially when seeing Lucien acting like a well-mannered gentleman even after becoming the prisoner of the witch.

He lowered his voice, too, in case Lucien could hear their conversation. And then the red-faced servant added, "He's wearing the collar and the shackles. Even if he's got some tricks or plans, there's nothing to worry about. You stay here, and we've still got the flesh-golems on the way out. What can he do? This bastard needs to learn some manners here."

Since the red-faced man had become a servant here in the magic tower, no prisoners who had lost his or her power dared to challenge them or try to escape. Besides, his power was also of the level of a high-level squire. Facing the young sorcerer who always looked humble and elegant, the red-faced servant had never seen him as a threat.

"That makes sense." The taller servant nodded and put down his hand that was grabbing the other servant's arm. "He's a sorcerer. Although he's also a knight, the power must come from some certain potions. He can't be physically really strong. I'll stay here. You go and teach him how to be a good boy!"

Holding the whip, the red-faced servant took out a big chain of keys and said to Lucien with his teeth grinding, "I've got some food here. If you need anything else, you can tell me later."

"Good. You're a dog, so you'd better be a good dog!" Lucien was still being rather rampant.

The red-faced servant inserted the key into the iron door and opened it.

Hearing the sound, Lucien swiftly dodged to the corner behind the door and stood there with his back against the wall.

The red-faced servant fiercely pushed the door open and snapped his whip, "Come and get your food, boy!"

The whip had lots of barbs on it. The end of the whip directly went to the messy blanket on the bed.

At this time, a strong hand suddenly reached out from aside and grabbed the servant's face. The hand firmly held the servant's head and directly bumped his head against the iron door using all of its strength!

Bang!

Like a bell ringing, the red-faced servant collapsed onto the floor with blood covering his face.

Although Lucien's Blessing power was blocked, he was still a way more experienced fighter than the servant.

Without even taking a look at the servant on the floor, Lucien rushed out of the cell like a cheetah and targeted the taller servant.

The taller servant was even slower than the red-faced one. He had no idea what was going on there until Lucien was right in front of his face.

When he hurriedly lifted the whip, it was too late. Lucien directly punched him in the face. The taller servant's head instantly buzzed, as if there were many stars circling around in front of his eyes. In the next second, Lucien pulled him closer with his left hand and kneed the servant fiercely in his soft stomach.

The taller servant instantly bent forward from the great pain. He couldn't even release a moan because of the acid in his throat.

However, this was not the end. Lucien's right elbow dropped directly at the center of his spine. After a crispy crack, the servant died right on the spot with his eyes open wide.

Lucien did not have time to celebrate. Hurriedly picking up the red-faced servant's keys, Lucien did not forget to break his neck at the same time.

Then, he opened the rest of the cells and let out Adam and the adventurers.

"What shall we do now?" Carina was both excited and scared.

Before Lucien answered, Alva quickly said, "We go to the patio. There's only one golem guarding the door and we can distract him easily without directly fighting against it. We can just jump down from the patio. It's not tall enough to kill us."

"I agree." nodded Bullard.

Carina slightly frowned. Jumping down from the patio might not be a big problem to the knights, but as a sorcerer, Carina was not very confident. Still, they had a grand knight there. Adam should be able to help her.

Adam did not say anything but looked at Lucien with a meaningful smile.

Lucien slightly shook his head and turned around. He directly walked to the core of the magic tower and said to them without looking back, "We can't just leave like this. As long as the magic tower's here, we can never leave this place. You guys want to spend the rest of your lives in the Black Forest?"

"We're gonna die!" shouted Alva. He was not determined to fight against the witch. He said to Lucien aloud, "With the shackles and the collar, how can you destroy the core of the magic tower? Let's go! We'll have some future plan!"

At this time, a flesh-golem ran toward them. The heavy armor it was wearing clanked from its great moving momentum. It must have heard the noise from here.

A flesh golem's power was of the level of a knight. Building them was expensive, therefore, the whole magic tower only got some.

"Watch out, Mr. Lucien! We will split up to distract it! It's not smart at all!" Carina hurriedly yelled at Lucien.

Lucien was now right in the path of the golem.

Adam also said to Lucien aloud, "I'll go with you, man! But you have to survive first! Let's find a way to get rid of the shackles!"

However, to their great surprise, Lucien did not listen but started to run toward the golem!

They all wondered if Lucien was crazy.

The big and tall golem wielded a huge axe, aiming right at Lucien. With such speed and strength, there was no way that Lucien could handle this hacking right now!

Lucien slightly took a step aside and calmly lifted his left hand against the huge axe.

No miracle happened.

The huge axe easily cut off most of Lucien's left arm. Blood gushed out. Lucien's left arm, as well as the shackle on it, dropped on the floor. Seizing the chance, Lucien quickly concentrated his Blessing power, which was temporarily free, and then hit a special part of the shackle on his right hand using the power.

Weird light shone on the shackle on Lucien's right hand. Silver moonlight burst out. The shackle broke into two halves and fell from Lucien's right wrist.

Now, Lucien's Blessing power was completely free. Lucien's right foot thrust against the floor and turned into a moonlight shadow. In the blood rain, he avoided the following strike of the huge axe.

Adam and the adventurers were all shocked.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 319: The Energy Core

The horrible pain from losing an arm made Lucien feel extremely dizzy. Every single one of his nerves twitched. However, the painful feeling did not affect his actions. Clenching his teeth tightly, Lucien ran toward the golem at his highest speed. He avoided the huge axe and came right in front of the golem.

Lucien punched the golem in its iron face mask. With a big bang, the black iron mask became sunken. Lucien's right hand thus bled badly.

The golem fiercely wielded the axe again. Lucien squatted quickly and avoided the attack. Once more, he accelerated and quickly ran around the golem, like a shadow. Again and again, Lucien seized every chance to punch in the golem's mask with his right fist.

One time, two times, three times...

The mask was severely damaged. However, Lucien's right hand also had become a mass of bleeding flesh. The sharp pain brought by every punch was beyond horrible.

The fourth time, the fifth time, the sixth time...

Lucien managed to come right in front of the golem's chest. Using its heavy armor as the fulcrum, he turned his waist and punched again with all his strength.

Bang! The bones in Lucien's right hand were instantly revealed. And the iron mask directly broke into countless pieces!

Under the mask, there was a big, pale face imprinted with creepy black patterns, as if it was sewed together by several pieces of face skin. The momentum of Lucien's fist was so great that his punch did not stop when the mask broke, but instead directly hit the disgusting face made of rotten flesh!

Without the protection of the metal mask, the flesh-golem with no intelligence had no way to defend that vital part. The golem's head was its most vulnerable part!

This was Lucien's plan. He did not want to waste too much time on the golem. So, he directly targeted the golem's head!

In the spreading flesh and blood, the broken metal pieces fell onto the floor, as well as the huge axe in the golem's hand. When the golem knelt on the floor, his heavy head lowered. That was the end of it.

Carina's green eyes saw the bright red blood everywhere on the young sorcerer's linen clothes. Blood was still gushing from the cut of Lucien's missing left arm, although the flesh of the cut already started to wriggle and grow. Carina could see the white bones in his right hand, with blood dripping on the floor. However, as if he did not feel the pain, Lucien walked back toward them like a warrior who just went through a bitter war.

She wondered if he was really a sorcerer. Sorcerers did not fight like this.

She saw that Lucien picked up the heavy axe on the floor and walked toward her quickly.

The strong smell of blood rushed into Carina's nose and made her feel a bit dizzy. She saw that Lucien held the axe under his armpit and reached out his right hand to press on the collar on her neck.

The sorcerer started to cast some weird, incomprehensible spell. Now Lucien looked just like a devil from the abyss.

He kept focused. Like a knight using a magic item, Lucien used his willpower instead of spiritual power to activate the spell that was built based on the structure of the collar, and at the same time, the Blessing power in his right hand pierced into the key part of the collar.

Electric sparks burst out, and Carina twitched slightly. However, the collar clicked, and all the pain instantly disappeared.

Seizing the chance, Lucien grabbed the collar and threw it away.

In the air, the collar closed again!

Lucien could only open the collar shortly. He dared not to remove the spiritual imprint left by the old witch, or even in the underground remains she might know that something was not right here.

Carina's spiritual power instantly recovered, as if a barren river was nurtured by the rainy season.

"Thank you... Thank you, Mr. Lucien." Carina was very surprised, as her most precious thing had come back.

"Remember this spell." Lucien directly cut her off, and his voice became a bit hoarse from losing too much blood, "Then, use your spiritual power to stimulate the parts of the collar where the sunflower, Throne Tree, and the constellations patterns are."

Although Lucien could get rid of the collar on his own, the great pain and the dizziness from losing too much blood kept distracting him. Carina was also a sorcerer, so he did not have to take the risk.

Remembering spells quickly was a sorcerer's basic skill. After Lucien repeated the spell for three times, Carina already mastered it.

She focused and started to cast the spell in front of Lucien. Her spiritual power followed as she was casting and the power targeted the collar on Lucien's neck.

Several electric sparks burst out of the collar, but Lucien was already very used to it. After hearing the click, he quickly grabbed the collar with his right hand. His movement were way faster than Carina's!

Lucien felt that, instantly, his spiritual power had all come back. He also realized that both his soul and spiritual power had reached the fifth circle, which was probably not only because of the electric shock Lucien had received, but also some other reason.

Lucien did not have the time to think of the possible reasons. He instantly activated a third-circle necromantic spell, Healing, in his soul.

Since Felipe figured out the connection between the memory of cells and the healing power of grand knights based on the fundamental experiment contributed by Vicente Miranda, known as Thanatos, healing spells were not exclusively owned by the Church anymore. Each level of the school of Necromancy had some healing spells, however, when compared to the divine spells of the same level, necromantic healing spells were less effective, as if there was something important missing. Therefore, necromantic sorcerers sometimes also needed to use healing potions.

The milky white light covered the cut of Lucien's missing arm. The bones started to be repaired and the flesh started to grow. Soon, the horrible cut stopped bleeding and was covered with a thin layer of membrane.

Then, Lucien started to help Adam to get rid of his shackles. Carina copied his method to help Alva and Bullard out.

In Lucien's plan, ideally, he could have at least two assistants. The more assistants he had, the better it was.

As soon as the shackles on Adam's wrists were removed, his body suddenly blended in the darkness in the corner.

"Thanks, man!" Adam felt his power coming back to him after so many years, and he could not help laughing.

Lucien quickly turned to Alva to help him, while Carina helped Bullard out.

While keeping an eye around, Adam looked at the broken arm on the floor and said, "Man, you're really cruel to yourself. You got rid of the restraint at the cost of your arm, and you seem to keep so calm! Like... like this was not even your arm! There's no way I would do this..."

Lucien put on a smile but did not say anything. If it had been Adam, even though he was willing to lose an arm, he would still not be able to open the shackles.

Without understanding the entire structure of the shackles based on one's profound knowledge, one could never seize the chance to get rid of the shackles, even when his or her Blessing power was free for a very short time.

Also, for a knight, losing an arm was a horrible loss. For a long time, the knight would not be able to fight properly from losing his or her balance and speed. However, it was different for Lucien, a sorcerer. Losing a hand would not affect him too much.

After helping Bullard out, Carina turned around and said to Carina sincerely, "Mr. Lucien, thank you so much. We'll find a way for you to get your arm back later."

"We shall go to the energy core right now." Lucien could still feel the sharp pain in his cut, so he did not want to waste even a second. Turning around, he quickly ran toward the witch's lab. According to his observation, the energy core was close to the lab. However, neither Lucien nor Adam knew exactly where it was.

Lucien knew that the Congress was able to help him get his arm back, but he had to survive first. In order to survive, losing an arm was nothing to Lucien!

At the same time, to his surprise, after getting rid of the shackles and collar, Lucien was still not able to enter his spirit library or reach Rhine, as if there was some certain power in this place which blocked everything connected to the outside world.

After taking a few big steps, Lucien suddenly stopped and picked up his broken arm. Hanging the broken arm on his girdle, he continued to run toward the lab holding the huge axe under his armpit, and at the same time, cast defending spells on himself.

Carina and the rest of the adventurers felt what Lucien just did very creepy. However, knowing that they did not have much time to waste and the old witch might come back at any time, they followed Lucien quickly. Adam was the fastest one among them all.

...

The heavy sword in the flesh golem's hands fiercely struck downward, but Adam pounced on the golem directly with his body covered with a thick cluster of dark smoke.

As if the heavy sword just fell onto a pile of cotton, the hacking failed to do any damage. The darkness completely covered the edge.

A second later, when the darkness retreated. The golem's armor, as well as its body, became corroded by the dark smoke. Adam purposefully left the sword intact.

Alva knew that the sword was left for him. He quickly picked up the heavy sword on the ground. Adam probably did not need a weapon as he was very powerful, but Alva must have one.

On their way to the lab, because of Adam, the level five knight, and Lucien, the powerful sorcerer, all the golems guarding the key positions, as well as their leader, a level two flesh golem, had been easily killed by them. The magic item warehouse was not in this direction, so they did not have the time to find their items back first.

Right now they were very close to the core of the magic tower.

"The energy core was one of the forbidden areas in the tower, and it was protected by some very powerful magic circles. It's all on you now, man," Adam said to them cautiously. "If the witch notices what we are doing here, we're basically done."

Lucien slightly nodded. Although the magic tower of every senior-rank mage was more or less unique, their shared foundation was still The Guidebook to the Construction of Magic Towers and a Hundred and Seven Types of Magic Towers. Also, at that moment, the witch, which was the controller of the tower, was not in it, so Lucien was relatively confident that he could break the protecting magic circles, but he had no idea how long this was going to take.

He had to be very careful. One single mistake could alert the enemy or get himself killed by the senior-rank magic circles.

There was only one chance.

When Lucien was about to start, a strong wind blew from the other side.

Adam, in the darkness, instantly rushed in the direction. However, after a sharp cutting sound, Adam's figure appeared in the darkness again, but his face became pale.

In the corner to the right, a golem twice as tall as a man took a step forward with a huge hammer in its hand.

Its eyes were glowing in the red light, and its entire body was built with metal.

Chapter 320: The Contemporary Sorcerer VS. The Ancient Golem

Chapter 320: The Contemporary Sorcerer VS. The Ancient Golem

"Steel golem, large construct, immune to bludgeoning and piercing from nonmagical weapons; immune to psychic attacks; immune to blessing, cursing, necromantic and death spells; immune to poison; immune to any spell or effect that would alter its form; Very high level of defence; immune to most elemental spells under the fifth circle; Can be damaged by strong acid; can be slowed down by electric shock or affected by strong magnetic field above the fifth circle. Dutiful, can understand commands; One of the most popular guards among sorcerers."

Lucien quickly retrieved the information in his mind to decide on his fighting plan.

The golem took a step backward and the floor slightly trembled due to its weight. The golem was so heavy that even itself was not able to maintain its balance all the time.

Carina did not waste a second hesitating. She summoned three dark green magic arrows and shot them directly at the golem.

The second circle spell, Acid Arrow!

The arrows did a little damage to the metal body of the golem, but it was nothing to the huge steel monster.

Dragging the heavy hammer, the golem started to run toward them. It was not very fast, but the floor was shaking.

Facing the steel monster, Lucien and the rest of them all felt nervous. The corridor was not very spacious, and the size of the golem made the whole space rather limited, thus they did not have much space to show their advantages as being swift and agile.

Lucien lifted his hand, and there were instantly countless colorful light spots surrounding the head of the golem. A second later, the piece of iron and steel covering the golem's head became thinner.

Carina was shocked seeing the effect of Lucien's spell. She could not believe that the power of Lucien's spell surpassed the golem's immunity and even dissolved part of the metal.

She had only read about something like this in legendary stories!

Although Elemental Order worked, Lucien knew that this was far from being enough. It seemed that he had to cast the spell for at least ten times in order to do some real damage to the golem.

Also, due to the rather limited space, the options of using other kinds of spells such as Lightning had all become impractical. In Lucien's mind, taking the golem to an open place should be the best plan for now.

However, this would bring them a problem. A steel golem worked like a robot and it only followed the preset command. Therefore, very possibly, the golem would only patrol a certain area instead of following them to another place. If they could not finish the golem as soon as possible, it was very likely to send the alert message to the witch!

Lucien was in a dilemma right now.

He wished that he had constructed the fourth circle spell, Distorted Magnetic Field, in his soul, as strong magnetic field could interfere with the golem's inner operation and slow down its movement, which was the most useful spell when a sorcerer faced a steel golem. However, with a missing arm, Lucien could not cast the spell using hand gestures.

At this time, an idea came to his mind. If the golem's inner operation system could be affected by a strong magnetic field, that spell should also be able to work.

Since electro-magnetic induction was discovered, lots of magnetic field spells had been invented. So, when the sorcerers were building steel golems, most of them chose to add the parts for resisting a strong magnetic field. Although they did not expect the parts to work perfectly, as parts like this contradicted the fundamental mechanism of building a golem, the parts were still relatively useful. At least a level five or even more powerful golem would not be easily defeated by a fourth-circle spell anymore—when electromagnetic spells first came out, many sorcerers' steel golems were destroyed or damaged by very simple spells. At that time, only those very precious Adamantine Golems or Mythrill Golems could have a good chance to survive.

This was the development of the magic, and, obviously, the old witch was an ancient sorcerer!

Adam saw that the golem was coming for them, he forced himself to stand out to confront the monster. The air surrounding Adam had become dark because of his Darkness Blessing.

This was called Dark Assimilation, the top power among all dark Blessings. The power could turn all nearby things into darkness and devour them. However, using it would exhaust the user for at least a few minutes. Adam knew the consequence well, and he wished that Lucien could seize the chance and finish the golem with him as soon as possible.

The steel golem, as well as its heavy hammer, were surrounded by the dark ripples. The darkness was like the stomach of a monster, wriggling.

Lucien lifted his right hand and his lips moved slightly. Slow and invisible waves spread out into the darkness.

As if the darkness was startled, it suddenly retreated. Many parts on the steel golem became sunken, and right now it was sitting on the floor, trying its best to stand up again with the heavy hammer.

Adam was exhausted, and his figure reappeared in the corner. He felt dizzy from the spell cast by Lucien, and it was quite surprising for him since most spells would not be able to do so when he was part of the darkness. However, in Adam's eyes, the spell seemed to be not that useful, being far below the one Lucien cast before.

Adam knew that Dark Assimilation could absorb many spells, and probably that was the reason why Lucien's spell did not work very well. He wondered why Lucien did not want to wait until his attack finished, but he believed that the sorcerer had his own reasons.

"It's your turn now," Adam hurriedly said to Lucien using Secondary Telepathic Bond when the steel golem stood up again. Adam believed that if Lucien could cast the elemental spell for another two or three times, the golem which had been damaged by Dark Assimilation would reach its limit, as long as Carina knew when to use electric spells to slow down the golem.

Facing the powerful golem, there was nothing much that Alva and Bullard could do there.

Carina did not let Adam down. She pointed at the golem with her hand and countless small electric balls instantly smashed into the metal body. The golem thus became a bit slower.

Lucien's buffering time for another round of casting was over. When the golem stood up again, Lucien raised his right hand again and concentrated the slow and invisible waves, making them move forward.

"You guys step back. Carina, slow the golem further to help Lucien," Adam said to the adventurers, giving commands through their telepathic bonds.

The rest of the team followed Adam's instruction, however, before Adam finished his words, the body of the golem started to crack fiercely as if inside there was a big hammer thumping around.

The red light in the golem's eyes flicked. Then its big and heavy body hit the floor hard, making the entire floor shake from it.

"What?"

"What was it?"

"What kind of spell is it?"

Through the bonds, Lucien could hear their exclamations.

It was the fourth-circle spell, Professor's Infrasound Resonance!

Lucien released a light sigh. When he first created the spell, he had taken record of the inner vibration frequency of some most common creatures and constructs. However, the frequency of the golem was a bit different, and that was why the spell failed the first time.

Fortunately, after some quick modification, the penetrating and powerful infrasonic waves finally led to the resonance of the precise parts inside of the steel golem, and the destructive power was quite considerable.

If the power of casting was enough, Lucien could completely break up this huge piece of steel!

Like when those magnetic field spells were first invented, Lucien's spell using the power of resonance was destructive to metal constructs, and Professor's Infrasound Resonance had an even wider application.

"Adam, you take some rest. Alva and Bullard, stay alert." Lucien did not answer their questions but quickly commanded, "Carina, you help me with analyzing the magic circles outside of the energy core."

...

Probably due to the lack of resources, the magic circles outside of the energy core were nothing special, which saved Lucien a lot of time and trouble.

For ancient sorcerers, analyzing the magic circles was not an easy job. However, this was not that challenging for sorcerers from the Congress of Magic, as they had all kinds of materials for references and all they needed to do was to copy the methods available.

The different organizational forms and ways of conveying knowledge formed a huge gap between a contemporary and an ancient sorcerer!

After more than ten minutes, the gate of the energy core silently opened.

Countless colorful light beams from the energy wells and gardens joined together and became an afflux to the energy pool, providing pure energy to the different zones of the magic tower.

After roughly estimating where the core of the magic tower was based on the flowing direction of the energy beams, Lucien said to the adventurers, "I'll build a magic circle here to restrain the flow of energy. You guys stay here, and when you see the energy pool starts to boil, activate the magic circle instantly. This will give me about ten seconds to control the core, and you guys must leave the energy core room within the ten seconds, or you'd be turned into ashes by the gushing power."

Although Alva and Bullard's original plan was to run away, after seeing the power of Lucien's magic and Adam's Blessing, they started to believe that it was possible to control the magic tower, so they nodded solemnly together.

Carina asked, "But Mr. Lucien, have you got any materials for setting up the magic circle? We don't have anything with us..."

Lucien smiled and pulled out his broken arm from his girdle, "I'm a level two knight. My blood and flesh can be quite useful materials when building a necromantic magic circle. But as for the core part of the magic circle, we need Mr. Adam's flesh and blood..."

Adam laughed, "No problem."

As a level five grand knight, as long as he was not going to lose an arm or leg, his blood and flesh that were going to be taken away could easily grow back again.

Seeing that Lucien was talking about how to use his own flesh in such a calm way, Carina saw the ruthless and hardheaded soul under his elegant and polite appearance.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 321: The Old Witch

Lucien started to draw the mysterious patterns surrounded by many circles using the blood and flesh from his broken arm. The patterns looked very creepy and it seemed that they contained the ultimate myths of the human body, the world, and the whole universe.

Carina stared at the magic circle that Lucien was building and murmured, "The three symbols represent spirit, consciousness and their carrier... They are at the same level, probably stands for the soul. The five symbols in the outer ring are the traditional symbols in the school of Necromancy, representing blood, bone, flesh, organ and life force... They might stand for the body. And the rest of the four symbols... sun, silver moon, stars, and darkness represent the world where an individual lives in. Is this a magic circle combining Necromancy and Astrology? And it seems that the different positions and lines have different functions..."

This was a very precious chance for Carina to learn about an advanced magic circle.

When he finished drawing the basic patterns of the necromantic magic circle named Miranda 12 Circles, Lucien turned the rest of the bone, blood, and flesh into some thick liquid. He used the liquid as ink and drew several special lines for connecting the twelve circles, surrounding the mysterious symbols.

Then he used the rest of the liquid as the magic conductor in the power passage of the magic circle. Using the flesh and blood from Adam, Lucien rebuilt the symbols standing for darkness, blood, and consciousness.

Lucien's spiritual power lit up the lines in the magic circle, and it felt that the light was full of life force. Very quickly, the circles were all integrated together, and the light was suddenly restrained within the area of the magic circle.

The magic circle now looked more organized, and every part had connected to each other as if the magic circle was alive. From some angles, the magic circle looked like a three-dimensional structure.

Carina saw the magic circle as a piece of artwork.

At this time, Lucien said to her, "Carina, when the energy pool starts to boil, you use your spiritual power to activate the symbol representing darkness."

Carina suddenly pulled her thoughts back.

Lucien repeated his words, and Carina hurriedly nodded with her flushed cheeks, "I will, Mr. Lucien."

He nodded, as trusting Carina was his only option right now. He had not managed to learn simulacrum spells to use a duplicate.

He turned to the two knights, "Alva and Bullard, you two protect Carina. Don't let anything distract her."

"As you command, Mr. Lucien," Alva and Bullard responded seriously.

Lucien nodded. Finally, he said to Adam, "Let's go to the central section."

"Yes!" Adam was very excited, as he had been waiting for this moment for several decades!

...

Bang! Bang!

Two steel golems fell onto the ground. Their limbs were still twitching.

Looking at the golems, Adam said to Lucien sincerely, "If I was all by myself here, it would be very difficult for me to finish even one golem because of the limited space. I have to say that you sorcerers are really powerful."

"This is the power of knowledge," Lucien answered briefly. He stared at the patterns of the magic circles on one of the golems and slightly shook his head, "Most things usually have their advantages and disadvantages. Without the magic circles, building a stronger layer of a metal shell for resisting magnetic field interference would be possible, but if that was the case, on the other hand, pure steel could not handle the power of a grand knight or the elemental spells. The solution could only be provided by the next evolvement of knowledge."

Adam did not really understand Lucien's words. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "You probably want to crack the protection magic circle first. The old witch might come back at any time."

The magic circle at the center of the tower was way more complicated than the one in the energy core. Fortunately, it still followed the mechanism of most senior-rank magic circles. It took Lucien about an hour and a half to crack it.

This an hour and a half were beyond torturing to the prison breakers. Even Adam, the determined level five grand knight, could not avoid walking back and forth, feeling extremely anxious.

Lucien knew that Carina, Alva, and Bullard might also have reached their limit. At this time, even a common flesh golem could break their nerves.

However, because they were too far away from each other, Lucien could not contact them using Telepathic Bond. He had to trust them.

Seeing that Lucien opened the black gate, Adam released a long sigh and said, "This is the longest half an hour in my whole life. We're lucky that the old witch hasn't come back."

"Let's go. This isn't the end." Lucien stepped on the stairs behind the gate.

Having no idea what was waiting for them in the front, and also when the old witch would come back, Lucien too felt very nervous and anxious.

Adam's body was again covered by the dark mist, and he carefully followed Lucien to the stairs.

Suddenly, the stairs started to wriggle!

The gray wall and stairs quickly became as red as blood and flesh and they started to produce white and green acid. As soon as the acid touched the absorbing wall protecting Lucien, it made very disturbing sizzling noises.

Adam, although having turned himself into part of the darkness, was still slightly hurt by the acid, which was totally out of his expectation.

"Damn it!" swore Adam, "The acid shouldn't be able to hurt me!"

Lucien answered him through the telepathic bond, "It's the witch's special spell, not some common acid! It can corrode and digest one's soul!"

As he was saying, Lucien started to run as fast as he could. There was no way to deactivate the magic circle. Every time the old witch came back, the magic circle would work, but she must be always prepared for this.

This was one of the most effective ways for many sorcerers to protect the places that were important to them. Fortunately, both Lucien and Adam did not lower their guards, instead, they had equipped themselves with all kinds of protections very well.

The red stairs were wriggling like crazy, like a human being's intestine digesting food.

Struggling, Lucien and Adam climbed toward the way out crazily.

Like an open mouth, close to the exit, there were lips and teeth. However, right now the mouth was closing, as if there was a time limit for one to leave this place!

Using the spell Speed, Lucien and Adam moved very fast. The exit was closer and closer to them!

However, at this time, the absorbing wall had reached its limit and in the next second, it collapsed into shining pieces.

Lucien did not waste his time on casting Douglas' Absorbing Wall again, instead, he grabbed Adam's arm and used Short Distance Teleportation.

Following the flashing, Lucien and Adam appeared on the stairs a few steps away from the exit!

The spell could not move them far enough!

Lucien knew this well. Regardless of the sharp pain in his skin, he shot out like an arrow. Rushing through the teeth, he fell onto the thick carpet. He quickly dodged to the other side as Adam followed right behind him. Lucien felt a bit relieved and then started to look around.

That place should be the old witch's study. On one side, there were several rows of bookshelves. On the opposite side, a couple of beautiful statues of women were placed there. In the middle, there was a fancy desk, on which center there was a crystal ball. Inside the crystal ball, the mini model of the whole magic tower was displayed!

However, the old witch wearing the red robe was sitting right behind the desk!

Her skin sagged horribly and wrinkles covered her whole face.

Both Lucien and Adam were startled when seeing the witch!

When Lucien was about to cast spells, he realized that something was wrong here. So he hurriedly stopped Adam and said, "It's okay. It's just a mirrored reflection."

Adam was still very nervous, "Reflection?!"

"This is a sixth-circle spell that produces a mirrored reflection of the caster. The reflection could move and speak under the control of the caster as well, however, it cannot use magic. If we attack it, the witch will know," said Lucien, trying his best to slow down his own beating heart.

Then, Lucien started to cast spells to cure the wounds on himself and Adam left by the strong acid.

Adam complained, "The bloody witch looks crazy, but she's still very insidious."

After that, Lucien cast a few defensive spells on himself and then walked to the crystal ball, trying to analyze the controlling hub.

About almost an hour later, when it was already close to midnight, Lucien finally finished his analysis. He put his right hand on the crystal ball and started to cast the spell. He pierced his spiritual power into the crystal ball like a needle.

In order to control the crystal ball. Lucien must not only crack it but also remove the spiritual imprint in it left by the old witch!

His spiritual power swam around in the crystal ball through many obstacles and finally reached the core part, where the old witch's spiritual imprint was in.

Feeling the threat, the crystal ball suddenly lit up like a shining sun.

All the magic patterns and symbols in the crystal ball were shining, concentrating the power of the entire magic tower to kill the intruder.

In the energy core, Carina saw that the energy pool started to boil. She instantly activated the magic circle left by Lucien.

The twelve circles lit up at the same time, and the darkness from the magic circle suddenly filled up the whole space. Everything seemed to have been frozen.

Being very decisive, Carina, Alva, and Bullard hurriedly turned around and ran toward the gate in the darkness.

The energy flow had been cut off. The crystal ball lost the protection!

If Lucien failed to remove the spiritual imprint, he would die from the great energy that would bounce back.

Ten seconds... That was all Lucien had.

At this time, the mirrored reflection behind the desk suddenly started to become alive. The angry voice came from afar, "You two nasty flies! I'll turn you two into dried bodies!"

The life force in the reflection was getting stronger and stronger. Within a second, the old witch had come back!

The sixth-circle spell, Position Exchange!

After using this spell, the two preset targets within the range of five hundred meters could be connected together. Within a second, the two targets could switch their positions! This was probably this old witch's unique magic!

No one could ever look down upon a sorcerer, even if he or she was an ancient sorcerer!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 322: The Beholder

It was totally out of Lucien and Adam's expectation that the old witch would come back so fast.

Before trying to control the crystal ball, Lucien had carefully checked around to make sure that there was no teleportation circle in the core section. However, he did not expect that the witch could directly cast Position Exchange on her mirrored reflection!

If Lucien and Adam chose not to destroy the reflection, she could come back as soon as she sensed that the core section was being invaded; If they chose to attack the reflection, she would immediately be able to get the message and use other ways to come back in time.

Despite the craziness of the witch, she was also a very smart sorcerer!

However, right now Lucien was still working on removing the spiritual imprint in the crystal ball left by the old witch and could not let himself be distracted, so he wouldn't. Once he lost the chance to control the core, Lucien would never have any opportunities again to fight against the witch, a sorcerer at least of the seventh-circle!

Lucien had made up his mind. He did not even take a look at the old witch. Instead, he focused on the flow of his spiritual power in the crystal ball, regardless of whether or not Adam would run away and leave him alone here or whether or not his defense spells could handle any single attack from the old witch. He had decided to stay focused and seize the slightest hope!

When the old witch started to cast Position Exchange, Adam had to admit that the fear that had been piling up in the past so many years made him take a step backward. His body shook slightly and he felt that he probably would kneel down or run away at any time. However, he felt Lucien's great determination from the mind bond, and that gave him great courage as well.

Adam clenched his fists tight. He knew that he did not have a way to go back. If he was going to die, he would rather die in a bitter fight as a hero instead of a coward!

As a level five grand knight, his willpower in fighting was never absent, as it was the foundation of being a knight!

With a low growl, Adam turned himself into a cluster of black mist and jumped directly onto the old witch behind the desk, who just finished casting the position exchanging spell. As long as he could handle the first round of the witch's attack, Lucien would be able to have a few seconds during the witch's buffering time! That was their only hope!

Seeing the dark mist, the old witch started to scream. The sharp scream brought invisible magic waves that suddenly froze the mist. Like a piece of glass, the dark ripples collapsed and disappeared.

When Adam's figure appeared again, his head and the left side of his chest had been vitrified.

The sixth-circle spell, Dulag's Glass!

The spell could turn a creature or an item within a certain size into glass!

A single spell had disabled Adam. Thanks to his powerful life force as a grand knight, Adam did not directly pass out.

However, the two seconds that Adam earned for Lucien were precious. Lucien's spiritual power inside of the crystal ball started to spread and vibrate in a strange way all of a sudden. As the spiritual power produced the invisible waves and the waves extended, the whole space started to shake fiercely.

Spirit Swing, the relatively new research outcome of the Congress in the past fifty years, could help junior or middle-rank sorcerers remove the spiritual imprint in a magic item, and it worked especially well with ancient magic items!

This was why Lucien wanted to try to control the magic tower!

In the core of the crystal ball, the old witch's spiritual imprints started to break down. However, it was still an imprint left by a senior-rank sorcerer, so Lucien could not completely remove it within those two seconds.

This was a life-and-death fight between the modern magic system and an ancient sorcerer!

The old witch lifted her left hand on which there were two rings. One had a big, purple gem on it. It was Lucien's ring, Element. The other was a dark blue ring in a unique shape, decorated with many small precious stones.

Surprisingly, the old witch did not choose to cast Elemental Swirl on Lucien. She was probably concerned that the spell would hurt herself and damage her desk and all her precious collections in this room.

The dark blue ring lit up. Countless chains made of flesh and blood howled and lashed out at Lucien.

The sixth-circle spell, Howling Chain, was mainly for interfering with spell casting by constricting and cursing its victim!

The unearthly howl tried to sneak into Lucien's soul to distract him. However, Douglas' Absorbing Wall could handle the power of most spells under the fifth circle. Therefore, when the howling chain lashed on Lucien, although his Flame Shield instantly went out, the Absorbing Wall did not break into pieces until a second later.

Even one second was very precious for Lucien. As his spiritual power was vibrating more and more fiercely, more and more cracks appeared in the old witch's spiritual imprint.

The absorbing wall had disappeared. Stone Skin failed as well. The howling chain winded around Lucien's body and ulcerated his skin.

The howling definitely affected Lucien's brain and soul. Fortunately, the spell Mechanized Mind helped Lucien a little. Lucien felt that his soul was being pulled in different directions by countless crying ghosts. He felt piercing pain in his soul, that was becoming torpid.

However, Lucien's soul had become much stronger under the old witch's electric shock treatment. Right now, the power of his soul had reached the fifth circle. Also, because the power of Howling Chain had been reduced by the layers of protection Lucien cast on himself, he managed to stay focused despite the very uncomfortable feelings in his soul. When the vibration of his spiritual power peaked, the old witch's spiritual imprint was completely removed!

The old witch's experiment, in the end, helped Lucien!

In the next second, Lucien condensed his spiritual power and left his own imprint in the crystal ball.

The crystal ball burst out bright light and rose up in the air. In its center, all of the magic circles and symbols in the magic tower were very obvious.

Lucien cast a simple spell with the crystal ball, and instantly a beam of light surrounded by many magic symbols shot out from the wall on the left side. The light beam hit the red-blood chains and the chains immediately disappeared.

The sixth-circle spell, Advanced Dispel Magic!

As soon as the chains disappeared, Lucien cast another spell whose target was the old witch.

The seventh-circle spell, Antimagic Ray. It could remove the magic effects on its target and also produce a small antimagic field, in which the target could not cast any spells!

Although Lucien could only use the powerful spells built in the magic tower by the magic circles, for the first time, he genuinely felt the great power of being a senior-rank sorcerer.

The old witch just recovered from her casting buffering time. When she saw the ray, she angrily screamed again. And a big mirror drawn with many mysterious symbols appeared in front of her. The ray hit the mirror, and when it broke, the ray reflected back and hit Lucien. All of Lucien's magic effects for protecting himself were removed!

The mirror was the seventh-circle spell, Spell Turning!

Based on the caster's level and knowledge, the spell could even turn back a ninth-circle spell!

Lucien tried to extend his spiritual power, but it did not work. Fortunately, right now he could control the whole magic tower. He did not have to rely on himself to cast the spells.

Lucien used the seventh-circle spell, Forcecage, and trapped the old witch in the invisible force walls. The cage could only be broken by several special spells, such as Dissociation.

A magic tower did not have to wait for buffering!

When Lucien continued to cast spells, the old witch's left eyeball suddenly bulged out and became a yellowish-brown, wriggling sphere.

Like a newly-born cub, the sphere was covered with blood. In the center of it, there was a big, yellowish-brown eye. Small eyestalks crowned the sphere and extended out, connecting to the veins in the old witch's left eye socket!

It was a beholder! It was one of the most famous monsters in the Dark Mountain Range!

There was a seventh-circle spell that could turn the caster into a beholder temporarily. However, the old witch chose to turn her left eyeball into a beholder, as ancient sorcerers were very good at it! Thus, they did not have to wait for the bothering casting buffering time anymore.

Several green rays of the spell, Dissociation, were shot out from the small eyestalks, and at the same time, the big eye in the center released the antimagic ray.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 323: The Surprising Change

The invisible force field was wiped out by the dissociation rays. Furthermore, the antimagic ray targeted the crystal ball in Lucien's right hand, trying to hit it and thus build a small antimagic field inside the crystal ball in order to cut off its connection to the magic tower.

Since Lucien had been hit by the antimagic ray, he could not cast any spells on his own for now. He slightly turned around and blocked the antimagic ray with his own right arm. At the same time, he continued casting the creepy spells with the magic tower. Since he was using the great power of the magic tower, hurriedly interrupting the chanting process would bring horrible damage to Lucien's soul from the backlash!

Several powerful flashes of lightning were summoned from the ceiling, turning the whole space into an ocean of lightning and thunder. Except for the desk and the floor carved with reinforcing magic symbols, the rest of the things in the study were destroyed completely.

The seventh-circle spell, Lightning Storm!

A piece of shadow embedded with complicated patterns instantly surrounded the old witch, safely protecting her from all the bolts of lightning.

The seventh-circle spell, Energy Immunity—Lightning!

Then the old witch's yellowish-brown eyeball launched colorful light rays again. Some could charm people; some could make them fall asleep; other could slow people down or turn people into stone. The eyeball in the center released the strong smell of death.

The seventh-circle spell, Finger of Death!

After this fierce round of attacks, the old witch's left eye now looked dim. The eyeball had to wait for a while before launching the next round.

In most cases, no beholder would fight like this. The different eyestalks would cooperate with each other and fight using strategies to make sure that they would not run out of their spells. However, right now it seemed that the old witch had lost her mind, or maybe there were other reasons.

Lucien put his hand on the crystal ball and summoned Forcecage again to protect himself.

The colorful rays hit the force field cage but could not go through it, until the green dissociation ray quickly broke the cage down.

If the witch had not lost her mind, she could have launched the dissociation ray in the first place. If that was the case, Lucien would have been in great trouble!

After this round of attack, Lucien saw that the old witch quickly took a glance at the several statues of beauties in the corner to her right.

Lucien was very surprised. He did not notice the fact that the statues remained completely intact from the flashes of lightning. Why did the old witch choose to protect them so well?! Were they even more important than her magic books?!

However, right now he did not want to waste any time on thinking about it. Lucien quickly cast another spell and a huge hand with sharp nails broke out from the floor. The hand tried to grab the statues in the corner.

The seventh-circle spell, Sajeman's Ice Hand Prison!

The magic tower's power also had its limit. Including the spells that Lucien had used, there were nine kinds of spells altogether. Lucien wanted to finish the fight as soon as possible, as once he used up all the magic tower's spells, the old witch could easily kill him.

Therefore, as soon as he noticed that there was something wrong with the statues. Lucien decisively switched his target.

The old witch screamed angrily, and black miasma spread out. Adam, who just recovered from the witch's spell and was climbing to his feet on the corner suddenly felt completely exhausted.

The seventh-circle spell, Dying Waves. This was a spell enchanted in her magic robe, as she was still waiting for the buffering time.

Lucien did not panic. He calmly finished chanting a spell. Then, a dark ray shot out from the wall and the ray instantly built up a small antimagic field around Lucien.

When the waves died out before reaching Lucien, the statues in the corner burst out bright light and countered the power of the hand.

Within Lucien's expectation, they were not just common statues.

As soon as Lucien entered the study, he felt it very strange that the old witch would want to put some statues of beauties there to make herself upset. Also, if the witch's body and soul had been cursed so badly, why was she still alive?!

Lucien believed that the old witch would put all of her most important things in the core section of the magic tower!

Lots of thoughts filled his mind. The crystal ball rose into the air and a red light ray shot out at the statues!

The seventh-circle spell, Ruby Reversion Ray, could remove the strongest defending effect of the target!

After the several rounds of attack, some of the defending magic circles on the statues had been worn out. When the ruby ray hit them, one of them lost all its protections and the original color of the statue was revealed.

The old witch went crazy. She immediately gave up attacking Lucien and instead turned her force field into a huge palm. The palm grabbed the statue and brought it back to the old witch.

Obviously, these statues were the weakness of the old witch. Lucien seized the chance and summoned a powerful lightning again.

At this time, a beauty statue was struck into pieces. A piece of soul disappeared together with the lightning.

The old witch suddenly aged. Her back bent forward even further, and her left eye instantly became sunken.

The old witch put part of her life in the statues!

Lucien continued casting. More and more bolts of lightning were summoned. And the statues were broken into pieces one by one.

The old witch's flesh started to rot. She could not use magic anymore.

Lucien saw victory, but at the same time, he could not help doubting himself. How come he could just kill a senior-rank mage like this?

The old witch had been making mistakes choosing what spells to use from the very beginning. Fortunately, Lucien's guess with the statues was correct...

At this time, he heard Adam's voice in his mind, "Good for you, man! You killed the witch! We're free now!"

"I'm not sure about it, Adam..." Lucien murmured.

Then he saw a creepy smile on the old witch's face.

"...?!"

When Lucien was just about to take actions, the magic tower started to shake fiercely. Chunks of bricks and stones started to fall down...

Lucien's vision became blurry. He passed out in the darkness.

...

Lucien saw light again. However, when he instantly tried to sit up, he found that both of his arms and legs were tied up by something.

"Good, very good. Your foundation to learn magic is very solid." The old witch giggled, "The development of magic in the recent several hundred years is really impressive..."

Lucien was shocked. He saw the old witch, wearing the red magic robe as usual, walking back and forth in the lab. Lucien was lying on the table as if he had just received another round of the electric shock treatment.

"What..." He was confused.

The old witch was quite proud of herself and said, "Dream Casting, sixth-circle. I've seen the spells you know and how developed the current magic system is."

Lucien was still confused when knowing that the escape adventure was just a dream. However, this explained the many questions that he had had in his mind: why he could not use his spirit library after getting rid of the collar; why he failed to contact Rhine; and why the witch made so many mistakes during the fight...

"I have to say that your so-called Arcana has impressed me." The old witch seemed to be in a pretty good mood, "I'll take you to the underground remain, where there's a maze in it. I hope that you can surprise me."

Lucien quickly calmed down and bargained, "Ms. Eudora, I think I can do a better job for you without the collar."

"No problem. I'll free you before entering the maze." As she was a powerful sorcerer, Lucien was not a threat to her.

Lucien followed the old witch to the ground floor of the magic tower. Then, they walked downstairs to the underground passage.

The passage paved with huge stone slabs had a height of five or six meters and a width of seven to eight people side by side. The slabs were carved with pictures of ancient people fighting against monsters from the underground world.

"Magnificent..." Lucien said sincerely.

The old witch did not say anything. Everything down here was more than familiar to her.

At the end of the passage, there were ten gates. Each gate had different, mysterious patterns on them.

Pointing at the gray gate in the middle, the old witch said, "Here, the maze."

Lucien saw that the patterns on the gate were quite familiar. They looked like mathematical symbols. So, he asked confusedly, "What is in the maze? I could be more prepared if you told me."

"There's no monster in there. Just... difficult questions." The old witch looked a bit upset. Then, she removed Lucien's collar and shackles and urged him to enter the maze.

Feeling that his spiritual power had recovered, Lucien pushed open the gate and slowly walked into the maze. If there were no monsters in there, it should be a pure intelligence maze.

As soon as he entered it, the gate behind him closed silently. Lucien, with his dark vision, saw himself standing on a bridge with no ends, in the middle of nowhere. He was confused once more. He took a couple of steps ahead and saw stars appearing in front of his eyes. Then, the stars connected to each other and formed a line of words.

"Prove that any even number larger than 2 is the sum of two prime numbers."

"What...?" The question was totally out of Lucien's expectation. Then the stars formed more mathematical questions.

The questions looked very familiar to Lucien. It seemed that they were all from the exercise book that Lucien once read before—Demidovich Problems in Mathematical Analysis.

The mathematical symbols, numbers, equations, and hypotheses moved around Lucien's head and made him feel dizzy. Suddenly, the darkness broke into pieces and light came in again.

Lucien opened his eyes and shook his head. When he looked around, he saw Elvis, who should have been dead in the Black Forest.

Elvis covered his nose and mouth with his hand, where blood was dripping down. He said to Lucien angrily:

"What the hell is it in your head?!"

Translator's Thoughts

Kris_Liu Kris_Liu

Many thanks to SRandom for correcting my translation on the math problem!

Chapter 324: The Reason for All of These (The End of Volume IV)

Chapter 324: The Reason for All of These (The End of Volume IV)

Lucien looked around and realized that he was in the small cabin where he lived in when he found Elvis. Everything looked the same in the cabin, including the strong alcohol smell lingering in the air. Right now Lucien was sitting in a wooden armchair, while Elvis was sitting on his left side next to the fireplace. Lucien could still hear the noise outside, from the adventurers' campsite. The only difference was that the wooden ladle that should be in Elvis's hand was now on the floor, and the copper pot fell over in the fire. The tomato cream soup that spilled out from the pot made the fire sizzle.

Lucien realized what was going on here and the words escaped his lips, "Your Excellency... Nightmare King?"

Elvis did not deny, although his face looked gloomy, "Are you... really a middle-rank mage?"

Lucien recalled the mathematical exercises in the maze in his dream. He put on a slightly awkward smile and answered, "I've been working on my fundamental mathematics, so the questions should be mostly for senior-rank mages."

Pausing a little, Lucien switched the topic, "Your Excellency, may I ask why did you put me into the dream? And... am I still in another dream?"

Waking up from his dreams twice, everything felt so real and also not real. Lucien was confused with the difference between dream and reality. Although he had successfully entered his spirit library, Lucien was still not sure whether he had come back to reality.

This was the most creepy magic that Lucien had ever seen!

Elvis—no, Lucien should respect him as the Nightmare King—looked very serious. Stennis, the Nightmare King, said to him, "An old friend of mine requested my help. He thinks your level of magic cannot match your arcana level. So he asked me to put you into a dream constructed by me and let you go through things in the dream to fully develop the potential of your soul. You may feel it right now."

Hearing that, Lucien immediately entered his meditation world. He felt something real in this virtual world. Hurriedly opening his eyes, Lucien was very surprised, "It is stronger... Now the power of my soul is indeed at the fifth-circle level. Is it because of the electric shock from the old witch? No... it was a dream, but what I experienced in the dream helped me in reality..."

Lucien's soul was now as strong as a fifth-circle sorcerer, however, it would still take some time for his spiritual power to catch up.

The Nightmare King, slightly nodded, "All the dreams were built upon your own cognition foundation, mental activities, and your own memories. What you have experienced in your dream has also affected your body and soul. However, for most people, the power from their dreams was too weak for them to make any actual signs of progress. In this world, I am the only one who can make the full use of dreams and use them to develop the potential of one's soul. Of course, a person's potential is also based on his or her actual power. Using dreams cannot solve all the problems."

"I see..." Lucien finally realized why the dream about the old witch was a bit weird, for example, the part when the old witch asked the mirror who was the most beautiful woman in the world.

Lucien asked subconsciously, "So, electric shock can improve the strength of my soul?"

Stennis put on a cold smile, "What do you think?"

"...Never mind," answered Lucien awkwardly. He had so many questions to ask, but finally, he chose the most bothering question in his mind, "Your Excellency, how can I tell the difference between dream and reality? How do I know if I'm still in a dream?"

Stennis was more than used to questions like this. He put on a vicious smile like the old witch and said, "Why is it so important? What is a dream? What is the reality? They are both your response to the outside stimuli. When my class reaches the highest level, maybe I will be able to create a dream of reality."

"So, that being said... if my certain response in my dream cannot be predicted or is mistakenly designed by the dream maker, that would be the time for me to know what is a dream and what is reality." Lucien murmured. At the same time, he thought to himself that he could also get out of a dream if his cognition world way surpassed the cognitive ability of the dream maker, and probably the dream maker's head would explode because of this. Lucien thus decided to try to think about something complicated later such as the wave-particle duality of light or quantum theories to testify if he was still in a dream.

Stennis was quite impressed with Lucien's answer, "Good. No wonder my friend appreciates your talent. In fact, in your dream, I was trying to avoid things related to arcana research. In the maze, I also purposefully chose the field of mathematical basis, but it turned out..."

The look on Stennis's face was a bit complicated.

"No wonder the old witch wasn't interested in arcana at all!" Lucien was suddenly enlightened, and then he laughed, "So you were playing the role of the old witch. I have to say that your playing was quite impressive."

Stennis said seriously, "Technically speaking, I'm only one part of the role of the old witch. The other part of the witch consisted of your own fear. By the way, I am also Adam, Carina, Alva, Ophelia, and Bullard."

Lucien was a bit embarrassed knowing that this dream was all about him, so he hurriedly asked another question, "So... bringing a letter to you isn't the true task. The task is an opportunity for me to be able to see you and get myself improved in your dream, is that right? Can I know who your friend is? I'd like to know who I should be grateful to..."

A friend of the Nightmare King... Lucien guessed that the person must be a legendary archmage.

Stennis was a bit gloomy, "This was also a test. If you failed to bring the letter here, you would not be the person that my friend is looking for. As for my friend... he probably appreciates your talent and potential and wants you to be his student. You should have already experienced something strange like a test for you before."

That reminded Lucien of his strange experience in the castle, but it seemed to be true that the legendary archmage, Viken, also had something to do with the missing legendary archmages including Maskelyne. Lucien was confused, having no idea whether what happened in the castle was just a pure test or a combination of things, so he asked again, "May I know..."

"You'll know when you get back to the Congress." It seemed that Nightmare King was very reluctant to mention his friend's name, "The letter you were bringing is actually a special magic scroll. A fatal attack can activate the scroll and bring you back to a certain Demi-plane. If you want to save some time getting back to the Congress, you can activate it on your own."

Lucien guessed that the special scroll was at least of ninth circle, and he wondered how valuable it was. Lucien knew that he would feel really regretful if he had somehow lost the scroll.

At the same time, he also stopped blaming the Congress of Magic, because, after all, they never meant to put him in mortal danger.

Then, Stennis waved his hand to Lucien and said, "You may leave now. I'm going back to the magic tower now."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Lucien stood up.

The power of Lucien's soul had surpassed the fifth circle, and his arcana knowledge was never a problem, but the only problem was that his knowledge in illusion and transformation spells was still insufficient. Lucien at least should make sure that his fundamental knowledge in all fields was solid. He was deeply impressed by Nightmare King's power, and that made him want to know more about the magic in other fields.

Stepping out of the cabin, the strong smell of alcohol in the campsite sneaked into Lucien's nose. Feeling relaxed after completing the task, he walked casually in a good mood. However, a question suddenly jumped into his mind:

As an ancient sorcerer, why did Nightmare King suffer a recoil when seeing the mathematical questions in Lucien's brain? If he totally had no idea of what those questions were, he could just let Lucien himself complete the dream.

...

In the cabin, Stennis, Nightmare King, did not leave immediately. Instead, he murmured to himself,

"Enclosed devil's place... High tower as a prison... These are the things that he fears the most. It seems that these are the representatives of this world. But why does he feel imprisoned in this world...

"Staying calm in danger... it's a very good quality. But when Ophelia died, he accelerated his pace to escape the tower. This reveals the fact that his mindset has been greatly changed probably because his friends or family members were once hurt or even died before.

"As for Adam... Adam should be the collective reflection of the male friends who have helped him before. Someone once sincerely helped him, and once also tried to make use of him. Carina represented his female friends. There were things ambiguous and romantic in the dream. And that means he's still not sure about his inner feelings, or he feels very worried about these things.

"After becoming a prisoner, he had the hope that the Congress would send legendary archmages to save him. So he is more or less mentally dependant on the powerful people who once helped him.

"The old witch was smart, vicious and crazy, representing the enemies he has encountered so far. The Church, the ancient sorcerers, the arcanists... but why was the representative a female?

"Furthermore, what does the electric shock stand for? Why did the old witch ask the mirror who was the most beautiful woman in the world?

"He's definitely got the side that was decisive and coldhearted, as he was willing to lose an arm to bring himself a chance to escape. But no one actually died in the fight when he tried to escape, which means he's still got a soft side in his mind, and he valued friendship and help a lot.

"As for the underground remains... This is a secret in his mind. Maybe it is the representation of real remains somewhere. Also, his unique magic is pretty interesting, and his ways of removing the magic circles and spiritual imprint were also quite smart."

Opposite Stennis, there was a wood armchair. A figure sitting in the armchair slowly appeared. An elder man wearing a bright red robe had mixed white and black hair but still looked hale and hearty. His red eyes stared at Nightmare King vigorously as he said, "The progress that arcana researches have made way surpassed the achievements of the ancient magic empire. Stennis, get real. Don't let yourself go too far in the wrong direction."

Stennis remained silent for a while and said, "Give me some more arcana books, then. But I don't want the books related to what appeared in the boy's dream. They're... a bit too much for me."

Translator's Thoughts

Kris_Liu Kris_Liu

Congratulations arcanists and ancient sorcerers!

We've completed this volume! And more great stories of Lucien's adventure are waiting for us ahead! Thank you for being with us!

Chapter 325: Decision (Volume Five: Crimson Moon)

Chapter 325: Decision (Volume Five: Crimson Moon)

The ocean wind from Storm Strait drove away the dryness and heat in Allyn. The fine drizzling rain was very refreshing.

Standing beside the window in his own study and looking at the bright flowers in the garden outside, Lucien was lost in his thoughts.

...

Because the power of his soul had been greatly developed, Lucien had to consolidate the remaining part of his foundation. Also, he was eager to know who was waiting for him in the Congress. Therefore, Lucien activated the precious magic scroll and returned to Allyn together with Leo.

Before he left, Lucien found Natasha and told her what had happened.

On the previous night, in a manor outside of Aalto, after carefully listening to Lucien's narrative, Natasha smiled and nodded, "It makes sense. You're talented and full of potential, so no matter how terrible the inner conflict in the Congress is, those sorcerers should never send you out for such a dangerous task. By the way, who's gonna be your teacher?"

Natasha believed that Lucien would not say no to that mysterious legendary archmage. Since the archmage had been observing Lucien for a while, he must have already talked to and convinced those other important sorcerers who also intended to have Lucien to be their student. Also, his way of testing Lucien was not cruel or vicious, instead, it was rather proper and considerate, which meant that the archmage knew Lucien quite well. And becoming the student of a legendary archmage was definitely an honor.

Lucien put on a slightly awkward smile and said, "I don't even know who he is. I hope that what he specializes in is also what I am interested in."

Natasha was very happy for Lucien. She had a big smile on her face, "I can assure you that your teacher is not Hathaway. Her personality isn't like this. Don't worry, Lucien. Most legendary sorcerers in the Congress are not that horrible, as long as you don't have major conflicts with them. As a student, as long as you study hard, you would not be given a hard time. I believe in you, Lucien."

Natasha herself was also a student of a legendary knight—Bellia, known as God's Glory, the leader of Sword Brothers. So she knew quite a lot about it.

Then Natasha looked more serious, "You're going to be a legendary archmage's student, and you're also the winner of Holm Crown prize. I'm sure that you'll gather quite a lot of attention from the Church, including the cardinals and grand cardinals from those parishes. So... I'm afraid that I have to rush John's family to take actions now."

"You always know what is on my mind, Natasha." Lucien also looked more serious, "I didn't expect that something important like this would come to me so fast. I thought we still had time. You know how important this thing is to me, Natasha. Please, I owe it to you."

Natasha rubbed her chin slightly and smiled, "No worries. I'll take care of it. But you cannot stay in Aalto any longer. The Church can be crazy."

Then, they hugged each other to say goodbye. When she turned around and walked away, Lucien looked at her from behind with all kinds of emotions in his eyes. After finding Leo, who was waiting for him nearby, Lucien activated the precious magic scroll and went back to Allyn with Leo.

The hyperspace jump made Lucien's soul and brain feel extremely dizzy. He was not sure whether he was traveling at a very high speed or the space structure was being reorganized. Without the protection of the scroll, Lucien would have already been lost.

After reaching a demiplane where lightning and thunder were flashing and roaring in the air, Lucien started to reflect on how the magic scroll worked. However, his thinking was then interrupted by the second round of fast movement. The power of the magic scroll dragged Lucien and Leo shifting and jumping between the different dimensions until they arrived at a small hill near Allyn.

From the position of the silver moon and the stars, minus the time difference Lucien assumed, the space jump took them about half an hour—which was only about the time that a high tea in Holm would cost.

...

The window started to become a bit foggy, which was usually very rare to see in June. However, because of the special location of Allyn, Lucien was quite used to it.

He released a sigh when thinking of John and his family.

A while later, when his feeling of guilt slowly quieted down, something new started to bother him.

Lucien had finally decided to stop denying his feeling and lying to himself—he had confessed to himself that he admired Natasha. He had no idea when this affection started to accumulate, but he could feel it grow stronger and stronger especially after he had gone through those great dangers.

He wanted to take actions. Being practical as he always was, he started to analyze the current situation calmly and work on making a whole set of plans to win Natasha's heart.

Natasha was a knight believing in the God of Truth and Lucien was a sorcerer studying arcana, so there was the fundamental conflict between them. Fortunately, because of the love story between her mom and father, Lucien could still have a great chance to convince her if he was patient enough and could take it easy. However, the biggest problem was that Lucien could not give up studying arcana and move back to Aalto for Natasha, and it was also very unlikely to happen that Natasha would be willing to leave her father and give up the entire duchy for Lucien.

Also, Lucien was not sure whether Natasha only liked women. If she still liked maleness, Lucien also wondered what kind of man Natasha was fond of and what he should do...

...

Lucien had so many thoughts in his mind. Having zero experience in romantic relationships, he realized that, in his mind, he had already started to deal with the difficulties that he assumed Natasha and he would encounter after getting married. And he had to admit that this was not easy.

At this time, someone was knocking at the door and that brought Lucien back to the reality.

"Yes, Leo?" Lucien knew that it was his new butler outside.

Leo opened the door and said to Lucien respectfully, "My lord, the Will of Elements wants to see you."

Lucien wondered if his teacher was going to finally show up. Calming himself down, he put on his black top hat and said, "Get me a coach, Leo."

After Leo left, Lucien slightly clenched his fists and made a temporary plan for himself: he would write one more letter to Natasha every month! Although he knew that winning Natasha's heart was rather hard, he would not easily give up. Right now, he should first work on improving his magic and arcana level.

...

Late at night, outside of the Inquisition of Violet, a fat figure approached the inquisition very carefully. However, the figure looked rather hesitant, as it tried to walk in the building but had failed a few times.

"Alisa, what are you doing here?!"

The cold voice startled the figure, Alisa, and she hurriedly turned around.

It was Joel, who languished in the past few days.

Alisa shivered, but she still disputed, "I'm... I'm doing what Evans told us to do."

"But can you?!" Joel asked sternly in a low voice.

Alisa raised her voice pitch and answered in pain, "What else can I do? Waiting for the day to come when John and Iven are tied to the gallows?! There's nothing much to regret if we die! But... but they're still young... They should have a bright future!"

"It's not gonna happen... Don't scare yourself." Joel felt Alisa's pain, so he hugged her and gently patted on her back, "John's a knight, serving the Violet Family. The punishment of being deceived by a sorcerer isn't that horrible. The inquisition would carefully investigate it. They won't be put onto the gallows..."

Alisa hurriedly shook her head, "It's not true. I heard it from the several noble ladies earlier tonight that some knights ended up rather miserably because they failed to draw a clear line between themselves and the sorcerers, and then the inquisition found it out. Say... the family of Thistle in the War of Dawn. I know John can't do it. So... as his mother, I will do this for him. I'm willing to bear all the pain and sufferings."

Joel said to Alisa angrily but also helplessly, "Are you out of your mind, Alisa?"

"It's enough, mom, dad."

Joel and Alisa heard the familiar voice. It was John, followed by his younger brother, Iven.

He looked the same, but his blond hair looked a bit messy.

"Iven, you take care of mom and dad. I'll do the rest of it, as a knight." John slightly sighed and then walked toward the Inquisition in firm strides.

"John!" Alisa called his name from behind.

John did not stop. He slightly closed his eyes and murmured, "To make sure they are safe... To make sure you won't be threatened..."

...

The Will of Elements, Allyn branch.

Lucien met Gaston again and was about to return the monocle to him.

"Just keep it, as your reward for the mission." Gaston was being very generous. As long as Lucien could become the student of the legendary archmage, the archmage's connection to the Will of Elements would definitely get reinforced.

Lucien nodded and put the monocle back. Then he asked out of curiosity, "Isn't Mr. Raventi here today?"

"He isn't in a very good mood recently," answered Gaston, with a strange smile on his face. "Follow me. You know why you're here today, right?"

Lucien nodded, and then he followed Gaston into a small meeting room behind his office.

In the meeting room, there were three men and two women. One of the female sorcerers looked a bit like Natasha, but she seemed rather cold. Next to her sat a short elder man with red eyes. And a little farther away from them sat Morris, Florencia, and Thompson.

Lucien guessed that the female sorcerer who looked rather cold should be Hathaway. As for the short elder man sitting beside her... Wait! Wasn't he the creepy old guy in the library?

Lucien had a not very good foreboding.

The short elder man said to him with a meaningful smile on his face, "Lucien, I think you could have impressed me better."

Chapter 326: No Need for the Ceremony

Chapter 326: No Need for the Ceremony

Hearing the short elder man's words, Lucien thought to himself that his future teacher was quite cheap with giving compliments.

However, Lucien still responded very politely, "Yes, sir, I still have a lot to learn and to improve." Lucien decided to show his respect to this legendary archmage who was qualified to sit beside Hathaway.

Gaston smiled and introduced, "Evans, this is Her Excellency, Hathaway, a grand arcanist."

"Arcana's above, Your Excellency's glory has lit up the whole world of elements." Lucien put his left hand on his chest and his right hand on his forehead, using the most formal manner to greet Hathaway, the Lord of Elements, the member of the royal family of Holm who was a relative to Natasha although she was probably several hundred years elder than Natasha. There was a unique, short greeting piece for each legendary archmage according to the Congress's tradition.

When Lucien greeted Hathaway, he felt a bit nervous, not because she was an archmage, but because she was a senior member of Natasha's family.

Hathaway did not have much expression on her face. She lightly nodded, "On the path of arcana to the truth, one can never stop making progress."

Then Gaston turned to the short elder man wearing the bright-red robe, and there was a bit of fear on his face that Gaston himself did not even notice. He was worrying that he might say something wrong and thus piss the legendary archmage off.

"Evans, this is... His Excellency Fernando Brastar, a grand arcanist." After weighing his words, Gaston decided to use the simplest way to make the introduction.

The Lord of Storm? This little old man was the Lord of Storm? Lucien was very surprised. According to the rumors that he had heard about the Lord of Storm, Lucien thought this grand arcanist should be a serious and fusty scholar with a very bad temper. However, the little old man sitting in front of him looked quite pleasant and easygoing, and one could still tell the good-looking features on his face when he was young. When Lucien first talked to him, this little old man's humor even left Lucien with a deep impression.

Anyway, Lucien still carefully greeted the Lord of Storm with great respect, "Arcana's above, Your Excellency, you're storm, lightning, and the master of the sky."

Lucien was very cautious to make sure that every single word that he said was correct.

"You don't have to be afraid of me. I only argue with people when it comes to arcana or magic. Say, when Oliver was saying something about paintings and dramas, I never said a word." Fernando provided an explanation for himself to make Lucien feel more relaxed.

However, other people did not think so. Florencia mouthed the words to Lucien, "That is because he knows nothing about paintings and dramas."

Before Gaston made further introductions, Fernando said to him directly, "Lucien, when Thompson read your first paper, he recommended your paper to me, and I was thus inspired. I was interested in you so I went to the library to meet you there in person. It turned out that you were a pretty interesting young man, and I like people who are not boring. Your following two papers were also not bad, which was quite impressive considering your age. You know, some papers from the Highest Council members even have made some ridiculous mistakes!"

Although Fernando was giving him a pretty good comment, the tone and the way that Fernando talked to him made Lucien feel a bit strange. Also, it seemed that Fernando totally did not care about the fact that there was a member of the Highest Council present.

"How you handled things in the castle and how you carried out the task bringing the letter to the Dark Mountain Range have revealed some of your qualities that the Congress appreciates. I hope that you can stick to them." Fernando continued, seriously, "Lucien, I think your talent goes beyond the school of Element and Astrology, and you should enter a way broader domain. So, I'd like to have you as my student and I'll teach you arcana and magic. What do you think?"

According to what Lucien knew, although the Lord of Storm was a grand arcanist mainly specialized in the school of Thermodynamics, he was also good at the school of Element, Electromagnetism, Force Field, Illusion, and Light-darkness. Among all the grand arcanists, Fernando was definitely one of the most energetic ones. He had won the highest award in four different fields: Ice & Snow Medal, Silver Moon Medal, Holm Crown Prize, and Sorcerer Laurel.

Therefore, a second later, Lucien nodded firmly, "It would be my great pleasure to be your student."

"Good. You're my student now," answered Fernando seriously.

"What?" Lucien, Gaston, Morris, and Florencia were all very surprised. Only Hathaway and Thompson still looked the same calm.

Fernando grinned, "Yes?"

That was it? Lucien felt it so unreal that all of a sudden he had become the student of a legendary archmage. Gaston, Morris, and Florencia were also very surprised because, according to the tradition of the ancient magic empire and the Congress, taking a student was a very important and solemn thing, and a complicated and very formal ceremony was always required.

They knew that Fernando was always in a rush and he hated complex procedures a lot, but they did not expect that he would just skip the entire ceremony!

Seeing that Lucien looked confused, Fernando slightly frowned, "This is between you and me. Since we have both agreed on it, why do we need those troublesome procedures?"

"No, we don't." Lucien also disliked the tedious ceremonies, so he answered directly. He believed that the teacher and student relationship did not have to rely on all the external forms.

Gaston now felt that Fernando had really found the right student.

Fernando grinned, "Very good. Today my students will gather together to exchange their findings in arcana and magic. You should join them later as well. It is good for you to know more about the latest research focuses so you can find your own research interest. I still have to talk to Hathaway. You and Thompson can wait for me outside."

When Lucien left the room with Thompson, the latter smiled to the former and said, "Mr. Fernando rarely speaks highly of someone. The comment Mr. Fernando just made on you was already very good."

Lucien put on an uneasy smile. He still had to take some time to get used to the fact that he had become a student of a legendary archmage.

Noticing the awkward smile on Lucien's face, Florencia smiled, "Mr. Fernando is strict with his students, but we all know that he takes good care of them. If it was someone else who wanted to be your teacher, Her Excellency Hathaway might not show her approval. In fact, at the very beginning, Hathaway preferred Mr. Raventi to be your teacher."

"Mr. Raventi?" " That would not be a bad choice either" , Lucien thought to himself.

Gaston still had the same strange expression on his face, "I heard that Mr. Raventi found the Lord of Storm and talked to him. And they had a big argument. When Mr. Raventi left the office, his face

was completely pale. Now every time when someone mentions this, Mr. Raventi would still be quite pissed."

...

Aalto, in the Inquisition.

Waldorf, the Executor, grabbed the report in his hand and growled in great anger, "Lucien Evans... Lucien Evans is a bloody sorcerer! He fooled the Church and the whole city playing a fake death! And we were acting like a bunch of idiots! We must catch him and put him onto the gallows!"

"Has it been verified?" Vila Amelton, the red-robed cardinal, asked calmly with her eyes half closed.

The Censor's deep voice contained great fury, "John reported this to us. And we have questioned the people involved using divine power. We've confirmed that Lucien Evans is still alive. What happened in the villa was a trap set up by Lucien Evans and Professor. Together they managed to send away the sorcerers to the Congress of Magic, killed the traitor, and also framed Clown up, because Clown had found Lucien Evans suspicious."

"Is Natasha involved in this? Was she deceived? Or did she help Lucien Evans?" Amelton opened her eyes. And the light in her eyes was terrifyingly cold.

The Censor shook his head, "According to the depositions, Her Highness did not know the truth at that time. Also, when Waldorf arrived, she stopped chasing after Clown, but instead, she agreed to let the night watchers chase him down. If she was part of this, the princess would try her very best to kill Clown directly, leaving no chance for us. After all, it was possible that the night watchers would find Clown and send him back to the Church to cure him. Therefore, most possibly, Lucien

Evans lied to the princess. But later, according to what Lucien Evans told John's family, he tried to seek for her forgiveness. So the princess might have already known the truth."

"Good," said Amelton briefly. "Compared to Professor, Lucien Evans was still too young. He wanted to bring the whole family to Holm, and the family turned him in."

The Executor said in resentment, "We shall tell the people the truth! We shall break his undeserved glory into pieces and tear down his sinful, fake tomb. Everyone in Aalto should hate and despise him!"

"Then what?" responded Amelton coldly. "Telling everyone that the Church is completely idiot? We told the public that Ode to Joy was the glorious hymn to the Lord, but are we going to tell them that it's actually a piece of work from the demon? What a joke... We can never let this happen."

"So..." asked the Arbiter thoughtfully.

"The great musician is dead. The vicious sorcerer disguised himself as the great musician and deceived everyone. They are two different people," said Amelton.

Then she added, "Tell the parish in Holm what Lucien did. Let them keep a close eye on him. Also, send a few night watchers there. The night watchers shall be glad to have the chance to see their 'old friend' again."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 327: Lucien's Classmates

On the thirty-third floor of the Congress of Magic, in a not very big room, the large windows let in the sunlight, covering all the desks, chairs and shelves with a thin layer of golden halo. The place looked rather clean and quiet.

Fernando received a letter from one of his old friends after bringing Lucien and Thompson back here. So, he entered a small separate room to carefully read the letter, leaving Lucien and Thompson outside waiting for the arrival of their other classmates.

"Mr. Thompson, thank you for allowing me to work in Douglas Magic School. It really helped me a lot when I first arrived in Allyn." There were only the two of them in the lecture room. To be friendly and polite, Lucien found a reason to talk to Thompson.

Thompson slightly lifted his gold-rimmed spectacles and smiled, "You're welcome. Actually, it was your own papers that helped you with getting that job. I can say that most arcanists could see the inspiration and value in your papers."

"But Mr. Thompson, you also recommended my paper to our teacher." Lucien looked around the lecture room which was like a study but also like a small meeting room and asked a bit confusedly, "I thought our teacher would bring us to his demiplane magic tower for the gathering."

Thompson smiled, "According to the regulation of the Highest Council, at any time, there must be at least one grand arcanist staying in Allyn. So the grand arcanists have agreed that they would take turns every five years. By the way, we're both the students of the Lord of Storm, so just call me Thompson. Also, your arcana level should have reached level five, and mine is only level six."

Thompson took a glance at the badges that Lucien was wearing on his left chest. Lucien had not had the time to upgrade his badges, so they remained at level four and the third circle.

"It's probably still gonna take three or four months for my arcana level to reach level five." Lucien answered uncertainly. When he left Allyn, he only had eight hundred and fifty arcana credits. He was away from Allyn for the mission for about a year and a month. Usually, Lucien could get ten credits from his papers and the magic spells he invented every month, therefore, Lucien guessed that he had not become a level five arcanist yet.

Thompson shook his head and sat down on a random chair, "You know better than me how great influence the Periodic Table of Elements has on the researches in the field of Element. This year is the year of elements. Many papers developed in this year are about valence state analysis, and the Periodic Table of Elements is the foundation of these researchers. So, based on the number of papers in the field of Elements I have read, I believe your credits should have gone over a thousand several months ago. However, many arcanists are certainly jealous, so they applied to the commission that there should be a time limit for those fundamental findings such as your Periodic Table to earn points."

Thompson stopped here after triggering Lucien's curiosity. Thompson specialized in the school of Elements and Thermodynamics and was an expert in casting spells using explosion, flame, and high-temperature. However, he was not a member of any organizations. Like the Lord of Storm, Thompson was a pure supporter of the Congress. Thompson appreciated Lucien's talent in the school of Element and he would love to be Lucien's friend.

"So... What did the commission say?" Lucien asked as Thompson hoped. Lucien also felt happy for K, as he knew that K was right now delving into the field of valence state analysis with his teacher, Larry.

Thompson smiled, "There's no way that the commission would say yes. Although there are a lot of papers citing your findings right now, after about two years, most of the following papers will not directly use your paper as part of the reference but other later researches based on the Periodic Table of Elements. So your credits gained from it will drop significantly, but it'll also become more stable."

"That makes sense." Lucien nodded. Actually, Lucien had a plan for this. He was going to modify the Periodic Table of Elements from time to time, so his gaining of the credits could be more sustainable. Due to the limited conditions, Lucien left out some details when he first published the table, but now things were different.

Then Lucien and Thompson started to talk about valence state analysis.

A while later, someone knocked at the door and then a young man walked in. His face was very thin, making his cheeks look rather protruding. His eyes were as blue as the summer sky, clear but looked a bit sad. In Lucien's eyes, he was more like a poet than a sorcerer. However, the badges in front of his chest revealed his power: there were seven silver stars on his arcana badge and seven black rings on the magic badge. Also, he was wearing the badge from Arcana Review Board, on which there was a hand holding a quill, as well as another badge drawn with lots of ice-crystal patterns.

"Lucien, this is Cole, another student of the Lord of Storm. Cole is a member of Arcana Review Board and an expert in studying molecule movement in Thermodynamics. Right now, he is working on further investigating in the second law of Thermodynamics using Probability and Statistics," introduced Thompson.

The second law of Thermodynamics was first put forward by Fernando and some other experts in order to refute a hypothesis developed years ago. When Phlogiston Theory was abandoned, more and more sorcerers started to realize the connection between heat and energy. They also came to understand that when the temperature of an object dropped, energy would be released, thus many believed that they could use the heat from the endless ocean water to run the magic circles forever, but they kept failing.

Then Thompson turned to Cole, "This is our new classmate, Lucien Evans, the winner of Holm Crown prize."

Cole put on a friendly smile, "Hi, Evans." He was not very talkative. After greeting Lucien briefly, Cole sat down in the corner and stayed in his own world, as if he was the only one in the lecture room.

Later, another two seventh-circle sorcerers arrived. The female sorcerer was Ashikana, and the male named Lacie Carter. They both looked not too young and also not too old. When it came to their achievement in magic and arcana, they fell behind Cole.

When Lucien was about to talk to them, someone knocked at the door eagerly in a rude manner. Lucien's classmates all smiled, and then Thompson stood up and opened the door.

It was a dragon, with a beautiful layer of scales like crystal.

It was Lucien's first time seeing a dragon this close. He could not hide his curiosity.

The dragon also took a glance at Lucien curiously and said to him in a child-like voice, "I know you. You're the sorcerer with that good-looking ring!"

Then the dragon stared at the ring, Element, on Lucien's right hand, and it could not move its eyes away. He said to Lucien, "Can I have it? I can sell myself to you for a hundred years!"

"Alferris, that's enough," Thompson said to the dragon and then turned to Lucien, "He has sold himself, and he can't do this again."

Lucien was a bit startled by the dragon's words. Hearing what Thompson said, he was a bit relieved. But why was there a dragon here?

Alferris unwillingly looked away. After covering itself with a layer of light, the size of the dragon shrank and it walked into the lecture room like a big hound.

"Alferris is a crystal dragon. When our teacher found him fifty years ago, Alferris was still in his eggshell. He has been studying magic and arcana after the Lord of Storm with us, and he has revealed his outstanding talent in arcana. Due to a mistake in an experiment years ago, Alferris was cursed, so he cannot grow bigger or transform his look in about a hundred years." Thompson explained to Lucien.

Therefore, the dragon was both Fernando's pet and his student.

"So, Alferris, what have you been working on recently?" Seeing that the dragon was still peeking at the ring Lucien was wearing, Lacie, the blond and green-eyed sorcerer, smiled and asked.

"Uh? Recently?" Alferris looked rather casual, "I've been sleeping. Not doing much recently."

Thompson said to Lacie directly with a big smile on his face, "Alferris sold himself for money, and he is being studied by someone else recently."

Alferris' appearance warmed up the lecture room. Soon, Fernando walked out of the separate room.

Fernando sat down on a random chair and said to his students seriously, "As usual, we hold a meeting like this every month to share our research progress and discuss the problems we encounter. Hopefully, we can all be inspired."

This was an explanation made for Lucien, the new student. And then Fernando continued, "I just got a letter from one of my old friends. I think I shall read part of the letter to you, so you can know how other arcanists understand and perceive the development of magic and arcana. This letter is from Viscount Lauren, an archmage, member of Arcana Review Board, the winner of Silver Moon Medal and Ice & Snow Medal."

Viscount Lauren was a nobleman from the Kingdom of Brianna, and he was right now also living in Brianna.

Then, Fernando started to read the important part of the letter, "... Along with the establishment and improvement of Electromagnetic System Theory put forward by Mr. Edwyn Brook, the overall system of arcana has gradually come to shape. The system represents a mature, advanced and wonderful arcana world in which Mr. Derrick Douglas' theory serves as the sun while Mr. Edwyn Brook's theory as the silver moon. Everything found in this world is connected by those strict and stunning laws. Although we are still on our way of exploration, and although we are still seeking for more laws to better explain the connections, the two systems I mentioned above shall be the only two fundamentals supporting to the world. Our further findings shall all belong to the two major systems."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 328: Direction

When Fernando spoke the common tongue, he had this a sharp and creepy Brianne accent—an accent that was looked down upon by most people in the Kingdom of Holm, who regarded Brianne

accent as the tongue from the countryside folk. At the same time, in Holm, most people who had Rentato accent were proud of their way of speaking and regarded themselves as the noble and elegant representatives due to complicated historical reasons.

Of course, in front of the grand arcanist, no one dared to mock the way he read the letter. The students all listened to his reading very carefully.

Fernando continued, "...Perhaps you may think my words leave no space for any possibilities, but this is what I believe: No matter what we are talking about—Transformation, Illusion, Elements or Summoning—they shall all be included in this fundamental system, and the finding of the Periodic Table of Elements has further confirmed my belief: Alchemy is in fact a kind of electromagnetic response. For example, when an object is heated up, the electromagnetic waves radiating from it can reveal different colors, and this can only be properly explained by the natures of the atoms, the most fundamental, non-further-dividable units of everything in this world. My assumption is that due to the quantities and masses of different atoms, the electromagnetic waves that they release also vary. I wonder why and how these atoms act like this, but I can assure you that this is not the arrangement from the God of Truth. Although so far there are no solid experiments that can yet confirm my guess, I'd like to share with you my thoughts, my friend. Again, here I repeat my point: although we're still facing problems with regards to the spread medium for light and the existence of the stars, and despite the fact that there are schools of magic that still cannot be properly included in the comprehensive system, no one can deny the fact that we have entered a world in which arcana system has been established overall. Our future work shall be focusing our effort on further modifying, solidifying and improving the system and seeking for its wider application in magic."

Lucien carefully listened to the letter, and he sincerely felt the great passion, pride, and confidence inside of the archmage's heart. Even a calm and disengaged person like Cole felt encouraged and excited.

Fernando read the last part of the letter, "I am glad that we live in such a wonderful era, being able to devote ourselves into the world of arcana and magic. Our vision becomes possible because of the establishment of calculus, making us able to know and calculate the sequential world. We can see the beauty of balance and symmetry in the influential formulas put forward by Mr. Douglas, Mr. Brook, and many other great pioneers. In my eyes, the formulas are much more beautiful compared to poetries, music pieces, paintings or sculptures."

Lucien would never arrogantly regard himself as an omniscient of this world, despite the fact that he had a whole library with him from the other world. Lucien knew that he had to do many experiments to verify his knowledge in practice to see whether his knowledge was part of the world's truth.

"So... any ideas?" Fernando folded the letter and then asked.

Thompson was the eldest one among all the students of Fernando who were still alive, so he answered first, "Mr. Lauren's opinion is shared by many other arcanists. Like what he said in the letter, although we are still working on proving the existence of the stars, we have already used Mr. Douglas' theory and created powerful magic spells. Perhaps we're still some distance away from the essence of the world, and maybe we haven't been able to combine the two fundamental systems and the nature of atoms together perfectly, but, yes, the world of arcana has been established."

Thompson was being euphemistic. As an arcanist specializing in the school of Element, he noticed that Lauren's letter had ignored the importance of atoms. Thompson believed that if the two systems were the sun and the silver moon in the world of arcana, atoms should be the wide stretch of land!

At the same time, Thompson understood that this was just an informal letter between two friends, and he knew that Lauren was a firm believer of Energy Essentialism, who did not recognize the existence of material or spirit but saw energy as the essence of everything. Believers of Energy Essentialism argued that everything in this world ranging from atoms to human body all consisted of energies in different forms showing different features including showing gravity, releasing electromagnetic waves, etc, which was the only explanation in these arcanists' eyes to why there were transformation spells, why catalysts could be used in alchemy experiments, and why spiritual power could interfere with reality and help to cast spells. Lucien's Periodic Table of Elements, as they believed, further supported their point of view.

"That's true. Even the overthrow of Life Force Theory is only part of the progress of the grand world of arcana," said Ashikana, whose blood came partly from the elves. When talking about arcana, her eyes were sparkling out of excitement, "My friend Isabella and her student Rachel have found out that several substances are secreted when people are influenced by a certain illusionary spell. They thus believe that people's illusions come from these substances."

"Wow, their work sounds pretty cool!" Alferris, who had shrunk its size, cheered, "This finding has included some illusionary spells into the world of arcana, and thus Mr. Lauren's letter is supported. The finding deserves Sorcerer Laurel! I wish I could discover something! I want the beautiful shiny crown!"

Alferris's tail swayed from one side to the other, hoping that the finding belonged to itself. But it was too late. The fact that Ashikana directly shared the finding with them showed that Isabella and Rachel's paper should have already passed the review of the board.

Lucien realized that some arcanists had already found out the existence and influence of hormone, so he decided to disclose the two versions of his Charm Person spell before they lost their value. Although a big part of the school of Illusion was still outside of the system of arcana, this finding had contributed to the progress of covering the three schools—Transformation, Summoning, and Illusion—within the arcana system. In the past, the arcana system had always failed to explain how the three schools properly worked.

Cole's face flushed slightly, "Although I don't agree on Energy Essentialism, I can't deny what's been said in the letter."

Before the next student, Lacie Carter, made his comment, Fernando growled angrily, "Stupid! Stupid! This letter is full of ridiculous errors! Are you all out of your mind? You do not know how to find the historical documents from the ancient magic empire?! At that time, those ancient sorcerers had no idea what gravity, electromagnetic induction, and electromagnetic wave were but they still managed to create the spells using the powers! Look at yourself! How arrogant and blind you are! We are making progress just because the system of arcana is a bit closer to the truth of the world! How dare you agree with Lauren on his nonsensical pompous words?! How dare you say that an advanced world of arcana has been established when there are still so many disputes and questions on what the form of spiritual power is? There are lots, lots of arcanists who do not see the current main belief as being correct, even including Mr. Douglas! He shall never be convinced until the spread medium of light is discovered! He's still looking for evidence to overthrow what we think we've known! What if one day he finds it? Is half of the arcana world gonna collapse? What if it is proved that the stars, in fact, don't exist, but are just the illusionary representatives of divine power? What if gravity is proved to be one kind of divine power? Is the whole world of arcana going to collapse like that? The closer we're to the truth, the harder we shall remember—we shall always be humble and persistent, or we'd be deceived by errors!"

Facing Fernando's growling, all the students flinched, including Cole.

Fernando put away the letter and said to his students calmly, as if he had never shouted to them just now, "Currently, I'm working on a few projects, such as the one with Hathaway investigating the reasons behind the distribution of the elements, and the other one is for creating a legendary spell of the school of Thermodynamics. But because I've finally worked out a spell for Thermodynamics experiments, I can get the accurate statistics for the thermal radiation. So I am going to first work on figuring out the formula for thermal radiation. So many spells in the school of Thermodynamics can become simpler."

Then he also mentioned some difficulties that he was currently facing.

Finishing his words introducing the projects, Fernando turned to Lucien, "You're my new student. If you don't have any urgent, personal research interests so far, you can be my assistant in one of the projects."

"I'd like to work on the experiment on studying thermal radiation," Lucien hurriedly answered. He had been having a difficult time collecting related data of the researches in the school of Thermodynamics, which could be an important part for him to understand the difference between this world and the one he came from. Being able to study Thermodynamics was thus a major reason for Lucien to be Fernando's student.

Fernando nodded but did not make any comments. Instead, he turned to other students and said, "Now... Let's talk about what project each of us is working on right now and the obstacles that we've encountered recently. You first, Ashikana."

Ashikana sat to the left side of Fernando, right beside Lucien.

"I've been studying the method to approach absolute zero, making more senior-rank snow and ice spells more powerful. Unfortunately, making further progress is quite difficult. I'm still about twenty celsius degrees from absolute zero," Ashikana said to the rest of the class, and then she shared more details of her experiment with the class.

Lucien learned quite a lot from Ashikana's sharing, which expanded his knowledge in ice and snow spells greatly. After that, all the students' eyes looked at Lucien, in which there was great curiosity toward this young talent in the school of Element.

"I'm trying to reach the fifth circle. Except for being the teacher's assistant, for now, I'm not able to work on other projects," said Lucien honestly. "But some of my messy thoughts have become more organized and clear after I heard Mr. Lauren's and Ms. Akashina's sharing. These thoughts came from my study on the spell, Mechanized Mind, my understanding of Illusionary and Necromantic spells, as well as Nightmare King's analysis of dream. I think there are weak but special electromagnetic waves in human beings' brain that affect people's emotions, feelings and behaviors. One's soul can also be influenced."

Akashina was shocked, "Evans, do you know what are you talking about?"

What Lucien Evans just said plus Isabella's research outcome would be able to explain a large part of the school of Illusion using the system of arcana!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 329: Fernando's Questions

All the sorcerers present were at least of senior-rank, although Lucien's description remained rather blurry, they knew immediately how important and meaningful his finding was.

Both Thompson and Lacie Carter, for a moment, felt the situation was a little like a dream. This was Lucien's first time attending their gathering, and he shocked them already with his findings in the field of Illusion and Electromagnetics. Lucien was a genius, they knew that, but wasn't it a bit too much? In their memory, only a few grand arcanists once had similar experiences. However, Illusion and Electromagnetics were not the fields Lucien specialized in!

"After Lauren has accepted Energy Essentialism, he once thought of the possibility that human being's thinking was actually an outcome of a dual effect of electric current and magnetic field. But his researches are everywhere, and he hasn't been able to focus on one direction when being busy with preaching to people that the problems in Energy Essentialism, in fact, are not true. If he had stuck to his Brain-Electromagnetic Field Theory, he should have accomplished something big already," commented the Lord of Storm. Obviously, his words were quite sarcastic. After all, his friend, Lauren, just missed the opportunity of further improving the system of arcana.

It was ridiculous that Lauren stuck to Energy Essentialism when the theory itself still had so many problems that could not be explained.

Then, Fernando looked at Lucien and said, "Give us more details on your finding. We can make a bold assumption, but at the same time, careful verification is always the key part."

When it came to arcana, Fernando had zero sense of humor. Unlike Lucien's first impression on him in the library—a creepy little old man in the bright red magic robe—right now, the Lord of Storm looked rather serious and calm, and the pace of his speaking was very moderate. Fernando did not get all excited like the students when hearing that there were probably special brain waves in human being's brain.

In such a gathering held by Fernando, Lucien had no worries. None of the other students would try to steal his research outcome. Also, Lucien did not worry at all that his teacher, Fernando, the Lord of Storm, would take it away from him, as Fernando was way more keen on pursuing the ultimate truth of this world instead of the reputation like soap bubbles.

"By chance, I got part of the Book of Necromancy. From a part of the structure of the spell Charm Person, I learned that it works partially on human being's soul. However, I wondered how the other part works. After a long time studying, and again, by chance, I compared the structure of Charm Person to that of Mechanized Mind, and I found some similarities between them. Then I worked on improving the spell, Charm Person, and I succeeded."

Lucien introduced with confidence. In fact, he changed the order of how he got the finding. Bringing the knowledge from his world with him, Lucien could find the similarities in the two spells because he had been already aware of the truth and thus he had the accurate theoretical guidance first. However, in his words, he explained the process by inverting the order and following the common methodology of doing arcana research, which was very acceptable to the rest of the arcanists present.

"Like I said, 'by chance' is a large part of the reason why I've found the direction, so I must say I'm very lucky. But at that time, although I've created a new spell that works based on my assumption, I was not able to understand the meaning behind my finding, thus I've been working on studying the spell for a long time, until one day I came to know Electromagnetic Wave Theory..."

Fernando slightly nodded without making any corrections, which was rare, and he let Lucien continue to speak. Lucien was not the only one - in fact, many arcanists were lucky enough and they had also created new spells by chance, but most of them failed to dig into the true reasons underneath the spells, and thus they missed lots of valuable findings.

"I was in a total mess. I found the existence of the very weak electric current in the human body, and I also spotted the special waves sent out by a human brain. I did have clues but always failed to connect them together. Then, the dream from Nightmare King and his perception of dream inspired me. In today's meeting, the words from Mr. Lauren that human body, in fact, consists of energy and electromagnetic waves is the evidence that touched me, and the research outcome from Ms. Isabella has shocked me. I finally realized what is behind the new spell that I created. When encountering different situations, a human brain can produce different special waves, stimulating

body to produce the special alchemical substance found by Ms. Isabella, thus emotions and feelings are brought out," said Lucien. He said a lot of things, and he did it in an illogical way to show the fact that he was totally unprepared.

Fernando nodded seriously, "So you've found the electric current in the human body and the special electromagnetic waves. Anything about the magnetic field of the human brain?"

"Nothing yet. Maybe the requirements for finding it are too high, and the interference in my experiment environment was too strong." Lucien shook his head.

"I see. Then how many kinds of the special electromagnetic waves did you find? What are their corresponding functions?"

"There are several... By adjusting their intensity, it is obvious that..." Lucien briefly introduced what kind of emotion and illusion could be brought up by each kind of waves.

Looking rather serious, Fernando asked Lucien many questions. Lucien gradually felt more and more nervous and started to stammer.

Finally, Fernando made his comment, "There are so many kinds of feelings and emotions owned by human beings. It is hard for the several brain waves that you mentioned to direct all of them. You still have a long way to go on this. But you should still develop a paper on this as soon as possible, so more people can join the discussion and exploration. If you don't mind, why not show us the two versions of your Charm Person?"

"Try it on me!!" The dragon Alferris jumped up. It was a big fan of Illusion magic that worked on one's mind and spirit.

Thompson released a sigh and said to it, "Alferris, we're talking about Charm 'Person', not a dragon..."

"Ohh... That's right..." Alferris looked at them in an innocent manner, with his tail swinging back and forth.

After Lucien cast the two versions of Charm Person, Fernando slightly nodded and said, "Your practice has surpassed the progress of your theory. Using the improved spell, your theory shall be more acceptable. Many sorcerers who are good at Illusionary spells are rather conservative. Although they accept arcana, many of them are not willing to let arcana explain Illusionary spells since they regard themselves as 'nobler' than mages from other schools. But they do have their reasons. Those sorcerers enjoy the high social status and are very powerful, and they have lots of students. They control the direction of the development of the school of Illusion."

Lucien nodded seriously. He knew that the growth of any advanced theories would be challenged, which was always the same in both worlds.

After the examination of a series of questions from Fernando, Ashikana stopped looking at Lucien like a monster. She smiled and said, "Evans, you can probably share the Laurel with Isabella, as long as those fuddy-duddies from the Family of Sorcerer can accept your idea."

"My theory is far from being fully developed since it still has many problems. It's gonna be very difficult for me to win the Laurel. Ms. Isabella is very well prepared, and I'm sure she's got enough support and evidence," said Lucien honestly.

When hearing the word, Laurel, Alferris suddenly turned around and stared at Lucien with its big, amber-colored eyes. Then it reached out its two front claws and laid them on Lucien's shoulder. At the same time, Alferris licked Lucien's right hand with its red tongue in a very intimate manner. Lucien directly jumped back and activated the Absorbing Wall, feeling startled.

Alferris continued to lick the magic wall, and the wall was shaking under the dragon's strength.

"Add my name on your paper after you, sir... May I?" Alferris swung its tail covered with crystal scales and said very sincerely.

Lucien wondered if Alferris was, in fact, a puppy. Fernando was definitely a bit out of his mind like other arcanists said. He had trained his dragon like a dog. However, it seemed that Alferris also enjoyed it.

Fernando made a fake cough and said, "Alferris, go back to your seat. Cole, it's your turn now."

Alferris withdrew its claws and tongue reluctantly and hurriedly added, "I'm really good at mind, spirit, and soul spells. I'm of senior-rank, and I can fight physically as well. I am fine with you dressing me in whatever way you like. I can play with your students or kids. I can write papers and do math for you, also experiments! I can help you send letters and flowers to ladies..."

Cole waited until Alferris finished his wordy self-promotion. Before he started to share, he first said to Lucien, "Evans, Mr. Lauren's words in the letter about the fact that human body consists of energy is not rigorous, since there's zero evidence. Even though the human brain can produce electromagnetic waves, it doesn't mean that Energy Essentialism is accurate. Human brain is complicated. You can't easily believe in Energy Essentialism."

"I won't. I believe in evidence," Lucien responded.

Cole slightly nodded and started to share his research on investigating the second law of Thermodynamics using Probability and Statistics. Also, he said that he had been spending much

time arguing with people who believed in Energy Essentialism. Cole himself was a loyal supporter of Atom Foundation Theory. He looked a bit depressed when mentioning this part.

"Put aside the argument first, Cole. Focus on your research," Fernando commented very briefly but did not give Cole any harsh words or questions.

"You're right, sir." Cole was relieved that his teacher did not give him a hard time and thus he looked a bit more cheerful.

Later, Thompson shared with the class the difficulties that he was encountering now with his study regarding high temperature, while Alferris shared how it felt as a research subject.

"Lucien, so you come here every morning to help me with the experiment on thermal radiation. You can spend time in the afternoon trying to reach the fifth circle," Fernando said at the end of the meeting.

...

When leaving the thirty-third floor of the magic tower, Alferris waved its front paw to say goodbye to Lucien. It had forgotten what it had promised Ashikana. So, Ashikana dragged it to the lab.

Lucien went back home directly. He was going to update his badges when he submitted the new paper.

As soon as he came back, Lucien saw Leo walking toward him.

"Master, Mr. Arthur Doyle is waiting for you in the living room. It seems that you've been invited by the prince," said Leo.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 330: Gratefulness

After a year, Arthur now looked even fatter. His belly was so big that it almost burst out of the front of his vest. He was wearing a beret of the same color as his vest, and he behaved in a rather casual and comfortable manner in front of Lucien.

In Holm, no matter if it was hot or cold, dressing formally was always important for these gentlemen. They either wore suits or tuxedos, and sometimes the hunter's outfit. It was impossible to tell the seasons from what they wore.

However, the magic robes that Lucien and other sorcerers wore were very different. These robes could automatically adjust the temperature and humidity inside to make the wearers feel rather comfortable. Lucien thus wondered if these gentlemen would have a heat stroke in the south in Gusta Empire or Brianne.

"Welcome back, Evans." There was a lovely smile on Arthur's face.

Because of their cooperation on Holm Mineral and Harvest, Lucien now was closer to Arthur.

Taking off the top hat, Lucien handed it to Leo. Then he smiled and said, "Arthur, you're the first one coming over! I haven't told other of my friends yet that I've come back."

"Keep your hat on, Evans. The prince is inviting you to his party. I'll tell you more on the way." Arthur rubbed his hands excitedly, "In the past year, the several versions of Jinkela have received a very warm response from the market. We've been making a lot!"

Lucien was a bit confused, "To the party? What's the party for?"

"It's a party for uniting the nobles who are very open-minded toward sorcerers." Arthur explained briefly, "After seeing the big success of Jinkela, the nobles all want to work with sorcerers to seek for more profits in the field. Also, they're very curious about you."

Lucien did not respond immediately.

Seeing that, Arthur thought that Lucien might not want to go probably because he was not good at socializing, so Arthur said to him, "Evans, it's a great chance for you to know more important people. In Rentato, these nobles have lots of resources in each county. Although I understand that, as a sorcerer, you probably don't care, knowing more people and having more connections can do you lots of favors in the future and save you trouble. Also, those nobles more or less have connections to some senior-rank mages."

"I see. It's very kind of His Highness." Lucien grinned, "Let's go now."

Although what Arthur said was true, in fact, as the student of the Lord of Storm, Lucien did not need the nobles to get to know the senior-rank sorcerers. However, Prince Patrick was Natasha's

uncle, and he had helped Lucien a lot with the company, Holm Mineral and Harvest, using his own resources and wealth, so Lucien believed that he should go to show his appreciation.

Also, working with the great nobles and making common citizens become accustomed to the use of magic was important to the further development of the Congress and was efficient to weaken the Church. Lucien sincerely regarded himself as part of the Congress, so he would like to do the favor.

...

With a long blast of the whistle, the magic steam train started to rush forward faster and faster in an unstoppable manner.

"Although I've been on this train many times, every time I see it speeds, I still feel beyond impressed. The train has really changed our lives by shortening the distance between the two cities. Especially the freight train... it has greatly lowered our transportation cost of the ores from the mines. Evans, I still don't understand why the Congress keeps saying no to us on extending the railways. It has been several years... but we currently only have less than ten regular routes," said Arthur a bit bitterly.

Lucien grinned, "Like you said, what a great resource it is! And of course, the Congress would like to seize it in its own hand. I believe that the royal family can see the value as well."

To build railways in Holm, one must obtain the permission of the royal family. Thus, the royal family had been making a lot from it.

"That's right! The railways... the trains... are all resources." Arthur curled his lips, "His Majesty takes care of this project in person, or we probably still can try..."

Soon Arthur pulled back his drifting mind and took out an envelope, "Evans, for the first year, because we were during the primary construction period, we did not have the dividend. Until the recent eight months, after our successful promotion, Jinkela has become very popular. This is yours. We pay you monthly, as you're a sorcerer."

Lucien opened the envelope and saw a small paper pad in it, on which there were a magic and an arcana imprint. His dividend was 13,000 Thales.

Eight months, 13,000 Thales... That was more than a thousand a month. If Jinkela was also successfully promoted in the other three countries, it would be possible for Lucien to earn over ten thousand Thales monthly. At that time, he would not need to worry much about the cost of being a senior-rank mage.

Obviously, what was behind a senior-rank mage was lots, lots of money. One should at least be a very wealthy count to support a senior-rank sorcerer.

"Knowledge is a real treasure," Lucien said sincerely.

Arthur was very confident. "You'll wait and see. When our promotion goes further, you'll receive at least five thousand, no... six thousand Thales every month."

However, all of a sudden, Arthur sighed, "But many senior-rank mages also want the money. For the rest of the three countries, they have found new alchemical substances like Jinkela and they've also found the nobles to work with them, or we'd be able to double the profit."

This was within Lucien's expectation. Money was always the great motive for most people.

Seeing that Arthur was staring at him with hope in his eyes, Lucien smiled and comforted him, "We're the first one, which's our biggest advantage."

In Lucien's mind, he believed that it was a good thing that more farmers could enjoy the joy of harvest.

...

Rentato, Hexagram Station.

Poc Beever, the coachman of the royal family of Holm, was very excited when knowing that the great sorcerer was attending the party. Walking back and forth on the platform, Poc focused his eyes on the exotic buildings very different from what he used to see in Rentato. Buildings here looked cold and mysterious.

More railways being built, more stations showing up, more alchemical factories rising, the Congress was stepping out of the mysterious and creepy mist and had revealed itself in front of common people, who started to become less afraid of the Congress of Magic.

The Church could not do much here as most of the nobles had chosen to turn a blind eye toward it because of the great profit.

Poc was quite different from most common people who were afraid of sorcerers. He never dreamed to become a glorious hero or a priest, instead, he wished to become a powerful, terrifying and mysterious sorcerer. However, unfortunately, until his middle age, Poc finally accepted the fact that he did not have the talent.

In the past decade serving the royal family, Pac had seen some sorcerers, but he had never felt this excited.

He still remembered clearly what his mother said to him and her great excitement and joy when she came to town to visit him:

"I was... totally shocked when I saw our oats in the field. It was golden everywhere. For the first time, after we handed in the portion to the lord, we still have this much left... I know, the... the Jinkela thing's a bit expensive. But it's worth it! We don't have to starve anymore! It's much less burden for you!"

This was all from the great sorcerer who invented Jinkela!

For the farmers living at the bottom of the world, their biggest dream was not to starve anymore. If they could even save some money for their kids, they could never ask more from the Lord!

In Poc's mind, the sorcerer was the real hero. When the train arrived, Poc adjusted his clothes a bit to look good.

The door opened, and Poc saw a young good-looking man wearing a black, double-breasted, long jacket get off the train with Mr. Arthur Doyle. The monocle the young man was wearing made him look more elegant.

Poc thought to himself that Mr. Evans must have used some magic potions to look this young.

He hurriedly took a few steps forward and said, "Sir, I'm the prince's coachman. My name's Poc. Are you Mr. Evans?"

Although Mr. Doyle was right beside him, he still needed to confirm.

"I am." Lucien slightly nodded.

The next second, Lucien was very surprised to see that Poc kneeled down in front of him and kissed the corner of his cloth in the manner praying in the church.

"Thank you... Thank you for bringing hope to us farmers," said Poc with tears in his eyes.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 331: Liberals

Seeing that the coachman was being this emotional, Lucien almost burst out the answer—serve the people! Fortunately, he was able to stop himself in time and instead said to the coachman gently, "It's just my conscience. It's what I should do."

Maybe because opera was very important in Holm, the way that the coachman showed his gratefulness was also a bit dramatic.

Poc was not a poet and was also not very well educated, thus he kept repeating the words like "thanks", "thank you", "survive", "farmer", and "harvest".

Finally, the coachman realized what his job was, and he hurriedly said, "Mr. Evans. I'm so sorry... I'm just too excited... Please, please get on the coach."

"It's okay. We're not in any hurry," said Lucien. He casually looked around and noticed that there were quite a few people looking at them out of curiosity, wondering why the coachman was using such a courtesy.

Lucien and Arthur got on the coach painted with a purple and red royal coat of arms, followed by Arthur's guards.

"Rustic countryman!" Arthur murmured. In his eyes, what Poc just did was a shame representing the royal family. However, he did not show it directly on his face. Instead, Arthur flattered Lucien, "You're such an angel! An angel of harvest, ha! We are lucky that no one really got close to us on the platform, or you'd probably be thrown into the prison because the coachman just used the highest courtesy..."

Lucien looked aside as if he could see through the board of the coach, smiling, "According to some historical documents, after the establishment of the Saint Truth, there were divinities of death, sun, moon, life and harvest/hunting, and then more gods and goddesses followed. Now, only a bit more than ten countries in the northwest beside the Dark Mountain Range were still worshiping them."

Very long ago, human beings had started to worship the divinities, but most of the heritages failed to be retained because of the harsh, pre-historic environment. What was left were only some wall paintings. Meanwhile, when human beings were suffering at the bottom of the food chain, some people born with greater spiritual power gradually figured out how to cast magic using the special patterns of the magical creatures. Finally, the ancient magic empire arose.

Many years later, within the empire, nothing related to divinity could be found. Therefore, if a sorcerer wanted to study divinity, he or she needed to invade other dimensions.

The Saint Truth, together with the powers worshiping other divinities, defeated the ancient magic empire. Then, however, the Saint Truth, after growing strong, changed the side of the war and ended the power following other beliefs. Only some small countries in the far northwest managed to survive. Now, there was a subtle balance between these small countries and the countries of other races.

Hearing Lucien's words, Arthur didn't dare to make any improper comments. Although he was totally fine with working with sorcerers, and honestly speaking, he already started to doubt the Church after Creationism had been overthrown, what he was taught during his early childhood still had a great influence on him.

Lucien noticed the look on Arthur's face. So he switched the topic back to business. Then they had a pretty good conversation.

...

The party was held in a private villa beside Verosa River in Rentato. The villa faced the river that looked like a golden strip of light, and in the back, there was a big garden where many flowers were blossoming. The view was wonderful.

In the villa, Lucien saw Prince Patrick, Natasha's uncle, again. He looked even more aged and slim than a year ago. Lucien could hardly tell that the prince was only in his middle age.

"Welcome back, Evans. I thought it was going to take longer." Holding a glass of wine, Patrick stood in front of his several guards who were protecting him from the cool wind from the patio, "I've always been longing for a trip throughout the continent, but my health condition won't allow me to do so. By the way, how's my niece doing? She must be much taller now."

Lucien grinned, "Your Highness, Natasha's doing fine. She's gradually stepping out of her bad memories."

The conversation was warm and casual, mostly about Natasha, Aalto and Lucien's trip. Patrick patted Lucien's shoulder and said, "Evans, I'll introduce some friends to you before the dinner starts."

Not coughing much, it looked that Patrick was in a good mood today.

Leading Lucien through the hall, the prince nodded to the several nobles slightly and then entered a separate room. Then the three nobles and a middle-aged man wearing a long black magic robe followed in.

"This is Count Hackson, Chancellor of the Exchequer of the kingdom," introduced Patrick.

Count Hackson, the elder man wearing the white wig, had sharp blue eyes.

"This is Russell, Duke Wolfburg, and this is James, Duke Paphos. They're both very influential members in the Parliament."

Wolfburg County and Paphos County were both quite prosperous counties in the Kingdom of Holm. As for the two dukes, one looked rather charming and elegant with his blond hair, and the other one was bald and looked a bit intimidating. Lucien knew that both of them were in fact elders, but they managed to retain a middle-aged look because they were radiant knights.

In the end, Patrick introduced the black-haired and black-eyed sorcerer to Lucien with a smile on his face, "This is Viscount Harrison from Holm Royal Magic Academy. He's also the member of Family of Sorcerer and the noble parliament. I'm sure you've heard his name. Harrison's a very famous illusionist and an alchemist."

Lucien slightly nodded. Viscount Harrison was quite famous not only because of his achievement in the magic world but also the fact that, as a sorcerer, he still managed to inherit the title. According to the rules between the Church and the nobles, when there were other inheritors, sorcerers were not allowed to obtain the title. Very rarely could sorcerers become inheritors because a noble always had lots of close or distant relatives. The best situation for these sorcerers was to later become the members of the parliament. However, there were still some lucky ones, for example, Viscount Harrison.

What made people envy him most was that Harrison was only a fifth-circle sorcerer when he inherited the title, and then because of the family's wealth, Harrison became a senior-rank mage in only fifteen years.

But that was not what Lucien heard about him. Lucien knew him because Harrison had refused to join the Will of Elements, instead, Harrison chose to be one of the leading mages of Family of Sorcerer, which was incredible to most sorcerers in Holm Royal Magic Academy. It seemed that Harrison was fond of Illusion more than Alchemy.

The prince coughed a bit and smiled, "I'm sure you all know who this young man is. Let us welcome the youngest winner of Holm Crown prize, the talented young sorcerer, Mr. Lucien Evans."

James, the baldheaded duke put on a big, warm smile, while the other three nobles maintained their manner and only slightly nodded.

"Arthur's really lucky," said James directly. "He's very fortunate to be your partner. Jinkela right now equals gold. I wonder what you're working on recently. I'm interested in working with you."

"I'm sorry. I just got back to Allyn. Currently, I'm not working on anything new." Lucien would not tell someone who he met for the first time too much.

James did not mind Lucien's attitude. He smiled and said, "We'll see if there's any chance in the future. By the way, I've been working with Harrison on a new product. Are you interested?"

"What is it?" hurriedly asked Count Hackson greedily before Lucien responded.

"It's based on the Lord of Storm's Electromagnetic Message. The spell enables people to talk when being far from each other. Although there's noise and it's easy to be interfered, it's enough for daily use! Much cheaper than using a teleportation circle! Think about it... when you're hunting in the forest, you can tell your friends in the city what you find any time you want! You can save lots of time communicating!" said Harrison holding the glass of wine.

Unlike most illusionists, when mentioning money and the product, Harrison's face was glowing with excitement.

"It's still a level-five magic item. Not many people can afford it." Count Russell slightly shook his head. He was not very optimistic about the product's future. In Holm, due to the high price, most nobles could only choose to buy the magic items that they really needed.

"We're trying to simplify it, say, using stored the power of electric current to replace the permanent magic circle. There are more and more electricity magic towers built by the Congress using the energy of the river flow, so this is doable. If this works, we can avoid using part of Fernando's exclusive right on the spell to further lower the cost. But, yes, the price's still a problem. After all, the magic item still needs to use the fifth-circle spell." Harrison looked a bit bothered, as he was not good at Electromagnetics spells.

He turned to Lucien, "So, my young fellow. Any ideas on it?"

"So far... nothing..." said Lucien honestly. He once tried to simplify the spell as well. However, the power of the fifth-circle spell was just irreplaceable.

Lucien's answer was within the several nobles' expectation. After all, the solution equaled a great amount of money!

The following conversation was a bit boring to Lucien. The nobles were sometimes busy with criticising the secretary as being too laggard, sometimes commenting on the speaker as being too conservative. They viciously guessed that it was probably because the old speaker was going to die soon, and the speaker needed to follow the Church closely to rise into Mountain Paradise.

"Boring, right?" Harrison walked next to Lucien. "But sometimes it isn't bad to get some information like this. At least, we can know who we should work with and who we shall be careful. These people are all liberals."

Lucien took a sip of the liquid, Sky Blue, and smiled, "I'll rest my brain a bit with this conversation."

"Good. Promising young man," said Harrison, "later, let me introduce more senior-rank sorcerers to you. It's good for your future."

"Thank you very much, sir." Lucien casually smiled.

Then they started to discuss magic. Harrison mentioned the paper by Isabella. Because some arcanist who reviewed the paper had leaked the information, many sorcerers had heard about the paper before this month's journal was published.

"The paper's totally shallow! She only sees the things on the outside!" said Harrison a bit angrily, "She has forgotten why these alchemical substances in human body are secreted. Mind and soul should be the solid foundation of illusion spells. Human beings' mind changes all the time, thus arcana cannot control the human mind. Only illusions can!"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 332: Atom Institution

The corner of Lucien's mouth twitched. He wondered if he needed to bring some Chinese dream reading skills here to continue the conversation.

"I can't believe that many sorcerers think Isabella will be the next winner of the Laurel. For what? Just because her theory can include Illusion in the system of arcana? The finding's still shallow and immature. And it doesn't comply with the spirit of magic!" Harrison continued.

He did not notice the strange smile on Lucien's face. Harrison just argued with some arcanists about this in the afternoon, thus his anger still lingered in his chest. Facing a sorcerer from other fields who had no preset viewpoint, Harrison could not help talking all the time.

Holding the glass, Lucien listened to Harrison's complaint smiling. Thinking of the paper that he was going to submit, Lucien had a subtle feeling in his mind.

Finally, Harrison stopped talking before the dinner was about to start.

Harrison nodded to Lucien, feeling satisfied, "Evans, you are an outstanding arcanist. You know how to think of Isabella's paper. If you have any questions on Alchemy and Illusion, just feel free to ask me."

Before Lucien responded, Harrison left the hall with other nobles.

"I didn't even make any comments..." Lucien murmured to himself. He had no idea why Harrison just regarded him as his supporter. However, it seemed that Harrison liked to call himself a witch, instead of an arcanist, following the tradition of the ancient magic empire.

It was the first time Lucien talked to a senior-rank illusionist. Lucien naturally tried to understand Harrison based on his way of talking.

"Okay, Evans. Let's get out. I'll introduce you to everyone who's open-minded about magic," said Patrick, who just got some rest in the back and drank a tube of magic potion to recover.

Lucien stopped analyzing the viscount in his mind and followed the prince.

After all of the nobles saluted, the prince introduced Lucien to them, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Lucien Evans. Tonight's party is for celebrating Lucien Evans becoming the student of the Lord of Storm!"

Without being informed in advance, the nobles first looked lost, but then they started to applaud warmly. Every single one of them had heard the name of the Lord of Storm, the grand arcanist, and the leading role in the Highest Council, and thus his student must be an important sorcerer as well. The fact that Lucien Evans showed up on the party suggested that this young sorcerer was also from the side that supported the nobles, therefore, they all welcomed him.

In the warm applause, James, the baldheaded duke walked to Lucien and said, "Evans, you didn't make any comments when we were talking about electromagnetic messaging. Were you trying to say in your mind that we, this bunch of fools, were all heading in the wrong direction? As the student of the Lord of Storm, we wonder if you can talk to Mr. Fernando and see if he can simplify the spell to the second circle. It would be our great pleasure to have Mr. Fernando as our partner."

Although it sounded that James was complaining a little, in fact, he was trying to get closer to Lucien by talking like this.

"I'll definitely try. But sir, you must have heard of Mr. Fernando's temper. All the students have to be really careful when talking to him." Lucien was very good at using Fernando's reputation as an excuse.

Harrison first stared at Lucien for a while when Lucien was talking to James, and then he said, "Congratulations, Evans. I indeed thought you would have a teacher from the board. I didn't expect it would be the Lord of Storm. The award you've won really helped you."

"Sir, I'm afraid that the compliment only might not be enough here." Lucien smiled sincerely, "I'm still waiting for you to introduce me to more senior-rank sorcerers. I don't know a whole lot of people in the Congress."

Harrison instantly understood that Lucien was trying to build up his connections, "My friends and I are looking forward to discussing arcana and magic problems with you, Evans."

The music was relaxing and wonderful. The atmosphere was warm and casual. Lucien had talked to quite a few important nobles both inside and outside of the kingdom guarding the territories. What was out of Lucien's expectation was that James was already a level nine gold knight, and there were a few radiant knights among the nobles as well.

...

After the party, Lucien returned to Allyn. When he was about to work on his paper in the study, Leo knocked at his door and said, "Lord, a gentleman named Lazar and a few apprentices have come to visit you."

Lucien was very happy to hear it. Obviously, his friend was quite well-informed. Lucien planned to finish his paper first before telling his friends and students that he had come back.

Lucien hurriedly said, "Let them come in."

Brown vest, white shirt, black double-breasted long jacket, and top hat—Lazar still dressed the same way, and his smile was still bright. Annick, Layria, Heidi, Sprint and the other apprentices, however, had changed much on their look and had grown much taller. Now they did not look like kids anymore.

Lazar gave Lucien a big, warm hug and said, "You never told us you'd come back! Katrina is the receptionist for the committee. She was the one who told us! Congratulations, the student of the Lord of Storm!"

The apprentices were both a bit nervous and excited, "Welcome back, Mr. Evans."

"Receptionist? Katrina, you have graduated?! What about Cindy and Dona?" Lucien was a bit surprised.

Three years later, as a fully grown lady, Katrina now looked very beautiful and mature, which made Layria and Heidi feel quite envious. Katrina smiled, "Mr. Evans, you once worked in the school. Don't you remember that the annual graduation season is always in June? We've studied in the school for three years and we already passed the exams of the senior level. We've also passed the Arcana Basic exam and got the basic arcana credit."

While Katrina was saying, Heidi, Layria, Annick, and the other apprentices were all quite proud. Only Chely looked quite depressed and said, "I haven't graduated yet... I'm still in senior class."

Lucien put on a sincere smile, "I do know that apprentices can graduate in three years, but very rarely can students meet the requirements. I'm proud of you all."

Hearing the praise, all the apprentices were very encouraged. Only Sprint lowered his head.

Lucien did not ask about Sprint in front of those people. Instead, he looked at Lazar.

Lazar grinned, "Both Cindy and Dona are busy with getting their first circle, so they're not working right now. Katrina got the job because she was Douglas Magic School's excellent graduate, and if it wasn't Katrina, we wouldn't know you were back. Now you've become the student of the Lord of Storm... Ummm, I thought it would be Mr. Raventi."

The excellent graduates could have the chance to get some good jobs. Although the schools also offered the other apprentices some positions, most of them preferred to find jobs on their own.

"It's out of my expectation as well." Lucien nodded, "So Annick, Layria... What have you all been busy with?"

Heidi said proudly, "We're working in the headquarter of the Congress. I'm in Apprentice Assessment Department. Layria is in Conversion Department. Annick's in Task Zone."

Then Heidi suddenly switched the topic and put on a begging look, "Mr. Evans, please, please help Sprint."

Sprint suddenly turned around and stared at Heidi. Obviously, he did not want Heidi to continue.

"Go ahead," said Lucien.

"Sprint... was absent from school too many times. He was dismissed."

"Dismiss?" Lucien looked at Sprint. Honestly speaking, Lucien was not too surprised.

Sprint answered a bit gloomily, "Magic Potion, Basic Element, Magic Analysis, Magic Structure... I understood all these courses from the handouts left by you, Mr. Evans. I was still attending Magic Practice course... I just did not want to waste my time. I wanted to spend my time on what I haven't learned."

"That makes sense. But the old fogeys in the school won't accept it." Lazar grinned.

Layria took a glance at Sprint with sympathy and said to Lucien, "Mr. Evans... Sprint was dismissed... No decent place is willing to hire him. He's currently working as a waiter in a restaurant. Can you... Can you help him?"

In these apprentices' eyes, Mr. Evans, as the youngest winner of Holm Crown prize and the student of a grand arcanist, was basically almighty!

"It's okay, Mr. Evans. It's just temporary. When I become a real sorcerer, it'll be different," said Sprint in pride.

Lucien rubbed his chin. After a while, he said, "I've been thinking about this for a while, but I couldn't make it come true in the past. Now I've become Mr. Fernando's student, so I think it's time now. I want to start an arcana research group. Do you want to be my assistant, Sprint?"

"A research group..." Lazar and the apprentices had never heard of something like this.

"Sprint?" Lucien asked again.

"I... Of course! Of course! Thank you, Mr. Evans," said Sprint. There were tears in his eyes.

Hearing that, Lazar thought about it for a while and said, "Lucien, my spiritual power has reached the middle-rank level, but my basic mathematics and magic analysis knowledge is still not solid, so I'm pretty much stuck. I'm thinking if I can resign my job in the Will of Elements and be your assistant as well in your... research group. Your arcana knowledge is profound. Working with you can for sure be beneficial to me."

"Of course. But you have to wait until my application is approved." Lucien smiled.

Lazar was a level-two arcanist, second-circle sorcerer. He put on a bright smile and said, "I'm sure I can learn a lot from you, Lucien. By the way, does the research group have a name?"

The apprentices all got excited. They came up with all kinds of names such as Storm Lab or Evans' Institution.

Lucien thought about it carefully and said, "Let's call it Atom Institution."

"Sounds cool." Heidi nodded.

Annick got up the courage and said, "Mr. Lucien, I don't like my job in Task Zone. It's too noisy and too trivial. Can I join the group as well?"

"I need people to work with me." Lucien nodded.

"Me, too!"

"Me, too!" cheered all the apprentices, even including Katrina after a while of hesitation.

Heidi joked, "Now the institution has turned into an arcana tutoring class."

In the world Lucien came from, this was called "one organization with two nameplates", he remembered.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 333: Persuasion

After Lazar and the apprentices left, the place suddenly became quiet. Leo closed the gate in the front and turned on the protection magic circle. Lucien went back to his study and started to work on his paper.

In the quiet night, Lucien's mind was rather sober. On an ordinary piece of paper, he wrote down the title—The Experiment on Human Body Electric Current and Brain Electromagnetic Wave and the Application in Illusion.

Books related to the researches studying brain waves in Lucien's spirit library were very limited, since even in the world that Lucien came from, researches in this field still remained underdeveloped. Therefore Lucien had to study a few illusionary spells to make the paper more reliable.

The paper was very challenging for him. The several papers that Lucien published in the past were other experts' findings already available. The only thing he had to do was alter the findings based on the real situations in this world. These papers only took him two to three hours each.

Releasing a sigh, Lucien did not start developing the paper based on the materials he gathered right away. Instead, he was going to talk to the Lord of Storm on the following day. As the student of the grand arcanist, Lucien would not waste the chance.

Lucien closed his eyes and enjoyed the coolness of the night for a few minutes. Then, he took out another pile of paper and started to write the application of his research institution.

Even writing the application was not easy. If not being careful, Lucien would reveal his understanding of atoms that could shock the whole world. He could not directly tell the public that an atom could still be further divided, and within in an atom, there was a very wonderful structure. But if he completely avoided talking about this, the application would be very unlikely to be approved. Lucien was in a great dilemma.

In the end, he chose to describe his purpose and research interest in a rather general way.

When he read the application himself, Lucien sincerely thought to himself that the fund was not easy to get. If this application failed, he had to switch to a more specific research area and give up using the name Atom Institution, but this would mean that every research topic was only going to be a short-term one.

As a researcher who was extremely interested in getting funds, Lucien hoped to set up a long-term research project to save as much time and money spent on doing experiments as possible, so he could save his profit from Holm Mineral and Harvest for future use. Everyone knew that becoming a senior-rank mage could cost a lot of money. A senior-rank mage had to build his or her own magic tower, buy all kinds of alchemical materials, and prepare for the rites.

Lucien also decided to show the Lord of Storm this application to his teacher. If Lucien could win his support, the whole thing would be much easier. If necessary, Lucien could reveal some of his real thoughts on atoms in front of Fernando. Maybe Fernando would yell at him, but it was still worth trying.

After a while, he calmed himself down and started to analyze the fifth-circle spell, Fernando's Lightning Smelter.

It was his first time analyzing a fifth-circle spell because he never expected that his soul and spiritual power could reach the fifth-circle level so fast. There were still many third-circle and forth-circle spells that Lucien had not studied. His plan was to focus on the difficult ones first and then go back to the lower ones.

...

Next day in the morning, Lucien came to the headquarter of the Congress of Magic.

"Good morning, Mr. Evans," greeted the tower guard on the gate. It was the alchemical creature, Prospell.

Lucien said politely, "Good morning, Prospell. How're you doing recently? Sorry, I didn't see you yesterday."

"The same... You know, having sorcerers coming in and out through my body all day long." Prospell would not admit that he did not want to show up yesterday because the Lord of Storm was there, "Mr. Evans, I heard you've reached the fifth circle. Good for you! When you become a senior-rank sorcerer and start to build your own magic tower, don't forget your promise. A female tower guard. Gentle, soft, considerate... much better than me!"

Lucien wondered since when they had this promise. He finished talking to Prospell, who was feeling a bit excited, and entered the magic tower.

It was still early. The headquarter was still quiet. On Lucien's way to Fernando's study on the thirty-third floor, he barely met any people.

Fernando, the Lord of Storm, was still wearing his favorite ancient-styled, bright-red magic robe, sitting behind his desk and reading the letters.

"Lucien, if you don't have anything else to do, help me with the letters first. Use my tone and reply to these letters. After you finish, we go to the lab," said Fernando directly. He did not give Lucien a word of praise for coming here early.

Lucien hurriedly nodded, "I've finished the draft of the paper. Please take a look."

"Good." Fernando nodded. Fernando took over the pile of paper and read it very carefully. He did not treat it casually just because it was written by a middle-rank mage. From time to time, Fernando even cast the spells on his own for verification.

Seeing Fernando frown, Lucien's heart was grasped by a big hand.

"Illogical... How do you want to persuade the board using this?!" Fernando commented.

Although the comment was very straightforward, Lucien was glad that Fernando did not yell at him. His response was still within Lucien's expectation.

Lucien hurriedly nodded and put on a humble-student look.

After criticizing Lucien's paper from the very beginning to the end, when Lucien started to feel that his draft was basically just a piece of trash, Fernando softened his tone a bit and said, "Of course, compared to all the shitty papers from those fools, this paper is still relatively interesting and creative. Nothing in the paper is a real mistake. Revise it and develop it into a decent paper. Don't put my name on it like some people. I don't want my name to appear on such a paper."

"Yes, sir." Lucien felt he just sweated a lot. Although Fernando did not yell at him, Lucien still suffered greatly hearing all the mistakes he made in this draft when Fernando pointed them out one by one. Because he relied on himself when writing half of the paper, Lucien knew that he would make a lot of mistakes, but he was still under huge pressure just now.

Before Fernando picked up these letters again, Lucien hurriedly said, "Sir, I'm applying for starting a research group. This is my application."

"Research group? Are you still not busy enough?" Fernando took over the application form, "Atom... Atom Institution. What a big topic... Umm..."The institution aims at studying the relationship between the periodicity of elements and atoms, exploring more factors resulting in the characters of elements and atoms', combining the findings with elemental, electromagnetic, light-darkness spells, etc. In conclusion, the institution is established to facilitate the development of elemental magic and arcana system..."

It seemed that Fernando was a bit amused when reading Lucien's application. Fernando did not take a serious attitude toward it. "So... you need a big and fully-equipped lab, a lot of precious materials, and lots of arcana points as allowance. Young man, you don't get funds like this. This general, ambiguous application will not be approved by Magic Research Board. And you seem to be quite ambitious. You want to turn this into a long-term research? That'll make your application even harder."

Lucien was prepared, "I think... I think the way that the Congress currently reviews all the applications is to some degree quite short-sighted. Arcana is developing very quickly, and there are new fields emerging all the time. The new fields are not specific yet but we cannot give them up, nor can we merely rely on the senior arcanists' private researches. The resources should be allocated equally, so more arcanists can be involved. This is another reason why I want to set up Atom Institution. I believe that more and more arcanists have realized the importance of studying atoms since the periodicity was found."

When he was saying that, he looked rather serious.

"You made me feel I was listening to a speech in the city council..." Fernando grinned. "Tell me more about how you understand atoms. If you want to win my support, you have to persuade me first."

Lucien knew that the cunning, old grand arcanist would not be deceived easily. He had to go further on this topic.

Lucien's brain quickly worked and he tried to be very cautious with his words, "Since the periodicity was found, I've been seeking for something deeper behind the laws, but I was at a total loss. Then, by chance, the idea struck me that maybe we should step out of Atom Theory and question what we think we've already known. If atoms are the smallest units as people believe, why the features of atoms vary so differently?"

Lucien paused a bit. Fernando looked at him thoughtfully.

"Maybe..." Lucien was a bit hesitant, "Maybe an atom can still be further divided!"

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 334: Assistant

Lucien finished his words. There was a total silence in the study.

Lucien knew that overthrowing Atom Theory, one of the fundamental theories in modern arcana system, was beyond crazy, and he was expecting Fernando's growl. However, the smile remained on his face, but Fernando did not make any comments yet.

Until Lucien felt the atmosphere making him slightly unable to breathe, the Lord of Storm slightly nodded, "In fact, after you put forward the Periodic Table of Elements, I talked to Hathaway many times and we've reached the consensus: if we want to go deeper down into the field of elements

and atoms, we have to abandon some of the ideas first, as they're probably not the truth, but they're restraining us from exploring further. Like what you mentioned, we also believed that the most fundamental existence should also be the simplest."

"What..." Lucien did not expect that the two grand arcanists had already taken a big step in the micro-world. How came they were not afraid of the fact that their brain might explode because of such a cognition shift?

Recognizing the look on Lucien's face, Fernando put on his symbolic, sarcastic smile, "Lucien, don't tell me that in your mind, we grand arcanists are just a bunch of fogeys who never want to accept new things and are reluctant to admit the mistakes we've made."

Before Lucien managed to answer, Fernando continued as if he was just talking to himself, "Standing at the top of the world, we're close to the nature of everything. However, we know that we've just discovered a few stars if the truth can be compared to the starry sky. We shall stay humble and determined. We shall be aware of things that should be abandoned. As long as we see problems, we can never just ignore them. Completely destroying a legendary archmage's cognition world isn't an easy thing. It has to be strong and fierce... totally out of expectation, or the worst scenario was just to add a limit for further progressing to the archmage. Of course, maybe what we've known is still too little. We haven't encountered anything like this so far that can shake everyone's understanding of the world."

It seemed that what Fernando just said was a bit different from what Lucien knew.

"Meanwhile, legendary archmages' understanding of the world can never be easily shaken. Without solid, rigorous reasoning and profound exploring, most archmages would stick to their beliefs. It also took Hathaway and me a long time to reach the consensus."

Lucien nodded thoughtfully. Fernando's words sounded a bit contradictory, but it was not. What Fernando was saying was about persistence and modesty.

Fernando concluded, "There's a saying among every grand arcanist: 'sometimes, our past experience and knowledge can be our hindrance.'"

Lucien slightly released a sigh, and then put on a sincere smile, "Then... since I'm not talking nonsense. Can you support me with setting up the institution?"

"Emmm... only one new point... maybe not enough. You have anything else to share?" grinned Fernando cunningly like an old fox. He wanted to see if Lucien still had more strange but creative thoughts in his mind that could possibly inspire him.

"No." Lucien shook his head in a determined way, "That's why I'm applying for setting up an institution, sir."

"Well... Let me put it this way. Before you reach the fifth circle, you work for me so I can tell if you can really accomplish anything with Atom Institution. You know, if I let you have a research group right away but you fail to find anything, you'd become a joke." The fox-like smile on Fernando's face was still there.

Lucien knew what Fernando meant. He seriously nodded, "I'll try my best."

Before coming to senior rank, Lucien was confident that his knowledge of the field of math, element, and electromagnetism should be enough. Lucien's biggest problem was that he was still having a hard time combining his knowledge of astrology with celestial mechanics. Say, he still had not figured out how to understand these cursing and blessing spells.

As they had reached the agreement, Lucien asked, "So... how can I improve this application then? I know it's too generous..."

"Why do you need to improve it?" Fernando made a surprised look, "Your signature on it makes the application form look rather ambiguous and generous. But with Hathaway's and my signature, the application will appear to be very profound and provident."

Lucien was speechless.

"Alright... Let's get back to the letters. Read them for me, one by one." Fernando sat back in the armchair and closed his eyes as if he was meditating.

Although Lucien was not sure why Fernando did not want to directly read the letters himself, as he was not that type of people who always liked showing off, Lucien still picked up the first letter.

The handwriting on the letter was very beautiful and elegant. Lucien took a glance at the envelope and saw the name, Yaroran Hathaway Hoffenberg.

"This... this letter should be confidential..." Lucien was very hesitant.

"Hurry up," Fernando urged.

Lucien nodded and started reading, "Fernando, according to your suggestion, I have improved the design of the magic circle and now it can separate the substances even more specifically. This is the improved structure..."

As he was reading, Lucien was surprised and also a bit amused.

He felt surprised because the two arcanists were actually heading for the right direction: separating isotopes!

Through the application of the Periodic Table of Elements, more and more arcanists had realized that the measurement of atomic weight was indeed not correct due to the limit of the methods currently applied. Fernando and Hathaway were trying to use electromagnetic force and centrifuging to purify the atoms. Only legendary archmages could do this.

What amused Lucien was how Hathaway described things. As a grand arcanist, her ability of expression was not very impressive and organized. She had to use a lot of magic symbols to make her words clear.

Reading the letter was not an easy job. Lucien finished reading, and Fernando grinned, "It's torturing reading her papers and letters. When she was still the princess, she never passed her literature course. Every single one of her papers had to be polished first by her students or the younger arcanists."

Lucien just got to know a big secret of Hathaway like this.

"What do you think of the letter?" asked Fernando, "I remember you mentioned something about this before."

Lucien thought it for a while and said, "This method works better when there's a bigger difference in mass... So heavy elements are ideal..."

Then Fernando asked Lucien more questions based on the paper. If Lucien failed to answer properly, Fernando would explain in details and even use some experiments to make the explanations even clearer.

Then Fernando finally asked Lucien to reply the letter for him.

Lucien started to realize Fernando's true intention. Fernando was using the letters between the legendary archmages to let Lucien know what the most cutting-edge researches were and to broaden his horizon.

Therefore, Lucien became very focused when reading the next letter.

The second letter was from an even more famous arcanist, Derrick Douglas.

"... As all arcanists know, transmission requires media, but how light and spiritual power transmit in the space? We believe that no matter how secret a matter is, or how carefully it hides, we shall finally find the clues. However, people were saying Aether was the medium for the transmission of light, but it hasn't been proved yet until today."

Aether was also the name for an alchemical material. It could be quite confusing for beginners.

"Brook and his supporters believe that the theory of Psychic Wave has won the game, but I'm not one of them. A simple experiment has revealed the problem hiding in this theory—if Aether indeed exists in the space, when our world revolves around the sun, there should be a resistance, thus the speed of light should change as well..."

Fernando listened carefully and commented, "Douglas has been working on Particle Theory for a long time. He's the leading figure opposing and questioning Wave Theory. Many arcanists have chosen to take a more neutral standpoint facing Wave Theory. So... What do you think of the experiment Douglas mentioned?"

Lucien was quite pessimistic, "Even if it is proved that Aether does not exist, I'm afraid that Mr. Douglas' effort would still not be recognized, as the experiment is designed based on his space model. However, we haven't found a single planet yet. This experiment is not persuasive enough."

Fernando slightly nodded, "What you said makes sense, but Douglas won't give up. The experiment has still provided us with a new perspective to examine the existence of Aether."

Then, Fernando asked Lucien more questions on Particle Theory and Wave Theory. Those questions really gave Lucien a hard time.

In the end, Lucien felt a bit exhausted. For those questions that Lucien did not answer very well, Fernando kept providing detailed explanations.

Then more letters followed. They made Lucien feel both nervous and excited. These letters covered all the eleven schools, which was out of Lucien's expectation.

Finishing reading all the letters, it was already close to noon. Fernando took Lucien to the lab where they built a black, hollow sphere, which was an ideal thermal radiation model.

"Okay, you may leave now. Tomorrow, we do the same. Letters first, and then experiment," said Fernando.

Lucien felt dizzy after all the work when he walked out of the lab.

At this time, he saw that Thompson came over. Seeing the look on Lucien's face, Thompson was not surprised, "Evans, you must have worked very hard. Trust me. It's really good for you."

"I can tell..." Lucien released a sigh of relief, and then he asked, "Why are the archmages still writing letters to communicate when Electromagnetic Message has been invented?"

"Writing can make them stay more organized... That's one thing." Thompson put on a meaningful look, "And the other thing's that... they would rather write letters because..."

Thompson looked at the direction of his teacher's lab and grinned.

Chapter 335: The Comment on the Paper

Chapter 335: The Comment on the Paper

It was close to the time when the headquarter of the Congress was about to close. Lucien took the paper which had been revised by the Lord of Storm to the Sorcerer Administrative Department.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Evans." Katrina was very surprised to see Lucien.

Katrina was very good-looking and in good shape. Many young sorcerers here who weren't married often tried to get closer to her, and it was the same today, even though it was already late afternoon. Some were pretending they were just having a drink; some were talking about the latest arcana theories to show their profoundness, using hard words that most people did not understand; some who were more straightforward just directly talked to the young receptionists, making those other sorcerers quite pissed off.

Hearing Katrina greeted Lucien gladly, they all looked at the young sorcerer who just entered the hall.

Good-looking face, elegant dressing, and the dream-like purple ring on his finger... This young man was Lucien Evans, one of the most outstanding young sorcerers. It was said that he was already a level five arcanist!

The sorcerers all stood up and greeted respectfully, "Good afternoon, Mr. Evans."

Meanwhile, they were all guessing the relationship between them Lucien and Katrina. They heard that Lucien Evans once had some students, and therefore many of them more or less envied Katrina for she could have such a famous teacher. Although Lucien Evans was still a middle-rank mage, he had been recognized as the most promising candidate for becoming a senior-rank. The several papers Lucien published had shown his profound knowledge in arcana.

Following such a teacher meant a bright future. At least, it shouldn't be hard for Katrina to become a real sorcerer and an arcanist.

Lucien nodded to the sorcerers and then walked to Katrina, "Good afternoon, may I know who is available today? "

"Mr. Eric, Mr. David... Basically, they're all available," answered Katrina. "Are you here for your new paper?"

"Yes." Lucien nodded, "The application thing's going to take some time. Don't worry. Also, tell others when you see them."

"No matter whether the application can be approved or not, being your student is still a great thing." Katrina knew that the other sorcerers present were all jealous of her. She knew that her choice was absolutely correct!

Lucien talked to Katrina casually for a short while and headed for the office in the back. Of course, he would go for Mr. Eric, as they were old acquaintances already.

When the other receptionist saw that Katrina felt so comfortable and at ease when talking to Mr. Lucien Evans, she was a bit jealous but also had a sense of inferiority. As an excellent graduate just like Katrina, she felt that she was like a little girl when discussing magic and arcana with the other. She tried hard to tell herself that people had different strengths, however, what she just saw frustrated her again. She wondered why Katrina was so lucky.

"Katrina, you've never told me that you know Mr. Evans," the young receptionist asked Katrina and pretended that she was just asking casually, "and he's your teacher?"

Katrina smiled, "Mr. Lucien Evans and I were on the same boat from the other side of the ocean. He taught me a lot on the way, and then, fortunately enough, I met Mr. Evans again in the magic school. He tutored me arcana."

"This is destiny..." The young receptionist sighed. That was what the other sorcerers were thinking as well.

Katrina was still young. Of course, she was very proud. She thought to herself that Mr. Evans was also the student of the Lord of Storm, but she would not brag about it.

...

"One thousand one hundred and twenty-four arcana credits, sixty-five arcana points. Now you've become a level five arcanist. It's a year earlier than I expected." Eric handed the badge with five silver stars on it to Lucien, "These years, the development of arcana is amazing. If one stops studying arcana for a short while, one would be left way behind."

What Eric said was true. Even Lucien was also a bit confused when hearing other sorcerers talking about the latest arcana topics after coming back.

"Mr. Eric, you've also become a level four arcanist." Lucien took a glance at the badge that Eric was wearing.

Hearing Lucien's words, Eric's face lit up, "I've also contributed three credits to your total gaining. By the way, are you here to submit your new paper?"

Lucien did not mention that his magic badge could also be updated to the fifth circle, and Eric did not expect it either. So the topic had been switched to Lucien's new paper.

"Yes. I was inspired by my mission. It's about Illusion." Lucien handed the paper to Eric. In his heart, he was quite expectant. After all, half of the paper was from Lucien himself.

Eric first submitted the paper and then asked a bit curiously, "Every single one of your papers more or less have caused some stirs. What's this paper about?"

"It proves that human brain waves can send out a special electromagnetic wave that leads to the secretion of certain hormones", thus people's emotions are affected and illusions are caused," said Lucien honestly.

Eric was a bit surprised, "Is it related to Ms. Isabella's paper? Her paper has caused a lot of discussions. Some arcanists support her viewpoint and believe that she should be the winner of Sorcerer Laurel, but more illusionists think that the paper's too shallow and not persuasive enough. Probably your paper is also going to be involved in the debate and be attacked. But your paper could also make Ms. Isabella's paper more complete. Perhaps you can share the Laurel with her and become the second arcanist in a hundred years who can win the highest awards in two different fields."

"My paper is not there yet. I just wish this paper can get a good score." Lucien joked, "Maybe in the future I can win the Laurel with a better paper."

Because Lucien had used the two versions of the spell, Charm Person, to support the paper, Eric told Lucien that he should be able to get the result the next day.

...

"... When studying photoelectric sensing, I found something strange. No matter how I enhance the power of a kind of low-frequency light, no electric current can be produced, which is contradictory to the previous inference..." Lucien was reading the letter from the grand arcanist Edwyn Brook,

Emperor of Control, the Poem of the Goddess. He had noticed the unusual thing in the photoelectric effect.

Brook had not seen the nature of light current because cathode ray still remained undiscovered. However, Lucien knew that it was just a matter of time. He felt the urgency of setting up his Atom Institution.

"What do you think of Brook's experiment, Lucien?" As usual, Fernando asked again. He did not care whether Lucien's thoughts were right or wrong. This was just a method of teaching.

Lucien answered cautiously, "I've never done this experiment before, so I'm not sure. But according to Mr. Brook's description, maybe the foundation of his inference is wrong."

"You're just repeating... Maybe this is a chance for Douglas." Fernando was more inclined to Wave Theory, but he was not the supporter of either side as there was no specific evidence yet.

Then Fernando explained the experiment to Lucien in detail, but he did not make Lucien reply the letter until he had finished part of the heat radiation experiment with Lucien. Fernando asked Lucien to send the data to Brook, and also to Douglas.

...

The second day after lunch, Lucien went to Eric's office for the result of his paper.

"The result was sent back in the morning." Eric looked the same serious, "The result isn't bad. The board members won't change their review standards because of their own preferences."

When receiving the document, Lucien was quite nervous like a young student receiving his final score.

The document wrote:

"Augustus: The paper proves the existence of human body electric currents and brain waves and how emotions and delusions are caused using the experiment the spell. The idea is well organized and presented, but the sample size of brain wave is limited and thus the paper is less persuasive. The author has also admitted this. To conclude, the research creatively leads electromagnetism into the field of Illusion, providing further support for including part of the school of Illusion in the system of arcana. The paper can lead to great discussion but it still lacks decisive evidence. Therefore, thirty arcana credits and three hundred arcana points are recommended as the reward."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 336: Drummond's Visit

Charlie, the other board member, made a simpler comment, "This creative paper has proved that human body electric current and brain waves can cause illusions. It is for sure a breakthrough. However, the paper still lacks solid support for wider application to cover more illusionary spells. Therefore, the importance of the paper remains to be further proved in the future. Twenty-five arcana credits and three hundred points are recommended to be given."

In the end, the document concluded, "Creative and groundbreaking. Worthy of detailed discussion. Well-organized and clearly presented. However, the application of the paper is relatively limited as it currently cannot cover the entire field of Illusion, and many key parts remain ambiguous. Twenty-eight credits and three hundred points are given as the award."

A smile appeared on Lucien's face. Although it seemed that those board members did not really like his paper, as they did not give him many credits, the comments given by them were not bad. Lucien had found the right research direction, thus his paper was, of course, creative and was a breakthrough.

Eric slightly shook his head and said, "Those board members are just fusty. They don't like yours and Ms. Isabella's paper. They gave you the least credits within the standard. Normally speaking, your paper deserves at least forty to fifty arcana credits, but Ms. Isabella's paper should get at least eighty."

"How many credits did Ms. Isabella get in the end?" asked Lucien. As he was prepared, Lucien was not angry. He was looking at getting more credits by other sorcerers' future citation.

"Fifty... Those guys..." Eric lowered his voice, looking the same serious, "If Ms. Isabella wasn't a senior-rank mage, probably they would give her forty."

Ms. Isabella was a member of Tower, a level six arcanist, and a seventh-circle sorcerer. Although Isabella specialized in Astrology and Illusion, she was still outside of the core group of Tower and had not been selected into Arcana Review Board. Rachel was her student.

"I see... It would be hard for Ms. Isabella to win the Laurel, then," Lucien commented casually.

Eric stared at Lucien with his light gray eyes and said to Lucien after making sure that he was not expecting to win the laurel, "So the number of Sorcerer Laurel winners have always been fewer

than that of other awards. And most of the Laurel winners are the members from Family of Sorcerer, and their findings were all related to the three schools of magic from the ancient magic empire. But Ms. Isabella's experiment is very well designed and sufficiently proved. If the Laurel is not going to be given to Ms. Isabella, this honor would become a joke."

Lucien realized that who could win the award was also of political concern. He could not help thinking how he could win the Laurel.

...

When Lucien got back home, he was told by Leo that he had a guest.

"Mr... Drummond?" Lucien was a bit confused. He could not remember the name.

Leo hurriedly reminded him in the low voice, "Mr. Drummond's the chief editor of Arcana."

That was right. Lucien clapped his hands. As for every single arcanist who worked hard to publish his or her paper on Arcana, Drummond was a name that they had to remember. But Lucien was an exception. He did not have to worry about where to publish his papers.

"Why is he here? And Leo, how do you know him?" asked Lucien confused. Drummond was a level seven arcanist and an eighth-circle sorcerer, the chief editor of the famous journal, the winner of Arcana Sceptre prize. Why did Drummond come to visit him in person?

Leo answered as a very decent butler, "When I was working for Ivanovszki, I had to remember the names of all the important people to handle all kinds of stuff. So after I came to Allyn, I've collected some names, just in case."

"Thank you." Lucien was very satisfied.

When Lucien saw the chief editor, Drummond was wearing a dark vest and suit, holding a black stick. His black eyes were sharp and serious like the eyes of an eagle.

"The Lord of Storm once gave me some very useful suggestions in the field of Force Field, and his achievement in many arcana fields is incomparable. I'm sincerely glad for you that you can become his student, Lucien." Drummond tried to be closer to Lucien.

Lucien greeted Drummond and said, "Every morning I have to go through Mr. Fernando's brainstorm. Every morning time seems to pass by very slowly."

It took Drummond a few seconds to figure out what brainstorm was. He smiled, "Not many people are willing to stay beside the Lord of Storm when discussing arcana and magic questions."

Lucien and Drummond walked into the living room. Lucien asked politely, "Mr. Drummond, it's my great honor having you here. Honestly speaking, I did not recognize your name immediately as I never expected you to come and visit my place in person. I should be the one visiting you, sir."

Holding the stick, Drummond said, "I just got the news from the board that you've got a breakthrough in studying the factors affecting hormone secretion, and you've introduced Electromagnetic Theory into the field of Illusion. By the way, hormone is the term put forward by Ms. Isabella to call the certain human body alchemical substances. I've read your paper, and I think your paper is of great value. I am here to invite you to publish your paper in our journal. The theme of our next month issue accords with your topic well. I think it's better than sending you an

invitation letter to express my sincerity, and also to apologize for what happened to your previous paper. I've fired the editor who rejected your contribution."

Arcana was the most well-known and reputed journal in the world of magic, and its chief editor came to Lucien in person for his paper! Drummond was treating Lucien like a grand arcanist or a legendary sorcerer! But, of course, apologizing for what happened last time was also part of the reason.

"No worries. Thank you very much, Mr. Drummond." Lucien and Drummond sat down on the couch in the living room. Lucien asked, "You mentioned the theme of the next month issue... Does Arcana have a theme?"

Before getting more information, Lucien would not say yes casually. Not to mention that Mr. Woods from Common Arcana was an old friend of his.

"Since Ms. Isabella's paper passed the review, great controversy has been caused. In the past week, many senior-rank arcanists have developed papers or designed experiments to refute Ms. Isabella's theory. So, in the next month's issue, we have decided to give the most space to these papers. This was the theme. We're hoping that your paper can achieve the expected outcome as your paper is the best support to Ms. Isabella's theory," said Drummond sincerely.

"To achieve the expected outcome..." murmured Lucien. He soon realized what Drummond was talking about.

Lucien guessed that most members in the Highest Council were not happy with the fact that Illusion and some other schools of magic had never belonged to the system of arcana, which caused the barrier between the sorcerers from Family of Sorcerer and most arcanists. So they were using this as an opportunity to let Lucien's paper become the solid support of Ms. Isabella's theory, thus the conservatives could feel the pressure. If Isabella won the Laurel, arcana would win, as the sorcerers from Family of Sorcerer had to admit the fact that the arcana system could at least explain part of the school of Illusion.

Of course, Isabella's paper itself was good enough to win the Laurel. This was the premise.

Lucien crossed his fingers and said in a low voice, "Mr. Drummond, Mr. Woods from Common Arcana has helped me a lot, and I've promised that I would first consider publishing my papers on Common Arcana first. I keep my words."

Lucien was expecting a better offer.

"Evans, Arcana Review Board is discussing something recently. It is totally unfair that publishing a paper on different levels of journals gives a sorcerer the same credits. Therefore, they are going to give each journal a corresponding coefficient. When deciding on future citation credits, a sorcerer can get more credits by weighting the base credit by the corresponding coefficient," answered Drummond, well prepared. "They've decided to evaluate each journal every five years based on the influence of all the papers published previously. The coefficient varies from one to three. Common Arcana is doing a good job these years, so the coefficient Common Arcana deserves shouldn't be bad. But I have to say that Arcana currently still enjoys a higher reputation. Arcana credits are very important to sorcerers, and this is also the will of the highest council. I am sure that Mr. Woods will understand. Also, if you support us this time, we will always reserve a place on Arcana for you and your paper. We can negotiate the schedule."

Arcana only did this for people who were at least members of Arcana Review Board!

Lucien nodded. After all, this was part of the plan of the highest council. He smiled, "If Mr. Woods won't blame me, I'm willing to publish my paper on Arcana."

Later, in Lucien and Drummond's casual talk, Drummond said with pity, "If Ms. Isabella did not publish her paper before you, and if your paper was more precise, your paper would be the focus. If that was the case, you probably would become the second arcanist in the past hundred years who

could win two highest prizes before reaching senior-rank. But you're still young, so you still have a lot of potential, especially as the Lord of Storm's student."

After Drummond left, Lucien went back to his study and continued to work on analyzing the fifth circle spell.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 337: Further Experiment

In the study on the thirty-third floor of the headquarter of the Congress, Lucien was holding a letter from Oliver Constantine, "...Since the fifth circle, a sorcerer's every single progress involves the interaction between one's soul and one's cognitive world. In the progress, substantialization happens. In order to become a legendary archmage, one's cognitive world has to be half solidified to remain between being virtual and real..."

Lucien was too shocked to continue reading as he knew that the information in this letter should be confidential to a middle-rank sorcerer like him. Although the letter was about the secret of the legendary level, Fernando still closed his eyes like there was nothing special.

Although the book Astrology and Magic Elements also contained the rites of legendary level, as of now Lucien could not read that part, as he was not yet a senior-rank mage. Neither was he qualified to use the higher level arcana and magic library to gather more information. Therefore, before Lucien read the letter, he knew nothing about how to become a legendary archmage and how it was like to be one. However, Oliver Constantine's letter just revealed the secret casually.

Of course, Oliver Constantine was writing to the Lord of Storm, a grand arcanist. This was not a secret at all between them.

"Keep going," Fernando said in a plain tone. "Don't tell me you're not interested in becoming a legendary archmage."

This was the benefit of becoming the student of a grand arcanist. Lucien could find many secrets and all of them would contribute to his future growth.

Lucien continued to read the letter:

"Fernando, as you know, the closer one's cognitive world is to the real world, the easier the half-solidification progress is, thus reaching legendary level can be easier. From what I know about Florencia, I think this is going to be her biggest challenge in her future progressing. Therefore, I've been studying the half-solidification progress for a while.

"As my research went deeper, I've noticed that after excluding the parts consisting of the different cognitive worlds formed based on assorted arcana theories, in the meditation environment, the space structure and the real world conflict badly. Perhaps the mathematical basis that we adopt in describing space is wrong. Maybe we need to start all over again to reexamine this part. I think..."

It seemed that Oliver's math was not as good as his arcana. Fernando found a few mistakes in the letter and pointed them out in front of Lucien directly. Using the letter, Fernando again started to test and teach Lucien.

"You're not really stupid when it comes to math," commented Fernando with no any facial expressions. Then he grinned, "Although Oliver was a playboy and he was even fooling around with his female students, Florencia's definitely his true love... like an opera."

Lucien hoped that Fernando could mind his words a bit in front of him. Lucien felt that Fernando had two sides. When it came to arcana and magic, he was very short-tempered and impatient like an approaching storm, however, in other cases, was often humorous and sometimes even a bit dirty. Thus, some people secretly called Fernando "the old pervert".

Seeing that Lucien did not answer, Fernando continued, "Oliver has to be careful. Maybe one day Florencia will be totally pissed if he keeps contacting his previous little lovers... Maybe Florencia will find a lover to take her revenge. Umm... Imagine the look on Oliver's face... I wonder if one day Oliver, the Hand of Annihilation, will annihilate Florencia?"

Although Lucien was more or less prepared, Fernando's passion for gossiping was still out of Lucien's expectation, which further confirmed Lucien's impression of his teacher—an old pervert!

"It's... quite impossible. No one dares to steal a grand arcanist's wife," Lucien tried to end this topic.

Fernando took a glance at Lucien and said, "What do you know? There are always young guys who are bold and crazy about love. When I was young, I was even crazier than Oliver! But now I'm old. I'm not interested in anything else other than exploring the truth of the world."

Shaking his head, Fernando said, "The next letter."

After reading all the papers, Fernando did more thermal radiation experiments with Lucien to gather more information for the derivation of the formula.

...

In the study in Lucien's garden villa.

Lucien received a letter today from Viscount Harrison, the senior-rank illusionist.

"... I've read your paper, Evans. I have to say that I'm a bit disappointed as you have given up your advantages in the field of Element and Astrology and carelessly stepped into the field of Electromagnetic Wave, Hormone, and Illusion that you're not even familiar with. Thus, your paper is not enough thorough just like Isabella's paper. And it is even less persuasive compared to Isabella's work since there are many things in your paper that cannot be proved.

"Of course, your talent in arcana impressed me. You've also put forward some creative findings even in the fields that you're not good at. Maybe I should admit that some illusions were from the interaction between the electromagnetic waves and the alchemical substances. Your improvement on the spell, Charm Person, is marvelous. Perhaps, in the future, when you have a better understanding of the essence of Illusion, you can make an even greater contribution..."

Then Harrison spent more than twenty pages on explaining how he understood Illusion. Although he was more or less bragging about it, his words also solved some of the questions in Lucien's mind in the school of Illusion.

At the end of the letter, Harrison wrote,

"... The debate over whether the Laurel should go to Ms. Isabella has been growing more and more intense. Family of Sorcerer has decided to gather us senior-rank mages together next month to discuss it. It is a pity that your paper hasn't been proved decisive, or I would be able to nominate you to share the Laurel with Isabella. So you can be one of the two most outstanding arcanists in the past a hundred years."

Family of Sorcerer retained the conservative style from the ancient magic empire. They looked back the whole year's achievement in the three major schools of magic at the end of every year to decide about who could win the Laurel, if there was anyone qualified for the prize.

As for Holm Crown prize, things were different. A great achievement could lead to the activation of the reviewing process immediately and thus whether the sorcerer could win the prize could be decided very fast unless it had to take years for the value of the finding to be proved.

Obviously, this time, great pressure was confronting Family of Sorcerer.

Putting down the letter from Harrison, Lucien started to write his own letter.

Picking up the quill, he slightly dipped it in the ink. However, the tip of the quill stopped above the paper. The first letter was of course for the princess far away from him. However, Lucien was a bit nervous writing the letter.

He calmed himself down, trying to figure out what Natasha's preference was. He knew that he should avoid talking about arcana and magic too much. In the world that Lucien originally came from, people made fun of such nerds all the time.

But what else could he write about? Lucien found it rather difficult.

A while later, Lucien started writing,

"... My teacher is Mr. Fernando, the Lord of Storm. He is a strange person. When it comes to talking about magic and arcana, he is very bad-tempered and impatient. He was even yelling at me a few times... You know, I'm always quiet and cautious... When he is angry, it's more than dreadful, like a violent storm. But at other times, he is pretty casual and humorous, sometimes even a bit too much."

Just in case, Lucien did not use the word "pervert".

"... When I was reading the letters from these archmages, I could tell their different personalities from the ways they wrote the letters. For example, Ms. Hathaway is not very good at using words to express herself, but when it comes to arcana and magic, I can tell that she is very determined and intelligent, although the sentences she used were rather simple...

"Mr. Douglas seems to be a graceful senior man. He rarely gets angry. The only problem with him is that he always asks why. Mr. Brook is gifted in writing and is always very cautious about using his words. Meanwhile, he is quite old-school and stubborn.

"... Mr. Oliver, when talking about things other than magic and arcana, is always full of passion just like a poet. He is like the typical elegant and favorable playboy pictured in the operas. But he basically shows no resistance to woman's beauty...

"... Ms. Hellen Paris' words are always simple. She rarely talks about things other than arcana and magic. But according to Mr. Fernando, she is actually quite talkative in front of people she knows well, but she just focuses more on exploring the nature of the world.

"Vicente Miranda, Thanatos, rarely writes to Mr. Fernando. I can say that he is relatively... careless. He only wrote to Mr. Fernando twice, but both of the wrinkled letters were stained with the oil from the dead bodies in the back. It is quite disturbing..."

...

After finishing the letter for Natasha, Lucien felt much relaxed. Then he wrote more letters to all of his friends to tell them that he had come back. He also wrote back to Viscount Harrison and briefly explained his understanding of dream and of simple behavior psychology.

...

In the past a few days, many friends visited Lucien or wrote back to him.

This morning, Lucien stepped into Fernando's study on time.

"Good morning," said Lucien politely.

Fernando looked quite pissed, "I'm not good! Not at all! Why did I bother doing this damned thermal radiation experiment!"

Lucien's heart suddenly missed a beat. He wondered if Fernando had collected all the data. However, as he was being busy with studying the fifth-circle magic these days, Lucien had not found any time to analyze the numbers.

Comments (47)

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 338: The Constant

"So... you can't find the law from the data collected?" Lucien asked carefully. He had found the way to talk to Fernando. Lucien had to purposefully make some mistakes to hide the fact that sometimes he actually knew more than his teacher.

Fernando walked back and forth impatiently in the study, "No. Based on the Equipartition Theorem, I've worked out a formula. Although it works perfectly with long waves, it just produced a stupid error with short waves. Can you imagine what the formula told me? It told me that the shorter the wave is, the greater the energy that can be produced. If that is true, the pope would be kneeling on the ground and kissing the tip of my shoe right now!"

Anything, such as the sun and the fire, that was above absolute zero could produce thermal radiation. It was a common belief in the Congress that the nature of the thermal radiation was the electromagnetic waves of different wavelengths. Meanwhile, as the temperature rose, more short waves of different frequencies would emerge. Within the spectrum, the visible light could have different colors. For example, the pure flame had colors including dark red, crimson, tangerine, orange-yellow, bluish-white and so on, which was in line with the change of the wavelength.

Hearing Fernando's growling and feeling his bad temper, the name, Ultraviolet Catastrophe, suddenly came to Lucien in his mind. He did not expect that Fernando first figured out this formula.

"Can I... Can I take a look at the formula?" Lucien asked very cautiously.

Fernando yelled, "I've been staring at it for the whole night! I didn't leave anything out!"

However, Fernando did not stop him. Lucien picked up the piece of paper curiously and saw the formula Fernando scrawled. The formula was exactly the same as the one in Lucien's memory!

Seeing that Lucien was just holding the paper there but did not say anything, Fernando thought that he was verifying the formula. He waved his hand very impatiently and said, "Forget about it! This is so stupid."

When Fernando was pissed, he was also very tough with himself.

Lucien did verify the formula. What Fernando said was true.

After a while, Fernando released a long sigh, "Read the letters for me first. We'll do another round of experiment again later."

"Yes." Lucien nodded. Then, he picked up the first letter. It was from Douglas, the Emperor of Arcana.

"...Based on the experimental data you gave me, I figured out an empirical formula from my perspective. I still believe that the nature of the thermal radiation is not the electromagnetic waves, but molecular emission from heating..."

Fernando cut in, "When it comes to thermal radiation, he's still talking about his Particle Theory."

"Maybe we can change our perspective..." Lucien tried to be euphemistic.

Fernando curled his lip and said, "Maybe he's the only one who can say these things without being affected. Go ahead. Let's see what the formula is."

Lucien was a bit nervous. If the formula was again the same as what Lucien learned in the world that he originally came from, a world-shaking finding would be approaching them.

"...This is my formula. But it only works with short waves. As for the calculation of long waves, it has failed..." Lucien was totally shocked. The formula was the same!

Maybe the data collected was not accurate? Lucien could not help wondering. The closer they were to the answer, the more nervous and suspicious Lucien felt.

"It works... with short waves...? So, Particle Theory can lead to a formula that works with short waves..." murmuring, Fernando was confused.

Lucien stayed focused and started to verify the two formulas in his mind using the two theories. Meanwhile, his heart beat faster and faster. He felt that a corner of the world's truth was going to be revealed.

Was the constant going to be the same?

According to Lucien's understanding, if there was a big difference between the two worlds, the physical constants should be different as well, which was possibly the reason why magic existed in this world. However, if the physical constants were the same, Lucien should be still in the same universe, unless there was something else that he did not understand!

After a while, when Lucien just finished verifying the formula using Particle Theory, Fernando finally calmed down a bit, "Write back to Douglas and attach my formula in the letter. See what he says. Also, copy the letter to Brook, Hathaway, Oliver, Hellen, and Vicente. Give them both of the formulas."

Lucien stopped thinking and tried to slow down his heartbeat. He pointed at the other letter on the table and said, "Mr. Brook also sent a letter here."

"Open it," said Fernando briefly.

Lucien read the letter at a moderate speed, "...Based on your data, I've worked out an empirical formula from the Equipartition Theorem. But the formula is ridiculous. It only works with calculating long waves, but it's like a disaster when it comes to short waves..."

The letter was basically the same as what Fernando just said, and so was the formula Brook provided.

Fernando remained silent for quite a while. And then he said in a low voice, "Write the letters as I said. I need some time to think."

Then, he closed his eyes and leaned back against the chair.

After Lucien finished writing the letters and gave them to the Adamantium Golem, he also started working on verifying the other formula.

Time passed by. The other formula, after being verified, still remained exactly the same as Fernando's and Brook's answer.

Lucien's mouth was a bit dry. His heart was beating fast again. Lucien was very nervously waiting for the answer. Staying focused and calm, he started to put the two formulas together to make it fit both of the scenarios. When doing this, everything faded away from Lucien, except the voice of demon and devil lingering in his ears, which made him feel dizzy from time to time.

Lucien's black eyes became cold. He was totally dedicated, and the formula slowly came into being.

...

In the headquarter office of Arcana.

Drummond pushed open the office door and pointed at the couch, "Ms. Isabella, please."

Isabella was wearing a long, light green dress, decorated with fine laces and designed pleats. There was also a nice-looking floppy hat on her head. A long, light-purple ribbon banded her hair.

Taking off the hat, Isabella handed it to her student, Rachel. There was a gentle smile on her face, and her blue eyes showed her sincere appreciation, "Drummond, thank you very much."

"I was just pushing it a little bit. Most importantly, those grand arcanists want you to win the Laurel." Drummond smiled and pointed at the upper floor, "Also, your research findings deserves the prize."

Isabella was a typical Holm beauty. She had black hair and blue eyes, looking rather elegant and well-mannered. She slightly shook her head and said, "There are still lots of people who oppose my finding like it's always been. In the past, countless arcanists missed the Laurel. Without your help, maybe I would also be one of them."

"Don't doubt yourself! You finding's a huge progress! Think about the influence your paper has brought to the Congress. Most sorcerers needed to admit that the paper has made a great contribution to including Illusion into the arcana system!" Drummond seemed to be a bit worked up. He was totally on the side of the Congress, and also a determined arcanist. He disliked the division between the organizations and groups a lot, especially Family of Sorcerer, the typical conservative and old-fashioned one following the ancient tradition.

...

About twenty floors above the headquarter office of Arcana, Lucien had finished putting together the two formulas. The formula looked so familiar to him that he felt difficult to breathe properly.

After a few minutes, he finally started to bring the sample data into the combined formula.

As Lucien knew that, for the first time, he was going to see part of the truth of the world, he was so nervous and anxious that he was experiencing auditory hallucination as if horrible enemies were trying hard to make him distracted.

"Stop! Stop right now!" The devils in the abyss were shouting. They were going to tear Lucien apart with their sharp claws!

"Stop what you are doing! I'll give you power and wealth and anything else you want in the world!" The demons from the hell were also terrified. They wanted to lure Lucien.

"My child, come here. This is the bosom of the mother, the bosom that once hugged every deity. You will enjoy the eternal peace and happiness here!" said the angel to Lucien mercifully.

These words failed to get in Lucien's ears. He only cared about the constant.

...

In the headquarter office of Arcana.

Standing beside the window, Drummond stared at the pedestrians as small as the ants down there on the streets and said to Isabella confidently, "This is another major victory of arcana. Your name and your contribution will be remembered by the whole magic world and the history."

"This is a wonderful era for arcana." Isabella smiled sincerely.

...

"Maggot! Trivial human beings! I'm gonna kill you and take out your guts! I can smell your blood!"

"Anyone who does not show respect to the demon shall be punished by destiny!"

"You profaner! The origin of the evilness in the world! You shall stop now, or you'd bear endless agony!"

These were all the different voices in Lucien's ears.

Lucien was only a step away from the final answer. He paused a bit and then broke through the barrier.

The demons, devils, and angels all burst out the sharp scream and they melted like the piles of snow under sunlight.

Lucien saw the constant. The familiar constant now looked very creepy.

The constant... was the same as the one from the Earth?

It was the same!

All the illusions broke into pieces. Begging for mercy, the angels and demons disappeared completely. The world went back to normal.

However, in Lucien's eyes, everything looked different now!

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 339: The Beginning

What was the cosmological constant?

General speaking, if multiple universes did exist, a cosmological constant would be the special DNA for a universe. The cosmological constant was what made the universe different from the others.

After arriving at the world, Lucien had found that although this world was very similar to the Earth, there were still a few major differences, for example, the undiscovered stars linking to destiny, the existence of magic, arcana and Blessings, great dragons, demons, vampires and so on. Therefore, Lucien subconsciously took it for granted that this world was in a different universe, thus, of course, the cosmological constant would also be different.

There were two reasons why the formula could cause Lucien to have such a mood swing. One thing was that the formula produced jointly by Fernando and Douglas had proved that this world was also discontinuous and quantized, which obviously conflicted with the Congress' current

understanding. The other thing was that the cosmological constant was the same as Planck Constant from the Earth.

The first point would cause a huge stir in the system of arcana. Lucien was already prepared for it when he found the periodicity among the elements. However, when he found out the constant, he was totally shocked, because the constant could directly tell Lucien if the two worlds were different.

This was Lucien's first attempt at exploring the essence and nature of this world!

However, the constant was the same as the one from the Earth!

The two constants were the same!

At that moment, all the illusions caused by Lucien's nervousness disappeared immediately. Lucien felt that he was in a world that was half visional and real, and his meditation world suddenly shook. The meditation environment constructed by fire, wind, and water broke into pieces inch by inch, while the cast starlight brought by gravitation forced its way down to stabilize the whole cognitive world.

Then, the meditation world, after being destroyed, started to reform from the pieces. The energy flow was no longer like a stream, but spots of light like countless small stars.

After a while, when his cognitive world settled down gradually, Lucien opened his eyes slowly. Fortunately, the new understanding of the world accorded with Lucien's previous knowledge, or his head would explode.

It seemed that the energy particles in the cognitive environment could travel through the virtual and commute between the soul and the spirit world. Lucien felt that his soul was stronger than ever, and his spirit was capable of discovering the deeper secrets. Lucien had overcome an important barrier on his way to the senior rank, just like how Astrology and Magic Elements wrote.

There were three major barriers for one to reach the senior rank: first, beginning to get early insights in the nature of the world; second, having the soul and spirit that were powerful enough to intervene in the reality world; third, one's arcana and magic knowledge should be enough to analyze a complex sixth-circle spell.

However, facing such a progress, as a fourth-circle sorcerer, Lucien did not get excited at all. Because of the constant and the gravitation constant from before, he had to admit that, very possibly, he was still in the same universe where Earth was in. Of course, a possibility was that there was another universe very similar to the one that he was familiar with. However, he could not explain why magic and arcana only existed here, and why the stars remained undiscovered.

Brain in a vat?

The Matrix?

The experiment zone of some kind of powerful creature?

The principle of human choice? Mind over matter?

Lucien was not willing to accept any of these assumptions. But comparatively speaking, the latter two situations were much better for him. Lucien had never felt so eager to explore the world and to grow stronger!

"That's all for today. You can leave now. Come back tomorrow." His eyes closing, Fernando seemed to be a bit tired. Lucien was woken up by Fernando's words. He realized that his hands were sweating.

Lucien never sweated like this since he had become a level-two knight.

"Yes, sir." Lucien took a deep breath and stood up slowly.

Fernando noticed that Lucien was acting a bit strange. He thought that Lucien was being tortured by the two formulas, so Fernando tried to comfort him, "Although it's hard to admit that we can be foolish sometimes, all the arcanists can encounter problems that they are not able to solve. When this happens, we publish papers on Arcana and Magic to get new ideas. If we still can't solve this thermal radiation thing when the next month's Arcana is issued, we can put the two formulas on the journal. Your name will be included."

"I'm fine, sir." Lucien was a bit absent-minded, "I just... just need some rest."

The fresh air outside of the Congress building refreshed Lucien. This was the real world, the beautiful world!

"I'm lucky that no one has come to unplug my tubes, and no one from Matrix has been sent out to kill me." Lucien made fun of himself in his heart. He knew that he had to hurry to improve himself. And his next paper should be about the thermal radiation formula and the constant. Still, Lucien also had to be careful with the pace, or more arcanists' heads would explode from the cognition shift, which definitely wouldn't be a good thing for the Congress.

In Lucien's spirit library, most of the quantum books were still sealed.

...

More than a week later. In the morning of June 28th.

Lucien put the butter on his bread like a decent noble.

"Mr. Evans, when can we start Atom Institution?" asked Sprint. He could not wait anymore.

Sprint had left the restaurant and was now living in Lucien's place. Except for studying and practicing magic, he was just helping Lucien with sorting some materials. Because Lucien was focusing on analyzing the fifth-circle spells, he was not doing the experiments. Therefore, the proud Sprint felt that he was basically useless. Every day, he was longing for the establishment of the institution.

Lucien put down the cup and wiped his mouth with a piece of napkin, "Soon. I've successfully built the structure of the spell, Fernando's Lightning Smelter, in my soul, and I have become a fifth-circle sorcerer. It's time to ask for Mr. Fernando's help."

Of course, before this, Lucien could also use the thermal radiation formula to win himself some more support.

"What...?!" Sprint was very surprised. The milk spilled out from his mouth.

He remembered that Mr. Evans just became a third-circle sorcerer a year ago. He had never heard anyone else who did this! Very possibly, Mr. Evans could become a senior-rank mage before thirty years old!

Lucien put aside the napkin and smiled, "I got some help. Finish the test paper today, Sprint. If you feel having nothing to do, you can do one more."

"No! I'm busy!" Hearing Lucien's words, Sprint obviously was terrified. Even his spiked red hair instantly looked less upright.

"Master, the latest issue of Arcana is available now. Three days earlier than usual." Leo interrupted their conversation and handed the black-covered journal to Lucien.

The early issue of Arcana was within Lucien's expectation. Opening the journal, Lucien instantly saw the first paper from Ms. Isabella, The Relationship between Some Alchemical Substances Produced by Human Body and Emotions and Its Application in Illusion.

In the history of Arcana, rarely could authors who were not legendary sorcerers publish their papers on the first page. Obviously, Arcana was on Isabella's side.

Turning the pages, Lucien saw his paper at the fourteenth place in the first half part of the journal. Between Isabella's and his paper, there were some papers from other fields. For example, Chloe had combined all the formulas and laws in thermodynamics and thus a new thermodynamics system had taken shape.

When seeing this paper, Lucien nodded. He knew it was time for him to publish the next paper.

"Mr. Evans, is Ms. Isabella's paper the reason why they released this month's Arcana earlier?" asked Sprint curiously.

"You've heard about it?" Lucien looked at Sprint.

"People have been talking about it. Katrina said that many arcanists were very excited. They are expecting Ms. Isabella to win the Laurel. Is it true?" Spring also looked quite excited, although he did not really understand the value of this paper.

"Very possibly." Lucien nodded.

Then Lucien left for the headquarter of the Congress.

...

Walking in the magic tower, Lucien saw many sorcerers chatting with each other holding the latest issue of Arcana in their hands.

Lucien knew that the influence of Isabella's paper was profound. He also knew that what he was going to do would be able to overthrow the whole arcana world!

Stepping into the study, Lucien knew that Fernando was still quite pissed off and irritated. Thus, Alferris, the little crystal dragon, had not shown up for a few days.

"Good morning, sir," greeted Lucien politely.

Fernando shouted, "Good morning?! How can this morning be good? Douglas and Hathaway have been writing to me every day telling me the value of improving the formula from the perspective of Particle Theory and molecular scattering, but Brook, Hellen, Oliver, and Vicente are reminding me to see things using the concept of electromagnetic radiation and energy equipartition theorem. They're arguing in my brain, and I wish that I had never studied the topic because neither of them works!"

"Sir, we can forget all of these," seizing the chance, Lucien said to Fernando directly.

Fernando looked very serious, "What do you mean by forgetting all of these?"

"That's right. Forget about particles or waves, and forget about all the arguments. Just look at the two formulas to see if it's possible to put them together by doing math." Lucien was also very serious because he knew that what they were discussing about right now was going to lead to the new beginning of the arcana system!

"Doing math?" Fernando slightly frowned, "I guess... you have done it already, right? Tell me the formula you got." Fernando instantly understood what Lucien was trying to say.

Taking a deep breath, Lucien nodded, "Yes, sir. I've put together a formula."

When saying this, Lucien felt that there was a deafening thunder roaring above the whole Congress and the world of arcana.

This would be the end of the era, but also a beginning of a new one!

Chapter 340: The Laurel and The World

Chapter 340: The Laurel and The World

In Fernando's study.

After Lucien wrote down Planck's formula, it only took the Lord of Storm a very short period of time to finish the verification.

"It works with both long and short waves. Currently speaking, this is a correct formula." Fernando nodded carefully, "But we'd better do a few more rounds of the experiment to make sure it accord with all the situations."

Having been bothered by two to three weeks, Fernando felt that he was going to explode at any time. So, once he saw the formula from Lucien that could be called perfect for now, the only wish in his mind was to further verify it, and forget about the two original formulas!

This was also Lucien's first time doing the experiments without reading the letters first since he became Fernando's student.

Although Fernando did all the experiments very fast, he was only sure about the validity of the thermal radiation formula when it was already afternoon.

"Interesting..." Fernando was much more relaxed now, and thus his attitude changed, "You're right, Lucien. I was thinking too much. It's the same with having a relationship. When you're in love, don't think too much."

Lucien had no idea how Fernando connected the two ideas together. Also, he did not see Fernando as an expert when it came to dealing with a romantic relationship, as Fernando was still single.

"Shall we write to the grand arcanists?" Lucien wanted Fernando to focus on the formula.

Fernando nodded cheerfully, "Of course, they have also been bothered by the two formulas for quite a while. It's surprising that my student first figured this out... However..."

Within only a second, Fernando put on the stern look and said, "Since the formula works, we can say that there are deeper laws hiding before it! Something that can reveal the nature of thermal radiation! We can't just stop here. We gotta delve into it further!"

Although Fernando sounded very impatient, as his student, Lucien knew that he was actually just excited. This was his great impulse of exploring this world.

"Shall I write to them now?" Lucien asked. He hoped that the grand arcanists could first get familiar with the combined formula.

"Write to them right now." Fernando walked back to his desk and said to Lucien without turning around, "Get them involved in the discussion. I have a feeling: this is gonna be a tough job. Also, turn it into a paper of how you put together the formula. Send it to the board together with my formula and Douglas' formula. So all the arcanists can know what is going on here. If we can figure out the true meaning of the formula before the next month's Arcana is published, we can put them all together. If we fail to do so, the arcanists' discussion can also inspire us."

Lucien's plan worked. He hurriedly sent the formula to the six arcanists using the Adamantium golems and then started discussing the formula with his teacher.

The discussion was torturing to Lucien, because it was not yet time for him to introduce the proper explanation, which Lucien would save it until the end when all the possibilities were excluded. Telling lies and findings excuses were definitely harder than confessing, especially since he was talking to a grand arcanist.

Fortunately, Fernando had no idea that Lucien had already known the correct answer and he only focused on the formula itself. Lucien thus managed to get over with it and, meanwhile, he also learned quite a lot from the discussion.

It was late now. When Fernando told Lucien that he could leave, he asked, "Lucien, have you become a fifth-circle sorcerer?"

"Yes, sir." Lucien was a bit surprised. After all, he just became a fifth-circle last night.

Fernando grinned, "When you were doing the experiment, I could tell that your spiritual power was greater than before. Also, I knew it would be just a matter of time before you became a fifth-

circle sorcerer unless you didn't work hard. Since you've fulfilled your promise and you're doing a better job than the other students, you may bring the Atom Institution application form to me tomorrow and I'll endorse it for you."

"Thanks a lot, sir." Lucien was quite surprised. He thought it would take longer to win Fernando's support.

...

The next day.

"The Improvement on Fernando's Formula and Douglas' Formula in Thermal Radiation Research..." After writing the evaluation comment and signing on Lucien's application form, Fernando picked up the paper that Lucien was going to submit together later and slowly read the title. There was a rare smile on his face.

"The formula is going to be called Evans' Formula." Fernando nodded, "And the constant will be called Evans' Constant. Your name will be forever remembered."

Since the periodic table of elements was only a summary, Lucien's surname was not used.

Lucien slightly sighed in his mind because the meaning of the constant went far beyond Fernando's current understanding. Then, he started to read the letters as usual. The first one was from Douglas.

"... I'm glad to know that you and your student, Lucien, have solved the problem which has bothered me for the past a few days. Congratulations to Mr. Lucien Evans. This is the victory of the younger generation. And maybe only the younger generation can avoid all the distracting factors and directly use the mathematical method to solve the problem. He's like a shining pure diamond...

"Since we've figured out the formula, it's time for us to ask why it is this formula that makes sense? I can say that there must be a hiding law that we haven't discovered behind the formula, but what is it? It's not yet the moment that we stop and celebrate our accomplishment. We still have so many whys to ask... Once we understand the true meaning of the formula, we can take a further step on our path to explore the ultimate truth."

Fernando commented, "Of course... Mr. Hundred Thousand Whys..."

The rest of the letters from Brook, Hathaway, Oliver, Hellen, and Vicente were basically the same. They were talking about what was behind the formula.

...

Three days later. In the early morning.

"...based on the review and comments of the two board members, the overall comment on the formula put forward by Mr. Lucien Evans is: the formula works perfectly with both shortwave and longwave situations, and thus the formula can be widely applied. We name it Evans' Formula of Blackbody Radiation, and the constant in the formula is called Evans' Constant. However, as the formula came from the pure mathematical calculation, there was no theoretical support to the formula, and its value still remains to be further revealed. Twenty arcana credits and two hundred arcana points are given as the reward."

Reading the review document send to his place by Katrina, Lucien was quite encouraged. The reward was not bad, but the most important thing was that Lucien could get a lot of citation credits from the formula and the constant. Unlike the basic data including atomic weights, the finding would belong to Lucien exclusively for the following three years!

As for the result of his application for the institution, the procession would still take another one or two weeks.

Putting down the document, Lucien started to enjoy his breakfast, and at the same time, he opened the letter from Harrison:

"... The latest issue of Arcana has caused a huge stir among all the sorcerers. Every sorcerer that I met was talking about 'the arcana meaning of Illusion', and it is probably already safe to say that Ms. Isabella's research finding has destroyed the previous Illusion theories. This is very interesting because the alchemical substance, hormone, currently only works for very few illusionary spells! The atmosphere has put a lot of pressure on Family of Sorcerer. So four days later, on Monday, the senior-rank mages have all agreed to confer the Laurel to Isabella...

"Unfortunately, my proposal of you sharing the Laurel with her was rejected. They did not really agree with your Brain Wave Theory. No, to be more specific, the theory can still be further improved greatly. I'm sure that you'll keep working on this, and I'm looking forward to the day when you can also wear the Laurel and thus become the second middle-rank mage ever who can win the highest prizes in two different fields...

"The Laurel conferring ceremony will be held at the headquarter of Family of Sorcerer. If you have time, you can attend the ceremony."

"They've decided to give Ms. Isabella the Laurel," Lucien put down the letter and said casually.

Sprint was a bit confused. He did not understand why Mr. Evans said this.

Lucien did not explain. He smiled and stood up from the chair. It was time for him to visit his teacher and put forward some suggestions.

...

After a few days of heated discussion, Fernando still had not figured out the hiding meaning behind the formula, which was driving him nuts.

"I've got a suggestion," said Lucien seriously, staring at Fernando's eyes.

Fernando was a bit surprised, so he asked confusedly, "What is it?"

Because of Fernando's bad temper, very rarely dared people to talk to him like this.

"I think we should introduce Chloe's Kinetic Theory in Thermodynamics into the analysis of the formula. His perspective on using statistics and his description of entropy and probability have inspired me. Maybe they're helpful for us to understand the formula," as Lucien was saying, he felt that he was slowly opening the Pandora's box.

The Kinetic Theory in Thermodynamics had helped Chloe win the Ice & Snow Medal. Recently, he had further improved it and turned it into a basic system.

Fernando nodded without thinking too much, "Since all the other theories have failed to work, we can use entropy and probability to see what'll happen."

Since the direction was right. Fernando and Lucien's work was quite productive. The letters from Douglas, Brook, Hathaway and the rest of the grand arcanists also helped them a lot with overcoming all the barriers. The meaning and value of the formula was going to be revealed.

...

In Cocus, the capital city of Calais, there was a black magic tower standing in the corner of the city, where a light gray mist always lingered.

The differently decorated coaches slowly stopped in front of the magic tower. The guests were led to the banqueting house.

"Welcome, Ms. Isabella, Mr. Drummond." Smiling, Adalbert Von Miller, the president of Family of Sorcerer, a level seven arcanist and a ninth-circle archmage, welcomed the winner of the laurel.

All the sorcerers and arcanists turned around and had their eyes on Ms. Isabella. Among them, many played important roles in the Congress.

Tonight, the fully-dressed Isabella was like a star.

...

On the thirty-third floor of the magic tower of Allyn, in a common study, Fernando and Lucien's work was close to the end. The meaning of the formula was going to be unveiled. And the grand arcanists were right now waiting for the result in their own Demiplane magic towers.

Lucien, knowing the final conclusion, felt that his hands were sweating.

...

In the banqueting house, all the guests were greeting and chatting with each other warmly. There were talking about the winner of the Laurel, illusions, magic, and arcana. The sorcerers attending this modern celebration ceremony were dressing in a traditional way, giving the gathering a unique, combined style of being both profound and lively.

The orange light in the banqueting house was gentle and soft, covering every single guest with a layer of golden color.

When Von Miller stepped onto the stage in the front, the guests gradually quieted down. Ms. Isabella and her student, Rachel, were invited to the stage.

The maid behind Miller was holding a silver tray, on which there were two crystal, finely-carved laurels. In the laurels' shining light, there were flowing magic symbols. The laurel looked more like a piece of artwork than a magic item.

Isabella also put Rachel's name on the paper to thank her for the contribution and the inspiring ideas Rachel offered. After the verification, Family of Sorcerer had decided to make them share the honor.

However, in all the sorcerers' eyes, even including Rachel herself, Isabella was the center of tonight's gathering.

"... The alchemical substance, hormone, was detected in Ms. Isabella and Miss Rachel's experiment, and the application value of hormone has been approved in the mechanism of Illusion. Therefore, Family of Sorcerer and Calais Magic Academy have decided to confer the Laurel to them in order to sincerely appreciate their great contribution."

Von Miller put the two beautiful laurels one the two ladies' hair. The radiance of the laurels was dazzling.

Warm applause followed. All the mages were more or less quite excited, while some sorcerers had mixed feelings.

...

The analysis result in front of Fernando and Lucien was shocking!

Fernando's voice had mixed anger and fear, "So, Lucien... There is only one circumstance for the formula to work... We have to assume that the absorption and emission of energy are not continuous, instead, it is in portions!?"

When Fernando was speaking, his voice trembled, as if he was facing the almighty God of Truth.

"Yes, sir." Lucien felt Fernando's emotion, but his answer still remained firm.

...

Wearing the beautiful Laurel, Isabella was giving a short speech in the banqueting house.

"... In the ancient magic empire, because of the lack of a powerful mathematical tool for calculating the irregular figures, the construction of magic models and the analysis of the spells always encountered great barriers, and thus the ancient sorcerers had to rely fully on the growth of their spiritual power to overcome the barriers in a savage way...

"This was ended by the establishment of calculus put forward by President Mr. Douglas. Together with the great contribution made by the several grand arcanists, now we have found the powerful tool to help us with calculating and building the irregular magic models in a relatively easy way.

"Therefore, we can say that calculus is the foundation of the arcana system. The continuous and smooth division and the infinitesimal analysis have pushed us forward to the truth of the real world. From this perspective, the mathematical tool itself has already conveyed the main idea of arcana, which is the continuity. We see continuity in seashores, horizons, wind, waves, streams, time, and so on.

"Based on the concept of continuity, Mr. Douglas' Force Field Theory together with Mr. Brook's Electromagnetics and Light-darkness theory has formed the main structure of the world of arcana. However, unfortunately, Illusion, Transformation and Summoning currently are still outside of the system...

"Here the continuity referred to the ongoing process that one could always see in one's daily life. It was like the river we saw and the road we followed, which could never be divided into pieces. It was also like the numbers on a thermometer. There was always one point one, point two, point three between the number one and two without blank sections."

...

Hearing Lucien's answer, Fernando yelled at him, "Are you telling me that the form of energy is not continuous? And the world built on this is also not continuous?! You look at the howling wind, feel the time passing by! It's ridiculous!"

Lucien felt the great pressure from his teacher. However, Lucien raised his head and looked at Fernando in his eyes, "If we want the formula to work, we have to accept the assumption that energy is divided into separate portions."

Lucien's back was straight, and the words coming out from his lips were cold.

"Maybe... The world itself is not continuous!"

...

"This is a beautiful era. Every one of us has made our contribution to the arcana world. And I'm just a lucky one."

The moment when Isabella finished her speech, the deafening summer thunder arrived. The claps of thunder sounded crazy, making the sorcerers in the house all feel a bit anxious.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 341: The Assumption

The pouring rain from the sky rushed downwards like a waterfall, separating the people in the banqueting house from the outside world. At the moment, many of the sorcerers felt a little lost, as if they had been abandoned by the real world.

"The rain in the Month of Fire is always unexpected." In the banqueting house, Drummond stared at the pouring rain outside of the window with a glass of wine in his hand.

Staring at the darkness outside and hearing Drummond's words, Isabella smiled. "The power of mother nature is always much more powerful than magic. Only the legendary archmages could have the power to control the weather in such a large-scale."

"Flashes of lightning and thundering will all end, just like the barriers we face. The ancient magic theories and the powerful and horrible church will all fade away or be conquered by arcana and magic. Destiny is like a huge wheel rolling forward. Whatever stays in its way will be ground down completely. What is out of date will for sure be abandoned. I like the world after the rain since all the things can be washed clean... like a new world," said Drummond rather confidently.

The heavy rain continued outside.

...

Thunder and lightning controlled the sky above Allyn within only a short period of time.

It was totally out of Lucien's expectation that the fury from the grand arcanist could lead to such a sudden and horrible weather change. Lucien felt a pressure so great that he was even having a difficult time breathing.

"The world is discontinuous? The world is discontinuous!?" Fernando's growls were even louder and more violent than the roaring thunders outside. "But this is only an assumption!"

Facing the storm, Lucien did not yield. Instead, Lucien answered slowly but firmly, "But currently this is the only possible assumption."

Rumbling... The thunders went crazy. There were streaks of lightning in Fernando's eyes.

"The only assumption? How dare you say that you've excluded all the other possibilities? How dare you?!"

Lucien's black eyes were as deep as a lake. He answered calmly:

"Our recent experiments have excluded all the possibilities of other explanations. Also, currently we have nothing as the evidence to reject this assumption."

Fernando and Lucien did all the experiments together. In Fernando's mind, he was speechless. However, he still yelled:

"You want the evidence? This whole world is the evidence!"

Lucien smiled, and his smile was gentle and soft, "Sir, the nature of the world is always a mystery. What we see, hear and feel is always limited, just like the fact that the world in the common arcanists' eyes and in the grand arcanists' eyes are always different. Before we find another explanation, we have to accept the assumption for now. Sir, you once told me that our past experience and knowledge could also be our barrier."

Hearing that, Fernando fell into silence. The Lord of Storm stood there quietly. The wind around him whipped his bright red robe. After a long time, the lightning disappeared in his eyes, and so did the storm outside.

"This is just a temporary assumption. I'll continue to work on it and seek other explanations." Fernando slightly sighed, and his voice sounded a bit tired.

"Are you alright, sir?" asked Lucien concernedly.

"Fortunately, it's just a temporary assumption." Fernando repeated, "If you had had any solid evidence to support your assumption, my head would have exploded already. Or probably the reason that my head still remains intact is that my cognition world has been solidified. If that is the case, it is very unlikely that I can still make much further progress. Since what you said still remains an assumption, I can have some time for buffering and probably seek for other theories to explain the formula. But, of course, from the experiments we did together, I do know that this is

not very likely to happen... Maybe the new theories that I'll find in the future will be the support to your assumption."

Lucien knew that this was just a beginning. There would be more shocking findings waiting for them. Even the greatest scientist on the earth, Einstein, failed to make further progress because he was not able to accept the new theories.

However, of course, Lucien could not tell Fernando this. The road to the ultimate truth of the world was more than cruel. Fortunately, Fernando was still relatively calm. So far, not a single one of the legendary archmages had ever had his or her head exploded. No one knew what it looked like.

Maybe nothing special would happen, just like when a middle-rank or a senior-rank mage's head exploded, or the power would probably be so great that things around a head-exploded legendary archmage would all be demolished.

Pausing a little, Fernando released a sigh, not like the short-tempered Lord of Storm, but seeming like an old man, "I wish that I had never done any experiments in the field of thermal radiation. I wish that these things had never happened. In the future, we may destroy the arcana system, the magic world, or even the whole universe. Before today, it never came to me that the energy of the world was not continuous... even the world is not continuous, like a series of pictures! How will the other sorcerers respond to this assumption?! Can you imagine that?"

Lucien corrected Fernando in his mind, since, to be more specific, the world was like a movie consisting of many frames. He said to Fernando, "Most of them will be scared. Then they will tell themselves that this is just an assumption, and they will only use the formula and purposefully ignore what this formula means. A small proportion of them will have their heads..."

"I'm glad you understand it." Fernando looked more serious now, "We should be very careful with submitting the paper, although what's in it is still an assumption. Send your paper to Douglas first. Maybe he's the grand arcanist who is most willing to accept your assumption. Discontinuous energy... in portions and small quantities... just like particles... We can call it one quantum. As for

Hathaway and the rest of the grand arcanists, we shall divide the paper into two parts, so they can have more time to accept the great shock after reading the first part."

Lucien finished developing the paper following Fernando's words. When Lucien was about to put his teacher's name on the paper in front of him, Fernando sat straight in his armchair and said seriously to him, "You're the only author of the paper. I flinched in front of the assumption. You are the one who owns it."

"Sir..." Lucien was very surprised.

Fernando stared at Lucien, "Do as I said. I don't want to see my name on a paper which I haven't accepted yet."

After sending the letter, Fernando closed his eyes to stabilize his cognitive world, considering other possibilities to explain the formula. The office became quiet again.

Lucien also tried to calm down. He was too nervous to notice that he was sweating so much and his heart was beating like crazy.

In the quiet office, time passed by. Soon it was close to noon, and Lucien felt that he had reached his limit to bear the atmosphere. When he was about to ask for an earlier leave, a ray of bright light burst out in the corner of the office.

Somehow the magic circles in the office failed to work. A tall, white-haired elder with blue eyes walked out of the light. His face looked kind and gracious, but now it looked more serious and shocked.

Holding a pile of paper in his hand, the elder yelled, "Fernando, this is just an assumption!"

"But this is also the only assumption!" This time, Fernando did not flinch.

Lucien felt the atmosphere in the study suddenly change. To be more specific, even the gravity in the office had changed! Lucien realized that the tall white-haired elder was Douglas, the president of the Congress, the Emperor of Arcana, the Selected!

"No matter what you say, you've got no evidence!" Douglas frowned, "It's even more unbelievable than the falling of the ancient magic empire!"

"What you know is restraining you from seeing more, Douglas. So far, this is the only proper explanation that we can find." In private, Fernando was used to calling the president's name directly.

"We need more evidence!" Facing the roaring, Douglas still managed to calmly express himself.

After yelling at each other, both of them slowly calmed down. After all, what they were arguing about still remained an assumption.

"Lucien... I'm afraid that only a young man like you who is free of one's past experience can put forward this horrible assumption." Douglas slightly sighed, "Although it's still an assumption, the formula itself is for sure of great value and can contribute greatly to the development of the school of Thermodynamics. I believe that the Cabin of Palmeira and the far northland will not ignore your achievement. You deserve the Ice & Snow Medal."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 342: The Reply

The sunlight at noon was warm and bright. The study was all covered in a layer of gold. Both Douglas and Lucien had left the office. Right now, Fernando was sitting in the armchair by himself quietly.

Earlier the two grand arcanists had discussed how Lucien should submit and publish this paper. They decided to publish a few more papers first on the next month's Arcana about how the grand arcanists tried to explore the law behind the formula but all failed, so that they could prepare them for the next upcoming shock from Lucien's paper.

They were not trying to make the arcanists accept Lucien's theory right away. After all, this was still an assumption. By reading the articles, the two arcanists were trying to infuse the idea into the rest of the arcanists' brain gradually and slowly. That was why they kept mentioning the word "assumption".

"Shocking... Queer... Subversive..." Fernando murmured. These words were all his comments on Lucien's theory. Then he put on a mysterious smile and said, "I wonder who can first come up with the shocking conclusion from the first half part of the paper... Hathaway, or Brook?"

Hathaway was the founder of atomic theory, so she was more of a supporter of Douglas' particle theory, which made her the one who was most likely to get the same conclusion. The rest of the four grand arcanists were the typical proponents of wave theory, and among them Brook was the most loyal one. However, Brook was the most profound and powerful grand arcanists among the five.

"Let me guess... Who's gonna be the first one to visit me?" said Fernando rather casually.

As he was saying that, Fernando's eyes glanced at the mirror in the corner of the study. In the mirror, there stood an elderly man in a bright red robe. His black and white hair mixed, however, there was way more white than black.

The smile faded on Fernando's face. He raised his right hand, slightly touched his hair, and released a sigh. Taking out an old notebook from the drawer, he turned it to the last few pages and then started to write down the words:

"July 6th. Sunny. A bit windy. All of a sudden, I feel old."

Putting down the quill, Fernando looked out of the window, and the bright sunlight made him squint slightly.

...

Lucien had got back to his place.

Leo saw the difference on Lucien's face, but he did not say anything, while Sprint who just finished his study asked curiously, "Mr. Evans, you don't look so good. Did Mr. Fernando give you a hard time today?"

Sprint did not ask directly if the Lord of Storm yelled at Mr. Evans.

"I don't look good?" Lucien was a bit confused. However, when Lucien looked at himself in the crystal statue, he saw his face as pale as a piece of paper, as if he had just climbed out of the tomb.

Lucien did not expect that the power of a legendary archmage would be this horrible.

"Yes... Those were very tough questions." Lucien put on a smile, "Questions related to the peace of the whole world."

The corner of Sprint's lips twitched, "Are you joking, Mr. Evans? Was the Lord of Storm trying to destroy the world and you stopped him?"

"No... it was the opposite. I was trying to destroy the world, but Mr. Fernando stopped me." Although Lucien's face was pale, he was in a pretty good mood, since he just successfully presented the terrifying assumption to his own teacher without exploding his teacher's head.

Sprint was not good at playing jokes. He looked up at the ceiling and said, "Mr. Evans, it's time for lunch..."

Seeing the same steak dish on the dining table, Lucien rubbed his forehead. It was time for the cook to come up with some new dishes.

At this time, Katrina, led by the servant, walked in. A big smile was on her good-looking face.

"Mr. Evans! The result from our application for Atom Institution is available now!" Katrina waved the document in her hand and said aloud.

"It's been only a few days..." Lucien was very surprised.

In most cases, the examination should take more than two weeks.

"Your application has the signature of the grand arcanist on it! Of course they wouldn't delay it." Katrina said excitedly, "Mr. Evans, open it and let's see the result!"

The bag required Lucien's arcana badge to be opened.

Sprint had been waiting for this day for a long time, and thus he was very nervous.

Lucien calmly took off the arcana badge and pressed it against the seal. Taking out the document, Lucien fast scanned it and then turned around.

"The application has been approved. The board hopes us to work hard, since we're focusing on a brand new research topic."

"Awesome!" Sprint happily took a swing with his fist.

Katrina also very encouraged, "Congratulations, Mr. Evans. Congratulations!"

Lucien hugged his students and sighed in his mind that the youngsters were still too naive. What the board was trying to say was that they had approved the application for the sake of the Lord of Storm, so Lucien had to work hard to show them that the decision was proper.

"So... where is our institution?" Katrina asked with her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Lucien picked up the document again, "The institution is going to use the No. 7 lab and its meeting room and office on the eighteenth floor of the headquarter. I'll need to tell them how I want the lab to be and the whole set of equipment I want. All in all, at the end of July or at the beginning of August, Atom Institution will start officially."

"Also, every month, we will get five thousand arcana points as a subsidy to buy materials and paying us." Lucien added, "So my decision is... Ten arcana points every month for senior apprentices. As for the sorcerers, it depends on their levels. Say, a level two arcanist and a second circle sorcerer like Lazar... A hundred arcana points."

As for Lucien himself, he did not have to get a fixed pay, since he was able to benefit from reporting to the Congress the cost of the experiments, which was an unspoken rule in the Congress of Magic.

"That's a lot!" Both Sprint and Catrina were very surprised. They knew that when Mr. Evans was working for the magic school, he only earned ten points every month! Besides the pay, they could read the arcana books in the institution and do experiments for free. This was a dream job for every apprentice and new sorcerer!

Lazar only earned fifty to sixty arcana points every month working both for the Congress and the Will of Elements, plus what he got from his papers. As for Catrina, although she had got the dream job among the apprentices, she only got four points monthly.

"Of course, Atom Institution will be one of the most important research departments in the future. Our pay has to be impressive." Lucien said half joking, "Right now, we don't need too many people. I'm thinking about hiring another two to three sorcerers and a middle-rank mage."

"You're... You're very confident, Mr. Evans." The corner of Sprint's lips twitched again.

"I've got faith in you, Mr. Evans! You almost shared the Laurel with Mr. Isabella this time." Katrina also joked, "If I can work for you, Mr. Evans, perhaps one day I can also have the honor like Rachel!"

Lucien grinned, "We shall feel the pressure. The board has given us three years. We have to show them something within three years, or the project will be canceled."

Most arcana researches would cost a very long time.

"We'll work hard!" answered Katrina and Sprint seriously.

Lucien waved the document in the air casually and said to Katrina, "Stay here and have lunch with us. We'll go and check the lab out tomorrow afternoon."

...

After Vicente Miranda, known as Thanatos, left, Fernando smirked and commented, "Vicente, you're the last one."

Fernando's face flushed from the heated discussion and argument in the whole afternoon. Walking back and forth in the study, Fernando took out his old notebook again and added after what he wrote down earlier:

"After the whole afternoon's debate and discussion, I feel refreshed and energetic again. I see the grandness of the world and I am fascinated with its stunning beauty and truth. I shall walk on this path until the day I die."

...

After visiting Atom Institution under construction, when Lucien was just about to leave, he heard someone calling his name in a slightly confused way:

"Mr. Lucien Evans?"

Looking up, Lucien saw Rachel and an elegant and beautiful lady standing beside her.

Chapter 343: The Latest Issue of Arcana

Chapter 343: The Latest Issue of Arcana

"Good afternoon, Miss Rachel." Lucien smiled and greeted. Although he knew that the black-haired and blue-eyed lady was very likely to be Ms. Isabella, Lucien still asked politely, "And may I know who's this?"

Lucien first met Rachel over the pollution control meeting held by Affairs Committee. Rachel's brown eyes were still the same, gentle and kind, "It's really nice to see you, Mr. Evans. This is my teacher, Ms. Isabella."

"Good afternoon, Ms. Isabella." Lucien first greeted, "Congratulations for winning the Laurel. And also, congratulations on the upgrading."

Lucien saw the arcana badge Isabella was wearing had seven silver stars on it, and Rachel's badge also had five stars.

Isabella, wearing the long, black dress, smiled, "I was about to visit you, Evans. Without your paper on brainwave, probably Rachel and I would have missed the Laurel. Your paper was a very important support to our theory."

Whether what Isabella said was polite or sincere, hearing Isabella's words, Lucien was quite cheerful, "My article was just a complement. Your research deserved the Laurel. My project application has been approved by the committee, so I'm here today to check the lab out."

"A new project?" The smile on Isabella's face was very elegant and polite, "I also have a new project studying how electromagnetic waves and electric currents can stimulate the different parts

of the human brain, and I'm here for the same reason, too. I was about to invite you to join us, but now it seems that it's not very likely to happen."

Lucien knew that Isabella was capable of working on this project by herself. She was being polite to Lucien because he was a promising young arcanist, and his teacher was the Lord of Storm.

As the project had been approved, Lucien said honestly, "My project... Atom Institution specializes in studying the properties of atoms, and why the periodic law exists among the elements."

"Atom Institution..." Isabella silently repeated the two words, feeling quite confused.

Rachel blinked. Although she could not speak it out, Rachel wondered in her mind how such an ambiguous and vague project managed to pass the review.

Lucien explained confidently, "This is a new attempt. No one knows what will happen when arcana steps into the new field. In this brand new field, no one knows for sure which direction we should take. The committee has decided to give me a relatively long period of time and some funds so I will not be afraid of encountering the failures when I'm working on it."

"A relatively long period of time... Some funds..." Isabella felt something unusual with the project.

Lucien grinned, "I have three years to show the committee the value of the project."

"Three years?!" Rachel was very surprised, as Ms. Isabella's current research was only a one-year program. Also, while the fund they would get was closely related to the outcome of their project, it

seemed that Lucien's project was rather limitless and Lucien would be able to do whatever he wanted in the following three years!

Even Isabella, a profound senior-rank mage, slightly frowned, "Then how Affairs Committee makes sure that the money and time won't be wasted?"

She did not say it directly that it totally did not make any sense that the committee had approved such an application.

"The form of institution is only for the arcanists who have made the special contribution to a certain field, and his or her research capability is required to be reviewed as well. What is more important is that the arcanist has to have the endorsement from an authoritative arcanist in the corresponding field," said Lucien very confidently. When he was saying so, he did not feel shy or embarrassed at all, "If the project fails, the cost will be the tuition we pay for exploring the new field. After all, we're just crossing the river by feeling for the stones."

Considering who was behind Lucien, both Isabella and Rachel thought to themselves that Lucien was not only good at studying arcana but also at getting funds from the Congress.

Comparing Lucien's research project to what she had, Isabella's smile on her face was now only for the sake of being polite. So she smoothly changed the topic, "It's definitely a good attempt. Speaking of the attempt, I have read your paper in Drummond's place about how you solved the problem that bothered the several grand arcanists. Honestly speaking, it did not come to me either that pure math would be the best way to combine the two formulas together. Congratulations."

"Thank you, Ms. Isabella. However, I'm still being bothered by the meaning of the formula," said Lucien. This was Lucien's white lie.

The conversation did not last long. Soon, Lucien and Isabella bid their goodbye to each other and headed in opposite directions.

"Is she Ms. Isabella? I really wish that I could be like her one day..." said Katrina full of admiration. Recently, when she was working in Sorcerer Administrative Department, the name, Isabella, was always being mentioned by the sorcerers and lingering beside her ears. Isabella was like her role model as a female sorcerer.

"Then work hard." Lucien smiled, "No pain, no gain."

...

In the early morning on July 30th.

"... Happy birthday, Natasha."

Putting down the quill, Lucien glued up the letter to Natasha. As usual, the letter was about the things that happened to Lucien in his daily life, but what was special this time was the piano piece that Lucien recomposed based on the birthday song.

Lucien put the letter in his pocket and then went to the dining hall to enjoy his breakfast.

Sprint, Katrina, Annick, Chely, and Heidi, as well as Lazar, had been waiting for Lucien in the dining hall. Except for Chely who was still studying in the magic school, the rest of them had left their jobs for the research project.

"Lucien! The latest issue of Arcana was launched earlier than usual again!"

When Lucien was about to sit down, a young man with messy hair rushed in. In his hand was the black-covered journal, Arcana.

"Lucien! The five grand arcanists have developed their essays based on the formula put forward by you! Your paper is the leading piece for this month's issue. It's amazing!"

The messy-haired young man was Rock, the teacher in Douglas Magic School, and also Lucien and Lazar's friend.

After the application of setting up Atom Institution had been approved, Lucien wrote to his friends one by one hoping that they could be his assistant. Because Lucien was not expecting to hire too many people, he only sent out the next invitation after the previous one was rejected. Among his friends, Rock and Jerome accepted the offer immediately, as the following three years would be the key stage for them to strive for becoming a middle-rank.

Lazar was quite happy for being able to work with his friends. However, he also told Lucien that he would like to work with some beautiful females.

As for the arcanist around level five, Lucien was still looking for the right person. It was not easy because most arcanists of this level in the field of Element were already working for their own teachers, working on their own projects, or adventuring outside of Allyn. K, Larry, Timothy, and Ulysses had all politely rejected Lucien's offer. However, Lucien was not in a hurry. Fortunately, the compulsory mission for Lucien from the Congress would not arrive until next year. So, he could first take care of this project on his own.

Rock's exaggerated manner of speaking triggered off Lazar and the apprentices' curiosity. They hurriedly asked, "What's the paper about?"

How came that all the papers from the grand arcanists were about Lucien's essay?!

"It's about black-body radiation! Lucien has figured out the formula that once baffled the two grand arcanists!" said Rock very excitedly. He never expected this two years before, when he first met Lucien.

"Really?!" The apprentices surrounded Rock like a flock of chirping little birds. Trying to find the familiar name on the journal.

Lazar could not get a step closer to Rock because of the excited apprentices. He turned around and said to Lucien, "Why don't you tell me directly what this essay is about?"

In the apprentices' admiring look, Lucien explained to Rock and Lazar briefly about the formula.

When listening to Lucien, Rock and Lazar frowned, "Why couldn't the formula be explained? What is behind your formula?"

They had quickly taken a glance at the papers from the five grand arcanists. Although they knew that they were very unlikely to be able to solve the problem, they still had the hope that somehow an inspirational flash could come to them.

However, the miracle did not happen. Maybe just like the several grand arcanists said, they had to overthrow the foundation of the current arcana system to find the real answer.

"If I knew, it would be on the paper already." Lucien lied again purposefully.

When Lucien finished his breakfast and was about to leave, Lazar asked Lucien curiously, "You've been working with Mr. Fernando for this long, have you got any new research topics? Relax, I won't steal the ideas from you. I'm just being curious."

"I do have a new perspective..." Lucien said casually, but slightly sighed in his mind, "Molecular movement theory in thermodynamic system..."

...

In the headquarter office of Arcana, after listening to the report about the launching of this month's Arcana, Drummond got lost in his thoughts. He had never seen something like this, where all the seven grand arcanists were focusing on the same topic.

Somehow, he felt a bit anxious. He wondered what was behind the formula.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 344: The Arrangements

A few days later. On the 18th floor of the headquarter of the Congress.

The No. 7 lab was spacious and bright. Divided into different sections, the lab was provided with all kinds of alchemical operation desks and mysterious magic circles, and their light turned the lab into a dream-like place.

However, in the lab, there were only four sorcerers, Lucien, Lazar, Rock, Jerome, and the several apprentices. There were no guests here for a celebration. After all, for the sorcerers in the Congress, they did not see a newly-started research project without any solid findings as something worthy of celebration, and Lucien's unique-named institution was also not an exception. Meanwhile, Lucien was also happy with it because right now he did not want too much attention at all.

As the leading arcanist, Lucien cleared his throat a bit and said to the project members seriously, "Our research hasn't started yet; we have very few companies so far, and our findings haven't revealed themselves. In front of us are things that have been discovered, a new world that has never been touched. It's waiting for us. I believe that we'll see more and find more on our way marching forward. Today, we see the Congress as our honor; Tomorrow, the Congress will see us as its honor!"

In the end, Lucien spoke to his friends and students in a half-joking way.

His listeners were pretty surprised. They did not expect that Lucien was such a dreamer.

Lucien nodded to them and continued, "I need to attend the regular monthly meeting later. So Lazar will be responsible for managing the institution. Jerome, you take half of the apprentices with you and set about studying the changing properties of materials under low temperature. Let's start with the common materials such as coal, iron, Mythril and Adamantine... I need you to take down all the records every time when you change the temperature by one degree. It's an

experiment requiring a lot of patience. Jerome, you're the ideal person for it. Do be careful when working in the extreme low-temperature environment though."

So far, the Congress's research on ultralow temperature still remained on studying liquid hydrogen, which meant that the Congress was still about ten degrees away from the temperature required for achieving superconductivity. In the world that Lucien came from, the problem had not been solved until helium was discovered. So Lucien was not planning on making them find the phenomenon of superconductivity.

What Lucien was trying to push them toward was to find the fact that charcoal would be able to absorb air very easily at lower than minus 180 Celsius degree, which could be used as a very handy tool for creating a vacuum environment. In the future, it would be very useful for Lucien's upcoming experiments.

Jerome nodded and accepted the task.

Lucien turned to Rock and said, "Rock, you take the other half of the apprentices to study gas discharge under different pressure conditions. Larry and K have basically fully developed the theory of ionization, and they have proved that it is the ions carrying positron and electron that enables electricity to conduct in a solution. So we're now switching to the other question — how and why gas discharges?"

Ions... That was the name from Larry and K.

Rock also nodded and took the job.

In the end, Lucien said to Lazar, "You're the coordinator. Whoever needs help, you go there. In your free time, you can do your own thing."

"I'll keep a close watch on them." Lazar grinned, "I wonder how many things are there in your mind. You can always connect seemingly-unrelated things together."

Only Lucien himself knew why he could do so, but, of course, he would not speak to anyone.

...

After making all the arrangements, Lucien left the lab.

"Evans?"

"Mr. Evans?"

In the corner of the corridor, Lucien ran into Isabella and Rachel again.

After greeting each other, Isabella seized the chance and hurriedly asked, "Evans, I've read your formula and the papers from the five grand arcanists. Neither of them can explain the meaning of the formula. There's only one possibility, right? You know what I'm talking about."

This was the question that had been bothering every arcanist who understood the papers published in this month's Arcana.

"In fact, I've got some clues. And I'm working on it, although it's tough." Following Fernando and Douglas' words, Lucien gradually revealed the truth.

"Really?!" Both Isabella and Rachel asked very surprisedly, as they never expected that Lucien could really offer them the answer.

But as soon as they asked, the two ladies hurriedly apologized, saying that they did not mean to pry into Lucien's research.

Lucien did not mind it at all, "My tough job is almost done, and Mr. Fernando also knows what it is about. So it's totally fine to share."

"Then please, Mr. Evans." Rachel smiled. She knew that her teacher, Isabella, would feel shy and restrained from asking, so she, as the student, should be the one to take the initiative.

"Follow the perspective of molecular movement put forward by my fellow, Cole, and introduce probability into the analysis of the formula." Lucien basically opened the gate for them.

Isabella nodded thoughtfully and said, "It's been more than ten years since Cole first put forward the theory. Since the theory was first developed, arguments and criticism were always around it, until the theory's explanation for the second law won Cole the Ice & Snow Medal. However, many arcanists are still holding a negative attitude toward it. So, even if they're trying to explain your formula, not many would consider Cole's theory as a possible path."

Feeling excited, Isabella wanted to try it out as soon as possible. This was not for publishing any papers or winning any honor, but for the sake of her passion for arcana and curiosity. Furthermore, Rachel felt the same way.

At the same time, Lucien's casual tone and relaxed manner made Isabella and Rachel believe that he had figured out how to explain the formula, and he was going to submit the paper very soon.

...

In Fernando's study.

When Lucien arrived, the rest of his classmates were all there, except the crystal dragon, Alferris.

"Where's our little crystal, Thompson?" Ashikana liked to call its nickname.

Thompson slightly lifted his gold-edged glasses and said, "I haven't seen it for a month. Maybe Alferris sold itself again because of money..."

Thompson sounded quite uncertain, but he was not worrying for Alferris. The little crystal dragon should be safe as long as it was still within the five hundred miles range from Allyn. As a dragon, Alferris could protect itself properly.

"Alferris is safe. No worries," said Fernando directly. "Let's start the discussion, from Cole."

Cole was pondering over something when Fernando called his name. He first looked at his teacher and then Lucien, and then he started the sharing, "I went to an underground magma cave last month..."

Finishing his sharing of his findings in the cave, Cole looked at Fernando and Lucien again, "After reading this month's Arcana, I have developed a great interest in your formula. I tried several different methods but all failed, and then I tried to use my molecular movement theory. It seems to be working, but it's going to take a few more weeks to be proved. I'd like to share with you, Evans, so hopefully you can get some useful ideas from it."

Although Cole had won Ice & Snow Medal and was a member of the Review Board, his personality was still very cautious and even a bit coward. Cole was more like a poet than a sorcerer. Although he was totally entitled to say that this was his own finding, he was worried that Lucien might see him as an enemy who was trying to steal the research outcome, therefore, he tried his best to tell Lucien that he was just trying to help.

"Using molecular movement theory... You're not stupid." Fernando, as usual, was quite cheap on giving his students praise, "But Lucien has already figured this out using this method. Let's see how he did it."

The rest of the students were all very surprised. If Lucien already had some clues before Arcana was released, the journal would have for sure postponed the publication to wait for his findings. It meant that Lucien had found the correct direction and finished all the challenging work only within the few days after this month's Arcana was published. That was incredible!

"Thank you a lot, Cole, for your theory has inspired me so much." Lucien nodded and briefly shared with them how the work was done. But when making the presupposition for the formula, Lucien purposefully skipped the most fundamental assumption. Because the rest of the students were still busy with taking down all the details from Lucien's words for their own analysis later, neither of them noticed the problem.

Later, the rest of the students also shared their researches. In the end, Fernando said something about his several major pieces of research and discussed some of the problems that he encountered with his students.

After the meeting, when the students were leaving, Lacie Carter said to Lucien half-jokingly, "Evans, I see another winner of Ice & Snow Medal."

At this time, the door of the study was pushed open fiercely and Alferris came in. In its child-like voice, it asked in surprise, "The meeting is already over?"

"Yes, it's over," answered Ashikana, feeling a bit amused. "Where did you go?"

Covering its eyes with its claws, Alferris peeked at Fernando from the gap, "I overslept..."

"So what kind of research made you so tired?" Thompson tried not to laugh.

"I'm studying dreams," said Alferris in a serious way that sounded very funny.

"I see. So you've slept for almost a month? Haha..." Thompson laughed hard.

Lucien also grinned. It seemed to be true that dragons indeed loved sleeping.

...

In the quiet night, everything was immersed in silence.

Sitting in his study, Cole wrote down the experiment details shared by Lucien earlier today. He read every single word very carefully and from time to time wrote down his own thinking.

Akashina, Thompson and the rest of the students were doing the same thing. However, they still had their own focuses, so they did not have much time for this, especially when the answer was already available. They were not in a hurry.

Isabella and Rachel started to work on studying the law behind the formula following Lucien's words.

In his study, Lucien stood behind the desk. It took him quite a while to write down the title of the paper: The Energy Distribution of Black-Body Radiation.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 345: The Impact

In the administration office of the Sorcerer Administrative Department.

Looking at Lucien across the desk, there was a funny smile on Eric's face, that usually looked serious, "Evans, are you here to submit your new paper again?"

It was unbelievable how fast Lucien could develop a new paper. It had been just about a month since the last time he submitted the paper which had stirred the debate between the five grand arcanists. And now, here was Lucien again.

Most arcanists could never imagine producing high-quality papers in such a speed, and many arcana and magic researches often took years to be completed, while Lucien's papers still managed to keep the standards high.

"Yes, Mr. Eric. It's connected to my previous paper. I've finished explaining the formula from the perspective of arcana." Lucien handed the paper to Eric and smiled.

Eric looked very surprised, "You've found the explanation? You mean explaining the formula that all of the five grand arcanists have failed to analyze from every single perspective?"

"That's right," answered Lucien straightforward.

Eric slightly opened his mouth but failed to speak any words. After several attempts, Eric said to Lucien, "You know... Your formula has been under heated discussion everywhere in the Congress. Even my friends who are outside of Allyn are also deeply concerned about it. However, no one has got any clues... It's been bothering lots of people, including myself, so much that the formula which fits the data of black-body radiation so perfectly fails to match any existing theories or explanations. Maybe just like how the grand arcanists put it, we have to make some subversive assumptions to find the right path. And all of these only took you a month. You're really the most outstanding genius among the younger arcanist generation."

Eric also tried to explore the meaning behind the formula after reading Arcana, however, he failed just like most of the arcanists. And the formula became just a popular topic for most of them.

"I'm not the only one who's found the direction. Another student of Mr. Fernando, Cole, has found the right path as well. I just finished the work earlier than him."

Eric knew that Lucien and he were in the two totally different circles of arcanists. Eric's serious-looking face now had a curious look on it and he asked, "So, Evans, have you really made a subversive assumption?"

"Of course. It's very shocking, but it's still an assumption, and currently, it cannot be proved." Lucien purposefully emphasized.

Eric did not dig into Lucien's answer as it was not polite to ask the author too much about the paper before the review result was available, although he knew that Lucien, as the student of the Lord of Storm, would not really mind it.

"Subversive... cannot be proved..." Eric murmured to himself. He put Lucien's paper in the small cage and pulled the bell rope.

...

In the study of the magic tower.

The magic candles in front of Cole had burned to their ends. The morning light sneaked into the study and gradually drove away the darkness.

Without being affected, Cole stared at the piece of paper on the desk, frowning. He pondered why he was still unable to explain the formula even if he had adopted Lucien's method. There must be something important missing.

Cole decided to start the work over again after recalling his conversation with Lucien.

...

On the fifteenth floor of the major magic tower of Allyn, in the hall of Arcana Review Board, the bells were ringing, and the complex magic circle started to glow with a white light. When the light disappeared, piles of documents appeared at the center of the magic circle. Long metal arms picked up the documents and a cold, mechanized voice read:

"Necromancy... To Ms. Tina-Timos, Mr. Haggard."

"Element... To Mr. Overee, Ms. LockLynn."

"Thermodynamics..." at this time, the mechanized voice paused and read the title out, "The Energy Distribution of Black Body Radiation..."

After a few seconds, the voice said, "To Mr. Cole, Ms. Sonya."

Lucien's paper was duplicated into three copies. One for the record and the other two were sent to two different magic circles...

...

In the study.

Using Lucien's method, Cole's calculation was fast. After a few hours, the formula gradually came into being.

To make the formula work, Cole knew that he had to make a hypothesis. Uncontrollably, Cole's thin face was written with fear, and beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. He could not help murmuring, "This... this goes against the classical equipartition of energy theorem!"

Equipartition theorem was another outstanding achievement from Cole, developed based on Mr. Brook's theory. However, when Cole used his own newly-developed molecular movement theory and introduced the concept of probability and entropy into the formula, the conclusion went against the important premise of the equipartition theorem—the continuity of energy! Cole's head buzzed as if he just got a slap on the face. He felt that his body and soul were divided into two parts, with an angel on one side and a devil on the other!

Cole all of a sudden could not see well. He shook his head fiercely and denied his conclusion.

"Impossible! It's impossible! There must be other explanations!"

In his meditation world which had started to substantialize, the countless little black dots started to move around disorderedly like they were being boiled in water.

"There must be something wrong here!" Cole shouted at himself, trying his best to calm down a bit.

At this time, someone was knocking at the window. Cole was pulled back to reality and he hurriedly turned around. An alchemical servant made of gas was floating in the air holding several papers.

"Master, these are the papers that haven't been reviewed. You want me to send them to your students?"

Cole wiped the beads of sweat on his forehead and said in a weak voice, "Let me take a look first."

Taking over the papers, he saw the title which had been bothering him for several days—The Energy Distribution of Black-Body Radiation.

Cole did not expect that this was the very first paper he was going to review today.

Cole's breath became faster. Nervously, with his shaking hands, he unwrapped the bag and pulled out the paper, which, not surprisingly, began with a familiar name: Lucien Evans X.

Scanning the paper from beginning to end, in one of the lines of the paper, he saw Lucien's statement:

"To make the formula work, it must be assumed that the emission and absorption of energy are discontinuous, but in portions."

Boom!

Cole was too afraid to give much thought to it, but now at this moment, Lucien's conclusion on the paper became the only thing he could see in this world.

"...it must be assumed that the emission and absorption of energy are discontinuous, but in portions." Cole, as if he was enchanted by the line of words, felt totally lost and he could not help shaking his head. To him, the line was like a curse from the demon.

In his cognitive world, the little black dots suddenly moved around fiercely like they were all crazy! The whole world had reached the ultimate disorder and fell into a complete chaos!

Bang!

Cole's brain suddenly exploded! The pieces of paper, books, desk, and chair around Cole were covered in red and white...

...

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Cole suddenly woke up. Both of his hands directly went to his head. Until Cole's hands felt that his head was still there safe and sound, he looked around out of panic.

He was still in his study. In front of him was a pile of the manuscript written with messy words. All of them were the derivation of Lucien's formula.

"Maybe I was too tired so I had such a horrible dream..." Cole was still haunted by the thought of that nightmare.

However, when Cole recalled how clear the calculation and derivation were in his dream, his hands started to tremble slightly again. When he picked up the manuscript again, he somehow felt more prepared for the final answer that he was subconsciously trying to avoid.

After a while, Cole said to himself in a low voice, "Do I really have to make the assumption? It's just a hypothesis..."

At this time, the gas servant knocked at the window. Cole saw his gas servant drifted in exactly like what happened in his dream. Taking a deep breath, he took over the several papers. And within his expectation, he saw the paper titled, The Energy Distribution of Black-Body Radiation.

After sitting there still for almost half an hour, Cole pulled out the paper. Although he did not have to do this himself, as an arcanist, he could not help because of his curiosity. He wanted to see it with his own eyes.

"To make the formula work, it must be assumed that the emission and absorption of energy is discontinuous, but in portions."

Cole closed his eyes and leaned against the back of the chair. Again, his cognitive world started to become messy and disorganized. But this time, it was far from being a chaos.

"It's just an assumption... Still an assumption..." Cole's voice became weak. His eyes, nose, mouth, and ears started to bleed.

Although he was prepared, the subversive answer still hurt his soul and had greatly shaken his meditation world.

"It's still an assumption..."

Outside of the window, the Lord of Storm wearing the bright red magic robe released a long sigh and disappeared in the air with the crystal dragon, Alferris.

Among all of the senior-rank arcanists, the Lord of Storm worried about Cole the most. The analysis of the formula was based on one of Cole's own theories, but it went against another. This was very dangerous to his cognition world.

After three hours, Cole started to feel less dizzy. Staring at the paper on the desk, he looked intimidated as if he was facing a terrible enemy.

He paused for a while, picked up the quill, and started to write down his comment.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 346: The Ignored Paper

"Based on molecular movement theory, introducing entropy into the explanation of the formula, Lucien Evans' has provided us with a relatively complete analysis of the meaning of the formula, and thus solved the problem that has bothered many arcanists. The thermal radiation law is of great meaning to arcana research, so the outcome can be called as a breakthrough. The explanation is vital in improving the spells in the field of Thermodynamics, and the explanation itself is definitely worthy of profound discussion."

Cole paused for a moment and he could not help writing, "However, the premise of the paper is still an assumption. When using Evans Constant, it's better not to dig into the arcana meaning of it. We can only use it as a constant to help us solve problems. The assumption has not been proved as the one and only explanation to the constant."

If the first part of his comment was indeed written by him in the tone of a member of the review board, what followed it was produced by Cole's fear deep in his heart:

"In conclusion, it is recommended that forty-five arcana credits and four hundred arcana points should be given as Lucien Evans' reward."

The suggested reward was even greater than that of Lucien's last paper about brainwave, which showed the great value that the arcanists saw in the formula. However, compared to the credits and points that Lucien obtained from putting forward the periodic table of elements and the paper on synthesized carbamide, the reward was not decent enough, which showed the fact that Cole, as an orthodox arcanist, was feeling afraid, unpleasant and resistant in front of such a bold and shocking assumption especially when it had not been verified yet.

If the theory that the formula based on was not from Cole himself, the suggested reward might be even lower.

...

In a luxuriously decorated office of the Arcana Review Board, the floor was covered with the dark brown carpet imported from the other side of the ocean, the magic crystal light hung onto the ceiling, and in the walls, there were fine figures carved in relief. In the corner of the room, there was a private bar counter, behind which bottles of precious liquor were placed on a wine rack—the Lace from the Duchy of Violet, Berne wine, the Gold Rum from the Kingdom of Syracuse, the Black Metz and the Gold Lega from Schachran Empire.

Behind the desk sat a lady of wine-red hair. Tasting the golden liquid, she casually leafed through the papers to decide which ones she was going to keep for herself to review and which ones should be sent to her students or the arcanists working with her.

She was for sure nice-looking. Gulping the liquor, her eyes were even brighter. She was not drunk at all.

"The Energy Distribution of Black-Body Radiation?" murmured Sonya, a level seven arcanist and eighth-circle sorcerer from the Cabin of Palmeira. She wondered if the paper was about the explanation of the black-body radiation formula published recently on Arcana.

As an authority in studying snow and ice magic spells, Sonya put great emphasis on the formula of thermal radiation. Not only were the high-temperature spells related to thermal radiation, but also the spells using snow and ice. As an arcanist who was for sure capable of exploring the meaning of the formula, she had been so bothered by the problem recently that she even canceled her trip going back to the far Northland.

Meanwhile, she had also found some clues. She knew that Cole's new theory should be helpful.

However, she still had to overcome a lot of difficulties and problems before reaching the final answer. She was expecting to spend another two weeks to finish the tough task. When seeing the title of the paper, her great curiosity was lit up.

Pulling out the paper from the bag, she became certain that the paper was about the meaning of the formula when seeing Lucien's name on the front page. To her surprise, Lucien Evans had solved the problem which had been bothering the several grand arcanists for so long within this short period of time.

After reading the first part of the paper and seeing that Lucien also took the same perspective, there was a triumphant smile on her face. Gulping the liquor in her hand, she believed that all the great arcanists often shared the same opinion.

But a while later, the smile on Sonya's face gradually froze.

"To make the formula work, it must be assumed that the emission and absorption of energy is discontinuous, but in portions."

The golden liquid in her glass started to become frozen from her spiritual power.

"What a subversive assumption..." Sonya sucked in her lips and her mind was full of all kinds of thoughts and emotions. There was anger, sarcasm, and also fear.

Sonya's cold cognitive world in which the countless black dots moved slowly started to become even colder, and the snowstorm grew much stronger.

Fortunately, from the five arcanists' papers, Sonya was more or less mentally prepared for such a conclusion. To be more specific, this was only Lucien's assumption so far. She could handle it.

However, soon the temperature of the whole office dropped. The carpet, the desk, and all the places without the protection of the magic circles started to freeze, including the wine bottles on the rack.

"He did it! He explained the arcana meaning of the formula!" Sonya could not help but speak it out in high volume.

In great fear, she reread the line:

"To make the formula work, it must be assumed that the emission and absorption of energy are discontinuous, but in portions."

She murmured to herself, "That being said... the assumption is possibly correct!"

Grabbing the quill on the desk, Sonya started her own calculation and deduction using Lucien's method. She could not believe it!

In the office, heavy snow started to pile up, and the cold wind blew. Being close to the ninth-circle, the changes in Sonya's cognitive world were powerful enough to affect the physical world.

"Demon!" Sonya sprang to her feet from the chair and threw away the quill. Her mind was occupied by the great fear.

All of the wine bottles exploded on the rack. The liquor of all kinds of colors spilled onto the floor and the colors shaped great contrast with the snow.

Then, Sonya collapsed back into the chair and murmured repeatedly, "It's just an assumption... Just an assumption..."

Her eyes and face started to be covered by a thin layer of ice-blue crystal.

Although her situation was way better than that of Cole, and she would say that she was more or less prepared for something big, Sonya was still unable to accept the assumption properly. If she nodded and conceded that the assumption made sense, she was, in fact, admitting that the foundation of the whole arcana system was an error, which was basically a denial of her life.

Unavoidably, Sonya's soul was hurt when her cognitive world was greatly shaken. Fortunately, she still managed to maintain her world of cognition and would still be able to progress further.

"Assumption, just an assumption so far..."

Sitting there, letting time pass by, Sonya finally slowly recovered and looked around.

"My wine!"

She had spent a lot of effort on collecting all the bottles of nice wine. However, right now, they were all on the floor!

Sighing, Sonya shook her head with a bitter smile, "Working for the review board can be very dangerous. I shall have the board compensate for my loss. I wish I could directly have Lucien Evans pay for this!"

Taking a glance at the paper, there was still fear in Sonya's eyes, as if in the document bag was sealed a demon that was powerful enough to destroy the whole world.

Rubbing the corner of her forehead, Sonya started to write down her review comment,

"This paper has defined the arcane value of the Evans' Black-Body Radiation Formula and has solved the problem that has been troubling many arcanists for a long time. Although the premise of the explanation of the formula has not been confirmed, the fact that the formula is explainable is still of great value. It's an important paper in the field of Thermodynamics that is worthy of in-depth discussion."

Like Cole, Sonya could not help but continued to write:

"Before the assumption is verified, it is not wise for one to put too much thought into it. Use Evans constant like the other common constants, and I suggest that, for the time being, the comment should be put at the beginning of the paper, so more arcanists could be more or less mentally prepared and previously warned. For the whole paper, I recommend that thirty arcana credits and three hundred and fifty arcana points shall be given as the reward."

If Lucien had not also said repeatedly in his paper that the premise of the explanation was just an assumption, and the paper was very logically developed and clearly presented, Sonya was very likely to reject the paper or make it fail to pass the review.

...

After the review result was available, many senior-rank arcanists had soon got the news and borrowed the paper to read.

In the headquarter office of Arcana, Drummond threw the paper fiercely on the desk. Although he was previously warned, his soul was slightly hurt, and his eyes turned red from the anger.

"It hasn't been verified!" roared Drummond angrily.

...

Isabella, with the paper lying open in front of her on the desk, murmured to herself as if she was totally lost:

"Continuity... discontinuous... in portions..."

She saw illusions. She saw demons, devils, angels, gods, goddesses, as well as the stars of destiny. Her arcana world in her cognition now had cracks on it.

Wiping off the blood from the corner of her lips, Isabella comforted herself, "There might be another explanation..."

A long time later, Isabella told her student, Rachel, "When using the constant, I hope you can ignore the absurd assumption for now..."

...

The senior-rank arcanists' response was within Lucien's expectation. He knew that they would feel greatly shocked and terrified, and then they would tell themselves that only using the formula itself should be enough and they should for now ignore the assumption.

The grand arcanists offered most of the other arcanists some buffering time.

Without the support of firm and solid evidence, the assumption that rebelled against the orthodoxy and was powerful enough to destroy the existing arcana world system was doomed to be ignored and exiled by the ruler.

That was the path that every new ruler had to take before reaching his or her throne!

...

"Based on the comments from the two members, the overall comment on Lucien Evans' paper is: groundbreaking and worthy of in-depth discussion. The paper was of great value, but its premise has not been proved, and the conclusion of the paper goes against the current understanding accepted by the public. Therefore, the paper is not persuasive and convincing enough. Therefore, thirty-five arcana credits and three hundred eighty arcana points are given to Lucien Evans as the reward."

Lucien had expected the result. He was already happy with the fact that the two members of the review board still had their heads on their necks intact.

At this time, Rock, who was responsible for the project of studying gas discharge walked in, and he said to Lucien in the office, "We've found something strange. You might want to take a look at it."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 347: The Regulations

"What is that?" asked Lucien while knowing the answer. He would now call himself a better actor.

The finding was discovered way faster than Lucien expected, which was to his surprise.

Rock said to Lucien excitedly, "We've probably discovered something new! It's f**king awesome. Come on, Lucien! Come and take a look!"

When Rock got all excited, he would not mind his words.

It was very rare that a young sorcerer managed to grow into a level five arcanist from scratch within only a couple of years like Lucien. Although the finding might not be something outstanding to Lucien, as every single one of his papers had received very high comments or had triggered heated discussions, to most arcanists below middle-rank and the apprentices, a new finding meant at least ten arcana credits and more citation earnings, which was a lot to them. A new finding could help them become a level two arcanist in a few months and lay a solid foundation for their further progress.

"Rock, calm down." Lucien stopped his work and followed Rock into the lab next door.

"Now I feel that I'm a f**king genius, not because I'm talented in arcana or something, but because I chose to work with you, the real genius!" Rock was right now very talkative because of his excitement, "Without you, we'd have never thought of studying gas discharge from the conductivity of solutions. After several months, when I can wear the level two arcana badge back at school, the idiots from the School of Electromagnetics will for sure drop their chin!"

The sorcerers from the School of Electromagnetics had never put too much thought into this because they were too used to the fact that lightning could be produced in the air.

Lucien slightly twitched the corner of his lips. Although Lucien for now still had no idea whether what Rock had found was cathode ray (stream of electrons) or plasma, in Lucien's eyes, Rock was obviously being overly excited. If Rock knew what was still waiting for him up ahead, Lucien was afraid that Rock might get too thrilled to retain his right mind.

However, at the same time, the arcanists below middle-rank, such as Rock and Lazar, could be Lucien's good potential supporters because their meditation world had not been completely built, therefore, it was easier for them to accept new theories.

Mr. Planck, the scientist on the Earth who first put forward the assumption of energy quantum once said, "A new scientific truth does not triumph by convincing its opponents and making them see the light, but rather because its opponents eventually die, and a new generation grows up that is familiar with it."

Of course, however, for the Congress, every senior-rank mage was very precious. Avoiding the explosion of even one single senior-rank mage's head could be a great victory to the Congress.

After the refurbishment, the new lab was shining in metallic luster. The countless cold lines formed the many complex magic symbols and circles. The arrangement of the lines and pipes was almost like an abstract picture. The claws made of metal or cut from the real magic beasts hanging down from the ceiling could help the apprentices avoid some dangerous operations.

Lucien had applied for it that all the alchemical operation areas and magic circles should be protected by the counter-curse spells because many sorcerers had died from doing the experiments unprotected. Meanwhile, Lucien was clearly aware of the fact that the several counter-curse magic circles that he had carefully chosen all contained some amount of lead, or the radiation would sooner or later kill him, which was for sure not fun.

"Show what happened to Lucien. Do the experiment again." Rock led Lucien to the discharge magic circle, and asked the two apprentices, Sprint and Heidi, to repeat the process. Lazar was also there.

Sprint and Heidi, because they were not steady and calm enough, were not picked by Jerome and did not manage to join the experiment group studying ultralow temperature, but now they had found something new with Mr. Rock, so they were also very encouraged, as if they could already see the picture that they were putting on the arcana badge.

Sprint first activated one magic circle and pumped out most of the gas from the discharge magic circle. Then Heidi turned the discharge magic circle on to produce a high voltage.

The gas started to discharge and give out light, however, what was strange was that, on the piece of glass opposite to the cathode magic circle, green light also appeared. When Heidi turned the magic circle off, the green light disappeared.

"The cathode magic circle did not have anything directly projected onto it. Nothing similar like this can be found in the papers. Maybe... maybe we have found a new kind of invisible ray." Rock looked expectantly at Lucien, feeling a little nervous waiting for his answer.

In most of the middle and junior-rank arcanists' eyes, Lucien was already an authority in arcana and thus he should be able to tell what this phenomenon meant.

Lazar, Heidi, and sprint were also holding their breaths, waiting for Lucien's response.

The atmosphere became somewhat frozen, like how Lucien felt in the face of the Lord of Storm. Lucien knew that, sure enough, what they had discovered was cathode ray. Lucien was a bit relieved.

This was a kind of electron current, through which the existence of electrons could be found, and thus the fact that an atom could be further divided and it also had its own inner structure could be revealed. The finding would overthrow the current theories on atoms!

However, there was still a long way in front of them to prove that a cathode ray, in fact, consisted of electrons, which were the internal particles of an atom. They still had to do lots of experiments to reach the final conclusion.

Lucien shook his head with a smile, "It's only our hypothesis until it's proven experimentally. The only thing we can be sure about is that no one has noticed this phenomenon before in doing discharging experiments. However, we can't rule out the possibility that this ray is some kind of electromagnetic wave or streams of particles that we're already familiar with. We now have to design different experiments to verify this. All of you should put your hands on the research. You design the experiments on your own, so you can publish your own paper."

As Lucien was saying, he turned on the discharge magic circle. When the green light appeared on the glass on the other side again, Lucien put an object in between. The corresponding shadow of the shape of the object appeared on the glass immediately, which showed the fact that the green light was from the discharge magic circle.

"Got it!" All the arcanists and apprentices answered excitedly. Their mind was full of hope, and they were also grateful to Lucien's kindness. To their surprise, Lucien allowed the institution members to publish papers on their own. Unlike other projects, no matter if the leader was involved in the design of the experiment in person or not, the project leader should always be the first author of the paper.

If they had really found something new, their papers on the designed experiments would for sure be cited very frequently. Although the credits they would earn would never be as high as the major paper announcing the existence of cathode ray, the gain would still be very decent.

The arcanists and apprentices all agreed that Lucien should be the first author of the major paper, not only because he was the leader of the institution, but also because he designed and arranged the whole experiment.

Seeing that all the institution members were quite excited, Lucien smiled. "I'll join you, too. Jerome's group can also try to design the experiments during their spare time. By the way, here I want to announce a couple of regulations in our Atom Institution. First, I'll never steal the idea from you if you come up with the new research design on your own. As the exclusive author, you'll have your own name on the paper. Second, for the rest of the research findings, no one can publish them personally without permission. As the leader of the institution, I have to sign my name on the paper and endorse the findings first, and this is the regulation of the Congress. Third, on the Monday of each week, there should be a regular meeting to discuss the progress and the current stage of each experiment."

Lucien changed the monthly meeting to weekly because they were working on the specific projects. After saying this, Lucien was amused by himself because now he felt himself like a mentor or a boss.

The arcanists and apprentices all agreed on the regulations put forward by Lucien. In fact, they were already grateful because of the space Lucien left to them.

...

Because of the great stir caused by the last month's Arcana, although Lucien's new paper was not yet published, many senior and middle-rank arcanists had found their own ways and managed to borrow the paper explaining the arcana meaning of the formula.

Heidler, in the Kingdom of Holm, in the headquarter office of the Hand of Paleness.

After becoming a senior-rank mage, Felipe had been working on building magic structures in his soul. Right now, he was standing beside the window looking out with his hands in the pockets of his black long coat.

Felipe never expected that there was such a big secret in the Hand of Paleness—they had found the World of Souls in another dimension and not even the Congress had any clue.

Talented and full of potential as Felipe was, he soon became a core member of the Hand of Paleness and got to know the existence of the World of Souls. Felipe now knew that it was a creepy dimension which was more or less like a projection of this world. Also, many souls and spectres in there were, in fact, intelligent, and they also had their own language. The name, the World of Souls, was actually translated from their language.

Because connecting to the World of Souls could help the necromancers summon even more powerful spectres and thus strengthen the power of the group greatly, the Hand of Paleness concealed the secret and took their time exploring the dimension.

At this time, when everything appeared to be rather dim and gray, a colorful parrot landed on Felipe's right hand with a roll of parchment on its neck.

"Mr. Felipe, this is the paper you wanted," said the parrot.

Felipe nodded slightly and grabbed some fine rice grains to feed the bird. He wondered whether his competitor had really figured out the meaning of the formula.

After the parrot left, Felipe unrolled the piece of parchment and his face became even paler when seeing the level five arcanist title in front of Lucien's name. Although in the past couple of years his experiment on synthesizing life substances had earned him decent credits, he was still a thousand credits away from reaching level six. Right now, they were both of level five, and there was not a very big difference between them.

When reading the paper, Felipe frowned. He wondered if Lucien had ever thought of the possible criticism and attacks from the sorcerers supporting Energy Essentialism when making such an assumption.

As a necromancer who also studied elements, alchemy and illusions, whether the form of energy was continuous or discontinuous did not matter to Felipe that much, after all, his cognitive world did not require his understanding in the form of energy to stay stable.

In fact, for Felipe, it was very difficult for him to read the paper on thermal radiation. He just did not want to miss the information from his competitor, Professor, or he would never touch a paper like this.

...

In the Kingdom of Brianne, a sorcerer with a mustache now looked rather pissed.

"How can such a paper pass the review? Are those members of the review board afraid of Fernando that much? Ridiculous! The assumption is total nonsense!" The archmage, Lauren, talked to himself angrily.

His hands behind his back, Lauren walked back and forth. Then he sat down behind his desk and grabbed the quill. He needed to write a paper to point it out that the assumption was absurd.

However, the point of the quill paused above the paper. After all, Lucien also said that this was just an assumption which had not been verified yet. Furthermore, Lauren totally had no idea what the other possible explanations would be.

Lauren put down the quill. He had decided to just let go of Lucien's paper and let it just be gradually ignored by the arcanists.

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 348: Everything Is Ready

On the first day of September, the latest issue of Arcana was released.

As they were working for Atom Institution, Lazar, Rock, and Jerome could now afford to buy every month's Arcana, and they did not need to go to the library to borrow the journals to save money anymore.

"This assumption is completely beyond my imagination! But I have to say that the formula indeed can be explained based on the assumption." In the meeting room, when the institution members were waiting for Lucien's arrival, Lazar exclaimed. However, because of his arcana knowledge in thermal radiation was not adequate, and also because of most arcanists' attitude toward Lucien's assumption, Lazar believed that this assumption would sooner or later be replaced by another explanation which made sense.

Only those arcanists who had once derived the formula in person and who had seen that all the possible explanations failed to serve the formula could see the rationality of Lucien's assumption, which could push their cognitive world into a great chaos since the assumption conflicted with the fundamental belief of the arcana world and the theory of Mr. Brook. Meanwhile, for those who did not have this profound understanding of this topic, on the contrary, they would not be affected in the same way.

Rock stood up and walked back and forth excitedly in the classroom, "Lucien's awesome! He's the only person who could make this incredible assumption! I love the subversiveness! I shall hug him when he arrives! I shall hug my idol! The study of arcana should not be like a stagnant pond, but full of storms!"

It seemed that Rock wished that he was the one who came up with the assumption.

Jerome's face looked a bit pale, but soon he calmed down, "This is just an assumption, and we don't have put too much thought into it for now. Just use the formula. Leave the tough problem to the grand arcanists."

"That's very typical of Jerome. Always calm." Lazar grinned. He did not really mind the assumption, maybe purposefully.

Meanwhile, the apprentices were sitting on the other side of the meeting room. They did not really understand what the arcanists were talking about.

At this time, Lucien walked in with a thick pile of paper and a copy of Arcana. He smiled and said to the institution members, "Now let's see what we have done in the past week."

...

In Allyn, be it in the magic towers, under the trees, in the grand coaches, or any other place, countless arcanists were greatly shocked when encountering Lucien's bold assumption in the latest issue of Arcana.

However, soon, the same comment—"This is just an assumption"—could be heard in every corner of the city. When they were saying so, there was fear and worry in their voice. They would only need the formula and the constant for improving the spells...

And they also wondered what the term, cathode ray, mentioned in the paper, meant.

...

In Rentato, the royal magic tower of Holm, the headquarter of the Will of Elements.

K was reading Arcana carefully, and his hands were shaking slightly. There were already three silver stars on his arcana badge, and the tiny silver dots surrounding the stars were quite numerous, which meant that he was close to becoming a level four arcanist.

The citation of the theory of valence and ionization had brought him a good amount of credits.

"Evans is really a genius without restraint," said someone next to the door after releasing a heavy sigh. The words woke K up from his nightmare.

"If it was me, I would never be able to put forward such an assumption. I would never be able to jump out of the fundamental arcana system," Larry said to K and entered the office. There were five silver stars on his arcana badge.

K responded in his deep voice, "Although it's just an assumption, it's still beyond thrilling. If somehow the assumption can be proved as correct, there will be a great storm in the Congress. And I dare not imagine how great a pressure Lucien would be put under if that was the case..."

"Don't think too much. We shall focus on our own research." Larry knew what K was talking about. He was well aware of the fact that even the most open-minded middle-rank arcanist still had to spend a long time to accept Lucien's idea, not to mention the grand arcanists up there, "By the way, the grand arcanists have decided to grant me the Holm Crown Prize for my contribution to the theory of valence and ionization, and the name of the ring will be Ionization. K, I'm sorry that I failed to persuade them to let you share the prize with me."

Because the improvement of the theory of valence and ionization was a process over time, Larry first did not recognize their value. Thus, he did not mention K's name in many of the related papers. On the contrary, K, as Larry's student, strictly stuck to the tradition and always put Larry's name before his.

But what was more important was that Morris, the president, was being cheap again as the budget of the Will of Elements became quite tight again after giving out Holm Crown prize three times in succession. There was no way that Morris would agree on spending more money on another ring.

K did not mind it. After all, it was just a special case that Isabella and Rachel could share the honor. He scratched his head a bit and grinned, "It's okay, sir. What is confusing me the most is why the different ions can carry electrons and positrons... What's the explanation behind it?"

"You also start to ask why now, like the person who has the same name as yours." Larry touched his brownish-yellow beard and joked, "What's bothering you is going to be our next research focus, and also, we can reproduce Lucien's cathode ray experiment."

...

In the far northland, in a crystal clear, ice palace.

As if the palace was in a totally separate world, it was not affected by the heavy storm at all. Meanwhile, it seemed that the palace was connected to some other strange dimensions.

In one of the studies in the palace, the elf-looking beauty, Hellen Price, was reading a letter. Beside her was the latest issue of Arcana.

"... I think Lucien Evans' contribution to the field of thermal radiation research well deserves Ice & Snow Medal. Although his assumption that energy comes in potions has not been verified, it can still be regarded as an explanation. His formula and constant are so accurate that they can for sure improve the researches in thermal radiation... Of course, I have to admit that I like how they call every potion of energy - quantum.

"Your friend, Derrick Douglas"

After reading the letter, Hellen pondered for a while and then picked up the quill,

"... As far as I know, Lucien's explanation has not been accepted by the public, or, I should say, barely anyone would agree with the explanation. Right now many will not agree on granting Lucien Evans Ice & Snow Medal, or the reputation of the award would be severely damaged. Also, because Evans was Fernando's student, we should be even more cautious... In ten years, if no new explanations can be found, and when Evans' formulation and constant are widely applied, at that time, it wouldn't be too controversial to give him the honor..."

...

In the meeting room of Atom Institution.

"... So, from the previous experiments, I found that cathode ray can only march a few centimeters in air, and that's why we ignored its existence before." Lazar's face was glowing with excitement when sharing his findings with the other members. Behind him was the piece of glass reflecting green light.

Under Lucien's instruction, in this month, Lazar, Rock, Jerome and the apprentices had all devoted themselves to the study full of passion. Every single one of the sorcerers had finished at least seven papers, and the apprentices also did four. As for Lucien himself, he had developed ten papers. The papers were about the absorption of the ray, its penetrating property, and the change of the shadow positions in the strong magnetic field and electric field.

Their conclusion was that cathode ray was probably a negatively charged particle stream. And they had figured out the design of an isolation device for casting pure rays to determine the charge mass ratio through the ray's trajectory in the electromagnetic field. So they could tell what kind of particle they were.

Since the cathode ray could penetrate the foil, Rock and Jerome also put forward their opinion that it might not be some kind of particle stream, but they currently still had no idea what it should be. The measurements of the velocity of the cathode ray shattered their initial thought that the ray was a kind of electromagnetic wave, as it was proved that the speed of the ray was much less than that of light.

When Lazar finished, Rock also shared his work, "...No persistent deflection of the cathode ray has been found in the strong electromagnetic field, and thus we might be wrong in saying that it is charged. As for the previous experimental results, they are probably misunderstood by us because of the complex gas environment within the magic circle..."

Both Jerome and Lazar agreed.

Although the apprentices were capable of doing the specific researches and developing the experiment reports, when the arcanists were talking about serious arcana knowledge, they were still having a difficult time understanding their words.

"I think there might be some other interference factors... I need some time to redesign the experiment." Lucien expressed his opinion.

The pressure from the thin air would make it impossible for small particles to deflect, which would require the vacuum environment. And so far, Lucien was well aware that none of the congress's magic circles could do this. As cathode rays were in fact streams of electrons, they were still some distance away from the discovery of electrons and seeing the internal structure of an atom.

The belief that an atom was an indivisible unit would remain unshakable for a while in the world of arcana.

The grand gate of the world of microcosm was looming, but it had not been pushed open yet!

Lazar, Rock and the rest of the arcanists were all happy hearing that Lucien was going to handle the challenging, theoretical task himself. They would rather focus on conducting the specific

cathode ray experiments because these experiments could bring them the real arcana credits. They did not want to waste their time on such a vague topic that they could not find a direction at all!

After submitting the paper announcing the discovery of cathode ray, Lucien got thirty arcana credits and each of the arcanists got five. The apprentices were not yet qualified to put their names on the paper.

Although the reward was already very decent to most of the junior-rank arcanists, what the institution members got was even more than that. On average, each of their paper had brought them four arcana credits. Among them, Lazar was the most outstanding one—in the past month, Lazar had got thirty credits in total with the papers he published, which made him only ten credits away from becoming a level three arcanist. Rock and Jerome were also level two arcanists now.

And they would also be expecting more citation credits later. They loved their experiments so much!

The apprentices also had thirteen to fourteen credits now. Although they had not found the time to get the badge, or they would have already become real arcanist.

Most arcanists would drop their chin at how fast the institution members made the progress.

...

In a monastery in Rentato, Holm.

A bishop was introducing the foundation of divinity modified and improved by the popes to the several pastors in training.

"The Lord first created different atoms, and they are the tiniest units in the world that cannot be further be divided. The Lord then created all the things with the atoms..."

...

Today's discussion of cathode ray was over. Jerome started to share the progress they had made in their ultralow temperature experiment.

Jerome looked quite cheerful, "Lucien, we've found that at minus 185 Degrees Celsius, the property of charcoal changes dramatically and it becomes very easy for it to absorb air."

"Excellent." nodded Lucien. Although there were other ways of creating a vacuum environment, using charcoal was the best way for sure.

And their next step would be redesigning the magic circle to measure the charge mass ratio of cathode ray!

Chapter 349: The Finding of a New Particle

Chapter 349: The Finding of a New Particle

On the top floor of a magic tower in Douglas Magic School.

Sitting in the classroom for senior apprentices, listening to Vilnia's Basic Elements, Chely's mind wondered a bit. Basic Elements was part of a series of courses introducing the apprentices to the world of elements.

Chely heard that both Heidi and Layria had now become real arcanists with their more than ten arcana credits.

"...This is all for today's introduction of the ancient element theory. Now let's move on to the contemporary system of elements built upon Her Excellency Hathaway's atom theory. What is an atom? An atom is the smallest unit in the world, that cannot be further divided. Each kind of atom is an element, and the properties of different atoms vary. Atoms can react with each other and thus create all the matters in the world. Atom theory is also very important to courses including Potion and Alchemy."

"If I had arrived at Allyn a year earlier and graduated, I would not have to waste my time here listening to things that I already learned a long time ago. If that was the case, right now, I should be working in Mr. Evans' Atom Institution and putting my hands on the wonderful arcana experiments to become an arcanist." Chely was a bit upset, feeling that she was wasting her life. So far, she still needed to pass the basic arcana test first.

Vilnia's course continued, and she was happy with the positive attitude that the senior apprentices showed—they were well aware of the importance of learning arcana and magic, as their study was directly related to power and status.

In fact, very rarely did senior apprentices get kicked out of the school in the past many years.

"I've brought you some pure elements. Take a look at them first and then get to know their properties and the corresponding alchemical reactions through conducting experiments." Vilnia took out some bottles and turned on the magic circle, turning the platform into an alchemical operation desk.

Teachers in lower-level apprentice classes rarely talked so deeply about the nature of elements but made the apprentices recognize the elements, know their basic properties, remember the equations, and the teachers mainly focused on developing the students' hands-on skills.

Chely's thoughts were drawn back by the dazzling light that burst out of the magic circle and she saw that Vilnia was holding two bottles of elements in her hands, "These are the two kinds of carbon element of two different structures. Atoms make up elements, and carbon is the main component element of the human body..."

Looking at the two bottles, one contained small crystals of diamonds and the other had opaque small pieces shimmering in the metallic light of dark grey, Chely was deeply shocked, even though Lucien had told her about this before.

In Chely's eyes, the difference between the two bottles was like that between an angel and a devil.

The young apprentice slightly looked down at her own beautiful hands and it was hard for her to imagine that the pieces inside of the bottles were the main component element of her body.

Turning around and looking out of the window, Chely saw the world full of lots of things going on: the tall and lush trees, the birds, the sky... She was still having a difficult time convincing herself that the world was in fact made by the tiny, indivisible atoms.

...

In Atom Institution.

Lucien had improved the magic circle for creating the vacuum environment, so he started to redo the experiment.

After confirming that the cathode rays were always deflected in the electromagnetic field, Lucien took a deep breath and began to adjust the magic circles for creating the magnetic and electric field.

After a while, he had finished recording the data, and his mind began to calculate the charge mass ratio of the particles in the cathode ray.

Unlike the great tension that Lucien felt when he was calculating Planck's constant, this time Lucien was as calm as a machine. Without being affected by the noises coming from the different corners of the lab, Lucien figured out the answer very quickly:

"The charge-to-mass ratio is... 1.76×10^{11} "

Bang!

Lucien's meditation world suddenly changed again! The light spots representing the many elements quickly grew bigger and they started to revolve in a mysterious manner.

This was the electrons!

The existence of electron could destroy the misbelief that atom was the tiniest unit in the world! The micro-world was far more complex, wonderful, and bizarre than the arcanists could imagine!

...

In the monastery in Rentato.

A pastor in training, after hearing the cardinal Abidal's words, asked confused, "Your Excellency, then why the Lord wanted to create atoms?"

"Daniel, that's not what you should ask. The Lord must have a reason!" scolded Abidal severely.

If it had been in the later period of the War of Dawn, Daniel would have been sent to the inquisition already!

Seeing that the other pastors in training all looked a bit nervous and terrified, Abidal softened his voice, "The indivisibility of atom shows the divinity of the Lord. It shows the Lord's ultimate power over the world. And those so-called arcanists can never understand this."

All the pastors in training were listening to him respectfully.

Abidal nodded with a triumphant smile. Those common pastors did not have to know more than this, since if they dug deeper, it would be easy for them to step onto an evil sorcerer's path, and thus they were very likely to be devoured by the sacred light.

That was why the church was not affected at all by the recent theory put forward by the Congress that the energy was actually delivered in portions. The clergy did not care whether the form of energy was continuous or discontinuous, after all, the energy came from the Lord!

...

From the trajectories, Lucien had found the wonderful magic symbol which could help him with building the order of the elements, but the symbols system was still not complete.

Although he roughly knew what the symbol was, Lucien did not force himself to change his cognitive world right away because he had to first finish the process of assuming, reasoning and verifying.

Despite the fact that the two constants were the same, Lucien could not take everything for granted based on his knowledge learned from the Earth, or very likely, his head would explode if anything unexpected happened.

The practice was the sole criterion for testing the truth!

After memorizing the magical symbol, Lucien redid the experiment by changing the composition of the metal and the low-pressure gas used in the core of the cathode magic circle.

...

In Radiance Church in Holm.

Cardinal Philibell was holding the message from The Holy City, Lance, and read, "It has been confirmed that Fernando's new student, Lucien Evans X, is the musician, Lucien Evans, who 'died' in Aalto. Sard has sent several night watchers and they're on the way to handle this."

The Lord of Storm, as a grand arcanist, has always been one of the Church's main focus. As his student, the attention that Lucien got from the Church also increased. Soon, his background information was all clear.

"Is he the Lucien Evans who wrote the Ode to Joy?" Vaharall asked in an unbelievable way, "Is he a psycho or something? Does he have two souls—one's an angel and the other's a devil?"

Varantine looked rather cold, "What do you mean? Are you saying that he's an angel trapped in hell?"

"There's a possibility. His assumption on the form of energy shocked many senior-rank mages and almost destroyed them, which is way more impressive compared to the achievement of the most of the night watchers and red-robed cardinals," said Philibell in a half-joking way, "Anyway, the musician has died. The musician will never come back again."

"So we're not planning on killing him?" Varantine was being very aggressive.

Philibell shook his head, "He's not yet that important. We'll talk about this when the night watchers arrive."

...

It was already deep night when Lucien finished all the experiments. He had decided to live in the office tonight so he could finish developing the paper on the experiment.

"It has been proved by the experiments that all the negatively charged particles produced under different material conditions have the same charge-to-mass ratio no matter if the particles are brought by the cathode or produced in the tube. This suggests that many substances, in fact, contain the same particles..."

"...Its charge-to-mass ratio is about two thousand times that of the hydrogen ions in the electrolyte."

"... Through rough calculation, we can find that the mass of this particle is about two-thousandths times that of a hydrogen atom..."

"... As we all know, the atoms consisting of Hydrogen are the lightest and smallest, which makes Hydrogen the first place on the periodic table. Then how do we understand this particle?"

"Is it a new kind of 'atom'? Or something else?"

...

Around eight o'clock in the morning, Fernando was pondering about a problem in his study.

At this time, he saw Lucien, who arrived half an hour earlier than usual.

"Sir, I've conducted a series of experiments and developed a new paper. Please take a look at it," said Lucien with a casual smile.

Fernando knew that there was something in Lucien's smile. He took over the pile of paper and saw the title,

"The Finding of a New Particle"

The look on Fernando's face became more serious. He started to read the paper very carefully. After a long time, Fernando looked up at Lucien's face without saying anything.

"... Yes, sir?" Lucien felt very insecure being stared at by Fernando's red eyes.

Fernando rubbed the corner of his eye and smacked his lips.

"I think you'll demolish the world one day."

Throne of Magical Arcana

Chapter 350: The Small Gathering

After joking, the Lord of Storm said to Lucien seriously, "Hathaway and I have made some achievement in removing the impurities from the elements and we've found some elements of similar properties like twins, triplets, and even quadruplets. The biggest difference between them is their atomic weights, which resulted in the inaccurate measurement of atomic weight data. After removing the impurities, the weights of the elements have perfectly matched the data provided in the periodic table of elements. Now both of us no longer doubt the accuracy and validity of the table."

Lucien wondered why all of a sudden Fernando wanted to talk to him about the isotopes. The smile on his face was a bit confused, "So it seems that my previous proposal worked, right?"

Since Lucien put forward his assumption that energy was in fact delivered in portions and thus solved the problem in the experiment of thermal radiation, Lucien had been very busy with his work in his Atom Institution. Therefore, Fernando had changed his way of teaching. Instead of asking Lucien to read the letters for him, he gave Lucien some tasks every week, say, reading the books in different arcana fields, or analyzing a fifth circle spell, and then he would solve the problems that Lucien encountered in the process.

As for Fernando's progress in his own project, he only shared it with his students on their monthly regular meeting, thus it was Lucien's first time knowing that Hathaway and Fernando had made such great progress in separating isotopes.

"No, it almost led us to the wrong path," said Fernando a bit unhappily. "Hathaway suggested that we put the similar elements—we temporarily call them equivalent elements—into the same position on the periodic table of elements for now. The finding has made us completely abandon the belief that atoms are not further divisible, or there would be no explanation for the existences of the equivalent elements. We were planning on publishing our paper on the next month's Arcana to make most of the arcanists to be mentally prepared for the theory shift. However, now you've found the new particle that is way smaller than an atom by messing around. So now no one can deny the fact anymore."

Fernando still did not give any high comment on Lucien's finding, instead, the words he used were "messing around". However, Fernando looked very serious. "Your finding is going to be a huge shock to a lot of arcanists, especially those who study elements. So right now you shouldn't submit this paper. We shall seal it for now temporarily. Hathaway and I will find some open-minded arcanists first to gradually spread out your idea, so they can have some buffering time."

This paper was different. What was in the paper was not just an assumption, but a final conclusion with solid evidence support.

"No problem." Lucien nodded.

After Lucien left Fernando's study, the Lord of Storm walked back and forth with his hands behind his back, wondering what he should do. The senior-rank arcanists who he was looking for must have already noticed the problem with the old theory and thus be ready to accept the new one. Ideally, they should be from the Will of Elements. The Lord of Storm should be very careful not to let the Hand of Paleness and Moonsong League know this, or it would be their great chance to weaken the Will of Elements.

Among the six major organizations in the Congress, the most powerful ones were the Will of Elements, the Hand of Paleness, and the Cabin of Palmeira, and each of them had a grand arcanist and a legendary archmage behind as their support: Yaroran Hathaway Hoffenberg, the Lord of Elements and Davy, the Creator, behind the Will of Elements; Vicente Miranda, the Thanatos, and Congus, the Demigod-lich, behind the Hand of Paleness; Hellen Price, the Witch of Iceland, and Hull-Chulia, the Lord of Gas, behind the Cabin of Palmeira.

As for Moonsong League, it was Chelsea Holt, the Moon Scholar, the legendary archmage, standing behind it. Chelsea was very close to Brook, the Emperor of Control. And as for Family of Sorcerer, the two legendary archmages, the Eye of Curse and the Master of Transformation built it up from the very beginning.

The Prophet, who led Tower, was a scholar dedicated to his researches and was the closest to the Congress.

The rest of the grand arcanists and legendary archmages were all on the same side with the Congress.

After a while, Fernando became more impatient. Lucien, his student, was causing him troubles all the time, and his ability to cause troubles had almost surpassed his ability to study arcana and magic!

Lucien definitely brought the Lord of Storm a good headache.

...

A few days later.

When Lazar, Rock, and the apprentices were being very passionate conducting the experiments, they somehow got a day off from Lucien. However, they believed that they did not really need it, except Jerome.

Jerome was married, so he finally could spend some time with his wife, which made the two bachelors, Lazar and Rock, feel quite envious.

While in the institution, the powerful and influential arcanists and archmages all gathered here.

There was Mr. Douglas, the president of the Congress, Hathaway, the Lord of Elements, Mr. Fernando, and also Mr. Oliver, the Hand of Annihilation. This was Lucien's first time meeting Oliver. He looked rather elegant and well-mannered, although he was already close to forty.

Except for the Emperor of Control and Thanatos who did not get the invitation, and Hellen, who just left Allyn a few days ago, all the grand arcanists were here.

There were also a few legendary archmages here. Kloss, who always had the cunning smile on the face and was always carrying a blond little girl puppet around, was also the inventor of the magic steam train. The Eye of Curse, Atlant, whose eyes never opened, was also here but he did not say a single word so far. There were four legendary archmages present in total.

There were more than forty senior-rank arcanists here, including Morris, Raventi, Gaston, LockLynn, and other arcanists who had already doubted the theory of atom. Some senior-rank mages and archmages famous in other fields of magic also attended the meeting.

The meeting room of the institution was completely filled. Lucien could not help thinking to himself that if something terrible happened to the meeting room, that would basically mean the end of the Congress.

"Lucien Evans, so this time your experiment was going to show us the discontinuity of the form of energy?" When Lucien was about to enter the lab behind the mirror, a tall and thin elder man of a quite good manner asked him in a slightly bit aggressive way.

Lucien just heard Fernando mentioning that this elder man was an archmage, Lauren, the major supporter of Energy Essentialism, the winner of Silver Moon Medal and Ice & Snow Medal, the member of Arcana Review Board, and he specialized in the School of Electromagnetics, Light-darkness, Thermodynamics, and Force Field.

Some other senior-rank mages also looked at this direction. It was also their question to Lucien.

"I've found a new particle," answered Lucien briefly.

"Inside of an atom?" asked Gaston a bit emotionally, although he had been suggested in advance by Hathaway and Fernando and thus he was more mentally prepared.

"We'll see." Raventi watched Lucien stepping into the lab.

Morris looked rather serious, "I have the feeling that something not good is going to happen."

The experiment was not challenging, and once the vacuum environment was created, Lucien adjusted the electric and magnetic field. Then the arcanists started to calculate using the data.

Soon, Raventi growled, "The weight is... two thousand times smaller than that of a hydrogen atom!"

Even the heavy elements at the back of the periodic table had a way bigger atomic weight than that of a hydrogen atom. Therefore, it could be preliminarily determined that the particle was not an atom, but a smaller particle, unless there were a thousand more undiscovered elements in front of hydrogen on the periodic table.

Except for Raventi, the rest of the sorcerers were all a bit absent-minded. Although they had doubted the atom theory, and that was the reason why they were selected to attend the meeting, they still felt lost, as if something beautiful in their memory was broken.

Lauren watched the entire experience and said aloud, "A great experiment!"

Lucien was surprised. He never expected that Lauren, who was just being so aggressive to him, would congratulate him like this.

"It is a radical repudiation of atom theory. It has confirmed that energy constitutes everything and that atom doesn't even exist!" Lauren's eyes looked a bit crazy.

The biggest enemy of Energy Essentialism was the theory of atom!

Ignoring how Raventi and the rest of the arcanists stared at himself, Lauren said to Lucien excitedly, "Congratulations, Evans. You've brought people a step further toward the truth of the world!"

Before Raventi started his roaring, Lucien said seriously, "On the contrary, I think the discovery of the even smaller particles further shows the physicality of atoms. Inside an atom, there is probably a unique structure..."

When Lucien was about to further explain his belief, Douglas raised his hand and stopped their argumentation.

Looking around in the meeting room, Douglas was gratified to see that all the selected arcanists had lived to their expectation and had basically accepted the existence of the new particle, thus he said a bit emotionally, "We've witnessed this great experiment - an experiment that leads us to the real micro-world and a brand new research field! Although the more specific measurement of the particle's electric charge and its relationship with an atom requires more studies, Atom Institution's and Lucien's great contribution to this is enormous. The whole arcana world has marched forward in a big step because of it!"

...

"To handle this kind of subversive research outcomes, I think it's good to inform some arcanists and sorcerers first just like what we are doing right now. We can use this as a regular method in the future," said Douglas.

As the subversive findings emerged one by one in the past very short period of time, Douglas had made up his mind that a coping mechanism must be built up.

Oliver agreed but he soon came up with a question, "So who should be the one judging what is subversive and what is not?"

As soon as Oliver put forward the question, most arcanists turned around to look at Lucien.

Lucien had some sense of foreboding.